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This Week: "AMERICAN SHIPPING IN AMERICAN SHIPS."

—By G. W. Dickie.

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY:

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Not a Case of Corpo-Rabies.

THE LINCOLN-ROOSEVELT REPUBLICAN LEAGUE is not running amuck among corporations. It is not afflicted with that form of rabies or any other. It recognizes that a great share of the world's business must be done through corporations until such time as the evolution of the race may enable co-operations to take the place of corporations, and that time has not yet come; but when a corporation steps aside from its chartered authorization to do business to undertake the function of government itself it is, in the League's opinion, time to call a halt upon that corporation and its hirelings and compel it to attend to its legitimate business and leave that of the public alone or take the consequences. A proved complicity of a corporation in the subjugation of a free government should be held treasonable and should involve the death of such corporation through a forfeiture of its charter. Judged by this standard the Southern Pacific company has deserved death a thousand times and ought to "get it in the neck," at least once.

The Amendment Accepted.

THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER, at the state conference of Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Leaguers held at Oakland on Monday, gave it as his opinion that the Republican State Central Committee of California is probably the only deliberative body on earth that does not have the right to "choose" its own officers, and insisted that such right should at all times have been enjoyed. The Oakland Enquirer, in reporting the statement, with rare sagacity, substituted the word "shoot" for "choose." The amendment is thankfully accepted. The members of the Republican State Committee should, at all times, have enjoyed that unhampered privilege.

Out of the Fog.

HAVING SUSTAINED THE SHOCK of a broadside from the San Francisco Star for two successive weeks, not without casualties, the editor of this paper is willing to concede that Mr. James Barry knows of more things that are not in the charter of the city and county of San Francisco than he does, and, if it will make the Star editor any happier, he is ready to concede that The People should have the right to use the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the imperative mandate, or any other political contrivance new or old that The People want to use, whenever The People want to use them, but with the reservation that it shall require a unison of more voices than those of the three tailors from Tooley street to constitute a demand from The People. Are we out of the fog, Brother Barry?

Charged With Two Offenses.

AT THE BAR OF PUBLIC OPINION the Sugar Trust stands charged with two serious offenses against the peace and dignity of the United States of America, viz., grand and petty larceny. There are situations in which it is possible for Big Business to stoop to petty larceny, and that is when the lesser offense can be committed on a grand scale, as in the case of a defunct Port Costa warehouse concern (which also wore out, broke down and defeated justice) that stole a pound or two of grain from every sack that passed through its doors. The petty larcenies of the Sugar Trust are believed to have extended over twenty years and to aggregate thirty millions of dollars. If, as reported, the statute of limitations has run in favor of some of the guilty men; that should not quiet the tongue, if it must restrain the arm, of justice. Let the guilty be branded before they are turned loose, as San Francisco has branded her rascals preparatory to turning them loose. If the dead Havemeyers were in these larcenies, dig them up and brand them, too, that the name may go down to posterity attainted. Than this there is no greater punishment that may be inflicted upon the guilty. Be he alive or be he dead, let no guilty man escape. No statute of limitations runs against branding and whoever avails himself of the statute of limitations in such cases thereby brands himself. Crowd it onto them, Mr. Wickersham.

The President Should Reappoint.

FRANKLIN K. LANE HAS MADE GOOD on the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has stood up. Roosevelt appointed him because he believed in him and his faith has been justified by the works of Lane. A howl went up from the Republican "organization" when the appointment was made and it demanded to know if as good a man for the place could not be found among the waiting hosts of Republican office seekers. Apparently not, certainly not in the "organization" crowd in California. Franklin K. Lane has proven himself especially fitted for that place. Let him keep it. There isn't any politics in that job anyhow and certainly ought not to be, most of all not railroad politics, but there will be if the California Republican "push" is allowed to have its say in the matter. If the President desires to make himself solid with the Progressive Republican sentiment of California let him reappoint this Democrat to this office.

A Good Spanking Coming.

THAT THE OLD NICK is in Nicaragua no one will doubt, and it is up to Uncle Sam to exorcise the villain. It is well enough for the mezzotints down that way to amuse themselves with playing at government, with attendant lunar revolutions, so long as they don't hurt anybody, but when it comes to taking American citizens out and shooting them, no matter if they have been playing at revolution, too, the diversion is being carried too far. God made a fairly good country down there. God's children have a right to occupy that country and build there a civilization, and if those who are there now cannot establish a stable and reasonably just government then God's country should take over the job and proceed to do exactly that thing. Uncle Sam's hand has been withheld too long from the Central American states. They nearly all of them have a good spanking coming.

A Promising Yearling.

WITH THIS ISSUE The California Weekly enters upon the second year of its existence. For it the management has no apologies to offer, no indulgences to crave. It has had to feel its way along step by step. It was unfortunate that its first issue could not have been the equal of its fifty-second, but, like other things that are worth while, periodicals must grow. Their character and quality must be developed as experience, initiative and pressure of circumstances may hinder or help. We have all of us done the best we could during the first year. We shall all of us do the best we can during the coming year. If those who like the paper and approve its character and course will do their best also The California Weekly will be a "go" and will become a powerful factor for Right Things in city and state.

THE UPHEAVAL IN THE ORIENT.

Mr. Moreton Frewen is here from England for the purpose of giving us a bad half hour over the low estate of silver. In its depressed condition, as commodity and money, he is able to read the rise of the Orient and the fall of the Occident, and he favors its artificial advancement to at least one dollar per ounce that the Orient may not rise out of its dependence and that the Occident may have a market for such wares as it is now producing at a comfortable profit.

It is hard for our civilization—our most Christian civilization—to get it out of its head that it can only be prosperous as the rest of the world is kept miserable, but it ought to disabuse its mind of that idea for the double reason that the idea is unchristian and economically untrue.

The cheapening of silver has borne hard upon the miserable millions of Asia, as hard, perhaps, as the cheapening of gold has borne upon the less miserable millions of Europe and America. With us of the Occident readjustments to changed conditions are sharp and agonizing. With the Oriental they are miseries long drawn out and are expressed in terms of starvation, but in neither case are they avoidable.

Wring our hands as we may the rise of the Oriental is inevitable. We ourselves are making it so and, in doing it, we are advancing God's purpose even while we believe ourselves to be in the service of that Satan whose instinct it ever is to reach out that he may grab. We are trying to force upon the Oriental all possible instrumentalities wherewith he may compete, and take his equal station, with us and we make wry faces only when he does not buy fast enough.

The problem of coming generations is to be the holding together of our Occidental standards of living and doing while the Oriental climbs to an equality with them, to pull our brown brother out of the mire of poverty and a low standard of living without permitting him to pull us into the mud with him. In the solution of that problem we shall test all our resources, but we shall find no solution of it in adopting financial or other means for poking the Oriental back into the mud.

As for Mr. Frewen's panacea, the United States long ago adopted it. It now has stored in its vaults many hundreds of millions of silver, with paper out in its stead, scattering virulent germs of all manner of diseases alike among rich and poor, including the bad habit of prefering soft money to hard, a credit currency to the Real Thing. The real need is not for more paper money, but less; not for less coin in actual circulation, but more. And it is mainly a matter of habit. Mr. Frewen's remedy would accentuate a bad habit.

THE GEARY STREET ROAD.

It is not a good thing for a city to go into competition with a public service corporation. In Great Britain no municipality is allowed to do such a thing. If a city desires to undertake municipal ownership it must capitalize the remaining term for which existing franchises are to run, appraise the physical property to be taken over and pay the whole before it can clear the ground for a municipal venture; but the government of Great Britain is founded upon privilege—privilege is entrenched in parliament and parliament is autocrat of all the cities in Great Britain. That is why such things are as they are in Britain.

But while it is a bad thing for a city to be in competition with a great public service corporation, it is a worse thing for it to be in subjugation to a great public service corporation, a corporation that debauches its city government, mobilizes the thuggery, the red-light district, the liquor interests and a manipulated proletariat for political control of that city and for the breaking down of justice, the defiance of law and the degrading of labor. It is a bad thing to submit to the domination of a public service corporation that deliberately capitalizes the discomfort of its enforced patronage and makes the product of that discomfort pay interest on, and so make a market for, securities that have no right to exist.

The Geary street proposal is a choice between evils. Cities as well as individuals sometimes have to make such a choice and must not suffer the lesser evil to blind the public mind to the greater.

The Geary street system, extended to the Ferry depot and the ocean, built as a model line, may be extended laterally from year to year until it grows into a system that will meet the needs of the people of San Francisco up to such a time as the falling in of other franchises, and the growth of municipal ownership, may develop an urban transit system equal to all requirements. There is apparently no other way open to such a consummation. The greater the United Railroads system becomes, the more franchises granted it, the more arrogant it will be, the more deeply will it plunge into the debaucheries of civic life and the more unbearable may be the burden of inadequacy under which the city will stagger.

The initial investment is not great, it should be fairly profitable from the start, and, at all events, that way lies municipal deliverance and no other. For that reason the voters of San Francisco should hazard the municipal ownership fortune. It can not break the city. It may make it, and it may bring to terms a public service corporation whose arrogance knows no bounds and whose willingness to plunge the city into chaos, rather than yield to the interests of peace or justice, has been demonstrated more than once.

Let's take a chance on the Geary street bond proposition.

WHERE ABIDES CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS?

The Santa Cruz News asks if The California Weekly really believes that the only place where the spirit of civic righteousness abides is in the church? Absolutely no. On the contrary there is less of civic righteousness in the church than there should be. The political efficiency of the church fellowship is low, abominably low, and it is with that fact that The California Weekly has its quarrel.

The writer of this is at this moment running his eyes over a list of more than one hundred progressive, militant, independent citizens scattered widely over the state, men who are all standing for Right Things, men who give time and money to the political welfare without hope of advantage in which all may not share. Out of all these he does not know of more than five or six who are publicly known to be pre-eminently religious men, regular church attendants and all that. There may be others who are, as it is to be hoped that there are, but, if so, the writer, who is fairly well acquainted with most of them, has not heard of it.

The question is not, why are not these men, in whom the spirit of civic righteousness is to be found, more religious, but where are the men who are religious that they are not more generally enlisted on the side of better politics, better measures and better men? Why are they not right out on the firing line performing efficient service for the re-establishment of a democracy where a plutocracy has sought all too successfully to overthrow it?

Nearly every church, that is alive, has a men's league of some sort. If not, then a fellowship that could be made politically efficient, not for the advantage of the church, but for the advantage of human society. The California Weekly would like to see the church politically as efficient in proportion to attendance as the saloon. It would like to see the church fellowship as well organized for healthful political life as the saloon fellowship is for an unhealthful.

At bottom nearly all public issues are moral issues. Whether our national resources are to be conserved or exploited is a moral issue; likewise whether our tariffs shall mulct the million for the benefit of the millionaire; whether justice shall be established without fear or favor or be bought at a price; whether there shall be equality of opportunity in this country or if the spendthrift sons or daughters of the rich are to have their inheritances so tied to them, through the creation of trusteeships, that they cannot be separated from them by anything except death, no matter how viciously they may live. These are all moral questions, profoundly moral, and where shall we look for men to lead us toward the right, daring all things, fearing nothing, if not where we look for individual guidance, hope and steadfastness in the ways of personal righteousness?

We repeat, the political efficiency of church and synagoguge is low while that of saloon and brothel is high. It is a condition that should not exist. Why does it? Why are not more church leaders out on the firing line for good politics, good government, and good measures and good men? They are there, in proper proportion, neither as church members nor as men.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

The political campaign now in progress in Great Britain will bear watching for other reasons than that an effort is making to impose a greater share of the burden of government on the shoulders of those best able to carry it. It is of interest for what the Socialists are boldly declaring: The right of every man to have work furnished him whenever he wants work. Whose business is it to furnish work?

This is a question that should not be lost sight of as we come to deal with public affairs. The world has found no source of employment, to speak of, not founded upon the desire to make money. That desire has found expression individually, co-operatively, corporately and, in recent years, through vast combinations of capital and ability, but chiefly through individual initiative. The great combnations have, by keeping the market starved and consumption restricted, while the price is kept up, tended rather to curtail labor than to furnish it, exactly counter to what takes

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

place where there is free play for all normal productive forces.

The Socialists of Great Britain are not now demanding that government take over "all the means of production and all the means of distribution." They purpose still to rely, for furnishing work, mainly upon individual and corporate initiative, with the desire to make money for the inspiring impulse, but wherever these forces fail it is proposed that government shall make up the deficiency by having public work done for the public benefit at public cost.

They propose that the British government shall reforest denuded areas, create parks and pleasure grounds and keep them tidy, lay out and construct new roads and streets wherever they would prove convenient, take over eligible tracts of land and lay them out into additions to adjacent cities, construct tramways to them, build model tenements to cover them and so furnish homes to the people that congestion may be avoided. The government is to pay a low, but a living, wage for this service, but is to go into these forms of public activity so generally as to make all Britain a garden and leave not an idle man in the realm. The scheme is ambitious and the demand is made in the name of human rights, not human charity or a gracious benevolence.

How far the socialistic spirit has pervaded Mother England readers of contemporaneous history scarcely need to be told. It is enough to make old-time individualists turn over in their graves and present-time individualists almost wish that they had graves to turn over in.

Frankly, though, such alleged progress is along false lines. The farther it goes the harder will it be to get back to correct principles. The right to have work furnished one for the asking is no more a natural right than to have food, clothing and shelter furnished. The only natural right there is which may be insisted on is the right of access to natural resources that are not busy and, rather than concede this right, Great Britain is launching out into hazards of new socialistic fortunes whose end none can foresee.

Some Progress to Report.

It is nearly forty years since John D. Rockefeller and his associates began, through a system of rebating, advancing prices in some places and depressing them in others, to crush out opposition, extend their activities and apply The Cinch to scores of millions of people. Such of their number as Satan has not gathered to himself are still at it.

For nearly forty years these malefactors of great wealth have kept safely ahead of the law. If the police power of state or nation struck their trail it was only to see their coat tails flapping in the breeze as they disappeared over the brow of the next ridge. It has never really caught up.

The Standard Oil Company has been driven from open rebating to secret, from corporations to a trust, and from a vast trust to a vaster single corporation holding seventy-five per cent of the oil business of the United States in a single ownership, and now a circuit court of the United States has decided that this great corporation is illegal and must wind up its affairs and cease to exist. The supreme court of the United States still has something further to say on the subject. The victory for justice lacks much of being conclusive, although progress seems to be making.

To be sure this particular unlawful corporation has existed for ten years and it has taken three years to get the case against it so far. Of that we can not be proud. It lacks much of being a speedy and exemplary enforcement of the law. By the time Justice emerges from the supreme court John D.'s coat tails will be waving beckoningly in the distance.

Mr. Dickie's Final Word.

With this issue we present the seventh, and concluding, article by Mr. George M. Dickie on "American Shipping in American Ships." To those to whom our great highway of the world, whose throbbing pulses we feel along all our western coasts, means anything Mr. Dickie's articles must have proven a mine of information if not a source of inspiration. His concluding article will be found to be very suggestive. His desires are moderate when compared with what some other nations are doing and yet, if realized, would afford much hope for the future of American shipping in American ships manned by American men. Those who merely want American shipping carried in foreign-built ships, manned by the poorly paid labor of Asia, will be satisfied with much less, but we doubt if the American heart would swell to bursting with pride over seeing the American flag flying over a foreign built ship manned by coolies from Hongkong, even if American capital were invested in it and American goods stowed in the hold.

But Mr. Dickie's series of articles has treated the subject in a broad way and without specific application to the ship-subsidy measure now pending in Congress. That is another and more immediately practical issue, and yet one that can not be determined without such a foundation of foreknowledge as Mr. Dickie has laid before our readers. If some one feels competent to take up the Humphrey bill and explain its provisions, The California Weekly will appreciate the favor to the full. That also ought to help to a better understanding of what is likely to become one of the greatest of national issues.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Dickie.

Two Hundred In One Tomb.

It is not probable that mine operators generally consciously view the many mine horrors of America as one is reported by an eastern magazine to have viewed them when he declared that "The gravity of mine accidents is much exaggerated, inasmuch as those killed are generally ignorant foreigners whose places are easily filled," and yet that is a more common sub-conscious state of the American materialistic mind than many may be prepared to believe. Industrially we have held life cheap and only dividends and stocks high.

There is scarcely a life-saving device in use in railroad operation that has not been forced upon the roads by legislation or by the penalization of verdicts of juries. The safeguarding of life and limb in factories has been an unceasing warfare between public sympathy and private greed. Without the most carefully drawn building laws our hotels would be fire traps and our tenements would be tinder boxes. Cities must fight to the last ditch with traction companies to secure the adoption of car fenders to prevent the crushing of bones and grinding of flesh of men, women and little children. Neither love for humanity nor a prudent safeguarding of the capitalists' own ultimate welfare, nor the two combined, can be relied on to secure needful care in mining, manufacture, railroading, the building trades or elsewhere. "The Beast" ravens in his "jungle" that he may feed on profits undiminished by safeguards for life.

At Cherry, Illinois, the mine has been sealed with 200 unrecovered bodies sepulchered therein. The chances are a thousand to one that some perfectly feasible precaution was neglected that dividends might not be curtailed. Among all our national scandals there are few more humiliating than the low value placed upon life in mining.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

It is related of Dr. Lyman Beecher that, while out driving with his family, the horses ran away, overturned the carriage and spilled the occupants out upon the roadside. Having gotten together again at the parsonage, the good wife suggested that they ought to offer prayer in thankfulness for their merciful preservation, to which the Doctor is said to have replied, "You may if you have anything to be thankful for, but as for me, I am confoundedly hurt."

George Wilson hired out as cook for a gang two hundred miles beyond civilization, and was carelessly shot through the leg, splitting the thigh bone from end to end. For eight months he lay in a rude hospital at a government post suffering the agonies of a thousand deaths, was then brought by stage more than a hundred miles to a railroad and from there home, so emaciated that at least one person fainted at sight of him. He endured other months of suffering until made strong enough to endure the amputation of the limb and, in half a year more, got well enough to get around on crutches. It was then that a good parson saw him for the first time and admonished him how thankful he should be for the mercy of the Lord in bringing him through tribulation. Glancing admiringly at the stout legs of the reverend gentlemen, who had no thought of being thankful for them, George ruefully replied "Yes, I suppose I ought to be thankful for small favors."

We who are surfeited with turkey and plum pudding, and are thanking our stars that we have escaped an indigestion, are minded to thank God that, of all ages in the world's history, it has been given us to live in this age, as well we may, but what of the countless thousands of millions of people who have lived in former ages, was the Lord unmindful of them?

We are thankful to God that we are sheltered from the storm while others are not; that we have meat to eat while others lack it; that we have prospered while others have eked out a scanty existence after long hours of toil in stuffy sweatshops; that the breath of scandal has not touched our home while our neighbor dare not utter the name of one of his children outside the family circle; that "things are coming our way" splendidly while departing from those less fortunate than we. Stripped to the bare bones four-fifths of our thanksgiving will be found of this quality, self-satisfied, unsympathetic and a temptation to Providence.

What then is the true basis of the thankful spirit? Who are we that God Almighty should vouchsafe us a living wage while the peon toils early and late for a pittance? Who are we and what have we done that God should suffer us to be free while the Yaquis are torn from their families and sold into slavery in tropical swamps? Who are we that mercy should follow us all our days while vengeance unceasingly pursues our less fortunate brother or sister?

Let the reader run over in his mind those among all his friends who, so far as he can know, are most profoundly thankful during this Thanksgiving season, and all seasons, and he will find that these are they who have rather the least to be thankful for, those who have been bruised, not those who are every whit unscathed; those who have endured suffering but have escaped with their lives; those who live in cottages, not castles; who have fared scantily, not sumptuously, every day.

The seeker will find thankfulness where he finds happiness, and he will find happiness where he finds self-forgetfulness, and he will find self-forgetfulness where he finds willing service, and he will find willing service where he finds love. There we have it at last, the true basis of the thankful spirit—in a heart that can love. All else is satiety of appetite, that physical comfort which comes of a gorgeous gorge.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Monorail Road Is Proving Successful.

Recent developments indicate that the day may not be very far distant when man will do much of his traveling on railroads of the monorail type. Such a road has just been tested with much success in England. As tested there, the gyroscope principle, or the principle which prevents a spinning top from falling over, was applied, the car running along a tight wire in apparent violation of the law of gravity. It looked as if it must fall, but it did not, and, what is more important, it apparently is demonstratable that it could not. The car carried forty people, and it is claimed that it can make 100 miles an hour without difficulty. While the monorail thus was being tested in England, it was about to receive a practical application in this country. A company, having this object in view, has purchased a piece of road running from Bartow, near New York, to City Island, and proposes to have a monorail line in operation there before long. Further extensions also are in view. As long ago as 1892 a monorail was successfully tested near New York, but it is said that the influence of those interested in the old type of steam railways prevented the introduction of the system at that time. Now, if the claims made for the single rail are made good, it is probable that its introduction will not long be delayed.

Wages and Living in Germany and Here.

Recently the Imperial Statistical Department of Germany conducted an extensive inquiry into the wages and the cost of living in that country—particularly in Berlin. It decided that the average income of a skilled workman there is $458.83, and his average expenditure is $457.71. It will be seen that he saves $1.12 annually. This record does not point much in the direction of opulence, but it beats that of his unskilled brother workman, who annually expends $411.70 out of an average income of $409.78, presumably borrowing $1.92 at the end of the year from his wife's father or somebody. This does not offer a very comforting outlook to the German workman, but investigations made in New York city indicate that the condition of the workman there is decidedly worse. There the Sage Foundation, after due consideration of conditions, has decided that an average family of five or six persons cannot live comfortably and normally on less than $800 a year. So stands one fact, and, on the other hand, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor announces, after careful investigation, that the average workman (skilled and unskilled) of that city has an income of but $525 to $575 per annum. That is, in the year he lacks $200 or $300 of having enough income to live comfortably and normally. So it appears that the New York workman is much worse off than his German brother, who is none too well conditioned. Consider these facts, and perhaps it will not seem strange that a grumbling from the basement of the social structure sometimes is heard.

Across the Continent in a Hurry.

The trip from New York city to Los Angeles may be made in 3 days, 16 hours and 15 minutes, as time is counted in various parts of the country, or just three hours longer in actual time. This is made possible by co-operation of the Pennsylvania, the Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads. The passenger leaves New York on the 2:50 p. m. Pennsylvania train, reaches St. Louis in time to take the 2 p. m. Missouri Pacific the next day, arrives at Kansas City and takes the Santa Fe at 9:15 p. m. that day, and arrives at Los Angeles 2 days, 9 hours and 50 minutes later. This is a gain of 10 hours and 45 minutes over the fastest time regularly made heretofore.

The Sunny South Rich in Cotton.

If the present high prices of cotton continue to prevail government experts estimate that the crop in the South this year will be worth from $900,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. The value of last year's crop was but $780,000,000, so the increase this year will be 15 or 20 per cent. Under this estimate the value of Georgia's crop will be about $175,000,000, South and North Carolina will do relatively as well, and while there will be a less crop in Alabama and Mississippi this year than last, its value will be greater. The foregoing numbers are too immense to be realized, but some idea concerning them may be attained from the following comparisons: The value of the South's cotton crop will be twice that of the world's production of gold; it will be greater than the combined capital of all the national banks in this country; if apportioned, it would give $11 or $12 apiece to every man, woman and child of our population. It is said that the wealth thus flowing in upon the South will be greater than any it has known since the civil war—wherefore these congratulations.

The Unfed Children of Germany.

The Public Weal Society of Germany recently investigated the manner in which the school children of 189 German towns are fed, and made some painful discoveries. According to this report 5 per cent of these children go without their suppers, while 36,000 of them habitually go breakfastless to school. As the report goes farther its revealments become, if anything, worse, for it is discovered that no less than 95,000 are fed by public assistance committees. To this end $150,000 were expended, and this sum was by no means sufficient to do away with the suffering of the semi-starved little ones. The report reflects seriously on German motherhood when it gives, as the first cause of this deplorable condition, the complete ignorance of the mothers concerning the very rudiments of housekeeping.

Boys Who Act as Police.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, has a unique institution in its boy police force, which, as the name indicates, is composed entirely of boys. It is a force of varying size, sometimes having as many as 250 members, its maximum number, and again having none. The members of the force receive no pay, but are content with the prestige which the position gives them among their playmates, the boys considering it a decided honor to have police authority. All classes compete for the distinction, and especially about holiday times the rivalry for it is keen, there being at times as many as 500 to 1,500 applicants. The "kid police," as the force is called, is popular in the city, does good work, and is so successful an experiment that other cities than Council Bluffs are considering the advisability of adopting the system. Its work consists in keeping mischievous children from law-defying pranks.

First Aerial Fleet Manouevers.

For the first time in the history of the world an aerial fleet is being manouevered and the worth of its component parts estimated for military purposes. These manouevers are taking place in the vicinity of Cologne. Most important perhaps, and certainly most gigantic, of these aerial vessels, are the dirigibles, of which the merits of three types are being measured. These are the Zeppelin, the Parseval and the Gross, each one of which has its advocates and admirers. Aeroplanes of various types also are being tested. There are experiments in aerial wireless telegraphy, airship chasing, the dropping of bombs, with the new Krupp gun which is intended for use against airships, etc.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

Coleridge and De Quincey.

Some bodily diseases, such as tuberculosis, often produce in their victims a strangely beautiful complexion which makes them more attractive than they were when in normal health. A parallel in literature appears in those writers whose minds have been inflamed by stimulants of various kinds and whose writings show, in consequence, an unearthly beauty that makes them irresistibily fascinating. Three works, by two writers, reflect this fatal origin of stimulation, yet they glow also with the unfading splendor of a supernatural light. These are "The Ancient Mariner" and the fragment, "Kubla Khan," of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," of Thomas De Quincey.

Upon whom has not fallen the weird spell of the presence of that ancient bearded man, and been detained, as was the wedding guest, in shuddering attention upon his narrative of disaster upon that lonely, wide, wide sea? Fewer, perhaps, have followed the course of Alph, the sacred river, as it "ran, through caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea," but these, too, have felt the cold breath of an outer wilderness upon their cheeks and stared wildly at the flickering glories of uncharted northern lights.

De Quincey leads us to a different realm, but to one as inaccessible to normal minds. In the dreams described in the Confessions, we walk diminished through august, stupendous, unresounding halls, like spirits lost in infinite space. Majestic shapes bulk over us, prodigious as the sea, disport in colored, scented, decorated mansions, fade, and give place to other figures vaster, more inspiring.

Wonderful visionaries, wonderful visions! From the unwholesome morasses of diseased imagination, how could they bring back such beautiful flowers? We, who do not venture on the paths they trod, and would not if we dared, smell the exotic, sweet heavy odor of the blooms they brought thence, and for an hour dream wondrous dreams.

ORIGIN OF A POE TALE.

A letter written by Edgar Allen Poe to Dr. J. Evans Snodgrass, editor of the Visiter (as it was then spelled), of Baltimore, describes the origin of one of his famous "tales of ratiocination."

"I have a proposition to make. You may remember a tale of mine, published about a year ago in Graham, and entitled 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' Its theme was the exercise of ingenuity in detecting a murderer. I am just now putting the concluding touch to a similar article, which I shall entitle 'The Mystery of Marie Roget'—a sequel to 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' The story is based upon that of the real murder of Mary Cecelia Rogers, which created so vast an excitement some months ago in New York. I have handled the design in a very singular and entirely novel manner. I imagine a series of nearly exact coincidences occurring in Paris. A young grisette, one Marie Roget, has been murdered under precisely similar circumstances with Mary Rogers. Thus, under pretense of showing how Dupin (the hero of the Rue Morgue) unraveled the mystery of Marie's assassination, I, in fact, enter into a very rigorous analysis of the real tragedy in New York. No point is omitted. I examine, each by each, the opinions and arguments of our press on the subject, and show (I think satisfactorily) that this subject has never yet been approached. The press has been entirely on a wrong scent. In fact, I really believe not only that I have demonstrated the falsity of the idea that the girl was the victim of a gang, but have indicated the assassin. My main object, however, as you will readily understand, is the analysis of the principles of investigation in cases of like character. Dupin reasons the matter throughout."

A DREAM.

By E. French Strother.

(For The California Weekly.)

I leave the loom where Nature weaves
  The robe that Earth shall wear,
I soar above the weathered eaves,
  I scale the rarest air,
Beyond the rainbow's arch I sweep,
  Beyond where moonbeams are,
I glide through astral aisles and weep
  To pass the farthest star;
Alone through space I wend my way
  With darkness by my side,
I cannot speak, I cannot pray
  "Lord God, be thou my guide";
I wonder if a God there be
  In all this emptiness,
I wonder if, eternally,
  I shall be less and less
Until I vanish in this vast,
  Resoundless void of gloom,
If, after life be dreamed, at last
  My soul shall share this doom.

My soul suspires: my life resumes:
  I speed my spirit on and on:
God! but how sweet are earth's perfumes!
  It is the rose-dusk of the dawn!

Avery Hopwood, one of the authors of the newest success, "Seven Days," said to be the funniest farce in years, graduated from the University of Michigan only three or four years ago.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE BABY ON THE WALL.

By J. W. Gally.

Twenty years ago Dr. J. W. Gally was well known as a writer of stories and verses, and some of the latter possessed a great deal of genuine feeling, if no large share of literary finish. "The Baby on the Wall" is an excellent example.

I look on the wall at my baby,
  The boy of my long ago,
And I say to myself, "Now, may be
  The whole thing never was so."

Then I remember the winter night,
  In a country far away,
When his dying face in the shaded light
  On his mother's bosom lay.

I see her gather him closer still,
  And note her drooping head;
And then, with lips that are white and chill,
  She moans, "Oh, darling—dead!"

I see myself next morn going out
  From sorrow into the storm;
I scarcely know, as I go about,
  Whether I'm cold or warm.

I look for the man who sells the ground;
  He marks me a lot in the snow;
He digs me a grave. And we gather round,
  We and our friends, you know.

And there with words I never recall—
  I heard but the broken moan
Of his mother when clods began to fall—
  We left him low and alone.

But his memory comes not o'er me now
  As it did in former years,
When his mother would hang his picture low,
  And look at it long in tears.

One grief over another has grown,
  As time has worn me gray,
Till now the mother is dead and gone—
  And that's the reason I say:

I look on the wall at my baby,
  The boy of my long ago,
And sometimes think, "Now, may be
  The whole thing never was so."

FICTION MORE REAL THAN TRUTH.

Truth is stranger than fiction because truth is often too strange to be credible. From which it follows that the best fiction is much more real than most fact. Consider the limitations of the human mind, and the truth of this statement will be readily perceived. How many people do you know? Say a thousand faces are known to you by sight, and five hundred people are known to you by enough intercourse with them to make them familiar to you in the sense that you know something of each one's personality. But not more than a score or two score people do you know well enough to be able to forejudge their opinions, their tastes, their actions. Outside of your family and your closest friends, the circle of genuine acquaintance rapidly narrows.

Thus, when you see a crowd of ten thousand people, they are not real human beings in your eyes; they are simply animate accessories of a scene, as buildings or trees are inanimate accessories. They no more touch your life or your sense of reality than if they were painted.

Consider, again, how much less than these the mighty host of the dead are able to reach forth, disembodied, from the grave, and live again in any vital sense in your imagination.

But what of the characters you know in fiction? Those never-corporeal spirits, fashioned of emptiness and designated by fantastic names, how real are they? Think, is not Caesar a bloodless shade, a vapor intangible when compared with Jean Valjean? Is not Charlemagne a myth; but is not Richelieu, not the historic Richelieu, but the Richelieu of Dumas and of Bulwer, a living man, as real as the brother you have not seen within the year? Go down the list of great characters in fiction and see how lifelike and how real they are, and compare them with the troubled sea of faces of living people that you pass every day and say if fiction is not less strange than truth.

LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

John Sterling, the Scotch journalist and friend of Carlyle, once wrote to his father a letter refuting his father's imputation that he had assumed to know more than other people about a certain matter. This letter, quoted in Carlyle's biography, is in part as follows:

"I suppose there may be, at the outside, 100 persons in England whose opinions on such a matter are worth as much as mine. If by 'the public,' you and my mother mean the other 99, I submit. I have no doubt that, on any matter not relating peculiarly to myself, the judgment of the 99 most philosophical heads in the country, if unanimous, would be right, and mine, if opposed to them, wrong. But then I am at a loss to make out how the decision of the few really competent persons has been ascertained to be thus in contradiction to me? And on the other hand, I conceive myself, from my opportunities, knowledge and attention to the subject to be alone quite entitled to outvote tens of thousands of gentlemen, however much my superiors as men of business, men of the world, or men of merely dry or merely frivolous literature.

"I do not remember ever before to have heard the saying, whether of Talleyrand or of anyone else: 'That all the world is a wiser man than any man in the world.' Had it been said even by the devil, it would nevertheless be false. It is quite certain there is always some one man in the world wiser than all the rest, as Socrates was declared by the oracle to be; and, as I suppose, Bacon was in his day, and perhaps Burke in his. There is also some one whose opinion would be probably true, if opposed to that of all around him; and it is always indubitable that the wise men are the scores and the unwise the millions. The millions indeed come round, in the course of a generation or two, to the opinions of the wise; but by that time a new race of wise men have again shot ahead of their contemporaries; so it has always been, and so, in the nature of things, it always must be."

FIFTY YEARS AGO

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM OLD SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS.

Through the courtesy of Mr. C. G. Cambron, of San Francisco, we have been permitted to browse at leisure through the files of some old San Francisco mercantile papers. Most of the news is dry as dust, prices of merchandise and the state of the market; but ever and anon a stray item wanders in, illuminating the past with a sudden flash of human interest. For instance, in the Prices Current and Shipping List of December 30, 1853, we note that gentlemen of fashion at that day suffered from General Grant's weakness for perfumes, as is indicated by the following advertisement:

"WASHINGTON BATHS, Washington st., between Kearny and Montgomery. Warm and Cold Baths, with Showers attached to each room. There is also, in connection with the Baths, a Gentleman's Dressing Saloon, where a constant supply of Perfumery is Always on Hand. Bay Rum by the Case or Bottle."

No atomic spray of the scented rum, but perfumed streams, "by the case or bottle."

But serious concerns of the business world were the backbone of these papers. One is impressed, upon reading them, with the very authentic gift of prophecy that was abroad in San Francisco fifty years ago. For example, gold mining was then the chief business of California, and placer mining was the principal method in use. But the Mercantile Gazette and Shipping Register of January 3, 1857, clearly discerned the future tendency of mining, as explained in the following:

Quartz Mining Prophesied.

"The leading object of interest now, however, among miners, is the quartz rock, which, although it very early attracted the attention of European miners and capitalists, yielded but meagre practical results. This was owing chiefly to inadequate machinery, their defective organization, and the incredible and unexpected expenses incident to their whole operation in the early days of the state. More recently, however, practical and experienced miners have entered vigorously into the business, all with some degree of success, and many of them obtaining a remuneration far beyond their expectations. It appears to be the general belief that according as the "science"—it is such in comparison with placer minining—of quartz mining becomes thoroughly understood, it will form the chief pursuit of miners generally."

This did not quite foretell the cyanide process, but it clearly indicated the subsequent predominance of quartz mining over placer.

The most prophetic vision, however, seemed to have been possessed by H. F. Williams, Esq., whose address before the Merchants' Institute of California was quoted at length in the same paper on September 11, 1857. In the address, Mr. Williams predicted in minute detail the combined gang-plow, seeder and cultivator, drawn by the steam traction-engine, and the combined harvester, steam propelled, that later became such a picturesque utility in the California harvest fields. This part of his address is as follows:

Combined Harvester Foretold.

"The Overton steam wagon (a California invention), is pronounced by most of the practical and scientific men who have examined it, to be an invention of superior excellence, and one which promises ere long to take the place of all other wagons for heavy transportation, and may perchance be applied to farming purposes of every description. If so, who will attempt to estimate its value? With its iron tread and untiring step it will become the advance guard of civilization and refinement, by removing the heavy burdens from the limbs of men, which have ever been so heavily taxed in the cultivation of the soil. If this invention possesses the qualities claimed for it by the inventor and those enlightened and unprejudiced persons who have examined it, the day is not far distant when it will be seen moving majestically over our broad fields with only one or two skilful hands to direct its course, followed first by a gang of plows to upturn the sod, then by broad harrows to crumble and pulverize the soil, to be followed in turn by a sowing machine, scattering the seed for a future harvest, thereby performing at one and the same time, all the varied processes now in use by the usual methods of manual and animal labor, in the cultivation of the soil. Then, when the harvest season shall come around, this mighty cultivator will again appear with a new train just suited to the times; to reap, to thresh, to clean and to bag the waving fields of golden grain; thereby completing at its second advent the multifarious duties that are now connected with the toilsome period of the seed time and the harvest."

The scene has never been better described since it was an impressive reality than by Mr. Williams when he saw it only by the sight of the constructive imagination.

By consolidation with another paper the name of the Gazette became the Mercantile Gazette and Prices Current. In the issue of this paper for September 12, 1859, an editorial article prophesied with remarkable foresight the present development of the raisin industry in California, making only the natural mistake of locating its probable center at Los Angeles, then the principal vineyard district, instead of at Fresno. The extract from the editorial containing this prophecy is as follows:

A Prophecy of Raisin Culture.

"The wonderful increase, from year to year, of the grape crop of our state, and the adaptability of our soil and climate to the cultivation of the vine, render it apparent that before the lapse of many years the vineyards of California will present a breadth and aggregate productiveness rivaling those of the most favored grape-growing countries of the world. For the present, and perhaps for some time to come, the wine-press will afford the principal medium of reward to the grape culturist, but when the product shall have been vastly increased, as vastly increase it must, we see no reason why our growers should not become exporters of raisins, as well as of wines and brandies. Already our wines are favorites abroad, and we can perceive no reason why the dried fruit from the same vineyards should not likewise become so. The dryness of our summers must be peculiarly well adapted to the curing of the ripe fruit, and we think that other circumstances, including the cheapness of the material, are favorable to the enterprise."

Labor's Wages About the Same.

The issue of January 10, 1861, contained a list of "Rates of Labor in San Francisco." No editorial suggestion was made as to the future of wages, but the list is remarkably close to the present scale. A few of the principal items are quoted:

Blacksmith, per day	$4.00
Boiler Makers, per day	$4 to $5
Bricklayers, per day	$5 to $7
Butchers, per month	$60 to $100
Carpenters, per day	$4.50 to $5
Chambermaids, per month	$25 to $30
Day laborers, per day	$2 to $3
Draymen, per month	$50 to $75
Hodmen, per day	$2 to $3
Plumbers, per day	$5 to $6

The Civil War.

The issue of April 30, 1861, contains an editorial paragraph headed, "Civil War Begun." It is worth noting that the editor was a far better prophet of the probable duration of the war than the northern public, which believed that Lincoln's call for volunteers "for ninety days" allowed ample time to resolve the animosities that had been gendering for nearly a hundred years:

"Since our last issue, we have received unwelcome tidings from the Atlantic side. The terrible alternative of Civil War has been adopted, and the questions at issue between the two sections of the Confederacy are to be settled by an appeal to arms. We chronicle the event with unspeakable sorrow. * * * To attempt to forecast the future, dim with the smoke of battle-fields, were idle. We turn away with sad forebodings, that for many a year to come the history of our country will be traced in blood."

Prediction of Dried Fruit Industry.

Subsequent issues of the paper, however, gave scant space to the war, except to note its depressing effect upon trade. Most of its attention was devoted to the arts of peace, and the number of October 19, 1861, contains another prophecy of California's advance in fruit raising, a prophecy that has been more than fulfilled:

"**Preserved Fruits.**—An exchange paper says: 'Ten thousand boxes of fruit have been preserved this year at Sonoma by M. Nathanson, most of them of fruits from M. G. Vallejo's orchards. The fruits preserved are apples, pears, peaches, nectarines and grapes.' A similar statement would be true of many other portions of California. Fruit is abundant and extremely cheap—quite as much so as in the Eastern states. It is a very common practice for families to put up all they want for their own use, and sometimes large quantities are prepared for market, and are preferred to the imported article. Hence our friends at the East may learn the reason why their consignments of 'case goods' so often result unfavorably. **The business of drying is not yet carried to much extent, but we have no doubt will increase. Our long dry autumns are well adapted to it."**

The Wine Industry.

The wine industry received numerous encouragements from the Gazette. It quoted the Alta California in its issue of November 12, 1857, as follows:

"It is estimated that 150,000 gallons of wine were made in the State last year, and from the grape crop this year it is expected 350,000 gallons will be manufactured."

The production in any one of the several counties today runs into the millions of gallons.

Just four years later, November 9, 1861, the Gazette wrote of the industry in the San Joaquin Valley:

"**Vineyards at Visalia.**—The first wine made in Tulare county was made on the ranch of James Persian, and yielded 1,200 gallons to the acre; it was pronounced by good judges equal to the best wine raised in California."

The "Pony Express."

There are many items of curious and historical interest in the Gazette. The Eastern market reports were not announced as "by the longest leased wire in the world," but as "per Pony Express." This relay of fast horses and fearless riders, connecting San Francisco with St. Joseph, Mo., enabled the Gazette to quote New York prices of March 22nd in its issue of April 10, 1861.

In its succeeding issue, of April 19, 1861, the Gazette notices the transfer of management of the Pony Express into the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co.

"**The Pony Express.**—Since the published announcement that the management of this enterprise has passed into the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co., much greater assurance is felt by the community in its permanency, regularity and speed. An assurance of regularity was needed to induce the mercantile community to renew their patronage, the number of letters sent by that class of correspondents having latterly greatly declined.

"The postage charge has been reduced and the fruit of renewed confidence in the Express was shown in the receipt of 160 postages on the occasion of the first Pony dispatched under the new management last Wednesday."

One cocktail killed Fairbanks politically, but the New York Times prints a photograph, taken at Mombassa, showing a consignment of fifty cases of beer for "Bwana Tumbo," and no decline in popularity seems to follow.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Thanksgiving Day in California.

Out here in California when Thanksgiving
Day is here
The hills and vales are velvet-clad, the birds
are singing clear,
And buds and blossoms strew the sod, and
sparkling waters run
From dales of green to vales of green beneath
a smiling sun,
And perhaps the time is summer, or perchance the time is spring,
But it surely is not winter while the birds in
rapture sing,
And skies are like a down-turned vase of crystal clear and—Say,
Will some one kindly guarantee this is
Thanksgiving Day?

Will some one guarantee the fact? For clearly I recall
Thanksgiving Days that once I knew were
wont to wear a pall,
A pall of white, a pall so cold it added to our
woes,
And though New England thanks we gave,
those thanks full oft were "froze."
Oh, how the bleak wind whistled down, its
gratitude to tell,
And how the—List the songs of birds that
ring in every dell,
And life is sweet, and life is fair, and life's
divine, and—Nay,
Unless my memory serves me wrong 'tis not
Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day! Why, every hour is like
a hymn of praise,
And Nature sings, "Out here, out here, all are
Thanksgiving Days!"
Here life's a hymnal that is bound in covers
velvet-green,
And letters gilded of the sun those covers lie
between.
No winter here, no bonds of ice, no dreaded
Frost as king,
But blossoms smiling to the sun and birds
that praises sing.
Ho, memory, trick me no more, for brooks
unfettered play
Out here in California when we greet Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

A Talk With Minerva.

I admit, Minerva, that he is all that you say, a knight, a hero, a heaven-sent exception to the masculine rule. I know that he is all of this, because you said so, and, as you also remarked, you are very exceptional and blessed among women in having found this kind of a man. And yet, after you have married him, Minerva, and are snugly settled down in your beehive of honey, take my advice and keep him filled up.

I know the advice sounds crude, dear girl, terribly crude, but if you doubt the value of my observation, apply to some trusted woman friend to whom marriage has become a species of chestnut. See if she doesn't tell you never to ask him for a new hat or gown before dinner, but to wait until the beefsteak has had its soothing effect. While the flavor of the cranberry pie still is on his tongue cuddle up to him, say sweet things—and the world is yours if he is half a man, Minerva. But if you try it before he is filled up—well, you take your own chances, and cannot blame me.

Man is man, Minerva, and this means that he is a strange creature. He dreams of heaven, but he insists upon having his meals regularly. I have seen no statistics on the subject, but I would bet that nineteen murders take place before dinner to one afterward. I write it regretfully of my sex, but woman loses when she fails to face the fact.

What are you to do if his stomach goes back on him, do you ask? Minerva, I don't know, and I fancy that no woman ever found out. I suppose that all the gentle creature then can do is patiently go her way and prayerfully hope for his recovery.

The Opinions of Rufus.

When a feller's told a lie till he b'lieves it, is he lyin' or not when he tells it after that? I'm askin' 'cause I know a hull lot of us that ought to be int'rested in the answer.

I can't help wishin' that some folks that has nothin' to say wouldn't use up so much time an' language in sayin' it.

I kind o' have an idee that we oughtn't to ask the Lord to do things fer us that we can do fer ourselves. Most seems es if 'twas wastin' His time, an' I reckon He must be middlin' busy.

I've known some girls I thought wus reel han'some till I et a meal they had cooked.

Still, I claim sech a girl is consider'ble han'somer than one that cooks all of her meals by the sweat of her ma's brow.

I've got myself so regerlated now that I can stand trials an' triberlashuns pretty well —all 'cept when they're mine.

Seein' es John D. Rockefeller has given more'n a hundred million dollars to the public, I hope St. Peter 'll either pass him in or, anyway, give him a testimonial that es neat a job of whitewashin' ain't often seen up that way.

I s'pose salvation's free because the Almighty knows that's the only inducement that would cause some folks to take any interest in it.

Es I see it, the world is full of people that have sternly resolved to do their duty—if it don't cost too much.

Course, in climbin' the apple tree you may git a fall, but you also git better fruit than the windfalls that you have to be contented with if you stay on the ground.

Time an' tide wait fer no man, but I've known time to kind o' hesitate some fer a woman.

* * *

A Misplaced Reformer.

He was always a reformer,
For he saw the grievous wrong
That is born of human error,
How it hovers o'er the throng,
So he labored to suppress it
Every day and every night,
Saying, "Life is quite disjointed,
And I'll have to set it right."

Made reforming all his business,
And for it I honor him,
Though I sometimes fell to wishing
That his visage were less grim.
"God is leading, as He chooses,
Man to heaven from this sod,"
I would say, but he would answer,
"Yes, but we should help out God."

Saw a world that needed fixing,
Started in to fix it then.
If 'twas fixed as he demanded,
Then—he started in again.
So, he went his way, reforming;
'Twas the business of his life,
Grafting here and pruning yonder,
For the old world needs the knife.

He is dead and gone to heaven,
Ne'er a doubt of it at all,
For his virtues, they were many,
And his errors were but small.
Yes, he's doubtless gone to heaven,
Yet I think of him, and sob:
Heaven doesn't need reforming—
And I fear he's shy a job.

* * *

A Little Apropos Story.

"Yes, death is greatly to be regretted," the Higher-Up remarked, with a sigh.

"True," his friend responded. "It severs earthly ties, fills the earth with sadness, rends —"

"It isn't these things so much," the Higher-Up interrupted.

"What, then?"

"Why, it interferes with business."

The Thoughtful Man Discourses.

"A street car conductor said to me," the Thoughtful Man remarked, "that it was astonishing, the race, by leaps and bounds, that such weekly journals as Town Talk, the Argonaut and the Wasp are making.

"'Do you believe it?' said I.

"'I do,' said he.

"'How do you account for it?' said I.

"'They're trying to get away from their perfume,' said he.

"An Oakland man," the conductor continued, "went home, and sat down to his dinner. 'These eggs are too long ago,' he complained to his wife.

"'They are not,' she responded, 'they are perfectly fresh.'

"'Then how do you account for it?' he asked, while his pained expression grew more pained.

"'The idea of asking, when you have the Tribune in your hands!' was all the answer she made.

"I reported the conductor to Mr. Calhoun, and he fired him.

"Readers of daily papers here," the Thoughtful Man continued, after a pause, "are divided into four schools. The first school reads the Examiner because it likes its salad with saffron trimmings; the second school reads the Chronicle because it would sooner guess at the truth than to receive it direct; the third school reads the Call because it likes to witness acrobatic feats; the fourth school reads the Bulletin because it desires to see forceful and telling blows, even if they occasionally miss the mark."

"Are you not overlooking the readers of the Globe?" I inquired.

"I was speaking of schools, not of asylums," the Thoughtful Man replied. "We are going to have a Democratic paper, too," he added, as an afterthought. "It is hoped that every Democrat in the state will take it, and that would make a fair start toward a subscription list, wouldn't it?"

"It may, if Teddy is not running," said I.

* * *

Woman, Our Home-Maker.

As we men frequently admit, it is our chivalrous regard for woman which leads us to desire that she shall confine her wholly admirable energies to the making of our homes and the keeping of our houses. She is tender and frail, and so we urge that she shall not for a moment drop her role as the goddess of the household. There is nothing that so rouses our almost sacred admiration as to see our own particular goddess with a dishrag in one hand and a frying-pan in the other. Let us never, my brethren, let us never desert this high ideal of womanhood and its lofty purpose in life.

Particularly, let us not do so because if woman does not keep the house it will not be kept. Would we men engineer and prepare 1,095 meals in one year? Would we wash dishes 1,095 times, wipe them 1,095 times, sew, darn, mend, devote our lives to a gray monotony of treadmill effort? Not on your life! Our chivalrous regard for adored woman would not permit it. And we would go crazy within six months if we tried. I know of nothing that we should cling to more closely than this chivalrous regard for our womankind—it saves the cost of many and many a hired girl.

I have penned this little tribute to man's chivalrous regard for woman because anybody can see that it deserves it. Woman, the housekeeper (and nothing else), the fried goddess of the fireside; the queen of her domestic domain, with a stewpan for a tiara and a stovehook for a scepter, let us together pledge her, while we register our chivalric vow that we will keep her where she is, unless we men need her as a stenographer or something else—in which event our chivalrous regard may stretch a few points.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

The promises of your first number have been well kept. As between the man who thinks you too aggressive and the one who thinks you not aggressive enough, you seem to strike a happy medium. The trouble is that, as yet, your paper is read by an insufficient number of people. A weekly reminder of what is honest, is of value. In due course you will reach more people, for their good. Your "Deeper Significance of Living" aids the father; your "School for Citizenship" helps form the character of the son; I hope we shall not be deprived of either column.

JOHN SMITH.

San Francisco.

There is a type of aggressiveness that borders on the "cantankerous" and does not much appeal to the judgments of sane men, yet the John Browns, Pankhursts and Carrie Nations are not without their uses. They challenge public attention to their causes. The purpose of The California Weekly is to appeal to the common sense, not the passions of its readers, and yet understanding without an enthusiasm to vitalize it is wonderfully ineffectual. Society could not hold itself together a fortnight by power of what it knows. Knowledge must be transformed into emotion in order to be made productive of results. Therefore The California Weekly will first try to convince, and then to inspire enthusiasm, yet the enthusiasms lie very close to the passions. Over-statement is sometimes deliberately indulged with the purpose of making conviction potential. This may serve to make the "tone" of The California Weekly more clearly understandable. The fact that our paper has too few readers must be conceded, but it is getting more all the time and the more good words said for it the more it will get.

Your position on the ship subsidy question seems to me a peculiar one. I judge that you believe it economically incorrect (as I do) as you harp on what must be done to offset the action of other governments.

How then can you support ship subsidies as a general proposition? Is it not true, as Robert Dollar has said in his articles published in the Commercial News, that the bill now before congress will not give us a merchant marine, and it is not intended to do so?

Whatever your intention you are helping this bill which, doubtless, is designed not to give us a merchant marine, but to furnish pickings for a few powerful corporations.

Mr. Dollar's articles should be a sequel to Mr. Dickie's.

ANONYMOUS.

San Francisco, Nov. 20, 1909.

We do not like anonymous communications of any kind, but this one raises an issue that needs to be met. The California Weekly is not wedded to the ship subsidy idea, and yet it does not see how our American merchant marine can be recreated without subsidies so long as other nations do subsidize. American capital asks only for free ships and free men, which means that it will buy ships in Britain and man them with Chinese. That is not the sort of American merchant marine of which Americans would be proud. We want American-built ships, owned by American capital, and manned by American-born seamen. Nothing short of this will satisfy the national pride or the national conscience. We shall be glad to open our columns to the views of Mr. Dollar.

Editor and Manager The California Weekly.

My Dear Sir:—Compulsory voting, to me, would seem to be un-American.

A free right to exercise the privilege of voting seems to be much more desirable.

Compulsion is a harsh method to invoke to get people in this enlightened age to respond to citizenship privileges.

No doubt if all citizens availed themselves of their present rights at the polls the standard of officialdom would be very much improved; and it would seem to me that a more wide-spread education along the lines of good citizenship and the duties dependent upon the voter would in time bring about the results desired by the better class of people.

Compulsion or coercion is repulsive to a free American citizen, and if invoked by the law for political purposes would eventually be the means of defeating the end sought to be accomplished.

Respectfully yours,

WALTER F. PRICE.

Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 9, 1909.

Is compulsion so very un-American? We do not leave jury duty to the free grace of individual citizens. We put them under the necessity of going to the judge and begging off or going upon the stand and lying out of the jury job. We compel the payment of property taxes, service in the militia, the payment of poll tax (if it can be garnisheed) and, in well ordered communities, we force parents to send their children to school. In war time we first ask for volunteers, but if they do not fill the ranks we resort to the draft. In no other department of civic duty except voting do we, even in free America, depend upon willingness to serve for the safety of the state. If, as Senator Price affirms, if all men voted officialdom would be much improved, why may not a democracy insist that all men shall vote? Compulsion is not onerous when there is need for it.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—I wish to congratulate you for bringing forward the subject of compulsory voting. It has been in my mind over four years. I am in favor of it. It is a proper adjunct of compulsory education. The state requires the latter, to improve the character of citizenship, knowing that with the rise of citizenship the state strengthens and advances itself. Citizenship renders one of its principal services to the state by exercising the ballot, because it is in this way government of and by the people is made possible, the democratic idea maintained. Why, then, should not the state, when it exerts itself to cultivate improved citizenship purposely to benefit in the use of that citizenship, see that it gets the use of it? It does see that it gets the use of the soldier's training which it cultivates.

The Roman Republic became transformed into the Roman Empire because the attention of the citizen was allowed to be withdrawn from the state and devoted to private affairs. The same fate awaits every democratic form of government which fails to get the use of its citizens in the affairs of state. The use must be had—if not voluntarily given, then must be compelled.

Yours very truly,

GUY EDDIE.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 8, 1909.

As Mr. Eddie affirms, the one danger to our free institutions is the dread inertia, the unheeding apathy of the citizen. It will be by his neglect, not his perfidy, that free institutions will be overthrown if they are. It is the body of that death, and not lack of intelligence or integrity of intentions, that makes every free institution fight as for its life ever and always. It is true that we can not compel temperance or chastity, prudence or industry, by law, but we can compel men to drop their business for an hour now and again to go to the polls and answer "present" if they do nothing more, and if one does that much he will do more. The crux of the issue is, what shall the punishment for non-voting be? Will our correspondents give that subject their concern? The rest will be relatively easy.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—I do not believe in compulsory voting, because when men are forced to perform a patriotic duty these same men would have their votes on the auction block.

Besides, compulsory voting by the law's mandate, would give notice to the world that Americans have repudiated the government of their fathers—have shifted the tedious responsibilities of sovereignty to a created higher class, aristocracy—and by this have recognized that democratic rule is at an end and that these miserable dwarfs, heirs of a brilliant era, would admit their own incompetency, degeneracy, depravity and ingratitude.

Far better be it to let us dissolve a hypocritical pretense and turn the government over to those who own it, rather than live a governmental lie and misrepresentation.

No law can reach such a defect, if any there be. Law can move the hand, but never regulate the heart and mind.

Let us quit the role of Amateur Statesman played by jumping at every new fad involving not substance, but mere form and procedure, by taking a positive course and creating issues that ring deep.

The only way patriotic interest can be increased is by enlarging the opportunities of the individual citizen so that each may have a better chance to gain an independence, have more time for study and recreation, and so that each may own his own home. These issues will arouse the voter, because there will be something to work, vote and fight for. Give us this condition and the ballot will take care of itself.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT G. LOUCKS.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 8, 1909.

The issues that "ring deep," are not "created." Men do not say to each other, let us go to now and make them to order. They grow. They are conceived in the depths and often brought forth in full stature or, like the most deadly maladies, they gain access to the body politic and permeate it from center to circumference before their presence is known. Law can not, it is true, make men vote right,

(Continued on Page 15.)

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POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Herrin News Bureau Again in Operation Those who "keep the run of the papers" of the state will scarcely need to be told that the Herrin News Bureau has resumed business at the old stand. Many interior papers will contain special correspondences from San Francisco and they will all have a tone of impartiality that will deceive the elect if they don't watch out. "Gess" will probably take the field and tell how Gillett and Curry are the only candidates who have a ghost of a chance with the people. Or, we may hear of gubernatorial candidates innumerable from all parts of the state. It is not sure that that tack will not be tried first, but of one thing we may be certain: The plan will be to divide the reputable element into two camps and then hurl the mobilized programmers into the breach between the two factions. Those with even moderate endowments of discrimination will not have failed to notice that both the Call and the Examiner are playing upon the same string. Together with the Chronicle they may develop into a very interesting bunch of program triplets. The Herrin news service requires uniformity of action.

If You Don't Take Gillett We'll Make You Take Curry Deep down that appears to be a possible "organization" program. Mr. Curry is to do service as a horrible example, the same sort of service that McCarthy rendered with such distinguished success in the late campaign in San Francisco, with the possible difference that, in San Francisco, the "organization" intended from the start to elect McCarthy, whereas, whether the influence of the Southern Pacific's political bureau will be thrown to Gillett or Curry neither will know for certain until the votes are counted. As between Gillett and Curry the state may as well shut its eyes and make a grab. Both of them are straight-out corporation men. A difference betwen them is that Curry always has been an "organization" programmer, whereas Gillett did not have his ears pierced in token of submission until he had made a useful reputation for independence and courage. Of the two, Curry possesses the keener intellect and he understands the state's business better. Curry could make a better governor than Gillett could, but Gillett would make a better governor than Curry would because there is a better foundation of character that his subserviency has not wholly obliterated. But at bottom they are brothers, if not in iniquity, then in loyalty to the Southern Pacific's political bureau, which is a distinction without much difference, a mere hair-splitting.

Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League The meeting of representatives of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League held at Oakland Monday was called by a little group of men who have seen long service in resisting corporation control in this state. Invitations were sent out to something more than one hundred representative progressive Republicans living in all portions of California and something more than half of those invited were able to attend. Those who could not come sent words of encouragement or letters setting forth their views of what should be done. No better type of manhood can be found in all California than the Oakland conference represented. That conference was made up of men who want, first of all, to be fair to all interests and just to all legitimate enterprises, but they are determined that the people and not the corporations shall rule and that equality before the law shall be established on such a basis that it can never be shaken. This movement is part of a national movement, an upheaval and outbreaking of the American conscience. It is of that militant quality which opens a fight with silent prayer and then follows the God of Battles wheresoever he may lead, reckless of consequences to self. It was a splendid manifestation of manhood.

The Gillett Sentiment Conspicuously Absent If there are any Lincoln-Roosevelters who are inwardly or outwardly consenting to the acceptance of James N. Gillett as the reform candidate, or as a compromise candidate, for four years more as governor, they did well to refrain from participation in the Oakland meeting and may properly consider themselves as read out of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement. When that League gets ready to surrender it will surrender to Mr. Herrin himself and make him its candidate for gubernatorial honors, but it will not have to rule over it any man whose political ears have been pierced in token of vassalage to the Big Boss. What man, not a candidate for admission to a home for the feeble-minded, can think of accepting as a leader in a movement, whose principle it is to free the Republican party from corporate control, a man whose most significant attribute is his service to, and elevation by, the most obnoxious form of corporation control any commonwealth was ever subjected to? The unanimity with which the repudiation of Gillett, as being representative of Lincoln-Roosevelt purposes and principles, was manifested at that meeting puts that issue, if there ever was an issue, beyond the pale of peradventure.

Platform Confined To Few Principles While the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will, when it goes to the people for endorsement at the primaries, stand for every good thing that it is opportune to undertake, the platform adopted at the Oakland meeting covers only two features, both of which are most vital to the public welfare. One of these is the emancipation of the Republican party from corporation control and the other is the establishment of justice that there may be equality before the law. There were many other good things suggested, and they were not turned down. They were merely postponed in the belief that they should be considered by representatives from the people of California gathered in a fuller conference to be held later, or that, if the right kind of state administration can be elected on these principles, other reforms will come naturally and inevitably. An over-burdened platform would be a handicap in a sharp, swift contest that needs to challenge public attention to specific ills. At a later date a more ample platform is likely to be formulated and for the reason that, under the direct primary law, there will be no regular party platforms to which any attention will be paid. Candidates will have been selected two weeks before the platform-making conventions will assemble and the only chance a candidate will have of saying anything about what manner of platform he will stand on will be at such a pre-primary convention as the Lincoln-Roosevelt League will hold next spring.

Pre-Primary Conventions Will Prove Indispensable The "organization" will not require any pre-primary convention of its forces. Mr. Herrin will call in his lieutenants from time to time and give them their orders. They will know what to do and will keep out of each other's way. They will not be found bucking each other off the bridge. One directing head, and that a very astute one, is all that is needed under the system of government by corporation which has so long obtained in California. But when the people undertake to act it will be different. Without bringing together all aspirations, ideas and aims into one convention and there threshing them out the Herrin "organization" will confront a good-natured, unorganized, well-meaning mob with a platoon of disciplined police armed with heavy clubs. Therefore there must be a pre-primary convention of the reform forces, clothed with mandates from the people empowering them to act for the common good. That convention will contain 431 delegates, as now planned, representing every part of the state and representative of such Lincoln-Roosevelt clubs as may, meantime, be formed. The organization of the League acted, in the first instance, from inside out; in the final form it will reverse the process and act from outside in. Any errors made by the convention can be corrected at the party primaries.

The League's Attitude Toward President Taft There were certain members of the League present who were much out of patience with President Taft and a little disposed to say so, but by far the greater number were disposed to give the President more time in which to make good. They look to the coming session of congress to clear the atmosphere and make the policy of the President more certain and, too, more satisfactory. The Roosevelt policies were specifically endorsed and the President's championship of those policies was accepted at its full face value and the faith of the League pledged to him in enacting them into law and enforcing the laws when enacted. The League is not disloyal to the President, but it is not going to suffer its loyalty to prevent its scrutinizing his every act with the greatest care. It will give him just judgment, but will hold him to his pledges to the letter and expects him to use all the powers of his official position to enforce their acceptance. No weak surrender to the interests will be condoned, nor will any tendency to halt and hesitate on the border line of propriety and executive jurisdiction, as laid down in the letter of the law, be taken as an excuse for nonfulfillment of promises. It is understood that the executive is the only department of government to which the whole people can look for representation and, whatever the constitution may say, the executive function must be used for all it is worth for the accomplishment of free government for the people.

Chester H. Rowell League President There are more Rowells than a few in California, and Fresno and vicinity have more than two, but Fresno has two particular Rowells that the uninformed get confused to the disadvantage of both of them. First there is Dr. Chester Rowell, chief owner of the Fresno Republican, the father of Fresno, a man who has done more personal favors to more individuals than perhaps any other man in California and who has made himself as well loved as any. He is mayor of Fresno, and recently went wrong on vetoing a liquor ordinance because his judgment and conscience told him he ought to do so.

Then there is Chester H. Rowell, nephew of Dr. Rowell, editor of the Fresno Republican and, on Monday last, elected president of the state organization of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. For the past year, and until Tuesday of this week, he was president of the California Weekly corporation, but resigned from it through fear that his being president of the League might hamper the independence of The California Weekly, which owes allegiance, first of all, to its readers, and will not be the "organ" of anything. Mr. Rowell takes the presidency of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League at great cost and inconvenience to himself, and with great reluctance. As secretary and organizer he bore the brunt of the fight two years ago and will have to take a leading part this time. He asks nothing in the way of official preferment and would rather work in the ranks, but he is a man who can forget self in the face

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of a duty and so suffered himself to be made president of the League against his own inclinations. If his life and health are spared no small part of the political history of California during the coming decade will be made, and written, by Chester H. Rowell, of Fresno, scholar, linguist, man of brains and character, the most gifted writer and most promising statesman in California.

A Most Mystifying Political Muddle Whoever says that he knows what the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau is going to do doesn't know. It is a close-mouthed corporation. Mr. Herrin never lets on. The best that can be done is to put this and that together, take a Yankee guess at it and let it go at that. But here are some facts. If they don't harmonize it is because they don't have to.

Curry counts on McCarthy and the Union Labor party vote, registered as Republicans, to see him safely through the Republican primaries. Without this support he will be afoot and alone wending his weary way to a jobless wilderness of woe.

The Southern Pacific's Political Bureau, and allied villainies, count on McCarthy, re-enforced by the tenderloin (all registered as Republicans) to carry the Republican primaries in the interests of the "organization" candidate, whoever he may be.

Gillett counts on this combination, further re-enforced by a few mugwumps who don't see anything real bad in Gillett (except that he trains with the Southern Pacific crowd, which, by the way, is the worst thing that any man can do except to assassinate the President or blow up the state capitol).

But Curry also counts on forcing this combination to take him up instead of Gillett, notwithstanding the fact that the Argonaut, never out of whispering distance from Mr. Herrin, says that Curry is impossible.

Now McCarthy also is ambitious, if not to be governor this time, at least to name the man who is to be "it." Of course, none of this is our fight, and yet the doings of the public enemy is never without interest to right-minded persons.

Oakland's Hallelujah Oakland has, for the past week or more, nearly given itself over to rejoicing over its bond voting and annexation, and for the great stride it has taken it has been unanimously disposed to give largest credit to Frank K. Mott, its third-term mayor. He has made the mayoralty of the city his occupation, and he has developed not only a high type of executive ability, but a good deal of tact and the ability to inspire those with whom he comes in contact with great enthusiasm to work for the common interests. It is not unlikely that, as our municipal life grows in grace and efficiency, fitness for higher executive station will be looked for among those who have distinguished themselves by having made good as mayors of our principal cities. When that time comes, and there is no reason to suppose it a long way off, the reputation so well earned by Mayor Frank K. Mott of Oakland may stand him in good stead. But his work in Oakland is not yet finished. There is in sight a consolidated city and county government for the East Bay cities.

The Los Angeles City Election No more important experiment in good government is being tried out anywhere in America than is now in the throes of a practical test at Los Angeles. Of course the fight there, as here and elsewhere, is on the one side between the public service corporations, lined up with the redlight element and those who believe in a wide-open town, and reputable citizenship on the other. Heretofore the associated villainies have been able, in Los Angeles as in San Francisco, to divide the reputable citizenship on party lines, while they, themselves, had no more of party fealty than they had of moral or civic virtue to hold them on one side or the other. The slogan of "party responsibility" has meant official irresponsibility. Los Angeles,

(Continued on Page 12.)

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AMERICAN SHIPPING IN AMERICAN SHIPS

VII. THE LEGISLATION NEEDED TO CREATE AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE.

By G. W. DICKIE.

Having briefly described the methods adopted by other nations for maintaining their foreign trade shipping, I have now come to the point to which these articles have been leading. I have shown that the foreign shipping trade of the United States never prospered except when adequately protected; that, from the year 1828, when the policy of protecting American ships in the foreign trade was abandoned, the foreign trade declined at first gradually but with steady acceleration until now it is practically extinct; that, while this condition has been very much deplored, especially in those states which border on the oceans, no practical legislation tending to restore American shipping in the foreign trade has resulted. At present the sentiment in favor of a revival of our ocean commerce is stronger; out of that something should come in the form of needed legislation; what that something should be is the theme of the present article.

Evil of Foreign-Built Ships.

Whatever is proposed should enlist in its favor all the shipping and ship-building interests; then it would have a good chance to be enacted into a law. Any proposal that calls for the enrolling of foreign-built ships under the American flag will divide the forces which have worked for the revival of our foreign-going shipping. If successfully passed such a measure would not give results unless it went much further than merely admitting foreign-built ships to American registry; to be effective it must give our ship-owners the right to operate their ships as they were operated under foreign colors. It is probably true, as has been stated, that there are about one million tons of foreign shipping now owned by American citizens, but if they simply haul down the foreign colors and hoist the American flag, continuing as before to be operated by foreign cheap labor, provisioned according to the foreign schedule, turning in the same profits to the same owners, what profit will come to the country by having its flag fly over it? We are told that this grand rehoisting of the flag will cost the country nothing; that is true, but as the country will gain nothing I fail to see that it is worth while.

I have the misfortune to be a shipbuilder and probably do not see this matter in the same light as the American owner of foreign-built ships. I will adopt the light he has and illuminate the shipbuilder's prospects with it. Were I thirty-five years younger, equipped with the necessary capital, and guided by this light, I would turn my thoughts toward the Chinese empire and establish a shipbuilding yard there. I would take with me experts in every department, but my operatives, my labor, I would take from the Chinese. There would be certain advantages which I will roughly enumerate. A first-class shipsmith gets 30 cents per day there; materials are landed from Europe for less than the same materials cost here; fine teak wood may be had for half the price it commands here; my pay roll would be about one-tenth what it would be here. I could build ships and sell them to American owners at less than they could buy them for in England and get rich at it; these ships built by Chinese cheap labor and manned with Chinese seamen would get the American flag. But I perceive that China will soon be in the midst of a struggle to change from her old ways into the ways of modern times and western civilization, and my shipbulding plant might suffer in times of disturbance; my machinery might be broken, my head also; my working force would be scattered and corrupted. What could I do to be safe in my shipyard in such stirring times? I would get a bill passed by congress granting the right to all foreign shipyards owned by Americans to fly the American flag over their yards; that would not do America any good but it would look patriotic, appeal to sentiment, and be a great comfort to me in time of trouble, for the American navy would protect the flag and with it my shipyard.

That is the kind of protection the American shipowner demands for his foreign property.

The French method is equally bad. Ships can be built and put on the ocean and navigated from one port to another if the government whose flag they fly will pay their expenses; that kind of nursing does not build up, it props up; when the props are removed there is a collapse. Such a method is not good policy; it is not possible to do immediately all that is necessary to restore shipping; it must be gone about slowly and steadily.

United States Should Connect Ports.

The first duty of the United States is to establish permanent lines of communication between her ports and the principal ports of the world, and especially with those where our products would be most likely to find a market. Such a service would be costly but the result would be a steady growth of foreign commerce, new markets for our commerce, and a fleet of merchant steamers ready for government service when wanted. That I believe is the present and immediate duty of the federal government.

I would recommend that congress authorize mail subventions in the necessary amounts to establish the following steamship lines, the steamships for which shall be built in the United States and wholly owned by a citizen or citizens of the United States, of the most modern type, designed for the service in which they are to be operated, the service to be for fifteen years, the subvention to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who shall give satisfactory guarantee that within two years from the date of contract he will have the line in operation; all officers and at least 10 per cent of the crews of such vessels to be American citizens; the speed named to be the average sea speed on the voyage and the average speed of six months' operation to be taken as the speed under the terms of the contract; United States mail to be carried free of charge, and the passenger accommodation to be first-class and ample for the needs of the service.

Lines That Should Be Encouraged.

The following lines occur to me as meeting the needs of the country at the present time:

1. From an Atlantic port to Brazil, monthly, speed, 14 knots, 5,000 tons gross register or over.
2. From an Atlantic port to Uruguay and Argentina, monthly, speed 14 knots, 5,000 tons gross register or over.
3. From an Atlantic port to South Africa, monthly, speed 12 knots, 6,000 tons gross register or over.
4. From a Puget Sound port and San Francisco to South Africa, monthly, speed 12 knots, 6,000 tons gross register or over.
5. From a gulf port to Brazil, monthly, speed 12 knots, 3,000 tons gross register or over.
6. Atlantic and Gulf ports to Cuba, weekly, speed 12 knots, 3,000 tons gross register or over.
7. Mexico and New Orleans to Central America and Panama, weekly, 14 knots, 3,000 tons gross register or over.
8. Gulf port to Mexico, weekly, 12 knots, 2,500 tons gross register or over.
9. San Francisco to Japan, China, and the Philippines, fortnightly, 17 knots, 8,000 tons gross register or over.
10. Puget Sound to Japan, China, and the Philippines, monthly, 14 knots, 8,000 tons gross register or over.
11. Puget Sound and San Francisco to Samoa and Australia, including Honolulu, fortnightly, 17 knots, 6,000 tons gross or over.
12. Puget Sound and San Francisco to Mexican ports, Panama, and South America West Coast, fortnightly, 15 knots, 6,000 tons gross register or over.
13. From an Atlantic port to Europe or Great Britain, fortnightly, 22 knots, 16,000 tons gross register or over.

The establishment of these lines would require about 300,000 tons of steamships, about 250,000 tons of which would have to be built for the service. The cost to the country at large would not be 10 per cent of what it costs to maintain our navy; the lines would in time build up a commerce that would repay the country many times over for the cost of establishing and maintaining them. This is what all the friends of American shipping and commerce should strive for today; it is not all that needs to be done but it would be a grand beginning and would give experience as a guide to future efforts.

The Effect of the Panama Canal.

A great event that is getting so near to us now as to be necessarily a part of any scheme for the revival of American shipping in the foreign trade is the opening of the Panama canal. It is an event of first importance to American shipping both in the foreign and domestic trade. What might be called the inter-coast trade will become very extensive.

Sixteen knots express freight steamers will come here from New York in only fourteen days; the railroads cannot compete with that in either time or cost. Under circumstances such as these the cities of the West Coast will, if they choose, become emporiums in fact and ports of entry for the goods of the great territory behind them. A new interocean trade will be established affording an opportunity for the employment of new ships in the foreign trade. Merchants on the West Coast handling European goods can ship these goods in Europe direct to this coast in American ships if congress will let us have them, but whether in American or foreign ships they will be able to import direct by sea from Europe in from twenty-two to twenty-five days. The canal will enable us to ship our products to Europe and the East coast direct at rates materially less than prevail today.

Will American Ships Be Favored?

If this is to be realized six years from now, legislation will have to make it possible and enterprise will have to accomplish it. Will the American ship be favored in any way in the use of this canal built with American money? Will foreign ships be able to use it on the same terms as our own? I have not been able to get an answer to this question. If there be anything in our treaty obligations that will prevent any favors in the form of reduced rates being allowed to the ships of the country which owns the canal, then the government should write off from the capital invested in the canal such an amount as would justly represent the value of the canal to the nation as a military work connecting the East and the West coast and charge interest on the balance only against the revenue of the canal; the surplus revenue should be devoted to the benefit of American shipping in the foreign trade.

The net tonnage going through the Suez canal is about 14,000,000 tons, measured according to the rules of the canal company; 220,000 passengers pass through the canal each year. The annual gross revenue is about $22,000,000 to $25,000,000. Britain, although the largest stockholder, does not own the canal, but she is the largest user of it. The latest statistics I have show that 2,700 British ships passed through the canal to 12 American ships.

With an exclusive ownership of the Panama canal we should rank very much the highest in ownership of the vessels that use it; the Panama canal will in the course of time naturally carry a greater annual tonnage than the Suez canal, and it affords America an oppor-

tunity to take her place in the ocean commerce of the world. Another chance may never come.

Industrial Equality of East and West.

With the opening of the Panama canal new problems, not connected with shipowning and shipbuilding, will have to be solved by the people of this coast: the wages of labor will have to conform with Eastern rates and all other costs that go to make up the aggregate cost of industrial products will have to similarly conform. All kinds of water craft will be brought from the East at less than they can be built for here, making it impossible for the Pacific coast builders to survive if our present conditions are to prevail.

The Panama canal will either end the economic differences between the Eastern and Western coasts or end the industries that have struggled fitfully along here under many adverse circumstances. The result will be as we decide it for ourselves and will be of vital importance and for all time.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

in its charter, abolished party elections in municipal contests, and the iniquities are making a last desperate struggle to hold partyism in line against public sentiment. The Republican "organization" held a rump convention and got a candidate for mayor on the ticket by a close shave. The forces of reputable citizenship determined candidacies by a process of public threshing-out of the whole issue, with the result that public sentiment so centered upon the right man that Mayor Alexander went on the final ticket by such a plurality of all the votes cast as nearly amounted to a majority. Had Los Angeles been working on the Berkeley plan, which makes a majority vote at the primary an election, it is probable that Alexander's election would have been effected at the primary. The issue now is as to whether all opposing interests can combine against him. It does not seem likely that they will in view of the fact that the opposition to Alexander got to fighting among themselves. Watch Los Angeles. December 7th tells the story.

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Things Happening At Napa Hospital

When things get dull in the institutional life of the state interest is pretty certain to be enlivened by a new outbreak at Napa State Hospital for the insane, not among the patients, but among the doctors. Always the cause is the same, insubordination to Superintendent Elmer E. Stone. Drs. Cohen, Stice, Pulsifer, S. McL. Doherty, all insubordinated themselves and the heads of one and all (besides a few matrons) rolled into the waste basket at the nod of Dr. Stone. He still sits in the seat of the mighty as firmly as his name implies. There were those who supposed that Doherty, belonging as he does to the Humboldt dynasty, would dare to beard that lion in his den, and dare he did, but with the result that he also joined the down-and-out club. As to the merits of these numerous controversies, The Watchman knows nothing and therefore ventures no opinion, but how very quarrelsome all of the decapitated gentlemen must have been that they could not get on with the amiable and amicable Dr. Stone!

Verily They Shall Not Be Forgotten

A very pretty rearrangement of the rewards of faithful service has been suggested as probable. Peter F. Dunne has been elevated in the service of the Southern Pacific's legal department about as far as one may hope to climb without getting clear to the dizziest height. That made vacant a place at the head of legal affairs here in California, and rumor has it that United States District Attorney Robert T. Devlin is to step into Dunne's place. In taking up this work Mr. Devlin will not have far to go. To fill Devlin's place rumor is busy with the name of John L. McNab, of Ukiah, a bright man, bond servant to the "organization," and ambitious. From the standpoint of loyal service to the governing body of California he should without a doubt have the best thing going. In fact the best plum on the tree will not compensate him too well for the devotion of his exceptional abilities to the services of as thoroughly discredited a political organization as ever stood condemned at the bar of the public conscience. Verily, those who serve The Interests are not forgotten until they have so besmirched themselves by that service as to be incapable of lending further aid. Then they are dropped, but that time has not come in the careers of any of the gentlemen mentioned. It has hardly more than come even to Tom Dozier.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

It is reported that the net returns of the orange growers of Porterville on early shipments of their fruit have been from $2 to $2.10 a box.

Joe and Valero Yolo, brothers, were drowned in the slough near Suisun last week.

The Sonoma County Advance is the name of a new paper which has been issued in Santa Rosa by Marcus L. Woltz.

The Stockton Record tells a story of Californian flavor in reporting that while the eight feet of snow on the Sierras is visible from that city strawberries are ripening in the gardens of its residents.

Citizens of Niles are to vote on the question of issuing bonds to the amount of $25,000 for school purposes.

In the eastern end of Alameda county there is some talk of separation from the mother county, but as yet it shows no signs of passing the verbal stage.

It is announced that E. M. Price, of Calaveras county, has succeeded in grafting and growing excellent walnuts on oak trees.

Considerable asbestos has been found in the vicinity of Healdsburg, but as yet not in sufficient quantity to justify mining.

The citizens of Oroville will donate the site on which the Truckee Lumber Company will establish an extensive plant in that city.

At the Seattle exposition California captured 800 awards, or more than all the other states in the Union combined. Her awards consisted of 90 grand prizes, 414 gold medals, 155 silver medals, 108 bronze medals and 33 honorable mentions.

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THE TRADE OF THIEF

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

TWO strange men had beckoned to him from the buggy which they drew up opposite the sidewalk where he was playing marbles for practice, by himself.

"Say, son, git in en show us de way to de livery stable."

The speaker thrust a shining silver piece into the boy's hand as he spoke. A moment later the three disappeared around the corner and never came back. The first liberty that was allowed the boy was in New York, which they had reached by the underground and under-car routes of the underworld.

The men called him their "apprentice" and gave him a name, "Doc," for no particular reason, but, as he was called by no other, a few years sufficed to wipe from his memory the recollection of his own.

An apprentice he was, to the trade of theft. His journeyman masters took great pains with his education. They spent months teaching him the art of the "dip," or pickpocket, before he was allowed to practice it upon even the easiest of victims. Other months he was coached in his part of tout in a confidence game worked by his elders, before he was trusted to approach even the crudest "fall guy." In the interim, that he might help earn them a living, he was required to execute such minor larcenies as the lifting of carriage robes and overcoats.

Doc was an apt pupil. Captured before the age when any but rudimentary notions of right enter into the understanding, these dawnings of conscience were easily smothered by the precepts and example of his companions. They had been harsh at first, even brutal, until he learned that their will was master over his, but afterwards they had won him with unexpected kindnesses and confidences. He learned from them the inverted morality of professional thieves, but also those rogues' virtues that even thieves possess, of mutual helpfulness and square dealing with one another.

Thus, though he learned to practice deceit upon strangers, he learned to be loyal to his "bo"; and though he came to believe that to steal from a stranger was a proof of skill and industry, he abhorred the idea of short-changing his pals. The world is full of these moral inequalities of vision; even churchmen and bankers are sometimes as guilty, in their way, as thieves in theirs.

Doc was not only an apt pupil, he was facile as well, and soon became adept. The trade was to him an art, and he practiced its finer manipulations as a painter experiments in half tones. Perhaps this interest in it solely as an art; or perhaps his unmoral youth, unconscious of moral distinctions; or perhaps the gentler stock from which he sprung—one or all of these conditions brought him a gift priceless in his trade: the prepossessing face of guileless youth. The evil cunning of his craft did not shine in his eyes as in those of most of its practitioners, nor were the lines of his face prematurely chiseled into sharp relief. His eyes were grave, now laughing; his face was rounded as it should be at his age.

His partners recognized his natural endowment and capitalized it. They bought him good clothes, which he wore well, and they put him at higher game, haunting fashionable hotels and the city districts of wealthy residences. From lifting carriage robes he rose to lifting diamond pins and costly furs. His new field of operations appealed to his artistic sense; he felt an esthetic pleasure in being within the pale of a life of which he felt himself instinctively a natural part. His pride of craft rose to equal dignity, and he strove to perfect himself in the subtler practical necessities of his higher calling. He even went to night school, when he could, to learn the language of the people upon whom he preyed, so that he might not risk detection in an emergency by reason of his uncouth speech. And with his idea of loyalty to his friends he tried to teach them his accomplishments, and did succeed in geting them to dress respectably and to practice a class of thievery in keeping with their clothes.

He was now seventeen, a skilled professional, at ease in his dangerous world, daring but cautious. His partners were "second-story men," and occasionally, when an exceptionally careful piece of work was on hand, he would join them to handle the delicate parts of the mission. They had had a long run of good luck; their jobs had been successful, they had eluded both capture and suspicion, the hauls had been good. Doc afterwards was embarrassed by the suspension of the Knickerbocker Trust company, but even that was a good advertisement for him, because the habitues at the Waldorf, across the street, learned that he had an account there of considerable size, and it gave him a more secure position as a respectable youth of excellent financial standing. But this was some years later.

On his seventeenth birthday, Doc and his partners celebrated at a quiet luncheon in a quaint little old English tavern on Duane street, west of Broadway, where the low, dark-beamed ceiling hangs close overhead above a half-dozen oaken tables, where the walls are lined with clay "churchwarden" pipes, each neatly tagged with the name of the guest who smoked it and who will find it again when he returns, even years hence. They had chosen the famous specialty of the place, thick, juicy chops, which each guest chooses and whose cooking, over the open fire, each one superintends to his taste.

The meat, and the draft ale, and the solacing pipe, had put them all in a comfortable mood before they passed out through the swinging doors and made for the elevated. They left the car at Twenty-third street, and strolled over to the Flatiron building and struck into an easy gait up Fifth avenue, pleased at the spring odors in Madison Square, warmed and made indolent by the returning sun.

Doc, especially, felt the wistful invitation of the spring. He was at the day-dream time of youth; this was his vacation; he was free to yield for a moment to the sensuous appeal of life and color as he passed the stately buildings, the richly finished carriages and automobiles, the beautiful women gowned for the colorful display of Vanity Fair.

Why should he not be alive to all this beauty, how should he fail to fall into its snare? All suddenly the pageant dimmed before him and one face was there, the face of Spring herself, blue eyed, rose-cheeked, with the sunlight for her crown. He looked again, and she was of the rout, decked for its Fair; but not of it either, for her eyes were guileless. She was gone. Doc wondered idly upon which of the four streams from Eden she had floated to him and beyond.

"See that bracelet, kid? Spot it!"

Mechanically Doc wheeled and left his partners, following the plume upon her hat. He had not seen the bracelet, but who else should wear it if it were desirable? She did not see him, but he could have reached her side at any moment of the day, in shops or restaurant or street. He, Doc, was trailing a turquoise setting in a golden band. He, Youth at Seventeen, was trailing the lost Lorelei back to the gates of paradise. At five o'clock the gates clanged behind her; they were the doors of fashionable apartments, Central Park West. By six he knew where her room lay and how the tradesmen's entrance led to a fire-escape which passed her window. The job of Doc, trailer, was done, and the job of Doc, second-story man, was forgotten as Youth at Seventeen walked solemnly to his apartments, seeing in the glow of [illegible] lamp the golden crown that framed her face.

After dinner Doc met his partners with an ultimatum.

"Spotted it, all right! And I'll get it. But this is my last job. I've made you money, and I've taught you a better trade than you had when you got me. I've got a stake, and I'm going to quit and go it on the square—what?"

His partners exchanged knowing glances, gravely. This lure of respectability comes once in a while to citizens of the underworld, and often it lifts an old-timer into a new life, in which he never sees his former friends. These friends recognize the symptoms, accept it as fatalists accept disease, and respect the victim's wish to forget his past.

"Afraid?"

Doc smiled, tolerantly. After a long pause: "Or a skirt?"

Doc still smiled. The others eyed him intently, silently. At last they shook their heads:

"A skirt, for fair. Too bad!"

They shook hands with him as one says goodbye to a friend on his deathbed, and turned to go.

"Let this job slide, if you want. We'll glom it."

"Nope, it's my farewell try. I'll get it. S'long."

He laid his plans with the scrupulousness of the artist, and with the joy of a fresh enthusiasm.

If one may wonder that he went so lightheartedly to the task of robbing her whom he loved (the word rang sweetly through his brain, for it was his first taste of it since he had remembrance), bethink you that Youth at Seventeen always regards its object of desire as surely won, so he was merely going forth to steal his own. And he dreamed, as well, of brighter jewels he would give her in its stead when he should claim her for his bride. And he must be square with his friends; the gem was theirs, and he must capture and deliver it.

He stepped softly from the fire-escape over her window ledge and gently drew the shade down over the open space to hide from the next house any flash from his pocket lantern if he had to use it. His nerves were tense with the mingled influence of the dangerous task and of her presence. He paused to hear her breath, even and regular, as a child asleep, before he began his search. Then his lithe fingers reached out deftly, touching the walls, the furniture, sensitively recording every aspect of the room that lay in darkness, telegraphing it to the brain that recast it and painted it upon his memory as clearly as if he saw it by the light of day.

The search was fruitless. The artist in him thrilled at the undiscovered pigment of success; the craftsman's pride rose at the unusual difficulty. Shrewd housekeepers sometimes hang jewels high, above a man's reach when searching the backs of picture frames. He drew his lantern, flashed it on the nearest wall, turned it to the next, glanced to the left and—

Sitting up in bed, with eyes half-scared, half humorous, she was watching him in silence. He snapped the light out and stood poised for a spring. Her voice rose softly, but appealingly:

"Please, Mr. Burglar, turn that light on again. I'd feel so much more comfortable if you would."

It was her voice he heard: he felt irresistibly the impulse to see again her face: to join face and voice in the complete vision that he loved. He turned the light again upon her, muffling his face in his handkerchief.

"Thank you so much. Now, may I ask what you want? I'll tell you where it is, if you will. I hate disturbances, and I'll do anything in reason to have you go away quickly."

The voice and face were harmonious: together, they dazzled him, bound him in the chains of a fascinated admiration. Her tumbled hair, with its firm braids around her shoulders, the face dissipated by sleep, the face

(Continued on Next Page, Third Column.)

THE FEDERAL CORPORATION TAX LAW

EVERY CORPORATION MUST MAKE "RETURN": HOW AND WHEN.

The new corporation tax law, which was incorporated into the tariff bill approved by President Taft on August 5th, last, requires every corporation, whether organized under state or federal laws, to make a "return," or statement, of its business to the Internal Revenue Department before the first of next March. This article will quote the substance of the first clause of the bill, putting in blackface type the significant phrases, and will conclude with an abstract of the remainder of the bill. Next week The California Weekly will publish some of the points of discussion that have been raised regarding the legal, economic and practical phases of the law.

The first two clauses read as follows:

That **every corporation**, joint stock company or association, organized for profit and having a capital stock represented by shares, and every insurance company, **now** or hereafter **organized under the laws** of the United States or **of any state** or territory of the United States or under the Acts of Congress applicable to Alaska or the District of Columbia, or now or hereafter organized under the laws of any foreign country and engaged in business in any state or territory of the United States or in Alaska or in the District of Columbia, **shall be subject to pay annually a special excise tax** with respect to the carrying on or doing business by such corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, **equivalent to one per centum upon the entire net income over and above five thousand dollars** received by it from all sources during such year, **exclusive of amounts received** by it as **dividends** upon stock of other corporations, joint stock companies or associations, or insurance companies, subject to the tax hereby imposed; or if organized under the laws of any foreign country, upon the amount of net income over and above five thousand dollars received by it from business transacted and capital invested within the United States and its Territories, Alaska, and the District of Columbia during such year, exclusive of amounts so received by it as dividends upon stock of other corporations, joint stock companies or associations, or insurance companies, subject to the tax hereby imposed: **Provided, however,** that **nothing in this section shall apply to labor, agricultural or horticultural organizations**, or to **fraternal beneficiary societies, orders or associations operating under the lodge system**, and providing for the payment of life, sick, accident, and other benefits to the members of such societies, orders, or associations, and dependents of such members, nor **to domestic building and loan associations**, organized and operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members, **nor to any corporation or association organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, or educational purposes**, no part of the net income of which inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual.

Second. **Such net income shall be ascertained by deducting from the gross amount of the income** of such corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, received within the year from all sources (first) **all the ordinary and necessary expenses** actually paid within the year out of income in the maintenance and operation of its business and properties, including all charges, such as rentals or franchise payments, required to be made as a condition to the continued use or possession of property; (second) **all losses actually sustained within the year** and not compensated by insurance or otherwise, including a reasonable **allowance for depreciation** of property, if any, and in the case of **insurance companies** the sums other than dividends, **paid** within the year **on policy and annuity contracts** and the **net addition**, if any, required by law to be made within the year to **reserve** funds; (third) **interest actually paid** within the year **on its bonded or other indebtedness to an amount** of such bonded and other indebtedness **not exceeding the paid-up capital stock** of such corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, outstanding at the close of the year, and in the case of a **bank, banking association or trust company**, all interest **actually paid** by it within the year **on deposits**; (fourth) all **sums paid** by it within the year **for taxes** imposed under the authority of the United States or of any State or Territory thereof, or imposed by the government of any foreign country as a condition to carrying on business therein; (**fifth**) **all amounts received** by it within the year **as dividends upon stock of other corporations**, joint stock companies or associations, or insurance companies, subject to the tax hereby imposed.

The third clause declares that there shall be deducted from the amount of the net income, as ascertained above, the sum of $5,000, and that the tax shall be computed upon the remainder of the net income for the year ending December 31, 1909, and for each calendar year thereafter.

What the "Return" Must Show.

This clause further provides that on or before March 1, 1910, and on the first of March of each year thereafter, a true and accurate return, under oath or affirmation of the president, vice-president or other principal officer and of the treasurer or assistant treasurer, shall be made by each company liable to such tax (every corporation being "liable" in the sense that they must all make a return; exemptions determined by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue) in such form as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall prescribe, setting forth:

1. Amount of paid-up capital stock;
2. Total bonded and other indebtedness;
3. Gross income; also dividends received from stock in other companies that is subject to the tax;
4. Total amount of ordinary and necessary expenses, actually paid within the year, stating separately all charges, such as rentals or franchise payments required to be made as a condition to the continued use or possession of the property;
5. The total amount of losses, not covered by insurance, stating separately sums allowed for depreciation. (In case of insurance companies, stating sums other than dividends paid within the year on policy and annuity contracts and the net addition, if any, required by law to be made within the year to reserve funds.)
6. Interest actually paid within the year on bonded or other indebtedness not exceeding the paid-up capital stock outstanding at the close of the year (in case of banks, stating separately all interest paid on deposits within the year);
7. The amount paid within the year for taxes imposed under authority of the United States or any state or territory thereof, and, separately, the taxes paid to any foreign government for carrying on business in a foreign country.
8. The amount of net income as defined by the first and second clauses.

The fourth clause is quoted in full, as it is the famous "Inquisitorial Clause" that aroused so much opposition, permitting the federal examination of the books of all corporations under certain conditions:

The "Inquisitorial Clause."

Fourth. Whenever evidence shall be produced before the Commissioner of Internal Revenue which in the opinion of the commissioner justifies the belief that the return made by any corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, is incorrect, or whenever any collector shall report to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that any corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, has failed to make a return as required by law, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may require from the corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company making such return, such further information with reference to its capital, income, losses, and expenditures as he may deem expedient; and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for the purpose of ascertaining the correctness of such return or for the purpose of making a return where none has been made, is hereby authorized, by any regularly appointed revenue agent specially designated by him for that purpose, to examine any books and papers bearing upon the matters required to be included in the return of such corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, and to require the attendance of any officer or employee of such corporation, joint stock company or association, or insurance company, and to take his testimony with reference to the matter required by law to be included in such return, with power to administer oaths to such person or persons; and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may also invoke the aid of any court of the United States having jurisdiction to require the attendance of such officers or employees and the production of such books and papers. Upon the information so acquired the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may amend any return or make a return where none has been made. All proceedings taken by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue under the provisions of this section shall be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Penalties.

The fifth clause provides that, for making a fraudulent return, 100 per cent shall be added to the tax, and that, for neglecting or refusing to make a return, 50 per cent shall be added.

Dates of Assessments and Payments.

This clause further provides that all taxes be assessed and corporations notified by June 1st of every year, and that all taxes must be paid by June 30th.

In the case of sums unpaid on June 30th, after ten days' notice and demand, 5 per cent. shall be added to the amount of the tax, together with interest at the rate of 1 per cent. a month.

The sixth clause declares that "when the assessment shall be made, as provided in this section, the returns, together with any corrections thereof which may have been made by the commissioner, shall be filed in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and shall constitute public records and be open to inspection as such."

The seventh clause makes it unlawful for any collector or subordinate to divulge any information obtained by him or the contents of any document received, evidence taken, or report made, **except upon the special direction of the President.** The penalty is a fine of $1,000 or, and, imprisonment for one year.

The last clause (eighth) provides that, if any corporation shall refuse or neglect to make a return at the time required or shall render a false or fraudulent return, it shall be liable to a fine of not less than $1,000 nor more than $10,000; and that any person authorized to make a return who shall make a false or fraudulent return shall be liable to a penalty of a fine of $1,000 or, and, imprisonment for one year, and the costs of the prosecution. All internal revenue laws applicable to the execution of this law are extended to it, and jurisdiction is conferred upon the federal circuit and district courts for its enforcement.

("The Trade of Theft"—Continued.)

at her throat, and her smooth white arms made her a picture of radiant loveliness. For a moment Doc winced as at the desecration of a shrine, but the vision of the jewels he would some day give her, and the thought of being square as he had always been with his friends, made him strong again.

"That bracelet. The one with the turquoise setting."

The girl smiled at him.

"You should learn to pronounce that turkeez, really you should."

"I'm in a hurry. Where is it?"

"Will you promise to go at once if I tell you truly? I'll wait five minutes, too, before I call the police, after you're gone. Is it a bargain?"

She was splendid, superb. He admired her from his soul.

"All right. That's fair," he replied.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, but, honestly, I put that in the safe deposit vault last night. You know, the Night and Day bank vault. Now you will keep your bargain, won't you?"

"That's on the square?" he asked.

"Honor bright."

He snapped the light out and slipped to the window.

"Five minutes, remember," he whispered. "Good night."

"Thank you, yes. Good night."

He drew the window down, almost shut, and flung down the fire escape. He halted sharply at the next landing. The click of a button was followed by a thin line of light at the window of her room. He would look once more, the last glimpse he should have for months, perhaps, of the lady of his dreams. He crept back and peered through the crack at the bottom of the window. She was just hanging up the telephone receiver and replacing the instrument on the tabaret by the head of her bed. Then she reached under her pillow, drew forth the turquoise bracelet, slipped it over her wrist, pressed it snugly against the smooth white flesh of her arm, and held it out to catch the sparkle of light in the gem.

Doc met his partners an hour later in his rooms.

"Get it? Let's see it."

"Nope. Stalled. She'd hocked it."

They said nothing, acquiescing like good fatalists. Doc spoke:

"I'll do better next time, bo. Wot's de scent?"

"Thought this was your last job, Doc. What?"

"Ferget it!"

SHORT TALKS ON DOMESTIC SCIENCE

By MARY ROBINSON THOMAS.

Trained nurses to be thoroughly competent must include dietetics in their course. They will then know the how and why of the meal placed on the tray, relative to the disease they are treating. They will also know the aesthetic side, for a dainty tray tactfully served will tempt a patient to take much-needed nourishment, when an untidy tray indifferently served, even though it holds the proper food, will disgust and repel. A thorough understanding of the physiology of digestion should be the fundamental step in this course, followed by simple but comprehensive chemical experiments, classification of foods and a knowledge of the when in serving the different diets, liquid, soft and convalescent.

Coupled with this theoretical training should be practical cookery lessons. Individual instruction is best here, for each nurse should know exactly the cooking of albumen to a nicety, otherwise the patient is sure to get a leathery poached egg instead of one of a jelly-like consistency, which can be so easily digested and assimilated. Broths, too, are always void of nutrition when the albumen is coagulated. Proper combinations, proportions and exact recipes should be conscientiously followed in these cookery lessons.

If the nurse is familiar with the market prices she can choose so wisely that the poor may be as well nourished as the rich. Adaptability, one of the trained nurse's chief characteristics, can be used to advantage here, in the case of a diabetic patient, for instance, in substituting chicken, hamburg steak and an orange for the more expensive game, tenderloin of beef and grape fruit. Appropriate garnishing and an occasional blossom add charm and interest to the tray, and if everything in the general service is immaculate there is nothing left to be desired by the most fastidious patient except perhaps the good appetite. The course can be covered in one year, but it would be more satisfactory if it extended over two years.

From the foregoing brief outline of the needs of every hospital in the dietary department, one quickly concludes that a well-trained head is quite essential. Until recently the housekeeper took charge of the culinary department. In some hospitals this is yet done, but as physicians realize the magnitude of the subject, they demand some one at the head of the diet kitchen to attend strictly to its needs, both scientifically and aesthetically even though the housekeeper may oversee the house kitchen. In some hospitals the dietitian has charge of both and according to the size of the hospital she has one or more assistants to carry out her instructions. A person scientifically educated along this line is needed to give the necessary instruction to the nurses. Such a woman should be the social and mental equal of every other teacher. Improvement along any line needs an ideal as an impetus, and this is especially true in dietetic work, for there are many depressing and discouraging sides notwithstanding the silver lining always present. People are so greatly influenced by the order or disorder of their digestive machinery, and why? This is a large question and necessarily requires a broad answer. We all know how quickly an infant's disposition and health are affected by the condition of the mother's milk, how through this medium, excitement or calmness, joy or sorrow, health or sickness is conveyed to the one at the breast. If this has been proven then we can say conclusively that food must influence disposition and health at all times of our lives. Food, including air, sunshine and water, is the prime necessity in all life, animal or vegetable.

(To Be Continued.)

THE LINCOLN-ROOSEVELT LEAGUE REORGANIZES.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League gathered last Monday at the Hotel Metropole, in Oakland, to reorganize the league for the campaign of next year. It decided to retain the name of the League as it is. The following officers for next year were elected: President, Chester H. Rowell, of Fresno; vice-presidents, Harold T. Power of Auburn, Meyer Lissner of Los Angeles, Hiram W. Johnson of San Francisco, and William R. Davis of Oakland; treasurer, Adolph Uhl of Piedmont. The office of state secretary was left to be filled by the executive committee, which will consist of the above-named officers and three members from each of the eight congressional districts, making the number on the executive committee thirty-one in all. The members from the congressional districts will be named by President Rowell, and they, in turn, will appoint five state central committeemen from each of the eighty assembly districts, making 400 central committeemen besides the executive committee.

The morning hour, preceding lunch, was devoted to general discussion of the state situation and of the political outlook. Immediately before the adjournment for lunch was taken, the following committees of the temporary organization were appointed, going into session at once and deliberating throughout the intermission: Platform—A. J. Pillsbury, E. A. Forbes, C. H. Rowell, George S. Walker, M. J. Kuhl; organization—Clinton L. White, W. A. Sloane, E. O. Larkins, Harold T. Power, William Kent, M. Lissner, Ralph L. Hathorn.

After these two committees had made their reports a committee of five, consisting of Judge M. A. Sloane, R. L. Hathorn, William Kent, M. C. Zumwalt and A. J. Pillsbury was, on motion, appointed by the chair to suggest candidates for nomination to be voted on to fill the offices provided for by the committee on organization.

The platform adopted is as follows:

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has been organized for the purpose of gathering into an effective working body the majority of the Republicans of California, which majority has long been ineffective through lack of organization.

The league aims to free the Republican Party from domination by corrupting corporations, political bosses and the criminal classes manipulated by their political bureaus. The league aims also to place the political and official life of the state on a higher plane, to the end that every citizen, upon an equality, may participate at every stage in the affairs of government without fear of any loss of self-respect and that the public service shall be restored to its old time dignity, efficiency and honor.

We reaffirm our allegiance to the Republican Party and to the Roosevelt policies, and heartily indorse President Taft in his avowed determination to carry out and enforce those policies, and we pledge him our support as Republicans in securing their enactment into law and in the enforcement of such laws.

We, as Republicans, pledge our united efforts to emancipate the politics and government of the state of California from corporation control, and to this end we favor:

The election of a state administration free from control by the political bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad company and allied interests, and pledged to a policy of efficiency and economy rather than to the maintenance of a political machine through the spoils of office.

Such a revision and simplification of our system of laws and procedure as shall result in the speedy and equal enforcement of the law.

The nomination and election to the legislature of those candidates only who are known to be capable and honest and free from all obligations to the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company and allied interests, but who will treat the rights of corporations as justly as the rights of individuals.

We demand that the next legislature adopt in proper form and transmit to congress an act or joint resolution favoring amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and pending the adoption of such amendment we urge that the existing primary election law be so amended as to afford a statewide advisory expression of party opinion as to their election.

Presuming that the state committee of the league will find it necessary to call a later conference for the purpose of agreeing on candidates and preparing for the campaign, we defer the consideration of other issues calling for detailed legislative reforms and confine this platform to the immediate and vital issues of party emancipation without which no other reforms are possible.

Believing in the patriotism, good intentions and common honesty of the membership of the Republican Party of California, notwithstanding that in this state its organization has long been dominated by un-republican influences, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League invites all Republicans and citizens of the state who believe in the principles above enunciated to support the league in its efforts to carry out these principles, thus quickening and elevating the civic and public life of the state.

("Little Talks"—Continued.)

but it can make them vote, and, if one votes there is no reason, based in compulsory voting, why he should not vote right. Jurors do not bring in wrong verdicts, or witnesses give false testimony, or conscripted soldiers refuse to fight, because the law compelled them to be jurors, witnesses or soldiers. The California Weekly is no devotee of compulsory righteousness, but in compulsory attendance upon public duties it has considerable faith.

The California Weekly:

In response to your letter of November 6th, I may say that from the beginning I have been a subscriber to The California Weekly, and would not do without it. Of all the publications in this region it alone seems to me to be really "safe and sane," unless the only characteristic of sanity be to "help business" at any cost to the individual or to the community.

With reference to compulsory voting, one who is not acquainted with the labyrinths of the law can scarcely offer any suggestion against which legal or constitutional objections would not be found by those satisfied with present conditions. Certainly there seems little ground for doubt but that not voting at all is as disastrous in its results as voting corruptly, and that it would be a merited punishment to deprive delinquents of the franchise if they fail to heed a warning. A more effective remedy if it could be applied might be to increase the burden of taxation for such delinquents on the reasonable ground that they are enjoying all the benefits of citizenship while shirking its duties.

Very truly yours,

E. P. LEWIS.

Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 8, 1909.

Mr. Lewis has given at least some attention to the crucial issue of the kind of punishment that should be meted out to the electoral shirks. A fine is no punishment at all to the rich and, sometimes, a hardship to the poor. The only justification for a fine in any case is the reimbursement of society for the cost of conviction. The electoral shirk should somehow be held up for such public contempt as the racing fraternity, for instance, visits upon the "welcher," which contempt is, however, ordinarily expressed in the form of a sound beating if the crowd can get hold of the delinquent. Loss of citizenship, in common with convicted criminals, might not be too cruel and unusual a punishment for an habitual offender. But how shall the scheme be worked out?

JUST FOR FUN.

"He has a theory that women are not fit to be trusted with money." "Introduce me. It ought to be easy to stick him for the drinks."—Pittsburg Post.

"May's new hat is perfectly hideous." "It isn't a bit more hideous than mine. You're always saying nice things about May."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"We love you, Bill," shouted an enthusiastic man in the crowd at Birmingham, Ala., as the President said that the old dividing line between the sections was effaced forever. The President stopped short to chuckle. "That reminds me," he said, "of the old quatrain. 'Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?'"—New York Times.

The minister who had exchanged with the Rev. Mr. Talcom was much scandalized to see Deacon Erastus Snowball in the vestry, after service, deliberately taking a fifty cent piece out of the contribution box and substituting a dime. "Br'er Snowball," he exclaimed, in horror and amazement, "that's plain dishonest doings." "What's the matter, parson?" the deacon asked, genially, conscious of his own rectitude. "I's led off with that fo' bit piece for de las' fo' years. That ain't a contribution; that's a temp'rary loan, as a noble example."—Youth's Companion.

The teacher had written a difficult problem on the blackboard. "Now, children," she said, "what is the first thing to do with this?" "Erase it!" shouted the bad little boy on the front seat.—Chicago Tribune.

"A chap told me this morning that I looked the image of you." "Where is the idiot? I'll pound the life out of him." "Too late. I killed him."—New York Times.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Some Elementals of Taxation.

In former lessons we have shown how the state makes up its budget for spending the people's money, but we have not shown how the state government gets the people's money to spend. This is something that every property owner must face. His only escape from paying taxes is to have no property. Not all men escape taxes even then, for there are poll-taxes that men pay merely because they were born male and not female. No, two things we shall not escape—death and the payment of taxes. What more natural, then, than a desire to know why and how we must be taxed?

One fundamental principle is that those only (except women) who have had a voice in voting a tax, or a chance to have such a voice, shall be made to pay a tax. To this end Section 12 of Article XI of our state constitution provides: "The legislature shall have no power to impose taxes upon counties, cities, towns or other public or municipal corporations, or upon the inhabitants or property thereof, for county, city, town or other municipal purposes." Therefore each county, city, or town must authorize its own taxes for its own purposes. The state assesses and collects taxes for state purposes only.

The next question that arises is upon what principle of justice taxes are to be levied and exacted from individual citizens for the common good?

The principle most commonly accepted is that government is for the protection of life and property. The life of one person being as dear to him as the life of another, whatever his circumstances may be, all should pay alike for the protection of life. But as society has found no means of segregating from its police protection that portion which should go to the protection of life alone, it has lumped the two together and put the burden all on property. It is one of those numerous instances wherein a theoretical principle is forced to give way to a practical way of getting at substantial justice.

Let it be remarked here, and stowed away in the understanding to stay, that government, under best conditions, is a blunt instrument for attaining the ends it seeks. Its successes are never complete and its failures are often profound. We must do the best we can and let the things we can't help go.

We find, therefore, that government is, practically, for the protection of property and that property must bear the cost of it. It follows, then, that each property owner should pay for the cost of protection in proportion to what he has to be protected, but, again, as a matter of common human experience, this is seldom done. Those who have the most property pay the most taxes, but not pro rata with their possessions. The greatest property owners are notoriously the greatest tax-dodgers. There probably is not a thousand-acre farm in California that pays tax pro rata with forty-acre farms of equal quality adjacent thereto. Wealth demands, and receives, some measure of immunity from the common burden for no other reason than that it has the power to exact it.

While the main burden of state taxation is carried by property under the principle above explained, that burden is supplemented by other forms of taxation whose substantial justice lies in the belief that, in practice, the burden is ultimately distributed with reasonable equity. These are called indirect taxes and the tendency, in state affairs, is to resort to this form of taxation and to leave direct property taxation to the counties, cities and towns.

Another principle of taxation, one that is growing in favor, especially as to supplemental taxation, is that at least some part of the burden of government should be meted out in proportion to ability to pay as well as in proportion to the value of the property to receive protection. This is the justification for the income tax which the constitution of California authorizes, but which no legislature has put into operation. Indeed, the tendency of our time is to leave the imposition of income taxes to the General Government, as well as the imposition of tariffs and internal revenue taxes. An amendment to the national constitution giving the General Government unquestioned power to levy and collect such a tax is now before the states of the union for adoption.

Finally, there is a growing opinion that, in its last analysis, property owners own their property subject to the common good and in no absolute sense; that they are stewards yielding service to the human family. An account of this stewardship must be given at death if not sooner. Property rights end at death, but the public welfare may warrant the disposal of one's possessions by will or deed or by general laws governing the probating of estates. At this final distribution of what has been raked together and piled up it is held to be proper and just for the state first to take out an inheritance tax for the common good.

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This Week: "SHALL JUDGES BE CHOSEN BY LOT?"

—By M. E. Billings.

THE CALIFORNIA-WEEKLY: DECEMBER 3 : 09 : FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Epistle of Knox to the Nicaraguans.

GENERAL APPROVAL IS TO BE ANTICIPATED for the matter and tone of Secretary Knox's note to Nicaragua. It is time for those Central American states to quit their foolishness and for them to understand that they must quit it or lose their independence. The country that cannot govern itself must be governed by some country that can govern it, and Uncle Sam can perform that service. The time is coming when Uncle Sam must take those states in hand, allow Europe to do it, or fight one or more nations of Europe to prevent their doing it. Three score-and-ten years of almost incessant disorder is as much as humanity needs to endure at the hands of Nicaragua.

Carnegie's War Policy.

ANDREW CARNEGIE WANTS NO MORE battleships than enough to blockade our own ports and those of Canada so that, in the event of war with any European power, Uncle Sam will have only to prevent the exportation of food stuffs from America in order to starve Europe into unconditional surrender. It has been a long time since Andrew has gone hungry and he has forgotten how it feels or else he would not wish to punish the women and children of Europe, especially, and the poor in general, for the commission of offenses with which they cannot stand charged. Let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to go to bed without their suppers.

The Lamentable Gallagher.

TRUTHFUL JAMES HAS FLED. Frankly, who can blame him? And what a splendid solution of all enigmas! For three years Gallagher has been grilled, dynamited, roasted, toasted. The statute of limitations has now run in his favor, also his legs. He stayed with his job as long as Heney needed him, as long as Burns needed him and as long as Rudolph Spreckels had any use for him. To the grafters the absence of Big Jim means more than the presence of a battery of seven lawyers, forty detectives, a boughten press and fixed juries by the dozen. If he did not take away enough cash with him to enable him to be a globe-trotter for the rest of his life, riding first-class and stopping at the swellest hotels, it was because he failed to make the most of his opportunities. Jim Gallagher was the crux, citadel, coign of vantage, sine qua non, etc., of the prosecution. His absence at roll call will cause Fickert to wring his hands (if he can keep his face straight while he is doing it) but he will not refuse to be comforted. Vale, James! May the grease of gold go with you! Exeunt everybody. The asbestos curtain slides down. Nobody unhappy but Justice and she is used to getting the worst of it. Ruef will be let out, too, for having fallen down and remained down until the battle was over. Great guns, what a country!

Out-Pinchoting Pinchot.

SECRETARY BALLINGER'S REPORT TO CONGRESS is no hesitant, half-way document. It goes a stride or two farther than Gifford Pinchot has ever ventured in that it recommends, as a condition precedent to the use of a reservoir site or right of way, the conveying to the United States government, in perpetuity, of all rights derived from states to water for the utilization of which rights of way or reservoir sites are desired. That is going some. The public will take Secretary Ballinger at his word, provided that the needful legislation results and, provided further, that what is left of the common heritage is kept in "cold storage" until congress does act.

Congress Comes Next.

ON MONDAY NEXT CONGRESS RECONVENES. There will be no lack of business. Our resources are to be conserved, a new policy with regard to the ownership and control of mines and power privileges is to be inaugurated, interstate corporations to be regulated, railroading to be supervised and, in short, "The System" shaken loose from the throat of American industrial and commercial life. The records made by congressmen will be watched hawk-like and, next November, their reckoning day will come. It bids fair to be a mighty interesting session. And chiefly held responsible for results will be William Howard Taft!

Greeting to the Western Pacific.

THE WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD is ready for business. It should be given a generous share. It merits well of California. It took grit, and all the cash the Gould interests could scrape together, to parallel the main Harriman artery for 900 miles. To be sure it does not begin operations by cutting rates, but it will compete in trying to render a prompt and efficient service and that will mean much. Heretofore the consignee walked the floor if his freight did not come while the traffic man took his ease. It will be different now. One more hope we dare venture, and it is that the Western Pacific will feel called upon neither to go in with the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau, as the Santa Fe did, nor to establish one of its own. Its present tendency is to keep hands off, an inclination to be encouraged until it becomes a habit. The freer the government the greater the safety of these great properties.

The Tie-Up In the Northwest.

IT IS NO INSIGNIFICANT MATTER to have the traffic of the two northernmost tiers of states, from the great lakes to the Pacific, tied up at the coming of winter. It is such an occurrence as ought not to be permitted to happen in any civilized country. It is on a parity, in industrial life, with the government of Nicaragua in the family of nations. The merits of the controversy the public does not know, but the public does know that if both sides were striving to reach a just settlement of their differences they would be able to do it without punishing people living along more than 20,000 miles of railroad.

The Public Welfare Fund.

NO BETTER USE OF MONEY can be made than plentifully to supply with it a committee of prudent, trustworthy, clear-headed men of San Francisco, with power to use it as they see fit, no strings or limitations being put upon that use. Unless men who can be implicitly trusted can be selected for this trust then no such trust should be created. Therefore, first select the men who are to constitute that trusteeship. Then let those contribute who are willing to trust those men. Los Angeles met that difficulty and San Francisco can do as well. A hundred thousand dollars a year will not be too much for such a committee to handle for the political, economic and moral welfare of this city. Amiability and honesty are not enough qualifications for membership on such a committee. There must also be the ability to say "NO."

TO JUDGE LOVETT, GREETING.

You are here, Judge Lovett, to familiarize yourself with Californian conditions affecting the vast properties over which you preside as executive head. Permit The California Weekly to facilitate your investigations by submitting a few facts for your consideration.

The people of California wish your great railroad, as a railroad, well. They do not wish it overtaxed nor made the victim of cinch measures. They wish it to pay a reasonable rate of profit on a reasonable valuation, after having paid a living, yes a saving, wage to its employees, maintained its way and kept its rolling stock in apple pie order.

Californians go farther and entertain a sense of pride in the splendid achievements of that group of builders that constructd the great system over which you preside—Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker and the others. The evil they did the people of California are inclined to suffer to sleep with them in their graves, remembering only the splendor of their achievements.

For these and other reasons the People of California are well disposed toward you and the great property at whose head you have been placed, but there are circumstances that militate against that reciprocity of good feeling that should exist between your great corporation and the people that corporation serves. It is within your power to remove these obstacles. Will you do it?

That you may be able to answer this question explicitly The California Weekly begs permission to state the case of the People of California against the Southern Pacific Company.

On the 13th day of November, 1849, the People of California adopted a constitution which declared, in its first section, that "All men are by nature free and independent," and, in the second, that "All political power is inherent in The People." In these two cardinal principles the People of California still believe and toward their realization they still look forward with hope.

But your predecessors, the builders of the Southern Pacific railroad system, not having capital of their own with which to carry out their mighty enterprises, early entered politics with the purpose of inducing county, city, state and nation to furnish the needful capital for them. In doing this these astute men learned how to subvert the popular will, to reduce deliberative conventions to political auction houses, to corrupt legislatures and compromise courts, to select and elect representatives of their own and not the people's to sit in the halls of Congress and, through them, to constitute even federal officialdom in their own and not the public interest.

This political mechanism and mastery of California your predecessor, Mr. Harriman, took over with the other properties constituting the great Southern Pacific system and, under his genius, and that of his hired men, that system has been refined of many of its crudities, perfected in detail and discipline until now, almost without observation, it dominates the government of California and that of most of its cities, affording a government by an incorporated plutocracy where there should be a government by the suffrages of a free people.

This mastery of California is maintained by a lavish use of money in hiring the services of cunning but treacherous mercenaries, the mobilization of that human scum that floats on the surface of the tenderloin, a proletariat manipulated by crafty adventurers, the unification in one political bureau of all corporate enterprises that want things they ought not to have, and the financial cowing (if not terrorizing) of commercial interests dependent upon your great corporation for the fetching and carrying of all their wares, they well-knowing that resistance to your political bureau will be punished through your traffic department if not otherwise.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

In proof whereof The California Weekly cites the undisputed facts that the present governor of California is governor by virtue of your political bureau's having made him governor; that the two United States Senators from California occupy their seats by the let or put of the political department of your corporation; that the appellate courts of the state, and many of the courts of first instance, were constituted by the one litigant having cases in all courts and, either by type of mind or through direct influence has deprived the state of an independent and impartial judiciary.

The foregoing, Judge Lovett, while incomplete, may be taken as constituting the gravamen of the case of The People of California against the Southern Pacific company now on trial at the bar of public opinion. This case can be settled without a fight if you desire it by your confessing the truth of the charge and, as earnest of your purpose not to allow the great corporation over which you preside to offend further, your discharging from the employ of your company all and singular those who constitute the Political Bureau of your great corporation from head to tail or the taking of them out of the state. Unless there shall be a prompt and unconditional surrender the forces making for free government will move immediately upon your works.

PASSING OF THE HOLDING COMPANY

If the Supreme Court of the United States shall affirm the recent circuit court decision in relation to the Standard Oil company of New Jersey we may witness the passing of holding corporations. Their existence will not be any more unlawful than they have been ever since the Northern Securities decision was rendered, but the courts will be quicker to apply the law as laid down.

And yet the passing of this device for nullifying the natural and salutary law of competition cannot be counted on with certainty. A maxim of Big Business is: "Beat the law in the courts if you can; if you cannot then get Congress or the legislature to repeal it." The report comes from the East that strenuous efforts are to be made to induce congress to so far modify the Sherman anti-trust law as practically to nullify the recent circuit court decision, which means to nullify the law itself.

This should not be done. The only purpose of a holding company is to stifle competition, and competition ought not to be stifled. It is more than the life of trade. It is the life of the race, and without it there would be no such thing as human progress. The holding company starves the market and paralyzes enterprise. It is the author of The Cinch and for no other purpose came into the world. Away with it! If Big Business cannot learn to live and let live smaller business can as small business does, and humanity will be the happier and more prosperous for it.

There is no reason to suppose that our country is richer or more prosperous than it otherwise would be had not the United States Steel Corporation, or the Standard Oil company, been formed. Whatever economies of administration may have resulted have gone for the over-enrichment of the few rather than for a more ample compensation for the many. They have resulted in the most unhealthful malady of all history—the accumulation of hundreds of millions in a single ownership.

Moreover, it will no more be possible in the long run, in time measured by generations rather than by decades, to repeal the law of competition than to repeal the law of supply and demand. Competition may be between giants rather than between men of ordinary stature, but will be in full proportion to the size and power of the competing bodies if not, in fact, in greater ratio.

The so-called Sherman antitrust law was drafted by the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts. It probably lacks something of being specific, but the end it sought was everlastingly right, that end being the prevention of combinations in restraint of trade and of a free competition, whether sought through a trust, a holding company or a single, gigantic, all-embracing corporation.

But it is by no means certain that the Supreme Court of the United States will sustain the circuit court decision. We are not unlikely to have a four-to-five decision pivoted on the point of whether the statute is to be interpreted according to the common law doctrine of restraint of trade or the evident intent of the statute, with the fifth man on the side of the common law doctrine and in favor of The Interests.

The Pool to Be Cleansed.

The League aims to place the political and official life of the state on a higher plane, to the end that every citizen, upon an equality, may participate at every stage in the affairs of government without fear of loss of self-respect and that the public service shall be restored to its old-time dignity, efficiency and honor.

So reads one plank in the platform adopted by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican conference recently held at Oakland. It may sound utopian, but the Men of the League believed it possible.

There are things once held in high esteem that are now as empty of honor as so many sucked eggs. Is a man rich? The question quickly arises: How did he make his money? If he made it in running gambling dens, by owning redlight districts, by bribing supervisors and city councils, by methods of financial ruthlessness, even if he made his money unfairly rather than dishonestly, wealth brings to its possessor little honor, nothing better than a cringing servility, the meanest of all counterfeits of respect.

It is so with office. A governor known to have received his office at the hands of a great and unscrupulous corporation derives no honor from that office. On the contrary he finds it attainted wherever he goes. A supreme justice known to have been elevated to the bench by corporate favor derives no honor from his position. Right minded men look upon him askance and he knows it. To be elected mayor of a great city by a combination of all the villainies in that city from higher-ups to tenderloin, confers no honor upon the successful candidate outside the realms of human shadow. To be a legislator is to be an object of suspicion except in rare cases where the public has reason to know that the election was above-board. Wherever there is corporate domination there the pool of politics is a pool of filth in which no man can wal-

low without needing a baptism in clear waters immediately thereafter.

The Lincoln Roosevelt Republican League hopes, by re-establishing free government in California, to make the pool of politics so clean that men descending into it will come out cleaner than they went in; that men taking office will find honor conferred upon themselves and their families; that men of parts may choose for themselves public careers not only without reproach, but with that sense of dignity and honor that has been the just due of statesmanship in all ages of human history, prior to the advent of political bureaus as adjuncts to great and greedy corporations. That advent has not only emptied office of honor but it has driven from public life men who wish, above all else, to leave as a heritage to their children a reputation unsullied and a name untainted. No better work than that set forth in the above resolution was ever undertaken in the name of patriotism.

Shall We Buy Spring Valley?

This paper has no means of placing a just estimate upon the property of the Spring Valley Water Company. That property could be appraised in the course of half a year by experts working separately, and then averaging their reports. The sum total of the market value of the stocks and bonds of the corporation only approximates the value inasmuch as market quotations rise and fall with every turn of the tide toward or away from municipal ownership. If the city enters upon an independent enterprise the bottom will go out from under Spring Valley securities. A prospect for the city becoming a purchaser, or the defeat of the Hetch-Hetchy bond proposal, will send these securities up to a fine figure. A good, Yankee guess is perhaps as good an appraisement as can now be made of that property.

The Spring Valley can afford to take several millions less than the property is worth rather than face municipal competition. San Francisco can afford to pay several millions more than the property is worth in order to have the atmosphere cleared of a corrupting miasma a half century old, and to clear the ground for a municipal enterprise unhampered by competition with a bankrupt corporation, the most disastrous form of competition ever to be met. For either the city or the water company to haggle over trifles would be folly.

Therefore the voice of The California Weekly is for taking over Spring Valley if it can be had for within two or three or four millions of a bottom valuation of the property. The municipalization of that system will not bring the millenium, but it will eliminate from the body politic one source of political corruption even if it shall superinduce another. The exchange of a cancer for a carbuncle may prove advantageous. It will be worth the risk. No city can afford to have its big men made into law-defying and justice-defeating scoundrels through the overmastering temptation of easy millions. The little rascals may be more easily looked after. Leeches may be torn off when bull-dogs cannot. The hazards of municipal ownership are to be preferred to those of a public service corporation of the known character, or want of character, of the Spring Valley Water Company.

For a Better Understanding.

The Commonwealth Club has taken up the discussion of the labor question from the standpoint of inquiry rather than of controversy. So has The California Weekly. The need is for a better understanding between employer and employee and, on the part of the general public, of the points of view of both sides as well as of the public's rights in the premises.

The California Weekly will open the discussion next week with the first of a series of four articles prepared especially for it by Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown of Oakland, a member of the Oakland Labor Council and a close and sympathetic student of the labor problem. His articles should appeal to every person capable of entertaining a thought for anything outside of self and there are thousands whose self-interest alone should command their attention also. Our hearty thanks to Dr. Brown for the service he has so kindly rendered.

Shall Judges Be Chosen By Lot?

The reader's attention is called to what we call our "backbone" article for this week, to be found elsewhere under the above title. Its novelty will commend it if not the feasibility of its suggestions.

The two fundamental faults of the American judiciary, as now constituted, are that the men on the bench are, as a rule, inferior in mentality and learning and that they are to an extent under mortgage to political or special interests. Judge Billings' device for selecting judges would insure freedom from obligation to the power that made them judges. Judges selected by lot would certainly not be under obligation to remember, at crucial moments, who made them judges.

But with reference to judicial capacity his plan would be more of a potluck procedure, if anything, than we have now. Some men have the judicial temperament and some have not; some can look at an issue broadly and some only narrowly; some have a discernment that amounts to prescience and others are so warped by prejudice and whim that their judgments are as little regarded as those of a giddy school girl.

No, judges must be selected because of their fitness. We believe this can be accomplished through a free, non-partisan selection and election by all the people direct. Once free the judiciary from corporation grip and it will become as independent as fallible human nature can be made. Better salaries and longer terms will make the bench attractive to bigger men. It is, in our opinion, in these directions that progress is to be looked for.

The Right Roads Idea.

Michigan allows farming road districts a bonus of $1,000 to $1,500 for each mile of standard road built and accepted, which sum goes quite a way toward defraying the cost of building and the road is built where it is most needed, between the farm and the nearest market for farm products. The difference between the Michigan idea and the Gillett scheme is fundamental. The Gillett eighteen million dollar travesty has for its object joy riding in swift automobiles; the Michigan system looks to good roads from country to town in all the trading districts of Michigan, over which roads the products of Michigan are to be taken to market. The Gillett scheme appeals to outing parties; the Michigan plan to the everyday life of the "wolverines." Can there be any doubt in a sane mind as to which is the better plan?

The British Budget.

There will be things doing in England during the next six weeks. From even the suffragettes not so much as a squeak will be heard until it is ascertained whether privilege is to be made to bear its share of the common cost or if the whole burden is to be packed upon the backs of the toiling masses. It is time for Britain to slough off privilege, and for the House of Barnacles to give place to an elective upper chamber as a brake on the commons.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

It is a generally received opinion [illegible] ever all men have believed in from all time must have at its foundation at least some element of truth. Perhaps so. If so, then witchcraft must be in some part true, for men of all times have believed in it.

But perhaps as prevalent a belief as mankind has ever cherished is destiny. The astrologers had their day, the oracle also, and they were succeeded by clairvoyants and palmists whose function it is to separate the fool and the fooless (chiefly the latter), from their money. They do it with facility.

Half the world believes in fate, and parts of the remining half believe in fore-ordination, predestination, the eternal fixedness of the universal machine or something that prearranges our careers for us beyond our power either to will or to wont, and way down at the bottom of things somewhere there would seem to be some bit of warrant for the faith in fate that finds lodgment in so many breasts. May we, without joining the ranks of the eternally gullible, look into this matter of destiny?

Our first step will be so easy as to be obvious. Some of us were destined to be tall, some short and some neither tall nor short. Some were destined to be lean and some fat, and some fat and lean, like the bacon that sells best. Some were destined to be light and some dark, some to have blue eyes and some black or gray, some to be light-hearted and some serious or sombre, some warm and some cold, some timid and some full of daring. About some of these differences from others we had it in our power to do nothing at all, about some others to do only a little, to effect a possible variation from our type, such as a hard environment or an easy one might produce. As for the rest a microscopic germ cell, floating down to us through the loins of innumerable ancestors did the business for us. Destiny had its way.

Destiny took things out of our hands, too, as to nationality, language, race, infancy, elementary education, laws and institutions, traditions and aspirations of that portion of the human family to which we belong and, more irrevocably than otherwise, perhaps, destiny made sure of us as to those human attributes which we all share with the race.

Destiny fastened its grip upon us also when it surrounded us with perils not of our making, sent the lightnings and the storms, made our bodies subject to the law of gravitation, to cause and effect, to liability to perish in water and certainty of perishing without it, to susceptibility to heat and to cold, to disease and to accident. We are what we are mainly through destiny. Our boasted freedom is at the broadest confined to narrow limits. We were put here boxed like a compass.

Of all the functions performed by the body ninety-and-nine out of the hundred are performed without our willing yes or no, and so as to all the rest of life, it is the hundredth factor alone that is left to us to do with as we will. We face all the rest with a "kismet."

And yet, after all, there is a fractional hundredth or so (or it may be only a thousandth) of complete liberty left to us in which we may do as we please. Even the little of latitude which destiny left to us has proven more than was safe in the hands of many of us. From the moment we awake in the morning until we fall asleep again at night we are, within our little range of unpredestinated liberty, making choice betwixt one course or another, good choice or bad, wise or foolish, and, in the light of the use we make of that fraction of liberty, is it not rather fortunate for us, after all, that destiny holds us in as closely as it does? Not until we have proven our capacity for a broader freedom shall we scale the air to its altitudes or sound the sea to its depths.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Death at the Football Game.

If "signs of the times" indicate anything it is quite possible that football, as it has been played, soon will be relegated to oblivion. Since the record of the recent games has been completed a number of our higher institutions of learning have decided against further playing. Among these are Georgetown University of Washington, D. C., the University of Virginia, the United States Military Academy at West Point, and St. Mary's College, Kansas. Loyola University, of Baltimore, has ruled out all games for the remainder of the year, and the school board of Bellefontaine, Ohio, has taken similar action. It is considered probable that Virginia will legislate against the game. The record justifies this action, unless it be true that our young men should be permitted to kill one another at will in their sports, for the deaths this year were exactly double the number of those last year, and very nearly double that of 1907. To be explicit, there were 26 deaths this year, 13 last year, and 14 in 1907. This, of course, does not include any who yet may die of their wounds. On the whole, there is not much room for doubt that football will be played as it has been played but little longer.

The Left-Over Parts of Man.

The natural inference from a recent lecture delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, of London, by Dr. J. Lindsay, is that man, as we know him, is gradually fading away. The eminent doctor is convinced that every last individual of us all has too many yards, or rods, of intestine, which nature eventually will slump off, although he suggests that the "successful operations" of his profession might pleasingly expedite matters. So here we are, dragging around too many coils and coils of intestine. Nor is this the worst of it: The good doctor feels certain that we have too much jaw—which, in some instances, is not to be denied—and opines that nature will remedy this unfortunate defect by permanently removing several of our teeth which, at present, require too much jaw for their development. The outlook is gloomy, but it becomes worse when we learn that we are going to shed our toes, all except the great toe, which, according to the doctor, "is of service in maintaining the upright posture." With a short-circuit intestine, a rapidly fading jaw, a nearly toothless mouth, and but one toe on each foot, we will be quite attractive creatures, will we not; and the worst of it is that we never can tell when the doctors will discover that we are in possession of something else that we ought not to have. Yes, the prospect is very gloomy indeed.

Where Our Lumber Comes From.

First among our lumber-producing states, according to a Forest Service report, are Washington, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Wisconsin, in the order named. These are followed by Texas, Michigan, Oregon, Minnesota and Pennsylvania, while Utah is lowest on the list, although Nevada and North Dakota produce so little lumber that they are not rated. The total valuation of lumber, lath and shingles was $541,545,640. This is an immense sum, but it stands against a valuation the year before of $703,306,000, which is a reduction of $161,760,360, or 23 per cent. The average value of lumber at the point of manufacture was $15.37 per thousand feet, of lath $2.27, and of shingles $2. The most yellow pine was produced in Louisiana, the most Douglas fir in Washington, white pine in Minnesota, oak in Kentucky, and hemlock in Wisconsin. The report, which contains 57 pages, can be obtained free of the Forest Service.

The Beef Trust and Our Cattle.

As the so-called beef trust is widely circulating documents in which it maintains that the present high prices of its commodity are due to the decreased number of cattle raised in the inter-mountain states, it is timely to call attention to the fact that United States government officials who have investigated the matter do not agree with the trust in its conclusions. In the first place, they contend that there never have been enough cattle raised in the inter-mountain states to largely effect the market. In the second place, they give the figures to prove that even in those states, as well as in others, there has been an increase, rather than a diminution, in the number of cattle. Here are the figures in which they compare the numbers of 1900 with those of 1909: In the former year Arizona had livestock valued at $13,227,000, now its valuation is $15,545,000, a 17 per cent increase; Colorado had $29,000,000, now $49,000,000, or 69 per cent; Idaho, $7,000,000, now $21,000,000, or 200 per cent; Montana, $33,000,000, now $52,000,000, or 63 per cent; New Mexico, $25,000,000, now $31,000,000, or 24 per cent; Oklahoma, $3,000,000, now $54,000,000, or 1700 per cent; Texas, $138,000,000, now $240,000,000, or 74 per cent; Wyoming, $18,000,000, now $39,000,000, or 117 per cent.

The Pay of English Actors.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness is heard in a lecture recently given before the London Dramatic Debaters by Cecil Raleigh, a writer of melodramas. The purport of the voice will best be recognized in his own words, which follow: "The average English actor is engaged for about twenty-five weeks a year. If he is very lucky it may be thirty-five weeks. Thousands of actors get no more than two pounds a week, some only thirty shillings, or even one pound, and there is a thing called a 'joint engagement' of man and wife at thirty-five shillings a week for the two, which is a crying iniquity." Expressed in terms of American money, it will be seen that an "average actor" over there receives but $250 a year, or $350 if he is lucky, while some of the profession receive but half as much. Taking for granted that these figures are correct, it is no wonder that Mr. Raleigh sums up the case by saying, "This, to an educated man, is rank, horrible starvation."

Fertility of Earth's Soil Increasing.

There undoubtedly is a popular impression that the fertility of the earth's soil constantly is being depleted, and that nature's capacity for feeding mankind consequently is being reduced. In a bulletin recently prepared by Professor Milton Whitney, chief of the soils bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, and issued by that department, the professor combats this old theory. He holds that the earth's soil is not wearing out, but, on the contrary, that those soils longest worked now are yielding larger crops than they have yielded at any time in the past. For instance, during the ten years ending with 1906 the average wheat yield in Great Britain was 32 bushels to the acre, in Germany 28 bushels, in France almost 20 bushels, while on the comparatively virgin soil of the United States it was but 14 bushels. He also shows that during the past 25 years the average yield of wheat in Germany has increased from 18 to 30 bushels per acre, of rye from 15 to 25 bushels, and of oats from 28 to 55 bushels, and large increases in other European countries also are shown. Turning to America, he shows that during the last 40 years we have increased our yield of wheat to the acre by two bushels, and surprises most of all by claiming that during the last 40 years the soil of New England has yielded more corn and wheat to the acre than has that of the Mississippi valley.

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GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"The Tribune Primer."

Doctor Eliot's five-foot shelf ran very strongly toward seriousness of purpose, toward those hearty substantials of the intellectual diet, and gave scanty room for cream puffs or lolly-pop. Our shelf, on the contrary, as those who have deigned to follow it have observed, is bent toward no strict regimen, but rather contains whatever an unfettered and rather vagrant appetite has found to be either wholesome or agreeable.

Thus, we include Eugene Field's "Tribune Primer" as, say, an olive, or a radish, or, perhaps better, as one of those pungent desserts that have a sub-taste of bitter almond in them. Field's delicate and delightful genius had a streak of grisly humor in it which, upon occasion, he could utilize in satire that burns like caustic and makes one shudder as it burns. These nonsense fables, published originally in the Denver Tribune, exhibit this quality in its blossom. They are humor so broad as to expose the very foundations of the American type of humorous comparison by exaggeration. And yet they have a saving grace somewhere, something elusive, of Field's own personal charm, that makes them attractive, perennial, classic. For a relief from subtlety, and "problems," and "exposures," take down the little Primer from the shelf.

WHAT PEOPLE READ.

New York is not only the chief publishing center of America; it is the largest body of readers as well, and what New York reads may be taken as a fair index of American taste in books. A writer in the New York Times has carefully compiled library and publishing statistics, and describes the following writers as the favorites of the present:

Judging from those which have survived, the readers of New York are to be congratulated on their discernment. Of what are called the standard authors, Dickens and Balzac have been in the lead and growing in popularity, for some years. Immediately behind them are Dumas and Robert Louis Stevenson with the leaven of romance to lighten the realism, using the word "realism" in its broader sense, rather than applied to the school of which Zola was the most conspicuous member. There is a notable falling off in the call for that type of realism. Along with this romantic appeal goes a constant call for the poets, Whittier and Longfellow receiving as much attention as Browning, Byron attracting as much as Shelley. But directly after come Carlyle, Hugo, and Hardy with an equal popularity.

George Eliot has fallen off, Scott and Cooper have also had a slump, and with them have gone Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Reade, Walter Besant, Black, and Washington Irving.

Individual works of writers have often survived where all their other works have been forgotten. "Charles O'Malley" still holds and amuses, "Midshipman Easy" goes his merry way, "Lorna Doone" has never lost its popularity, and "Jane Eyre" has persistently held the reading public, but the rest of the long lines of books written by Charles Lever, Capt. Marryat, Blackmore and Bronte are rarely taken from the shelves.

Of the living writers none appeal so steadily as Kipling and Conan Doyle. "Robinson Crusoe" is read by old and young, but of all the books dear to the hearts of children "Little Women" has never ceased to appeal to girls, and Henty, in any of his exciting books, to boys. Grimm's Fairy Tales appeal to both. Barbour is also read by boys as avidly as ever.

John Macy, who married the lady who educated Helen Keller, has lately resigned from his post as associate editor of the Youths' Companion and retired to his country place at Wrentham, Mass., where he will devote himself to literary work.

TO A WIFE.

By Edwin Chase.

(For The California Weekly.)

III. Be Mine That Love.

With clinging robe scarce lending to thy
Modesty its due protection, I saw
Thee at the dawn-time of a day in June,
Fare forth upon a verdant lawn spread out
To catch its early manna from the sun.
And in the space whereon no shadow falls
I saw thee stand, draw an half-circled bow,
And from the impatient string let fly an
Arrow to'ard one lone pale star that lingered,
The last rear-guard of slow retreating night.
Why didst thou choose that aim or wish that
swift
Invasion of the skylark's realm? Emblem
Of thine own ambition, radiant and strong,
I saw the shaft leap toward the vaulted
Heaven, and there I saw thee stand, a queen.

And then I saw the arrow turn an arch
In that high space, and marked its homing
flight;
Beheld it leave the glory of the blue,
Cleave through the upper airs of light and
song,
And come to burial in the fragrant turf.
Shall it be so with all the winged shafts
That leave the quiver of thy hope? Shall they
From all heights sublime return to thee, and
Shall thine arm its strength, thine eye its
cunning
Lose and send them flying forth no more?
Shalt thou, with arrows broken, bow unstrung,
Need love, a fire, to cheer thy winter day?
Be mine that love. All evil days and times
Let God forfend. But chance they come, be
mine
That love to make their coming even sweet.
Or should the river of thy blood run low,
Its current seep away into the sands
Of carping care, that erstwhile flood become
But silent pools between deserted banks—
The fertile valleys of thy nature fail;
Oh, then, be mine that love, that sun and rain,
To bring the wine, the olives, corn, and balm,
With joyful songs into those fields again.

Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of the Christian Herald (the most widely circulated Christian religious paper in America) is a Jew.

IBSEN'S IDEA OF NORA.

The posthumous works of Henrik Ibsen, just published in Norway, disclose much of the inner workings of Ibsen's mind, and especially his care in planning out every detail of a play before writing it. The preliminary sketch of "Nora," which he wrote out in Rome on October 19, 1878, includes the following sketch of the moral of that play as Ibsen intended it:

"There are two kinds of spiritual laws, two kinds of conscience, one for men and a quite different one for women. They do not agree; but in practical life the woman is judged according to the law of the man, as if she were not a woman, but a man. * * * A woman cannot be true to herself in our modern society, with laws written by men and with accusers and judges who regard women's actions from man's point of view."

IS YOUR FAVORITE HERE?

The Gaulois (Paris) has been asking its readers to name the twenty-five greatest writers in the world up to the present day. The list which resulted from the votes given by 11,247 readers runs: Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille, Vergil, Moliere, Homer, Dante, Goethe, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Voltaire, Cicero, Pascal, Schiller, Plato, Cervantes, J. J. Rousseau and Milton. Votes were given for 432 other authors.

It will be noticed that the list contains the name of no living writer, and that fourteen of the twenty-five are French, three Latin, two Greek, two English, two German, one Italian and one Spanish.

THAT GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

The book reviewers and the publishers' press agents have filled the press for several years with much sound and fury about the great American novel. It is not known that the public has stood expectant and impatient, awaiting its advent; though it has eagerly read the perennial crop of novels that have been heralded as fulfilling the prophecy. It must be confessed, however, that every one of the books so heralded, from "The Octopus," down through "The Virginian," and to "The Adventures of Joshua Craig," have all received their generous measure of applause and passed on to the rank of "once best seller."

A friend points out that most of the very popular American fiction won its popularity because of its novelty alone, because it made us acquainted with some strange land or strange type of life or some exotic stratum of society. Thus, Jack London and Rex Beach have brought Alaska and the primitive man to the library table; Owen Wister painted anew the disappearing, romantic frontier; David Graham Phillips made us intimates of political greatness and acquaintances of the Four Hundred; and so on, through the list. If, then, this is the tendency and the characteristic stamp of American fiction, the author of the Great American Novel, aforesaid, would be likely to arise in the person of a globe trotter of fashionable social connections, some diplomatic experience, an acquaintance with the underground politics of Washington, and a large intimacy with the Wild and Woolly West—in short, a sublimated Teddy Roosevelt, John Hay, Jack London, and Reggie Vanderbilt in one.

But, our friend continues, if a novel were written by such a composite genius, it would be merely a tale of "surface indications" of American life, and in no vital sense a reflection of the American genius. Our talented friend sees a hopeful vision of a great American literary revival, imminent upon the horizon of events (and we are inclined to agree to that), but he conceives the form of its literary expression to be subjective and analytic, rather than objective and pictorial.

Perhaps he is right. But let us examine this plausible-sounding phrase, "the Great American Novel," and test it by analogy. What is "the great French novel?" Echo answers. What is "the great English novel?" Echo encores. What is "the great German novel?" Echo is asking for a contract at "space rates." In brief, the genius of a race is not like those fabled genii of the Arabian Nights, whose heaven-effacing bulk could be compressed into the compass of a brazen urn. The genius of a race is not for one man to grasp and fix in terms of art, complete as Athene springing from the brain of Zeus. Many arts, manipulated by many hands, may avail to transmit the glories of a race in some degree approaching to completeness. No one artist, not even Shakespeare, has caught the whole spirit of an age. The best one artist can do is to give a supreme birth to the best conception of a most sensitive and creative mind.

Furthermore, no artist can be the last word in artistry. So long as a race endures, the opportunity continues that a greaer than he may arise and overtop him. Even the towering form of Shakespeare, sublimest peak in English literature, may not be the Mt. Everest of that literature. His race and his language yet endure. The future is unexplored.

So we feel that the great American novel is not a vital issue; rather, that it is a phrase of empty meaning. We suggest that it be expurgated from our terminology.

Mrs. Helen Loring Grenfell is preparing a series of papers showing the workings of equal suffrage in Colorado as an answer to the assertion of the antis that states wherein women are allowed to vote have not been benefited by woman suffrage.

PLAYGROUNDS IN LOS ANGELES

By JOHN W. SWEENEY.

[This article has been abridged by the editor of The California Weekly from the report made by Mr. Sweeney to the Playground Commission of San Francisco, of which he is secretary.]

The Los Angeles Playground Commission control twelve playgrounds, including seven permanent playgrounds and five vacation playgrounds. The permanent grounds are in several instances complete, and the others are yet in a constructive stage.

The five vacation playgrounds are merely in active use during the school vacations, but the property of the School Department, and by grace of the latter, are managed by the Playground Commission, who equip the grounds in a modest manner, from their own funds.

The properties of the permanent grounds are elaborate affairs, and commend themselves from a standpoint of results. The "Echo Park Playground" is a best example of the energy exerted in this work, as it is practically complete in all its departments, as an up-to-date playground, as well as progressive in detail.

I was first impressed with the perfect discipline and ease wherewith the many outdoor games were carried on and the varied exercises were carried, each merging with the other in perfect harmony. Everything that could appeal to the tender child or more rugged youth was in evidence, and all in active operation.

In perfectly safe surroundings could be found the mother with her charges, revelling in the sport that appeals to the child, including the sand boxes and miniature slides; also the may poles and safety swings.

The more rugged could be seen playing croquet, basketball or even tennis. A baseball match was on; the outdoor gymnasium was active in its invitation for the athletic boy or girl; the bowling alley was thronged with its devotees, and the shower rooms were enjoyed by the youth who had concluded his play for the day.

Here was democracy triumphant, and play levelling all to an equitable, placid ending.

Recreation centers are present on all the grounds, and in which every detail for indoor enjoyment is observed. Here we have an auditorium for lectures, amateur plays or other entertainments.

The auditorium is also an indoor gymnasium, a kindergarten school, a nursery, a meeting room or a cantata hall. The stage or platform can be utilized as a reading room, committee room or a lecture room, by lowering a folding curtain similar to a roller desk.

A branch of the Public Library is established in an adjoining room, supervised by the Public Librarian. Once a week a good reader appears and gives a reading from a popular work, and then explains the story.

In the recreation centers, apartments are provided for the "ground keeper" and his family. This assures constant attention, notwithstanding the rules call for open and closed hours on the playgrounds. These apartments are entirely free from public intrusion, and are, as a matter of course, protective to family rights.

I found that every detail was carried out with the most economical arrangement, even to the space under the platform being utilized as a storeroom for benches or chairs, as the case may be, and the seats around the wall made into lockers for storage purposes. Everything that could be utilized was placed in action, and even the day was divided into watches that permitted the director to organize special bands or clubs, while the patrons could instruct the girls, as well as promote the high ideals that will make them better housekeepers, as cooking schools are a specialty.

I found that one special feature cultivated was the encouraging of meetings of the mothers in each playground district, thus insuring a moral influence in each section. The result of this work was in evidence all through the city of Los Angeles, by the absence of boys and girls from the streets. I believe these recreation centers are a forceful factor in the uplift of the children, and that it is a mistake to neglect this important feature.

I wish to emphasize the necessity of making the children a part of the constructive work, as it compels an interest of pride. All of the work is of local makeup, and where it is possible to have the work done by the children, the Superintendent will so arrange it; but where adult mechanical skill is required, then only local help will be employed, and thus a home interest is cultivated.

I found that when anything was not provided in the makeup of properties, the superintendent would arrange for an entertainment, and a nominal fee was charged; the proceeds were applied to the acquisition of the needed property, even to the uniforms, instruments and ornaments.

All through there was an utter absence of class distinctions, and I left the city of Los Angeles impressed with the conviction that the Playground Commission was solving the query, "What will we do with our boys and girls?"

The youth can be encouraged to greater things by the playgrounds of the cities. The boy in particular should be encouraged to cultivate his bent for any exercise he wishes for; then our calendars of juvenile crime will be minimized, the mother's worry eliminated, and the boy will be kept off the street.

The playgrounds of our cities will solve the problem of our children's salvation.

San Francisco owes it to itself to push the playground work.

EARLY CALIFORNIAN NEWS ITEMS.

The old Mercantile Gazette and Shipping Register, of San Francisco, was quoted last week. When the telegraph was completed to San Francisco the Gazette hailed its advent in glowing terms in its issue of October 31, 1861:

"The Continental Telegraph Complete.—The achievement of this enterprise is a matter of great moment to the Pacific coast. We are now in direct and daily intercourse with the Atlantic cities, at a distance of more than 3,000 miles. It is one of the great achievements which marks the age in which we live as an age of wonders. Thought is now materialized, we may almost say, without being shorn of its ubiquity. It can, at least, traverse a broad continent with the rapidity of a spirit messenger; suddenly assume form and shape before startled eyes in distant regions, and reveal mysteries that may change the course of trade and make or mar the fortunes of thousands.

"There are still some hindrances in the way, so that the transmission of intelligence is occasionally interrupted, owing chiefly to the anarchy prevailing in Missouri. A branch line running through Iowa will soon be in working order, when this difficulty will be obviated, and we may expect regular daily advices."

First Pacific Insurance Company.

The year that saw the telegraph completed saw also the incorporation of the first home insurance company, noticed by the Gazette of March 9, 1861, as follows:

"We notice with great pleasure the incorporation of the first insurance company upon the Pacific coast. * * *

"It may never become our true policy to be totally our own insurers. The disasters to which we are liable could, by possibility, embrace an extent that would make it imprudent to risk here our losses and all the ability to cover them. But we may divide these judiciously." * * *

The name of the company was not disclosed at that time, but was announced in a later issue as the California Mutual Marine Insurance Company.

Early Property Valuation.

Property values in those days were not equal to the prices now paid. The fifty vara lot at the northwest corner of Kearney and Geary streets was assessed in 1857 at $13,000. Last week Mr. Selah Chamberlain bought a lot across Geary street from this one, with a frontage on Market also, for $500,000.

The St. Francis Hotel, in 1857, was assessed at $7,500.

THE ORIGIN OF "SHOW ME."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer declares that the Missourian's watch-word originated in an Ohio printing shop, and describes the circumstances as follows:

About fourteen years ago there was working there a printer by the name of Sam McIlhenny, who hailed from Missouri and who did not hesitate to say so. He talked about it so much that it got to be a joke among the printers. One day a letter came from a Missouri farmer complaining vociferously that his paper had been cut off. In concluding, he said: "You folks may think it's all right to stop the paper I paid for, but I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me."

The circulation man who read the letter thought it was pretty good and took it up to show McIlhenny and the other printers. It soon became a byword among them and for many months was a phrase on everybody's lips.

One day a "tourist" blew in and he astonished everybody by springing the much used sentence.

"Where did you hear that?" queried the astonished McIlhenny.

"Oh, I first heard it in Cleveland, from Harry Wines," he said, "and he's been using it all over the East."

Wines was a tramp printer of the most typical sort. He hailed originally from Springfield, worked there part of the time and set type all over the United States. It appeared that he had made industrious use of the worn Farm and Fireside joke.

Gradually it was spread and it received a big impetus when used in the comic opera, "The Shogun," which is supposed to have given the phrase its first really national circulation.

McIlhenny is still working in Springfield.

A CITY'S WOMAN GUARDIAN.

In Milwaukee there is a woman who has had so much to do with the city's affairs, with the appearance of its streets and show places and with the upkeep of its largest philanthropic institutions that according to the "Bookkeeper" she may be called the municipal patroness. She is Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, daughter of the late John Plankinton.

Her father in the early days supplied the growing town with buildings, notably the famous old Plankinton Hotel, he built business blocks and founded one of the great banks of the state, which failed only after his death. To the daughter has fallen the self-appointed task of beautifying and embellishing the streets and public buildings.

In every enterprise that has as its object the betterment of Milwaukee Miss Plankinton makes herself felt either by approval or disapproval, according to her view. Her opinion is respected, for by years of experience city officials and a great part of her fellow citizens have learned that she speaks only after having fully investigated each new problem.

As manager of her fortune she has shown great mastery of business, while her study in law has enabled her to attend to the legal intricacies of the great estate her father left her. On the occasional vacations she allows herself she is no less energetic and forceful. She is a traveller, and it might almost be said an explorer, for her pleasure is found not on the grand tour but on journeys into out of the way corners of Europe and Asia Minor, where few American women have ever been.

Pounded Out in Pain.

Though a man may have work, he
Must get wages immense
If he buys Thanksgiving turkey,
Price per pound, thirty cents.
—Grass Valley Union.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

The Woman Led Us.

Of all the grandpas I have had,
The very good and very bad,
Arrayed in skins or Paris-clad,
I most despise old Adam,
For he was first of all the chaps
Who, when their sins have brought mishaps,
Their protest whine as Justice raps:
"Ouch! I was led by madam."

He was the craven first revealed
Who fain had guilt in love concealed
By using woman as a shield
When he had sinned, to rue it.
The first, but not the last, was he,
For still too oft his sons agree
In urging as their doleful plea:
"The woman led us to it."

"The woman led us." Be it so;
Say hand in hand we walked to woe,
Yet none the less we surely know
That e'er her love hath fed us;
And every height to which we rise
Where rests the soul 'neath tranquil skies,
Each heaven sweet of high emprise,
A woman's love hath led us.

And some there be who, straying far,
Have lost in mists hope's guiding star,
And walked where grisly phantoms are,
While error's clouds o'erspread them.
Then came a whisper soft and low:
"Arise, dearheart, nor yield to woe."
They rose; they stand, and e'er they know
'Twas woman's love that led them.

One went his way of toil and pain,
And, stumbling oft, did rise again,
E'er vowing, "I will good attain,
For she doth love and heed me,"
And when he reached the higher place
Where saints do look upon His face,
He cried, "Thank God that by His grace
The woman, she did lead me."

* * *

Where Santa Goes Wrong.

Sometimes it seems to me that old Santa Claus gets terribly mixed concerning the disposition of his Christmas gifts. Does it not strike you occasionally that he bestows them where they are not needed, and withholds them where they are? For instance, the child of wealth receives a thousand-dollar gift which she little appreciates, while the child of poverty, to whom such a gift would mean the difference between suffering and comfort receives nothing. Does it not seem unreasonable, unjust, even cruel in a degree? Of what can the good saint be thinking, that he does these unreasoning things?

I have been thinking of what a blessed Christmas the one at hand might be if Christmas gifts, save for a few inexpensive remembrances, went only where they most are needed. Suppose that the thousand dollars (many times repeated) went, not to one who rolls in wealth, but to one to whom it would mean support and sustenance through otherwise weary days, what a day of days it would be! Why it would be the Christ-life making itself felt again through a divinely perfect 24 hours, yes, and through many days still to come.

But it will not come to pass. Santa Claus again will move on in his old, blind, stumbling way; rich presents will go to the rich, little or nothing to the poor, and when that little is doled out too often it will be to the accompaniment of the old, selfish prayer, "Thank God that I am not as he."

Christmas is a good day, but do you not realize how vastly better we could make it?

* * *

Merely Suggested.

I wish to call attention
Of some papers on their roost
To the fact that you're not boosting
When you're merely yelling, "Boost!"

The Opinions of Rufus.

Mr. Rockefeller says the way to git rich is to save money. F'rinstance, if I should save a thousand dollars a year fer 300,000 or 400,000 years I'd be worth 'bout es much es he is. B'lieve I'll commence right away.

If you think the world ain't advancin' jest reflect that the One who had not where to lay his head wus crucified nineteen centuries ago, while under our vagrant law, he'd only be sent to jail, or more likely, given a "floater."

Blow your own horn if you want to, but you're es likely es anything else to prove you're a poor bugler by doin' it.

Let us, brethren an' sisters, rejoice in the fact that the glad an' blessed Christmas season is approachin', when them that don't need presents git them an' them that do need them don't.

I dreamed that a man that remained a multimillionaire while people hungered an' starved to death about him died an' went to heaven. St. Peter didn't have a microscope.

It's true, Joshua, that persistency's a good thing, an' yit ain't you ever noticed that a mule ain't the most admired of all animals?

When you can prove to me that Satan don't have anything to do with politics I'll admit that churches shouldn't have either. Till then, I ain't goin' to b'lieve a little inoculation of righteousness 'll hurt politics any.

Seems to me anybody ought to know there's a hell an' a heaven. Haven't we, all of us, lived in both of them before now?

Sometimes what we call the black sheep of the family ain't reely black. He's only got in the mire an' been covered with mud.

I don't know of anything that I'm much more grateful for than I am that the God of hate has pretty near gone out of business, leavin' the God of lovin' justice to look after the office.

* * *

Trouble and the Alarm Clock.

Trouble, Ephraim, is like an alarm clock. You know how it was when you bought the alarm clock. You had been oversleeping mornings, and you realized that you must get to the office earlier, so you told your wife, the dear girl who also is sleepy in the morning, that you would fix the matter all right. Then it was that you bought the alarm clock, set it for an unearthly hour and wound it strenuously.

At the selected time the next morning the house blew up, and you with it. At least, you thought it did for a few moments, but you soon made up your mind that it was the alarm clock engaged in pounding a gong, ringing a bell, throwing bricks through the window and shattering crockery on the floor. You were nearly scared to death, but you tried to compose yourself sufficiently to reassure the dear girl, who was pleading with you not to let somebody murder her while she was so young and beautiful. This was the first morning.

The next morning the clock was nearly as bad, but it didn't smash quite so much crockery. The next morning thereafter it dispensed with some of the bricks. After that it became calmer and less incensed, until now—you know that it is so, Ephraim—you could not get your beauty nap in the morning without the alarm clock to soothe you into deeper and more peaceful slumber. You would miss it, as a babe must miss its mother's hushaby song. The little one may desire the hushaby song, but, as for you, give you the dear old alarm clock every time.

As I said, my boy, it is much the same with trouble. When it first comes you feel that you never can endure it. Tears are in your eyes, cruel pain in your heart, and you lift your hands to the heavens in bitter and unavailing anguish. But Time passes, and his healing touch is upon you. Still the scar is there, but the gaping wound has closed. You have grown used to the alarm clock. Pitiful, and yet merciful, is it not, my boy? Let's be grateful for the mercy, and so end the lesson.

We Are the Palace Builders.

We are building a stately palace, a palace supremely fair,
And proud is its lord and master, our multifold millionaire.
Of marble and onyx, it seemeth with dreams of the dreamers to vie;
But list, and you surely shall hear it, a pitiful, desolate cry.
'Tis the cry of the little children
Worn old in their break of day;
"Your palaces rise to our tears and sighs:
Our lives are the price you pay."

Make room for the master of millions; sound salvos of praise for him;
Bend low in his stately presence, or rise if it be his whim,
For fair is his palace, my brothers, and proud is his masterful eye,
And his scepter of gold bejeweled—yet list to that terrible cry.
'Tis the cry from our Pauper Alley,
From those who are gaunt and grim;
"There is never a God o'er the tear-wet sod,
And Justice is dead with him."

Ay, we are the palace-builders, and ours is the millionaire,
And ours are the gloomy purlieus, the spawn that is littered there;
And ever the palace hideth its dungeons, both dark and deep,
Where wee little children perish and paupers their vigils keep.
But what if beyond the shadows,
Or o'er the uncharted blue,
Our God is guarding and heeding,
His justice at last to do?

* * *

Modern Definitions.

Bribe—A small sum of money offered for illegal services.

Hold-up—A large sum of money offered as above.

Criminal—One who commits a crime, without possessing the money to hire lawyers.

Unfortunate Prominent Citizen—One who does the same thing, but has much money for the lawyers.

Judge—The man who decides what technicalities should knock out justice.

Justice—A lady who wears a bandage to cover the black eye that Technicality gave her.

Ruefing—The act of claiming that you are a criminal when the higher courts are convinced that you are mistaken.

* * *

The Clergyman Was Popular.

The clergyman was popular,
And he was youthful, too,
As you will judge when I narrate
That seven ties of blue
The girls sent him on Christmas Day,
And also four of green,
And two of red, and nine of gray,
And one of rainbow sheen.
Then did that youthful clergyman
Shed tears and cry, "Alack!
Why didn't some one tell the girls
I wear no ties save black?"

* * *

A Little Apropos Story.

Satan and a Higher-Up who had just arrived at his long home were engaged in conversation.

"How was it," the Higher-Up inquired, at the same time coyly shrinking from a tongue of flame that was becoming too familiar—"how was it that you were elected mayor of this city?"

"Why," Satan responded, as he motioned to the coal-heavers to pile on more fuel, "I made a pledge to my constituents that appealed to them."

"What was it?"

"I promised to make this the Paris of the Hereafter."

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

I am a traveling man and come into contact with a great many people in the interior of the state—merchants, farmers and working men.

If our champion for equality under the law is nominated for governor by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League he would most assuredly be elected.

People in the country read and think more than people in San Francisco do and Heney is held in high esteem outside of our own city.

Our greatest men have not been bred in large cities, but have invariably been reared in the country or in small towns where life is purer and thoughts are nobler.

With the 27,000 good men who voted for Heney at the last election still laboring for him—and these men do not change very readily from good to bad—the country would roll up such a majority as would surprise the narrow-minded politician in San Francisco and thereby demonstrate to him that the state is eager to be led out of bondage.

California is ready to fight under the banner of such a patriot as Heney and the people after the election would soon realize that they were indeed freemen and not subject to the domination of a corrupt machine run in the interest of and by corporations whose only use for the people is to despoil them.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt League can play an important part in the next state election but the ticket must be clean and the leader must be a Somebody.

Yours truly,

JAMES SMITH.
1311 Sixth Avenue.

San Francisco, Nov. 26, 1909.

Mr. Heney's candidacy for the Republican nomination for Governor of California is much in the minds of all except Mr. Heney, who does not appear to be exercised about it at all. The California Weekly will be glad to receive expressions of opinion for or against the candidacy of Mr. Heney, or anyone else, and will not publish them when the writer says not. It is time to beat the bushes for the bringing out of the right man for the place. On one point we think our correspondent clearly in the right and that is that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate must be a "somebody," an aggressive, courageous, positive character, and not a negative non-entity whose sole strength consists in the fact that "nobody haint got nuthin' on him." The "organization" may be able to make use of such a man. The progressives cannot.

Business Manager The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed is check for $2.00 in payment of year's subscription to your paper. Mr. Uhl spoke highly to me of the paper so I agreed to take it for six months. It is much better than I thought could be produced in San Francisco. The editorial work is simply great and if the high standard which you have set can only be maintained you will, in time, have a great paper with an influence that is worth while.

I certainly wish you every success.

Yours truly,

S. C. SMITH,
717 Market Street.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 27, 1909.

We give the above letter space in our columns merely as an object lesson to our friends, showing how they can help us. Meeting a friend a colloquy something like this takes place:

"Have you seen The California Weekly?"

"No, never heard of it. What is it like?"

"Well, it is a high class, family weekly, something on the Argonaut order, only it stands for Right Things instead of wrong, and talks straight from the shoulder. I think that all good people ought to get in behind it and push it along. Try it for three or six months. I believe you will like it well enough to wish to keep it. I'll send in your name for a sample copy if you like."

"All right, I'd like to see a copy."

A great portion of our new subscriptions come to us in essentially that way. It costs our friends nothing but a few good words, and remembering to use them, and the efforts they are making are enabling The California Weekly to sink its roots deeply into the good soil of a staying constituency. This is a hunch.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—In your issue for November 12th there were two communications that I felt like endorsing most heartily. The first was of the more interest to me because, like your correspondent, I have been a traveler in Mexico and I feel just as he does, that our attitude toward that country ought to be one of moral restraint as a nation and of helpfulness to a sister republic. Consistency is certainly a jewel but it greatly surprised me to read the comment The California Weekly had to make on this communication. If you believe so inexorably in the law of evolution, why should we worry about any of these things that come to pass? If the strong arm is going to triumph anyway why do we waste our time fighting against it? And I do not see what difference it makes whether it be the case of an individual, a city, or a nation. If the Mexican war was an "unjustifiable iniquity," I do not see how it or any other event of similar nature can turn out "splendidly profitable" to the moral welfare of our people. If we are "to perpetuate and extend those institutions in which we heartily believe" it must be with the consciousness that we are right and that right only makes might.

The other communication referred to the unquestioned value of your School for Citizenship, but like the correspondent I must admit I have not found the articles readable, but I doubt if any of us keep our text-books on Civil Government by for an evening's reading. Once it was prescribed.

Yours truly,

F. M. S.

Niles, Cal., Nov. 24, 1909.

We recognize the weakness of our position in relation to dominance of race when that position is assailed by either the moralist or the legalist, and we would no more think of trying to defend it at those points than we should of trying to defend the glacial period. All that we can say is that it is so. The man or the nation of men that wastes substance, does not behave and essays the dog-in-the-manger policy sooner or later gives place to someone who will behave better and make better use of the resources at his command. The world has need of the strong arm and that Uncle Sam has not made his strength of arm felt in the island of Hayti and in Central America before now for the maintenance of opportunity and order constitutes a national delinquency. European, if not world, pressure will force upon us the relation of guardian and ward to those countries and we shall have to assume that relation or fight Europe over the Monroe doctrine. Those countries have got to prove their right to govern themselves by governing themselves, and failure to govern themselves will involve a world-denial of the right. Our personal moralities and legalities are sometimes transcended by the larger ethics of race and humanity.

If the School For Citizenship is found unreadable to one who really wants to know, it is because the writer of it has failed as a writer. If one does not care to know, or knows all about government already, the School For Citizenship is not for him anyway.

Editor The California Weekly.

Assuming that the question as to the advisability of compulsory voting has been settled in every one's mind in the affirmative, the practical question as to the manner of accomplishing the result is more difficult.

It is a well-known fact that practically every one who has enough interest to be at all qualified to vote takes the trouble to place his name on the great register. The placing of one's name on the register is about as laborious and uninteresting a duty as appearing at the polls on election day and marking a ballot. Why is it, then, that from 15 to 75 per cent. of those who take the trouble to register do not take the trouble to vote?

If the motive which actuates this general custom of registration can be ascertained, and this motive made a reason why men should vote as well as register, the custom of voting would then be as general as that of registering.

Men register for the same reason that they prepare themselves for the various emergencies or incidents which may arise in future. The careless voter registers for the same reason that he keeps a pistol in his home, stores a little unneeded money in the bank, keeps a dress suit laid away. He may not need, or use, any of these, but he wants to be prepared for a day when he may want to shoot a burglar, use a little extra cash, attend a function or exercise the right of suffrage.

Then let the election law be changed so that the qualifications of a voter include the fact that he be a voter in fact, and that he had actually voted at the last preceding election. Before he is entitled to register he should be required to answer in the affirmative the question as to whether he had voted at the last preceding election, and if those who could not so answer were required to go through a burdensome proceeding into which might be injected enough element of uncertainty so that it would be easily apparent that the surest and most economical way would be to be able to answer this question in the affirmative, the matter would be settled as far as the legal machinery can settle a matter which rests largely with the individual conscience.

The same principle applying to registration could be made to apply to subsequent voting. That is, even after registration a man would not be entitled to vote at the next succeeding election unless at subsequent elections he appears from poll list or check mark to have voted at the preceding election.

Without having given this careful study I believe any

(Continued on Page 31.)

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POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Autocratic in Organization Comments on, and criticisms of, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League are being made at a lively rate. This is desirable and healthful, but raises some issues that need to be met at the start. One criticism is that the form of organization is autocratic, the president having been empowered to appoint the state committee. That arrangement is provisional only. When Lincoln-Roosevelt clubs shall have been formed over the state these clubs will have the power to change the state committeemen, and the state committeemen will have power to change the president and the executive committeemen. The machinery will be put upon a representative basis as soon as there is an organized constituency to be represented. There was at the start no other possible way to do it, and, be it remembered, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is not a new political party. It is Republican and, in the state primaries, will fight for control of the Republican State Committee. When that control is achieved there will be small need for any other committee than the Republican State Committee, whose character is prescribed by law.

Positive Reforms Stoutly Demanded. Another criticism of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement is that it is negative and not positive in its spirit, that it is opposed to corporate domination, but is not in favor of anything in particular, and has not shown wherein government under corporate domination has been a bad form of government. Is it necessary to show that a monarchy is officially corrupt in order to convince an American constituency that a monarchy is not a good thing? Is it necessary, in order to arouse the Men of California to action, not only to show them that free government has been subverted, but also that a plutocracy is damning in its effects? Have things come to such a pass that we are willing to let free government slide if only we can be assured that a government that is not worse in practice may take its place? If the spirit of democracy has no stronger hold on the hearts of the Men of California than this then are they far on their way to a deserved forfeiture of the right of self-government. To The Watchman's way of thinking the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League may well take on positive and aggressive policies, other than that of emancipating California from corporation domination, but there have been whole peoples in whom the spirit of liberty burned with such intensity that they have flown to arms in defense of their liberties with less of provocation than the Men of California have been afforded by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. To our way of thinking we stand for something positive when we stand for free government.

Sore Heads Or Sore Hearts? The Solano Republican affirms that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has within its membership a number of political soreheads, as well as a considerable sprinkling of Democrats whose presence in the League movement is not clearly accountable. There is a measure of truth in the statement that some of those who broke into the League two years ago had so long served the "organization" that their reputations had become so threadbare as to make them no longer serviceable in the "organization" camp. Mr. Herrin knows when his warriors are fit only for the boneyard. Also he has no scruples about discarding them, and the League will do well to exercise a more prudent care than it exercised two years ago in excluding patriots of this quality; but there are not so many soreheads as sore hearts in the movement. There are not so many who are disappointed in not getting office as there are who are disappointed in the type of men who are being preferred for official positions they are unfit to fill. "Organization" methods base government upon the most ignoble, not the most noble, traits in human nature; the taint of spoils-of-office touches every institution and the heart of the "organization" strength is to be found in mobilized and solidified saloon and tenderloin vote. This makes the heart sick rather than the head sore. There is a difference.

Orange County Takes the Lead. Progressive Republicans of Orange county did not wait for the Lincoln-Roosevelt reorganization to assume state proportions before getting to work on similar lines of their own volition. A few days before the Oakland conference was held Republicans of independent spirit in Orange county got together at Santa Ana and organized the Republican Reform League of Orange County. Fred West of Fullerton was elected president and Robert Speed of Old Newport secretary. Orange county has not acted too soon in this matter. It has been held as an "organization" county, and as subject to the domination of Walter Parker as any precinct in Los Angeles, and by the cohesive power of spoils, to the injury of the reputations of some personally decent men. The spirit of revolt against corporation domination is abroad in the land and no man tarred with that stick is likely to fare well before the people at the state primaries in either party.

What's the Matter With M. Estudillo? Our Candid Friend of the Call takes a fall out of Miguel Estudillo of Riverside, respected citizen and senator from the thirty-seventh state senatorial district. Estudillo is a man in whom those who know him would like to believe, although they don't, all of them. That he was elected senator by the "organization," and that Gillett and Flint did their best for him, goes without saying, but the same was true of N. W. Thompson, of the Thirty-fourth district, as straight a man as there was in the legislature. It is not always that a real bad man can be elected. If not the Southern Pacific Political Bureau will get in behind a good man and then trust to luck to be able to use him later. They appear to have done this in the cases of both Thompson and Estudillo. Mr. Hichborn credits Estudillo with having voted right 12 times out of 16 test votes and one of these, on which Estudillo went wrong (against the admission of Bell to the Republican caucus) could hardly be regarded as a test for the reason that some "organization" men voted right on that test. Another, the infamous change of venue bill, we have reason to believe, was voted for by Estudillo under a misapprehension of its purport, as explained to him by Wolfe. This leaves only two bad votes for which there seems to be little justification. One of these was against the committee substitute for the Campbell constitutional amendment, and the other was his voting for the Wright instead of the Stetson railroad regulation bill. In these instances, both railroad measures, he undoubtedly voted wrong, but Miguel Estudillo stood up so many times, and voted right so often, that those who know him best will be inclined to attribute these false steps to his having had the wool pulled over his eyes rather than to his having taken orders in response to the railroad whistle. If Estudillo knows clearly what is right he'll do it.

Is Curry To Be It? We hear it blowing up the wind from San Jose that Johnny Mackenzie, of the Herrin push, has been passing out the word in his bailiwick that Chas. F. Curry is to receive the Herrin support for the gubernatorial nomination before the people, and that it is all settled. If that be so then Gillett's hanging fire, to please his wife, until after the first of January, is a subterfuge and its only purpose is to give Curry time to get his fences all in repair. Strange things have happened, but nothing is more likely to happen so strange as that Gillett and Curry should both go to the people and so divide the House of Herrin against itself. Gillett's Union League banquet send-off may be regarded as having been a feeler.

Did He Get More Than He Expected? Early in the late city campaign one Berry was crossing the bay on one of the ferries. He talked loud and pompously to two male companions of the fight he was making for Crocker, declaring that all he expected to get out of it if Crocker were elected was the naming of one member of the Board of Public Works and one member of the Police Commission. Crocker was not elected, not near elected. Query, was that the Berry whom Fickert has taken to assist him in establishing justice and, if so, was a Deputy District Attorneyship a consolation prize to reconcile this Berry to the fatality of not being able to name a member of the Board of Public Works and member of the Police Commission, or look we for another Berry?

Gone After a Man Who Knows How. James L. Gillis, librarian of the State Library, in Sacramento, has gone East upon what the politicians will regard as a wholly unnecessary errand. His mission is to find some person capable of filling creditably the position which is variously known as Legislative Reference Librarian and head of the Sociological Department of the Library. For three or four years this position was well filled by Ernest Bruncken, a young man who had been trained in the Wisconsin State Library; but Bruncken resigned to become registrar of Copyrights at Washington, and Gillis appears to be remarkably particular about the filling of the vacancy. Of course, as every politician knows, there are plenty of cheerful party workers who would be glad to have the vacant office; there are a number of half-baked lawyers with a record of more or less valuable service on the stump who would jump at the job; there are superserviceable editors who would rejoice to receive its emoluments; there are even political preachers whose not unselfish zeal might be rewarded in this way. All of these are Californians, too. Why, then, should their claims be passed by in supercilious indifference while the head of the State Library goes off to New York or Boston to discover and import an assistant who is no better qualified, except by having a professional training for the work, than are these many deserving Californians? Clearly, it is all wrong—from the politician's standpoint. With what disfavor, for instance, must Mr. Charles F. Curry view the apostacy of Librarian Gillis!

Gillis Went Up and Pulled the Ladder Up. The humor of the foregoing lies in the fact that it was not long ago that James L. Gillis, State Librarian, was even as the small politician whose claims he now looks on with so scornful an eye. For years James L. Gillis was merely a political handyman for W. F. Herrin and other boss politicians of the Southern Pacific. It was for doing this kind of work that he was appointed Librarian of the State Library, and at that time he knew as much about libraries as a ditch-digger may be expected to know about canals on Mars. Many another politician before him had been appointed State Librarian because he needed an office and there was none other which could be found for him. For a long time the Library was such an asylum for politicians that a certain State Senator was fully justified by facts when he said: "There is but one man in the Library who knows anything at all about the books.

(Continued on Page 27.)

California Weekly ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our friends will do well to keep track of the ANNOUNCEMENTS of the publishers of The California Weekly as they appear from week to week in this column.

$2.50 We will furnish The California Weekly one year and Franklin Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," special premium edition, extra cover and heavy paper, sent post paid.

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UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

All of Siskiyou county except seven incorporated towns voted "dry" last Saturday. The result of the election put 40 saloons out of business.

The fruit shipments from California this year were the heaviest ever made in the state. Fifteen thousand one hundred carloads were shipped, as against 12,920 last year.

Henry E. Ford recently found some deeds, given to him long ago by his mother, which, it is said, give him the title to property in Martinez valued at $20,000.

The Petaluma Woman's Club is taking steps to prevent the blocking of sidewalks in that city by merchandise.

Up to last week 2,750 cars of apples had been shipped out of the Pajaro valley .

W. L. Rideout has sold the Lakeport Bee to H. F. Cross, by whom the paper henceforth will be edited.

On Thursday night of last week the Rochdale store of Modesto was robbed of money and merchandise valued at more than $250.

With about one-third of the orange crop in the vicinity of Oroville picked, 81 carloads had been shipped east.

An unknown man, apparently a German, was killed by a Northern Electric train near Terra Buena last week Wednesday.

Heavy snows have driven mountain lions into some of the valleys of Siskiyou county. One of the beasts killed two large colts near Edgewood the other day.

W. D. Pratt, owner of the Kennett View and the Coram Enterprise, died in Castella recently.

Willard Burris, an 18-year-old youth of Lindsay, was killed by an electric car in Visalia the other day.

W. O. Hart and J. F. Craemer have purchased the Orange Daily and Weekly News. They promise to run it on the "square deal" principle.

A line of the Salt Lake railroad is to be built from Riverside to Daggett, a distance of a little more than 100 miles.

A tract consisting of 3,880 acres of land, situated near Le Grand, in Merced county, recently was sold for about $75,000. It will be subdivided and placed on the market.

In Tulare county the Bertillon system of identification of criminals by their finger-prints has been officially adopted.

The citizens of the Thermalito and Dredgerville school districts, near Oroville, have voted to issue bonds for the construction of a union high school to cost about $10,000.

F. E. Unholz, of the Ontario Record, has purchased the Whittier Register, and henceforth it will be published by him.

A nugget of gold weighing fifteen ounces and valued at $180 recently was taken from the Omega mine in Sierra county.

The Imperial County Enterprise is the name of a new weekly paper which has made its appearance in Imperial. H. V. Alexander is the editor.

Andrew Carnegie having agreed to donate $10,000 for that purpose, Livermore is to have a public library.

On the 21st of this month the people of Colusa county will vote on a proposition to bond the county in the sum of $600,000 for the construction of roads.

Ten pumpkins raised in the vicinity of Orosi, Tulare county, are reported to have weighed 2,400 pounds—eight or nine pumpkins to the ton, which is "going some."

The Kingsburg Record has entered on its sixth year and congratulates itself on the five years of success and prosperity which it has known.

Land owners in the central part of Yuba county are to unite in irrigating 4,000 acres of land there.

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SHALL JUDGES BE CHOSEN BY LOT?

A SUGGESTION FOR REMOVING THE JUDICIARY FROM POLITICS.

By M. E. BILLINGS.

American judicial courts are a failure. It is no use to try to disguise the matter. Our so-called courts of justice are a failure. The constant repetitions of mis-carriage of justice and worse show this. The recent conditions of legal matters in San Francisco, where over three years have passed since the wholesale corruption in that city was well known to the world; and no one has yet been punished; confirm this. Even when crimes were confessed, and the confessions testified to on trial; and, even when the criminal himself confessed, and when indicted, pleaded guilty; there was the same mis-carriage of justice. Nor is San Francisco alone to be pointed out as a locality where the guilty go free, and even defy the law. New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Richmond, and many other localities show about the same utter failure of legal justice.

Just as long as the courts are filled with political judges and officers; just so long will this state of things endure. It is a well-known fact that it is not the best legal talent, nor the most honorable men occupy the judicial positions. When a party elects its president, it is expected he will "return the favor" and appoint some political supporter to a life term as judge. And it makes little difference what are the qualifications of the person. Has he earned the place by aiding in the election? That is the question. So, with our elective judges in the states. Some one who has aided to place in nomination a governor, member of congress, or even lesser officers; even though his assistance has not been of the most honorable kind; he must be rewarded—he must be judge. And, when he has been elected, he will still remain a human being, and will have his preferences, political or otherwise; and at least he will be expected to favor his friends rather than his enemies. Man cannot become an automaton simply because he becomes a judge.

Some states choose their judges by having them appointed by the governor. This is open to even more objection than to elect them, even if the voters have not a particle of opportunity to choose a judge when he is elected. Political judges are a failure. So, too, the system of choosing a judge to sit in judgment upon the affairs of those whom he has long lived with, even been born amongst; and whom he has had business with; has lived with on terms of the most intimate personal kind. Nay, as a judge must be a lawyer, he may have been counsel for many, opposed to many, made friends of many, made enemies of many; at least known more or less concerning the whole lives of many. No one believes these considerations would never affect the mind of even the most honorable man. If the judge should not be the most honorable of men; then think a little.

But, says one, you say elections are a farce, appointment even more open to objection. What remedy do you propose? Having passed over forty years at the bar and on the bench, and having arrived at the age of seventy-three, and having no aspirations for either office or even for law practice; I feel that I am in some measure able to suggest a remedy for political courts. **I would have judges chosen neither by election nor appointment.** I would take the last safety of our liberties entirely out of politics, and out of the realm of prejudice; and this is my plan, which I have advocated for many years; and made a political judge an enemy by so doing. All lawyers are supposed to be honest, capable, and worthy men. If this is not so, it is the fault of the courts. Now let judges of the courts of nisi prius be **chosen by lot.** Provide that a judge must be of a certain age, must have been in active practice a certain number of years, must be mentally and physically sound, must have a financial standing of a certain amount, must be free from improper habits, must have resided in the state for a given time. Have the names of all lawyers who have all these qualifications in the state recorded at the state capital. When the time comes to choose judges, let the names of all such lawyers, who have not beforehand declined to accept such an office, be placed in the urn and the number of judges needed at nisi prius be drawn by lot from the body of the state.

This is not enough. Provide that no judge shall hold court in the county of his residence, nor in a county in which he held court the preceding year. Subject to these restrictions, the place where a judge shall hold court shall be decided by lot. Surely there would be little danger of a judge being accused of favoritism or prejudice. He would never have friends to reward nor foes to punish under such a system. Nay, a judge so chosen, so attending to the duties of his office, would not have the fear that some one, however erroneously, might charge him with favoritism or prejudice.

Now, we have chosen our courts at nisi prius. Next let us choose a judge to sit in the appellate court. He must have all the qualifications of the judges of the courts below, and more: He must have practiced law for a longer term, must have sat at nisi prius or higher court. No judge shall sit in judgment on a case which comes up from the county of his residence. He shall only sit one year in any court consecutively. Judges of appellate courts shall be changed from one court to another each year.

Judges of the supreme court shall have all the qualifications of judges of the courts below, and the further qualification of having been longer in practice; longer a judge; be of greater age. No judge of the supreme court shall sit in judgment upon a case coming from his county, and a judge of an appellate court shall be drawn by lot to sit with the supreme court in such cases, to fill the number of judges in the supreme court.

Judges of the lower courts shall not hold office for long terms of years. Judges of the higher courts shall hold for longer terms. All judges may be deposed from office upon the petition of a certain number of voters; but no judge shall be removed from office in this manner until charges have been preferred against him, and he given time to answer them, before any petition shall be signed for his removal. Judges shall be subject to removal upon a two-third vote of each house of the legislature; but not without their having the opportunity to be heard.

No charge of felony shall be tried in the county where the crime was committed, and both the state and defense shall have a change of venue from the county, or from being tried before a particular judge, upon proper showing. A judge shall refuse to sit in any case where he considers himself in any manner disqualified.

Intelligence shall not disqualify a juror. Actual bias must appear before a juror can be challenged. Neither judges nor jurors who are disqualified by reason of physical disability, or who are over a certain age, shall sit in judgment. The twelve-man jury, a relic of the unreasoning age, shall be abolished, and a jury of an odd number, three, five, seven or nine, shall compose the jury, and a majority shall render a verdict in civil cases; two-thirds in criminal cases. A defendant in a case where he is charged with a capital crime, shall have any number of jurors not exceeding nine, at his option.

Record shall be kept of all proceedings in court, both by writing, and by phonograph; and upon appeal either party shall have the right to demand that the phonographic record shall be used. And the appellate and supreme court shall, upon demand of either party, pass as well upon matters of fact as matters of law; and may render final judgment thereon, or refer the case back for retrial in the court below.

The state shall have the same right of appeal as the defendant in criminal cases; but the result shall not reverse the verdict of acquittal by the jury.

Now, I ask candid examination of this subject. If it is crude—as it may well be, being entirely new—suggest amendments. But in the interest of a better system of adjudicature; in the interest of a long-suffering people, who are tired of "the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"; let us change our foolish, unjust, criminal, unsatisfactory and tyrannical system of administering the law.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

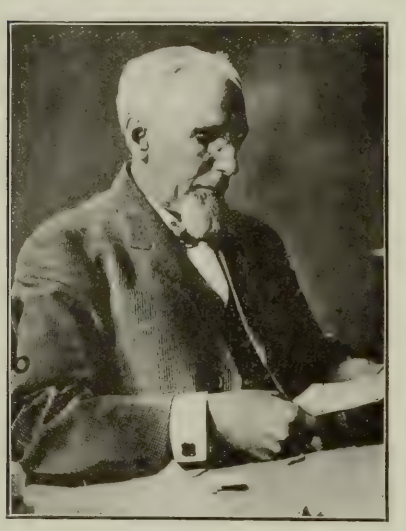
and he is the janitor." But "Jimmy" Gillis proved to be different from his predecessors; they were appointed as politicians and remained such; he was appointed as a politician and became a librarian. There is hardly a stranger story of politics in California than the way in which this arch politician reformed the Library and practically abolished politics from its purlieus. Naturally, he did not do it all at once, and he received some encouragement from the Governor and from the Board of Library Trustees; but the greater portion of the credit belongs to Gillis. He is a man of native ability, with a good turn for organization; he traveled and saw how other large libraries are conducted; he was ambitious and wanted to equal or outdo them; he had enough intelligence to see that to be at once a political machine and a library was impossible, and so he decided to sacrifice politics in order to make the State Library really a library. He has gone a long distance toward accomplishing it, and it is believed to be the only case of this sort on record; but he has lost his usefulness to Mr. Herrin, who has now selected another party leader and personal representative for Sacramento to take the place so long held by "Jimmy" Gillis.

Will They Make The Primary as Odious as Possible?

There are a few organization newspapers of the ranker sort which are beginning to talk about the repeal of the direct primary law by the next legislature, and it is possible that a scheme of this kind is really being considered by the higher-ups. That they conceded the primary law very reluctantly and only as a political necessity is known and if next year they should think that it had been so far discredited in popular estimation as to make its repeal a safe proceeding, they might decide to dispose of it summarily. It is hardly probable that events will play into their hands sufficiently to bring around a situation of this kind, though it is well to bear the possibility in mind and, at the same time, to keep an eye on what these newspaper organs of the machine are saying. That the machine finds itself a good deal at a loss to know how it is going to do politics with the old opportunities for trading votes in conventions taken away is very certain. The whole art of running a Republican State Convention for the benefit of the Southern Pacific consisted in capturing or buying a few delegates from the counties most thoroughly controlled and then using them on the trading basis to bring in all the other delegations which had local candidates. And the bureau always saw to it that the outside counties were well supplied with candidates. This game can not be played when nominations are made by direct primary, and it will be hard for the machine to find another game to take its place. A mobilized and plumped red light district vote re-enforced by

Carthy's followers would seem to be its only stock in trade.

We Pick This Man For the Winner This is Uncle George Alexander, the "Mayor Who Has Made Good" in Los Angeles and The Watchman will think ill of the city of the angels—will think that



Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles.

it is not inhabited by angels of the right kind—if Uncle George is not triumphantly elected on Tuesday next. Under the Los Angeles system of nomination the better element is not divided into two factions while the hosts of evil are solidified. It is a straight, square, stand-up fight they are having and more than this the reform forces have no right to demand. The returns will be watched for with interest for it is chiefly in the cities that the fight for good government must be made.

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President Rowell Is Getting Busy Chester H. Rowell, president of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, spent a little time in San Francisco and in Sacramento this week taking counsel as to the constitution of the State Executive Committee of the League. The committee is not made up yet but soon will be, and when it is it will be called together to prepare for the work in hand. It is likely that San Francisco may be treated as a special entity, as, indeed, the Oakland conference partly provided for, and the state handled as another entity. There will be things doing soon after the new year at the latest.

An "Organization" Convention Probable It is in the wind that the Republican "organization" will also hold a pre-primary convention for the purpose of presenting to Republican voters of California a state ticket. This will be a perfectly proper proceeding if they will hold such a convention frankly as an "organization" or conservative, or whatever they may call it (except Republican) convention. They may qualify the term "Republican" by any adjective they can think of, "Regular," "Herrin," "Whistle-Toot," or what not, but there must be something to designate those who affiliate with the "organization" as that kind of Republicans. If they do not employ such an adjective it will be the painful duty of the Lincoln-Roosevelters to devise one for them and if they do it will be one that will fit like the bark to a dog. And then may the Republican voters take their choice! With both wings of the party in the field with primary tickets to choose from if a good Republican state ticket does not result it will be a pity.

JUST FOR FUN.

"Had a great surprise to-day." "How was that?" "My son pointed out the famous football coach to me." "What surprised you in him?" "Why, it was a man. I always thought it was an ambulance."—Cleveland Ledger.

A Chinese scholar, asked to render an educational report on a certain American college, wrote to Peking: "They have an athletic club here, which they call a university. On the day when it rains, the students read books."—Albany Argus.

The St. Louis Republic has a story under the caption, "The Truth About the Chorus Girl." Not so loud!—Forth Worth Record. Which reminds us that in a recent discourse an eminent divine, in denouncing the wickedness of the world, declared hell to be peopled with chorus girls, automobiles and wine bottles when a weak voice from the back called out: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"—Houston Post.

Four old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club room. It was 5 a. m., and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice: "Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?" "Aye," says Donald, "I notice that; he's deead! He's been deead these four hours." "What? Deead! Why did ye no tell me?" "Ah, no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."—Tit-bits.

"Arthur Smith," said the teacher, impatiently, "what is it you are fidgeting with?" Although the lad colored up, he did not reply. The class "squealer," however, was ready, as usual, with full information. "It's a pin he's got," he said, triumphantly. "Take it away from him and bring it here," said the instructor. The offending pin was taken to her, and there was no more trouble from Arthur. Presently it was the youngster's turn to read, but instead of standing up as the other students had done he sat still and looked frightened. "Well, why don't you proceed with the reading?" exclaimed the teacher. "If you misbehave any more I shall make an example of you." "Please, teacher," stuttered little Arthur, "I can't stand up 'cause the pin you took keeps my pa-pants up."—Philadelphia Times.

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Thomas Jennings	Rudolph Spreckels
James K. Lynch	John W. Van Bergen
Walter S. Martin	Clinton E. Worden
J. K. Moffitt	George Whittell

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THE TRAIL OF THE MIRAGE

BY

ROBERT MANSOON

SUNRISE on the desert is an event of hideous magnificence. Over the terribly silent waste there spreads the gray, then yellow fore-radiance of the dawn. But with it come no accustomed sounds of daybreak, no song of birds, no waking of Nature from her night of sleep. And when the sun lifts his blazing eye above the distant rim of the horizon, his beams pierce the shadows, but not the sickening silence that pervades the region like the stillness of the tomb.

Soon the light, unchecked by any moisture in the sky, has heated the sands until they burn to the touch and to the eye seem one vast lake of molten, burnished gold, blazing with a fervor that palsies sight. All save one spot where heated earth seems to meet the heated air. There appears a pool of pleasant waters, grateful to the eye, delicious to the fancy, but in the light of knowledge as cruelly bitter as the spring of Marah. For the experienced traveler knows it is only the delusive mirage, the daylight will-o'-the-wisp, seductive, alluring, tempting him to waste his strength upon a fruitless errand that it may vanish like mocking Ariel into the spirit air and leave no trace behind. There in the distance its placid dream-waters lie in perfect view, a torment that only serves to remind him of water's value and the dearth of it around him. And when, by some mischance, it happens that his supply is scant, the vision brings to him a menacing threat of famine, then of the struggle, the swollen throat and speechless chords, the dizziness, the consuming fire, the end.

This was the vision a man and woman and their child now faced with that gasping courage born of a dreadful fear, Fernandez, the gold hunter, his wife, Carmelita, and the infant Rosa, standing terrified, lost in the midst of that trackless, treeless, vacuous wilderness of sand called the Mojave Desert. A rash attempt to cross it without guide had led them to this plight. Their cattle dead and left far behind them in the waste, their only water an earthen bottle swinging at Fernandez's belt.

Standing upon the summit of a sandy mound they met the growing dawn, straining their eyes in all directions to find some guiding clue that might direct their way. The same wide stretch of unmarked waste spread out before them that on the day before had baffled them. As husband and wife completed their search of the horizon they gazed into each other's eyes and read the mutual hopelessness of despair. The ravages of the sleepless night just past were plain upon both, and when, in mute acceptance of inexorable conditions, they started down the slope, the passing of their strength was very clear. The arrogant swagger of Fernandez's usual self-confident gait was painfully contrasted with his present slow movements. The child began to fret and Carmelita picked it up by a great effort and snuggled it close to her breast. Its mouth dropped open and it gasped for breath. She touched Fernandez on the shoulder and he turned to see her face, set in the big-eyed, wistful gaze of the mother who is suffering for her child.

"Water," she whispered hoarsely, "water for the little one."

Fernandez turned with what she construed as a look of fatherly pity, and whispered back:

"There is none."

"Last night—what has become of it?" She struggled against the death-knell word.

"We drank it all, all."

"O, my God, my God!" moaned the mother, "My little Rosa,oh, my God!"

Fernandez turned away his head to hide the look of guilt he knew his face betrayed.

"They will die, anyhow," he gasped inwardly. "Why should we all die? No. They would die anyhow."

On and on they trudged, hour after hour they dragged one weary step upon another, the sun rose higher, brighter, blazed more fiercely, till the air quivered and the whole plain before them seemed to be dancing a drunken reel. At length, beneath the awful heat, the mother sank upon the ground.

"Dead, dead, dead!" she moaned. "My God! My God!"

Fernandez looked and saw the infant's staring eyes set toward the pitiless heavens in the glaze of death. He kneeled beside the prostrate wife, and as he did so the water in the bottle at his side swished and gurgled. The womans' eyes flashed round to his, and from their glance he knew she knew his treachery. The timid woman in her fell before the outraged sense of motherhood, and with its fall there came the anger of a mighty wrath. She swung her haggard face full into his, and in the cracked, false notes of her choked voice, she cried:

"Murderer! Devil! May the curse of God blight you and may the legioned imps of hell tear your perjured soul forever for this baby's sake!"

She reached fiercely for the water bottle, too quick for Fernandez's preventing clutch, jerked it from his belt, and swinging it back, struck him full and square in the face with it, crushing him into a limp, unconscious heap. In her frantic rage she cursed the senseless lump at her feet.

"May you pray for water and the angels bring you brine!"

She uncorked the bottle and poured its little store upon the ground. As she did so, the fury of her passions seemed to consume her, her throat swelled, and she dropped beside her husband.

It was hours before Fernandez roused from the stupor of unconsciousness. He struggled to his feet, and there upon the ground before him lay his wife and baby, dead, and the uncorked bottle that had been his only hope. As he faced these awful reminders of his crime, the sense of his iniquity came full upon him, and smote him with the fear a murderer feels when his victim falls. Terror shook him, and he sped to put away from sight the ghastly accusers of his conscience.

As he turned to escape the spot, he raised his eyes and saw what mixed the emotions in his soul. A cloud of dust, the distant figures of men, horses, wagons, rescue, life! God in heaven, could it be true? He raised his thick voice to cry a hallelujah, but the figures on the ground beside him seemed to rise between him and the vision and the word choked in his throat.

He looked again, and then into his face there came the savage look of a man who has begun a fierce but unequal fight with death. The level sun was almost at his back as he dashed in the direction of his saviors. The first wild burst of speed quickly exhausted his little strength, and from thence on it was a slow, dragging struggle to cover ground. His progress through the heavy sand was frightfully slow. For what seemed hours to him, he strained along. He could not shout. He tried, but only raised a whisper. Nearer and nearer the goal of his salvation he drew, until all that lay between him and the path the travelers seemed to be making was a little hollow on the other side of which rose a gently sloping mound. He feared to go down into the intervening gully, for to lose sight of the caravan, even for an instant, filled his heart with sickening dread. But go he must.

As he emerged from it upon the rising slope, the sun was just upon the horizon line. He struggled on up, and dropped on the summit from utter exhaustion and from what he there beheld. The wagon-train had reached the base of the mound, as he was toiling up, and when he gained the top it had passed him by, and from its rear there floated back to him the words and laughter of the scattering men, joking each other about the night's ride ahead of them and what luck they might expect next day in Johannesburg.

Fernandez lifted up his voice to scream to them, but the sound would not come. Again and again he tried in an agony of despair—and failed. The travelers quickly disappeared. He turned his eyes toward the setting sun, and in its blood-red ball he saw the figure of dead Carmelita standing with dead Rosa in her arms, and all around the desert plain the flashing rays dripped blood upon the sand, and tinged his skin with blood, and then the sun dropped out of sight and he was in the desert all alone.

NOT ON THE STARVATION ROUTE.

It was James J. Hill who, not long ago, with tears in his voice and anguish in his heart, announced that the people of this nation have entered upon the starvation route inasmuch as they are raising less and less of food products in proportion to population. If Mr. Hill's prophetic eye was not dim at that time both the tears and the anguish were justifiable, but a report of the agricultural department at Washington casts discredit upon his eye. According to this report, we are raising food products, not in decreased, but in increased proportion to population. In arriving at this conclusion comparison is made between the four decades from 1866 to 1905 inclusive and also with the three years 1906-7-8. The increase of production in proportion to population is quite constant and very nearly unbroken. A comparison of the 1866-75 decade with the three years ending with 1908 will give a fair idea of it: In the early decade 6.2 bushels of wheat per head of population; in the latter three years, 7.9. Other comparisons for the same two periods follow: Corn 24.6, 31.8; oats 6.9, 9.8; barley .7, 1.9; rye .5, .4; potatoes 3, 3.4. There has been a decrease in the proportion of some kinds of live stock, but not sufficient to offset the increase in grains. On the whole, it appears to be possible that Mr. Hill may have been overworking his prophetic eye.

NEXT YEAR AT OBERAMMERGAU.

The chief performers for the 1910 production of the passion play at Oberammergau have been selected. Anton Lang will again take the part of Christus, Alfred Bierlind that of John, Andreas Lang will represent Peter, Ottilla Zwing will be Mary, Maria Mary, Mary Magdalene. Peter Rendl will represent Joseph of Arimathea; William Lang, Nicodemus; Gregory Breitsainter, Caiaphas; Sebastian Lang, Annas; Rupert Breitsamter, Nathaniel; Johann Zwink, Judas; Sebastian Bauer, Pilate; Hans Mayr, Herod. Gregory Lechner will recite the prologue and Wilhelm Rutz will represent the Chief Rabbi. The director of the Passion Play is Ludwig Lang.

SECRET OF LITERATURE.

Arthur Machen, writing in T. P.'s Weekly, London, describes the secret of literature as follows:

Literature is the expression of ecstasy; it is the discovery that nothing is common or unclean; it is the revelation of the latent magic and wonder which underlie all things; which, indeed, cause things to be! To the uninitiated and unenlightened eye life seems a pattern of dull and opaque surfaces; art beholds all things as shining translucent, marvelous.

UNABLE TO PROCEED.

"Our stenographer had to go home again after she arrived at the office today."

"What was the matter? Sick?"

"Nope."

"Sickness in the family?"

"Nope."

"What then?"

"She had forgotten her gum."

SHORT TALKS ON DOMESTIC SCIENCE

By MARY ROBINSON THOMAS.

A dietetic's duty and privilege of catering is very often an unenviable position, simply because, sick or well, stomachs are hard to please, for abnormal tastes are often found. Among the well and among the sick they predominate and must be guided into right channels. No mean judgment is needed by the attending physician and dictitian to settle whimsical notions. Careful feeding of properly prepared food hastens the recovery from the most insistent disease. Without antagonizing the medical profession and with due regard for their wonderful work, it is safe to say, if physicians gave as much thought to preventing as they have to curing diseases the country would need fewer hospitals and the land would abound in homes filled with happy, healthy people. If this is admitted, as all sensible people must admit it, a dietitian's place is a very important one, whether in a hospital, school or home. When recognized as the one responsible for the building up of human life, not only animal, but mental and moral life, who can be elevated to a higher standard than she? She can greatly aid in the weaving of a most beautiful and noble fabric. Can any of nature's gifts rival the glory of human life in perfect health, and how rarely it exists. Prenatal care undoubtedly gives the would-be skilled dietitian the proper entrance to her future career, as naturally she should be a living example of good health. Good health promotes an amiable disposition and these are the prime requisites for an ideal dietitian. Her brain will be alert and her education should be general and as broad as time and energy allow. Above all she must practice what she preaches and prove her theories if she would have followers and the benefited call her blessed. A general course in domestic science, a special course in dietetic lecture work and invalid cookery and a thorough knowledge of chemistry of foods are essentials, besides, at least, a high school education. It would be wise to take up kitchen architecture so that more real common sense would be revealed in its construction and that part of an institution or home could be shown with more pride and more comfort could be derived from it than from the more befurbelowed and almost obsolete parlor. A well-equipped diet kitchen should contain every modern sanitary convenience. The dietitian should be capable of planning such a kitchen or remodeling one, so that the work may be expeditiously and easily done. If a patient is kept surgically clean part of the time, why not all of the time for best results, and so, I plead for more and better diet kitchens throughout the country. Poisons always lurking about foods which are improperly housed and cared for, enter the system quite as readily by the mouth as by a wound and so a diet kitchen can not be too clean. Usually it is in the diet kitchen that nurses receive their first lessons in scrubbing. A dietitian's responsibilities are great, her hours are long and her patience should be never ending. For this she should receive sufficient remuneration; but now she is on a par with the head cook in the house kitchen whose work in comparison is but that of a machine.

All will agree that to become proficient in just one branch is a life's work, and physicians in the near future will be quite willing to leave the subject of diet entirely in the hands of a capable, painstaking dietitian providing the latter can be thoroughly acquainted with each disease and a daily report of each case made to her. Rarely is the true station of the dietitian recognized. Cook and dietitian are synonymous in many minds—now, a dietitian is a cook plus and a cook is a dietitian minus—that is, a dietitian knows the process and principle of cooking while a cook knows the process only.

(To be Continued.)

FEDERAL CORPORATION TAX.

A rising tide of discussion of the new corporation tax law is flowing through the trade papers and more serious magazines throughout the country, indicating the naturally large interest amongst business men regarding the act which will soon begin to affect all corporations.

The question of the constitutionality of the law is raised. Has the federal government the power to tax the operation of a corporation licensed by a state and transacting business wholly within that state? The excise tax on the manufacture of spirituous liquors and tobacco products is the precedent most obviously apt in reply. It is probable, furthermore, that the law will be tested in the courts of last resort before the business men of the country will be fully satisfied as to its binding qualities. Few corporations, however, are likely to neglect to make the required return to the collector of internal revenue, in the face of the penalties involved in such neglect.

The greatest apprehension felt by corporations generally is with regard to the so-called "inquisitorial" power vested in the revenue service, enabling it to examine the books of any corporation upon reasonable suspicion of fraud in the returns, and empowering the president to make public its findings in his discretion.

The origin of this clause is easily discerned. State laws for the regulation of corporations have notoriously failed because the interstate character of the larger concerns has enabled them to juggle assets and to appeal to public sympathy on the ground of harassing inequalities of legislation in the different states. State taxation of corporations has been equally inadequate. The public demand that the larger corporations obey the laws and pay their taxes has led to a demand for a governmental power of equal territorial scope and greater resources of authority to enforce the people's will. Hence the corporation tax and the investigation and publicity clauses.

The tax is defended upon the ground that it leaves to the states the taxation of the local, physical property of corporations, and confers jurisdiction upon the federal government to tax only the more elusive and fluid assets and the intangible assets that have hitherto escaped and seemed likely always to escape state taxation.

The tax is defended economically because it does not tax capital while it is at work, but only taxes the fruits of capital after it has been used; and furthermore, taxes only the net amount of those fruits, not their gross amount.

From these major considerations the discussion branches into endless inquiries and objections regarding minor details of the law. One incidental, practical phase is of interest. The collector of internal revenue in San Francisco finds the greatest difficulty in locating many corporations which have registered a particular locality as their "principal place of business," while actually operating mainly elsewhere. Some of these corporations are practically defunct, others are only a vague memory. Undoubtedly a valuable result of the operation of the law will be to clear up the physical and legal status of many corporations.

THOSE LONDON ADDRESSES.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun has at last elucidated for American readers the meaning of the mysterious initials that must follow all London addresses, as follows:

"There are only certain parts of London in which one can live and be recognized. It is divided into districts, the most important of which bears the address London, W.

"The next district in importance is S. W. (Southwest). This includes Chelsea, where the artists congregate, and South Kensington, where upper middle class fashionable folks live.

"N. W. (Northwest) includes Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Belsize Park (one of the prettiest and healthiest parts of London), where wealthy city men reside, and the many large residences there can boast beautiful gardens and lawns, such as are unobtainable in any other part of London.

"The next district, and one of the most closely populated, is W. C. (West Central). It is a world of boarding houses, and being the most convenient part of London for railway stations, places of amusement and sightseeing generally it is peopled with the most cosmopolitan set to be found anywhere in the world."

MEMENTOES OF DICKENS.

A large collection of Dickens' mementoes were recently exhibited in London, says the New York Sun. They were exhibited by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickens at a bazaar to assist the Charitable and Needlework Guild. Mrs. F. H. Dickens, Mrs. Kate Perugini, the novelist's daughter; Miss Georgina Hogarth, his sister-in-law, and some of his granddaughters were at different stalls.

The novelist's court suit, still in excellent condition, was shown, together with a table where most of his writing was done in the late '50s, the manuscripts of "The Cricket on the Hearth" and two big quaint early Victorian chairs from the Dickens home at Furnival's Inn.

Dickens' walking stick, his key basket, two medicine chests which he took with him on his travels, the shorthand notes which he used in teaching his sixth son, and china and glass which belonged to him were to be seen by admirers of the novelist. A feature of the collection was the copy Queen Victoria gave the great writer of her book "Our Life in the Highlands." It is said that she told him it was "from the humblest beginner to the greatest master." The book has an inscription written by the Queen on the flyleaf.

"ALL RIGHT HERE."

By Robert J. Burdette.

Waits the long train in the station lights,
Steadily shine the stars o'erhead;
A sword of flame, the headlight smites
The rails of steel into silver thread;
The platform is cleared by the "All aboard!"
Stationmen loiter a space to hear
The brakeman echo the parting word—
From step to step—sharp—positive—clear—
"Right!"
"All right!"
"All right here!"

Black clouds blot out the star-shine fair,
The train roars into the driving rain;
Lightnings darken the headlight's glare,
Whirlwinds grapple the bridge amain;
Gorges foam with the torrent's wrath,
Mountains tremble with rage and fear;
One minute a signal bars the path—
Then into the storm with the cry of cheer—
"Right!"
"All right!"
"All right here!"

Day coach and smoker—mail and express—
That challenge rings through the starting train:
Back in the Pullman's coziness
The sleepers hear it—and sleep again.
Let the storm rage! The day will beam!
Vigilance watches by rail and wheel;
Duty and courage, and steel and steam,
Blend in the brakeman's cheery peal—
"Right!"
"All right!"
"All right here!"

Swings the old world through the wrong and the right,
Storms of December and sweetness of June;
Terror of darkness and gladness of light,
Wrack of the tempest and calm of the moon;
Here, where our hearth fire tenderly gleams,
There, by the farther star, steady and clear,
The mighty One smiles at our terrors and dreams.
Hailing the days of each oncoming year—
"Right!"
"All right!"
"All right here!"

PERSONALIA

Pupin, who is the inventor of the wireless telephone, worked his way through Columbia College. He is said to have received $800,000 for his invention.

Miss Alice Fischer traveled all the way from New York to Cheyenne, Wyo., to cast her vote in the recent elections. The trip cost in the neighborhood of $200.

In a speech lately President Fallieres of France expressed the intentionally guarded but noteworthy hope that he would live to see "equality realized between the sexes."

The town marshal of Crete, Neb., recently inserted this brief card in the newspapers of several nearby towns: "Wanted—Seventeen hoboes for stone crushing. None but bona fide hoboes need apply." Not a "bo" has been seen in Crete since the ad. appeared.

The ex-court painter of the ex-Sultan of Turkey is an Italian, one Fausto Zonaro. He claims $45,000 for having immortalized on canvas several feats of the Turkish army, claiming that his services were worth five times those of the Sultan's bandmaster, who got $9,000.

One man, Maximilian Morgenthau, now possesses by purchase the entire modern town of Woodmere, L. I., having paid about $3,000,000 for its 400 acres and all the property of the land association which built it. It is on the Long Island railroad between Jamaica bay and Woodmere bay.

Mrs. Ada Smith Lang was recently nominated by the Socialist party for the Maryland Legislature, but was declared ineligible by the Board of Supervisors, who refused to put her name on the ballot. Judge Stockton ruled that the board had not the power to decide the case, the House of Delegates being the sole judge of the eligibility of its members, and he held that Mrs. Lang's name must be put on the ballot.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, the successor to Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate in Brooklyn, says that "women are getting most of the education of today, and before long, if the men continue to go into business and get their recreation in the evening with a little ball driven about over a table with a cue, while the women follow intellectual pursuits, the latter will be the only educated persons in the country."

Mrs. Philip Snowden of London, who has just arrived in this country to give her aid for the second time to the equal suffrage agitators, declares that she has no faith in the militant methods of the English suffragettes. "The weakness of the militants," declared Mrs. Snowden, "lies in the fact that the majority of English women are not behind the suffrage movement. That is why I believe in a campaign of education."

The Toronto Globe notes the passing of a great writer from active work: "Nothing in Mr. Goldwin Smith's long and distinguished career as a journalist became him better than the manner of his retirement from his favorite avocation. He penned no farewell message to his fellow journalists; they needed none. There is only the simple announcement in the Toronto Weekly Sun that 'old age requires him to retire,' and the equally curt intimation that therefore anonymous articles are no longer to be ascribed to him."

These are some of the mementoes that President Taft brought back to Washington from his tour of the states: A Navajo blanket, a saddle from Gregory, Tex.; gold nuggets of California; Indian pottery from Arizona; a burnt wood picture of himself; oil paintings of historic scenes and of the St. Louis harbor; copper trinkets from Butte; golf clubs from California and Texas; a gold bell that was used in the ceremony of turning on the water of the Gunnison irrigation tunnel; badges from everywhere, and keys of a score of cities.

SHEAR WIT

Uncle Ezra says: "They's two kinds uv people in the world, them you know the day 'fore 'lection, an' them ez don't know you the day arter."—Boston Herald.

"Oh, no," said the impecunious author, "I don't mind my poor, bare garret. Homer, you know, wrote his masterpieces up under the roof." "Where's your authority for that?" "He certainly wrote them in the Attic."—Boston Transcript.

"Please, Mr. Bishop, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, certainly, sir," replied the Bishop, good naturedly, as he fumbled the folds of his official robes. "It's about them," said the boy, eyeing the Bishop's robes. "Is they all you have on, or has you pants under 'em?"—Philadelphia Times.

Adlai E. Stevenson in his book of reminiscences writes: "Seldom have more significant words been uttered than those of John Randolph of Roanoke when told that a certain man had been denouncing him. "Denouncing me?" replied Randolph with astonishment. 'That is strange: I never did him a favor!'"

A certain member of the staff of the Illustrated London News was a man who was distinctly uncleanly in his habits. The editor once remarked to Douglas Jerrold that he could not imagine why the man's hands were so dirty. "I can't say," replied Jerrold, "unless it is that he has a habit of rubbing them over his face."

"I suppose you will soon be looking forward to the coming of Santa Claus," said the old-fashioned man. "No," answered the painfully precocious child. "It's too early to begin to figure. They kept me on my good behavior for ten weeks last year, and all I got was a suit of clothes that was coming to me anyhow."—Washington Star.

One policeman stood on the corner of Blank avenue and Dash street last night. To him appeared a flustered Scotchman, speaking these words: "Are ye a police officer? Then listen! My good wife runs a boarding house i' th' next square. We have sixteen boarders and I keep a dog. I give y' me word that of a Saturday nicht, th' dog is th' most respectable o' th' lot. Wad ye mind keepin' yer eye on us?"—Cleveland Leader.

A member of the Civic Club, which is a most worthy organization, was riding in a Thirteenth street car the other evening when a brute of a man expectorated on the floor. Thereupon the Civic Club member arose and walked back to the conductor to protest, saying: "Do you permit spitting in this car?" The conductor tipped his hat and said: "Not generally, ma'am; but if you want to spit go ahead. I'll not object in a case of emergency."—Philadelphia Times.

A young couple of Liberty were walking past a dry goods store when the wife stopped to admire some of the dresses. After a moment she returned to where she had left her husband, and, grasping an arm, complained: "You never want to stop and look at anything that interests me. You don't care for me any more. You haven't kissed me for three weeks." "It's not my fault, but my misfortune," replied the man, politely. It was not her husband.—Kansas City Star.

A Brooklyn reader of the New York Times asks this pertinent question about spirit-rapping: "What I wish to know is—why always tables? I refer to Mme Paladino's friends, the spirits, of course. They seem to have so little originality; fifty years ago they thumped on tables and lifted them up, and today this is the only article of furniture they care to recognize. Yet there are others quite as appealing to the imagination. It would make a variety at least to slam the door, pull out the bureau drawers, unlock the bookcase, or make a chair give you its paw. But no; always the table. Can you throw any light on the subject?"

("Little Talks"—Concluded.)

restriction of this kind would be constitutional.

Los Angeles [illegible]

The foregoing suggestion, offered by the District Attorney of Los Angeles, seems to show that the difficulties in the way of compulsory voting are not insurmountable. The compulsion will not have to depend upon severity for its efficacy, but rather upon its automatic certainty. It should be self-acting. The non-voters should be compelled to show cause why their names should not be stricken from the Great Register and that cause, set forth on oath, should be sufficient to warrant a court, or board of election commissioners, in restoring the name to the voting list. If the cause be held insufficient then the voter might be deprived of the suffrage for a term of years and public record made of the facts, a record of which no man would be warranted in feeling proud. The problem can be worked out and if such men as District Attorney Fredericks will address themselves to it and prepare the needful legislation for it, California may easily lead off in one of the most important political reforms of our time. Why not form a Compulsory Voter's League to get together and work the problem out and then work it up? Who will join it? The California Weekly will undertake the enrollment of names and needful correspondence.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No..... Dept.....

PETITION.

Now comes THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California, and established, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, by A. J. PILLSBURY, its editor and manager, and sets forth the following facts, and avers, to-wit:

That the said newspaper is, and for upwards of one year next preceding the making and filing of this petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year preceding the date of this petition;

That said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes.

Wherefore petitioner prays that upon due notice and proceedings had for that purpose, the court will render a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing the standing of petitioner, the said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. PILLSBURY,
Its Editor and Manager.

W. H. PAYSON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

A. J. PILLSBURY, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the manager and editor of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioning newspaper in the above entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition, and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as therein stated on information or belief, and as to those matters, he believes it to be true.

A. J. PILLSBURY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1909.

[Seal.] A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept.....

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on to-wit, the 17th day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioner named in the above entitled action, intends to apply to the said court, Department No. 12, in the Grant Building, in said city and county, for the order, decision and judgment mentioned in Section 4462 of the Political Code of the State of California, ascertaining and establishing its standing as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of said Political Code.

Dated November 23, 1909.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. Pillsbury, its Manager and Editor.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State's Miscellaneous Revenues.

After that early period during which the state raised its revenues largely by license taxes, stamp taxes and similar devices, there came a long series of years when nearly all the money it collected came from the ad valorem property tax. The latter is still the main source of receipts into the treasury, but the other sources, in the aggregate, almost equal in importance the property tax.

A dozen years ago, when the net revenues of California totaled about $7,000,000, the property tax produced three-quarters of that amount. Today, with revenues of between fifteen and sixteen millions, the proportion derived from property tax is not much over one-half of the whole.

The poll tax, which aids in supporting the common schools, produces upward of six hundred thousand dollars a year; the inheritance tax runs from seven hundred to nine hundred thousand; the corporation license tax brings in about six hundred and fifty thousand; office fees of the Secretary of State produce two hundred thousand; insurance taxes are good for three hundred thousand; sales of State lands usually run over a hundred thousand; sales of school books to a hundred and fifty thousand; the proceeds of prison industries amount to three hundred thousand; interest on bond investments to two or three hundred thousand; interest on deposits of State moneys in the banks (the newest of the State's sources of revenue) can be counted on for seventy-five thousand dollars or more; and besides these there are a great variety of receipts which amount to a large sum in the aggregate.

The largest of all of the State's various sorts of earnings has not been mentioned—the receipts from rent of wharves and other collections by the State Harbor Commission of San Francisco, which have increased to about a million and a quarter of dollars per year. These latter receipts, however, never go into the general expenditures of the state government, all above costs of maintenance being put into improvements on the San Francisco water front.

Indeed, a considerable portion of all the miscellaneous, or as we may call them, indirect, revenues of the State do not go into the State's general fund, but into special funds and are disbursed for special purposes. For example, the six State hospitals all collect more or less money for board of patients, etc., the least amount for any one hospital being about $10,000, and from this up to nearly $40,000 per year for the largest hospital. Each hospital has what is known as a contingent fund, in which its receipts are deposited, and they are not used for any other purpose than the benefit of that particular hospital; ordinarily the contingent funds are not drawn upon for support or salaries, but for buildings and other improvements.

So, too, the Fish and Game Commission receives the benefit of all of its collections from sales of hunting licenses and fish licenses, fines for violation of the game laws, etc.; the hunting license, which is a new thing, produces over a hundred thousand dollars a year.

While these collections, which go into special funds, do not serve directly to lessen the amount of money collected by taxation for the general fund, they do so indirectly, because otherwise more money for these various institutions and boards would have to be appropriated, and that would mean more taxes to be levied.

Until recently miscellaneous sources of revenue have been neglected in State finance, the feeling prevailing that the ad valorem property tax was the only important, or only proper, source of income for the State. But with the great increase which has taken place in expenditures, the tax rate would now be very high but for the inheritance tax, corporation tax, insurance tax and other revenue producers. Still further development of the indirect taxes, and of institution earnings, is possible and will be secured in future if a thrifty policy shall prevail in state finance.

Kaiser's Palace Nearing Completion.

The Kaiser's new palace, which is being constructed at Posen, and which, of course, is but one of the several which he occupies at various times, is nearing completion. How magnificently regal in all of its features it will be is sufficiently indicated by its cost, which will be somewhere between $5,000,000 and $7,000,000. It is announced that the monarch will spend but a few days of each year in this palace. In the meantime, as announced in this paper last week, 36,000 little children of the Kaiser's realm habitually go breakfastless to school because there is no food in their homes. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my little ones."

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This Week: "THE MODERN LABOR UNION."

—By Charles R. Brown.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 10 : 09 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Commutation of Saloon Sentence.

THERE ARE CONDITIONS under which a calamity may become a godsend, as when one under sentence to death has that sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. It is so with the saloon men of Fresno. Their business was under a death sentence. That sentence was commuted by Mayor Rowell into a life job of being good which, to that interest, is equivalent to durance vile. Fresno has taken a step forward after having taken two steps backward. Perhaps that is as far forward as Fresno can be counted on to stay put. Our liquor creed is this: Liquor is going to be sold. It is better that it should be sold under the law than outside it. The best places to sell it are in restaurants with meals and in liquor stores, not to be drunk on the premises. Fresno set that model before the state, but has substituted for it a model saloon license system. The gain over what was aforetime is great. The loss over what we had hoped for is considerable, but, gains and losses offset against each other, Fresno still heads the license cities of California and deserves commendation from all who stand for Right Things. However, we expect the saloons of Fresno to behave so badly that they will all have to have their heads chopped off yet.

Morse Gets It.

CHARLES W. MORSE IS OFF for prison. He is a nice man. Everybody who knows him likes him, and Uncle Sam has been implored by the very elect of New York to let up on him and dismiss him with a reprimand. To be sure he cinched the poor of New York on their ice bills, with the result that babies by the hundred found their way into free graves and sick folks suffered in hot tenement houses for a cup of cool water, but, then, that was business and a nice man may do business without regard to consequences so he does it according to the rules. Morse set a string of banks on end, like so many bricks, with the result that when one went down the whole row went, too, but that also was business not inconsistent with being a nice man. But he broke the rules of banking, and must go to prison for fifteen years for the least among the offenses he has committed against the well-being of society. Verily the law is a blunt instrument.

The Score Made at Los Angeles.

IT WILL BE HARD TO OVERESTIMATE the good effects likely to result from the victory of the good government forces over the party programmers in Los Angeles. The object lesson should not be lost on San Francisco. The essential difference between the elections held here and there was that, here, the forces that stood for Right Things were divided and disheartened. There they were unified and encouraged. Party politics has no place in municipal affairs. Congratulations to Los Angeles for having eliminated that unwholesome feature from its civic life! Especially gratifying, too, is the fact that the old school board was re-elected. So far as influence is concerned, Harrison Gray Otis appears to have joined the down-and-out club. He should have been a charter member.

The Yees and Yicks.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ALTRUISM the vendatta now raging about the bay between the gentle, brown Yees and the almond-eyed Yicks is to be regretted. That method of establishing justice is of the old dispensation, when only an eye was a proper recompense for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, but on the score of efficiency the system leaves little to be desired. It is prompt. It causes the whole Chinese population to sit up and take notice, whereas our American efforts to redress wrong are attended with apathy. Incidentally the vendetta system reduces our population of undesirables.

The White Slaves of the Sea.

THE GETTING TOGETHER of the shipping interests of the world, for the apparent purpose of preventing the upward tendencies of sea-faring men, may well challenge the attention of those interested in the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine. A chief cause of the degradation of our marine has been the degradation of the sailors of other nations. In their low estate has been found a coign of vantage in competing with American-manned ships. How would it do to subsidize American seamen as well as, or instead of, American ship owners?

The Crocker Cancer Fund.

IT OUGHT NOT TO BE NECESSARY for research work, in any field of vital endeavor, to have to wait on bequests for the means for probing nature to the depths, but those who have more millions than can be taken with them when they cross the bar can do no better thing than to finance scientific researches into the secrets of nature's malignant moods. But why was it necessary for Mr. George Crocker to wait until he had himself died of cancer before setting his wealth to work in this good cause? When one gives only what he cannot keep the quality of philanthropy is lacking.

Congratulations to Virgilia.

MISS VIRGILIA BOGUE must have been born under a fortunate star. She not only carried off the honors of the Portola festival at San Francisco, but she captured one of those things that many an American heiress has chased all over Europe after, a scion of nobility. And she has been doubly fortunate in the fact that her catch has the merit, perhaps unequaled in his class, of having made a first-class motorman. Of such a husband there is something to hope even though he comes from a long line of titled ancestors. Again, congratulations to Virgilia.

Charles M. Hays.

THERE WAS A RAILROAD MAN of whom much was to be hoped! His stay in California was short and his Pacific Coast end inglorious. He started off by trying to take the Southern Pacific company out of politics when it did not want to be "took," with the result that he took himself out of California and out of the employ of the Southern Pacific company. Charles M. Hays has just been elected president of the Grand Trunk. California's loss was Canada's gain.

Get Out the Dead Wood.

THERE IS NO QUESTION that civic pensions are coming. The departmental offices at Washington, and elsewhere, must somehow be relieved of their human dead wood. The type of mind that seeks a safe retreat in the public service is not buoyant. It is unlikely to make adequate provision for old age, and the conscience of the nation will never stand for throwing its possessor out into the street when he becomes inefficient. The public service is always dead enough at its liveliest, and unless that service can be relieved of its ancients more rapidly than nature relieves it the government at Washington will mark time.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE PEOPLE.

The strong points in the President's message were left out. Perhaps it is good policy for him to single-shot them at Congress and people later on. Neither the public nor the congressional mind can concern itself with more than one thing at a time and, with regard to a broader conservation policy, waterway development and anti-trust issues, if the President has plans matured for constructive legislation, it may be wise not to mix them up with a general survey of the state of the nation.

The message, aside from what isn't in it, is unobjectionable. It is sound, safe, sane, conservative, judicial, comprehensive, reassuring. It appeals to the mentalities of men rather than to their imaginations. It will not fire the heart or set the temples throbbing. Unless his special messages shall prove otherwise, the President is giving us a rest.

His declarations concerning Nicaragua squint at a positive policy too long delayed. His assertion of our special position with reference to the Central American zone has large possibilities in it, if Congress shall be like minded, and his reference to our moral obligations to Central America and to civilization may be made to cover any readjustments Congress sees fit to undertake in Nicaragua, Honduras or elsewhere in that zone.

The President is not wholly happy either in his accounting for some of the ills we bear or in the remedies proposed for their removal. His reference to the $63,000,000 subsidy paid to the periodicals published in this country, through the maintenance of inadequate postage rates, is a case in point. That subsidy is paid to the railroads which transport the mails and receive eight times what they receive from the express companies for the performance of an essentially similar service. Put carrying the mails on a parity with carrying expressage, as to transportation cost, and there will be no postal deficiency to be complained of.

The President's explanation of the rise in the cost of living is likewise inadequate. It is true that the depreciation of gold is causing an appreciation of the price level the world over, but that does not disprove the efficacy of The Cinch in artificially raising the cost of living still higher by virtue of a tariff wall higher than it ought to be. The consumers of America are victims of the dual tragedy of the depreciation of gold and the unbroken power of monopolies to practice extortion.

The President is right in affirming that the tariff schedules should not be revised except upon exact knowledge of the cost of production at home and abroad, but his tariff board, with only $75,000 a year at its disposal, will be unable during his term of offiee to explore the markets of the world and gain the information requisite. That board should be given an unlimited credit and scores of expert helpers at home and abroad. The President is sending a boy to mill.

The message lacks vitality. It does not ring. It is not surcharged with purpose. It is an interesting and instructive commentary on things in general, but it does not speak to the American people that they go forward. Perchance the special messages to come may have more of dynamic power in them. We so hope.

AN INADEQUATE PREPARATION.

Mr. Abraham Ruef, chastened if not humbled, proposes to devote the rest of his life to prison reform and to the reformation of our penal jurisprudence. The intent is laudable. Great iniquities are perpetrated in the name of justice and our jails and prisons are relics of barbarism.

But has Mr. Ruef's apprenticeship been adequate to entitle him to a diploma as an expert prison reformer? He has spent some months in the common jail of the city and county of San Francisco. While there he has had opportunity to see something of the grist turned into the pen by the inferior courts of this city, courts made more inferior than they otherwise would have been through the pernicious political activity of Ruef himself, and that of his fellow conspirators against the peace and dignity of the state of California. When low courts are filled with low men, in order to cultivate reciprocity between the criminal poor and the criminal rich, the finality cannot be less than shocking.

It should not be forgotten that Mr. Ruef has not been in prison. He has not even had the opportunity, which so much effort has been expended in striving to afford him, of taking a grammar course, so to speak, at the seaside resort known as San Quentin, where Mr. Griffith Griffiths had a not unprofitable sojourn of a scanty two years as a partial recompense for having unsuccessfully undertaken to murder his wife. Even that experience was inadequate, inasmuch as San Quentin is not in any proper sense a prison. A few years at Folsom would have been more to Mr. Ruef's purpose. It is something like a real prison. It is to be regretted that Mr. Ruef's opportunities for equipping himself for prison reform work have been so inadequate.

How much more to the purpose it would be, too, if Mr. Ruef's praiseworthy efforts to temper the law to the crushed spirit could be seconded by some dozen or more persons of high capacity who, until recently, seemed likely to be able to judge of prison life from an interior view! There is no estimating what men of such splendid abilities might have accomplished for the amelioration of the condition of their brethren in crime if California could have succeeded in matriculating them in her institutional life. They would have found many in stripes much more worthy of sympathy and forgivenness than they themselves are or are ever likely to become.

In our abhorrence of the evil effects of prison life upon character, some of the mellowing effects of bolts and bars may have been overlooked. Mr. William Bradbury is reported to have experienced religion during his brief incarceration and to have suffered the softening of his granite personality. This was well worth the effort the state made on his behalf.

The jails and prisons of California have, without doubt, been a disgrace to California, and this unfortunate condition has largely come about through the mistaken policy of sending only low-type criminals to prison while leaving the high-type criminals, criminals of intellectual discernment and aesthetic tastes, to peep through the bars only from the outside. If California can contrive somehow to send her first class criminals to prison, the state will soon have first class prisons. The character of the patronage will determine the quality of the accommodations. Not least among disappointments attendant upon the result of the graft prosecutions is that what at one time gave promise of doing so much for the prisons of California now seems likely to do so little.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

MR. HENEY RESIGNEDLY RESIGNS.

In October, 1906, Mr. Robert Duke, a deputy district attorney in the office of William H. Langdon, resigned his office, and Mr. Francis J. Heney was appointed to fill the place. The warrants for the salary of Mr. Heney, as such deputy, were regularly issued to him and he as regularly endorsed them to Mr. Robert Duke, who drew the money and appropriated it to his own benefit from that day to this, the while serving the graft prosecutions as necessity required in the police courts of this city.

Mr. Heney has served the public for more than three years without one dollar of compensation for himself from either public or private sources. The inability of the public mind to grasp the significance of this service, the tendency to feel that somehow it cannot be true, testifies to the rarity of unselfishness in championing great public causes.

For it was a great cause to which Messrs. Heney and Spreckels gave their services, their means, their time and thought—the equal establishment of justice. Without it government becomes a mockery and the degradation of the citizenry is only a question of time. No nation arose, and by and by passed away, whose history runs not to that effect.

Mr. Heney is an exceptional character. The standards by which other men are judged somehow do not fit his case. His methods are his own and his habits of mind and speech are his own as certainly as his physiognomy. It is not the prerogative of this paper to judge Mr. Heney further than to say that he has made a great fight, the greatest fight of the kind in a century of American history, and the fame of it will last as long, anyhow, as the taint of perfidy will attach to the reputations of those whom he has convicted at the bar of public opinion, although he has failed to convict them at the bar of justice. That will be long enough to satisfy any desire for fame he may have the weakness to entertain.

Mr. Heney's three years' service as a volunteer in the cause of justice has not resulted in failure. It has not achieved all that was hoped for from it, but it has not failed. It has served to let the light into dark places in our municipal and national life. It has proven to the world that the big scoundrel and the little scoundrel differ only in degree, not in kind; and it has shown how inadequate American jurisprudence is for reaching and punishing crimes of organized greed. He, as no one else, has put it up to us to put our temple of justice in order, and it will be done. He has made grafting odious and not all the brazen bluffing of the socially select or the financially powerful can bring back to men involved their lost reputations. Not all the lime of Santa Cruz can brew whitewash enough to cover their tarnished reputations.

Mr. Heney fought as long as there was a fighting chance and when there was not he resignedly resigned. He will prove to be an epoch-marking man.

The Public Welfare Fund.

The movement toward centralizing, and cooperatively financing, movements for social and political betterment in this city is a movement in the right direction. It is to the political health of the city what the Associated Charities is to true philanthropy—an orderly way of doing things in place of a haphazard

method not unlikely to do as much evil as good.

It is not good to have a multiplicity of organizations aiming at essentially similar ends. At the bottom of many of them will be found one or more sponge-like absorbents of the generosity of the multitude. Efforts will be misapplied or efficiency sacrificed in the necessity of securing the sinews of modern political and social warfare.

As stated in these columns last week, so we reiterate it here, the success of the Public Welfare Fund will be dependent upon the character of the men who are to handle that fund. On the board of eleven trustees there should not be one weak, one unknown, or one questionable name. That board will have to say "no" many times to where it can say "yes" once and any wavering, uncertain, injudicious personalities in that trusteeship may easily prove the undoing of the whole movement. There are so many men of resolution, sound judgment and familiarity with public affairs in San Francisco that no mistake need be made.

To Make Majority Rule Effective.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has been organized for the purpose of gathering into an effective working body the majority of the Republicans of California, which majority has long been ineffective through lack of organization.—Extract from platform adopted at Oakland November 22, 1909.

There never has been a time when an overwhelming majority of the Republicans of California would not have been opposed to the domination of their party by the Southern Pacific company and allied interests, had such majority been alive to the fact of domination. That has been a chief difficulty in the way of party emancipation. So adroitly are the wires of control worked that only those near the heart of things are aware of what goes on behind the scenes. Nevertheless it is a fact, and for many years has been, that the Republican political machine has been the private property of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company. That was and is a shame and a disgrace. It is time to put an end to it.

The power which may be acquired through the domination of a successful political party can scarcely be overestimated. The cost of it to a great railroad system is nothing to be compared with the advantages to be gained and the obligations to be shirked. Such control has both a monetary and a strategic value, and that is why railroads do not go out of politics unless kicked out and barred out. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League cherishes the hope of being able to perform that dual service for the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau.

For twenty years California has been governed by not exceeding twenty men, and these twenty men have either been on the payroll of the Southern Pacific company or have been kept feeding at the public crib as a reward for their subservient services. They have lain awake nights thinking how to thwart the public will and their efforts have been successful.

It is estimated that the state patronage now amounts to a round million dollars a year and with Herrin, Hatton, Burke and Parker as dispensers of that patronage the treasury of the Southern Pacific is greatly relieved of the cost of maintaining political supremacy within the Republican party. It is to that entrenched force that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has dared to offer battle, and it does it with an empty treasury, no hired mercenaries and no leaders who can set aside their daily vocations that they may give themselves wholly to the service of their cause.

On the face of it the contest would appear to be hopeless, and hopeless it would be were it not that a majority of the party wants to be free and independent of corporate control. All the league lacks of making a winning fight before the people is the proper organization of the people, and to that task it will address its best efforts. In this work it needs the help of all good citizens.

The Square-Deal Yardstick.

Harris Weinstock, in his paper on labor conditions read before the Commonwealth Club, affirmed that the square deal is the yardstick by which the rights of labor and of capital are to be measured and, in effect, that public sentiment is to do the measuring. If this be true then public sentiment must be put in possession of all the facts in each case and some good means must be found for performing that service. Statements given to the press from neither side are to be trusted.

If public sentiment is to act as arbiter in labor disputes the public must not alone be in possession of the essential facts but it must also have a clear concept of what constitutes right and what wrong in the relations which labor and capital sustain toward each other and, as certainly, the relations which union laborers and non-union should sustain to each other. The whole controversy must be so interpreted to the public that when the public assumes to judge it may judge a righteous judgment.

This is a service which Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland, has undertaken to perform, in the pulpit, on the rostrum, in the council halls of labor and through the columns of The California Weekly. We commend his series of articles to our brethren of the press with full leave to republish as widely as they wish. A more frank and sympathetic treatment of the issue will not be found anywhere in the literature of our time.

The old order changeth. It is hard for an autocrat to yield any part of his autocracy, and the employer has hitherto been an autocrat. He has hired whom he would, upon such terms as suited himself, discharged when he cared to for any cause or for no cause and, within his sphere of influence, whether narrow or broad, has been monarch of all that he surveyed. He will be such no longer.

On the other hand every new found liberty is abused. When the negroes were emancipated they made themselves insufferable. When immigrants come to us from the autocratic governments of Europe they become offensively self assertive. When the labor unions found themselves in a position to dictate terms to their employers they did it from high horses and with an austerity of manner seldom exceeded by their former masters, as the employers for centuries had been accepted as being.

The new order changeth, too. The application of the square-deal yardstick to the relations between labor and capital presupposes equality of status in the contracting parties. Equal before the law, and in public estimation, representatives of capital sit down with representatives of labor to arrange the details of a partnership that shall be fair to both sides and not unfair to the consuming masses, for the public interest is involved in every such contract and the rights of the public are no more to be lost sight of than the rights of employers and employes.

Whatever makes for a better and clearer all-around understanding between employer, employee and the consuming and arbitrating public makes for industrial peace and to that end The California Weekly will ever strive.

The California Weekly takes pleasure in announcing the publication next week of an able and stimulating article, by Mr. William Kent, on "Privilege and Interference." A brief notice of this article appears elsewhere in these pages.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

There is in this world one universal object of affection, Mother Nature. Everybody loves her, or professes to, some with an intelligent interest, with a discriminating discernment, with a painstaking particularity; but, in most cases, that love is manifested at a gulp, as a thirsty ditch-digger might toss off a schooner of beer. With most of us the things that creep, that bloom in obscure places, belong to the unseen world and are as if they were not, unless they bite, which some of them sometimes do, and so make their presence known. Those without the microscopic sense see nature only in the large, in the sweep of landscape, in the purple lights that lie along the horizon, the storm that tumbles through the air, but however we make shift to see nature, we all of us, to the last man and woman, testify that we love her.

Do we really? Is not the greater part of our pretended love mere repetition of platitudes we have heard repeated all the way up from childhood? How much of our time do we lavish upon this object of our affections? How long since the reader of this really looked upon a landscape and drank it in? How long since he really looked into the eyes of the stars? How many can tell whether last night was star-lit or not? When did the reader last look upon a tree silhouetted against the horizon? If we really loved nature would we not, naturally enough, set apart some portion of each day to manifesting some proof of our affection?

And what real claim has nature upon us for our love? Was it not nature that shook down a portion of our city and, as a resultant, burned up the rest? Do we not have to take out an insurance against nature every time we send a cargo to sea? Is it not nature that devastates the Middle West and the South with tornadoes, scorches the desert with blistering heat, starves half the birds every winter, puts deadly virus at the roots of the fangs of serpents, breeds mosquitos to carry pestilence from man to man, fills the earth and the air with germs of tetanus, plague, tuberculosis? Is not nature after us with dart and javelin every waking and sleeping hour? Our aches and pains, and the ruthless tearing from our arms of those we most love, do we not owe all these to nature? By what right, then, does nature demand our homage, our intelligent interest, our love, anything at all other than our fear?

Time was when men knew nature only to fear her. If they worshiped her it was because of fear and not of love, because of a vain hope that nature might be propitiated and so induced not to slay with flood and famine, the lightning's blast or the whirlwind's pitiless sweep. How came it that the attitudes of men changed from fear to love? Is it because we have learned that it is out of nature's hand that we must feed, in her environment that we must live and move? Is it because we have learned that we, also, are a part of nature, not separable from it?

Perhaps there may be a deeper reason still, that we have learned to look up through nature to the God of Nature. Perhaps it may be because we have learned to take our place in nature as a part of it, and to hope and trust that the power that works through nature works for the ultimate somehow good. Claiming no exemptions, dispensations or special providences in our favor, we trust more implicitly, perhaps, than ever the men of old, because we have reduced nature to a nature of law rather than of caprice, and have learned that, as we come to know these laws, we are able to forfend against those that make for destruction and take hold on those that make for life. Certain it is that as we learn more of nature we fear her less and love her more and realize better than in former days that nature's God is our God, that we and the things about us are members one of another and neither aliens nor enemies.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Another Use for Timber.

The making of flour from sawdust is the latest suggestion concerning a valuable use that may be made of our decreasing timber supply, and it adds another to the arguments in favor of conserving that supply. The suggestion comes to the Forest Service from the United States consul at Christiana, Norway, and nobody need be agitated by the thought that we, perhaps, may be fed on sublimated sawdust, for the flour under consideration is not of the edible kind. The sawdust first is ground very fine, when it is worth $12 to $13 a ton. It is used for various purposes, one of which is the making of dynamite of a somewhat inferior, but nevertheless useful, grade. Mixed with linseed oil, it meets the requirements of a medium grade of linoleum. One of its chief uses, however, it is expected, will be found in the manufacture of xyolite, an artificial flooring which is impervious to water, practically non-combustible, as light as wood and nearly as durable as stone. Some of the German war vessels now are floored with it. Already Norway exports thousands of tons of this sawdust flour annually, Germany is not far behind her, and the United States may as well fall into line, thus utilizing that which now is practically a waste product.

Cost of Seeing a Football Game.

The New York Sun, turning from the spectacular features of the Yale-Harvard football game, has devoted a little time to investigation of what it cost the great, enthusiastic public to see it, and it foots up a sum scarcely less spectacular than the game itself. Summarized, the figures run as follows: Tickets to the grounds, somewhat more than $75,000; transportation to the scene of action from New York city, $140,000, from other cities, $60,000, a total of $200,000; payments to hotels, for cab hire, etc., at least $400,000; for flowers, $10,000; flags, $30,000. Then there was new clothing bought for the occasion, automobile hire; in short, the Sun estimates the entire cost to the public at not less than $1,000,000. A very neat sum for two or three hours of amusement, and when one considers what could be done with such a sum, the hungry that could be fed, the homeless that could be housed—ah, well, we have to have our fun, you know, and why be sensitively particular?

Hands a Lemon to Noah.

In the course of a lecture recently delivered before the Royal Geographical Society, in London, Sir William Willcocks handed a lemon of the most acid variety to our old friend Noah. Probably the ghost of our revered ancestor did not mind it much, but there is no question about the quality of the fruit. Sir William has been appointed by the new Turkish government to survey the Tigris-Euphrates river system and suggest means for rehabilitating the adjacent country. As a conclusion based upon his investigations, he now announces that if Noah had devised a means for turning the excess waters of the Euphrates into the Pison he would not have been compelled to go sailing about the country with a menagerie when there were no spectators to make it financially profitable; in brief, that historical high tide would have been avoided. Sir William says that, with modern science to assist, 9,000,000 acres of the best land in Mesopotamia may be irrigated, and the Garden of Eden be reconstructed, possibly with the exception of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, mankind having grown past the need of that fruit to teach it things. Sir William's suggestion that a railway should be constructed from Bagdad to the Mediterranean indicates, too, that modern science will be able to put some finishing touches and improvements on the old, old garden.

Emigration From the States to Canada.

Time was when Uncle Sam was "rich enough to give us all a farm." He is not less rich now, but his land is so nearly parceled out to his rapidly increasing family that some of his nephews and nieces find it necessary to go without. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the eyes of many citizens of this country have been turned to the rich, unoccupied lands of Western Canada. Thither many of them are going, the majority of them eventually to become naturalized Canadians. It is estimated that since this movement on Canada began over a half million people have gone there from this country. The movement is constantly increasing, too. During August, September and October of last year there were 9,844 such emigrants; during the same months this year the emigration numbered 13,781, an increase of 40 per cent. Last month the emigration numbered 5,250, as against 3,179 during the same month last year, the increase being about 65 per cent. This emigration, of course, is far more than offset by the immigration to this country, but it is doubtful if the average immigrant is the equal in energy and enterprise of these men who are pushing into the great northwest, there to build their homes and found their fortunes.

The Gyroscope Practically Applied.

Now that men have begun to make practical application of the gyroscope to their inventions, the field for its use is rapidly widening. Recently, in this department, was published an account of the application of this principle to the monorail road. Since then it has been successfully applied to the automobile to prevent skidding. The gyroscope was attached to the car by a swinging-frame device, and a severe test was made. Asphalt streets were covered with a coating of mud and soft soap, and over such a course, around sharp corners and sudden turns, the automobile, with its gyroscope attachment, was swiftly driven. There was neither skidding nor suggestion of it. There is talk, too, of substituting the gyroscope for the mariner's compass. It would not be affected by electrical phenomena, and, once started spinning in a north and south plane, it would not deviate while its speed was maintained. The gyroscope, long a spinning toy, is about to assist the world to spin its wheels of business.

Some Comparative Mortality Figures.

The British Registrar-General's returns of births and deaths in the United Kingdom rather militate against the popular impression that small towns are decidedly more healthful than are large cities. It shows that the death rate in the former is 113 to the 10,000, while that of the big cities, including London, is but 118, a comparatively slight difference. Another interesting feature of the returns is found in the fact that London's excess of births over deaths is greater than that of any other important city of the world, its excess amounting to 13.1 in the thousand. Nearest to this is New York, with 11.5. Berlin's excess of births over deaths is 6.8 to the thousand, Brussels' is 6.2, Vienna's 6.1. In Paris the excess of births over deaths is but 3.1, while in St. Petersburg the death rate actually exceeds the birth rate by .1 in the thousand of population. In infant mortality London shows better conditions than any city except Paris, its mortality to the thousand being 109, while that of Paris is 104. New York follows, with a death rate of 169 to the thousand infants. London may be rather damp and foggy at times, but, on the whole, it appears to be a fairly healthful place in which to live.

Dr. Gertrude Halley, a graduate of the medical department of the Melbourne University, has been reappointed medical officer of the public schools in Tasmania.

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GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

The Book of Job.

Not for its lesson in patience—Job was about as impatient as any man in his circumstances would naturally be—but for the splendor of its rhetoric and for its lofty and bold conception of the dignity of man, we treasure the Book of Job on our shelf. This, one of the earliest dramas in any literature, inclines more strongly to dialogue than to action, but few dramas have a more powerful or moving episode than that in which the Almighty enters the scene in a whirlwind; and no religion or philosophy has taught a more exalted ideal of the worth of man than is implied in Jehovah's challenge to Job to "gird up, now, thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me"; man disputing, unabashed, the justice of the Omnipotent's rule to His face.

Where is eloquence more sustained, more sublime, than in the long speech of the Almighty, in which he requires of Job the answers to the questions of His power and omniscience? And where is rhetoric and poetry at a higher reach than in those lines where He asks, "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. . . . He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

McCLURE ON MAGAZINE SUBJECTS.

In an entertaining lecture delivered in New York two weeks ago by S. S. McClure, the editor of McClure's Magazine, he stated his belief that there are five fundamental problems of our modern civilization which it is the duty of the magazines to consider and help to solve. The first of these was the conservation of natural resources. In Alaska, he said, it was known that there were several billions of dollars worth of easily accessible mineral wealth. Should that enormous wealth of natural resources gravitate into the hands of two interests commonly spoken of as the copper and the oil interests or should they be preserved to the benefit of the whole people?

The next problem which the speaker thought should engage the attention of the magazines, a problem which he said was to his mind the most difficult which had ever been presented to a people in human history, was how wisely to enact laws dealing with those great financial and industrial bodies which control the means, tools and machinery of production and transportation.

The third problem, as the speaker saw it, was that of municipal government. He thought that the municipalities of the United States lagged far behind other countries, notably far behind Germany, in solving their problems. Here, he said, our municipalities are conducted by two groups of men widely separated socially and intellectually, but one in their exploitation of municipal government for their own profit. The socially lower group backed by the higher obtains control of municipal government and exploits it for personal profit.

The fourth problem was that of immigration:

"Yearly hundreds of thousands of immigrants come into this country who are of such a low breed that they will degrade the average of the breed in this country. For the first time in history an inferior is driving out or down a superior people. This seems to me a problem deserving of serious examination by serious men."

The fifth and last great problem the magazine editor discussed was that of universal peace, or the abolition of war.

Henry Clay Barnabee, the old star of the Bostonians, has just celebrated his 76th birthday.

TO A WIFE.

By Edwin Chase.

(For The California Weekly.)

IV. Divine and Human.

Sometimes I see thou art to me,
A being all Divine,
And I to thee a devotee,
Must worship at thy shrine.
But I love best, yes, love thee best,
A sweet and darling woman,
When on my breast thou art at rest,
All human, human, human.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES.

Cesare Lombroso, in his book on "The Man of Genius," gave the following account of precocious authors and scientists:

Dante, when nine years of age, wrote a sonnet to Beatrice; Tasso wrote verses at ten. Pascal and Comte were great thinkers at the age of thirteen, Fornier at fifteen, Niebuhr at seven, Jonathan Edwards at twelve, Michelangelo at nineteen, Gassendi (the "Little Doctor") at four, Bossuet at twelve, and Voltaire at thirteen. Pico de la Mirandola knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic in his childhood; Goethe wrote a story in seven languages when he was scarcely ten; Wieland knew Latin at seven, meditated an epic poem at thirteen, and at sixteen published his poem, "Die Vollkommenste Welt." Lopez de la Vega composed his first verses at twelve, Calderon at thirteen, Kotzebue was trying to write comedies at seven, and at eighteen his first tragedy was acted. Schiller was only nineteen when his epoch-making "Rauber" appeared. Victor Hugo composed "Irtamene" at fifteen, and at twenty had already published "Hans d' Ilande," "Bug-Jargal," and the first volume of "Odes et Ballades"; Lamennais at sixteen directed the "Paroles d'un Croyant." Meyerbeer at five played excellently on the piano. Claude Joseph Vernet drew very well at four, and at twenty was already a celebrated painter. At thirteen Wren invented an astronomical instrument, and offered it to his father with a Latin dedication.

Californian Poets' Corner

ON KEATS.

By Lorenzo Sosso.

Edmund Clarence Stedman said of this poem by a well-known San Franciscan that if he had known of it when he published his American Anthology he would certainly have included it. There are other literary people nearer home than Stedman who are blind to the fact that in Lorenzo Sosso California possesses a poet of a high order of merit and one not appreciated in proportion to his deserts.

Fame that doth never quite recede with time,
Glory that lives
Through marvel of a music made sublime
By what it gives—
All these he yearned and strove for. Though surpassed
In power to do,
Vaster his Song's horizon spread, more vast
His vision, too.

But soon he faltered even where he trod,
Nor worshiped long
Apollo; in divinity a god,
A god of Song.
Then like a fadeless flower low he lay
Amidst the weeds;
Pale in the purple sunrise of the day
That broke his reeds.

And we who hear yet, as in some conch-shell
Seas heard remote,
Melodious song as sweet as hydromel
Burst from his throat;
Wonder an oak towering in pride of place
Ages should crown,
While some fair violet in its modest grace
A day treads down.

THE MECHANICS OF FICTION.

A contemporary mourns to find that Robert Louis Stevenson, Dickens, and others—even Kipling—fail to make their American characters speak "Americanese" correctly. Our contemporary is gracious enough to say that both Stevenson and Dickens have painted one or two American characters to the life, however, in other essentials, and we are gracious enough to believe that our contemporary has overlooked Kipling's story of "The Captive," in which he has painted a character essentially American, who also does talk Americanese to the life.

Our contemporary's plaint, however, reminded us that modern fictionists and, especially, modern critics of fiction, set an absurd store by accuracy of "local color," as they please to call it, and by certain mechanical consistencies of form in fiction. These precise moderns remind us of habitues of fashionable houses, where a bewildering array of table furniture confronts the dinner guest—forks for every use; knives and spoons in equal profusion and variety of pattern, and three glasses for as many kinds of wine. The rural guest—we speak from painful knowledge—faces this embarrassment of conveniences with a bewildered confusion truly pitiful when he realizes that his worldliness is on trial and will stand or fall as he succeeds or fails to choose the proper instrument for its proper use.

So our authors write, and our critics judge, most modern fiction. Our plot may be inane, or improbable, or wildly grotesque, but we must be sure that the hero never calls a bolt a screw, nor dresses as an English gentleman when he is described as a Roman senator, even though Shakespeare be authority for the fearful faux pas. If we write of Egypt, we must have spent all of a week there, absorbing a villainous jargon which we must casually sprinkle through our narrative to show that we know our ground. And so on, throughout our books.

This is all very well if it does not blind us to the eternal, internal verities of human character and conduct. The world has long since forgiven Shakespeare for his Roman senators who wore watches that were not invented until centuries later, because he made these senators imperishable pictures of men, with emotions and actions such as men exemplify in the experience of every generation and of every individual. Shakespeare did not waste time in holding up a mirror to Nature to get a reflection of the pattern of the shirts his characters wore, but to get a reflection of that Nature which shines darkly behind the "windows of the soul," where the passions of love and hate, of envy and ambition, work out the moral destinies of men.

Local color will fade, manners of speech will alter, dress is a pigment of an hour, nations rise and fall, but the human heart is eternally the same. That is the vital concern of serious literature.

CHARLES LAMB AND "MR. H."

Charles Lamb was one playwright who did not lay the blame for the failure of his play upon an unappreciative public. His farce, "Mr. H.," so offended his own critical judgment when he saw it actually produced that he "hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors."

Writing to Wordsworth the following day he said: "A hundred hisses—(damn the word I write it like kisses—how different!)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, it's withdrawn and there is an end."

Kate Douglas Wiggin has added to her reputation by writing a play of uncommon appeal. The first performance of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at Springfield, Mass., played upon the emotions of the audience very much in the same way as "The Music Master."

A NEW HOPE FOR THE HOMELESS

THE WORK UNDERTAKEN BY THE NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

The Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West have launched a statewide movement to bring the homeless child into the childless home. This movement may easily become the solution of the cruel problem of dependent childhood in California. It will certainly give a new impetus to the orders that have undertaken it, for it lifts them at once from the restriction of social enjoyment and of charitable purpose towards their own membership, exclusively, to a noble ambition to serve the most helpless and needy of their fellow beings

Several years ago, a committee was appointed to investigate all the charitable organizations of San Francisco, to ferret out the fakes and to determine which were worthy of public support. These latter were recommended to the public, and business men generally at once withdrew their support from all so-called charities to whose character the committee refused to certify. The effect was to drive from San Francisco a large number of bogus charity workers. For example, a flourishing "old men's home" proved to be a ten-cent lodging house, run on a strictly commercial basis, and badly run, at that; but its promoter had for years obtained public subscriptions for its maintenance.

The Abuses of Dependent Childhood.

But the commonest form of bogus charity was found to be the exploitation of dependent children. It was proved that one notorious child broker—an alleged minister of the gospel who still operates in Stockton and Santa Cruz—had sold white children nine or ten years old into virtual slavery amongst the Chinese for thirty dollars apiece. Numerous cases were investigated that showed that children had been legally adopted by white people merely to obtain cheap domestic servants under the guise of an act of charity. Details too villainous to print were discovered in certain instances. Human nature so despicable is hard to conceive; but the helplessness and inarticulateness of the children is the safeguard upon which such villains rely.

One member of the committee which made these investigations was Mr. Fairfax Wheelan. Some time after they had been completed, he was asked to help sell tickets to an entertainment at Dreamland Rink for the benefit of the Children's Agency. The Children's Agency was one outgrowth of the investigations; it was the representative of about a dozen charitable organizations, in the especial function of finding homes for dependent children.

Mr. Wheelan was appealed to for aid, on this particular occasion, in arousing the co-operation of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He agreed, and succeeded in disposing of a large block of tickets to his fellow members of that order.

A True Memorial of Pioneers.

But the thought occurred to him that the work of the Children's Agency was properly the work of the Native Sons and Daughters. These orders prided themselves upon the accident of their birth beneath fortunate skies; they made membership a badge of knightliness; they revered and endeavored to preserve the names and landmarks of the California pioneers. Should, then, what was to them the pride of birthplace be for these helpless children a curse of birthplace? Should they revere the dead memorials of dead pioneers while the living flesh and blood of those pioneers' descendants cried in vain for ministrations? Should the knightly qualities they prized be devoted wholly to deeds of fraternal helpfulness selfishly limited to members of the order? Or should these mechanisms of fraternity, founded by years of labor, expand to an altruistic field of usefulness, of practical memorial to the memory of the pioneers, to a philanthropy that should give them a new claim to the admiration and loyalty of natives?

The idea possessed Mr. Wheelan. He urged it upon the leaders in the Native Sons. They fell in with it enthusiastically. He worked for election as a delegate to the grand parlor at the Yosemite in 1908. There he secured the appointment of a committee authorized to confer with the Native Daughters regarding their co-operation and to devise a plan for carrying his idea into effect. This committee reported at the grand parlor held last spring at Marysville, and laid the following proposal before the parlor:

Report of Home-Finding Committee.

That a central committee be formed, for placing homeless children, to consist of the grand president, grand first vice president, and past grand president of each of the two orders, and, further, of one representative from the Catholic Charities, to be appointed by the archbishop of California, one representative to be appointed by the Protestant charities that were caring for children and co-operating with the Children's Agency of San Francisco, one representative appointed by the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylums, and one representative appointed by the Associated Charities of California.

This central committee to have power to establish local committees and to establish uniform methods of handling homeless children throughout the state; to receive reports and suggestions from all parlors of the Native Sons and of the Native Daughters, and all affiliated charities, in connection with its work; to have the exclusive determination of the disposition of children placed in its care; and to be supported by voluntary contributions and by the proceeds of an entertainment to be given on a fixed day of every year, known as "California's Day for the Homeless Child," by every parlor of each order.

Local Committees.

The plan further provided for the appointment of a committee of three by every parlor of each order, with the duty of ascertaining the number of homeless children and available homes within its local jurisdiction; of making a report of these facts to the local parlor and to the central committee; of investigating and reporting upon complaints regarding the care of children; and to take charge of the annual entertainment for the maintenance fund.

This report was unanimously adopted by the Native Sons at Marysville, and later by the Native Daughters in grand parlor at Niles.

Personnel of Central Committee.

The Central Committee, appointed in pursuance of its provisions, consists of Grand President Joseph R. Knowland, Past Grand President Charles M. Belshaw, and Grand First Vice President Daniel A. Ryan, of the Native Sons; Grand President Mrs. Emma G. Lillie of Lodi, Past Grand President Mrs. Anna L. Monroe of Eureka, and Grand First Vice President Mrs. Mamie G. Peyton of Stockton, of the Native Daughters; Rev. Father J. B. Hannigan, appointed by the archbishop of California; Mr. Charles A. Murdock, of San Francisco, appointed by the Protestant charities; Mr. Lucius Solomons, appointed by the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylums; and Mr. Fairfax Wheelan, appointed by the Associated Charities of California.

First "Day for the Homeless Child."

This committee named December 2 as the day for this year's entertainment, though the permanent date of "California's Day for the Homeless Child" will probably be chosen from one of the summer or fall months. The returns from the entertainments held by the parlors throughout the state have not yet come in, but early reports indicate that they will average about $100 apiece, so that something over $20,000 will soon be in hand for the beginnings of the work.

Will Utilize Children's Agency

The Central Committee will take over the entire force of the Children's Agency, consisting of Miss McCarthy and Mrs. Fay, who are trained investigators, and a small office force. In the future, all children received by the various charities represented on the committee, and all requests for children received by them, will be turned over to the Central Committee for disposition.

The advantages to the children and to the Native Sons and Daughters will be mutual. The children will be better treated, because the statewide organization of the natives will secure a wider range of selection of homes, and because a child placed in any community will feel the sympathy and helpfulness of a nearby body of disinterested and influential friends who will periodically investigate its condition and see that it is properly treated. The Native Sons and Daughters will benefit by a broadening of their sympathies and by the addition of a new impulse toward taking up membership which will appeal powerfully to non-members.

Possibilities for Expansion.

The broad scope and possibilities of the work under the management of the state orders appear from the fact that the Native Sons have 186 parlors, scattered throughout the state, with an aggregate membership of 20,000; and the Native Daughters have 125 parlors, with more than 6,500 members. The opportunity of such organizations, co-operating upon a charitable enterprise, is hard to overestimate.

Another possibility is this: The example of the Native Sons and Daughters may easily lead other fraternal orders to join in this work; the infection could then spread to other states, so that ultimately, in every state, the "Day for the Homeless Child" should become a fixed and annual institution.

Only those who, by study and experience, know the inefficiency of "institutional life" in supplanting the influences of a home in the rearing of homeless children, can fully appreciate the godsend to orphans that an adequate and honest home-finding society is. To relieve childhood of the hard mechanism, the cold formalism, the loveless routine of life in the ordinary orphanage, and to replace these things with the personal interest, the tender associations, and the familiar affection of home ties, is to perform one of the most humane and noblest acts of charity. Individuals benefit, and society profits, together. The Native Sons and the Native Daughters have undertaken a labor of love. They have embraced a noble opportunity for humanitarian service. Success to them, and the co-operation of all right minded men!

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Herbert Gladstone, the son of the celebrated Victorian statesman, is about to retire from British parliamentary life in order to become governor-general of South Africa. His son, William G. C. Gladstone, of Hawarden, is a young man just out of Oxford who aspires to enter the House of Commons at the coming elections.

Queen Helena of Italy has signified her intention of becoming a member of the International Congress of Mothers. She wishes to join in the work for the welfare of the children of the world and will send a special envoy to the next meeting of the organization, which is to be held in Denver next year.

English cabinet officers have large personal staffs. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has seven private secretaries. The Prime Minister employs four, Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office has three, in addition to a precis writer. Herbert Gladstone, Lord Morley and Winston Churchill also have three each, while John Burns has two.

Capt. Annie Beckley of the Salvation Army is about to sail to Java to do missionary and nursing service in a leper colony. She is just 20 and in perfect health, but she is glad to give her life to this work of helping the lepers and is not afraid that she will get the disease.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

The One White Path.

A happy party started for the Heaven of content,
Consulting all the signboards as upon their way they went.
"Ho," urged the Baptist signboard, "if your station you would make,
You must not fail to take my road, and journey by the lake."
"Hey, hallelujah!"—Methodist—"reject my pathway not,
Or you will find all other roads lead to a climate hot."
"Deus vobiscum,"—Catholic—"that is, if on my path,
For other roads are miry sloughs that lead to ceaseless wrath."
Ah, many were the signboards strewn wherever souls might stray,
And each of them concluded thus: "For Heaven, turn this way."

Then were those happy journeyers perplexed and filled with woe,
And straight they prayed for guidance in the path that they should go,
And as they prayed, lo, in their midst an angel presence stood,
Serene and beautiful as one who loveth but the good.
"What is it, little ones?" His voice was like an anthem low.
"Show us, immortal one," they cried, "the way that we should go,
For all the boards of all the creeds do point so many ways,
And we would find our Father's house and join his song of praise.
This pointeth here, that pointeth there; how may we surely know,
When each is graven, 'Turn this way,' the path that we should go?"

Ah, sweetly pitiful the face the angel on them turned,
Well knowing that their eyes were dim, nor saw His light that burned.
Then low he spoke: "Long, long ago, in far-off Palestine,
One lived, and walked the earthly way that leads to the divine.
The Man of Sorrows, patiently the crown of thorns he wore,
Still crying 'One another love' and 'love' forevermore.
The many creeds wind in and out, or devious or straight;
Perchance they all may lead at last unto the narrow gate,
But would you find your Father's house and know the peace above,
The one white path that He proclaimed is patient, tender love."

* * *

The Prodigal Son and His Brother.

The Prodigal Son, Elnathan, was a very reprehensible character, as, of course, we all know. When he was young he used to do things to Deacon Hazaleel's watermelon patch, and he fought with the neighbor's boys, and put a bent pin on the teacher's chair in school, and—Oh, yes, he was very reprehensible! And when he grew up he went to his father, got a check on the First National from him, cashed it, went into a far country, and had a hilarious time. Yes, he had a hilarious time, but, oh, what a headache!

It was different with his elder brother, for he was a real nice boy. He was so extremely nice that he never fought, never played hookey, and when his bad brother did wrong his parents and his teacher always could rely on his running to them and telling them all about it. So he grew up to be a respectable and honored citizen, occupying a pew in church regularly and never doing a wrong thing unless he was certain he would not be caught at it. And when his sinful brother took a Pullman and went away to have a good time and accumulate that headache, he said to himself: "Well, here's my chance to stay right here and make myself solid with the old man. He can't hang on much longer, and his estate would look well coming in my direction."

But when the Prodigal Son got tired of the breakfast foods that the swine did eat, took the brakebeam route and went home, oh, you should have seen the grouch that the elder brother displayed when he came in from feeding the calves. "Here!" he said to himself, "this never will do. If I don't look out this worthless scrub will get on the soft side of the old man and be remembered in his will." And he put up a roar that was heard from Dan to Beersheba and made the neighbors think the Philistines were on the warpath again. He had about as much natural fraternal affection as my typewriting machine would have.

But the old man was all right. He had a fatted calf and two turkeys killed, and sent out to the grocer's for canned plum pudding, and to the confectioner's for ice cream, and, oh, I tell you they had a celebration for your life, all except the elder brother, who was sulking out behind the woodshed. And my sympathies all are with the old man. He didn't indorse his younger son's folly, any more than I do, but long ago he had recognized that under this garb of recklessness was the stuff of which, by God's grace, a MAN may be built, and he had found mightily little of the sort in his elder son.

So here's to the younger son whom we love even while he errs, because he is loveable, and may he always come safely home unto his Father's house.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus.

Parsons are good men, but they're middlin' human. I don't know es I ever heered of one that had a multimillionaire in his church preachin' a sermon 'bout the camel, the needle's eye an' the rich man.

I s'pose the progress of the race must be showed by the fact that while the Nazarene couldn't find but one excuse fer divorce, nowadays we can find dozens an' dozens of them.

Es I understand it, a university diploma is a kind of a guarantee of education, but not of brains.

I b'lieve they's some good in every man, but, gener'ly speakin', I'm consider'ble like you—don't have time to find it.

I can remember when they was no tramps an' no multimillionaires. Do you reckon it's anyways strange that they come in together?

I've never doubted Mr. Rockefeller's word that he an' the Almighty are specially good friends, but, now that his Standard Oil corporation has been declared illegal an' iniquitous, I'm wonderin' if the Almighty won't feel he orto be more particular 'bout the friends he makes.

I haven't been much encouraged to git up early by the remark that the early bird ketches the worms. I never was fond of them, anyway.

Es fer es my observation goes, the writin' on a gravestone is less likely to be epitaph than epitaffy.

I infer that either the daily papers is mistaken or else Mr. Carnegie orto give more of his hero medals to champion prize-fighters.

They say Solomon was the wisest of men, an' I should think he would have had to be in order to git along toler'bly well with the family that he 'cumulated.

* * *

Thoughtful Man On Ruef's Release.

"'Twas pitiful about Abe Ruef," the Thoughtful Man observed. "There he was, confined in a loathsome dungeon which was not conveniently near to his garage, and from which he could escape only occasionally when he felt like it, and then with an obnoxious guard not far away. Month after month, on his divan in this loathsome cell, he sat and chewed the bitter cud of reflection that his co-laborer in the grafting fold, my friend Calhoun, was enjoying his liberty and the plaudits of a grateful, strap-hanging public. Under these cruel circumstances, what more inevitable than that he must fade and pine away? Some months he lost as much as a pound in weight, and he did not always make it up the next month; every once in a while he failed to do so. This being the harrowing condition, the doctors were called in, no doubt that they would get their fees being entertained. By invitation, I was present at the conclave.

"'Ouch!' says Mr. Ruef, 'I can't stand it.'

"'Stand what?' a doctor inquired.

"'Stand pat,' he replied.

"'He's right,' the doctors agreed. 'Don't you remember that he didn't after he publicly confessed his guilt?'

"So one of the physicians took his pulse and his temperature.

"'His pulse is seventy-two, and regular, but abnormal,' he reported.

"The other doctors shuddered as one shudderer.

"'His temperature is 98.6, but abnormal,' he further reported.

"Again the shuddering act was repeated, for even physicians have human emotions.

"'Can we save him?' a youthful doctor inquired.

"'We can, and we must,' was the universal response.

"'But what is the matter with him?' the same doctor, being very youthful, inquired.

"'It's a clear case,' the chief diagnostician replied. 'That which is indicated is decomposition of the conscience about the edges and at the center, with complete decomposition between these points. The only remedy in such cases is to set the patient at large and permit him to practice on the public.'

"'Moreover,' another doctor replied, "tis our duty to assist the patient in his determination to reform and purify our jails, and what could purify any jail more than to have him leave it? Yes, our duty is clear.'

"So they collected their fees and made their report, the noble Ruef once more is a free and happy man, and the nausea which afflicts Justice may be due to sea-sickness."

"But," said I, "do you not think that other occupants of cells may pine and languish just as he did?"

"Sure," the Thoughtful Man replied, "but their initials are not Abraham Ruef."

* * *

A Tribute to Dad.

"Mother" having heretofore received about all tributes that have been penned to any member of the family, a Kansas man has risen in his grief and indignation and offered a prize for a poem in which justice shall be done to pa. Well, there is no harm in trying.

Who is it, when the kid is bad,
Crawls out of bed, in nightie clad,
And up and down the floor, begad!
Doth walk, though walking's not his fad?
'Tis dad,
Poor dad!

Who is it, looking old and gray,
Toils like a beaver every day,
Yet smiles to feel that ma and Mae
Are recherche and quite au fait?
'Tis dad,
Poor dad!

Who is it sees the children grow
With love he lacks the art to show,
Perforce content with overflow
Of loves that to their mothers go?
'Tis dad,
Poor dad!

Who is it of his bairnies vain,
And yet can't make the feeling plain,
And therefore sobs this sob of pain,
This doleful, soulful, sad refrain?
'Tis dad,
Poor dad!

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:—Am much interested in the discussion on compulsory voting now progressing in The California Weekly. As to a penalty for same I make the following suggestions:

That every citizen who neglects the exercise of his suffrage shall be required to pay, in addition to his regular tax levy, a sum equal to 5 per cent. of the same, or, in any case, not less than two dollars.

There shall be attached to each ballot two voter's certificates, different in character. As he is given his ballot these certificates are torn off, the voter's name inscribed thereon and each certificate signed by the judges or inspectors of election. The voter shall be given one certificate and the other retained by the county. Should the voter lose the certificate between election and assessment time he can secure a duplicate by application to the clerk of the county in which he cast his vote.

The register of voters shall also register all those citizens who are debarred from voting by reasons as provided by the law, such as non-residence, etc., and give to each a "disability certificate," which shall contain the sworn statement of the reason of disability. Anyone sick and unable to appear before the register shall be required to secure a physical disability certificate signed by, say, three responsible citizens.

On non-property holders the $2.00 would be collected just as our polltax is collected.

I have put the minimum tax at two dollars for this reason: So far as I have been informed, in those places where votes are bought and sold, two dollars is about the average price paid by vote-brokers, so we may reasonably presume that two dollars would be the least sum which the state could afford to charge a citizen for the neglect of this duty.

Sincerely yours,
RAY P. BRUBAKER.

Shandon, Cal., Dec. 1, 1909.

No doubt the problem might be worked out as Mr. Brubaker suggests, but The California Weekly does not like the idea of any fine being imposed in this kind of offense against the public welfare. A 5 per cent. addition to one's burden of taxation, for having failed to vote, would be a severe mulct to a rich man whose vote might be of no more value than that of the poorest man in the community, while a two dollar fine imposed upon a poor man might prove a severe burden. The penalty should be the same for rich and poor because the offense is the same in the cases of both rich and poor. Both are citizens and both owe like duties to citizenship. In both cases failure to exercise the privilege of suffrage should finally result in loss of the privilege. Mr. Brubaker's way of dealing with negligent citizenship might be better than our present method of not dealing with it at all, but cannot something less complicated, and more equitable, be suggested? The penalty need not be severe in order to be effective, but it should be as nearly automatic as possible and the fact of negligence should be made so public as to cause shame. By keeping at the subject the right solution will somehow be threshed out.

Editor The California Weekly.

It is refreshing in these days of graft and political corruption to see a paper boldly stand up for what it believes to be righteousness and truth without fear or favor, as The California Weekly appears to be doing, and long may its muscles remain firm and strong to swing its hammer on the hydra-headed monster of political and civic fraud and corruption, and may the handle never break until it is no longer needed for use.

In your issue of November 26th, I observed your article under the head "Where Abides Civic Righteousness?" and while I agree with much contained therein I cannot help feeling some of the statements were scarcely fair, if not quite misleading. You stated that before you were a list of one hundred men prominent in the fight for righteousness in civic affairs, and of these as far as you knew only five, or six, are "**pre-eminently religious,**" and publicly known to be such. Here I may ask how large a percentage of church membership would come under the head of being "publicly known to be **pre-eminently religious**"? And how many pre-eminently religious men may not be publicly known as such? How many of the remaining ninety-four, or five, of the hundred are church members, or attendants and therefore directly under church influences? And beyond that, how many of the remainder, if any remain, owe their conceptions and convictions of right and wrong directly, or indirectly, to the church, or to church influences? The fact is that nearly all the higher ideals of life are, or have been, molded by such influences direct or indirect, present or past.

The church may not stand at the street-corners and shout civic righteousness to the passers by until their nerves are shattered and ears deafened; but quietly, yet surely, like the seed growing in the night, her influence for good is being wrought into the lives and characters of men, some of whom, perhaps, may seldom darken her doors. You ask "Where are the men who are religious that they are not more generally enlisted on the side of better politics, better measures, and better men?" In reply let me ask The California Weekly to point out one, yes! just one man **eminently religious**, a member of an evangelical church, who is not on the side not only of civic righteousness but of other forms of righteousness as well, and in what other calling or profession can the same challenge be given? Of course black sheep gain entrance to every fold, the church not excepted; but church members who are bad are not bad because they are church members, as seems often to be the inference, but they would be bad anywhere.

Of course some well-intentioned church members may be mis-informed, or make mistakes. They are not all so wise and infallible as the editors of weekly papers; but it is hardly fair to place a man's natural limitations as a fault against him for which he is personally responsible. Church members have natural limitations like other mortals, and are not all capable of becoming prominent in political and civic affairs, however much they may try; but when it comes to standing, and voting on the side of right as they see it, show me any body of men with a better record.

The duties of the church are not limited to civic righteousness as interpreted by The California Weekly, and the energies of her limited number of capable men are necessarily expended in many fields, which, in part, accounts for your statement concerning the number per hundred represented on your list. Again, the church and The California Weekly may not always see alike on all points and questions, but this is not solid proof that the church is wrong at every point of difference.

The saloon is strongly political because its very existence depends on this, and there is nothing one-quarter so important to it as politics, and little else to distract its attention, or employ its energies; nor is it over-scrupulous as to the manner in which it gets, and holds, its power. As soon as the church enters seriously into politics a howl goes up fit to rend the skies on a clear day concerning the frightful danger of a union of church and state, and many are foolish enough to be alarmed at the noise. I am glad to find The California Weekly feels differently. With you, I believe the political influence of the church could, and should, be increased, and that it would be a benefit to the state; but that her comparatively obscure position in politics and the advancement of civic righteousness is a sign of lack of interest, or that she does not stand on the side of the advancement of public purity except in very small measure, as seems implied in your article, I deny.

Wishing your paper prosperity and every success in the battle for right and truth and civic reform.

Respectfully yours,
ERNEST A. SHAPLAND.

Courtland, Cal.

There is a deal of truth in the points urged by our correspondent and The California Weekly would not underestimate the indirect influence of the church upon politics and upon our civic and industrial life in all its forms, yet the political efficiency of the church fellowship is lamentably low, an influence that is seriously needed for the purification and elevation of the political atmosphere. That the church fellowships "stand" on the right side is true. What the California Weekly wants is for it to "fight" on the right side, fight hard and with good tact. It is not enough to vote. The work that counts in politics is done long before voting begins. The burden of work upon the church fellowship, in other beneficent lines, is indeed onerous, but the duties of citizenship are by no means to be overlooked. Nineteen hundred years ago there was a reason for ignoring civic regeneration, in that Rome would have chopped off the heads of Christ and all his disciples had they done otherwise than they did, but now there is still a large measure of civic liberty. At that time there was none. We do not want the church in politics for the church, but we do want the church fellowship in politics, more effectively than it has been, for the common good of all.

Editor The California Weekly.

I enclose my subscription for another year.

I hope your venture has been successful. I regard your paper as the most useful one published in the state. I have not yet found a sentiment in it that was not my own. You have marked out a long campaign, but if you have sufficient grace and grit, you may expect to conquer in the end. Referring to your editorial "Where Abides Civic Righteousness?" in this number, I quite agree with you that the church is not anything like up to the proper standard. But some of us are trying to raise the standard. My own notion is that a minister is under obligations to take a hand in public affairs. If he cannot use the gifts he has for the promotion of good morals, and civic righteousness, he will serve the world better by stepping out of a profession that, more than any other, has to do with morals. The preacher whose mouth is shut about saloons, race tracks and graft, and the other social evils is of little use in the world. If man will make things pure, God will make them peaceable. The first is our job. We will not get our wages until we earn them.

Go ahead with your strong talk, and may you win your fight.

Fraternally yours,
GEORGE W. STONE.

November 30, 1909.

It is not alone the minister who must take a

(Concluded on Page 47.)

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POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Not to Bury Caesar, But Dominick Beban Things are shaping up for a pretty fight the coming year in the twenty-fourth senatorial district, which comprises the forty-third and forty-fourth assembly districts. Marc Anthony is the incumbent, but he voted right so many times during the last session of the legislature that all the powers of political darkness are leagued against him. And, to his credit, be it said, he knew that they would be before he voted right and grittily took his chances. He is not a reformer. Judged by the Hichborn test measures, he voted right seven times and wrong eight, being absent once. It is to be doubted if any man who would vote right more than half the time could be elected from the twenty-fourth district, but Anthony came as near to doing it as he could and still have a chance for his political life Against him is Dominick J. Beban, a McCarthy pet, whose legislative record, on the Hichborn test, stands ten bad and one absent out of a possible eleven. Geo. M. Perrine is another candidate for the mantle of Marc Anthony. His record in the assembly was not so bad. Judged by the Hichborn test, he stood up four times, fell down five, and was absent twice. Gus Hartman, the irrepressible, irresponsible and inconsequential gusty Gus, has moved over into the twenty-fourth district. He had not a hope left in his own, and carried with him the credentials of having voted wrong, by the Hichborn test, the whole sixteen times without a lapse into reputability, or even an absence. For general, all around unfitness, Beban and Hartman are neck and neck. For fitness, Anthony and Perrine are not so far apart, but inasmuch as Anthony is in he should be allowed to stay in.

Another Real Good Senatorial Fight The twenty-second senatorial district in San Francisco, composed of the thirty-ninth and fortieth assembly districts, is so good a district that good people have a right to expect good legislative timber from that district. There is no reason why the San Francisco delegation in the California legislature should prove a perennial disgrace to humanity, as it has, in the main, in years past. There are enough good men in San Francisco to secure a majority of good men in the legislative delegation if all men would perform their political duty to their city and the state. E. J. Callan represented the thirty-ninth assembly district in the last legislature and came out of the session with a perfectly straight record. There was not a flaw in it from end to end. Milton L. Schmitt represented the fortieth district. Judged by the Hichborn eleven test votes in the assembly, Schmitt was right twice, wrong six times and absent three, and this is the same Schmitt who sought to get the civic activities of Prof. Geo. H. Boke, head of the League of Justice and connected with the law department of the State University, investigated by a committee of the legislature. These are the two men who are likely to try conclusions for senatorial honors in the twenty-second senatorial district. If Callan is not nominated and elected by an overwhelming majority, the district will be disgraced. The issue depends upon interest and activity of good citizenship. Good votes are there in sufficient number. All that will be needed to give Callan the office is to get out the votes of the good men, the men who want to see right things prevail.

Some Vagrant Bits Of Political Gossip Assemblyman Henry N. Beatty has aspirations, The Watchman hears, to represent the eighteenth senatorial district in the next legislature. Beatty gained the confidence of good men in the last legislature. Judged by the Hichborn test, he stood right six times, went wrong three times and scored three absences; not a bad record, considering the interests that predominate in his district. If San Francisco sent as good men to the legislature all the time as Henry N. Beatty, the state would have no kick coming against San Francisco.

Warren M. John wants the postoffice at San Luis Obispo, and Congressman Smith and the people of San Luis Obispo want him to have it, but the Republican "organization" does not. Senator Perkins can side step the issue gracefully, if he wishes to, by leaving it to Smith, and he will probably wish to. If any one thing more than another could make our senior senator want to smash the "organization" in both eyes with both fists, it is the coldness with which that bunch is calculating on his lack of longevity being likely to furnish a fine plum for one of their kind of men. As for The Watchman, he ardently hopes that Senator Perkins may live out his full term, if for no other reason than to fool those fellows.

If Senator Charles W. Bell should conclude to enter the lists for secretary of state, a matter not fully determined in his own mind, as The Watchman understands, it is likely that Assemblyman H. G. Cattell, of the sixty-seventh district, may enter the race for senator in Bell's district, the thirty-sixth. This would be a good arrangement all around. Bell would make a good secretary of state, and Cattell a good state senator. Judged by Hichborn's test votes, Cattell made eleven straight hits and not one miss. Nobody beat that record.

A Remarkable Coincidence It leaks out that the dismissal of William T. Randall, late superintendent of Preston School of Industry, was coincident with the loss of the job of superintendent of Dingee's Slatington quarries by Trustee Dunton of the Preston School, so that he could step right into the job of superintending the school without appreciable loss of time. Was this coincidence of its own happening or was it facilitated in the interests of Dunton? The Watchman is not sure that Randall was not in some measure blameworthy, and he recognizes the fact that Dunton has long taken an interest in the school, having been a trustee of it since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but The Watchman is mistaken if Dunton is the type of man to head an educational institution. That institution needs at its head an educator, and not a person whose activities have mainly had to do with men and mules.

Another Candidate Out For Secretary of State There will be no lack of candidates for secretary of state, although there is not likely to be any surplusage of timber fit to be used. No man who is not big enough to make a passable governor will prove big enough to make a good secretary of state. The latest name suggested (seemingly by himself) for the position is that of Frank H. Mouser, formerly of Santa Ana, but now of Los Angeles. There is a feeling down that way that this office ought to come south to seek the man, and so it ought if the governorship should go north, but hardly otherwise. The Watchman does not know of Mr. Mouser's capacities and therefore will venture no opinion concerning them, merely pointing out the fact that the office needs a middle aged man of good business habits, sanity of mind, soundness of judgment and incorruptible integrity. It is no place for a "nice young fellow" just starting in life.

Up to the People, Not to Frank Flint If one may be guided by press comment, candidacies for United States senate are standing hat in hand before the shadow of Frank Flint's "to be or not to be," saying: "After you." Wherefore? Had Senator Frank Flint been selected in the first instance by The People to represent The People deference to his wishes might be appropriate enough, but as The People had nothing to do with his election and as he has had mighty little to do with representing The People of California at Washington, the case stands differently. He should be beaten, as he very likely can be if the right man can be induced to make the fight against him. The issue is: People or Railroad, which? Any child should be able to understand it.

Not as Good as Hoped, Nor as Bad as Feared It is the history of new institutions that they disappoint both their advocates and their opponents, turning out neither as good as the former hoped nor as bad as the latter expected. Also, they exhibit in use sides and angles which surprise everybody. This is certainly going to be the way with the direct primary, and already both friends and enemies are finding out things about it which in the merely theoretical consideration of its merits which preceded its adoption they did not contemplate. Those friendly enthusiasts who asserted that, with the power of the organized boss minimized by direct popular nominations, it would be easy to induce the best men to be candidates for state offices, are doubtless destined to find out that a large amount of hard work will be called for to accomplish that result; but, on the other hand, the former critics of the measure, who predicted that it would lead to such a multiplicity of candidates that there would be confusion worse confounded, are going to be proved very much in error unless present indications are falsified by later events. In other words, reformers who may have hoped that with an open field, and no favor from bosses to be reckoned with, good candidates would volunteer readily, and also the politicians who said that so many reformers would volunteer that they would defeat themselves and leave the machine an easy winner, are both, apparently, to be disappointed

The Right Man To Be Developed It is true that in the San Francisco election there were many candidates in the aggregate, but a relatively small number were self-nominated candidates in the sense that they put themselves on the ballot by petition without the mediation of a convention or combination of some kind. Under the old convention plan no small part of the work of leaders, organizers and bosses consisted in developing candidacies, that is, making candidacies grow where none would grow without this process of intensive cultivation, and, indeed, skill in this work was the perfection of political arts, because so the people could be led without knowing that they were led. A Tammany leader in New York or a Herrin in California would oftentimes nurse a candidacy for years before bringing it into the full bloom of nomination for a high office. Promising young men likely to be useful have always been looked out for under the boss plan of doing politics, and such men have been permitted and encouraged to make "good records" in minor offices or during first terms in the legislature, solely for the purpose of working them into positions where they could afterwards make bad records in the interests of their backers. It is not necessary to pursue this branch of the subject; the only point in it is to establish the fact that under no popular plan is development of suitable candidates for office quite an automatic process; openings for usefulness in the public service may have a tendency to draw towards them by a kind of political suction, but the lightest driftwood moves fastest, and the most suitable material must be given some sort of shove if it is going to get to the opening first. This is something which it behooves the reformers not to forget. They will need the knowledge next year.

Get a Reputation, Then Bank on It Assuming that the reformers, as represented by the Lincoln-Roosevelters, and the Good Government people, too, if they

California Weekly
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Our friends will do well to keep track of the ANNOUNCEMENTS of the publishers of The California Weekly as they appear from week to week in this column.

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The California Weekly

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wish to be considered in the field, know all this, it is still a fact that they have a difficult task before them to secure the right kind of candidates for a great many offices. Only in certain instances, and it is to be feared in not a great many, will the right men select themselves and volunteer for the service They will have to be looked for and brought out, in some cases dragged out, kicking and struggling as they go. And they must not merely be good men, but men whose merits are so well known that they will have a first rate chance for election. The kind of availability which consists in a man being known for what he is will count for even more—probably a great deal more—under the new order of things than it did in convention days, since then an unknown man, picked out and endorsed by an authorized nominating body, stamped with the stamp of party regularity, made a pretty fair substitute for a popular favorite; but it will be different with the old system of sponsoring removed. When the people themselves are directed to do the nominating it is to be expected that they will manifest a marked preference for men whom they know as compared with those whom they do not know. Now, it is a fact of which some persons have probably not thought, that the number of men known throughout the length and breadth of California is remarkably small. It is a difficulty which promises to arise even with regard to the great offices of governor and United States senator, and much more when it comes to fitting candidates into less conspicuous offices. The trouble will not unlikely be most acute of all when it comes to picking nominees for those district offices, such as Railroad Commissioners and members of the Board of Equalization, which are of state importance.

Respectability A Cloak for Sin One of the marked facts concerning the "organization" in California is the extent to which it has been able to subject to its influences, if not entirely to assimilate, the human material which ought naturally to have been the best. Able, trained and effective public servants, now filling state and local positions, are known and rightly known, as "organization men," because, while they do their duty from day to day—do it thoroughly and honestly—they went into office under organization influence and still regard it as dominant. The personal character of these men is often good, and their official conduct is also good, but by their acquiescence in machine methods they give the machine the strongest support it has—the support of a respectability greater than its own. This is the hard condition of things which has made the course of reform so difficult in the past, and which is going to retard it in future; but with the right aim and sufficient perseverance it can be accomplished; only it is a question of time—perhaps a good deal of time. Rome was not built, nor is California to be regenerated, in a day. Just at present the question is what should, or perhaps what must, be the attitude of the regenerators towards the class of respectable organization men whom we have described. It is already apparent that the raising of this question, which is an inevitable one, excites some difference of opinion in the ranks of the Lincoln-Roosevelt contingent.

A Matter of Difficulty On the one side are the ardent reformers, who hold that everybody who is not openly against the Southern Pacific "organization" in politics is for it, and who would have none but uncompromising opponents of the "organization" on the Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket to be put up to be voted for at the primary. The argument for this procedure is conclusive if no account is to be taken of the difficulty of finding qualified men who will consent to be candidates, or of the probability of success in getting them nominated. But there are those who think, with Roosevelt, that to be effective is one of the duties of reformers, and that one of the first requisites is to look facts in the face. "One of the facts," it is argued, "is that there are in the legislature, in the courts and in state offices a number of men who were nominated at least with the acquiescence of the

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I. THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE.

By CHARLES R. BROWN.

[I was asked by The California Weekly to prepare a series of four articles on "The Modern Labor Union"—the sub-topics being, The Underlying Principle, The Opposition to Unionism, The Advance in Peaceful Negotiation, The Economic Failure of Unregulated Selfishness. The whole question is one on which intelligent and honest men differ widely in judgment—I should be glad, therefore, if any reader would read all the articles before passing judgment on the argument here advanced.—Chas. R. Brown.]

It would be difficult to name any other organization at the present time which can show such earnest advocates on the one hand, and such determined opponents on the other, each side possessed of large, and touching that particular subject perhaps measurably equal, amounts of intelligence and candor, as can the Labor Union. You find when you talk with him that the average business man has his mind all made up on this question of unions. He knows what he believes and why he believes it, and is not easily moved from that conviction. And you will find also that the ordinary working man, who earns his living at his trade by working with his hands, is equally convinced. Any field where honest and intelligent men, called upon to face the same general set of facts, issue from their consideration of them with such diverse convictions as to what is wise and just, offers certainly a fruitful opportunity for serious inquiry. In this series of articles I wish carefully to consider a few of the main principles in Unionism, some of the methods actually in vogue among the unions and briefly to consider also some of the effects of this close-knit organization of labor in many trades, upon the third and the larger party in interest, the general public.

What Is a "Labor Union"?

It might be well to have before our minds at the outset a clear and exact definition of the modern Labor Union. Here is the definition given by John Mitchell, one of the most intelligent and one of the most influential labor leaders in this country. He stands at the head of the United Mine Workers of America, which numbers over three hundred thousand members, and, by virtue of his position, as well as by his personal qualities, has a right to speak as an authority. "A Trade Union," says Mr. Mitchell, "in its usual form, is an association of workingmen who have agreed among themselves not to bargain individually with their employer or employers, but to agree to the terms of a collective or joint contract between the employer and the union. The ideal of trade unionism is to combine in one organization all the men employed or capable of being employed at a given trade, and to demand and secure for each and all of them a definite standard of wages, hours and conditions of work."

We have here a clear, frank and definite statement of the essential principle of trade unionism. The various concomitants of the labor union, the disposition to limit the number of apprentices, the sick or strike or death benefits which may be paid to members, the purpose of the union to influence legislation which may be favorable to the cause of labor, all these are left to one side for the time and the essential principle of "collective bargaining" to replace the practice of allowing each worker to make such an individual arrangement as he may with his employer, is here rightly brought to the fore. The very backbone of unionism is to be found in that principle of collective bargaining.

"Collective Bargaining" Inevitable.

It may be said at the outset that, all sentiment aside, the principle of collective bargaining is not only defensible on economic grounds, it is inevitable under modern industrial conditions. When primitive conditions prevailed in industry, when the employer was an individual employing only a few men and working with them, perhaps on the same job, then the practice of individual bargaining worked no very serious harm. But with the introduction of steam, of complicated machinery and of the whole factory system, the entire situation was altered. The real employers now may be the stockholders of a corporation, who never know nor see from one end of the year to the other those "hands" who are toiling to earn the dividends which are the main object of desire on the part of those who really own the enterprise. The individual worker standing alone in the presence of such a corporation, which employs men and women by the hundred, by the thousand or by the tens of thousands, as the case may be, finds himself altogether helpless. It is a matter of indifference to the manager or to the superintendent of such a corporation whether John Smith as an individual is satisfied with his wages, his hours and the general conditions of his employment or not—if he does not like his job, he may step aside and get out and make room for some other man who can instantly be employed to take his place. But when John Smith is organized with a thousand or with ten thousand of his fellow workers, and when the representative of all of these men voices, as he does, the attitude of the main part, and commonly the very best part, of the available labor in that particular industry, then the expressions of the workers in regard to the wages, the hours or the conditions of employment become significant and they will receive careful consideration.

We can see at a glance, then, that collective bargaining is necessary for the protection of the individual worker against those unscrupulous employers who, finding themselves in a position to take advantage of the pressing necessities of working men, are sometimes ready to act unjustly in the matter of wages or of hours. And collective bargaining is no less needed to protect the entire group of workers where the individual finds himself. The man who, because he is single and has no family to support, is willing to work at less than a living wage; or the man who, by reason of exceptional strength, is able and willing to show unusual endurance and therefore willing to accept unjust hours or conditions of employment, becomes by that very act the enemy of his whole class. He is, to the extent of his individual influence and example, in the first instance, helping to reduce wages below the standard necessary for the proper maintenance of a worker and his family, or he is, in the second instance, helping to make the conditions of that line of employment too severe for average strength. For the protection of the individual, therefore, and also for the larger wellbeing of the entire class of workers where that individual finds himself, the principle of collective bargaining is demanded.

Also Protection to the Employer.

The principle of collective bargaining is also a protection to the large-minded, well disposed employer of labor against the sharks and the cut-throats he may have to compete with. He is not placed at a disadvantage in the markets of the world by some unscrupulous competitor who desires to pay his men less than a living wage or to work them beyond normal human endurance. Such an unscrupulous employer, where labor is well organized, cannot get men to work for him on such conditions. Where the principles of union labor are operative, every employer knows exactly what his competitor's labor is costing him; he knows when he pays a living wage that his own business is not being placed at a disadvantage through some secret cutting of wages by some sharper across the way. And thus the whole trade, employers and employees alike, is protected and delivered from the peril of having the wage scale brought down to the level suggested by the most unscrupulous employer in that particular industry.

The principle of collective bargaining tends also to develop the spirit and practice of brotherhood among men. The feeling of solidarity of interest quickens that sense of brotherhood in a common cause. "We are all members one of another," they say in the Unions, not always in so many words—they are not always ready and apt in quoting scripture—but through the general methods which have come to prevail. If one member suffer we all suffer with him, and if one member prosper, it is because some measure looking toward the general prosperity of his entire group has been prospered.

Origin of Labor's Solidarity.

There has been a distinct increase of this spirit within the last twenty-five years, due to this fact—the workingmen today all but universally feel that they belong to a class out of which they are not likely to rise. When the resources of this new country were so largely unappropriated, when wide areas of public land were continually being thrown open for settlement upon the payment of a merely nominal sum per acre, and when conditions of industry were so simple that an energetic and thrifty employee might reasonably look toward the ownership and management of a business of his own, the more aspiring men of the working class were being continually drawn off into the employing class; and the sight of these successful migrations from class to class had its influence even upon the many who were less abundantly endowed with ability to rise.

But with the great main resources of the country brought now under private or corporate control to an extent which renders the economic opportunity of an individual without means, or with only small means, a much narrower one today than that enjoyed by such a man forty or fifty years ago; and with business being conducted on the scale prevalent in these days, such an advance in one's industrial station has become such a remote chance as to have but slight influence on the working class. The tools are too expensive now for an individual working man to acquire them, for the tools are the elaborate machines driven in swift and costly fashion by steam or by electricity in some gigantic concern which itself is but a single item in a still more widely organized enterprise. The working men are, therefore, accepting the fact that they are to remain in the class where they find themselves and this deepens the sense of social solidarity among the working people.

The men are, in consequence, more ready today to stand together until by a combination of effort they shall all gain the utmost of their rights, with the consequent wellbeing, in a common movement of brotherhood. The working man who is intent now upon leaving the ranks of organized labor in order to secure for himself individually some personal and private heaven of comfort at Battle Creek, Michigan, through the kindly offices of Mr. Post, or at Dayton, Ohio, by the grace of the handsome purposes of the National Cash Register Company, or in some other situation which has become famous for its opposition to union labor and for its professedly philanthropic attitude toward the men it does attract to its industries—that working man is looked upon as a coward and a quitter, as a traitor to his own class. The more commanding ideal in labor circles is to stay by and aid one's fellows in the common struggle until the larger wellbeing shall be realized for all hands. You will hear working men on the floors of the trade halls say again and again, "I cannot advance, and you cannot advance, except as we all advance together."

An Inconsistency of Employers.

If the principle of collective bargaining is, under modern conditions, an economic necessity, then the refusal of certain employers to deal with the representatives of the Union is

not grounded in either reason or justice. When they say, as they sometimes do, "We will meet our own men individually, but we will not have any dealings with these walking delegates or business agents whom they send," such statements might seem at first to have a certain show of justice in them. But it is only a seeming show. When a thousand men undertake to establish and equip a street railway system, or a cotton manufactory or an iron foundry, they find at once that a thousand men cannot get together and manage a business. They therefore proceed to elect a few men as directors, and these men in turn, finding it impossible to give their united consideration to all the details of the business, immediately choose a manager. And when this manager, himself the flesh and blood embodiment of the very principle of collective bargaining, refuses to bargain collectively with the employees of that concern through their appointed representative, saying, "I cannot deal with your business agent or other representative—I will only meet our own men individually," he at once makes himself ridiculous. The committee of employees or the business representatives of the unions might as well say to him, "We cannot deal with you, Mr. Manager; we can only deal with the stockholders, that is, with our real employers, individually." As the late Mr. Carroll D. Wright clearly pointed out, this answer is just as logical and just as ethical as is the refusal of the manager to treat with the men through their representative.

The Necessity for the Agent.

There is a further reason in favor of having this collective bargaining done through a representative of the union rather than by a committee of the employees themselves. The man who heads such a committee to wait upon the employer, with a list of grievances or with a demand for increased wages or for reduced hours, is likely to be regarded by those in control of the business as an agitator, as an uneasy and troublesome soul, bent on spreading discontent among the men. The fact that he has consented to become their voice is liable to saddle him with the entire responsibility for this unrest. And when any employee is thus looked upon as an agitator, he is the more apt to lose his job when any men are to be let out or when any sort of excuse for making a change may arise. It is better in every way to have the desires of the men voiced and defended by a representative of their union, himself not an employee in that particular concern. If such a representative falls into disfavor with the management, it does not mean that he may in consequence speedily lose his job.

The claim that such collective bargaining is quite unnecessary, because respectable employers can be trusted to deal equitably with their own men, when these men show themselves industrious, competent and reliable, is not by any means borne out by the facts. We have not as yet reached that desirable stage of moral development, where each man may be trusted to look not only upon his own interests, but also and with equal concern upon the interests of others who are bound up with him in a certain enterprise. The safeguarding of dangerous machinery had to be brought about through the compulsion of law; the wholesome restrictions to be thrown about the employment of immature children; the placing of protective platforms on street cars in winter for the motor men; the establishment of conditions looking toward the sanitary and moral welfare of women employees, and a score of other valuable results, have only been secured as pressure has been brought to bear upon employers through the organized demands of the workers. The reluctance induced by self-interest must be recognized and must be overcome by some intelligent and organized presentation of the other parties in interest.

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("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

machine, who have absolutely made good in the performance of their duties. What we are aiming to give the state is honest and effective service, and where officers are actually giving that kind of service, how can you with any consistency proscribe them merely because assisted by the machine in their election? They have not been the tools of the machine, and the machine would never have stood for them had it not been necessary for it to conciliate sentiment by supporting some good men." The representatives of this view go on to say that it will be a broader and more popular policy to endorse for re-election officers who have made the right kind of records without having taken "organization" program, than to turn them down. It is furthermore said that the main purpose in adopting the direct primary was to get rid of machines, slates and air-tight combinations in politics, and that the worst mistake the reformers could make would be to give the people the idea that they are getting up that kind of a combination, even in the interest of reform.

Draw the Line At Subserviency

Undoubtedly there are some cases where the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League should not put up candidates against men who were elected to office through Southern Pacific permission if not procurement and, undoubtedly, too, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican pre-primary convention will do the sensible thing when that bridge is reached. The League made the mistake two years ago of fighting a few such men and got soundly licked for its blunder; but it made a worse mistake when it failed to fight a few men who ought to have been fought, even in the face of the prospects of getting licked again. If the league can't beat a scoundrel it can try. If it don't need to beat a good man it don't need to try. The League can do a worse thing than get soundly whipped; it can prove itself cowardly. It can do a better thing than to win, as it did in two or three assembly fights in Oakland, only to have its candidates fall down as soon as they are stood up. But let no man apply who has proven subservient and a program taker. Draw the line there.

The Democrats Are Waking Up

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(Concluded on Facing Page.)

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A MIXTURE OF TWINS

BY

ALPHEUS JAMES

"IT'S a queer thing 'bout twins," said old man Jurgen. "Not," he continued, "that I mean to contend that it's remarkable that they should arrive similtanyus, though some parents has urged that one twin at a time is a sufficient visitation of Providence to them that has to pervide for it."

We were seated on the porch of an Upper Lake hotel, the day was clear and warm, the atmosphere seemed laden with a haze of dreams, our dinner had been fairly good, and it was easy to see that the old gentleman had fallen into a reflective and conversational mood. I felt that the mood might be worth cultivation, passed him a cigar, and asked him why he thought it was "a queer thing about twins."

"It's their resemblances," the old man replied. "Course you've noticed them when they're so much alike that when you look at one you don't know whether it's him or is the other one that isn't there"

I said I had noticed the phenomenon. The interruption did not check the old gentleman's flow of language; it bubbled on:

"There was Bill Lister, used to live over on Goose crick. Mrs. Lister and him had twins—girls, they was. Alike! Well, sir, their ma and pa couldn't tell 'em apart, and it allers hurt their feelin's to feel that they prob'ly spanked the wrong precious little cherib when the other one had been into mischief. They named them Florabel an' Annabel, an' before they got to goin' to school the other youngsters nicknamed them both Bell, so they'd be sure to call the right one. Their pa an' ma objected at first, but after a while they see it was best, for it doubled their ma's chances of gittin' an answer when she stood at the door and called, 'Beh-yell!' in the way mas do. Mis Lister used to say it hurt her feelin's to feel she prob'ly was whippin' the wrong one when one of the little dears had been in mischief, an' I don't blame her, but, shucks! what could she do?

"You can see it must have been tryin', but the Listers didn't know what trouble was till the Cogginses come to live in their neighborhood when Bell an' her sister, Bell, was 'bout grown up. The Cogginses had twins, too—twin boys or young men—an' they was as like as the girls was. In a misleadin' moment the Cogginses had named them Robert an' Herbert, an' seein, as nobody every knew whether Robert was Herbert, or Herbert was Robert, or neither was either, they naturally took to callin' both of them Bert, so's to be sure not to make a mistake.

"Everything would have been all right now, in a hazy kind of way, if both Berts and both Bells hadn't fallen in love with each other, an' they couldn't git themselves unmixed. I don't s'pose there ever was anything more affectin' than to see them young creechers, their hearts burnin' with love, but not knowin' for certain who it was for. They could feel Cupid's arrer ranklin' in their hearts, but, do their best, they couldn't tell where it come from. Youthful love always is jealous, too, and as they couldn't tell when they see the other brother or sister with the other sister or brother, whether it was the other brother or sister or their only own sister or brother, you can see 'twas vexin'.

"At last they concluded they'd take their chances and git married. The morning of the wedding was a beautiful one, and everything looked auspicious. The four young people met beforehand and made a desprit attempt to pick out their loved ones, but in the middle of it somebody called the two Bells out of the room, and that mixed them up so that they had to start over again. They kept on arguin' 'bout which loved which till the preacher sent word he was waitin,' and then, not wantin' to hold the crowd, they drew cuts under an agreement that the two longest cuts should go together and the two shortest should take what's left.

"I never in my life saw anything sweeter than that wedding. It was affectin' to see them two fair young girls standin' there and lookin' lovin'ly and trustin'ly on them that, for the first time, they had a cinch was their own. I'm middlin' old and crusty, but it touched my heart to see it. And it was almost ekally affectin' to see them fine, stalwart men gazin' affectionately on their charmin' prospective brides and once again tryin' to find a distinguishin' mark.

"The preacher wanted to marry them as Robert an' Herbert and Florabel an' Annabel, but, havin' been called Bert or Bell ever since they was a foot high, when they was too young to know what their names was, they was afraid of illegalizin' the marriage by gittin' married under their brother's or sister's names, so he had to give up that they was right, and they was married as Berts and Bells.

"Somebody ought to have foreseen the sad event that occurred; somebody ought to have had the presence of mind to have prevented it, but they didn't. As soon as the double weddin' had occurred everybody rushed forrard to congratulate the brides an' grooms. Alas, in the pleasin' excitement of the joyous occasion the brides got separated from their grooms, and when they tried to pick them out again they couldn't. One of the brides said she was married to the groom that stood on the right hand side, and the other bride admitted 'twas so, but the grooms had been in that daze that afflicts men when they're bein' married, and so that didn't help any.

"I never saw a weddin' occasion more consternated than that was. It was suggested that the preacher should marry them again, and at first it seemed a good idee, but the preacher checked it. He said, seein' as they didn't know who they had married, he couldn't take chances on helpin' them to commit bigamy. He said his conscience wouldn't permit him to do it, much as he'd like to help the young people.

"It seemed then as if everything was all off with the double weddin,' and the preacher said he'd go away an' pray for his young friends that they might be led aright in their hour of trouble and trial. Then the newly married an' all the rest of us left the church, the brides weepin' bitterly an' the grooms tryin' to remember which side they stood on when they was married. At length one of the Berts spoke up, an' says, 'The parson said he'd pray for us to be led right, didn't he?' an' they all admitted that he did. 'And we've got confidence in him, ain't we?' he says, and they replied that they had. 'Then,' he says, 'in order to help that leadin' let's shut our eyes, all of us, an' start anyway round the room, an' the first girls we boys touch is the ones we've been led to.' They had consider'ble faith in the preacher, and so they did it, although they didn't deny that they felt some misgivin's.

"After that things moved along pretty smoothly. They got two little cottages side by side an' lived happily in them, the boys, of course, havin' to keep sober so they wouldn't git mixed about the cottages. Sometimes, the girls said, the thought that they might reely be married to the other Bert rankled some, but they put their trust in the preacher an' refused to believe that his prayers didn't hit the mark.

"It's nothin' unusual for twins to have twins, and so nobody was s'prised when each couple had a twin boy an' a twin girl after a while. Cute? You never saw anything cuter. And you couldn't tell 'em apart till after their pas and mas begun to dress them like boys and girls; then you could tell by their clothes which was a boy and which was a girl, and you couldn't tell anything more'n that.

"But before that a tragic happenin' took place that shrouded our neighborhood with a gloom it's never fully got over. One beautiful summer day when the four little kids was just big enough to toddle round as sweet as could be their pas and mas took 'em and went for a little picnic in the woods. Well, sir, they never knew exactly how it happened, but in some way them pledges of their affection strayed a little ways off and—got mixed! The fond parents soon found 'em, but it was too late. They couldn't unmix them. With tears in their eyes and anguish in their hearts, they tried an' tried, but it was in vain. They were mixed, and that was all there was to it.

"Slowly and broken-heartedly, they took the little, toddling procession to the same preacher that married them, and asked him to pray that their eyes might be opened so that they could select their own. He did it, and they made their guess, but they ain't ever felt exactly certain. They had a good deal of confidence in the preacher, but how could they help havin' their nachral human doubts? I've allers conceded that it must be pretty tough to love your darlin' children an' at the same time not know but they belong in another family, but they did the best they could under the distressin' circumstances.

"Them children now are grown an' have children of their own, and sometimes them later little ones look up into the faces of their pas and mas and pleadin'ly say, 'Won't you tell us whether we have six granpas an' granmas, or only four?' and it is mournful to see them tryin' to pick out which is granpas an' granmas, which is pas an' mas, and which is uncles an' aunts. I s'pose there never was such a mixed up family since Eve first called Cain in an' told him it was time for bed.

"Well, when the next generashun of children after them I've told you about came they also was twins, and as soon as they could talk they used to lift up their appealin' voices to their pas an' mas and say, 'Oh, won't you please tell us which really are our—'"

I interrupted old man Jurgen almost sternly. "See here," I said, "before you go any further with this mixed family history, you expect me to believe that it is true, don't you?"

"Do you reckon I'd have told it if it wasn't?" the old man almost savagely inquired.

"Why, no; certainly not," said I. "By the way, are there any people around here who know the Listers, the Coggins, and their families?"

"They used to be," said old man Jurgen, "but they've all moved away now."

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

held January 7th and 8th, in San Francisco, should be as well attended as possible, considering the prevailing paucity in the membership of that party in this state. California needs a good, able bodied Democratic party, but it needs to be as good as able bodied, and it is hard for Democrats to stay good. For instance, no sooner will the January conference begin to gather than a line of cleavage will begin to develop. There will be those who will wish to do politics in the light of the contest for power which is to go forward between the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and the Herrin programmers, and there will be those who will wish, then and there, to split the party from end to end, on exactly the line that the Lincoln-Rooseveliers have drawn—emancipation from corporation control. The conservative element will wish not to antagonize their Democratic brother, William F. Herrin, in order that they may be in a position to receive the whole Republican push vote at the general election, in the event that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League succeeds in nominating its ticket at the primaries. That way lies the continuous comatose condition of the Democratic party in California, but if the Bell element can win in that party, and the Lincoln-Roosevelt in the Republican, the emancipation of California from corporation domination will not be far from realization. Therefore, gentlemen, give us a good, straightout, free and independent Democratic party in California and so afford yourself the luxury of a hope in the hereafter.

SIGNATURES BY THE YARD

THE JOB AHEAD OF STATE PRIMARY CANDIDATES.

The new direct primary law makes the work of putting a state primary ticket in the field a tremendous physical task. The gathering of signatures to candidates' petitions for the first election under the law in San Francisco illustrated this fact. For instance, the Municipal League of Independent Republican clubs had about twenty-six candidates. About 2,300 signatures were secured for each candidate's petition, or about 60,000 signatures in all. And even in these densely populated and easily accessible city precincts it required three weeks of incessant labor to prepare the petitions for filing.

Some of the Difficulties.

Incidental difficulties must be remembered. The League bound its petitions into books, and its agents asked each signer to sign the whole set at once. This is the simplest method, but imagine the feelings of a man who is requested to sign his name twenty-six times at a sitting! Furthermore, nearly every citizen wants to split his ticket somewhere, either out of friendship for a certain opposition candidate or out of distrust of one of his own party's candidates. Hence, every book of petitions does not represent a complete set of signed petitions, and an extra number must be signed to allow for this margin.

Another point is this: A man will sign a candidate's petition and forget that he did it. Another man with the same candidate's petition asks him later to sign. He does so, innocently enough, but his second signature is thrown out by the law. Such duplications must be allowed for.

An Amusing Possibility.

A more amusing difficulty is this: In the closing days of the primary campaign, some candidates paid fifty cents apiece for signatures, with the result that enterprising voters signed the same candidate's petition eight times when presented by different canvassers, netting $4 of easily earned coin, but putting the candidate in danger of losing his right to appear on the ballot if the registrar were careful and his managers careless. In fact, one observer declares that, had the petitions in the late San Francisco campaign been checked (a physical impossibility for the Registrar), fully half the "regular" Republican candidates at the primary election would have lost their places on the primary ballot.

This observer concludes that not less than 5 per cent of all signatures must be figured off as worthless in all cases, as being subject to disqualification for one cause or another. The Municipal League's petitions, as filed, ran 91 per cent clean, but those of the other factions of all the parties ran much lower, some as low as 50 per cent.

The State Problem Larger.

With these difficulties in mind, the state problem looms much larger. The percentages of signatures required are less than in the city, but the population is much more scattered and harder to get at in the state at large. Furthermore, the management of the campaign for signatures in a city are all within reach of their lieutenants, whereas, in the state campaign, the central body must operate through managers in counties widely separated and through local lieutenants even more scattered. It follows, therefore, that fully twice as much time—and probably more than that—should be allowed for gathering the same number of signatures for state officers' petitions as was allowed for the city tickets.

Signing by the Dozen.

The faithful partizan has his hands full if he means to sign his party candidates' petitions for the primaries next year. The state executive officers to be elected next year number ten: Governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, controller, treasurer, attorney-general, surveyor-general, clerk of the supreme court, superintendent of public instruction, and superintendent of state printing.

In addition to these, a state railroad commissioner is to be chosen from each of the three railroad districts; a member of the state board of equalization from each of the four equalization districts; a justice of the district court of appeals from each of the three appellate districts, and a congressman from each of the eight congressional districts.

Still further in addition, half of the members of the state senate, and all the members of the assembly, are to be elected. This means that one senator in each of twenty senatorial districts, and one assemblyman in each of the eighty assembly districts are to be chosen.

And, finally, two justices of the supreme court of California are to be elected.

These figures mean that the faithful Republican, say, must sign petitions for ten state executive officers, one railroad commissioner, one member of the board of equalization, one appellate judge, one congressman, one state senator, one assemblyman, and two supreme court justices, or eighteen petitions in all.

Thirty Signatures Per "Signer."

But this is not all. County officers are to be chosen in every county at the same time. This adds petitions for a county clerk, sheriff, tax collector, treasurer, recorder, auditor, district attorney, assessor, superintendent of schools, coroner, public administrator, and surveyor—twelve in all; and, in some counties, one or more superior judges, besides. These make the grand total of petitions to be signed thirty or more. In other words, the party managers should begin early the pursuit of the patient but harassed party signer.

Now for the actual bulk of the individual petitions of Republican candidates. For state officers the law requires signatures in number to 1 per cent of the last party vote in at least ten counties, these signatures to be, in the aggregate, not less than 1 per cent of the last party vote in the state. The second proviso radically qualifies the first. If only the ten counties were required, 1 per cent of the Taft vote in Alpine, Mono, Mariposa, Trinity, Del Norte, Lassen, Inyo, Madera, Sierra and Glenn counties would be sufficient. These counties polled only 4,442 votes for Taft, which would make the necessary signatures for state petitions only 45 apiece. But the aggregate **state** vote for Taft was 214,398, so that not less than 2,144 signatures will be necessary, and these scattered through not less than ten counties.

District Officers' Petitions.

The law provides other conditions for the other officers. For representatives in congress, or for any officer chosen from two or more counties, signatures to the number of 2 per cent of the last party vote must be secured in at least one-sixth of the election precincts in **each** county, and these signatures must amount, in the aggregate, to not less than 2 per cent of the last party vote in the two or more counties.

This section applies also, by inference, to members of the board of equalization, railroad commissioners, and justices of the district court of appeals.

City or County Officers' Petitions.

The law provides still another ratio for county officers, or officers chosen by a city and county, or by a subdivision of a county. These officers' petitions must contain signatures amounting at least to 3 per cent of the last party vote in at least one-fourth of the precincts, and amounting, in the aggregate, to at least 3 per cent of the party vote of the entire county or subdivision thereof.

This, in brief, is the burden the party managers must undertake, to get candidates' names on the primary election ballot. It is a huge job, and attention to its difficulties should be given at once by the state and local officers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.

"PRIVILEGE AND INTERFERENCE."

Last Wednesday evening, Mr. William Kent addressed the Men's League of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, on "Privilege and Interference." The two hundred and fifty members of the League heard a stimulating criticism of accepted economic theories in the light of modern practice and experience.

Mr. Kent reviewed the "laissez-faire" theory of economics, with its hard and fast dicta that the "law of supply and demand" is a perfect and complete safeguard against economic oppression, that "freedom of contract" is a sacred thing, and that "competition will regulate prices"; and showed stubborn facts that mitigate the truth of these doctrines.

He also discussed some phases of Socialistic theory, and then probed the present conservative idea with reference to the anti-social nature of waste, and showed that interference with privilege is, and has always been, a prerequisite to the economic advance of mankind.

The substance of Mr. Kent's address will be printed in The California Weekly next week.

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SHORT TALKS ON DOMESTIC SCIENCE

By Mary Robinson Thomas.

The woman who feels it beneath her to go to the kitchen and prepare an acceptable meal needs broadening. A woman of intellect is needed there, just as a man of intellect is needed in offices, banks and other positions. "Can it be said that the wage-earner is doing any nobler work than the wage spender. They are both providers." A thorough knowledge of culinary science and art is essentially woman's world, but because of her sex she is not always a born cook, but she must have the training as men are trained for various lines of work, and not expected to be able lawyers or doctors or skillful mechanics. Woman may have other talents, and it is absurd that she should scour pans and scrub floors when someone less talented could do this work and she thereby find time to broaden her life and others'. There should be no more drudgery or monotony connected with this work than with any other work, and scientifically followed, each new discovery or success deepens the interest.

The satisfaction and delight pictured in a dear one's face, especially if ill, when the appetite is gratified, is sufficient recompense and when the sincere praise comes, too, the provider of the meal is joyfully conscious that her time has been profitably spent.

If the ordinary girl is taught to do the ordinary things of every day life well, how quickly this line of work will assume, and rightfully, the high place it deserves. If the girls are to be capable dietitians for homes or institutions, the proper equipment and training must be given them. Haphazard methods and crude tools rarely produce a finished work in any line.

This line of work is comparatively new throughout the United States, and especially so on this coast; but all indications point towards a rapid advance in this, as in all domestic science.

From Mark Twain's "Following the Equator": "Men ought to feel a sort of respect for their mothers, wives and sisters by this time. The women deserve a change of attitude like that, for they have wrought well. In forty-seven years they have swept an imposingly large number of unfair laws from the statute books of America. In that brief time these serfs have set themselves free—essentially. Men could not have done so much for themselves in that time without bloodshed; at least they never have.

"The women have accomplished a peaceful revolution and a very beneficent one, and yet that has not convinced the average man that they are intelligent, and have courage and energy and perseverance and fortitude. It takes much to convince the average man of anything, and perhaps nothing can ever make him realize that he is the average woman's inferior, yet in several important details the evidences seem to show that that is what he is. Man has ruled the human race from the beginning, but he should remember that up to the middle of the century it was a dull world, and ignorant and stupid. This is woman's opportunity. She has had none before. I wonder where man will be in another forty-seven years."

"Little Talks"—Concluded.

hand in public affairs, but there should be no civic noncombatants in the pews. The people who begin a fight with prayer are the ones who make headway against evil conditions, whether political, economic, judicial, administrative or social; and there are many who do not see how conditions are much to be bettered until a church becomes as politically efficient as a saloon. As that efficiency grows we should have stronger churches and fewer saloons.

William Fayal Clark is the editor of St. Nicholas, the children's magazine.

PUBLIC WELFARE FUND

The Public Welfare Fund of San Francisco was launched last Tuesday evening at a meeting in the Mills building, San Francisco. The idea of such a fund originated with Mr. Meyer Lissner, of Los Angeles, who formed a fund of this character last fall in the southern city. Its purpose is to provide a single and permanent method of collecting money for reform movements, the fund to be disbursed by men of unquestionable integrity and proven political judgment as emergencies in civic life arise.

The meeting in San Francisco was called together by Isidor Jacobs and Milton T. U'Ren, of the Good Government League. A tentative list of members of the General Committee of Fifty and of the Board of Trustees (eleven members) was offered for consideration before final action to be taken next Tuesday evening. A committee consisting of Rolla V. Watt, Thomas S. Williams and Isidor Jacobs was appointed to revise this list and to secure promises that all who may be elected will serve.

Membership is limited to subscribers, who shall pay not less than $1 a month or $10 a year to the fund. The officers of the fund are to be a General Committee of Fifty, elected by the members on the fourth Tuesday in January of every even-numbered year; and a Board of Trustees of eleven members, to be elected by the General Committee. Approximately half of the members of the Board of Trustees are to be elected every two years.

The functions of the Board of Trustees are described by the by-laws to be as follows:

"The Board of Trustees shall have the power to grant financial aid to all movements and purposes that, in the judgment of said Trustees, tend to the betterment of civic and political conditions, upon written application made therefor and signed by at least five members of three months' good standing. No grant of financial aid shall be made without the affirmative vote of at least six trustees.

"No appeal shall be allowed from any act of the trustees granting financial aid. But if any application for financial aid be rejected by the trustees, said application may be renewed before the General Committee upon written demand signed by at least twenty-five members. Upon the affirmative vote of at least thirty members of the General Committee, the trustees shall be compelled, if in possession of sufficient funds, to grant the aid in the amount directed by such vote of the General Committee.

"Except as in these by-laws expressly limited, the trustees are to have absolute control, without review, and with power to expend and otherwise use the funds as they may in their judgment deem wisest. Neither the Board of Trustees nor the General Committee, as an organization, shall participate in the management of any movement."

NEW FRESNO LIQUOR LAW.

The city trustees of Fresno unanimously passed a stringent saloon ordinance last Monday night. This ordinance replaces the one recently vetoed by Mayor Rowell as being inequitable and non-enforceable. The new law, which is nearly as long as the president's message to congress, provides for elaborate regulations of the liquor business and summary penalties for their infraction.

The ordinance makes the following classification of the liquor selling business:

Retail liquor saloons paying a quarterly license of $200 (now $150).

Wholesale liquor stores, $75 a quarter (doubled).

Class A, restaurant serving beer and wine at bona fide meals, $50 a quarter.

Class B, restaurant selling the above and also liquors, $100 a quarter. These licenses are in addition to the regular restaurant business license.

Clubs, $25 a quarter.

Licenses hereafter will be for a quarter on a permit for one year.

Saloons, restaurants selling liquor, and clubs are closed for liquor business at midnight, opening at 6 a. m. daily, and closed all day Sunday for the sale of liquors.

No drinking is permissible in a drug store. The permit and license is forfeitable, revocable and to be canceled at any time on charges preferred and heard.

The free lunch counter is abolished as a saloon institution, and club petitions for a license must show that no gambling is permitted on the premises, and that only club members and invited guests are permitted to be served with liquor at the club bar.

Not more than forty-nine saloon permits are permitted to be issued in one year, including renewals, transfers, etc., and the number of saloons to be reduced to forty as a maximum number.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No..... Dept.....

PETITION.

Now comes THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California, and established, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, by A. J. PILLSBURY, its editor and manager, and sets forth the following facts, and avers, to-wit:

That the said newspaper is, and for upwards of one year next preceding the making and filing of this petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year preceding the date of this petition;

That said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes.

Wherefore petitioner prays that upon due notice and proceedings had for that purpose, the court will render a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing the standing of petitioner, the said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. PILLSBURY,
Its Editor and Manager.

W. H. PAYSON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

A. J. PILLSBURY, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the manager and editor of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioning newspaper in the above entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition, and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as therein stated on information or belief, and as to those matters, he believes it to be true.

A. J. PILLSBURY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1909.

[Seal.] A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept.....

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on to-wit, the 17th day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioner named in the above entitled action, intends to apply to the said court, Department No. 12, in the Grant Building, in said city and county, for the order, decision and judgment mentioned in Section 4462 of the Political Code of the State of California, ascertaining and establishing its standing as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of said Political Code.

Dated November 29, 1909.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. Pillsbury, its Manager and Editor.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

How Your Property Gets Taxed.

On the first Monday in each March all your earthly possessions are taxable. The thing that you acquire the day after, and sell the day before the first Monday of the next March, you do not pay taxes on at all, but somebody else must or the public treasury is defrauded to that extent.

It is the duty of somebody to know what your property is reasonably worth. The law says that it shall be assessed at its full value, full value being the price at which one would accept it in the payment of a solvent debt; but, in practice, the law is nowhere pretended to be obeyed, and the officers of the law, the assessors, and boards of equalization themselves, with deliberation, refuse to assess property at its full value. The aim has been to assess it, the state over, at about 60 per cent of its value. How it is assessed, at full value or less, matters little so that it be assessed as other people's property of like character is assessed. The greater the total assessment, the less the tax rate; and the lower the tax rate, the more favorable tax conditions seem to be; but the sum total to be paid does not differ either way.

Assessors are elected by the people to assess the property of the people, and the work ought to be fairly and equitably done. Sometimes it is. Often it is not. Special interests sometimes combine and conspire to elect assessors who will favor such interests or bear down heavily upon other interests adverse to the special favorites. Then, too, judgment is fallible, and, with the best intentions, inequalities exist and injustice is inflicted.

To obviate this difficulty as far as possible, boards of equalization are provided. In each county the boards of supervisors sit to consider complaints of property being assessed too high or too low. In each city the board of trustees so sits to consider city assessments. As persons do not themselves complain of their property being assessed too low, these boards of equalization go over the entire assessments to see if any valuations are too low, but they rarely trouble themselves to see if valuations are too high. The individual property owner must see to that. If the board of equalization find property assessed too low they cite the owner to show cause why his assessment should not be raised, and they raise it or let it alone, as may appear to them just, after hearing all that the owner has to say.

Many owners of property, usually the small owners, are careless about inspecting the tax rolls after they are made up, and if their property be assessed too high they do not find it out until taxpaying time, when it is too late to remedy the defect. Prudent owners will attend to this in season, for many blunders are made by assessors and their deputies. Some of them have no sense of value, and others are careless. The writer of this, the past year, had his home assessed to the man who built it, but who had not a dollar's worth of interest in it, notwithstanding the fact that the owner gave in the property in his own name in due season. It is well to look after such things closely to prevent errors that might prove serious.

The law requires each property owner to make out a correct list of all the property he owns, swear to its correctness, and deposit it with the assessor. If the assessor comes around to help make out the lists, as well as do the assessing, it is because he is willing to be obliging.

The constitution exempts from taxation household effects to the value of $100, if the property owner will make out a list of the articles he wishes to have exempt. This is done with the view of taking the burden off the very poor, the widow with her sewing machine and scanty household effects, for instance, that she may not have to bear any part of the cost of maintaining local or state government; but even then one does not wholly escape that burden. Taxes constitute one of the expenses of doing business and, as such an expense, are figured into the cost of practically every article of commerce that goes into one's living, so that the consumer pays some part of the tax whether he owns property or not.

Property, under the law, includes not only houses and lands, money, cattle, horses and automobiles, but debts due from solvent persons, whether secured by mortgage or not. The real property, the houses and lands, are easily found, but the assessment of personal property, other than livestock, is little better than a farce. Many men have dishonestly dodged their personal property tax, or a large portion of it, so long that they do not feel it to be dishonest to dodge it, and California now discloses little more of personal property wealth than the tax rolls showed to exist thirty years ago, when California was hardly more than half as rich as it now is. This is one of the many public wrongs that somehow need righting.

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This Week: "PRIVILEGE AND INTERFERENCE."

—*By William Kent.*

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 17 : 09 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Stone In, Irish Out.

THE NEWS THAT JOHN P. IRISH is to be dropped out of the position of naval officer at San Francisco, and that George Stone is to be substituted, will be received by our best citizenship with total unconcern. Both gentlemen have deserved well at the hands of the associated villainies of this state. They have served them with a generous disregard for their own fame. The offense of Stone is palliated by his want of ability. That of Irish is accentuated by the possession of an ability and an eloquence that gave him need to be thrall to no man and no interest. If the people of California could have believed in him there is no honor they would not have conferred upon him. It is unlikely that he will be forgotten when down and out. The splendid services he rendered the grafters through the columns of the Oakland Tribune during the late unpleasantness entitle him to further largess at their munificent hands. The President only is to be commiserated.

The Return of Detweiler.

REPORT HAS IT THAT A. K. DETWEILER, one of our bunch of grafters, has ventured to return to the haunts of men. It is well. We shall soon hear of his participating in public banquets without shame, as so well befits an unconvicted felon. Doubtless we shall learn, too, that he has been confined in some sanitarium under the care of a nerve specialist. The soul of Detweiler is delicate. Had it not been for his fierce, unconvernable modesty he doubtless would have faced the music with Calhoun and the others, but that man Heney is such a rude, uncouth person that the situation might at times have become embarrassing "doncherknow?" Therefore it was sweetest and best to go into seclusion until the squall blew over. Heaven be praised, there is, too, a hell for the reception of malefactors who cheat the law, and we have it upon the word of an old colored woman who knew as much about it as anybody—"When de sinner gits dar he don't burn up like no cob; he lasts, he lasts."

The Morgan Billions.

THIS IS THE WAY that conservative, reliable, safe and sane journal, the Springfield Republican, in round numbers, estimates the extent of the J. Pierpont Morgan associated interests: Two great insurance companies, $1,000,000,000; six national banks, $600,000,000; the United States Steel and other industrial corporations, $2,000,000,000; seven trust companies, $328,000,000; the Morgan system of railroads, $2,500,000,000. Total financial power of the Morgan group of interests, $6,000,000,000. This now matches the Standard Oil group, but there is reciprocity and not ill-will between them, for how could it be otherwise considering the exemplary Christian gentlemen who head the two parallel interests? It was well said by the pious Baer that, "It has pleased the Lord to confide great interests to the custody of eminent Christian gentlemen." So it has, so it has, and yet it is not impossible that the Devil may be better pleased than the Lord.

Leopold.

TEARS ARE ENTERTAINED THAT, in spite of all his sufferings and the use of the knife, King Leopold of Belgium may recover. His white subjects at home are giving way to no transports of grief and his sable subjects in the Congo, whom he has ravaged like a Pittsburg iron master, are hearing the news of his illness with resignation. Stormy old Petrel! He fought his illegitimate children out of his sight, however he may have treated the others, and his barbarities disgraced a nation. But he is enormously rich. He sold everything that a reputable man would most cherish and bought money with it which he must leave, if not now, then by and by, to crawl like a snail out of its shell into the presence of his Maker, of no more consequence, we may believe, than the poorest cannibal of the Congo whom the "chattering missionaries" tell us he exploited like the master of a sweatshop. What can such a life have profited him?

The Bandit.

ONE LONE MAN WITH A PISTOL has San Francisco half terrorized. He has given the sensational dailies a great bit of news to play up and right well are they doing it; but they have missed the moral of it all, which is this: What would be the state of helplessness of any civilized community if one man in a hundred, yes, one in a thousand, were a blood-hungry bandit? With one in the thousand, prudent, cautious, determined, silent, no human life would be safe, all business houses would be forced to close before dusk, few persons would venture out after night and no one would be admitted into any door until he had answered satisfactorily to the call "Who's there?" To what are we indebted for this comparative immunity from criminality? To the police? They could not stop it if there were two of them on every side of every city block. No, rather to that best and most effective police power the world has known, that for nineteen centuries, in a thousand ways, has taught the children of men to cease to do evil and learn to do well, do we owe what of safety we have. But for that service a man's poverty would be his only security, and there are millions to-day living with no other security than their poverty.

Hearst as a Hero.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST will not down. Any man with 150,000 votes at his back in any city or state can do business with, or be granted the hospitality of, those who sit in the seats of the mighty. A week or so ago Mr. Hearst was the guest of honor at a banquet tendered by some of the financial and political elect of New York, and a few days later he was made the guest of honor of a bigger banquet attended by men not so high or so important, yet not to be overlooked. "Uncle" George Hearst used to say of William Randolph that whatever he did one could count on its being something surprising. If, after having swung around the circle of the indecencies of private, journalistic and political life, he should now undertake to be decent, honest and straightforward that would be the most surprising freak of all.

Next Week.

NEXT WEEK THE "BACKBONE" article in The California Weekly will be the second in the series on "The Modern Labor Union," written by Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland. His subject will be, "The Opposition to Unionism," frankly treated, nothing extenuated for which there is no extenuation, nothing concealed that should be said in order to be frank and fair. Recent events at Pittsburg foreshadow an increased interest in the labor problem. Events are not unlikely to take place which will bring the issue home to many. Every mind should be prepared to judge sanely and soundly of the events as they come. Nothing can better contribute to this preparation of the mind than carefully to read and ponder over these articles by Doctor Brown. Will the reader kindly tell his friends about them?

LEADERSHIP AND THE LEAGUE.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League aims to free the Republican party from domination by corrupting corporations, political bosses and the criminal classes manipulated by political bureaus.—Extract from platform of principles adopted at the Oakland conference, November 22d.

There are twenty-six words in the foregoing declaration but they are sufficient to outline three labors of Hercules, labors which must be performed in every dominant political party or the destruction of free institutions is only a question of generations if not of decades. Events move with swift feet in this fast time of ours.

There are thousands of corporations in California that are not corrupting, and some of them are public service corporations. Against these the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League wages no warfare. The Southern Pacific company is the chief offender and with it are allied such corporations as the United Railroads, the Spring Valley Water company, and such other corporations as want things they should not have. It is the policy of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company to make it to the interest of all such corporations to come to that bureau for advantage and protection, and practically all the villainies of the state will be found herded into that corral.

While it is the public service corporation that has debauched our political life, it is the promoter, the high financier, who has debauched the public service corporations. He is the "Indian" who is making all the trouble. The performance of a public service by a corporation is as legitimate, healthful and proper as keeping a store. Whoever performs that service is entitled to a reasonable return upon a reasonable valuation of the investment and no more. That does not satisfy the promoter. What he wants is to secure so large a revenue for the performance of that service as to double, treble or quadruple the selling price of the securities representing the investment. To attain this end, and then sell out, he is willing to debauch every public official with whom he may come in contact. He is an enemy of the state and he it is who orders, or organizes, every corporate political bureau that exists.

The second purpose is to emancipate the Republican party from domination by political bosses and, for bossism, substitute leadership. The boss is the creation of the promoter because the promoter furnishes a market for his wares. Without such a market bossism would scarcely repay the cost of it. The follower of the boss takes his orders from the boss. The follower of a leader takes the programme of the leader because he has had a voice in selecting the leader and in forming his programme. The boss is autocratic, the leader republican; the boss is corporative, the leader co-operative; the boss operates from the top down, the leader from the bottom upward; the boss implies a plutocratic despotism, the leader self government among a free people.

The third high purpose is the emancipation of the Republican party from domination by the criminal classes. Who constitute criminal classes? They are the debauchers and the debauched. Some of them are great, greedy vampires. Some of them are cringing, crawling, pediculus vestimenti. All are parasites. They live off the public, not by serving the people but by capitalizing their necessities or their weaknesses. Their lairs are to be found in the cheap boarding houses, the saloons and the redlight districts. They have no political or other principles. They can change their party affiliations as easily as they can change their shirts, and more frequently if necessary. They are bound together by the cohesive power of graft and of immunity from prosecution for plying their unlawful trades. This body of voters is big enough in any city, when solidified, to hold the balance of power when the better element can be divided into two hostile camps on a question of party or policy. Without it the boss would be out of a job and the public-service promoter would not be able to buy what he wants. The "push" is the root of the political cancer.

How this element is to be eradicated from our political life it is not easy to say. Make living in and around houses of ill-fame a felony punishable with forfeiture of the electoral franchise, that would be a step in the right direction. The cities of Europe eliminate what we call the floating vote with fine effect. This element can be largely eliminated from our political life, and it must be. When the will to eliminate it becomes determined a way will be found.

THE STAFF

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.

The great Homestead strike of 1892 was a mistake. It was worse than a mistake, it was an immoral if not criminal aggression of organized labor, intoxicated with its newly found power, upon the rights of capital. The challenge thrown down by labor was accepted by capital, the fight was to the finish, the labor unions were defeated and cast out and, for seventeen years, the victors have been pressing their advantage harder and harder until Pittsburg has come to be, to American civilization, what the Valle Nacional is to the civilization of Mexico—an abomination of desolation. Great was the sin of organized labor in the Pittsburg district in 1892, and terrible has been the punishment endured.

The Pittsburg industrial district is at once the highest example of the beneficent effects of the American protective system, as applied to infant industries after they have grown to colossal proportions, and the most perfect example of the policy of the wolf as applied to unorganized and unled sheep, sheared so close that every nip of the shears cuts to the quick. The principle of the division of labor has been carried so far in that district that skilled trades have been reduced to single elemental operations that any blockhead can perform after having been shown once, and the civilized world has been ransacked to find the cheapest blockheads born of woman to do work that was once done by skilled artisans.

The Pittsburg survey, recently made by disinterested experts from many cities, brought to light a state of facts that cannot be questioned and that mark the depths of the dollar's inhumanity to man. In no other community has the American so small a part in the personnel of American labor, and nowhere else has labor of any kind so little of advantage gained from a protective system, professedly adopted for the benefit of labor. The laborer has no more part or lot in that protection than he would have if protection were wiped off the statute books.

Nowhere else, outside the henequen plantations of Yucatan, are flesh and blood so driven to the limit of endurance as there. Not all the philanthropies of Carnegie will ever atone for the exacting demands which he insisted upon from those who piled up his millions while he trotted the globe at his ease. What he did has been so improved on since then that stalwart youths are wrung as dry as hay in less than a score of years and then thrown out without being mercifully put to death, as in the cases of mules so used up as to be of no further service. The destruction of life is atrocious and the compensations granted for injuries are pittances and seldom granted at all. In fine, the labor situation at Pittsburg stands condemned, with scarcely one touch of human sympathy to show that the employing corporations have not ghouls instead of men for stockholders.

That the labor organizations of the country have declared war upon the Pittsburg system is good news. It had to come. Pittsburg has demonstrated that where labor is unorganized and capital is without compunction, where the law of supply includes the habitable earth, and the law of demand an output restricted to the needs of a starved market sheltered behind a tariff wall, the degradation of labor follows swiftly and surely. In the great strike of 1892 the conscience of the country was against the strikers and they lost. This time an aroused public conscience will be on the side of the movement to organize the laborers of the Pittsburg district and they should win. It is not unlikely that the "Battle of Pittsburg" will prove to be one of the decisive battles in human history.

The Appointment of Judge Lurton.

The President has sent to the senate for confirmation the name of Judge Horace H. Lurton of Tennessee to fill the vacancy on the Supreme bench caused by the death of the late Judge Peckham. No one else is in possession of the facts as the President must be and The California Weekly is willing to trust the President to do the wisest thing under the circumstances. It is a field of executive endeavor in which the President is peculiarly capable of being his own judge without the advice and co-operation of political managers or United States Senators. And yet one could wish that he had found a younger man for the place. Judge Lurton is sixty-five and a decade will make him an old man. That bench has too much decadent timber in it now and greatly needs younger and more virile blood. Besides, the Scripps papers affirm that, until lately, it has been the custom of Judge Lurton not only to ride on free railroad passes but in private cars; that he has outdone Judge Grosscup as a recipient of favors from corporate litigants in his court. Perhaps, like Judge Grosscup, he did not know it was wrong until his critics called his attention to it, and, perhaps, too, the allegation may not be true. Let the matter be sifted. Judicial obligation to powerful litigants should be made odious.

Missed the Chance of His Life.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup has joined the "insurgents." If he cannot turn his back on the Republican party he will at least turn his back upon that faction of it that stands for those "twin wrongs," our present tariff and our present corporation policy. We doubt the hilarity of the insurgents because of this accession to their ranks, unless the judge came crawling into camp clad in sackcloth and smeared with ashes. He has been a corporation judge if ever the federal judiciary con-

tained one, and his reversal of the $29,000,000 case turned back the hands of the clock of progress half way. Judge Landis had brought the greatest law defying corporation of them all face to face with the alternative of obeying the law or suffering confiscation, and it is to that they will have to be brought before they will obey the law. Judge Grosscup missed the chance of his life. Nevertheless his apostacy from Aldrichism, untimely though it is, will not be wholly devoid of beneficial influences. He is right now, however wrong he may have been in the Standard Oil case.

The Sierra Club.

No one except the Sierra Club has a right to speak for the Sierra Club, and a proper course will be for that club to hold a three-days' convention for the purpose of hearing all sides of the Hetch-Hetchy controversy and then taking action with full knowledge of all the facts. That club is made up of intelligent men and women. This paper has the faith to believe that a righteous conclusion will be reached if what the industrial workers call a "long jaw" can be held, the points on which an agreement can be reached are worked out one by one and those upon which no agreement can be reached are narrowed down to their lowest terms. Doubtless there are sentimentalists in the club, and sentiment is not a bad thing. Would to heaven that there were more of it in all our commercial and industrial activities! But sentiment will yield to reason if reason has the better of the argument after the evidence is all in. Let the Sierra Club be gotten together here in San Francisco for a "long jaw" over the Hetch-Hetchy water proposition.

Sorry For San Diego.

The California Weekly is sorry for San Diego, but San Francisco is the biggest and that settles it. Perhaps it ought not, but it will. Besides, to get up a big enough Panama-Pacific exposition to challenge the attention and patronage of the world—well, San Diego is not big enough and strong enough for that either. We are not justifying San Francisco in reaching out and taking for its own use the occasion and the day, after San Diego had spoken for them, but the logic of the situation is with San Francisco because it is the biggest, and is big enough, while San Diego is not. All that remains to be said therefore is that The California Weekly is sorry for San Diego's disappointment and desires to express the belief that San Diego will see the day when it will be glad that it did not undertake to tote that elephant.

Afraid It Will Be Hurt.

Our thanks to the Los Angeles Graphic for its solicitude lest The California Weekly be "hurt" because of its stand in favor of ship subsidy. The California Weekly is not afraid of being "hurt" for anything it says. Getting hurt goes with the job of independent journalism, just as it does with football and crack-the-whip. The game would not be worth the candle if it were otherwise. Besides, The California Weekly is not overmuch pleased with the ship subsidy idea. It does not want to resort to that method if there is any other way of rehabilitating an American merchant marine that will culminate in half our American commerce being carried in American-built ships owned by American capital and manned by American seamen, but it is fearful that there is no other way. Bring on your better way, Brother Graphic, and if you can show that it will produce that result you can count on The California Weekly standing for it. But bear this in mind: The American flag flying over a foreign built ship and manned by Chinese coolies will not meet the requirements, even though the ship be owned, and profitably operated, by American capital. Every time we say "subsidy" we have to expectorate because the word leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Mexico's Good Offices Not Needed.

In the matter of straightening out Nicaragua and establishing stable government there the good offices of Mexico are not needed. Uncle Sam can attend to that task without assistance, thank you. Besides, two cooks, one a Yankee and the other a Mexican, would spoil any broth. The ingredient of red pepper is not needed. The saving grace of common salt (sense) will afford all the seasoning required. We shall need to do for Nicaragua what we have done for Cuba, establish a stable government, set an example in sanitation, open public schools, build roads, let the light into dark places wherever places are dark and, when we go away leaving the house in order, post a notice that if we come back we come to stay, everything depending on how the Nicaraguans behave. We do not wish to have Mexico participate in this function, for two reasons. One is that the Mexicans will not be able to appreciate the American policy as applied to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines because not built that way. The other is that it is only a question of time when the same service will have to be performed, on a grander scale, for Mexico.

Put the Man First.

Most of the things that we have been taught to believe to be so are not so or are only qualifiedly so. Those who doubt the truth of this will find much to convince them of its truth in our "backbone" article for the week, written by Mr. William Kent. He has gone through the pet doctrines of the professional economists with a rapier and has left them disfigured if not disemboweled, much to the gratification of those who put manhood above unnatural natural laws, and natural laws become unnatural whenever they inflict injustice and hardship.

The fault with the economists is that they have put production, supply and demand, laissez faire, the right of private contract, competition and combination, buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, the wage fund, etc., above human happiness, human fraternity, love and friendship. They have been dealing with human relations as though they were calculating eclipses. They have left out of the equation the "ifs" that are forever cropping up in human affairs, notwithstanding the fact that whatever is true of human relations is true only until an "if" intervenes to make the true untrue, when, in the expressive vernacular of our time (which The California Weekly employs to its hurt) it is "all off" with the economic law.

These alleged economic laws are tendencies. If any one of them, competition, combination, supply-and-demand, right of contract, paternalism, co-operation, let-alone, or what not, were permitted to go to its logical conclusion it would ruin the world. The doctrinaire is an interesting and learned personality, but with all his wisdom we can no more be assured of what a community or nation will do under a given state of facts than though we were dealing with "insane persons, idiots, women and Indians not taxed." Man is a free, and irresponsible, moral agent.

So-called economic laws are good servants, but bad masters, to be held to until they begin to produce hardship, when they must be mitigated or resisted. Mr. Kent handles his subject in a style so lucid that his article cannot fail of being profitable for a second as well as a first reading.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

How many people does the reader [illegible] How much does he care for those [illegible] not know? How much is he concerned [illegible] those out of his class, his set, his kind [illegible] people? Are all the rest as trees walking?

That is the way that people appeared to the young man that was born blind whom Jesus cured. They seemed as trees walking, and all he knew about his cure was that whereas before he had been blind afterward he saw. To what extent are we all of us blind and how few of us ever have our eyes touched that we may afterward see beyond the narrow range of our set, our class, our little coterie?

Of all things in life there is nothing more cruel than class. Carried to its logical conclusion, it terminates in caste, the very quintessence of man's inhumanity to man, a subtile and refined malignancy that tortures like a scourge of hot fires.

Yet what is there in nature more insistent and persistent than class? Humanity hunts in packs, "For the strength of the pack is the wolf and the strength of the wolf is the pack." There is no sadder sight to greet our eyes than that of the growing differentiation of American society and American life into stratifications, more or less at war with each other. They are forming packs every day in the week, packs of men who do Big Business, packs of men who must earn each day their daily bread, packs of employers, packs of working women, political packs, packs of earners, packs of spenders, professional packs that stand for the professional advantage of their packs, and shall we also include packs of worshippers who would exclude from the love of God, and that peace which passeth understanding, all that do not accept leadership from that pack, being unable to see any good thing in any other? "For the strength of the pack is the wolf and the strength of the wolf is the pack."

We are, first of all, animals, surcharged with the instincts of animals. We preserve ourselves as animals preserve themselves, and we prey upon the members of other packs as animals do and, if one of our own pack, from any cause, falls out of it we hate him, and prey upon him, with a ferocity we exhibit to no one else. What of the rich man who "goes back on his class?" What of the laborer who leaves his union to become a "scab"? For one's pack each member will brave any danger. There have been no finer heroisms than have been displayed in labor controversies by members of the toiling pack for the strength of the pack, and members of the employing pack have dared as bravely rather than flinch an inch or yield an ell of advantage claimed by their pack; but how animal it all was, and how blind to the truth that there is a side to human nature that is not of the wolf wolfish, but of the divine?

We have been blind from our birth to those larger humanities that are not of the pack, that have not their strength in the strength of the wolf. Somehow he who touched the eyes of the blind has been able so far to make them see men only as trees walking, impersonal things, things that in passing reflect their images on the retina of the eye, and then pass off leaving no impression behind. Doubtless this young man saw more clearly after his eyes became used to the glare of the sunlight, after the quality of perspective entered into his vision and, doubtless, too, men will by and by so get their concept of humanity adjusted that they will be able to see the human family in the large, the whole human interest as a common interest. When that time comes sets, classes, castes and, not unlikely, even nations, may lose their pack-like formations and become members one-of-another in an all-embracing fraternity.

The elemental trouble with human affairs seems to be that mankind still belongs to the animal kingdom and not to the kingdom of God. We see each other as trees walking.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A Great Year for Farmers.

Secretary Wilson of the United States Department of Agriculture has announced that 1909 has been "the most prosperous of all years" for the farmers of this country. Certainly the statistics he gives to "buttress" the announcement are encouraging. The total of our farm products this year is $8,760,000,000, a gain of $869,000,000, or more than 11 per cent over 1908. Corn has the lead in value, the valuation of the crop being $1,720,000,000. Next to this comes cotton, with a valuation of $859,000,000, just less than one-half of that of corn. Then comes wheat, with $725,000,000, while hay, with its valuation of $665,000,000, presses it fairly close. Other crops follow, with the following valuations to their credit: Oats, $400,000,000; potatoes, $212,000,000; sugar beets and cane, $95,000,000; barley, $88,000,000; flaxseed, $36,000,000, and rice, $25,000,000. Evidently it has been a good year for the farmers, and in the meantime the consumers more and more are sweating drops of blood, or, at any rate, something that is painful, in paying constantly increasing prices for these products. But Secretary Wilson says this is the fault neither of the farmer nor of the wholesaler, but of the retailer, who, according to this high authority, is the one who is deftly inserting the knife of high prices between the ribs of the Great American People.

The Foreigners Whom We Educate.

Reports from the higher institutions of learning in the United States indicate that they are educating a considerable number of foreigners, the total number in such institutions being 1,467. The following are the numbers from countries sending fifty or more each: Canada, 242; China, 193; Japan, 158; Mexico, 81; Great Britain and Ireland, 71; Cuba, 70; India, 60; Germany, 56 (less than one-fifth of what we send to Germany); Argentine Republic, 52; Turkey, 51; Russia, 50. Of the 1,467 foreign students 460 are from North American countries, 458 from Asia, 313 from Europe, 154 from South America, 64 from Australia, and 18 from Africa. It is interesting to note that our supposedly benighted brown brethren of Asia send practically the same number as come from our own North America, one-half more than come from Europe, and about three times as many as hail from South America. Some of those brown peoples have slept a long time, but they are showing many signs of waking.

The Forest Service Somewhat Rattled.

The Forest Service should be more careful in preparing the literature it scatters broadcast throughout the nation. In its latest circular it says: "By the end of the brief minute taken to read these paragraphs the nations of the civilized world will have struck three million matches. This is the average for every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day. Seven billion is the enormous number for the entire year." The trouble with these figures is that they do not "jibe." If the world uses three million matches a minute, it uses one trillion five-hundred and seventy-six billion eight hundred million in a year, instead of the modest seven billion to which the Forest Service debits it. If, on the contrary, it uses but seven billion a year, then it scratches but 13,318 a minute. In short, either its figures for a minute are about 225 times too great or its figures for a year are 225 times too small. Very likely the Forest Service cannot afford to hire an arithmetician, but, if it does not, it should fight somewhat shy of figures.

Uniform Map of the World.

At the present time there is no such thing as a map of the world constructed on a uniform scale, but it is probable that there will be in a not distant day. The question has been considered at congresses of geographers held in London in 1895, Berlin in 1899, Washington in 1904, and Geneva in 1908, and now delegates to another congress have assembled in London. Before such a map can be created certain difficulties must be surmounted; for instance, the British and Americans use the inch as the standard of map measurement, while other nations use the meter, and, again, geographical names are spelled differently by the people of various countries. These are evident difficulties, but the proponents of the universal map propose to surmount them. If such a map is made, the scale of measurement probably will be barely less than sixteen miles to the inch.

Where Accumulating Nickels Count.

Probably there is no other place in the world where the humble nickel shows what it can do in the line of piling up dollars as it does at Coney Island. Witness the following facts: During the past summer some twenty million trips were made to Coney from New York City, Brooklyn and adjacent places, and the people who made these trips expended about $40,000,000 while at the resort. Nearly all of this money was paid out in nickels, although, of course, an occasional larger piece varied the nickel monotony. Here, then, we have $40,000,000 represented mostly by nickels, a total of 800,000,000 of the unpretentious coins which so many San Franciscans used to bank in the slot not long ago. If the pile were distributed throughout the United States, every man, woman and child in the country would receive about ten of the coins. Come to think of it, the despised nickel, if treated with tender care, has a very respectable accumulating capacity.

Adelina Patti's Voice of Gold.

Two or three weeks ago Adelina Patti celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her debut as an operatic singer, which took place at the New York Academy of Music on November 24, 1859, and the event set the interested to figuring what her voice has meant to her in round American dollars. They conclude that she has received a total of about $4,000,000. She began—and doubtless was very glad to begin—with $100 a week, but two years later, in 1861, the assessed valuation of her voice had gone up to $750 a month. By 1869 she had received as high as $600 a night, and when Nilsson received $1,000 a night Patti struck for and received $1,050—she wasn't going to be ranked by any Nilsson. Modern prices to songsters surpass these figures, but the old financial times were not as the new for divas and pugilists.

Minnesota Will Conserve.

More than any other state in the union, probably, Minnesota is taking hold of the question of conservation of resources with intelligence and energy. Governor Eberhardt has appointed a state conservation commission, and it, with the enthusiastic backing of the state federation of commercial clubs, is planning for a great midwinter convention of 3,000 delegates. The convention will be held during three days which will be devoted to debate concerning Minnesota's resources, what shall be done to conserve or increase them, etc. Minnesota is setting an example which should be extensively followed.

Notes About People.

Miss Helen E. Gregory was recently elected School Commissioner in Rochester, N. Y., by a majority of over 700. She was a Republican candidate.

Miss Gertrude Johnson was recently elected Treasurer of Cherry county, Nebraska. Attorney-General Thompson decided that there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent a woman from holding the office.

Col. Mosby, the venerable ex-confederate, who detests football, says that the difference between the older educational standard and the new is the difference between Stonewall Jackson and John L. Sullivan.

The final appraisal of the estate of the late E. H. Harriman places it at a value of $149,000,000. This is more than $50,000,000 over the most liberal estimates made when it was a matter of speculation.

The full name of the Columbia University professor who invented the wireless telephone is Michael Idvorsky Pupin. He is a native of Idvor, Banat, Hungary. Since 1889 he has been professor of electro-mechanics at Columbia.

Supreme Court Justice David J. Brewer has come out for woman's suffrage, saying it is bound to come in this country, however slowly. But he criticizes the English suffragettes, saying their conduct would not be tolerated here.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth has opened a house in New York where the wives of criminals will be provided with work to enable them to support their families while their husbands are in jail. The place is called the Rainbow House and the principal work done there will be washing and ironing.

Trinity college at Durham, N. C., will soon begin to attract attention on account of its endowment and facilities, says the Springfield Republican. The Duke family (tobacco trust) continue to pour money into its treasury, the most recent gift being half a million for a medical school; and they show no sign of having reached the limit of their benefactions.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"Sir Roger de Coverley."

The adventures of this amiable and temperate old bachelor are amongst the most pleasing diversions in English literature. A hero more modest, more just, more considerate, is nowhere to be found. Wisdom flows from his lips, not harsh nor dogmatic, but reasonable and felicitous. Mercy sweetens his every judgment and act. Simplicity and sincerity lend grace to all his intercourse. And the recollection of an unforgettable romance from which he emerged with honor but also without the lady, tinges his later years with a tender but manly sentiment.

As one ambles down the mellow, autumnal lanes of his mild adventures, breathing the fresh country air and basking in his genial comradeship, the flash and fury of more pretentious heroes dwindle into hectic insignificance. Here is a **man,** and he needs no such adventitious aids as swashbuckling manners and hairbreadth escapes to throw his manliness into relief. Strong in his passions, but stronger in his restraint of them, he is one of the not too common heroes of romance who is not only a man but also a Christian gentleman.

STAGE AND BOOK FOLK.

Kenneth Grahame, author of "The Golden Age," that most imaginative of outdoor child stories, is employed in the dingy precincts of the Bank of England.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Arthur Somerville took the negative side of a suffrage debate recntly held in Manchester, England. Councillor Margaret Ashton, a sister-in-law of James Bryce; Mrs. F. T. Swanwick and Miss Margaret Robertson spoke for the affirmative. Bishop Weldon of Manchester presided.

In return for larger grants of state funds toward the expense of maintenance, President Schurman announces his readiness to see Cornell become a state university. He has been for some time an admirer of some of the Western universities. Cornell is betwixt and between the two types, so that the transition which he favors would not be a radical change of policy.

Elinor Glyn and Yvette Guilbert are announced as recent members of anti-suffrage associations. Mrs. Glyn has joined an English society and Mme. Guilbert has been proposed for membership in an association in this country. Both women are said to have declared their inability to understand why any woman should want to vote when she has health and a good husband.

Mr. Crane tells an interviewer that he is going to remain on the stage until Mrs. Crane is tired of traveling. Then he will withdraw, he hopes, at his best, leaving a pleasant memory behind him. Mr. Crane plans a repertory for his farewell tour, consisting of 'Father and the Boys," "The Henrietta," 'David Harum," and "The Senator." He would like also to produce "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but he fears that it would cost oo much.

Bernhardt made a great impression as Jeanne d'Arc in Moreau's tragedy of the trial, at Paris, Friday evening. With her amazing genius she did not look over the age of the Maid of Orleans, who was burned at the stake before she was twenty. The New York Tribune dispatch explains the marvel thus:—"his was largely due to the fact that Sarah Bernhardt wore throughout only one costume. t was one solitary garment of silver chain, rawn with glove-fitting elastic tightness, ausing the impression of extreme youth. 'his wonderfully effective silver chain comination of mail also covered her head, neck nd throat, revealing only the forehead, yes, nose, cheeks, mouth and chin. Nothing ke it has ever been seen on the French age.

TO A WIFE.

By Edwin Chase.

(For The California Weekly.)

V. Love's Vantage Ground.

Thy bosom is no wint'ry place,
With ice-clad hills and dale,
And battlements that stand apart
Above a barren vale.

Thy bosom is a sunny slope
Where Cupid loves to play,
Or come in all his idle hours
To practice Archery.

Thy bosom is a vantage ground
Where Comfort spreads a tent,
From which all troubles disappear
By Love's sweet blandishment.

VI. Epilogue.

An haven fair for thee, dear wife,
I hold within my heart.
O furl sail in that anchorage,
And ne'er from it depart.

OUR MELLIFLUOUS COUNTY NAMES.

Alameda County.—The Spanish word "Alameda" means "a public walk or promenade in the shade of trees." Literally, it comes from "Alamo," the poplar or cottonwood tree, and it is from the derived meaning of the word, "a public walk," that this county obtained its name.

THACKERAY'S MODESTY.

The Hon. Sir E. Chandos Leigh recently told a Thackeray story. "Thackeray perfectly abominated anything in the nature of flattery. I was with Thackeray one night when a man came up and for five minutes administered to the great novelist the most fulsome flattery. When the man had gone I said to Thackeray: 'Who is that?' Thackeray replied: 'He calls himself an artist, but I think he paints as much in "butter" as he does in oils.'"

STEVENSON'S NAME.

Robert Louis Stevenson was originally named Lewis, and the Pall Mall Gazette is responsible for the statement that the change in spelling was not an affectation on Stevenson's part. His father, Thomas Stevenson, was a sturdy Scots Tory of the most desperate sort, and there was in Edinburgh a person in authority named Lewis, a no less stringent Radical. The name is rare in Scotland, and Thomas feared somebody would think he had given this Radical's name to his boy. So Robert's name was spelled Frenchwise to divert suspicion. It is said that Robert Louis afterward had a hankering for the ancient name.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE LAST FURROW.

By Edwin Markham.

The Spirit of the Earth, with still restoring hands,
'Mid ruin moves, in glimmering chasm gropes,
And mosses mantle, and the bright flower opes;
But Death the Plowman wanders in all lands.
And to the last of Earth his furrow stands.
The grave is never hidden; fearful hopes
Follow the dead upon the fading slopes,
And thee wild memories meet upon the sands.

When willows fling their banners to the plain,
When rumor of winds and sound of sudden showers
Disturb the dream of winter—all in vain
The grasses hurry to the graves, the flowers
Toss their wild torches on the windy towers;
Yet are the bleak graves lonely in the rain.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN.

How the idle rich spend their money has been the theme of some recent novels. How the money was made receives consideration in "A Certain Rich Man," by Wm. Allen White. It is a novel of epic proportions, narrating the life histories of its characters even to the third generation. The opening chapters tell the story of the Kansas pioneers so simply that we do not at first recognize its greatness, but as it proceeds it gathers volume. We have here "Bleeding Kansas" during the Border Ruffian wars and the drouth of 1860, following with the grasshopper invasion and the panic of 1873, the Granger, Populist and Prohibition movements—the building of a great commonwealth with its varying fortunes of disaster and prosperity.

The curious characters found in a country town are vividly portrayed. There is Watts McHurdie, the harnessmaker and writer of bad poetry, once in his life inspired to write a song that lived; Jake Dolan, the genial Irishman who confesses to a Dutch priest, remarking, "If you want to see how a soul will look in its underwear, get an Irishman to confess to a Dutchman"; General Philemon Ward, prohibitionist and idealist, laughed at and rated as a crank, yet who lives to see many of his ideals realized; Martin Culpepper, the generous and hospitable Southern gentleman, who is not always able to distinguish between other people's money and his own; Lige Bemis, scoundrel and horsethief—later, the honorable E. W. Bemis, politician, lawyer and federal judge, elevated to the bench that he may further the schemes of the millionaire who is his patron.

John Barclay is both hero and villain, of poetic temperament, yet the poetic is crushed by the acquisitive faculty, and the man devotes his life to dishonest scheming for wealth. He is a great organizer and petty thief. As head of the National Provisions Company he crushes competition by the familiar device of railroad rebating and mixes his patent breakfast foods with Missouri river clay. He owns senators and judges and when he finds himself under investigation and indictment, he is astonished to see that the policies he has pursued so long are universally execrated. In the little harness maker's shop, where public opinion is registered, he breaks out.

"What's got into the people of this country? What have I done that they should begin pounding me this way? Here are five suits in the county courts in Texas against me, five or ten in the Dakotas, three in Nebraska, one or two in each of the Lake states, and the juries always finding against me. I haven't changed my methods; I'm doing just what I've done for fifteen years. What's got into the people? What am I doing that I haven't been doing?" "Maybe the people are growing honest, John," suggested the harness maker amiably. Barclay thrust back his head and roared, "Naw—it isn't that; its the damn newspapers. They're what's raising the devil. Why, they have even bulldozed some of my own federal judges—my own men, Watts, my own men; men whose senators came into my office with their hats in their hands and asked permission to name these judges." Barclay's judges keep him out of jail, but the results of his evil doings come upon him and he finds relief in repentance and restitution.

In this book the present conditions in American life and the dangers which threaten American institutions are set forth with nude realism. The book is written with a noble purpose and cannot fail to exert a great influence. The sombre and occasionally tragic texture of the narrative is constantly interwoven with the bright threads of humor and philosophy and the tone is wholesomely optimistic. Some faults of construction noticeable in the early part of the book are forgotten in the noble rounding out of its second and greater part.

Macmillan Company. $1.50.

WHAT THE RED CROSS STAMPS DO

HOW, WHERE, AND FOR WHAT THE PROCEEDS ARE USED.

"Don't spit!"

That is inelegant and terse, but, if every man, woman and child in the world obeyed it, the greatest physical scourge in the world would be obliterated in one generation, and a case of tuberculosis would then be as rare as a case of smallpox is today.

Ten thousand people in San Francisco are infected with tuberculosis, three people there die of it every working day. One death out of every six and a half in San Francisco is caused by tuberculosis. Counting the lost earning capacity of tuberculous sufferers, the economic loss to San Francisco from tuberculosis is $3,000,000 a year.

Is it not, then, one of the greatest beneficences to cure and prevent tuberculosis? And is it not cheap, at any cost, to cure and prevent it?

The sale of the Red Cross Christmas Stamps is simply one device for achieving this desirable end. The American Red Cross, of which President Taft is president, prepares these stamps at Washington and sends them to the local associations throughout the country. In San Francisco, the organization in which this campaign centers is the San Francisco Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. With the stamps are sent display cards and other advertising material. The stamps are sold by local merchants absolutely without charge to either the Red Cross or the association. The entire gross receipts are turned over to the local association, which sends one-fifth of them to the Red Cross to pay the actual cost of the stamps, display cards, and expressage. The local association keeps the other four-fifths and applies it to the eradication of tuberculosis.

The San Francisco Association used the funds received from the sale last Christmas, together with private donations, to erect a permanent building at 1547 Jackson street for a tuberculosis clinic and dispensary. This building is now occupied, and daily, except Friday, the free clinic is open from 8:30 to 10 o'clock in the morning. Already an average of twelve indigent patients are examined daily. The examining physicians give their services free, each of five hospitals sending a doctor one day of each week. These hospitals are the Mount Zion, the Lane, the University of California, the Hahnemann, and the Fruit and Flower Mission.

The advanced cases at this clinic are easily detected. But the disease in its earlier stages is one of the most difficult to diagnose, and much time and care are necessary to make sure of its existence. The precautions in the clinic are supplemented by the work of the visiting nurses, of whom three are attached to the staff of the association. One of these nurses calls at the home of every tuberculosis patient and compiles what is called the "social history" of the case; that is, the probable source of infection, the sanitary condition of the living and sleeping quarters, the nature of the patient's employment, his financial resources, and so on. If a tuberculous parent is examined at the clinic, the nurse brings the other members of the family for examination to determine the extent to which the infection has spread.

When all the facts about the case and the patient are assembled, the curative and preventive measures are outlined. If the patient be the family bread-winner and if it be necessary for his cure that he be removed to a sanatorium, the association assumes the financial responsibility of his treatment—which is supplied to the association at net cost—and of the family subsistence as well.

From this extreme type of case on up to those cases which are detected in the earliest stages, in which only simple treatment and careful prevention of the spread of infection are necessary, the association provides for each on its individual merits.

Most of the work of the association thus becomes, in the main, educational and preventive. The family of a patient in the first stages of the disease is warned of the necessity for boiling the clothing and bedding of the patient, and the dishes from which he eats, and of the other necessities for light and air. The patient himself is made to understand the method of destroying the one source of infection—his sputum—by burning the receptacle in which he deposits it; and is instructed in the proper hygienics and diet essential to his cure.

Extensive educational campaigns are carried on. Circulars describing the cause, cure, and danger of infection are distributed to school children by the tens of thousands. Street-car signs are printed, warning passengers of the danger of expectorating in public places; and these signs are displayed through the courtesy of the advertising agents. Similar signs are given space by merchants, by the postal authorities, and by the owners of office buildings.

Public lectures are given under the auspices of the Association, by doctors who donate their time for this purpose. All these lectures are illustrated, the lantern slides being prepared by the Association. Last year these lectures were given before many of the leading clubs—both men's and women's—and the general public was invited to attend. Next year they will be given principally before the labor unions in the various union halls.

The labor unions, by the way, have done more than any other one class of people to make effective the national campaign against tuberculosis. They have invariably welcomed instruction on the subject and have lent their active co-operation in the practical work of extending that instruction and of practicing the preventive regulations that have been suggested. Possibly they are more easily approached on the subject than other people because they see more of the actual misery that is brought about when the head of a working family is stricken, and because they have a vivid object lesson on the economic waste caused by tuberculosis in the frequent reports of money paid by the unions for sick benefits.

These are some of the things that the Red Cross Christmas Stamps do. The San Francisco Association hopes this year to net $10,000 from their sale. All of this money will be applied to the anti-tuberculosis fight. The Association's current expenses are met principally by the donations of Mrs. William H. Crocker, and the Mary A. Crocker trust; and partly by the one dollar a year payments of the Association's 1,500 members; leaving the Stamp fund free for the actual relief work, such as caring for indigent families while the tuberculous father is recovering, buying food and drugs (at net cost) for free dispensing, and like uses.

The San Francisco Association will, in the course of time, succeed in educating the public on another phase of the tuberculosis danger. This is inadequate provision for preventing the spread of tuberculosis infection in the school room.

To understand the gravity of this danger, one need only glance at the following statement issued by the National Association:

"If the percentage of tuberculous children recently ascertained by an investigation in Stockholm, Sweden (1.61 per cent), were applied to the schools of the United States, there would be 273,700 children between the ages of 8 and 15 who are positively affected with tuberculosis. As contrasted with this figure, there are only eleven open-air tuberculosis schools in the entire country.

"Special schools for tuberculous children have now been established in Providence, Boston, New York, Rochester, Washington, Hartford, Conn., Chicago and Pittsburg. New York has three schools and Washington, D. C., two. The board of education of New York is proposing to establish three more, and similar institutions are being planned in Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Newark, N. J.

"At the lowest estimate, however, even with all the schools now in operation and those proposed, accommodations will not be provided for .4 of 1 per cent of the children who need this special treatment. In a large number of cities, children with tuberculosis are excluded from the public schools, but in most instances, no special provision is made for them. Children who are afflicted with tuberculosis are a menace to the health of their schoolmates. Both on this account and because they are physically unable to keep up in their work, special schools are needed for this class of children. Every city should provide at least one well-equipped school or special class room of this sort for each 25,000 population.

"In cities like Providence, Boston and New York, where outdoor schools have been conducted for two years, the results obtained from the treatment of children in special tuberculosis open-air schools seem to show the great advantage of this class of institutions. This, coupled with the experience of open-air schools in Germany and England, proves that children can be cured of tuberculosis and keep up with their school work, without any danger to fellow pupils."

The National Association is the authority for the following true story in connection with the sale of Red Cross Christmas Stamps last year:

"In one of the Eastern cities last year a well dressed gentleman stepped up to one of the tellers' windows in a bank over which hung the sign, 'Red Cross Christmas Stamps for Sale Here,' and, after talking about the stamp and the purpose for which it was being sold, asked for ten dollars' worth. A little ragged newspaper boy, who came into the bank to sell his papers and who stood listening to the story of the stamp, stepped up, after the gentleman had gone, and laid a penny upon the counter and said, 'Give me one of those stamps; my mother died of it—and my sister's got it.'"

The moral is: Remember the Red Cross Christmas Stamps. Buy them and put them on all Christmas packages. "It will not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry it."

TO A GREEK GIRL.

(After a week of Landor's Hellenics.)

By Austin Dobson.

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymphlike head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoe.

Where'er you pass,—where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go,—where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,—
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead,—
Not wholly dead!—Autonoe.

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreath the rustic garden god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy twinkling fingers flee;
Or woo you in soft woodland words
With woodland pipe, Autonoe!

In vain,—in vain! The years divide:
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide.
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;—
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
From underlands of Memory,—
A dream of Form in days of Thought,—
A dream,—a dream, Autonoe!

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Tommy's Letter to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa, if you do not mind,
And if you'll be so very kind,
Bring me—I have to play alone—
A little brother for my own.
You'll have to see the stork, I s'pose,
For so ma says, an' course she knows;
So tell the stork you've heard from me
The kind of brother he should be.

Don't send a baby. Goodness knows
The neighbors have enough of those,
An' they're no good, fer's I can tell,
Except to wiggle an' to yell;
But what I want's a brother that
Can throw a ball an' hold a bat.
So tell the stork he needn't find
One of the useless, wiggly kind.

I hope, dear Santa, you won't make
Another such a bad mistake
As you made last year when Paul Gray
A brother asked for Christmas Day.
I s'pose the stork was most to blame,
But it's a fact that when it came
It was a sister, sure as fate,
And, too, it came five days too late.

So don't make more mistakes like these,
But send a brother, if you please,
An' let him be 'bout three feet high,
So he will be as tall as I,
And make him strong, so when we brawl
I just can lick an' that's all.
Please be real careful, and, you see,
I'll be obliged as I can be.

* * *

Our Dream of Unselfishness.

Unselfishness is an ideal, son, and, so far as men are concerned, an unattainable one. In all the history of all mankind there is but one recorded instance of a man who seems to have been genuinely and wholly unselfish, and so little use has the world for that sort of thing that he was crucified. The contrast between his life and those of other men, the reflection it implied, was greater than it would endure, and so the cross was fixed on Calvary for him. The unselfishness of his life found its apotheosis in the unselfishness of his death, and in this fact is the surest demonstration that in him was more of the divine than is found in that feebler spark which, in some degree, glimmers in the breast of all of us.

For you and I, and all other men as well, cannot be wholly unselfish if we would. Some of us would like to be, and to that end we really try, but we fail. Just as we are hovering on the verge of an action which might be completely unselfish comes the little grinning Imp of Self and whispers some suggestion which lessens the glory of the deed.

If you doubt that the last assertion be true, son, do a little self-inventorying, or, let us say, make a little moral diagnosis of your case. For instance, you helped Smith, or Jones, or Brown, when he was in hard stress, as you recall with gratification. It was a fine thing to do, and you are entitled to commendation for it. Well, you got it, and mostly from—yourself. You said to yourself: "Ah, you are a superior article in the line of a man, and Smith, or Jones, or Brown, must feel very grateful to you." And if he did not seem to feel that way you were much disgusted, and said: "Well, that ends the unappreciative wretch with me. I will do nothing more for him." In short, you proposed to have the reward of gratitude or go out of the unselfish line of business.

How do I know that this was so with you, son? Because it is so with me, and I am quite typically human in my tendencies. I wish that it were otherwise, and I constantly strive to make it so, but I notice that just as constantly I am wondering whether Smith, Jones, or Brown, are as grateful as they ought to be.

Yes, one man, and one alone, was entirely unselfish. The rest of us are not, but that fact does not in the least excuse us from trying to be, for in that way we come nearer to the divine mark than we ever will without such effort.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus.

It may be true 'nough that seein's believin', but there's lots of times when hearin' ain't.

I've seen folks git up in meetin' an' announce that the Almighty had saved their souls when none of the neighbors could see any reason why He should take the trouble.

Mankind ain't sufferin' from a lack of first-rate physicians; what it's sufferin' from is a lack of means of knowin' them frum the other kind.

I'm a great admirer of the frills of the modern school system, but sometimes I can't help wishin' it would teach more children to read an' spell an' do sums intelligently.

Probably your baby ain't the cutest an' brightest an' sweetest that ever happened, but I don't b'lieve you're fit to be a pa an' ma if you don't think it is.

When a parrot gits to chatterin' a lot of words that have neither sense or connection you can put a cloth over its cage and it'll shut up. That's why it's better to have a parrot 'round than it is to have some people I know.

What we can be is decided in the hour of our birth, if not before. The output of a hen's egg is sure to be a chicken; they ain't an instance on record of its bein' an American eagle.

It's true that fine feathers don't make fine birds, but I reckon the bird looks better with the feathers than it would without them.

I hold that the man or woman who is kind, helpful and all-lovin' lives a better and sweeter creed than ever was written in any book.

Unselfishness is a beautiful ideal, but if we attained it it's probable that our relations and the rest of our acquaintances would consider us weak-minded.

* * *

How Heney Defamed Them.

Francis J. Heney shows wisdom in bringing his libel suits in New York. He would be hooted out of court in San Francisco were he to ask damages for anything said about him. For three years he has done little else but defame men who are so far above him in all the attributes of honor, breeding and integrity that comparison is out of the question.—Oakland Tribune.

The rogue not only objects to the halter's draw, he also has strong sentiments concerning the one who draws it, and these sentiments are shared by the professional moral prostitutes who are his apologists.

It is true that Mr. Heney has defamed some of our prominent citizens. Let us see if his conduct was grossly unjustifiable.

He defamed one Eugene E. Schmitz, who then was mayor of San Francisco, terming him a scoundrelly recipient of bribes. Later a jury decided that this defamation was strictly in accordance with the facts.

He defamed one Abraham Ruef, who then was so very prominent that he was the unauthorized ruler of San Francisco, asserting that he was a villainous grafter. Ruef first admitted it, then denied it, and then was convicted of his crime by a jury of his peers.

He defamed Louis Glass, insisting that he was a briber. A jury declared that the defamation did not go beyond the facts in the case.

He defamed Patrick Calhoun, insisting that he was responsible for money paid to debauch a willing-to-be-debauched board of supervisors. Today Calhoun's utmost apologist of oblique moral vision does not contend that he did not thus pay money, and Calhoun himself neither dares go on the witness stand to be questioned by an honest prosecutor nor does he venture to bring an action against any newspaper that publicly denounces him as a rascally briber.

Heney defamed several other "prominent citizens." So did the grand jury in its indictments, one of these prominent citizens still is a fugitive from the law, and the great public believes that, with few if any exceptions, the shameful facts justify both defamation and indictment.

Yes, Heney has defamed, but his defamations have rung true, and it is infinite pity that our superpatriotical [illegible] interposed, has shot less closely to the mark of justice than has he.

And if the Oakland Tribune were actuated by some part of the interest to-day that characterizes Francis J. Heney it would be more of a representative of right public feeling, and less of a moral cuspidor

* * *

Wanted: A Universal Mantle.

When, in social conversation, you remark upon the flaws
You have noticed in your neighbor, how he cracks the moral laws,
Or has naughty pecadillos that you really must deplore;
When you first dissect his errors, and do then dissect some more;
When you blast his reputation, with a most pathetic sigh,
For the duty is so painful, as you never will deny,
Then, of course, you're acting nobly, as a righteous man should do—
But suppose it were your neighbor who were then dissecting you!

Just suppose that he were talking of that wayward thing you did—
I refer unto the action which you trust is fully hid—
Of the time when you were selfish, or, by sad temptation tried,
Took a little side-toboggan on old Satan's crimson slide,
Would you trust beyond expression that he'd use the pedal soft
When he told of your transgression that is registered aloft?
Would you long for kindly pity and for charity of view,
If your neighbor now were talking and might be dissecting you?

Oh, I tell you, men and sisters, there is ne'er a one of us
Who has nowhere something hidden that he'd sooner not discuss.
Underneath the fair exterior of all mortals is the flaw,
Or the scar that shows we trifled with the higher, better law,
And full oft, when we're condemning neighbors for the sins they knew,
Our hot words, like barbs returning, should in justice pierce us, too.
So I strive to say forever, when my neighbor's faults I see:
"Well, I'll hide them 'neath a mantle that, I hope, may cover me."

* * *

A Few Axioms.

(Though we sometimes act as if they were not.)

Kind words do not need much grammar and rhetoric to recommend them.

Good deeds do not always travel clad in fine linen.

A smug countenance does not always exude its oil above a loving heart.

There is good authority for the belief that the key to Heaven is not made of gold.

Man's mightiest cemetery is that in which he buries the things he intended to do.

"Know thyself," and the charity with which you view all other men will be greatly increased.

It is almost hopeless to look for the betterment of the man who thinks he is all right.

A few men can do things; the rest of them can tell how they ought to be done.

* * *

Smile, Anyway.

When it's shinin' I keep smilin',
And the reason for it's plain;
When it rains I keep on smilin'
'Cause it soon will shine again

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

The California Weekly,

Gentlemen:—In enclosing my renewal subscription, I should like to add my commendation for the work you are doing and also my best wishes for your success in the splendid task which you have undertaken.

If the majority of people in this state felt towards you and your work as I do—and I think that the number is greater than you have an idea of—both would be assured of continued backing and ultimate success.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS EINSTEIN.

Fresno, Cal., December 8, 1909.

We take the liberty of publishing the foregoing because of the value which every man who knows, or knows of, the writer of it will attach to it. This enterprise was founded on faith that there is a constituency in this state for such a paper as The California Weekly, and a good, big constituency, too, if it can be found. Those who feel about it as Mr. Einstein does are the ones to help us to find that constituency by saying a good word to their friends as opportunity offers. One such word is more effective than barrels of circular letters and sample copies sent broadcast. It is a good word from a good man that counts.

The California Weekly.

Dear Sirs:—I have been practising law in Los Angeles for thirty-five years. Have never failed to attend the caucuses, primaries and elections, and have endeavored to induce all other citizens to perform their duties, as citizens, and to deliver this state from railroad domination, I am therefore in sympathy with your objects and enclose check for your journal and Hichborn's History.

Yours truly,

H. A. BARCLAY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 7, 1909.

There is a record to be proud of and such a man is entitled to be known as a "citizen" with all the dignity that at one time attached to being a citizen of Rome. Furthermore, unless all citizens protect their citizenship as they would protect their homes they will one day lose that citizenship as inevitably as the non-use of any portion of the body involves its inability to be used. There is not a despotism on earth that did not have a free beginning. The Muscovite was, originally, as free as the Teuton and the Teuton as free as the American, yet both are now struggling with all the power they know to regain that which was lost. How many of the readers of this can lay claim to a record equalling that above given? For one, the writer of this cannot.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Children used to be taught that the bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing. It now seems necessary that the man that can vote and won't vote must be made to vote. If there lives a man with soul so dead he cannot appreciate the privilege of the ballot, for which his sisters are clamoring and for which they become "martyrs" and suffer imprisonment, then he must be forced to do his duty at the polls.

In a recent number of your weekly one of your correspondents says compulsory voting would seem to him un-American. "A free right to exercise the privilege of voting seems to be much more desirable." The free right man already has—but only a small percentage exercise it!

As it is the mothers' duty to teach the daughters their share of the home keeping and home making, so it is the fathers' duty to teach the sons to bear their allotted portion of the affairs of state. But if the fathers fail to arouse the young men to interest in the duty which they should consider their privilege, their other relative, Uncle Sam, must show his authority and make voting compulsory.

The "individual citizen" will enlarge his opportunities and have a better chance to "gain an independence" if he takes an interest in civic affairs and puts honest men into office. If he does not think there is something to work, vote and fight for right now, the "individual voter" must be asleep, and he never will awaken without a good hunch of some kind.

If the punishment visited upon the "welcher" cannot be lawfully inflicted upon the "electoral shirk" he must be punished through his pocket. The penalty of a fine in proportion to his income might serve as a reminder to the negligent voter to do his duty.

Trusting you have no objection to a woman expressing her views on compulsory voting, I remain,

Truly yours,

FRANCES DOUGLAS.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 6, 1909.

It must be maddening to a woman who wants the ballot to see a man throw away his opportunity to vote, and our correspondent is right in saying that the man who sees nothing worth voting for right now must be too dead to the world to be resurrected if Gabriel were to blow his trumpet in his ears. There never were profounder changes taking place in the life of any country than are taking place in this country and right now. These changes are more fundamental than laws or constitutions and the man who does not see them going on is a mole and not a man, and moles should not have the right of suffrage. How would it do to compel the man who has forfeited his right to vote, through non-user, to designate some woman to be his attorney-in-fact to vote under his name to the end of his days? Such a man will find no difficulty in finding some woman who will prove more of a man than he.

The California Weekly,

San Francisco.

Gentlemen:—I enclose herewith two dollars for the coming year's subscription. While I had access to the paper at our club, I feel that every believer in good government should support papers of this class, and, besides, my wife reads it from cover to cover. When we are through with it we pass it to some one who does not take it.

Yours truly,

C. J. UHL.

Vacaville, Cal., Dec. 9, 1909.

There is a point brought out in the foregoing that not all subscribers have taken to heart. The California Weekly is a woman's paper as certainly as it is a man's, that is, where the woman in the home has any idea above the latest social function, and there are proportionately as many women who do have ideas above the latest social function as there are men who have ideas above the next forthcoming prize fight or horse race. The California Weekly does not admit that there is any more sex in interest in Right Things relating to government and country than in relation to literature, art, religion, science. Every true woman loves a robust, masculine periodical as certainly (if not as much) as she loves a robust, masculine man.

The California Weekly is for the whole family.

The California Weekly.

Please do not leave out of your excellent paper the "School for Citizenship." I am a school teacher and that is just what I need in school. I intend to send a year's subscription to a college student just for that.

Yours,

Mrs. S. D. PIERCE.

Hunter's, Cal.

We shall keep the School for Citizenship going until we can find something else that will do the work the School for Citizenship department undertakes to do better than that department is doing it. Then we shall drop it, but the effort to prepare the youth of California for citizenship will not be dropped as long as The California Weekly remains in control of its present management.

Dear Sir.

It is a source of satisfaction that you are able to give us your excellent paper, which is much better than the Argonaut was in former times when it was good.

We have indeed one reliable paper now. I have not been able to send you many new subscribers but I expect to get some more.

My subscription will be renewed in January, of course.

Yours very truly,

G. A. ZIEL.

San Francisco, Dec. 10, 1909.

This is indeed a compliment and is deeply appreciated. The manager of The California Weekly has but one newspaper policy and that is, first, to gain the confidence of the public and then keep it, but we need help to gain that confidence. Those who do not know of the paper must somehow be informed in regard to it, and those who do know of it are the ones to tell them. One who has sent us a number of subscriptions said the other day: "I could send you one each day if I could keep it in mind." If all our friends would "keep it in mind" and send us one new subscriber a day each The California Weekly would soon come to be the greatest public opinion forming power on the Pacific Coast. Is not that a triumph for Right Things worth "keeping in mind?"

Editor The California Weekly.

I suppose that compulsory voting would be desirable, but hard to enforce.

(Continued on Page 60.)

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POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Why Not Organize A New Political Party? Editor California Weekly: Is not the issue for which the Lincoln-Roosevelt League was organized of sufficient importance to justify the organization of a state party, inviting all to join it, without regard to "race, color, or previous condition of servitude"? If not, why not? Is it reasonable to expect that the Republican party in California, without the active interest of the national administration (for which there is no good reason to hope), can wreck the machine that is now running so smoothly, or even disable any of the machinists in charge? I am not from Missouri, but I would like to be shown. GEORGE W. STONE.

Santa Cruz, December 11, 1909.

Find Your Enemy, Then Lick Him There is no use trying to dodge the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. If a new party were formed some of Mr. Herrin's handy men would be the most zealous in its formation and would work themselves into the very amen corner of its councils and there stand for reforms so radical as to prove their own destruction. It is written into the constitution of the American mind that there can be but two political parties, a progressive and a conservative, and Big Business will be in both of them and use them both if it can, just as it will be in any other political party that promises to number more than a corporal's guard. The true policy is the one that Grant followed: "Find where your enemy is and fight him." Fight him as long as he stands up, if you can stand up. The enemy of free government in this state is the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, and he is at present entrenched in the "organization" of the Republican party. He would be in the organization of the Democratic party if that party were in action, or in any new party that might be organized. When Populism was in flower the biggest men in it were on the Southern Pacific payroll. No, the fight is just where it ought to be—where the enemy is.

The Los Gatos Reform Movement Los Gatos has been getting on without saloons for three years and is happy, contented and prosperous in its new policy. Its example is proving contagious in Santa Clara county. There is being held there today (Thursday) a convention of Santa Clara county people whose purpose it is to drive saloons out of all unincorporated towns in the county, which means the closing of all road houses and crossroads groggeries. The Board of Supervisors of the county can refuse to grant licenses if they want to, but, without a state local option law, they cannot be made to unless they want to. This convention is called to so work up public sentiment as to make the Supervisors of Santa Clara county want to refuse licenses outside of the incorporated cities. Inside the incorporated towns and cities the people have the power to handle the liquor traffic in any way they choose. This is a good movement and The California Weekly is with it. Drive the liquor selling into the towns and then compel its being sold in the way that will prove of the least injury to society, which is certain to sustain some injury under any possible system of dealing with the problem, whether by prohibiting, by licensing or what not.

The People Were Worked Better Than the Machine The rise and fall of the voting machine job would, if properly written, constitute quite a chapter in the recent political history of California, and doubtless of other states as well. But the trouble is that the story will never be written as it should be, because those who know the inside facts will not write, and those who would be glad to write have no way of finding out. Yet several hundred thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money in this state went into the purchase of the machines, which are now mostly discarded by the communities which bought them. In Los Angeles, the other day, it was seriously proposed to sell for old junk, or at least for what they would bring, all of the machines which had been purchased there. In many instances the machines have been found impossible of use because they lacked the capacity to take all of the candidates and propositions submitted to the voters, and in several cities so many mistakes have been discovered that faith in the accurate operation of the devices has been shaken. Senator Frank Leavitt and Frank C. Jordan, the two politicians who have been most identified with the sale of the ballot machines, appear to have given the thing up as a bad job, and that is precisely what other people have come to consider the whole business, albeit in a different sense. Mechanical voting has not been made a success even mechanically, and the tests given it showed that in the more important matter of calling for the highest exercise of the voter's intelligence it fell behind the old way of voting. And, as before intimated, no one will now reveal how the boards of county supervisors were worked to buy the machines.

Voted Not So Unwisely As Very Insufficiently While the Los Angeles election was a great success, as respects choice between candidates, the referendum, or initiative, part of it did not show up so well. Six ordinances or referred proposals were voted on, and 28,000 votes represented about the limit of votes cast on any of them, while for Mayor more than 37,000 votes were cast. Still, this was a larger showing than is usually made on similar tests, and as respects the number of voters who participated, the Los Angeles electorate cannot be harshly criticised. But an ordinance to prohibit dice throwing for money or cigars was beaten by 16,997 votes to 12,637, and this has proved something of a surprise. Two proposals to sell city property received majorities, but were defeated because they did not get majorities of two-thirds. The newspapers are now saying that some of the propositions were not understood by the voters, who erred through ignorance. This is another evidence that if the initiative and referendum are going to be operated successfully there must be more thorough education through discussion than heretofore, and that kind of education costs money which must be paid by somebody.

Infringement of Patent And Replevin of Property Secretary Charles F. Curry, talking to a San Francisco reporter, said that he is not supported by either political machine, and then he explained that he referred to the old, or "regular" machine and to the new machine set up by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. He made it clear, however, that he expected to be supported by a very efficient personal machine, one made up of his friends in all parts of the state, who have enlisted and are now being organized. There are many precedents for a machine of this sort, and occasionally it proves a very good machine, indeed. The Curry machine should not be despised either by the Gillett followers or by anyone else. No other politician in this state can find the materials in greater abundance than Mr. Curry, whose many years in office have been one continuous preparation for the effort he is now making; that he knows how to put together the working parts and how to operate the machine after it is built no one questions. The one great doubt is whether the proprietors of the Southern Pacific machine cannot proceed against Curry for infringement of patent and at the same time bring a replevin suit and regain possession of most of the material which he is trying to get away with.

A Nice Little Graft That Need Not Be The County Treasurer of San Mateo county has been in trouble with the grand jury because he has put several hundred thousand dollars of public funds on ordinary deposit with banks in his county and San Francisco, such deposits drawing no interest for the county, whereas he ought to have deposited the money on the security of state or municipal bonds, to draw 2 per cent interest, as required by the constitution and laws of the state, or else have kept the money in his own possession. The treasurer says that the San Mateo county banks will not accept the money on the terms the law prescribes and that the County Supervisors have provided him with no secure vault in which he could keep the funds. Although the excuses wear an appearance of plausibility, the situation is very like that which exists in a number of other country counties where the banks have long been enjoying the free use of the taxpayers' money in violation of the laws and do not propose to submit to the requirements of the new law if they can avoid doing so. In most of these counties the banks have been furnishing the treasurer's bond as the consideration for him to violate the law. While a majority of bankers favored the enactment of the state's present deposit law, which makes the deposit of public funds safe and profitable, there were here and there nests of banks which combined to make the law inoperative in their particular counties. That their success in doing so usually means the commission of felony by the county treasurer does not disturb the equanimity of this kind of banker. Of course, with the right kind of county treasurer the game cannot be played, and will not even be attempted, because when the local bankers refuse to take the money on the terms prescribed by law it is ordinarily easy to deposit it in banks out of the county, and that will bring the local bankers on the run.

He Only Wants to Stay Until He Finishes Up The editor of the Sacramento Sunday News holds a job by grace of Governor Gillett and is believed to be pretty close up. Upon his authority it is given out that Governor Gillett does not really care to be governor any longer, so far as he is himself concerned, but he feels that in duty to the state he ought to hold onto his job until he finishes up all the good things he has in mind for the state, including, of course, the expenditure of $18,000,000 in road building, which he hopes the people will commission him to expend. The Governor's frame of mind is not unlike that of the western land grabber who only wanted all that "jined" him. He might have so much unfinished business on hand four years from now as to make it desirable to stay four years longer. Every governor California ever had felt just that way, but no governor California ever had had a chance to finish up. Governor Gillett is nearer to his own finish than to finishing up.

A Great Conspiracy Nicely Framed Up The aforementioned inside viewer has it all framed up that the Democrats are to register as Republicans this year, for the purpose of helping the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans to nominate their kind of men for office on condition that, if that scheme fails, the Lincoln-Roosevelters will desert the Republican party as a body and help elect the Democratic ticket. To deny so absurd a charge would be a waste of breath, and yet it is in the wind that party lines are to lie lightly on the shoulders of the thoughtful citizen this year. The Herrin push will bolt any good, progressive, free-minded, clean-cut insurgent Republicans whom the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Leaguers may succeed in nominating, if there be a programmer of any party to whom they can throw their votes.

California Weekly

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The California Weekly

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and there are thousands of free Republicans who will support a free Democrat, rather than a Republican bondservant to the Southern Pacific Political Bureau. It would be well for the programmers to bear in mind that Gillett was elected by a plurality of only 8242, that his total vote lacked nearly 60,000 of being a majority, and the people were not stirred up against corporate domination then as they are now. The day for nominating and electing a yellow dog to office, just because he represents a party, is pretty well done with in California. The people may prefer a yellow dog to a reputable man, but if so they will vote for him because he is yellow and not because of the party name on his collar.

First Find the Cause, Then Apply the Cure

Our friends, the northern fruit growers, are much exercised over the high rates which they have to pay on deciduous fruit shipments to Eastern markets and over the discriminations against their business as compared with shipping citrus fruits. Has it occurred to any of them that our railroads have not only been a law unto themselves but unto the fruit growers, too? They have prevented legislation against discrimination in this state, prevented the election of a State Railroad Commission that would deal with such problems as confront the fruit growers and co-operate with the interstate commerce commission for the solving of these difficulties. The cause of their misfortunes is railroad domination of the government of this state, and the remedy is the freeing of the state from that domination and control. With the help of the deciduous fruit growers this may be done next year. They will find a chance to take hold if they want to.

Made Monkeys Of Them All

The strained relations between San Francisco and San Diego touching the proposed Panama Pacific Exposition for 1915 recall to the mind of The Watchman the strenuous days when the adjournment of the legislature for 1907 was at hand and Governor Gillett had in his keeping Eddie Wolfe's buncombe bill appropriating either two millions or three millions of dollars, it does not matter which, in aid of San Francisco's exposition ambitions. The froth on the San Francisco mug was much exercised over the fate of that measure. It looked like a big lot of money to let escape. Mr. Herrin got busy telegraphing to everybody he could think of to telegraph to Governor Gillett to sign that bill. Telegrams poured in by the hundred and were tossed into a barrel big enough to hold them. The bill was not signed. Gillett had demonstrated his independence of Herrin to the satisfaction of every man Herrin could reach. But he could not have signed that bill if he had wanted to ever so much. The state's finances simply would not permit it. No one knew this better than W. F. Herrin. The bill could not have been passed if it had not been known beforehand that it would not be signed. A few days after adjournment word was passed down the line that Mr. Harriman had said "no" from the first. Monkeys had been made of the whole telegraphing caboodle, and Governor Gillett's cheaply made reputation for independence did not last until hot weather.

If the Hayes Brothers Would Only Stay Put

The San Jose Mercury has come out solemnly for political emancipation from corporation domination. The Mercury is the property and spokesman of the Hayes brothers, "Red" and "Black," respectively, two gentlemen of unimpeachable personal character, who are political unstable equilibriums. They are as uncertain in the game of politics as the Heathen Chinee is in a game of draw poker. They don't stay put. "Red" Hayes has been made head of the insurgent forces in the House of Representatives at Washington. The Watchman wishes from the bottom of his heart that he could feel that the Aurora Borealis Hayes could not be pulled down if Old Joe Cannon were to hand him out a Good Thing in the way of political recognition, but he can't be sure of it. As for the Hayes of sable hue

(Concluded on Page 62.)

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PRIVILEGE AND INTERFERENCE

BREAKING DOWN OF OLD ECONOMIC "LAWS" UNDER GROWING SENSE OF SOCIAL UNITY.

By WILLIAM KENT.

I remember well the clear, logical deductions that were taught me some twenty-five years ago, as representing economic laws, for I was carefully brought up in the old Laissez-Faire School of political economy. That school, founded by Adam Smith, was closely allied to the intensely materialistic school of science that grew up in the last half of the last century, and of which Herbert Spencer was the leader. It taught doctrines entirely satisfactory to its devotees until a change of mental atmosphere and new psychological knowledge made its adherents somewhat uneasy, and forced them to modify their views, while without doubt the real discoveries of the time will always be of the highest value.

So-Called "Economic Laws."

That Laissez-Faire School deduced and formulated what were called certain "Economic Laws." If it had put them forth as economic suggestions there would have been less that it is necessary to forget. A natural law is a stubborn, refractory thing that once broken cannot be mended. We learned, for instance, that Free Trade was the only possible commercial scheme. But whenever an out-and-out free-trader got into an argument with an out-and-out protectionist, the discussion was bound to break up in a row without either party getting new light. The reason for this was and is that protection represents a theory based on national boundaries and the possibility of international disturbances, which items have, unfortunately, not yet been eliminated, whereas free-trade is based on the hypothesis of a world federation, and an entire lack of the necessity of making individual nations self-sufficient and self-sustaining. The trend and tendency of present honest and disinterested thought is all toward frictionless and unwasteful free trade. In other words, it is a tendency away from international anarchism and war toward international federation and peace. The abuses of protection and the infinite corruption of tariff schedules are hastening the drift.

The "Law" of Supply and Demand.

Again: We were laboriously taught the inexorable law of Supply and Demand, a law supposed to be so perfect and far reaching that it could be carried to its fullest extent even into the field of labor. If the coal miner of Pennsylvania were dissatisfied with his wages, let him migrate to Kansas and raise wheat. Petty details such as railroad fares and ignorance of farming did not for a moment stand in the way of the smug self-satisfaction of this doctrine. The possibility of Orientalising the Pacific Coast was also a mere bagatelle. The cheapest production was what was wanted regardless of any other social element.

The rise of labor unionism, which has proven beneficial to millions of our fellow citizens, the growth of consumers leagues which insist that competition or combinations shall not crush the toiler, these come in to mock the perfect law of Supply and Demand, although as a suggestion or a sort of working hypothesis it has, of course, an immense value.

The trusts, whether they owe their crushing power to the tariff or to monoplies natural or artificial, compel modifications of this so-called law.

"Freedom of Contract."

Under the law of Supply and Demand we were taught that there was such a thing, and a sacred thing, known as Freedom of Contract, which is absolutely opposed to labor unionism and all forms of collective bargaining. Freedom of Contract means that a man has a right to buy labor in the cheapest market and another man has a right to sell his labor for as little as he may be willing to accept. This sounds extremely well, but there can be no real Freedom of Contract between a rich man or a corporation with a surplus, and individuals who, with their families, may be but a short distance from starvation. If two shipwrecked persons land on a desert island, and the biggest and strongest man obtains the provisions, he can require of his smaller fellow such service as he may desire at a pittance, expressed in terms of food.

Another dictum that we learned was that competition would regulate prices. Wherever combinations and trusts exist they have, by eliminating competition, nullified this dictum and now we are forced to throw overboard some more of the Laissez-Faire doctrine in order to regulate these combinations. We have further found that in really competitive industries, which require a minimum capital and employ the newest arrived and most ignorant alien labor, as for instance in the manufacture of cheap clothing, competition results in grinding the faces of the poor to a worse extent than even the combinations of capital. Society must here step in to regulate even this supposedly self-regulating scheme of competition.

The Malthusian Doctrine.

As another instance, we were taught that there was a law known as the Malthusian Doctrine, that "population tends to increase up to the supporting power of the land on a given stage of the arts and with a given standard of living." And yet France, the most frugal and probably the most uniformly prosperous country in the world, is suffering from a decreasing population.

I mention a few of these so-called "laws" merely to show the fallacy of trying to make something easy and clear out of the everlasting complexity of human relationship. The attempt to create a mathematical, cold-blooded, unmoral system of economics has been a dismal failure. The clear thinking of the Laissez-Faire School has left a legacy of great value to its successors and assigns. But with changing conditions the supposedly immutable laws have been badly mauled and generally knocked out.

Popular orators, and cartoonists full of bathos, are everlastingly fond of portraying the amicable relations that should exist between capital and labor. You all remember the sleek, well-fed business man grasping the horny hand of the son of toil, as typifying the ideal status. If the business man aforesaid represented organizing ability and commercial intelligence, and were walking side by side with the son of toil aforesaid, the cartoon would more easily express the correct view.

To say that capital must be recognized in our present scheme of things is undoubtedly true. But when we try to find out what capital is, how large should be its proportion of reward, and what things may be appropriately capitalized, we find the problem infinitely complex.

The Example of Carnegie.

For example: It is probable that in the early nineties Andrew Carnegie, under a protective tariff, and with the right to import cheap labor, had, through his hold on the bounties of nature in the coal and iron deposits, coupled with great organizing ability, amassed a modest fortune of probably seven million dollars. If we admit that the capital thus accumulated was properly obtained and subject to be recognized as against the claims of labor and of the consumer what shall we say of subsequent proceedings? We find that within a few years he had so thoroughly fortified himself with the natural resources of coal and iron, to say nothing of the tariff barricade at his front, and numerous combinations of a monopolistic nature at his rear, as to be able, from his impregnable position, to demand recognition for some four or five hundred millions of capital as set over against the claims of labor and the rights of the consumer. That any one man, however industrious, could have rendered himself so numerous in bargaining, in such a short time, is beyond human credulity. Through monopoly, through the privilege of tariff, and especially through the acquisition of a tremendous lot of natural resources, which ought to have remained the property of all the people, and further, through the ability to tax consumers under relative monopoly, he had built up a fortune which must be paid out of the labor of this generation and many generations succeeding.

And yet we cannot criticize the personal morals of Andrew Carnegie in so far as he merely accepted privileges which a near-sighted nation was willing he should have. In a large sense the privileges under which he gained his wealth were unsocial and unnecessary. As a natural organizer and leader of men, working under a less profligate system, he would have been well satisfied with a modest competence.

The private ownership of our timberlands, entirely apart from the frauds by which many of these lands have been acquired, exhibits another phase of this anti-social tendency. The private owner needs the money, and is privileged to cut the timber as wastefully as he sees fit, because it is his. "Posterity be damned. Posterity has never done anything for him." This, too, is anti-social.

The Conservation Policy.

The whole conservation movement is a revulsion from individual and pioneer conditions and traditions, tending toward a recognition of society. If the word does not shock you too much, it is essentially socialistic.

Reverting for a moment to the cartoonists' view of co-operation between capital and labor, we find that under the old Laissez-Faire doctrine of the one essential, that of cheapening product, there is a tremendous loss not only of human happiness, but also of human life. Self-interest cannot be trusted to conserve the well being of the "other fellow." I once heard the president of a railroad discussing with the superintendent the question as to whether it was cheaper to pay for mangled switchmen or for airbrakes. The recent coal mine horror in Illinois shows a sort of co-operation between capital and labor which strongly resembles the co-operation between the Poleseeker and his teams of dogs. You will find in the more or less truthful narrative that on the return of the ambitious individual the dogs were much less numerous than when they started out. This might have been good for the Poleseeker, but it was rather rough on the dogs.

Niagara and Yosemite.

There has been a tremendous outcry in this country over the utilization of Niagara Falls for power purposes. The main question to be asked is whether the power that could be generated at Niagara Falls shall be used to create great individual fortunes, or to lighten the burdens of the overworked. If that power could be so used as to reduce the strain of the sweat shops and to decrease the cost of the necessities of life, it would seem that the scenic features could well be dispensed with. But at the present time such grants have not been working in that direction.

In the same way the question of the utilization of part of the Yosemite National Park for water supply brings up the query: "Is this the only feasible supply for San Francisco and the adjoining territory?" For if San Francisco and the neighboring cities could obtain a clean and adequate supply elsewhere, even at a considerably greater cost, I should be opposed to invading a peoples' playground. If, as is claimed, this is the only adequate source left, the greater good to the greater number would certainly call for the utilization

of these waters for a great and growing community. On the other hand, if the question were up as to turning over any portion of this playground or the waters therefrom, to an uncontrolled, money-making concern, it would be no less than a crime to permit the transfer, and yet such crimes are altogether too common. They are not necessarily the result of wickedness of heart, but merely a survival of the pioneer traditions which carry with them too much individualism for present conditions.

Before long a great book will be written by some great scholar, on the anti-social nature of waste. This book must start out with a view to the interests of society, rather than the status of the isolated individual. Just as long as the notion prevails that man may do with his own as he sees fit, with no particular analysis of ownership, and just as long as "his own" is apt to be inordinately exaggerated, the productive world will toil unduly to support not only the drones, but also those active persons who are rendering service not socially useful.

Anti-Social Nature of Waste.

The labor expended in unnecessary private attendance and in producing useless luxury represents waste no less than do the unproductive armies and navies of the world. An instance, not to my knowledge heretofore brought up as constituting a tremendous economic waste, is found in present day gold mining. All mining of precious metals for use as currency would be unnecessary waste if people were only honest and did not need a redeeming medium on account of their distrust of each other. But even granting that the precious metals are now necessary for currency, we are met with this condition: Practically all authorities agree that recent production of gold has been so great as to depreciate its value. This is the chief reason for the rise in the cost of living. Now this rise in the cost of living unsettles the levels of the world, and constantly brings up new difficulties to be settled by strikes or to remain unsettled, depending on whether the sufferers are organized or not.

It therefore follows that present gold production is an evil, and that those who are working in the gold mines are non-producers in an economic sense; that their support must be provided out of productive industry; that the forests used for timbers are wasted; and that the tools and cars, the stamps, the acids, and all other things that go to the production of gold might better be used in some other way.

Economic waste is thus to be sought in unsuspected by-ways, as well as in the obvious forms of war and luxury, and in the unnecessary destruction of natural resources. It is wasteful for the rich to hire useless servants; it is wasteful by granting of alms to pauperize people that might be productive. And wherever we follow waste we find that it is anti-social and that it means a useless burden on the productive community. Economic morality must become social morality before it is of much consequence. And social morality must be cultivated that the world may become more liveable.

Modern Ten Commandments.

The Stoic doctrine of individual self-respect would be entirely adequate if the premises upon which self-respect is to be based were laid in a social sense. Without such foundation self-respect and conscience are uncertain guides. The old Hebrew Commandments grew out of long experience of society. The doctrine of self-respect as taught by the Stoics, had in it nothing that would prevent the killing of another or of oneself, under provocation. And yet such killing we know to be unjustifiable unless the social relationships are carefully considered. The hope of the future is that the social sense may more and more become conventional, so that men will deem it as anarchistic and as out of the question to buy legislation, a jury or a judge, or to employ lawyers to destroy just relations between men, as they would to throw dynamite or to murder those whom they wish to rob or who do not meet with their approbation.

("Little Talks"—Continued.)

Compulsory voting would demand compulsory registration, both of voters and of those not entitled to vote, which might not be a bad thing to have anyway. All voters reported not voting by the officers of election after every election could be summoned to appear in court and explain why they failed to vote, and to state whether they were kept away by order of any employer or by any other duress. This loss of time would amount to as much as would be saved by not going to the polls and would go far toward bringing the voter out.

Respectfully,
HARRY POLSLEY.

Red Bluff, Dec. 7, 1909.

There is no use of talking of a democracy unless the constituent elements in that democracy perform the duties of citizenship. Any form of democracy that does not involve the discharging of the duties of an elector will soon become, what our government is fast becoming, a plutocratic oligarchy in fact whatever it may pretend to be in theory. The Republic of Venice was an oligarchy for a thousand years after it had ceased to be a republic in anything but name. It is up to those who believe in a government of the people to devise some way of entreating, persuading or compelling the fulfillment of the duties of citizenship on the part of every person who holds the right of citizenship. The task will not be easy but it must somehow be performed if free government is not to pass from the earth. There is not to-day another civilized government under the sun marching toward a purse-proud plutocracy as fast and as straight as this government is marching.

Editors The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—I renew my subscription with pleasure. I find your paper most helpful and full of good inspirations.

W. H. MORELAND.
Bishop of Sacramento.

Sacramento, Dec. 8, 1909.

The foregoing is greatly valued because of the source from which it comes, and it may be of interest to our friends to know that expired subscriptions are being renewed so nearly without exception as to be the almost universal rule so far as our experience has gone. The California Weekly is only a little more than a year old and only a few hundred first

(Continued on Page 62.)

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KATHERINE DUNBAR

BY

A. JUDSON

I CAN see Melvin Dunbar sitting at the third desk in front of me, for he was short of stature, absorbed in his books, unmindful of the thousand distracting occurrences of the school room, "studying for the presidency," as we boys used to say.

That was more than half a century ago.

His hair was tawny white, long, thick and straight and it had a way of tumbling down upon his face making it necessary for him, with toss of head and stroke of hand, to restore it to its place again, and so maintaining a sort of perpetual motion all day long. His head was broad at the temples, forehead not high, chin heavy and cheeks spare. He was not, as I remember, a favorite with his fellows; was too quiet by half and entered but coldly into their sports if at all. And yet to those who sought his company he could be more than duly gracious. He could give and take like other boys within a certain limit but the bound o'erstepped he became as implacable as a peccary.

Not being like other boys, ranking far above the rest of us in attainment, teachers, pupils and village folks all agreed that Melvin Dunbar must have been fashioned for some providential purpose. Each felt, too, that he was part custodian of this budding genius and in duty bound to see that no harm befell before his fruiting time.

So long as Melvin's widowed mother lived there was nothing lacking in his social atmosphere. She was a little stooped and wrinkled home-body, with large eyes, a jutting forehead and hair smoothed down over corpse-like temples. People called her queer. If she had other characteristics I know not, for I have given the sum total of her image as it abides with me now save that she was devout beyond all things.

But when the little mother was really gone, for people never seemed to think that she would sometime die, the son was siezed with a great unrest and people shook their heads because of conduct which, before, had always been exemplary.

It was at the height of this eccentricity that Mollie Ketcham bore down upon him, making her conquest sure before the village match-makers could hoist the danger signal.

Mollie was a dashing, buxom woman, dark, with shaggy eyebrows which met and she had been "talked about." How she had made up to the solitary, bashful fellow no one could conjecture, but as Melvin was in receipt of a good salary and had a pretty home the wherefore of her wooing was not so difficult to understand as the manner of it.

The only fruit of this union was Katherine, and in her Melvin found all of comfort life had for him. She was a wayward, tumultuous thing even in infancy, headstrong and passionate, and in the irregular ruggedness of her features was found small promise of coming comeliness. I have known the father to stand for hours, silent as an apparition, watching Katherine's baby pranks, and in obedience to her importunity, to join in her sports right heartily, though awkwardly enough it must be confessed.

To his daughter's youthful training Melvin gave his most studious attention, but her education was not such as other girls received. Whatever there was of passion in her nature or in his was suffered to find expression in music alone, and when at such amateur concerts as we were wont to have in town, Melvin and his daughter bore a part with harp and violin, there was such ecstacy of enjoyment on the part of those who heard as humbled them almost to point of weeping—father and daughter drinking deepest and feeling keenest of all.

Melvin Dunbar lived for Katherine and, by way of reward for seventeen years of devotion, she gladdened his fading sight and solaced his days of pain, growing day by day more lovely and more loveable until she stood before him in luxurious womanhood, tender, innocent, sweet, but all untutored of the world and with a head full of vain imaginings. Thus he, dying, left her.

Great was Katherine's need when Melvin was gone of a mother's care and trustful confidence, but instead she was plotted against deceitfully. Not that Mollie, graceless though she was, would have been privy to her child's undoing, but she was an adventuress and poor, and Katherine, accomplished, young and beautiful, appeared in her ambitious mother's eyes a potent sesame to fortune and Mollie did not scruple to stake her child's well-being upon the issue of an adventure. Sales of property were speedily made, trunks packed and apartments taken at an eastern resort of pleasure.

Little attempt was made to introduce Katherine into the full swim of society, but, attired simply and tastefully, it was contrived to have her charms of face and form displayed when and where she would awaken liveliest interest. It was a pretty fair for Katherine, the realization and more than realization of her fondest dreams, and she drank of pleasure deep and strong.

One whole year went by and then another, but nothing came of all this angling. The pretty bait attracted well enough anything but goldfish. Matters were becoming desperate, for Mollie's bank account was running low, when William Harper came upon the field.

Harper was a handsome fellow, college bred and polished. Inheriting a fortune he had squandered it at the gaming table, yet not without having learned what the nether world had to teach of cunning and deceit, for, with no other capital than quick eyes and wits and deft fingers, he contrived to live luxuriously and to retain the reputation of being rich. An adventurer by profession, he did not hesitate to bear a part in any intrigue promising enough of difficulty to give interest to the enterprise.

And so it came about that William Harper wooed and won, and left in direst desolation, Katherine Dunbar, more sinned against than sinning, yet sinning.

I saw Harper cross the street one morning and enter a billiard hall. There was a loud guffaw within and through the open window I heard a voice cry out, "Hello, Billy! How's yer kid? Oh! we're onto your secret. What's the matter with drinking to the youngster's health, eh?"

There were sounds of clicking billiard balls, of cues dropping into racks, and half a score of roisterers, having fallen into line behind Harper, each resting his hands upon the shoulders of the one before, went trooping across the hallway to an adjacent bar marking time with their feet and whistling the "Dead March In Saul."

Upon reaching my office I took up a morning paper issued at an adjacent city not many hours before, and in running my eyes over its columns, they fell upon the following:

"A Forlorn Mother.

"As officer Fagley was nearing the end of his beat at a late hour last night his attention was arrested by convulsive sobbing and cries of pain issuing from the darkened hallway of a business house, and upon entering, found a young woman prostrate upon the floor in agony of approaching motherhood. An ambulance was hastily called and the sufferer conveyed to the city hospital where, an hour later, she gave birth to a male child. The young mother, who is very handsome, gave the name of Sadie Ellis, but while asleep the matron found upon her bosom a tiny golden locket containing the likeness of a middle-aged man and the graven words, 'To Katherine, from father.'"

It was plain enough to me now. Two hours later, accompanied by my wife, I was on my way to the city. I saw Harper meantime and pleaded with him to go at once and make a manly and lawful reparation for his fault, but he tossed his head loftily, laughed lightly and turning upon his heel, walked away. "One cannot marry every silly fool he meets, you know," he said.

We provided a home for Katherine and found employment for her when she should become strong enough and care to earn her livelihood. She was calm, spoke infrequently, shed no tears and gave way to no exhibitions of weak despair, and much of the time seemed wrapped in all-absorbing meditation.

We heard from Katherine by letter occasionally for a time but by and by her letters ceased and when I went to ascertain the cause, I found that she and her child had gone no one knew where.

It was long after this that I saw Harper alight from his carriage and move toward the staircase of our chief hotel. He had taken no more than a step or two when he was confronted by a woman in black leading a little boy in kilts. She threw back her veil. It was Katherine.

"William," she said, her left arm upraised to stay his steps, "William, I have come to you for justice. I found that you were not free to marry me as you promised to do, but now I have set you free. I sought your deserted wife and told her all, and in pity for me and my child she has divorced you. Here is a copy of the decree. Read that you may know that what I say is true."

Harper caught the document and eagerly scanned its stiff and formal pages, his face lighting up with pleasure.

"Why, my dear, you have been to a deal of trouble and I will gladly repay you all this document cost and more. What did you say the charges were?" and he thrust his hand into his pocket as if to draw his purse.

"William Harper!" Katherine exclaimed, and her eyes began to kindle dangerously. "I come to you not for money but for some small share of justice. I ask you, now that you can, to give our pretty boy a name that when he shall grow to be a man he may have a name among men."

She had spoken deliberately until now but her mother's heart got the better of her self-control and, catching up her child, she held him before his father's face. Her words came swiftly now and she rushed on pantingly.

"See, William! Isn't he pretty? Isn't he sweet? And he is yours as well as mine, William, yours and mine. Oh! you will, won't you, William? Yon cannot refuse. You surely cannot. You need not live with us or ever see us if you do not wish to. I can care for him and for me. All we wish is a name, William, a name for him and for me."

"I fear you do me too much honor, madam," he said bowing low, "in attributing the paternity of so bright and interesting a child to me, and yet the little fellow does seem to have possessed himself of my honest, blue eyes, somehow."

While Harper was speaking the light fled out of Katherine's face and she suffered the child to slip from her arms and stand at her feet.

"You are quite right though as to the name," Harper continued, "quite right as to the name. A man really does need a name. How would Ebenezer do for a given name? I have always been partial to Ebenezer, and for a surname, why, there is the much abused but highly honorable name of Smith. What would be wrong with calling the young gentleman Ebenezer Smith?"

"Stop!" she cried, "stop! I say. You have done me the greatest wrong that man can do woman. You are about to inflict upon this child the greatest wrong that father can inflict upon son. That which I ask is not much, but if you refuse it is at your peril."

"If you were only disposed to be a little more reasonable, Katherine," he said, querulously, "I might do something worth the while for you and the child; but as for matrimony, really now, having been injudicious enough to unite myself to one specimen of

feminine unwisdom, and gotten nicely out of it, thanks to you, I must be excused from doing the like again. I really must, but think the matter over and if I can serve you any other way—any other way, remember," and he stepped lightly by her and bounded up the stair.

Quicker than thought, almost, Katherine drew a pistol from beneath her shawl and a bullet went crashing through Harper's face from cheek to cheek. A second bullet would have followed the first but strong arms and hands prevented and a worthless life was saved.

Katherine was taken into custody and it became my duty to appear in court for her defense. As the shooting was unquestioned I saw small hope of preventing her spending a term in prison, but to my relief Harper failed to prosecute, disappeared in fact, and her case was dismissed upon motion of the prosecuting attorney.

When told that she was free Katherine bowed, and, as I supposed, passed into an anteroom to avoid the multitude and await my coming, but when I went to look for her to take her to my home she was gone. I sought her everywhere and many joined in the search, but though we spared no effort to seek her out, even going so far as to drag the river's bed, we found no trace of Katherine or her child.

(To Be Concluded.)

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

(now fast approaching the antipodal ermine), it is an open secret that he has haunted Mr. Herrin's back door for years asking for a cold handout in the shape of the gubernatorial nomination for governor of California. Has hope deferred made the heart seasick? And if so, has it experienced relief in the usual way? The Hayes brothers must not feel injured if the forces of reform exact a probationary service before admitting them into the inner temple of the council chamber. They may be doing nothing more than hazarding a guess as to the set of the 1910 political wind.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The San Bernardino Sun has issued a sixty-four-page illustrated edition which is calculated to make both old and young, to say nothing of those between, "sit up and take notice." Besides containing much literature of a holiday nature, it carries a fund of valuable information concerning San Bernardino and the good country surrounding it.

Four or five inches of snow fell in Corning during the storm of last week, on Friday and Saturday. Such a fall is without precedent there.

Joseph A. Norvel, editor of the Merced Express for more than a quarter of a century, died on the fifth instant.

Several samples of topaz and hyacinth (the mineral) have been found in the vicinity of Porterville.

The club women of Modesto are taking steps looking to the enforcement of the anti-expectorating ordinance in that city.

The Sacramento Valley Irrigation company has sold 21,566 acres of land in Glenn county to fifteen purchasers for $2,321,018.

Southern Pacific records show that Tulare has fully doubled the volume of its business since the irrigation bonds were burned in 1903.

Earl Summers, a twenty-year-old Colusa boy, was instantly killed, last week, by coming in contact with a live wire in the basement of his home.

From the Orcutt section of the Santa Maria oil fields about ten million barrels of high-gravity oil have been taken during the present year.

It is announced that funds have been secured for the construction of a line of railroad from Coaldale, Nevada, to a junction with the Bodie railroad in Mono county.

Something or other must be a little binding over in Mono county. The last issue of the Bodie Miner was printed on colored wrapping paper.

The town of Orosi, in Tulare county, was flooded, during the rains of last week, by water from Sand creek.

AN EPOCH AT MILLS COLLEGE.

A good many people still doubt the wisdom of coeducation in colleges. A great many more doubt the quality of the higher education dispensed in sectarian colleges. It has been the great achievement of Mills College to supply a high grade of education for women that falls on neither horn of this dilemma. More than ten thousand girls have received a liberal education, apart from any distracting influence that may abide in the association with male students. And this education, though not sectarian, has been distinctly Christian.

Mrs. Susan L. Mills was peculiarly endowed and equipped for the management of such a college. Born of a sturdy Puritan stock, educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary under the luminous mind of Mary Lyon, trained to missionary labors in India, and strengthened by the influence of a singularly fortunate marriage union with a man of similar ideals and force of character, she has grown steadily in moral purpose and educational efficiency until, in her eighty-fourth year, when she relinquished the presidency of Mills College last May, she has built up a monumental institution that is the only one of its kind west of the Rockies and one of the foremost of its kind in the world.

The graduates of Mills College are profoundly loyal to it. The oldest of them still feel the impress of its influence and are warmed by the recollection of happy days spent in scholastic pursuits that were always made intimate and quickened by the atmosphere of home life. Mrs. Mills insisted upon character more than upon scholarship. Not that scholarship was allowed to be slighted, but that the womanly virtues were put at their proper higher valuation.

Now that Mrs. Mills has laid down the executive direction of the college, she leaves it a centre of culture where forty years ago was a cow pasture; a monumental pile of buildings where there were only a few trees; a smoothly working organization which will long continue its good offices for the daughters of the state and which will perpetuate the remembrance of her labors, her sacrifices, her fidelity and courage.

Her successor in the office of president is Miss Luella Clay Carson, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and English, and Dean of Women in the University of Oregon. Miss Carson comes to California with the highest reputation for efficiency and for winsomeness of personality. Mills College will not alone be the beneficiary of her administration, for the college is now a state institution, and the state at large will be directly influenced by her work.

("Little Talks"—Concluded.)

year subscriptions have expired, but so far as responses to notifications of expiration of subscriptions sent out have been returned less than 10 per cent. have ordered the paper discontinued. We regard this as proof of the pudding.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir: I enclose, herewith, four more subscribers. If your readers would only realize the possibilities of The California Weekly, I think it would soon have the largest circulation of any weekly in the West.

I have had splendid success in securing subscribers for it. My plan is to mention the matter to some acquaintance whom I know to be interested in good government, telling him that this paper has been financed by some two hundred citizens who have contributed to a fund with the idea of providing one paper to which the people of this state can look for a fair and intelligent discussion of the questions of the day. The hearer is most always interested, and I, almost invariably, secure a subscription when I explain that the paper is not a money-making institution, but has been established by a number of citizens purely as an instrument for righting the wrongs of the times.

Would suggest that you urge the readers of the Weekly to get busy and roll up a large subscription list, without which the paper can never accomplish its mission.

Sincerely yours,

LEO S. ROBINSON.

Alameda, Dec. 14, 1909.

If all the readers of The California Weekly took as active and as unselfish an interest in the success of the paper as Mr. Robinson has done from the first, it would soon become one of the great periodicals of the country. All it requires is to be talked up in a hearty, friendly way as opportunity offers. A word from a disinterested friend counts for more than a whole chapter from an agent.

Editor The California Weekly.

The idea that men register so that they can vote if they want to seems to me to be on right grounds. The reason for not voting, after registering, is often trivial. As you ask for ideas, how does this strike you? A man registers so that he can vote if he wants to; now, if he fail to vote at any election, and if that failure to vote were to take away his right to vote at the next election, would he not go to the trouble of voting at the, to him, unimportant election in order that he may vote at a more important election if he should want to? I think he would.

This is only extending the idea of one of your correspondents.

Sincerely yours,

C. B.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 13, 1909.

The foregoing strikes us as being a very sane conclusion. If the penalty for failure to vote at a primary election, for instance, were the loss of the right to vote at the ensuing general election, a full vote would be gotten out at the primary and, of the two, the primary election may easily prove to be the more important to the public welfare. We are of the opinion that the success of compulsory voting will not have to depend on the severity of the compulsion, but only upon its automatic and equal operation. The penalty above suggested could easily be made automatic in operation and it is certainly not a severe or undeserved penalty.

FROM "SUNRISE."

By Sidney Lanier.

The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams;
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.
O, what if a sound should be made!

But no, it is made. List! somewhere—mystery, where?
In the leaves? in the air?
In my heart? is a motion made.
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 'tis palpable: low, multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill.—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river.—
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The dark over head as my heart beats: and steady and free
Is the ebb tide flowing from marsh to sea—
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams)—
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a peak.
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek,
How merrily flutters the sail—
And lo, in the east! Will the east unveil?
The east is unveiled, the east hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead, 'tis alive, 'tis dead, ere the west
Was aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet heaven! 'Tis dawn.

At the Lambs Club a group of actors were laughing heartily over a story just told them by the irrepressible "Willie" Collier, when some one, in a spirit of banter, asked: "Willie, isn't that one of Lackaye's stories?" "Not yet," quickly answered Willie.—Lippincott's.

"What becomes of the two cents a woman saves when she buys a dollar article for ninety-eight cents?"—Chicago News. "It is a part of the dime she spends for carfare getting to the bargain."—Houston Post.

SHEAR WIT

Bargains aren't found at a bar Nor do barnacles grow on a barn; Carbuncles don't grow on a car, Nor do pharmacists work on a farm.—Chicago News.

"Move inside, gents," cried the conductor on the crowded trolley; "ye're breakin' the rules standin' on the platform here." "Some o' them ain't," piped up a little man; "they're standin' on my feet."

"Some of our prominent men," suggested the photographer, "like to have their photos taken in a characteristic attitude." "Suits me," responded the subject. "Photograph me with my nose against a grindstone. Got one handy?"—Washington Herald.

"My dear," said Mr. Timmid to his fiancee, Miss Strong. "I think I ought to tell you that while my disposition is good enough at times it's rather finicky; that's the worst of it." "Ah!" she remarked, significantly, "I'll make the best of it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Indiana man laughed so long at a joke that a doctor was called to give him an anesthetic. It is to be hoped that the press humorists' organization will not be torn asunder by factional strife in an effort to determine which member wrote the joke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Robert was spanked and put to bed for asking questions after he had been warned to desist. His mother, relenting, went to his room and told him she would answer one more question if he liked. Robert pondered a moment, and then asked, "Ma, how far can a cat spit?"—Success.

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "A hunter in Newfoundland who has lost his bearing, or finds himself in a fog has no difficulty in finding the way, as owing to the constant west winds the tops of all the trees point east." Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "But, suppose he doesn't want to go east?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Bacon had just handed Shakespeare the final revise of "Hamlet." "It's fairly good stuff, Me Lud," said the manager. "But do you know I can't help wishing George M. Cohan would hurry up and get born before our first night. It will need a lot more ginger before it will be fit for Broadway."

"Now, my little boy, I suppose your father said he would give you something if you pulled out all those weeds?" asked the old gentleman, over the fence, to the lad in the garden. "No," was the feeling reply; "but pop said he'd give me something if I didn't pull 'em out!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?" There was a deep sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating constrained voice of the young man: "She has."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Prisoner, as he is being dragged back from his cell—I tell you I am innocent! Lynchers—String him up! Hang him! Prisoner—But I am innocent! If I had been guilty wouldn't the jury have acquitted me? The mob retired through the broken door of the jail. "That is so!" they muttered under their masks and in chorus.—New York Times.

This paper has received several propositions lately from firms who want to furnish "canned editorials." Nine-tenths of the country papers of the state use these ready made editorials, but this paper never will. When the editor can't think of anything worth printing he will quit the newspaper business and take a correspondence course in hod carrying.—Higginsville (Mo.) Jeffersonian.

Some Federal officers in the civil war once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumbledown shack, says Life. About 2 o'clock a polecat announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed in tones of despair. "All the resht ashleep, und I've got to smell it all!"

A lady, on the way back from her husband's funeral, stopped with her supporters at a house of refreshment. Gin was chosen as the beverage best suited to the occasion, and a liberal quantity of the transparent fluid was poured into the bereaved lady's glass. "Any water, Min?" one of the other ladies asked her, holding out the pitcher. But she did not deign to lift her face from her handkerchief. "What?" she sobbed. "Water? Good heavens, ain't I got trouble enough as it is?"—New York Tribune.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept.....

PETITION.

Now comes THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California, and established, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, by A. J. PILLSBURY, its editor and manager, and sets forth the following facts, and avers, to-wit:

That the said newspaper is, and for upwards of one year next preceding the making and filing of this petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year preceding the date of this petition;

That said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes.

Wherefore petitioner prays that upon due notice and proceedings had for that purpose, the court will render a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing the standing of petitioner, the said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. PILLSBURY,
Its Editor and Manager.

W. H. PAYSON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

A. J. PILLSBURY, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the manager and editor of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioning newspaper in the above entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition, and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as therein stated on information or belief, and as to those matters, he believes it to be true.

A. J. PILLSBURY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1909.

[Seal.] A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No..... Dept.....

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on to-wit, the 31st day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioner named in the above entitled action, intends to apply to the said court, Department No. 12, at No. 216 McAllister Street, in said city and county, for the order, decision and judgment mentioned in Section 4462 of the Political Code of the State of California, ascertaining and establishing its standing as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of said Political Code.

Dated November 29, 1909.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. Pillsbury, its Manager and Editor.

Why not have the Best Newspaper

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Springfield Republican

MASSACHUSETTS.

Sixteen Broad Pages for Only $1 a Year

THE LEADING NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL

A college professor writes to The Republican: "In the three months during which I have been receiving The Weekly Republican I have been so impressed with its vigor, fairness and worth that it seems to me folly not to keep it coming."

A reader in Illinois writes: "The Weekly Republican certainly is different from all newspapers I have ever taken, and I think far superior."

These tributes, selected from hundreds of letters received during the past year, are suggestive of the satisfaction which subscribers to The Weekly Republican derive from their favorite newspaper.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Poll Tax.

"Poll," of course, means "head," and the poll tax is a head tax, but not all heads are taxed. The Constitution of California declares that, "The legislature shall provide for the levy and collection of an annual poll tax, of not less than two dollars, on every male inhabitant of this state over twenty-one and under sixty years of age, except paupers, idiots, insane persons and Indians not taxed."

The legislature complied with the constitution and enacted a poll tax law which it has been the good pleasure of many thousands of propertyless men studiously to evade paying, and they have been abetted in this by a press that has manifested a demagogic sympathy for the propertyless man upon whom the law bears so hard as to demand the payment of two dollars per year for the benefit of the school fund. It is not definitely known to the writer to what extent the payment of this tax is evaded, but it may not be a bad guess to say 20 per cent. There are now not far from half a million registered voters in the state. A percentage of these would be exempt from the tax on account of being sixty years of age or upward. Poll taxes are collected on about 300,000 heads or to the amount of $600,000. It is within bounds to say that if all paid who should pay the public school fund would be richer by $150,000 to $200,000 a year.

In olden times the poll tax was levied upon aliens living in a country and requiring its protection, but owning no property that could be taxed. It was not, even in those days, an unjust tax or based on a wrong principle, as it is not now.

In a number of southern states of this union, if not all of them, the payment of the poll tax is required before anyone can vote, and it ought to be so in all states, although the purpose of it, in the states named, mainly was to shut out the negro vote. Being less desirous of voting than of holding on to their dollars, it was believed a great portion of the blacks would lose their franchise. It was so, but, what was not counted on as being equally true, a large percentage of white voters also held on to their dollars and lost their votes. It may be doubted if the non-participation of the non-paying voters, white and black, proved to be detrimental to the political best interests of these states.

Many states have road poll taxes. California had such a tax until within a few years, the amount going into the road fund of each county or into the street fund of each town, but the law imposing this tax was repealed. In some states the poll tax goes to the road fund and not to the schools, and there are some states that do not impose any poll tax at all, holding that the man who has nothing should pay nothing, even in aid of the school fund.

The writer of this believes that to be a mistaken policy. We should beware how we make mendicants of men. There is nothing easier, nothing more disastrous. To be an elector is something worth while of itself. Let him who has property pay for the protection of that property in proportion to the amount of property he has to be protected. If, for other purposes than the protection of property, additional revenues are needed, let something more be raised in proportion to ability to pay, but at the ballot box manhood should stand shoulder to shoulder merely as men, one man paying as another pays, and the whole going into the school fund as a thank offering for having been born a man. Here the propertyless man, having paid his part, can look the millionaire in the eye without shame and without that cringing of the spirit which, by and by, ripens into mendicancy.

From time to time agitations are started looking toward the amending out of the constitution of California the provision requiring a poll tax to be imposed. It is to be hoped that the readers of these lessons will, out of consideration for the impecunious citizen himself, resist that movement. The tax entails a burden of only about two-thirds of one cent for each working day in the year and there are so few instances where the tax may prove a hardship as to make hardship negligible.

Men who have property find their poll tax taxed up to them when they come to pay their property tax, if not paid on or before the first of July of each year, and when that is done a penalty of another dollar is added, so it is a good thing to pay the tax between the first Monday in March and the last day of June each year. File away the receipts with care. Tax collectors are often careless in making their records and an accessible receipt may save double taxation.

JUST FOR FUN.

"Who in the name of Fulton-Hudson wrote this obituary of old Captain Onthebridge?" demanded the city editor of his assistant. "That cub from the bushes," the latter replied, with fine scorn. "Well, send him back to his marbles. He says the captain 'chose the sea as his life's work, and began at the bottom.'"

An overloaded boat, in which Mary Jane Sisk was attempting to cross the Sacramento river at Kennett, was capsized, and the woman was drowned.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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This Week: "THE MODERN LABOR UNION."

—By Charles R. Brown

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 24 : 09 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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To All, Greeting!

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY extends Christmas greeting to all its friends. And it ventures the hope that it comes to no home where it will not have that greeting returned to it as heartily as given. It is hard, sometimes, when battling for right Things, to remember that those against whom we battle are also our brothers, that in their homes and among their associates they are exemplary gentlemen; that they do evil only when they have forgotten their better selves and have been swept off their feet by the surging influences about them, but it is often so. We must oppose them with all the power that in us lies, yet without malice. He for whom this good-will season was named, and in whose memory it has come to be a great institution the whole world around, was uncompromising. Occasionally his denunciations were terrible, but no other one was ever so ready to let "bygones be bygones" whenever sorrow for wrong doing was manifest. So let it be with all of us, uncompromising as to right Things, but patient with those who have lost their moral bearings and are groping in the unrelieved darkness of our present day materialism. Again, to all our friends a Merry Christmas, with just a hint as to how we came by any Christmas at all, the most stupendous fact in all human history!

Zelaya.

NICARAGUA IS AS LARGE as Illinois and, leaving out Chicago, it is conceivable that it might sometime contain a population as great, instead of which it has a few tens of thousands whom Zelaya has brayed as in a mortar. There is not one right known to civilization in the possession of which any Nicaraguan has been wholly safe. There is no form of cruelty which the cunning of the American Indian can devise that Zelaya has not inflicted upon his own people. Conditions in that country are intolerable. They have no right, in this twentieth century of Christianization, to exist anywhere upon this globe. There is no one to bring this intolerable condition to a termination if the United States does not do it. With all our shortcomings as a government we can establish order, we can establish free schools, enforce sanitation, build roads, allow a free press and free speech, promote the general welfare and give to every citizen a right to pursue happiness, preserve his life, enjoy liberty. We have done these things in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and at Panama, albeit at great cost to us. We ought to do as much in Central America, not for our advantage but for the advantage of those unhappy peoples. We should not stand upon the order of our doing, but do at once. The cost will be great, the burden heavy, the loss of life not inconsiderable, but we have no right longer to turn the deaf ear to the cry of the oppressed of our own continent.

What Are They Creating?

MR. WILLIAM J. BURNS HAS BEEN PLACED in charge of the detective work for the American Bankers' Association. We wonder if the bankers have a clear view of what they have done in selecting this man for that place! Are they fully aware that, in order to discharge his duty to the banks, it will be necessary for Mr. Burns to have trained detectives in every considerable city in the country? Are they aware that Mr. Burns has a moral purpose in all that he does as well as a legal? Are they aware that if any alleged trust company were to finance anything like the lamented "Calkins Syndicate," on security that would not be taken at a pawn shop, Mr. Burns would be very likely to hear of it and get busy? Are they aware that Mr. Burns will be as unlikely to protect criminality among the big men in banks as to overlook it among the small ones? It requires no sagacity to surmise that there are bankers in San Francisco who are in no wise responsible for the selection of William J. Burns to head the detective department of the American Bankers' Association. That he was so selected is a fine compliment, not alone to Mr. Burns, but to the banks.

Assassination.

FOUR OFFICIALS WERE ASSASSINATED on the same day in different parts of the world. There is no great cause for wonder in this. The wonder is that there is not more of it. The assassin is one in whose breast there rankles a deep sense of wrong with a feeling of inability to have that wrong redressed in any lawful, orderly way. It is born of a spirit of helplessness. Often, perhaps generally, these sentiments find lodgment in a disordered or morbid mind. The normal mind knows that assassination rights no wrong, remedies no evil. The morbid mind is willing to sacrifice life, if need be, that the assassin may quench his thirst for revenge. It is not possible for one menaced by assassination to defend himself from it. The only defense against it is such an orderly and equal establishment of justice that the sentiment of helpless endurance of injustice shall find lodgment in the breast of no man. It is therein that government most generally and most grievously fails. It is therein that failure in our own country is most pronounced. Therein lies our greatest danger that this Oriental form of retribution may find lodgment among us.

Not a Woman There.

A LONG PROCESSION OF MEN, we are told, followed the remains of Leopold, late king of the Belgians, to their final resting place, but not one woman had a place in the procession. This was not because women were not free to join in rendering respect to the memory of their dead king, if they had respect to render, or because it rained incessantly, but because the king's life had been one continued indignity to womankind. That the women of Belgium so conducted themselves is a glory to the sex. Woman is not merely the female of her species, useful upon occasion. She is a living soul and whoever ranks her as less than that deserves, in life, her disregard and, in death, has no claim upon her homage, be he king or peasant.

All Muckraking.

THE LOW-BROWED, CENT PER CENT materialism of our time has a right to be voiced by a newspaper and the San Francisco Chronicle has a right to be such a voice, but the intelligent public will be foolish to permit itself to be deceived by that voice. To the mind of the Chronicle all this talk about Secretary Ballinger is the merest muckraking. Nothing is to be allowed for a solicitude for the preservation of our remaining resources from spoliation, nothing for a public demand that the heads of our departments shall be above suspicion. The sinister, cynical smirk on Ballinger's portrait, as it appeared in the public press, was sufficient of itself to put the nation on its guard. Will the Chronicle mention some estimable gentleman who has been muckraked without justification?

ALLEGIANCE TO PRESIDENT AND PARTY.

We reaffirm our allegiance to the Republican party, and to the Roosevelt policies, and heartily endorse President Taft in his avowed determination to carry out and enforce those policies, and we pledge him our support as Republicans in securing their enactment into law and in the enforcement of such laws.—Extract from platform adopted at the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican conference held at Oakland, November 22d.

There was a period in the evolution of free government during which political parties were merely constituencies rallying around a personal leader advocating a cause. That meant as many parties as there were leaders with causes, and made for political instability and government by faction. Parties formed as above suggested finally continued in being after the leaders had died, or had fallen from grace, and the causes had been achieved or forgotten. In short, parties came to be great corporations organized for the purpose of managing government, inviting the people to give them the job.

That is the condition to-day. The Republican party is such a corporation. The Democratic party is another. Leaders and causes may come and go, but these parties either continue to administer government or continue to hope for a chance to administer government.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is Republican. It is an organization within the larger organization having for its purpose the control of the larger organization, and it specifically reaffirms its allegiance to that organization. If defeated before the people at the August primary it will, as an organization, acquiesce in the result and abide its time in the belief that, after a time, the rank and file of the party will be won over and the party organization gained. This, under existing conditions, is easier than to organize a new political party.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League reaffirms the Roosevelt policies. These policies are understood to consist in the square deal in all relations of government, the conservation of national resources and the subjection of predatory interests to lawful regulation in the public interest and the punishment of malefactors of great wealth as certainly as those of small.

Fault has been found with the endorsement of President Taft, in the foregoing resolution, as being half-hearted and qualified. Qualified it is. Half-hearted it is not. It endorses him in his championship of the Roosevelt policies, but not otherwise. If President Taft were to go back on the Roosevelt policies the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League would go back on him. It will go farther. If President Taft, through weakness or a too close adherence to the technicalities of the law, shall permit the associated villainies of this country to make off with the rest of the nation's power sites and forest reserves, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will denounce him for so doing and strive to bring his presidential career to a close with the expiration of his present term.

But if the President shall strive in good faith to secure the enactment of the Roosevelt policies into law, and the enforcement of the laws when enacted, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League pledges him its support in achieving those ends. In short, the Roosevelt policies constitute the issue. Those are the things that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League stands for. By that test the League judges the President and his cabinet, and by that test will it judge the members of congress and candidates for official preferment in this state. There is nothing equivocal or uncertain about the League or its purposes. Whoever fails to understand what it stands for has himself to blame.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

THE DANGERS OF GEARY.

We are warned that the Geary Street Municipal Traction enterprise is fraught with grave dangers. It is. There is no getting around that.

For instance, the people of San Francisco might learn from the hazard of this enterprise that the municipality can undertake, and carry to a successful termination, a constructive work of large dimensions. That consummation would prove dangerous to those who owe their opportunity to an assumed inability of a municipality to do business without getting robbed at every turn.

Again, the construction of the Geary street system, and its extension to the ferry and the Cliff, might open the way to the municipal construction of numerous other parallel and cross-town lines, gradually demonstrating the ability of a city to furnish its own traction system, and make a good interest on a legitimate investment while performing a public service in an improved and acceptable manner. That would be nothing short of calamitous to gentlemen wont to secure a street railroad franchise for a song, capitalize it for a great fortune, pocket the proceeds and leave the traveling citizenry to hang to straps at one end while treading on corns at the other.

Once more, if the city were to construct an underground instead of an overhead trolley system and should put fenders on its cars, thereby leaving the streets unhampered by poles and wires and passengers uninjured by having their bodies crushed and mangled under car wheels, property on such streets might become greatly enhanced in value over that on those streets on which the shambles wagons operate, and the undertaking business might suffer harm.

It might result from the Geary street investment that San Francisco may find capital eager to be placed in its charge for investment in gainful undertakings, thus obviating the need for appealing to eastern capital to buy our securities at two or three times their actual value that we may pay two or three times as much interest and principal as needful. That would be destructive of the elemental principles of Big Business, and, if other cities were to profit by San Francisco's example, might almost ruin it.

There is no question that the hazards of the Geary street enterprise are great, and among them we may frankly include the possible miscarriage of the venture, its dishonest construction and unprofitable operation and the loss of a million or two of dollars in the affording of a horrible example to other cities, but we regard this hazard as so much less serious than the others as to incline us to the opinion that the venture should be made notwithstanding.

Declares He Did Not Do It.

Last week we charged Col. John P. Irish, by implication at least, with being the author of editorial utterances in the Oakland Tribune hostile to the graft prosecution. Col. Irish declares that he has written nothing for that paper that did not appear over his name. The information came to us from an inside source voluntarily, and with no conceivable reason for saying so unless it was so, and our informant certainly believed that what he said was true; but we are under obligation to accept Col. Irish's denial as conclusive. It is sufficiently discreditable to be a contributor to that journal over one's name.

The President Not to Be Blamed.

Those who were shocked to hear that former Governor Henry T. Gage, of San Quentin furniture notoriety, had been commissioned as United States minister to Portugal should not be hasty in criticising the President for having so honored one as politically defunct, for instance, as former Governor Markham. So long as our United States senators are selected by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company we shall have only those citizens honored with office whom that Political Bureau delights to honor and, with here and there an exception, they are an off-color lot. Gage was a broncho caught up off the range and broken into the gubernatorial office with difficulty, and it is to be feared that his rough Western way will not be appreciated among those Latins with whom etiquette is a passion and ill-breeding a crime.

Investigating Incorporealities.

It may be doubted if the investigation into the official conduct of Secretary Ballinger can be productive either of a vindication, a whitewash or a condemnation. No one has charged that he has broken any law, except the one that forbade him acting as attorney for a land claim for two years after resigning as Commissioner of the General Land Office, and that was malum prohibitum and not malum per se, wrong because forbidden and not wrong within itself.

The charge against Ballinger is that he has not been a sincere friend to conservation, that he has construed his powers to save the public domain from spoliation strictly as against the government, and liberally as to those who would despoil the government through the forms of law. An investigation may, and probably will, disclose these allegations to be true, but no investigating committee can bring in a verdict of guilty conduct on an issue of a liberal or a strict construction of the law. It will be good to have all the facts laid before the public, but the findings from those facts will have to be made by the American people. The verdict of no congressional committee will be accepted as conclusive.

Change of Management Desirable.

Supervisor Pollok will find the public with him in his desire to have a new management in control of the United Railroads. The public will go even farther than that and welcome a new ownership. The advent of the United Railroads personnel, from top to bottom, has proven a disaster to the city. Our home ownership, disagreeable as it was at times, was more wholesome. If a city may not own its own street-car system, at least it ought to be owned by its own people. Absentee landlordism is bad at all times and in all aspects. The purpose of the whole United Railroads enterprise from the first has been the exploitation, and not the service, of this people; to saddle this community with a stock and bond indebtedness several times the actual investment. Whatever of welcome was extended the United Railroads management when it came must prove tame indeed when compared with the spontaneity of feeling that would be manifest on its taking its departure.

Not So Purely Personal.

Governor Gillett regards the purchase, on part, and that of his wife, of coal lands in ska as a purely personal matter in which public has no interest. He is mistaken. e fact that Gillett is governor of California, l that there are associated with him Repre- itatives McKinlay and McLachlan, war- nts a lively public interest in the transaction. e public would like to know, and has a ht to the knowledge, how these persons caine interested in the Alaska coal lands d, who the original entrymen were, whether ey were financed by these gentlemen or any them, whether these gentlemen or any of m, or any of their associates, "grub-staked" otherwise assisted the entrymen to make eir entries of these lands and to secure tents on them. Governor Gillett is no anger to the methods employed in securing iber lands, oil lands and coal lands from the vernment with nothing more than a techni- l compliance with the law. He has seen it ne all around Humboldt bay. This is not ying that there is a thing in the world ir- gular in the proceedings by which he and s associates have acquired 2,500 acres of al lands, but only that the method of acquir- g them is a public and not a purely personal air. "How did they come by it?" is a ery that, in every such case, should receive e most explicit answer, with the burden of oof upon the purchaser. The law is bad ough at its best and its purpose has been reduce to private exploitation a great pub- heritage, and, in its application, that law ould be construed with the utmost strictness til it can be repealed.

Back to the Eskimos.

Dr. Frederick Cook is reported to have said at if the scientists found against him in his aims to have reached the pole he would go ck to the Eskimos and spend the rest of his ys ministering to them as Dr. Grenfel has inistered to the fisher folk along the Labra- rian coast. He will do well not to stand on the order of his going, but go at once. nywhere in civilization he will live a man rbid. Let him but venture out of doors y or night and some one will point the ger of scorn at him and say: "There goes e colossal faker of human history." He ight as well be an unconvicted, law-crushing gher-up! And it was for this that he en- ired years of privation and hardship in those real regions! Henceforth the term "Cooked" ill take on a new significance. And to think at while he can die, can crawl under a ountain of ice somewhere and suffer it to ll upon him and so blot him out, his reputa- on as the champion faker of all time will go own the ages like a soul whose material body s been forbidden sepulture. Alas for rederick Cook! It had been better if he had ever been born.

Objections to Unionism.

The special article, elsewhere in this paper, nder the above title, from the pen of Doctor rown, of Oakland, will be found of great nterest. The issues are stated fairly and fford the citizen an opportunity to weigh hat may be said in extenuation of many of ne criticisms made. The non-union laborer, ke the non-voting citizen, is not an attractive ersonality. He either lacks the courage or ne inclination to pull his own weight.

But there are one or two objections to nionism that Doctor Brown did not touch pon. One of these is the feeling on the part f the employer that he ought to be The oss and ought to be free to do as he wills ith his own. For he feels that his business his own about as much as his house, his ife, his children and the family dog and cat. n practice he finds that, even under his own oof-tree, his ownership is much qualified. While his wife is his wife and nobody's else he falls far short of owning her. His children the state may reach out and take from him if he does not educate them properly and treat them well, and the poundmaster may ensnare his dog if he does not take out a license to preserve him. The things that we can call our very ownest-own are not abundant, and if society wants us it will take us, too, and set us up to be shot at. Autocracy in industry is, on the whole, rather farther gone than in government.

Boiled down, a chief objection to unionism is that the employer wants to be The Boss, but can be such no longer. Associated labor confronts him as an equal and he must make terms with it or fight.

Another objection to unionism is that sometimes the labor union wants to be The Boss, wants to turn the tables completely over and give the employer a dose of the medicine he has been giving his employees for several centuries. That objection is valid wherever organized labor, feeling its oats, makes the attempt to boss. That attempt should be resisted. It owes its origin to pugnacity rather than to judgment or reason.

Somehow, this whole problem has got to be removed from the plane of Man the animal, to Man the living soul, Man a little lower than the angels, but capable of being crowned with glory and honor. On that plane the problem of unionism is easily solved.

How It Feels to Be Hurt.

The Santa Fe railroad has found that the Oklahoma laws regulating fares and freights in that freaky commonwealth have injuriously affected its receipts. In short, it is hurt. Now we don't want our railroads hurt, unless it be in order that they may know how it feels to be hurt. The transcontinental railroads have lately hurt the business of this state to the tune of $10,000,000, and we hear it rumored that there is another hurt coming like unto it, not to meet expenses, not to pay legitimate dividends, but to give an illegitimate value to the market quotations of railroad shares. A turn about at hurting is written into the constitution of animal man, as fair play, and the railroad corporations must not be surprised if what they mete out is returned to them in round measure. The people, even in Oklahoma, instinctively want justice, but the time may come when they will want that justice to be retributive. Then what?

The Case of Oppenheimer.

There is just one class of cases in which the extreme penalty of the law should be inflicted speedily and with no qualms of conscience. That is the class of the congenital degenerate with homicidal mania. To this class Jacob Oppenheimer belongs. He is now confined at San Quentin prison under sentence of death, with an irrelevant and inconsequential right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States still open to him. He should be killed as a mad dog would be killed, without enmity, but as the only guaranty of public safety from his propensity to kill. So long as he remains alive the lives of those who must have him in their care will be in danger. The law should find the miscreant guilty of not being fit to live and kill him. In no other class of cases need the extreme penalty be meted out.

Kill the Roadhouse.

The effort making in Santa Clara county to drive the roadhouse out of business is one that every county in the state should imitate. The roadhouse has not one plea it can justly make for life. There is every reason why it should be killed. Every such establishment is a center of immoral infection. A plague-infected rattery could not be more injurious to any community.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The multitude approaches the Christmas season in the spirit of good will and with the expectation of doing a large business in swapping gifts. Not all countries do this. England does not. There is little or no giving of presents there, but rather a general home-coming and manifestation of good will, chiefly around the table as we meet on Thanksgiving.

In our country Jew, as well as gentile, makes no little out of Christmas, notwithstanding that the Jew does not believe that Jesus was the Hebrew Messiah, but, anyhow, he was a Jew to whom the world has rendered the greatest homage ever rendered to man, and the children of Israel enter heartily into the kindly relations of the Christmas season.

To the reverent, believing follower of the Nazarene the Christmas season is holy time. With the shepherds, he hears the voice of the angels singing their song of good will and of glory to God, sees the star in the east moving brightly athwart the sky until it comes to stand over a stable at Bethlehem of Judea where, in a manger, a child is born that is to revolutionize human society and bring the kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven, sees the wise men who have followed that star gather about the manger where the virgin mother and young child are that they may gladden their eyes with the new hope and prostrate themselves in humble adoration. It is a beautiful story, beautiful all the way from the Annunciation to the Ascension, and it is small wonder that it has taken such a hold on the hearts of men.

But there are those who believe that the story, beautiful though it is, is beautiful only as poetry, that it isn't really true as related, that the child Jesus was in fact the son of Joseph and Mary, born as every other child is born, of a physical father and a physical mother, that he was probably not sinless, that he lived as others lived except that he forgot self in zeal for a cause, as many a hundred other religious enthusiasts have done, and that for nineteen hundred years the world has been mistaken as to the cold facts.

Very well, let it go at that for the nonce. There are those whose imaginations find no difficulty in peopling the earth, the air and the sky with invisible beings, and there are those matter-of-fact Missourians who must be shown else they will not believe anything that lies outside their own experience and observation. The issue is largely temperamental and not to be quarreled over.

Let us, therefore, concern ourselves this once with just the Christ idea as we encounter it in the world, waving aside as unimportant, at this time, all considerations as to whether or not it ever found perfect incarnation in the flesh. That idea is embodied in love to God and love to man, as the fulfillment of the law. What manner of man would overreach one he loved better than himself? What one would be a hard taskmaster to an object of his sincere affection? What one, loving God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, would cruelly and despitefully use a single one of God's creatures? And the Christ idea is further embodied in a religion of purity of heart and human fraternity, a religion to keep one mindful of the obligations of love to God and man and help one to do as he knows he ought to do.

Now, frankly, apart from creeds and dogmas, from what men can believe or can not, is not the Christ idea—just as an idea to stand off and look at as one might at a beautiful painting or a piece of statuary, at a landscape or a sunset—is not that Christ idea the most beautiful thing in all the world? Is it not the hope of the race and of every member of the race? If one doubt the man Jesus, if he reject the beautiful story of the Christmas child as not being literally true, how can he reject the Christ idea in the world? And after all is not the acceptance of that idea in love and humility the important thing?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Work and Starvation Hand in Hand.

Man's inhumanity to man easily includes man's inhumanity to woman. Witness the sweatshops which are a feature of all "christian" lands. Witness particularly, for the purposes of this reading, a recent report of the Labor Department of the French government. The report deals with labor conditions in the departments of northern and eastern France, and here are some of its details: Sotteville is the center of the sweating system in the department of the Seine Inferieure. There seamstresses earn two cents an hour and work from 12 to 15 hours a day, their sole food being soup and cheese. In 70 per cent of cases these women earn less than $80 a year, while in 12 per cent of cases the earnings are below $40. These conditions are practically duplicated in the department of the Oise, and at St. Quentin, Amiens and Lille, while at Nancy the horror of the condition is emphasized by a working day of 14 to 16 hours, with a payment averaging less than a penny an hour. This is not the problem of Labor and Capital, it is the problem of Labor and Slow Starvation. Almost it seems that France (and it does not stand quite alone), may be preparing to duplicate 1790 and the mad years that followed, for the conditions trend in much the same direction.

The Mighty Family of the Smiths.

The cheek of the bearer of the historic name of Smith well may be suffused with pride when he considers an official report recently filed in Great Britain, for, according to this report, the mighty Smiths march in battalions, while the rest of us must content ourselves with moving in companies or by units. It was to have been expected that the name of Smith would lead the list in England, and easily and proudly it does so, but something different might have been looked for from the canny clans of Auld Scotia. The look is in vain; the prolific Smiths maintain the lead in Scotland, with the Macdonalds only second. Then, Wales! If there were anything on which a man of speculative spirit would invest his last nickel, it would be the proposition that the Jones family is ahead in the running in the country of many consonants and few vowels. He would lose his nickel; the Joneses make a good showing, but the ever-multiplying Smiths outnumber them. In Ireland alone is the proud supremacy of Smith rudely shattered. The Murphys outrank them, and so do the Kellys, and the Sullivans, but even on the ould sod the Smiths take the fifth place, which is not a bad showing, when the popularity of the name in England is considered. The Smiths forever! The rest of us are distanced.

The Supreme Court Getting Behind.

The annual report of Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney General of the United States, which was sent to Congress the other day, shows a rather unfortunate condition of Supreme Court affairs. Deeper and deeper, during the last decade, the court has been getting into the bog of undecided cases. The statistics are the demonstration of the truth of this assertion. At the close of the 1899 term 303 cases remained undisposed of on the calendar. By the close of the 1906 term this number had increased to 343, or more than 13 per cent; in 1907 the number had increased to 421, or 39 per cent, while a year later the number was 478, an increase of nearly 58 per cent in nine years. This is an average annual increase of 6½ per cent, and the question how long it will take the court to become so bogged that it will find it difficult to progress at all naturally arises. The situation suggests, too, that it might be better to appoint to the justiceships, as they become vacant, comparatively young men, with the vigor to surmount obstacles, rather than men who, like Judge Lurton, have attained the age and the resting tendency that come with 65 years.

Naturally the Lords Objected.

It was a hard proposition which the British House of Commons put up to the Lords when it presented, for their approval, a budget containtaing a land tax based, to a considerable extent, on the Henry George theory, to say nothing of other features which were scarcely more agreeable. It was too much like asking the possessor of a "soft snap" to vote the snap out of his keeping. The last British Domesday Book tells the story, by inevitable inference. The total area of the United Kingdom contains about 77,000,000 acres of land, and the members of the House of Lords own 16,411,986 acres, or considerably more than one-fifth of the whole. Twenty-three peers own one-fourteenth of the entire British domain. Generally speaking, too, the land which is in their names is of the richest and best, and makes particularly choice game preserves. The Commons should have realized that to break up these preserves, etc., would be an invasion of immemorial privilege and divine prerogative, but they refused to see it, and the war is on, a war which is not at all unlikely to leave the peers with a severe headache.

Estimated Cost of Airship Travel.

If the conclusions and estimates of a committee of German aeronautical experts are sound, travel in the air is not likely to become immensely popular; that is, there will be no immediate rush to the airships. The committee finds that the cost of constructing an airship with capacity for eighteen passengers would be about $100,000, and the cost of working it would be $375 a day. Supposing it carried its full complement of passengers, the fare per day could not be less than $25 in order to give even a small profit, and the fare per hour could not be fixed at less than $5 to $10. Evidently, under such a schedule of prices, people who could afford to ride along the sky would be in a small and gilded minority. The most of us must fly by aeroplane if we are to fly at all.

Enterprise Touches the Dreamy East.

The world moves, even the sluggish Orient moves with it, and it is coming to pass that "a cycle of Cathay" may see several things in the line of modern progress accomplished. By way of illustration, note the following facts: Constantinople, wherein the telephone heretofore has been excluded, is, under the new Turkish regime, about to install a system within its limits. Ancient Damascus, where genii of eld were wont to assemble, now has that greater and more powerful genius which is represented in an electric street-car system, and its streets and mosques are lighted by electricity, while Beirut, Aleppo and Smyrna soon will be similarly lighted. Jerusalem has just purchased a fire engine and a town clock, and a chamber of commerce looks after its business affairs. A railway soon will be constructed from Jaffa to Gaza, and others from Haifa to Jaffa and from Jerusalem to Es Salt are under consideration. Soon it will be, "All aboard for the Holy City, Mount Horeb and the Dead Sea," for the eyes of the drowsy East are opening to the sunlight of civilization.

Increasing Our Killing Capacity.

An invention whereby warlike men may humbly trust to increase their killing capacity has just been perfected by a Swedish engineer named Angrell. It consists of a device by which submarine mines may be raised or lowered from the shore, or a ship, at a distance of six miles. Electricity is the force employed, the pressure of a button shifting the location of a mine. The admirably murderous invention would do its work in the following manner. Say that the enemy's vessel of war is in the offing. Our ship goes out to inspect her, turns and retreats. Nothing doing; the way appears to be open for the enemy to follow. It does so. Somebody presses a button, a mine rises under the foe's war ship, ban All off. Very nice, you see, unless ou chances to be the pursuing ship, in whi h cas inasmuch as the widows and orphans would l our own, we would feel called upon to r member them and give them our sympath it being a recognized martial fact that no but our own afflicted are entitled to sympath The "little brown men" may as well make note of the fact that the Russian governme has ordered 200 of these devices.

Lightest of All Metals.

The lightest of all metals thus far discover is electron, which recently was manufactur in Germany. It is a magnesium alloy, and ca be cast, pressed, rolled or drawn. It weig about two-thirds as much as aluminum, t lightest metal heretofore known, possess much strength and ductility, and is silve white in color, taking a brilliant polish. It believed that it will be found very useful i the manufacture of automobiles and airshi of all varieties.

Representative William Brown McKinley Illinois, the owner of more miles of interurba electric railways than any other man in th world, is remarkable because of the way i which all animals love him. A friend says o him, "If he hadn't made money in railway he could have made a fortune as an anim trainer. At home every dog in town know him and follows him in the street."

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"Pride and Prejudice."

ane Austen's first and best novel is a gem literary craftsmanship. She took for her ıracters the members of an ordinary family, l so faithfully reproduced the everyday ex-iences of family life, the intrafamiliar am-ions, jealousies, confidences, misunderstand-gs, foibles, and love affairs, that the story lects them as personally to-day as it l years ago in England. The ambitious, tch-making mother, the father who has no .ience with feminine intrigues, the family of ıghters—the sweet and loyal confidante of father, the boy-struck brainless sister, and family drudge—the steady young man who ns the likeable sister, the foolish soldier y who marries the coquette, the rich rela-ns—they appear throughout the story in -like characters. The art that makes their ings real and interesting, Scott compared to delicate work of the cameo cutter. The .ire that makes us see the weaknesses of r own family relations is penetrating, yet ıdly. The story is as natural, as common-.ce, and as absorbing as our everyday life to each of us.

YOUR STORY.

A cattleman in Montana was an admirer of writings of Rudyard Kipling. He read erything that Kipling published, with an proval born of a kindred interest in the ntier soul of things which the author loves. his experience this cattleman stumbled on story from real life that possessed every ment of a piece of fiction, an original aracter, dramatic action, romance, and a nclusion in accordance with the law of etic justice.

When Kipling made one of his visits to nerica, this Montana cattleman made the ıg and expensive trip to New York solely to l Kipling this story. He pulled wires for introduction to the great writer, and finally cceeded in meeting him. Then he told his ory.

Kipling listened, all attention, completely sorbed. When the cattleman finished, he ploded in one word of entire approval, plendid!"

Then the cattleman explained that he had me all the way from Montana to give this ot to Kipling, whose writings he so much mired, and that he hoped he would write as his own, in his inimitable way.

"But," Kipling exclaimed, "I can't write at. That's **your** story."

This incident—it is literally true, by the ay—illustrates two things: the process by ıich a writer individualizes his work, and e fact that every man who sees and thinks s at least one story of his own.

The writer with a distinctive style has such style because the living drama of the world ound him groups itself into organized shapes cording to the peculiar character of his rsonal interest in only certain parts of the ings he sees. Dickens was a humorist be-use every grotesque shape of man struck s eye with an especial force, because every ldity of character appealed to his risibles, r instance, more than any conventionality of ıaracter appealed to his sense of dignity. nd, more than that, Dickens had to receive s impressions of the grotesque as first im-ressions, else they did not become corporeal ements of his own mind. Otherwise, much they might amuse him when described by hers, they were at best some other person's ory.

And each man who thinks and sees has, the extent of his observation and origi-ılity, stories that are peculiarly his own. ardly any man enjoys reading but has in s own mind a story, either an incident of al life that has appealed to his constructive erary sense or a creation of his own active ncy. Such a man, lacking the arduous train-g in the skilled trade of writing, wishes ther for the power to write or that his pet ıthor could have the story as he has it, a ving and moving picture of the mind, to ake it imperishable in print.

CONTRAST.

By Joseph K. Hutchinson.

(For The California Weekly.)

Dim are the stars—
  Look you, they've changed not through the changing years,
Heedless of all their counsel makes or mars.
  Blind to entreaties of the hottest tears;
Dim are the stars!

How bright the stars!
  Night after night their pageantries have cheered
Hearts that the days have saddened with their scars.
  The sky's ablaze! What morrow need be feared!
How bright the stars!

August Thomas is on the threshold of his promised preachment on the Jew. He calls it "An ethical message concerning the toxic property of hate."

Californian Poets' Corner

DICKENS IN CAMP.

By Bret Harte.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
  The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
  Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fires, with rude humor, painted
  The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
  In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
  A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
  To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
  And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
  Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
  Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
  A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
  Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
  Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
  As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
  From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
  And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
  Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
  Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
  That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
  And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
  This spray of Western pine!

July, 1870.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

John Graham Brooks, author, economist, lecturer, and student of history, is rounding out an active life by publishing a series of books containing a ripe review of the studies of his lifetime. "As Others See Us" is one of these reviews. Mr. Brooks has read, digested, and compared nearly a hundred standard works of foreign authors who have described American life as they saw it on visits to this country. These writers range, chronologically, from the first years of the republic down to the intensely alive and contemporaneous Hugo Munsterberg and H. G. Wells. Mr. Brooks has weighed the critical value of each author, discarding those who came to America with a bias of mind sufficiently violent to warp their judgment completely, and suggesting the extent to which those more fair-minded may be trusted. He then proceeds to unfold their criticisms, favorable and adverse, of American life and institutions, arranging them by subjects and chronologically, so that the two final chapters in the book naturally bring the reader up to a recapitulation of all the criticisms and to a weighing of the signs of progress that they reveal.

He notes that every one of the writers has observed that we are braggarts. Californians will be interested in this: "Two 'men of distinction' tell Sir Charles Lyell that as you travel west, the note of braggadocio steadily rises till you reach the Pacific Coast, where it would be deafening if your approach were not so gradual . . . its commonest form being that everything, from scenery to general culture, is the sublimest or the biggest in the universe. He notes down some forty objects of achievement that are indisputably 'the finest in the entire world.'"

We learn also that Americans are extremely sensitive to foreign criticism (largely because it shrewdly hurts when true); that the tone of foreign criticism has gradually become more friendly, as instanced by the fact that earlier critics attributed our habit of elevating our feet to mantel-pieces and table rims to vulgar breeding, whereas later critics excuse it as a relief from the national indigestion; that we have not a monopoly of the best wit and humor in the world, but only a keen appreciation of our own brand; that James K. Bryce is our greatest and most friendly critic; and that the best judgment of our critics is that, though we still are oppressed by mighty problems and struggle at them as blind men in masses, we have a reserve fund of sense and patriotism that will somehow pull us through.

Our progress over the past is noted by such signs as these: a recognition of the negro problem as soluble only by the white men of the South, and the sensible seriousness of these Southerners toward the problem; the increase in comfort, economy, and safety of railway travel; the rise of earning power of the laboring class and the slow, but steady, improvement in industrial conditions; a profound improvement in our physical health (the earlier writers all described us as a race of invalids); the great advance in educational opportunities; our growth in culture and the practice of the fine arts; the increased sense of national unity; the rise in the moral tone of the press; amelioration of prison conditions; and, greatest of all, the education of the people at large to the fact of the criminal relation between Big Business and corrupt politics, pointing the way directly to the cleansing of our institutions from their principal menace of decay.

This book is a foundation for a comprehensive view of our national history from an original view point, and it is as interesting as it is instructive.

(The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.75, net.)

George Ade has written another play for the students of Purdue University to try their luck with. It is safe to say that it will quickly find its way to the professional stage.

PICTURES OF AMERICAN FEUDALISM

BY E. FRENCH STROTHER.

Every school boy is familiar with the historical fact of feudalism. It was the system of local government in the Middle Ages. Each lord held a body of land, and this land was worked by his tenants. These tenants gave him a share (a large share) of their produce, and he waxed rich upon this tribute. Every tenant was a subject of the lord; the lord was his king, his judge, and his tax collector.

That kind of feudalism has passed from the civilized parts of the earth—even Russia. Remnants of it survive, in European monarchies, in restriction upon individual liberty. In America, the home of the free, even these restrictions imposed by government have largely been thrown aside.

But feudalism exists in the United States today. Not political feudalism, nor feudalism in name; but, in every essential effect upon the lives of the people concerned, an exact likeness of the feudalism of the Middle Ages, except that the overlord is a captain of industry instead of a baron of chivalry, and the serfs are his hired laborers instead of his liege subjects.

The writer is acquainted with two striking instances of this industrial feudalism. One example exists in Pennsylvania; the other in New Hampshire. It is well to consider them separately, because one is much less oppressive than the other, though both are un-American, undemocratic, and objectionable. But they deserve consideration from thoughtful Americans everywhere, particularly in California. California has no such feudal system, yet; it does not want one; it is well to see how these two arose, so that it may never have one.

This article will deal wholly with the Pennsylvania example.

* * * * *

I. A PICTURE FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

The New Jersey Zinc Company (or the "zinc trust," as it is generally called) a good many years ago located perhaps its largest reduction works in Carbon county, Pennsylvania, in a lonely mountain valley, far from any city or even town of considerable size. Their objects in choosing this location were two: this valley is near to vast coal beds, and the company had found that it was cheaper to haul the zinc ore to the region of cheapest coal supply than it was to haul the coal to the zinc fields; and (the second object) they wanted to use the cheapest labor in the market and to keep that labor away from the towns where union leaders and union example might make it discontented or less cheap.

Both objects have justified the company's hopes. Zinc reduction in Carbon county is profitable; and labor has remained cheap and unorganized. At the yawning mouths of two rows of furnaces—each row a quarter of a mile long—smoke-grimed Poles and Lithuanians work twelve hours a day, shoveling coal, shoveling limestone, shoveling ore, clearing fireboxes of clinkers with pokers twenty feet long and heavy as lead—do back-breaking work twelve hours (not eight) a day, for—seventy-five cents. The day shift works from six to six; the night shift works from six to six for the same pay.

These men get one thing "thrown in" with their wages: the right to live in the "company houses." Come and look at them. Two-story, unadorned square houses of rough planks painted red, set on an ore "dump," with not one convenience in sight. The drinking water is pumped from wells bored directly behind the houses. The sewage is drained into an open ditch in the dump only a hundred feet away. There is not a bath tub to be found.

Two rooms in each house are set apart for kitchen and dining room. The men who board here pay the wife of one of them their share of the amount necessary to buy what they can afford to eat—the ingredients of a villainous stew and loaves of rank bread. That is all they eat. The other rooms are sleeping quarters. Each room has from four to eight bunks built against the walls. Each bunk holds two men, so there are from eight to sixteen men sleeping in one room. That means all day and all night, for the day crew comes home at night and routs the night crew out of the bunks, and crawls into the still warm berths as the night crew goes to work; and the night crew in turn ousts the day crew in the morning. The same bedclothes are used all the time.

Up from this filthy heap where the workmen live rises a gradual slope, which grows green as it rises to a hillside. Here, set aloft, is the modern equivalent of the ancient baronial hall, the hotel occupied by the company superintendent and managers. This is owned by the company, and board and rooms are sold at nominal rents to the industrial chief and his underlords. The comforts and elegances of a club are supplied: a bar where a gentleman's signature is good for a gentleman's drink, a billiard hall, and a dancing floor, where the carefree waltz and two-step gild the evening after eight hours of gentleman's work.

The gayety, the grace, the congenial atmosphere of secure social intercourse that shine brightly here are in brilliant contrast with the somber faces, the bound muscles, and the uncouth dinner talk in the "quarters" two hundred yards away, down there on the "dump." The difference by day is equally a challenge to attention. Down at the grimy rows of furnaces the six-bit-a-day foreigners sweat and tug, or walk pallidly amongst the flour-like settling bags, whose dusty refuse clogs the workers' lungs forever in five years. Up at the feudal hall gay traps carry the ladies for a day's outing to the woods, while their sisters on the dump below heavily prepare the next meal for the men. Above the hall a half-hour at lunch is enjoyed by the men at tennis or golf.

This contrast is more than the mere restatement of a common enough fact of economic inequality. If a man in the hall on the hill takes a highball or so too many, kind hands restrain him and tuck him into bed. If a man on the dump takes a pint too much of the vicious Slav wine and makes the same disturbance, he is arrested by a company policeman, locked in a calaboose built and owned by the company, and, next morning, is tried and sentenced by a justice of the peace who could not get his office if the company disapproved of him.

The company sells land for homes to those workers who can save enough out of seventy-five cents a day to believe, at least, that they can rise from the dump to better things. The plan is for easy payments and looks plausibly altruistic. It isn't. By starvation economy the beneficiary of altruism could pay out in eleven years and would then probably know enough English to find that he could be forced to sell to the company at any time. Thus altruism and peace are preserved without cost to the company. If, at the end of eleven years, the laborer concludes that six bits will not go around the daily requirements of food and clothing, much less put the boys even for a year or two into school, he would do well not to say so too loudly. Or, if he should become impressed with the damnable doctrine that laborers have the same right to combine and sell their labor collectively that corporations have to combine and sell their product as a trust, he had best keep that quiet also. Eviction costs the company nothing but the filing of a few legal documents, and industrial peace is cheap at the price.

If this necessarily brief article has conveyed a living impression of the truth it has portrayed a state of actual feudalism. These laborers live under a system of earning which practically, in their stage of intelligence and economic helplessness, throws about their actions the same restraints of fear and compulsion that legal feudalism threw around the actions of the serfs.

There is a hope for these men. The superintendent, with a genuine compassion and in a tone expressive of a relieved sense of r sponsibility, declared that he had seen th nationality of his workmen change twic Wages had not changed, races had. The Iris had come, hundreds had worked out the strength here, but the remainder had gone to the cities, where they rose in the econom scale. The Italians had succeeded them, an in turn had gone, pushing into the cit trenches from which the Irish had, meanwhil risen to the trucks and the police force. H saw another change coming. The Poles wer succeeding the Italians in the trenches, an the Italians were struggling up into th gardening business. Soon, he thought, th Poles would all be leaving the zinc work He wondered, too, with some anxiety, wh could be got to take their places. He frankl said that every race that had come to Carbo county had been lower in the economic an human scale than its predecessor, and th Poles seemed to be about the dregs. Wors they seemed probably to be the last of th emigrant peoples. It might be that they woul have no successors. He did not suggest—possibly the habit of mind of a lifetime mad it impossible that he should think it—that th sacred wage scale of the zinc works migl actually have to be raised, to persuade eve the dregs to work there.

Nor did his mind run down the ringin grooves of change to wonder whether i dustrial opportunity in America would som day approach its limit, so that the happ transition of the Irish and Italians migl prove impracticable. Suppose it should Will this form of feudalism still be tolerated If it is, it will then begin to crystallize, an we shall have a new social order in America patterned upon the obsolete model of politica feudalism and differing from it only in thi that its existence will be maintained by th pressure of economic stress instead of by th authority of law and the force of arms.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Among the 1,300 epitaphs collected by Er nest R. Suffling in "Epitaphia" are many quain and curious specimens. Grimaldi off the stag was said to be a sufferer from melancholi It will be remembered that going to a phy sician on one occasion he described his case when the worthy doctor briskly told him t "shake off the feeling. Go and see Grimaldi and if he does not cure you your case is indee hopeless." "Alas," said the poor sufferer, " am Grimaldi." His epitaph reads, "Her Am I."

A prize of £100 is said to have been offere by one Thorpe, who was desirous of bein perpetuated but briefly on his tombstone. On competitor sent in "Here Lies Thorpe Corpse." This was certainly brief enough, bu finally it was cut to "Thorpe's Corpse."

There are many curious epitaphs on wives Here's one from Ulverston, Lancashire:

Here lies my wife,
Here lies she
Hallelujah!
Hallelujee!

An inscription placed over the grave of missionary who was accidentally shot i India read thus:

Here lies the Rev. A—— B——,
For many years missionary in B—— district.
He was accidentally shot by his native servant
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

At Chelmsford, Essex, on a stone to the memory of "Mary Blewitt of the Swan" it is stated that she "was the wife of nine husbands successively, but the ninth outlived her." It is added, "The Text to Her Funeral Sermon was 'Last of all, the Woman died also.'"—Westminster Gazette.

A MOOD.

By Elizabeth Gerberding.
(For The California Weekly.)

I know a mood so rich in joy of life,
So bound about with happy memories
And soothed by fair and radiant Future, rife
With hopes—space, atoms, worlds are harmonies!

No black nor tawdry thought may enter here,
Nor chilling shapes of grim and awful fears;
Enwrapped in beauty like an atmosphere,
Soul speaks to body in a rush of tears.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Ring, Christmas Bells!

ing, Christmas bells; sing sweetly shrill.
While childish voices sing again:
Though He was dead, He liveth still
Where'er love reigns in souls of men."
ing, sweetly ring! Let echoes leap
Beyond the shades that round us fall,
nd o'er the utmost vap'rous steep,
Till Heaven answers to your call.
The message old
Ring out again:
"Peace, peace on earth;
Good will to men."

ing, Christmas bells! In Bethlehem
A babe was born long, long ago.
How shone the star, like some great gem
Upon the robe of night aglow!)
babe was born, and love was born,
The love which yet shall banish hate.
How burned the star upon that morn,
While wise men waited at the gate!)
Ring, Christmas bells,
Both sweet and shrill:
"Peace, peace on earth;
To men good will."

ing, Christmas bells! Ring in the day,
The day of love, by Him foretold;
ing in the fairer, better way,
The day of peace, foreseen of old.
ing till the clamor strikes the sky,
A silvern dart 'gainst azure shield;
roclaim to list'ning hosts on high:
"Love yet shall reign, and hate shall yield."
Ring, Christmas bells,
The glad, new birth:
"Good will to men,
And peace on earth!"

* * *

San Diego and the Exposition.

As a strictly personal opinion—which, of course, will in no way interfere with the smug self-satisfaction with which any San Franciscan may view his city's conduct in the matter—I wish to say that I look upon San Francisco's selection of a date for an exposition as a "hold-up" worthy of even our big city's reputation in recent years. Some months ago San Diego announced that 1915 would be the year of its proposed exposition, and straightway it went to work to make that exposition a success. To that end it obtained the co-operation of practically all of Southern California, and already it has secured subscriptions to its fund to the amount of a half million dollars or more. These facts San Francisco knew, could not help knowing, and yet she now steps in and, without as much as a by-your-leave, appropriates that year unto an exposition of her own. If this is not mere brute selfishness, what name would you, in some milder mood, give to it?

The big boy may wrest the small boy's apple from him, and, quite regardless of the tinier urchin's protests, calmly eat it. He has the brute force to do this thing, and so, too, may he have the callous selfishness; moreover, there may be at hand nobody large enough to spank him, but, just the same, he is not an admirable character, and deserves the spanking.

I deprecate this deed of shameless selfishness and disregard for the rights of another, because it is certain to engender an ill-will which must endure for years. It cannot terminate before 1915, and it will not for years after that date. San Francisco has the apple, and very likely she will eat it, but she will pay high for it in that increased enmity on the part of Southern California which sometimes, even now, is too visible. Can it be expected that the small boy will be fond of the big marauder who appropriated his fruit?

* * *

Some Brief Eskimoans.

The Eskimos are wanted now
By both the parties to the row.
Their presence is, as both aver,
Of Eskimoment, as it were.
—Washington Herald.

For each contends the other lied,
And several other sins beside,
And each would show by Greenland's breed
The Eskimotive of the deed.

The Opinions of Rufus.

I dunno but a pessimist has the best of the argyment. Es long es he's livin' ain't it clear they's something middlin' wrong with the old world?

Per'aps, 'es some folks say, kingship's a institution that's divine in its origin, but have you read the histories of many kings?

They say that Patrick Calhoun is goin' to leave San Francisco, "but the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Speakin' of Capital an' Labor, my sympathy allers is with the little porker that's been pushed clear outside by the big one that's standin' with all four of its feet in the trough.

While we're strugglin' to secure universal peace, seems to me 'twouldn't do any harm to try the effect of a little international christianity.

I s'pose it's true that they's some good in all of us, but I've seen it so disfiggered that its best friend wouldn't recognize it.

You may hate your enemy, but I'll bet he didn't do es mean a thing to you es you do to yourself in hatin' him.

If I wasn't so busy bindin' up my own shins I'd bitterly condemn the wicked sinners that stumble in ways of error.

A paper says a Indiany woman got divorced five times, an' then it says she married again. I shouldn't call it marryin'; I should call it samplin'.

I knew a man once that was so well educated that he could read a lawyer's pleadin' an' make sense out of it.

Like enough honesty's the best policy, but policy's a long way frum bein' the best honesty.

If the kind of men folks down here call successful ever git to Heaven I'd hate awfully to have to insure the pavement of the streets 'gainst the Saintly Combine they'd probably create.

* * *

Thoughtful Man on Geary Street Road.

"I wish," said the Thoughtful Man, "to call your attention to the nobly altruistic spirit which characterizes the United Railroads, as its own perfumes of Araby characterize the gentle polecat. Have you noticed that they (I refer to the first of the pair) have placarded the city with appeals to the dear people to vote against the Geary-street outrage? It must have cost them a large sum of money, but have they flinched on that account? No, sir, not a flinch. They have saw their duty and have did it, as our friend, Mose Gunst, might say.

"Base and unscrupulous traducers have let go of their straps long enough to assert that the United Railroads' motive in this proceeding was selfish. 'Can't you see,' they said, 'that—excuse me, madam, for stepping on your fragile toes—as I was saying, can't you see that—pardon me, madam. I did not deliberately sit in your luring lap; the crowd forced me—as I was about to remark, you can see that—What! have to wait for the next car? Oh, da—that is, I will tell you what I think of the United Railroads and the Geary-street proposition when we next are telescoped on a street-car together.'

"The base traducer's conversation may be somewhat involved in spots, but you cannot escape the inference that he is intending to hit the altruistic United Railroads. Yet anybody can see that they cannot have a personal and selfish interest in this proposition. They object on those high moral grounds which influence a boy with an apple when he protests against another boy eating the core—he doesn't care for the core himself, but he is afraid it may injure the other boy's digestion. The United Railroads is paying out its money (many thousands of fares at a nickel a strap) not because it has any selfish objection to the people running a car-line in their own interest, but because it fears for their digestion.

"The attitude of the public toward Mr. Calhoun and his interests is scandalous, don't you think so?" the Thoughtful Man inquired.

"Well, I don't know," said I. "Sometimes I have thought that the Heney vote didn't look that way."

My Aunt Sally.

My Aunt Sally—sittin' here
I can see her, jest es clear,
Through the smoke wreaths es they rise
To our Californy skies,
Skies es tender an' es blue
Es the eyes that she looked through,
An' I hear her, plain's can be,
"Law me!"

"Law—me!" She kind o' drew
Out the words es robins do
When their last good nights they say.
I'd be chatterin' away,
An' "Law me!" was what she said,
Or per'aps "Dear suz!" instead,
Or, if she could not agree,
"Dear me!"

Ain't much in the words fer you
'Less you knew Aunt Sally, too,
An' her gentle, lovin' ways—
Then they'd seem like words of praise,
And the tears you wouldn't blame
If into your eyes they came,
Waitin' for her words that fell:
"Well, well!"

Long time now since she passed through
Earthly mists to heaven's blue,
But I guess the angel throng
Sometimes stop right in their song
Jest to hear her say, "Law me!"
Or "Dear suz!" then smile maybe,
Knowin' all's es her words tell,
"Well—well."

* * *

The Dream of Fatima.

Reclining on her downy divan in her satin-lined boudoir Fatima, the young and beautiful Oriental princess, dreamed a wonderful dream. In her vision a prince, tall, statuesque and handsome, came to her. And, behold! the prince loved Fatima, and Fatima loved the prince. And he was her'n, and she was his'n.

Awaking with a violent start, Fatima immediately rubbed her magic ring, and at once her favorite jin appeared, at the same time casually inquiring, "What wouldst thou, my mistress?"

"Bring the prince of my dream to me at once," Fatima ordered, at the same time imperiously stamping the floor with her No. 7 in its No. 3 slipper.

With a loud honk the jin departed, but soon he returned. "I cannot do thy bidding, fair mistress," he reported.

"Say not cannot to me," Fatima reproached; "say tinnot—it is more English, y'know. What is the matter? What broke?"

"Your prince is such stuff as dreams are made of, and I tinnot get at him. Is—that is, would anybody else do?"

"Well—er—yes," Fatima thoughtfully responded.

"Who?"

"Why, some—some man, you know."

So the jin's next job was an easy one.

For Fatima was but sixteen years old, and the dream of young love ever is the dream of young love, and—well, we all know how it is.

* * *

The Limit of Americans' Travel.

William Clark Crittenden, the University of California graduate who was honored by selection for a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, tells a rather good story of an incident in which he, with some others, figured.

It was during an Oxford vacation, and three or four American students were devoting it to travel. They had reached Vesuvius, and, standing on its summit, were looking down upon the fiery maelstrom below them. Naturally it was an intense moment, and one of the students gave expression to his emotions.

"It beats hell, doesn't it?" he said.

Thereupon a young woman who was standing at no great distance, turned, looked the students over, and then addressed a friend.

"It's astonishing how extensively these Americans travel, isn't it?" was what she said.

And the students said nothing more.

California Weekly
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The California Weekly

26 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

any man, judge, surveyor general, attorney general or poundmaster who does not remember at the crucial moment who it was who made him, but that bureau slips up sometimes by picking a man who stands up, just as the People slip up by picking a man who falls down. The Watchman hopes that these rumors are well founded.

The Democrats Also Running Senator J. B. Sanford, chairman of the legislative Democratic caucus, has issued a call for a meeting of the unterrified at San Francisco on January 7, to consider the condition of the state and the Democratic party of the state, in which call the hope is held out that a "union of reform forces can sweep the state from one end to the other and emancipate California from boss domination and corporation control." The Senator is right. Such a union would do it. The Senator is also right when he declares that "What the people want is good government, caring very little through what avenue it is secured." Let the reform forces in the California Democracy therefore beware how they get together here in San Francisco and put themselves into the custody of one of Mr. Herrin's most adroit, dependable and resourceful reciprocal coadjutors. The Democrats will have to emancipate their party as certainly as the Republicans will have to emancipate theirs, and the best service either Republicans or Democrats can render the state is to make that emancipation thorough. No gain in state affairs will prove permanent that is not backed by a regenerated political party.

Consternation in The House of Curry Gentle whisperings blow hitherward from Curry's own office to the effect that Mayor-elect P. H. McCarthy has been writing his friends among the labor unionists in the northern part of the state that he and his followers are going to do what they can for Gillett and not Curry betwixt now and next August's primary election. From another direction comes the further information that resolute labor men have read the riot act to McCarthy and pointedly declare that they are not to be delivered to Gillett or anybody else like a band of branded sheep. So there you are! Things have a way of leaking out and it leaked out directly after the late election in San Francisco that the offensive and defensive arrangement entered into between McCarthy and the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau contemplated working the same kind of a game on the state that had met with so much success in San Francisco, but it may be doubted if it can be worked as well. McCarthy has a few thousand men in San Francisco who are ready enough to do his bidding, register as Republicans and vote as Democrats or anyhow he wants them to do, but it is to be doubted if that kind of mastery can be extended much beyond the political atmosphere of San Francisco, where every man seems to want a boss and does not know how to behave when he is without one.

SAM WELLER'S ORIGIN.

If Dickens molded his character of Sam Weller upon anyone it was on the imaginary Simon Spatterdash, a character in the farce entitled "The Boarding House," played for the first time at the Lyceum theater on August 27, 1811, again in 1822, and which was very popular from 1830-1836 at the Surrey and other playhouses. Sam Weller was introduced into "The Pickwick Papers" in 1836. Simon Spatterdash was continually uttering what have since become known as "Wellerisms," and a selection of them will be found in a pamphlet entitled "The Origin of Sam Weller," which booklet also gives a full history of the subject. The original impersonator of Simon was Samuel Vale, and here again is another suggestion for Sam Weller's name. Sam Vale—Sam Valer—Sam Veller. Convert the "V" into a "W" and there you are, as Sam Weller himself would have put it—Sam Weller.

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THE MODERN LABOR UNION

II. THE OPPOSITION TO UNIONISM.

BY CHARLES R. BROWN.

In the preceding article I spoke almost exclusively of the claims which may be properly advanced on behalf of the labor unions and it is only just that some of the more cogent objections urged against the practices of organized labor should be considered with equal frankness. Some of the objections popularly advanced are not to be taken too seriously. It is comparatively easy for any one to fix upon some stupid requirement adopted by some local union in the days of its callowness, or to bring forward some bit of tyranny practiced by an unwise labor leader which has no warrant whatsoever in justice or in reason, where some union became intoxicated with its new-found sense of power, or to hit upon the utterance of some loud-mouthed demagogue who is misleading the real working men, and then upon that exceedingly slender basis of fact to rear a mighty structure of violent condemnation. But such facts as these may be in no sense representative facts and the man who is pronouncing judgment upon the cause of organized labor on such a narrow and prejudiced showing may be merely a victim of the non-significant detail.

Opposition to the Closed Shop.

There has come in late years an increasing and now an all but universal recognition of the necessity for some sort of organization among the working men, even on the part of those who are opposed to many of the union methods. It is less than a century ago that seven scissors-grinders in the city of London were arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for belonging to a club which paid to its members "out of work benefits" and sought to maintain the customary rates. Such an extreme attitude is altogether a thing of the past, but there are even now many intelligent and conscientious men who freely admit the right of workers to combine in order to increase wages and to reduce hours, but when these workers undertake to have their wishes and judgment considered in the fixing of the ratio of apprentices to the journeymen employed in a certain establishment, or to say something about restricting the output per man, or to express their minds in an organized way as to the regulation and the use of machinery, or to insist upon what is known as the "closed shop," then these same men are strongly opposed to the union.

The question of the number or ratio of apprentices in any given establishment is indeed a delicate one and into its determination a large amount of wisdom and experience must enter. But that some restriction is needed is perfectly evident when we witness the attempts of certain employers to make the admission of apprentices an excuse for introducing into the shops a disproportionate number of underpaid young boys, thus endeavoring to have the work done more cheaply than it could be done by trained and competent craftsmen. There can be no arbitrary rule laid down to meet all conditions, but the self-interest of the employer in his desire to reduce the labor cost by the employment of boys needs to be constantly held in check by the interest of the men in maintaining such conditions for the trade which they have been at pains to learn, as to enable them to receive a living wage and to guard against having the trade in a particular locality so overcrowded as to compel men to bid against each other in order to secure work, until that reasonable standard of wages shall have been broken down. We shall more nearly approximate that ratio between the number of apprentices and the number of journeymen in a given establishment which is truly an equitable one, when the decision is reached as the result of conference and compromise between the two contending interests. It would not increase the chance of having justice done for the working men to abandon their organized expression of judgment touching that mooted question.

Restriction of Output.

The habit of restricting the output has undoubtedly been grossly abused here and there, in a way that has tended to lower the average efficiency of the men and to needlessly increase the cost of production. The legitimate contention at this point is intended merely to guard the man of average strength and speed against being "rushed" by some man of exceptional strength and skill who, openly or secretly receiving an extra wage, is expressly engaged as a pace setter to the manifest disadvantage and actual injury of his fellows. In this way ordinary men are sometimes rapidly worked out and are broken down sometimes at forty by such over-crowding; and in the long run not only the individual but the whole trade and the public itself incurs serious and sometimes irreparable loss by such unnatural crowding. There is no doubt, however, but that with unwise leadership and because of short-sighted self-interest the principle of restricting output has been wrongfully and hurtfully used in certain industries.

"Open Shop" a Sophistry.

The insistence upon "the closed shop" or more accurately the unionized shop is in the last analysis, stripped of all sophistry and the misplaced sentiment which sometimes clouds the issue, simply a question as to the existence or the destruction of the union. If non-union men are employed in a certain establishment and if union men consent to work side by side with them on the same terms, then the real motive for maintaining the union will be almost entirely removed and presently in the absence of any organization the working men will again be in the old position of having to resort to individual bargaining instead of utilizing the more equitable principle of collective bargainng. And as a consequence they will again find themselves at the mercy of the more unscrupulous members of the employing class, who by cutting prices in the markets of the world will compel the more equitable employers of labor to reduce their wage scales in order to meet this severer competition.

There is nothing heroic or admirable about the attitude of the non-union man when we thresh it all out. The sympathy expended on "the scab," as he is vulgarly called, is largely the misplaced sympathy of the uninformed. He is the man who is content to remain outside the union, eagerly availing himself of whatever improved conditions in the trade the efforts of union men may have secured, but refusing meanwhile to incur any of the burdens or responsibilities which belong to membership in the union. He may indeed be able to offer certain well-grounded criticisms of union procedure, but this fact does not warrant him in entirely withholding his own measure of co-operation in a cause which at bottom is just.

Non-Union "Copperheads."

During our civil war there were men here and there in the north who were known as copperheads; they were non-union men. They too might have found certain plausible reasons for withholding their support from the union—reasons satisfactory to those who were ready to be satisfied with them. They could have said with a considerable show of justice that in the conduct of the war McClellan was too cautious and Burnside was too rash, and Halleck was too sluggish, and various other items in the campaigns of the northern forces were open to serious criticism. Even so, the country, as a whole, had nothing but well deserved contempt for the men who, enjoying the advantages which these political institutions of ours had secured to them, thus stood apart from the self-sacrificing efforts of their fellow citizens to preserve the union and to free the slaves.

And in the great struggle of the working men to better their condition, by securing a more equitable distribution of the results of co-operating muscle and brain and by making the conditions of their employment more humane, those who are familiar with all the facts have, as a rule, very scant sympathy for the industrial copperheads who, hoping to share in the benefits of victory, meanwhile refuse to bear the burdens of the struggle and who by their apathy and ill-advised aid rendered to the other side, even retard the forces which are working on their behalf. The refusal of union men to work in what is euphoniously and insincerely called "the open shop," is at bottom simply the refusal of loyal men to meet and fellowship those who show themselves disloyal to the common cause of labor.

Strike Violence.

The violence and brutality of some union men toward professional strike-breakers or toward non-union men who are seeking employment and thus aiding the employers in breaking the strike, cannot for a moment be defended. We live in a land where the determination of questions of policy must be effected by ballots, not by bullets or brickbats. All such violence is strongly condemned by the reputable unions and by labor leaders generally, but it has not been entirely eliminated from any of the great strikes.

This violence must be set down to the incomplete moral development of men who in struggling in their own interest and in the interests of their families, sometimes forget what means are admissible and what means are criminal. The individual local unions and indeed the whole labor movement is making its way up through the rashness and turbulence of youth, up through its whooping cough and measles, up through its boyish fits of uncontrolled temper and street fights, toward that better ordered life and service which belong to maturity. Even so respectable and conservative a labor organization as the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," which is now everywhere recognized and dealt with on a manly, businesslike basis by all the railroads in the country, had its period of unwisdom and employed in its earlier days certain methods which were altogether reprehensible. And this was a union of highly skilled labor! It is, therefore, incumbent upon the public to show some considerable measure of patience toward the "Amalgamated Order of Scavengers" or toward any other group of unskilled laborers, when they fail to display those qualities which belong to the higher levels of reason and justice.

A Clerical Analogy.

It has been cleverly pointed out by Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., that so respectable and worthy an institution as the Christian church had a corresponding period, when moral suasion seeming slow and ineffective, it also resorted to just such violence as now and then disfigures the contentions of the working men. In the reign of Queen Mary, the union was the United Catholics of England. They were determined that no non-unionist should hold ecclesiastical office in that realm and that no citizen should be baptized, or confirmed, or receive the sacrament of the altar, except at the hands of an official of the ecclesiastical union. Non-unionist Christians were insulted, fined, forbidden the right of assembly and boycotted. Some of the more obstinate and aggressive were put to death. Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake as non-union bishops. In Queen Elizabeth's day, the union was the Brotherhood of Anglican Churchmen and the non-conformist sometimes had his ears cut off because he insisted on remaining out of the union. In Cromwell's day it was the Amalgamated Association of Congregationalists and Presbyterians.

They all behaved very much alike, doing the

same kind of thing for which we now reprobate the working man. In New England, whither men had come ostensibly to secure the right for every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, the men who belonged to the established order whipped the non-union Baptists and the non-union Quakers. Whoever would thoroughly understand modern unionism in some of its unattractive phases, has but to read church history. We have grown wiser now and religion has learned to rely upon the power of instruction, persuasion and moral appeal—in time the labor unions will all of them, as many of them have already, see the wisdom of this course and cheerfully adopt that better policy which alone will stand the test of time.

SANTA CLARA VS. SALOONS.

The uprising against the saloon took a dramatic and impressive shape in Santa Clara county two weeks ago. The little city of Los Gatos was suddenly alive with visitors, special trains emptied at the station, the streets were crowded. A thousand and more men and women, from every corner of the county, thronged there on a business day—a Thursday—in the height of the busy season, to organize a political movement for the sole purpose thus announced in the report of the committee on organization: "We have gathered in mass meeting today to express our united desire to be rid of saloons and roadhouses in Santa Clara county, and that we may organize to conduct a successful campaign to this end."

The local theater proved too small to accommodate the crowd, and the overflow held meetings at a local church. Business men, professional men, and clergy joined in the practical preliminary work of the campaign. The organization adopted the name of the Clean County Co-operative Council. A nominating committee selected seventy members of a county central committee of 100, leaving the choice of the remaining thirty to the seventy named. An executive committee of fifteen will be chosen by the committee of 100 to direct the actual campaign.

Thirty-one members of the committee of 100 were present. These members subscribed, on the spot, $615 toward a campaign fund. General subscriptions in the audience made up an additional sum of $460. A cash collection netted $78.35, making the total campaign fund subscribed during the day $1,153.35. A careful canvass, to be made in the near future, will undoubtedly increase this sum by several thousand dollars.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The frequently discussed project of constructing an electric road between San Jose and Hayward again is under discussion. It has not passed the verbal stage, however.

The Oxnard Courier has issued an illustrated "prosperity edition" of twenty-eight pages. It contains a large amount of information concerning Oxnard and the rich country adjacent thereto.

The city of San Bernardino is preparing to celebrate, next May, the one-hundredth anniversary of its settlement.

The Santa Monica Daily Outlook has been sold by D. G. Holt to a syndicate for whom H. M. Meinell will act as publisher. The deal is believed to have been political in its purpose.

The Los Angeles Graphic, of which Samuel T. Clover is editor, has just celebrated its seventeenth birthday anniversary. From a literary, or any other, standpoint the Graphic ranks high.

Statistics compiled by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Hyatt indicate that women gradually are supplanting men teachers in the high schools of California.

C. A. Whitmore has purchased the interest of his former partner, H. W. Dockham, in the Visalia Delta, and henceforth will "go it alone" in the management of that paper.

While using a freight train as a playground, at Red Bluff, twelve-year-old Joseph Fulgham fell and his foot was crushed beneath the wheels of a car.

C. H. Claubes, a well known fruit grower of Porterville, died recently of glanders which was contracted from his horses.

During the season which has just ended 3,001 carloads of fruit were shipped from Lodi.

James B. Devine, a well known attorney of Sacramento, died in his home in that city last week.

The Southern Pacific Company is replacing the rails on its Sacramento-Placerville spur by heavier ones. Report, however, has it that it is doing it very gradually.

A fire in Visalia, the other night, destroyed property valued at a few thousand dollars.

Thursday night of last week burglars broke into the First National Bank at Exeter and robbed it of nearly $7,000.

John Franklin, of Knights Ferry, committed suicide a week ago by blowing his head off with dynamite.

While moving a house at Crows Landing, E. Russ was crushed to death by falling timbers.

A gold mine at French Gulch, Shasta county, recently was sold for $300,000, the largest price ever paid for a mine in that county.

Brick kilns with an annual capacity of 7,000,000 bricks are being erected at Anderson, Shasta county.

During the coming year rice in considerable quantity will be grown in Sutter county.

The rapid growth of the town of Willows has caused the racetrack to be subdivided into building lots.

A considerable number of people from Colorado and Montana recently have settled in Modoc county.

A beet now on exhibition in Salinas, and grown in that valley, weighs fifty-eight pounds, and it is minus about six inches of its lower end, which was broken off in excavating it.

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KATHERINE DUNBAR

BY

A. JUDSON

(Concluded.)

EIGHTEEN years passed. I had removed with my family to the Pacific coast, settling in the chief town of an important lumbering district, and had been long enough a resident to be accounted a pioneer when the community was startled by a more than usually sensational murder which had been committed on Wild river. "Who killed Poker Bill?" seemed as little likely of being satisfactorily answered as, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

Wiseacres wagged their heads and conjectured, and half the loafers in the county turned detectives and undertook to "work up" the case. As such busy-bodies are seldom content to acknowledge themselves baffled, with some unanimity they fixed the crime upon Ah Chin, a Chinese who had been cooking for a gang of loggers. A warrant for his arrest was issued and the much protesting Celestial was spirited away to avoid lynching and thrown into jail to await his trial.

The facts of the murder were these: A morphine "fiend" and gambler had been hanging about the camp and adjacent village for several weeks, consorting with Chinese and taking part in such games of chance as unwary loggers could be inveigled into. No one knew his name but he was commonly known as Poker Bill or the "Wapper-jawed gambler." One morning this worthy was found stretched at full length by the side of a redwood log, stone dead, and with a small, keen-bladed knife thrust into his breast. Fastened to the knife was a bit of unprinted margin torn from a newspaper upon which was written the words, "I have found your heart at last, William—so shall you abide with me in hell."

My services were retained by the Cong Chow company to defend the accused and I at once entered upon my work. I had not anticipated any connection with the case and so had not been present at the coroner's inquest, nor had I, to my knowledge, seen deceased during life, but being informed with much particularity about him, I was strongly impressed by the description of the wound in his face. It brought to my mind a chain of events which had become a half-forgotten memory.

The wound which Katherine inflicted upon Harper left a scar which would make his identity unmistakeable. The bullet had carried away portions of the lower jaw upon both sides, giving his face a krinkly appearance never to be forgotten if seen once. I had the body disinterred. One glance sufficed. The corpse was wrinkled and gray and blanched by immoderate use of opium, but in life it had been tenanted by William Harper.

A theory as to the murderer came into my mind unbidden, but it was only a theory, with nothing whatever to substantiate it. I could obtain no trace of Katherine, for no strange woman had been about the camp and those habitually there were prudent wives of sturdy lumbermen. The only stranger seen at all was an aged and bearded invalid who had spent a fortnight in the woods in search of health, and not finding it, had gone his way a day or two after the murder.

The case came on for trial. The prosecuting attorney was able and zealous—unduly zealous it seemed to me, but in these days of judicial tardiness it is regarded as a great achievement to secure a prompt conviction, and, right or wrong, the fellow was determined to convict if by any means he might.

The chain of evidence forged about the Chinaman, while wholly circumstantial, was cunningly wrought and strong. It was proven that deceased had taken meals at the cook-house without paying for them and that defendant had repeatedly berated him for so doing; that on the very day of the murder he had ejected deceased from the house and had applied threatening language to him. It was in evidence also that defendant was ill-tempered and malicious and generally regarded as a "bad Chinaman," and one witness positively identified the knife as one he had seen the accused have in his possession prior to the murder.

Furthermore, it was shown that the Chinaman, who had been educated at a mission school, was a facile penman. Proud of his accomplishment, he was ever ready to reproduce the handwriting of others for the edification of on-lookers and, thanks to the consummate imitativeness of his race, his attempts were often successful beyond expectation. Upon some pretext he had been induced to copy the very slip found upon the dead man's bosom and had done it with so much skill that one unaccustomed to discriminate might readily suppose that both pieces had been written by the same hand.

The case had been fought step by step and point by point for nearly a week. The court room was crowded almost to suffocation and popular feeling was strongly against the prisoner. I had been too long at the bar not to be able to read from the faces of the jury as my last witness left the stand that it would go hard with my client if nothing more conclusive were put in evidence.

Resting my elbow upon the table before me and my head upon my hand, I permitted my mind to run back over the case from first to last, becoming so absorbed that I was scarcely conscious of a rustling of skirts back of me and a husky voice whispering in my ear, "Have you no other evidence?" Mechanically, I answered, "No," thinking that one of my brethren at the bar had spoken.

A profound stir throughout the court room recalled me to myself. I looked up. A woman in deep black had ascended to the witness stand, and turning toward the venerable clerk, and raising her right hand, "I wish to be sworn," she said.

"Katherine!" I cried springing to my feet and rushing toward her, "Katherine! you must not! You shall not!" Turning full upon me and gently waving me backward, "Pardon me, sir," she said, "I must and I will."

The clerk must have caught something of solemnity from Katherine's face and voice or from the breathless interest of the audience, for, at variance with a custom of twenty years, he lifted high his hand and with voice clear but wavering administered the oath slowly and impressively.

"My name is Katherine Dunbar," the witness said, sinking into her chair and leaning heavily upon its arm, "and I am forty-one years old. I live anywhere, for I have not had a home for twenty years."

She spoke with much effort and hollowly, but so perfect was her enunciation that not one word was lost in all that crowded court room.

"The name of deceased, for whose murder you were about to convict this Chinaman, was William Harper, and it was I who killed him."

As she spoke she raised her right arm and stretched it forth before judge and jury. Her fingers were long and toil-stained and her arm was bony and shrivelled. Her eyes, deep set, glowed like polished ebony and her skin had shrunken tense and shiny upon the bones of her face and forehead.

"If it please the court," she continued, "it may not be in accordance with usual forms, but I beg you to hear my confession now. I feel myself nerved with power to speak, but my life is far spent and if I do not speak now I fear I may never tell the things I ought."

Bidden to proceed, she told the story of her life and the court stenographer took it down. So much as the reader already knows need not be repeated, but that which follows was taken from the official record and completes the narrative.

"Up to the instant of firing the shot which wounded William Harper I had no purpose in my mind to take his life. But when he refused to marry me, as in the bitterness of my infatuation it had seemed to me he could not, after I had made the way so clear, all the love I had ever cherished for him went out of my heart and in its place came hate. In passing to and from my work I was often out at night alone and once had been assaulted. Afterward I always carried arms, the use of which my father taught me in childhood.

"Discharged from custody, I caught up my child and ran, half-crazed, to the river's brink and would have plunged in but my babe was afraid and cried, so, seeing a boat near by, I got into it and rowed to an island in the middle of the stream and there lay hidden under overhanging willows until night came. I sang softly to my baby boy under the willows until he fell asleep, thinking it better so that he should drown, waking in heaven; but he looked so pretty there in the bottom of the boat and so trustful that I could not, and we drifted away in the darkness.

"All night we drifted down that sweet old river, baby sleeping and I weeping, praying and sometimes vowing vengence upon him who had cast us off; but by and by we passed out of our river and into a turbulent stream where I was afraid for baby's sake, and for his sake God led my footsteps far into the country to the home of a sweet, Christian family where I remained almost a year.

"They were humble, farmer folks and learned to love my boy, for they were childless, but me they feared, for hate grew big in my heart and I became a morbid thing with reason half dethroned. When I sought upon my knees to pray, 'Father, forgive as I forgive,' my soul cried out in very mockery, 'Hate as I hate, ha! ha! Hate as I hate, ha! ha!' and I knew by this that my soul was dead.

"Then I looked upon my child and asked myself, 'Can a mother whose soul is dead rear a child in the fear of the Lord?' and immediately I sought these good people of whom I have spoken, and leading them to the cradle where my baby lay sleeping, told them all—how that I had sinned and that my soul was dead within me and for my baby's sake I would have them take him and rear him as their own child, and they consented, but the conditions were hard—that I should go away and never come back any more, or seek to see my boy again so long as I should live. Only God knows how hard this was for me, but I promised; upon my knees by the side of my baby's bed I promised, and so well have I kept my word that I know not whether my child be dead or living, for I have seen him only in my dreams.

"I now turned my steps to seek out William Harper that I might be revenged upon him, but I sought long before I found him in the penitentiary of a distant state serving a term for forgery. But I found him; found, too, that he had become a penitent, 'had prostrated himself at the seat of mercy and been forgiven of heaven,' so the prison chaplain told me.

"The words of the pious chaplain pierced my heart like a naked sword. My brain swirled and I thought I should die upon the street before reaching my lodgings. William! Ah! he had not murder in his heart that his soul should die within him. It drove me mad to think that William had found favor in the sight of heaven and, dying, should live forever before God's face, while I, silly fool undone by him, was damned while yet alive—aye, and tortured, too.

"Oh! my heart was hard. Going out under the stars alone I raised my hands on high and swore a wicked oath. I swore that inasmuch as William Harper had beguiled me, despoiling me of honor, of promised wifehood, of my sweet child, of love, of hope of heaven; so I, Katherine Dunbar, would beguile him that he also should lose his soul, living as I hated and suffering as I suffered. From that day until the day of his death, [illegible] years, I never swerved from my purpose.

"Of all these years of dread pursuit I need not speak, nor of the arts employed to gain my end, for only God, myself and the prince of darkness shall ever know of these. Discharged from the penitentiary, penniless, I dogged his steps unknown and ruined his reputation before all [illegible] give him work to do, and when he [illegible] low and I thought his spirit [illegible]

fatality ever stepped betwixt him and me so that I could not wreak my will upon him.

"A craven at heart, fear of death always brought him to his knees that the waters of contrition might break over him and his soul cry out in supplications for mercy. I have brought him to the very brink of destruction, when a half murmured prayer or repentant sigh sheathed the knife and sent me forth upon his track again. Apples of Sodom, how have I devoured them! As a holy sister of mercy, telling my beads and murmuring prayers, I nursed him when ill that I might tutor him into slavery to opium, for such drugs have power to kill the souls of men. But for this I might have failed.

"Consumption fastened its fangs within my flesh, but while William Harper lived to whimper, sin, repent and whine I could not die and would not. The aged and bent old man hobbling about the logging camp in search of health was I who had risen from a bed long kept to follow a trail long lost.

"For once William Harper's ill fortune waited upon my purpose. His stock of morphine had been stolen and frenzy seized upon his frame. Accusing this Chinaman of the theft, he was thrown from the door raving, trembling like a despicable thing at point of dissolution

"I saw all this and crossing to where William sat leaning against a fallen redwood, cursing and impotently plotting against the prisoner there, 'Friend,' said I, 'you are ill and ill-treated, too, but there is that within this vial which will calm your nerves and give you peace. I keep it by me constantly.'

"He snatched the vial from my hand and swallowed enough of the drug to kill ten common men and when it had produced insensibility, I gave him enough to kill ten more and went away until darkness should come.

"I took good care to speak to those I met that they might remember my going, but once out of sight I plunged into the redwoods and stole along a lonely path until I came where William lay in brutish sleep. I pricked him with my knife that he should die in blasphemy, and when I heard vile curses bubbling up and saw them taking form upon his lips, I thrust my pretty bodkin home. A convulsive shudder, a feeble fluttering, and t'was over. I had won."

Katherine stood, half risen from her chair, her eyes gleaming, her bosom heaving, her whole being wrought to highest pitch of intensity, and above the stifling tension of the house was heard her deep and labored breathing as she spoke.

"Oh! the ecstacy, the intoxication of it. Seventeen years of inflexible pursuit, torn by passion, tortured by despair—but here at last was victory!

"I fled away into the impenetrable darkness of the thickly littered forest, treading the air it seemed rather than the earth, for not once did I touch my foot to stumble, but reaching my lodgings and stealing lightly up the stair, I cast myself upon my bed and fainted away. When I opened my eyes again the sun was high and the murder of William Harper was in the mouth of every one.

"My reason tells me that which I have done is monstrous, but my soul speaks no word of censure and a peace has come in upon my spirit which I have not known since father and I used to play and sing together at home on summer evenings. I have transgressed the law, but I shall give a life for the life I took as I have slain a soul for the soul that William Harper slew. Where I go he shall go and what I suffer he shall suffer. But be speedy I charge you with your penal enginery lest death come upon me by the way and cheat the law of its vindication due."

Having concluded, Katherine attempted to descend out of the witness box into the sheriff's custody, but a frayed bit of carpet binding tripped her foot and threw her headlong down the stair. Springing forward, I caught her in my arms, but a crimson torrent burst from her mouth and I bore her, bleeding, to my home near by.

All night my wife and I sat by the sufferer's bed looking upon a face as calm, as motionless as marble and every whit as white, but when morning came and the great bank of fog rolled away so that the sun looked down, we saw that she was dead.

("Little Talks"—Continued.)

and tenets of his subject that appears in the public press. But when a journal usually so well informed as The California Weekly gives currency to characterizations of political economy so wide of the mark as those contained in your editorial of December 17th, I, for one, am unwilling to let the assertions pass unchallenged.

Economists, at least, have always understood that "economic laws" are, at best, only statements of important general tendencies that have to be taken into account by everyone who seeks insight into the complexities of the present industrial situation. That there are a thousand and one "ifs" which prevent these "laws," taken alone, from leading to an accurate and complete description of economic life, is nowhere more explicitly recognized than in the pages of economic treatises. For an economist to postulate free competition and free contract as premises in an examination of certain very important forces affecting prices and incomes should be no more misleading than for a physicist to neglect friction and the resistance of the atmosphere in a discussion of the force of gravitation. When the principles of physics are utilized in engineering practice due account has to be taken of these disturbing factors. The relation of general economic principles of tested validity to the determination of public economic policies ("social engineering") should be a similar one. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, there seems to be no immediate danger that economic principles shall have even their due recognition in the formulation of social policies.

Mr. Kent, in the admirable paper which furnished the occasion of your editorial, was careful to focus his attack on the "old Laissez-Faire School of political economy," whose doctrines might properly be left undisturbed as part of the now partially discredited intellectual creed of an elder generation. But in fact his target is largely a scarecrow of his own making. No political economist ever taught, even implicitly, that "the cheapest production was what was wanted regardless of any other social element." There is nothing in political economy, past or present, which justifies the inference that the only orthodox prescription for the economic ills of the coal miner in Pennsylvania is migration to Kansas and wheat raising. The "sacredness of free contract" has never been a doctrine of political economy.

The thing which Mr. Kent really wished to attack, I imagine, is that kind of political philosophy which is best illustrated by the Declaration of Independence and kindred documents—a political philosophy of which the political writings of Herbert Spencer are a belated expression, and which was taken as granted by some economists who wrote in the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, as it was by other men who felt the intellectual current of that age. It might be argued with some assurance that this "natural rights individualism" was, in its day, the best-fitting and most effective general statement of the ideals and impulses of those men who labored hard and successfully to overthrow the artificial political distinctions which seemed then to be the greatest barriers in the way of social progress. Be that as it may, there is no question but that it has to be sadly twisted and tortured into new shapes if it is to express, even with partial adequacy, the social ideals of this generation. It is pretty thoroughly embedded, however, in American constitutional law, and its retention there has greatly retarded the progress of such things as adequate labor legislation and efficient railway regulation.

In the progress toward a new social philosophy in which "social welfare" (as yet vaguely defined) forms the keystone, economists have led as often as they have followed. Compare, for example, what you and Mr. Kent put into the mouths of the economists with the following, taken fairly at random from a text book on political economy more widely used in American colleges than any other: "Unregulated contract cannot be free in any real sense of the term because back of contract lie all the inequalities and injustices found in human society. Contract can be free and equal only when the men making it are free and equal. We have in consequence the necessity of regulating contract in the general interest; and this is recognized in every country in the civilized world. It is especially marked in labor legislation, where the Laissez-Faire theory has utterly broken down."

Yours respectfully,

ALLYN A. YOUNG.

Stanford University, Dec. 20, 1909.

The foregoing is interesting especially for the reference made to "That kind of political philosophy which is best illustrated by the Declaration of Independence and kindred documents," and it serves to show how differently the mind of the lawyer, for instance, and that of the political economist, view these "kindred documents." It is a fact that, despite all the fine phrases employed in the Declaration of Independence, our government was founded on property. Property was safeguarded a hundred ways to where the vital rights of mankind were safeguarded once. When the lawyer comes to one of these declarations of property rights he says, "It is the law," much as a Mussulman would say: "It is the will of Allah." Not so the economist. He recognizes no wall behind which he may not go questioning and if we are to "Put the Man First," as this paper insists we must, there may be a most urgent need for the economist to show us how to do it. The writer of this is, in his contrition for the editorial referred to above, moved to suggest that inasmuch as the theology that is most savagely combated is that of fifty years ago and has no existence in enlightened minds to-day, so some of us who cherish no great regard for the economic doctrinaire, may not have been able to keep up with the procession of economic thought.

Editor The California Weekly.

In an editorial discussing the resignation of Mr. Heney The California Weekly December 10th issue brings out some truths which demand more than a casual consideration. In referring to Mr. Heney's services the Weekly says:

"The inability of the public mind to grasp the significance of this service, the tendency to feel that somehow it cannot be true, testifies to the rarity of unselfishness in championing great public causes."

Continuing in another paragraph the Weekly adds: "For it was a great cause to which Messrs. Heney and Spreckels gave their services, their means, their time and thought—the equal establishment of justice. Without it government becomes a mockery and the degradation of the citizenry is only a question of time."

Now if these words as written are true—and no one can say in his heart they are not—we are right there led face to face with the problem of civic regeneration that is ours. We are confronted with the actual condition out of which all our political evils have sprung and out of which they will continue to flourish, despite a clamorous half-envious denunciation—until we are, so to speak, born again into a new conception of duty and purpose in living.

For such service as that of Mr. Heney's to be regarded by the public mind as almost a phenomenon—what more shaming indictment could be made against our citizenry than that?

Here is the situation: To the knowledge of every one with eye and mind but half alert, the real power of a city and state is in the hands of a coterie of corruptionists. A man says: Here is a work that is in urgent need of doing. This rottenness should be cleared away and I volunteer to do **all that I can do to clear it away**. And he goes to the work until a timid, faithless people compel him to stop.

What more could Mr. Heney do? But, by the same token, what less could he do? What less could any real man do? To bring the issue directly home where it is needed, what less can you and I do in our sphere of life than that which Mr. Heney has done in his? What purpose did he follow in this work that should not actuate every mother's son of us? It is not so much to be considered that the work of Mr. Heney has been remarkable, but it is actually astounding that among an enlightened, truth-seeking people such work is in a class by itself.

"O well," some one interposes, against whose conscience such self-introspection goes awry, "we can't all be Heneys, and then Mr. Heney"—yes, there we are again directly before the issue. We do not understand such service. We trust it but grudgingly, the best of us, and will continue to give it but half trust as the same evil forces will continue to dominate our government until the same purpose becomes a dominant force in our everyday lives.

And why should it not be? Every man who seeks the truth must find that the same purpose is making the same imperative demand upon his life. All the rest is good only as a means to this purpose—getting and spending, the clothing and feeding of our bodies, even the ties of love and comradeship that are to us most sacred—these are truly but accessory to the higher purpose of unselfish devotion to the well-being of mankind.

No blood has been spilt on this continent for a worthier cause than this of greed versus common good. None has meant more to those that come after, and none has demanded more unselfish, earnest service than this cause of to-day.

Yet here is a man who has given to this cause as all men should give—the full measure of his time and ability—and he stands before us as a marvel, half to be feared, scarcely to be trusted, and almost to be hated as a public enemy.

Sincerely yours,

RAY P. BRUBAKER.

Shandon, Cal., Dec. 20, 1909.

The basic difficulty is that government, commerce, industry are located on the plane of Man the animal. Under that dispensation the strong will take from the weak and the weak will be forced to the wall. It is only on the plane of Man as a living, undying soul that better things are to be hoped for. Mr. Heney's career in San Francisco "wasn't business." If it had been "good business" men would have found no difficulty in understanding him. Since the Civil War, when millions valued the preservation of the union above business, we have had little to exalt us and our thinking and acting have been on the plane of Man the animal. But as the writer sees it we are coming to a time when the dollar, always to be valued, and right well worthy of being valued, for we all have need of it, will nevertheless yield the first place in the hearts of men to that which makes for the common good. This may sound utopian, but whosoever looks for a justification for that hope will not go away comfortless. Altruism is in the ascendency. Man the living soul will yet have his day of supremacy in this world.

Mrs. Lily Wilkinson Thompson has won the first prize with her homemade bread at the state fair recently held at Jackson, Miss. Two years ago she took a prize for her cornmeal muffins. Mrs. Thompson is the chairman on press work for the Mississippi Woman Suffrage Association, and is credited with being as competent a newspaper woman as she is a housekeeper. She has more than a dozen women under her direction in her press bureau.

SHEAR WIT

A Kansas editor refers to the burning of twelve thousand chickens at Hutchinson as "a severe loss to the ministry."—Kansas City Star.

Bacon: "Why doesn't some budding genius build a clock that won't run down?" Egbert: "Why, how could he?" "Build it on the principle of the gas meter!"—Exchange.

"To what do you attribute your unvarying success?" "To being picked early for the village fool. Nobody ever tried to get me to indorse a note or go into a scheme."—Washington Herald.

"I suppose," said the cynical bachelor to the young bride, "that your husband's love is fiery hot?" "Well," admitted the bride, "'taint so hot that it will kindle the morning fire."—Baltimore American.

Learned men tell us that in Latin the word "editor" means "something to eat." In the United States its meaning is altogether different. It means to scratch around like blazes to get something to eat.—May (Tex.) Messenger.

Small Mazie was taken to a Yonkers church for the first time, where the choir loft was above the pulpit. Upon her return home she asked: "Mamma, why did all those who sung have to sit on the mantlepiece?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A patient woman toiled and hoarded for fourteen years, and then cheerfully spent all her savings for a divorce. This would seem to be a peculiar application of the axiom which cautions us to lay up something for a rainy day.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Topfloor—I just told the janitor to go to Hades. Mrs. Topfloor—Why, George! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Mr. Topfloor—Not at all, my dear. That seems to be the only way in which he can acquire any knowledge of heating.—New York Times.

A school teacher asked a pupil how old he was. The pupil replied: "I am one-fourth as old as my father, and he's two years older than my mother. My two brothers are as old as my mother was when my mother was 25." The teacher solved the problem by knocking the pupil to the floor, sitting on his head and pounding him with the poker until he was ready to talk sense.—Kansas City Times.

One has to be careful when attending a prison service or even when singing before convicts, as the titles of the numbers of a recent jail recital suggest. Hymns, too, may need careful selection, as witness the story of the Rev. F. B. Meyer. He once attended a prison service at which one of the hymns was, "We Are Marching on the Good Old Way, the Good Old Way Our Fathers Trod." Archdeacon Sinclair capped this with a story of a Bishop who opened a prison service with the observation that he was delighted to see so many present.—London Globe.

"I think," said the aspiring young dramatist, "I have written a play that will make a fortune for the manager who produces it. It is absolutely unique in a way, and I feel sure the public will appreciate the innovation." "In what way," asked the interested manager, "does it differ from other plays?" "Well, for one thing, I have arranged it so that the heroine, after dying in full view of the audience will not have to come to life for the purpose of responding to encores, but can be shown beautifully laid out in her coffin when the curtain is raised. By providing a nice casket and plenty of flowers this can be made a very artistic scene."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The following is quoted from the American Hebrew, which gives it as one of the humorous stories that originated amongst the Jews and are passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. A merchant who had just married a very rich wife was promenading with his bride when he met a friend, to whom he introduced her. The lady was so ugly that the friend could not refrain from whispering to the young merchant. "You know, Max, she isn't exactly beautiful." "No," said Max. "I can't say she is beautiful." "And her teeth are gone," continued the friend gently. "Next week," said Max, stolidly, "she shall get some." "And she squints, too—poor thing!" murmured the friend. Thereat the bridegroom turned upon him and said: "You needn't be afraid to speak aloud, she is deaf, too."

Mark Moneybelt arrived on the Moneytania at 10:42 this morning. His $200,000 yacht drew alongside the vessel in the harbor, and Mr. Moneybelt was helped aboard by his $7,000 secretary, where his daughter printed a $100,000 kiss upon his lips. After stroking his daughter's $500 Spitz a moment, he greeted his $3,000 yachting engineer. To newspaper men Mr. Moneybelt said that his $200 champagne baths and $40 sun baths had done him a world of good. Mr. Moneybelt was then hurried to his $2,000,000 country estate by a $12,000 automobile, where he was put on a $9,000 inclined railway, and was escorted up the $4,000 imported stone steps by his $12,000 private physician. There Mr. Moneybelt was welcomed by his $6,000 head butler, by his $4,000 coachman and his $1,000,000 wife and by his $666,666.66 2-3 son, whom he greeted affectionately. The $5,000 second secretary closed the door against the newspaper men and gave out the official statement that Mr. Moneybelt had enjoyed his home-coming.—Puck.

SOME EDISON OPINIONS.

Said Thomas A. Edison to a New York Tribune reporter, recently: As for food and sleep, I eat six or eight ounces of food a day, mostly vegetable, and sleep six hours. I have a pair of scales in my bathroom, and when I begin to go under or over my standard of weight I reduce or add a few ounces of food. I eat a variety of things, but not much of each. Exercise is not in my regimen. When you eat much you need to exercise it off and vice versa. My sleeping allowance of six hours is extremely generous compared to what it used to be for forty years, when I slept three or four hours out of the twenty-four. I made it six to please my wife, and I've trained her not to sleep any more than that.

Much sleeping is merely a habit. It owes its origin to the primitive time when man went to bed at sundown with the other animals because there was no artificial light and nothing else to do. Neither the brain nor the body requires prolonged sleep. Rest is obtained by change of occupation and environment. City people get tired of the city and are rested by going to the country. Of course, it takes a month or so to conquer the sleep habit, just like any other habit. The thing to do is to taper off, reducing the hours from eight to seven, then to six, and so on. At first your eyes are red, heavy, you feel fatigued, and then you begin to eat more and enjoy it. With less sleep, more food is needed. And sleeping four hours a night you are not troubled with dreams and tossings, which are signs of incomplete slumber, but you have what I call a genuine "cannon" sleep. I don't know what a dream is. My wife hasn't been troubled with them since I put her on the six-hour plan.

ODD PLAY NAMES.

An enterprising bibliographer of stage lore has been engaged for twenty years in ascertaining the history of all plays, their authors and plots, which have been produced during the last 500 years. He has records now of 50,000 plays. Over 350,000 playbills stored at the British Museum and works on theatrical subjects that may be consulted there, as well as those of the Guildhall library, have been examined by this bibliographer, and the result is an extensive volume of stage history.

It is interesting to find that "She" is a very favorite introductory word to the title of a play and that the names of over a thousand plays have commenced with the word "My" and about 150 with the word "Old."

Curious names of plays are given, such as "Those Who Adulterate the Word of God"; "Give a Man Luck and Throw Him Into the Sea"; "The Blind Eat Many a Fly"; "The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse," and "She's Not Him and He's Not Her."

Other names of plays include "The Open Gate," "The Open House," "The Open Window," "The Open Sea," but there is no "Open Door." There are plays in the records called "A Woman in Black," "A Woman in White," "A Woman in Red" and "A Woman in Mauve," but there is room yet for a woman in green, blue or yellow, all fashionable colors.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept. .....

PETITION.

Now comes THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California, and established, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, by A. J. PILLSBURY, its editor and manager, and sets forth the following facts, and avers, to-wit:

That the said newspaper is, and for upwards of one year next preceding the making and filing of this petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year preceding the date of this petition;

That said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes.

Wherefore petitioner prays that upon due notice and proceedings had for that purpose, the court will render a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing the standing of petitioner, the said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. PILLSBURY,
Its Editor and Manager.

W. H. PAYSON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

A. J. PILLSBURY, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the manager and editor of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioning newspaper in the above entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition, and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as therein stated on information or belief, and as to those matters, he believes it to be true.

A. J. PILLSBURY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1909.

[Seal.] A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept. .....

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on to-wit, the 31st day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioner named in the above entitled action, intends to apply to the said court, Department No. 12, at No. 216 McAllister Street, in said city and county, for the order, decision and judgment mentioned in Section 4462 of the Political Code of the State of California, ascertaining and establishing its standing as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of said Political Code.

Dated November 29, 1909.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. Pillsbury, its Manager and Editor.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Executive Arm of Government.

Government naturally divides itself into three separable, if not wholly distinct, functions, the legislative, executive, and judicial. The legislative department does not do very much except legislate, though it would sometimes like to tie the hands of the judiciary or force the hand of the executive. The judiciary does a good deal of legislating, and the executive department is a part of the legislative and likely to become a much more important part of it as time passes, and for this reason: The senators and assemblymen represent districts and, therefore, special communities and interests, even where they are selected by the people and not through corporation influence, whereas the governor of a state, unless he represents corporation influence also, is elected by the whole people and upon him the responsibility for a legislative, as well as an executive, administration policy is likely more and more to be thrown.

The term, "administration," is very expressive and each administration differs from another all down the line. The spirit differs, the execution of the work differs, as the men at the head differ. The "administration" of Governor Pardee was a very different one from that of Governor Gage who preceded him, and the administration of Governor Gillett differs very much from that of Governor Pardee. All departments of government take their cue from the character of the man at the head. If he is easy going and lax all the other officers will tend to contract the same lax habits, with here and there a notable exception, perhaps, but if he is exacting, and holds a stiff rein, he will find the others "traveling right up on the bit," as horsemen say.

The power and influence of the executive department of government on legislation is also very strong. It is hard to get by the governor any measure that does not meet his approval, and it is hard to prevent the enactment of a measure that he very much wants and, at Washington as well as at Sacramento and other state capitals, there is a growing tendency to hold each "administration" responsible for legislation as well as for executing the laws. It is a centralizing force demanded in the name of efficiency, and the time does not seem to be distant when nearly all positive legislation will be prepared by the executive departments of government, as in England, and submitted to the legislative for ratification or rejection.

The legislative department of our government does not reside alone in the office of governor. There are numerous state offices provided, and filled by election, quite independent of the governor and yet a part of the executive machinery. The only hold he has on any of them is that they are usually elected at the same time the governor is, belong to the same political party and stand on the same political platform. These all help to make good teamwork in the executive department, but the teamwork would be better if there were fewer elective and more appointive officers responsible to the governor. We shall treat each of these offices in turn.

The constitution of California declares that, "The supreme executive power of this state shall be vested in a Chief Magistrate, who shall be styled the Governor of California." He is elected for four years and always wants to be elected for four years more, but never is. He must be twenty-five years old and have been a resident of the state for five years. No "tenderfoot" need apply. The election returns concerning governor are collected by the Secretary of State and placed in the charge of the Speaker of the Assembly, who, in a joint session of senate and assembly, announces the result. The candidate receiving the highest vote is declared elected. In the almost wholly impossible event of a tie vote the legislature, in joint session, would decide which of the two should be chosen.

The Governor is Commander-in-Chief of all the soldiery and naval forces and the constitution declares that "He shall see that the laws are faithfully executed," although the execution of most of the laws is confided to the care of the sheriffs and district attorneys of the several counties. He can call out the militia if he thinks it necessary, but he has nothing answering to the office of marshal and he is not given a state constabulary. In fact, his ability to see that the laws are faithfully executed is inadequate. Even his law officer, the Attorney General, is independent of him.

The Governor may fill vacancies in offices, call the legislature in extra session, may adjourn a legislature in the event that the two houses cannot agree as to when to adjourn, and he may unbosom himself once in two years in a message to the legislature and, through the legislature and the press, to the people. This is a great source of comfort to every Governor.

So much for the powers and duties of the Governor of California. What actually happens in the administration of his office will afford material for two or three more lessons. These lessons will be from behind the scenes, as it were, and, we think, not without a very human interest.

"Back safe and sound from your deer hunting trip, I see. Well, well! How did you escape being shot?" "Bully scheme. I disguised as a deer."—Cleveland Leader.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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This Week: "THE INJUSTICE OF SHIP SUBSIDY"

—By Abbot Kinney

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 31 : 09 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Happy New Year!

THIS IS THE SEASON and the greeting of optimism. The past is behind us. Most of it has been good, and the evil has t least the virtue of being past. It need not recur, unless we ill, while the good can be preserved, if we will. It has been a ear of almost uniform material progress. Politically, it has been year of both progress and reaction. Los Angeles went right, an Francisco went mostly wrong. But the net result, even in olitics, has been betterment. Defeat has united the reform forces San Francisco as victory could not have done. The outlook is pward. The new year is propitious. Happy New Year!

If Doctor Wiley Should Resign.

THEY SAY DOCTOR WILEY is threatening to resign. Perhaps it is well that he should. Also, it is a pity that he ould. For the place of this Doctor Wiley, in the reform of merican laws, is anomalous and contradictory. To him more an to any other man we owe the formulation and passage of the ire food law, designed to protect our food, our drinks and our onesty. Under the subterfuge of pure food, that law is also ving us some degree of pure business and pure advertising. It a great service, for which Doctor Wiley has earned the lasting ratitude of the American people. But Doctor Wiley is a zealot. e has an almost Gallic faculty of pushing things to their logical onclusions. That will not do, in our Anglo-Saxon civilization. e lacks perspective, and has threatened great business harm for nall or doubtful hygienic gain. Also he has assailed the wrongs ot only of Big Business (which is beginning to be popular) but small business, which is horribly unpopular. The toes of small usiness are our toes, and when they are pinched we squeal. So, Doctor Wiley must go, God speed him. But do not forget the ood he has done.

Primary Law Confusions.

THE PRIMARY LAW is now on its way through the courts, to find out what it means, and how much of it is constitutional. The first puzzle is to find out which registration is to be sed, to qualify voters and petition-signers. Then the eternal minine impends, for it seems that a candidate for nomination ust qualify as a registered voter, and most of the incumbent ounty superintendents of schools in California, who are preemptive candidates for re-election, are women and consequently ot registered voters. Later will come the complexities of verifyg petitions for state nominations, from ten different counties. e shall get through it all, somehow, and for the direct primary self "the Lord be thankit," in spite of the bothersomeness of produre in the present law. But will not this year's experience ach us the lesson of simplicity? The ideal direct primary would t anybody run for any nomination for anything. The best ractical primary law would put such limitations on this liberty are necessary to prevent confusion, and would add none whose ffect is to make confusion.

Valuation of the Railroads.

AND NOW THE BOGIE MAN will walk again through the disordered dreams of railroad managers, for the Interstate ommerce Commission has renewed its recommendation of a aluation of the physical property of the companies. When the ggestion was first made several able managers pointed out the ndoubted difficulties of making such a valuation which would be irly accurate and also the injustice which would be likely to sult from a valuation that was not accurate. The Interstate Commission does not claim the undertaking would be an easy one, or that once made it would long remain accurate; but it does maintain that without some kind of basis of value on which to proceed it is a good deal like child's play for the commission to be revising and establishing rates. For fear that the commission's yardstick would not be a perfectly fair one, the objecting managers do not want it to have any measuring rule at all.

The New Era.

AND NOW ENTERS THE NEW ERA for San Francisco. The graft prosecution is no more. Will unscotched grafters cease to graft? The reform administration is no more. Will a government of the unregenerate walk the paths of redemption? "Business" is no longer disturbed. Will that fact make any more prosperity? "Labor" is again in political power. Will that lighten the lot of the man who labors? We are waiting to see. And as the answers to these questions turn out, so shall the history of San Francisco be, for this good year 1910, and so shall its impetus be, toward better or worse, in the years to come.

Which Committee?

THE "STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE" of the Republican party, it is announced, will meet in San Francisco soon after the middle of January, "to plan the campaign of 1910." Does this mean the state central committee, or the state executive committee? There is a difference. The state central committee is a more or less representative body, chosen by a more or less representative convention, to represent the Republicans of the various sections of the state. Ostensibly it is the governing body of the party, but actually it has no functions whatever. It is not even permitted to elect its own officers, and the officers chosen for it are never selected from its membership. All its functions are exercised by the state executive committee, a different and independent body, not chosen by the party nor by its representatives. Among its members are P. S. Teller, George Stone, Walter F. Parker, Thomas B. Dozier, J. L. McNab, Grove L. Johnson, Henry A. Melvin, John D. Daly, and other equally loyal henchmen of the Southern Pacific Machine. Among the members of the state central committee, on the other hand, are included the president and most of the officers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. It will be interesting to see which body is called together.

Heney.

FRANCIS J. HENEY IS NO LONGER an official of the city and county of San Francisco. He is going to Oregon, to try Binger Hermann, and afterward he will be heard from, here or somewhere, in one capacity or another. Such a man will not down. In fact, he is not headed that way. He is headed up. The people of San Francisco may not realize it, but Francis J. Heney is their most commanding figure. He is their one national character, the one man who if he chose to shake the dust of San Francisco from his feet could settle down anywhere and begin a new career already famous. It is service that has done this—unrequited, mostly unthanked service to the people of San Francisco. The people of San Francisco knew this, the night they surged about Dreamland rink, and shouted for vengeance. Some of them know it now. All of them will know it again. The Heney era in San Francisco will be remembered as long as the days of the vigilantes, and there will be, in the perspective of history, as little difference of opinion about it.

POSITION OF GOVERNOR GILLETT.

Current newspaper discussion of candidates for governor, however lacking it may be in some other respects, has at least had the merit of making plainer the relation of Governor Gillett to the organization, or the machine. During the last two years a more kindly feeling than prevailed previously has grown up toward the governor, and many good citizens have been disposed to support him for reelection. To quite an extent this feeling has been based on the belief that he has proved more independent of the machine than had been expected, and at times the story has gone around that there had been a positive break in the former relations with the railroad political bureau. Of course the governor's attitude toward other issues, which has often been commendable, has also exerted an influence.

But what is the striking fact of the situation to-day? Is it not that despite all former reports to the contrary, Governor Gillett is entirely satisfactory to the organization as a nominee for governor, and, more than that, that he is decidedly the favorite with that element? Such is admitted on all hands to be the case; one may read it in newspapers of all political faiths and no faith, and nobody denies it. This being so, what light does it throw on the governor's fitness to be the candidate for governor of anybody who is seriously desirous to improve the political conditions which have prevailed in California for a generation? There may possibly exist some brand of reformers so mild that they do not want to turn the organization out, still less to destroy it, but merely to induce it to govern us somewhat better. It is known that some very loyal followers of the machine do sometimes protest against the things they are expected to stand for, and we have no doubt that now and then a sincere friend of Mr. Herrin goes to him and tells him to his face that it is really scandalous and that he owes it to himself, to the company and to the people to govern them better. There are good men, in the ordinary sense, among the machine politicians, and that they feel like using moral suasion with the head of the machine to "improve the service" we have no doubt. When people think that the Southern Pacific is not running trains enough, or running them at the wrong hours, or in some other way failing to consult the convenience of the public, it is recognized to be the proper thing to go to the active head of the corporation, state the grievance and respectfully suggest that it should do better. In the same manner some persons are always hoping that they will be able to convince the political bureau of the railroad company that it can afford to give us better state government than it has been giving.

In this attitude of mind it may be logical to support a candidate for governor whom the political bureau picks out, provided that otherwise he appears to have proper qualifications. This view assumes the continuance of government by the corporation and is only concerned with the quality of it. But there is another view, and one which we hope is held by all readers of The California Weekly, and it is this—that the only way to get good government is to get rid of the political bureau of the corporation. For any one who thinks this it is not logical to support candidates chosen by the corporation, because, of course, it selects candidates first for itself and secondly for the people. Least of all is it consistent to submit to a choice of a candidate for governor made by the railroad political organization, because if the governor be a servitor of that machine no part of the government can be really independent of its influence.

This is the test by which to try the governor. Is he the candidate of the railroad organization? If he is, then his admitted good qualities do not fit him to be the candidate of those who would free the state of California from the power of the organization which has so long dominated it to its harm.

THE STAFF
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A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

TWO ARGONAUT WAILS.

The ever-captious Argonaut is worried because the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is not "constructive," and because Chester H. Rowell, president of the league, has written articles in the Fresno Republican distinguishing between the right of a faction of a party to call a pre-primary convention and the lack of right of the party as such to do the same thing.

Doubtless the Argonaut would be even more worried if the Lincoln-Roosevelt League were "constructive" and therefore, to its view, more dangerous. But what do you demand of a pioneer movement? The axe is the pioneer's first tool. The first work needed in the redeeming of any evil situation is destructive, and the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is not to be diverted from the primary duty of destroying the power of the political bureau of the Southern Pacific railroad company, by any showing, no matter how valid, of the need of constructive work afterward. That bureau is now in possession of the organization of the Republican party of the state of California, and of all the essential departments of the state government. So long as that domination continues, no thorough-going constructive work is possible. Resolute, belligerent, concentrated, destructive effort is the first and most vital need of California public life. When that is done, the ground will have been cleared for the constructive work. There is plenty of that to be done, and no one connected with the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is blind to the necessity of it. A Lincoln-Roosevelt League governor and legislature would initiate more constructive reforms than this state has known in a generation. But the first and absolute necessity is the destruction of the barrier which bars this state from liberty.

The other Argonaut worry is the pre-primary convention. That matter is so perfectly plain that the only man who does not see it is the man who stubbornly closes his eyes. The official governing body of the Republican party in this state represents a faction, simply and unanimously. Every man on it was appointed (not elected) by reason of his loyalty to that faction. It does not represent the Republican party, and it could not call a pre-primary convention which would be attended by more than one faction. But if it were representative, and could call such a convention, why should it? There are two factions in the Republican party, and the law provides, in the primary, a place to settle their differences, by the vote of the party. They are both going before that primary, and neither would withdraw because outvoted in an unofficial convention. Let each of them, as a faction, hold any sort of conference it pleases. But let the party meet, as the law provides, at the primary, and choose there who shall be the party nominees.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE FAMILY.

Teachers' institutes and teachers' associations are coming to be favorite fields in which to exploit the new social views of professional lecturers and psychologists, but sometimes the views are not so new or so startling as they seem. On the platform as on the stage there is a trick of the trade in appearing to reach the danger line without actually doing so. Dr. Luther H. Gulick, a New York educator of much repute, is now in California, and in a recent association talk in Los Angeles he discoursed on the declining influence of the family and the home from the standpoint of one who regards it as a natural evolution and not wholly, if at all, to be regretted, because there is a hope that what will be substituted for the disappearing institutions will be something better.

The first impression made on a reader by a newspaper report of the talk is that of extreme radicalism, but that is due in part to the headlines, which are constructed upon the familiar principle of condensing in a few words all the thrill to be found in a lengthy oration. Some of the things which Doctor Gulick really said are these: The relations of the family unit to society have changed; many functions once performed by the family are now being attended to by the community in other and better ways; this is notably so in industry and in education; it is also true of amusements; in religion and morals there is the same tendency toward associated effort and away from the family unit. "The school," said the speaker, "brings about the selection of skilled individuals from the community who shall serve as models for our children, and since we are, on the whole, securing persons for school teachers who are far better patterns than the average parent, we are improving our social heritage. This is only another step in the specialization of motherhood."

"Specialization of motherhood" is a kind of spurious jargon of science which does not please. It would be better to talk about the elevation of motherhood. Motherhood is one of the things which cannot be specialized either physically or morally; it is the burden and glory of the whole race of women; there is no way in which it can be syndicated, or organized as a trust and performed by the few for the many.

Dr. Luther Gulick is not so much a destructive radical as he is a victim of a fallacy. He thinks he sees the family being supplanted in its functions and the institution itself disappearing, when there is merely a change of functions such as must have occurred often during the long, long period the family institution has existed. The family unit, being founded not alone on physical fact but on such moral facts as mother love and father love, cannot disappear or become of less importance than it is. The teacher fills a place of great and growing importance, but she is no more a substitute for the mother than the school-room is for the home.

It is safer to trust the instincts of such women as Alice Freeman Palmer and Jane Addams than the deductions of Dr. Luther Gulick. "The one great thing which this country needs," said the first named, "is more good homes." It is also what every country needs to-day and all the time. Miss Addams, in one of her thoughtful essays, makes clear the magnitude of Doctor Gulick's error in believing that a substitute is needed for the family group, when what is really needed is its improvement. Listen to the serene wisdom of the Chicago philosopher: "The family as well as the state we are called upon to maintain as the highest institutions which the race

has evolved for its safeguard and protection. But merely to preserve these institutions is not enough. There come periods of reconstruction, during which the task is laid upon a passing generation to enlarge the function and carry forward the ideal of a long-established institution. . . . The family, like every other element of human life, is susceptible of progress, and from epoch to epoch its tendencies and aspirations are enlarged, although its duties can never be abrogated and its obligations can never be cancelled."

Elsewhere Miss Addams speaks of the deficiencies of the kind of education which "during the most formative years of life gives the young girl no contact with the feebleness of childhood, the pathos of suffering, or the needs of old age," and the most marked effect of which is to stimulate ambition in the direction of "intellectual accumulation." These words indicate the true and the false lines of progress, and under the latter heading fall the doctrines of any speaker who teaches that the family is an institution of diminishing importance. There was a time when one of the principal functions of the family was to defend the lives of its members against the daily attacks of their fellows, and there was another time, before the institution of schools, when education could be gained only at the paternal or the maternal knee. Those times, with their peculiar needs, have passed away, but the family as the protector of infancy and feeble age, the shield of domestic privacy, the mainspring of most of the private virtues, the greatest moulder of character and a hundred other things which are closely inter-related with the welfare of society must always be preserved if general demoralization is not to overtake the modern world.

McCarthy's Slanderous "Hedge."

Mayor-elect P. H. McCarthy, in his speech delivered last Sunday at the Mission Labor Temple, while pretending to advocate the issuance of bonds for the construction of a municipal railway on Geary street, really conveyed the impression that he had been "captured by the enemy" and was doing his best in his own clumsy way to square himself alike with his bosses and his followers. It was a difficult performance and very badly done, and in order to create a diversion, he attacked Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, who are sincere advocates of the bonds, by saying, to quote the Chronicle of the next day, "The $720,000 set apart by a labor union administration to build this (Geary street) road has been stolen by the Spreckels and Phelan crowd. Now they are wearing badges on their coats advocating the Geary street road." And again: "I don't want the people to suffer for the Phelans and the Spreckels, who got their millions from the relief funds of the city, but I say if the people vote it down (that is, the Geary street bond proposition), it is up to the administration to find a way to build it."

The reference to the $720,000 was an item in the tax levy a few years ago which was illegally put there; and furthermore, the amount was inadequate for the purpose, and after a suit was begun by a taxpayer, the supervisors transferred it to other necessary purposes of the city government. The gentlemen named had nothing to do with it whatever.

The reference to the relief funds is incomprehensible. Messrs. Phelan and Spreckels were members of the executive committee of the relief corporation which had the control and disbursement of the funds. President Roosevelt, by proclamation, after the fire, directed that the funds be sent to James D. Phelan, chairman of the committee, and the trust has been administered with exceeding fidelity and good judgment. The federal government, through its experts, has periodically gone over the accounts and the American National Red Cross, of which William H. Taft is president, has given its hearty approval of everything that has been done. The reports have been made and are accessible to everyone, and it is a commendable fact that of the vast sum handled, nearly $9,000,000, every cent donated has been accounted and receipted for, and that there has been no loss by even the dishonesty of subordinates and the whole business of the relief corporation has been managed upon business principles. The gentlemen interested not only made large personal donations but gave over two years of their time, and it ill becomes the Mayor-elect to lightly make use of such intemperate language when there is absolutely no foundation in fact for what he glibly says.

The Infernal Sneer.

"I don't care whether Pat Calhoun or Rudolph Spreckels is boss," is the statement attributed to Mayor-elect McCarthy, in a speech on the Geary street bonds. It is to be hoped that the epigram was a mere explosion of oratorical fervor. Conceding that it would be pernicious to have any one boss, even Rudolph Spreckels, can any honest man seriously put Spreckels and Calhoun in the same category? The best that can be said of Calhoun is that he is a genial thief. The worst that can be said of Spreckels is that he is a somewhat irritating reformer. But are we to forgive the public crimes of Calhoun by reason of the grace of his private manners? Are we to forget the public services of Spreckels because his manner of rendering them sometimes grates on the nerves? Are we even to compare the man who corrupted this city of San Francisco with the man who redeemed it? Still worse, are we to have the indecency to insinuate that the whole thing is simply a contest of rival intriguers for power? It is a shame that a man elected mayor on a ticket that stood at least in name for an ideal should so sneer at the most vigorous manifestation of militant idealism California has seen. Remember Dr. Lyman Abbott's definition of the twentieth-century devil: "The twentieth-century devil is simply a mean, demoralizing habit of doubting, a sneering, scoffing mood; a cynical spirit which derides the virtue it cannot attain and the goodness it does not understand." "He sneaks about the world, dropping the poison of cynicism, the bitter distillation of doubt, into the cup of life, at the very moment when it is held foaming to the lips." This is the sort of a "devil" of which San Francisco has been too long possessed. It is a pity to find the mayor-elect speaking with that devil's tongue.

The Under Dog.

Every dog has his day, and just now the under dog seems to be getting his. Witness the articles on "Barbarous Mexico," which have at last given the peon voice and hearing. Witness the vain efforts of Hawaiian planters to scour the earth for some under-dog labor that would stay under. Witness the earnest investigations of the food supply of the people, in London and New York, undertaken in a spirit not of individual charity, to relieve suffering, but of intelligent regard for the progress of the human race. Witness the old-age pensions of England, and the automatic, even compulsory, insurance of Germany. The under dog is still under, but his appeal is at least heard, and Society is conscious that it has jurisdiction. Probably the under dog will always be in some sense "under." Nature formed him for that role. But social concepts and human sentiments no longer include the idea that our duty toward the under dog is to kick him down. Rather, we are learning that it is to our interest, as well as our duty, to help him up—to drag him up, if necessary—to a certain point, and to give him opportunity to climb as much higher as he can.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"A single girl cannot be happy," writes Elizabeth Tobler, of Patterson, New Jersey, "before she turns her back upon a lonely world and takes her leap into eternity." Elizabeth was right. A single girl cannot be happy if she must look forward to a life of loneliness and celibacy.

What is more, she cannot be or become a perfectly normal woman and remain single all her days. The single life is the abnormal life, and the product of it is abnormality, the best that can be made of it. There are thousands of women in the hospitals for the insane the country over who are there for no other reason than that they were forced to live single, alone, mewed up, cabined and cribbed, the rich juices of their souls dried into dust within their breasts; the mother instinct smothered, the free companionship with a man denied. Many an alienist, confronted again and again by this condition, has asked himself if, on the whole, it would not be better for society to sanction becoming a mother without becoming a wife, at least a time or two, rather than doom one to such a fate. Doubtless such a question can receive but one answer from those who value virtue per se, but it is notable, if regrettable, that some of the "wise men" have asked it, of themselves, at least.

Wives and mothers who are snugly housed, companioned and comforted, know little of the deprivation their single sisters suffer. One of them, advanced in years, confessed to her physician friend that her breasts had ached for the pressure of a baby's lips. Some there are who so devote themselves to others, to institutional work or to being the foster mother of other women's children, that they find happiness in service notwithstanding their spinsterhood, but not the same happiness that they would have found in wifehood and motherhood.

Whose fault is it that so many splendid women are left single? The fault lies at the feet of those who teach others to feel that poverty is despicable, that life in a cottage of three rooms would be a reflection upon the family and an affront to "our set," that early marriages are the acme of unwisdom, that housework is drudgery and that a life of independent dependence upon stenography, bookkeeping or a place as a saleslady is to be preferred to wifehood, home-making and child bearing. These are they who rob young women of the right to a home of their own with the result that many an Elizabeth, convinced that a single girl cannot be happy, takes her leap into outer darkness, and many another Elizabeth takes her leap into the guilty swirl of sin rather than live comfortless and alone.

Nor are these all the indictments to be found against those who postpone marriage to late in life when the husband shall have made his place secure in the world, own a home, or at least an automobile, have servants to wait upon the woman of his choice and a nurse to care for any straggling infant that may chance to come under that roof. Alas! no. The foregoing is not all.

With the man the postponement of marriage does not always, nor so very often, involve the postponement of gratification of desire. He does not so very often keep himself unspotted from the world. On the contrary his postponement of that God-given and sacramental relation is all too likely to bring him to the altar unfit to stand there, poison lurking in every cell of his being, lurking there to contaminate his companion when he takes her to his home and to contaminate their offspring. Whatever postpones marriage beyond twenty-five years of age is a social evil. Of all the hardships inflicted by an enhanced cost of living there is none fraught with greater evil than that of postponement of marriage to the thirties instead of the twenties. Elizabeth Tobler was right. A single girl cannot be as happy as she has a right to be.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Our Christmas Greeting to the World.

There is evidence that "the old folks at home" are remembered generously by their wandering relatives in this country. A report recently issued by Postmaster Morgan of New York City shows that there were sent abroad from that city, from December 1st to 18th inclusive, 485,151 money orders of the total value of $7,524,963. This was an increase over the same time last year of 140,519 in the number of orders and $2,298,125 in their value. The largest amount carried by a single vessel was borne by the Lusitania on its trip beginning December 8th, when the value of the orders aggregated $1,592,607. Seven foreign countries received sums in excess of a half million dollars each. These were Great Britain, with $1,913,009.43; Italy, with $1,732,-131.21; Austria, $712,196.26; Hungary, $685,-464.79; Germany, $577,177.18; Sweden, $551,-658.62, and Russia, $522,662.07. The balance is scattered in decreasing amounts throughout the world. And it will be borne in mind that not all money leaves this country through the New York postoffice. Evidently these expatriates of the old world are not illiberal with their kinsmen.

The Moderation of King Edward.

From London comes the announcement, with a touch of unction in it, that King Edward "has been objecting to the unnecessary multiplication of wines at dinner," and, in short, to excessive drinking at any time. The announcement then proceeds to give an idea of what the monarch considers about the right thing at a moderate and abstemious "family party," and here it is: Four kinds of wine during dinner, claret, chablis, champagne and port being preferred; then, after dinner, a whiskey-and-soda and occasionally "a glass of rare old brandy." This is the royal theory of moderation, spelled without a capital letter. It will be noted that there are some distinctions between it and that which, over here, is termed "being on the water-wagon." In fact, the distinctions are so broad that if some of us should adopt King Edward's drink-menu we would "see things" before any great length of time had passed. Not all of us may approve of the ruler's schedule of libations, but it is a safe bet that we cannot fail to admire the capacity of his stomach. It must be a good one.

Spinal Anaesthesia Not New.

Spinal anaesthesia is the term which is applied to the injection of an anaesthetic directly into the spinal cavity, thus anaesthetizing the patient, while he still retains consciousness. There is prevalent an opinion that the discovery of this process is new, and it is a mistaken opinion. Spinal anaesthesia was discovered almost a quarter of a century ago by Dr. J. L. Corning of New York City, and the first operation was performed under its influence in 1900. The discovery is not new; it merely is being discussed to-day as never before. Another mistaken notion is that stovaine, the anaesthetic which reminds of the family heater, is a new discovery. It has been in use to some extent for years. The question that is agitating leading physicians is whether or not stovaine is superior to other anaesthetics, and much difference of opinion has developed, some eminent doctors contending that the loss of life under it is notably greater than under chloroform or ether. About this question the declamatory battle rages, and it has given the untutored public the impression that here was something new under the sun, when in reality there was not.

Whole Islands of Fossil Ivory.

In the regions lying in the arctic ice north of Siberia islands have been discovered which are so deeply covered with ivory that the first discoverers of some of the islands supposed that they were composed entirely of it. To be sure, it is fossil ivory, but it is merchantable, and considerable quantities of it already have been sold. One islet, which is known as Liakoff's island, appears as a mass of tusks and bones of mammoths, elephants, musk oxen and rhinoceroses, cemented together by sandy ice. The bottom of the sea about the islands also is strewn with these fossil remains. Scientists account for this condition as follows: Time was, they say, when the climate of the arctic regions was mild and inviting, and, beguiled by it, the great animals of long ago congregated there. This was before the reign of Theodore, guns were unknown, and so the great brutes disported themselves without fear until one day there came a change in the weather. It was quite a change. There came whirlwinds of snow, mountains of ice drifted upon them, and living became such discouraging work that they gave it up. In that frozen sepulcher their bones did not moulder, and so we have this fossil ivory; or so the scientists say, and who can advance a better theory?

Big Money In (Some) Horses.

Such readers of The California Weekly as pay any attention to horse-racing will be interested to know that, during the year which is just passing, thirty horses won a total of $475,000 on the race-tracks of the United States and Canada. First among these was S. C. Hildreth's Joe Madden, which won $49,905, and next to Madden was James R. Keene's two-year-old Sweep, with winnings of $41,323. Other leading winners, with the amounts they won, are as follows: Hildreth's four-year-old King James, $38,253; Keene's three-year-old Hilarious, $36,585; Hildreth's Fitz Herbert, $31,757; Keene's Maskette, $22,715; James MacManus' Rocky O'Brien, $22,070; C. C. Smithson's High Private, $19,010; C. L. Harrison's Waldo, $14,880; R. T. Wilson Jr.'s Olambala, $14,532; A. Koenigsberg's Rose Queen, $12,760; Hildreth's Firestone, $12,580; Woodford Clay's Ocean Bound, $12,545; B. Schrieber's Jack Atkin, $10,720; H. P. Whitney's Greenvale, $10,200. This includes all who won more than $10,000 apiece, although a number went but a little below that mark. Of these larger winnings, it will be seen that S. C. Hildreth took $135,495, while James R. Keene took $100,623, sums which are far more than offset by the losses of the "suckers" who haunt the tracks.

A Cent's Worth of Electricity.

A writer for Harper's Weekly has been making a calculation concerning what one cent's worth of electricity will do. The list of its possibilities is long and varied, as the reader may judge for himself, it running as follows: "One cent's worth of electricity will make four cups of coffee, or cook a steak, or boil two quarts of water, or make a Welsh rabbit, or operate a seven-inch fryingpan for twelve minutes, or an electric gridiron for eight minutes, or an electric broiler for six minutes, or run a sewing machine for three hours, or an electric flatiron for fifteen minutes, or a luminous radiator for eight minutes, or a heating pad for two hours, or a footwarmer for fifteen minutes, or a massage machine for four hours, or a curling iron once a day for two weeks, or a dentist's drill for an hour and a half, or an electric piano player for an hour, or vulcanize a patch on an automobile tire, or keep a big glue pot hot for an hour, or brand electrically 150 hams, or raise a passenger elevator five stories a minute, or raise 250 gallons of water 100 feet high, or raise ten tons twelve feet high in less than one minute." To all of which it may be added that what one cent's worth of electricity will do possibly might depend more or less on the price of electricity.

Larger Dirigibles Are Coming.

The largest of the Zeppelin dirigibles is 446 feet long, but it will be relegated to the intermediate class by a British naval airship now in process of construction, in England, by Vickers' Sons & Maxim. This British airship will be more than 500 feet long, of the Zeppelin type, and it is calculated that it will maintain a speed of forty-five miles an hour. A mighty ship of the air, but if information that comes from Germany is authentic, it would seem that it soon must go back to the infant class. Report has it that Albert Wetzel, an engineer, has completed arrangements for the construction of a dirigible which will be 984 feet long, 65½ feet wide, and may attain a speed of fifty-five miles an hour. The future owns no limitations, and so there is no foretelling what size airships hereafter may attain, but this German vessel—much more than three city blocks in length—is the largest at present in contemplation.

Another Pair of "Siamese Twins."

A pair of "Siamese twins" which are attracting the attention of the medical profession, and the laity as well, as did the well-known Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, were born about nine or ten months ago in Ikalis, Finland, and still are alive. These twins are girls, and they are united from the hips downward. In one of the girls the heart and liver are on the right side, in the other on the left side. Pulse, temperature and respiration vary in them, and they have no common sense of feeling except in the part where they are united. Martha and Mary are their names.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

Some of Shelley's Poems.

In those poems by Shelley in which he drops the role of prophet or pamphleteer and swings aloft in sheer aerial intoxication of birdlike song our spirit joins him in unrestrained enjoyment. His poetry has a quality found in none other in English literature. All other English poets have an eye for rich color and for sensuous form. Shelley's vision is spiritual in the literal meaning of the word, his images are incorporeal, his passion is the passion of viewless winds, of crystal infinitudes of ether, of sweet sounds from disembodied, unseen larks. No other poet's song is so released from the bondage to substantial visions, none other mounts so airily to the freedom of the open heavens.

And yet this absence of corporeal images does not result in mere fantasy nor in the other alternative of bald intellect. Sense, music and passion are retained in the clear insubstantial realm which he inhabits. His poetry is like the light that shines from a sun too bright to look upon as a physical object, the light that diffuses the power of sight throughout the heavenly canopy and, on occasion, touches a vagrant cloud with the splendor of the dawn.

"HIGHWAYS OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

The full title of this book is "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast." It is the third or fourth of a series on American highways and byways by that industrious author and illustrator, Clifton Johnson. Mr. Johnson is more industrious than talented. He has patiently tramped the country roads of various parts of America, with camera in hand and note-book in pocket, photographing what he conceives to be the characteristic bits of rural life and scenery, and noting down pretty much everything that people tell him—stories, anecdotes, assertions about crops and the like—without any discrimination and with no appreciation of the humor of some of the yarns that are told to gull him.

The result is a rambling, purposeless, meaningless mass of unrelated text-matter, through which are thinly sprinkled photographic illustrations. These illustrations, in the book at hand, are simply grotesque. They suggest nothing that is typical of life in California; they contain no reproduction of the white glare of our sunlight—looking rather as if they were taken in a fog; they simply travesty the scenic beauties that lay directly in his path.

In his introductory note, the author assures us that "these Highways and Byways volumes are often consulted by persons who are planning pleasure tours." This is unfortunate. Also it is puzzling. We can't see why they should. (The Macmillan Company, $2.00, net.)

MORE ABOUT GENIUS.

Lombroso wrote of genius as a type of insanity. The following from his book on the subject is at least suggestive:

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choleric movements. Lenau and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition; Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Crebillon, Lombardini, exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chateaubriand was long subject to convulsive movement of the arm. Napoleon suffered from habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips; "My anger," he said, one day after an altercation with Lowe, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves which has not happened to me for a long time." Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. Carducci's face at certain moments, writes Mantegazza, is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes and his muscles tremble. Ampere could only express his thoughts while walking, and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced and jumped in the street without reason, as if by a freak.

LINES TO ROBERT BURNS.

By Chang Yon Tong.

[The following verses were written June 13, 1904, half an hour after receiving an invitation to the opening, on June 24th, of the replica of the Ayrshire cottage in which the poet was born, erected at the World's Fair, St. Louis, the writer being the Commissioner of China to the Exposition.]

O! kindred soul of humble birth,
Divine, though of the lowly earth,
Forgotten thou art not to-day,
Nor yet neglected—here's thy bay!

Thy cottage-home, hid from the proud,
Nor thought of by the vulgar crowd,
In thine own time has claimed a place
On which the world's eyes now gaze.

Nor changed its homely rugged lines,
Where closely crept thy tender vines;
But men have changed; nor yet deplore—
Where once they spurned we now adore.

Thy life and work and destiny
Contain a meaning deep for me;—
Though fame be darkened by a fate,
The laurel wreath comes soon or late.

Thy splendid fame shall ever rise
With undimm'd glory o'er the skies;—
To struggling souls a hope shall yield
On sailing seas and ploughing field.

I am a foreign, unknown bard,
Whose devious course is rough and hard;
But cheered at times by thy sweet song,
I sing away, nor mind the throng.

Like thee, I'll toil with manly hand,
Like thee, by manhood ever stand;
And, guided by thy spirit brave,
Shall wait for verdict at the grave.

Californian Poets' Corner

ALTRUISM.

By David Starr Jordan.

"The God of the things as they are"
Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
Of the thrush that sings at even;

The God of the storm and sunshine,
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence,
Of the soundless depths of the sea;

The God of the times and the nations,
Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
Of the limitless human soul.

For there is nothing small,
And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
Embodiments of Thee!

A single thought divine
Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is thine,
And history finds its place.

When the universe was young,
Thine was the perfect thought,
That life should be bound in one
By the strand of Love enwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle
Waxes the bond of love.

Out from the ruthless ages
Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman,
The love of the mother and child.

TOLSTOY AT EIGHTY-ONE.

In spite of the reports of Tolstoy's poor health and approaching end the special correspondent of the Paris Journal writes that his first impression on seeing this tall, bright-eyed, vigorous old man with whom he was to have an interview was that he was in the presence of an extremely well-preserved man between sixty and sixty-five.

In spite of his eighty-one years Tolstoy goes riding every day and in all weathers. His hearing is very acute. He catches even a whispered conversation. He reads without spectacles and explains that he used to be short sighted and has therefore kept his sight.

Politics do not seem to interest him greatly. The subjects which attract him at the present moment are metaphysical questions inherent in different religions, the origin of life and the mystery of death. He does not fear death, for he believes in the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. Death, he says, is a bridge of communication between two shores.

Tolstoy told his French interviewer that he has many enemies. He said: "I receive every day horrible anonymous letters and they are a source of deep sorrow to me. I only want to live in peace."

The following is the account of the writer's mode of life, as given by his doctor: He rises at eight, often at six or seven; eats his meals with greatest regularity, drinks no wine, eats no meat, does not smoke, takes long walks or rides and spends his evenings with his family and the friends who come to see him. Generally he goes to bed at midnight.

LITERARY NOTES.

This year for the first time the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to a woman, Miss Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish writer. Last year it was bestowed upon Professor Euken of Jena University, the year before that Kipling received it and the year before that Bjornstjerne Bjornson. The prize is a purse of $40,000 and is awarded by the Swedish Academy, which is composed of eighteen members.

The last serious play by Clyde Fitch, "The City," opened at the Lyric Theatre, New York, Tuesday evening, December 1st. Its purpose is to show the effects of metropolitan life on an ambitious and prosperous country family which moves to New York from up-state. Furthermore, it is a defense of "The City," so dearly loved and so admirably interpreted by Mr. Fitch, as the crucible in which the essential good and bad qualities of men and women are most thoroughly brought to the surface. The play is in three acts.

Reginald Clarence, the well known bibliographer of dramatic data, has been working for twenty years on a stage cyclopedia which will contain a bibliography of plays, of which it has been possible to find any record, from B. C. 500 to A. D. 1909. In order to bring his remarkable work to completion Mr. Clarence has delved among ancient records and musty manuscripts in the British museum; he has studied the numerous works in the Guildhall library until his book contains particulars of nearly 50,000 plays, covering the whole range of stage productions—drama, comedy, farce, opera and comic opera.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," who was born in 1791 and died in 1852, was at one time a student at Union College, and at a recent reunion of the alumni of that institution in New York city it was decided to start a fund for erecting a memorial to Payne. The plan is to get money enough for the erection of an imposing gateway to the Union College campus, opposite St. John's church in Union street, Schenectady. It will be remembered that Payne died while United States consul to Tunis, Africa, and that his remains were brought from there in 1882 and reinterred in Washington.

DR. GULICK AND THE CHILDREN

AN INTERESTING STUDENT OF PLAY AND CHAMPION OF PLAYGROUNDS.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick is in California, lecturing on municipal playgrounds. Doctor Gulick is an interesting man. He is what Kipling called "ginger colored," he is lean and active, his pale blue eyes are surrounded with humorous wrinkles that can quickly smooth out as the eyes steady themselves into intense concentration and earnestness.

Doctor Gulick's Training.

He has studied physical training all his life, in the most practical ways as well as in the higher reaches of theory and of historical comparison. He was born in Honolulu forty-four years ago. One year of his boyhood was spent in the public schools of Oakland. Later he graduated from high school at Hanover, New Hampshire, and later still from the medical department of the New York University.

His first connection with practical physical culture work was in the public school gymnasium in which he was an instructor. He then became secretary of physical training of the international Y. M. C. A. For three years he was principal of the Pratt Institute High School, in Brooklyn. Since 1903, and until this year, he has been physical director of the public schools of New York city. He is now in charge of a department of the Sage foundation.

Studies In Psychology of Play.

Throughout his educational experience, Doctor Gulick has studied the psychology of physical exercise as well as the physiology of it. Much of his time has been devoted to a study of children's games, and he has made many interesting discoveries in this connection. For instance, he found that, in all history, the only boys who ever developed games requiring team-work—the subordination of the individual to the mass—were the boys of the Anglo-Saxon race, with their football, cricket, and baseball. The boys of all other races played games in which the principle of the duel applied, such as hand-ball, tennis, or foot-racing, in which one boy was pitted against one other boy. Pursuing this investigation, he found that at no time in history had the girls of any race whatever developed team games.

Play and the Future Citizen.

Doctor Gulick concluded that the Anglo-Saxon ability for self-government and for commercial organization had its origin in a racial instinct which is first manifested in the team games of Anglo-Saxon boyhood, and by those games educated and strengthened. He concluded also that the absence of team games amongst girls arose from the individualistic relations of woman, whose interest is in her husband and her home and who has never had any motive to develop the social instinct of mutual helpfulness such as primitive men felt in their tribal relations.

The above is only an instance of the character of Doctor Gulick's independent investigations into the underlying motives of children's play and the effect of play upon the adult life of the individual and of society. These investigations included a study of children's dances in many lands, a study of the physical and mental problems of adolescence, and other kindred subjects.

Physical Director of New York Schools.

At the same time, Doctor Gulick has been constantly engaged in the practical labors of directing the physical cultural training of the school children of the largest American city, with the unrivalled opportunity this work afforded of examining the effects of such training upon large bodies of children and of the relation of the training to the problems of sanitation, public health and juvenile delinquency in a congested city.

Hence the message that Doctor Gulick delivers on the subject of playgrounds is a message from a man rarely equipped with both theoretical and practical knowledge of his subject. He is, besides, a physician, which adds to the weight of his opinions on a subject which, at bottom, is a matter of health.

Why Playgrounds Must Be Had.

He explains that the origin of the necessity for public playgrounds in cities lies in the modern specialization of life in all its functions. He points out that the public school takes the place of the old-time home education. That the board of health usurps the function of the old-time spasm of spring house cleaning. That the factory has banished the loom from the family fireside. In short, a large share of the family functions of the past have been replaced by public or corporate specialization and standardization.

Exit the Vacant Lot.

But, though most of these usurpations have been beneficial, two have not. Modern industry has routed the hand tools from the house, so that the boy to-day grows up in ignorance of any manual craft such as those that formerly trained the muscles and nerves and brain and character, and, incidentally, that gave the boy an interest and an occupation for his spare time.

The other evil of modern conditions is: the congestion of modern cities has annihilated the vacant lot, the playground of boyhood. He is left to choose between the city streets, where the "gang" tempts him to deliquency and where the policeman interferes with the freedom of his play; and the listlessness and physical ruin of indoor amusements.

Either alternative is bad. The solution that has proved practical—the only solution—is the municipal playground. The boy cannot afford the money or the time to find the country playground. The city must bring it to him. And it is probably an improvement upon the vacant lot, for, instead of the undirected and often purposeless play of the lot, on the public playground the boy finds games adapted to his size and strength and skill, baths to prevent colds after his play, the kindly interest of a trained adult director, and a complete absence of the evils of bad manners, bad language, and bad sportsmanship that often marred the village lot.

Doctor Gulick is especially insistent that the playground is not a new thing. It is, he declares, an effort to get back a most valuable old possession of childhood, not, to be sure, in its exact reproduction but in the form best adapted to modern exigencies of city life. The form is changed, but the original intention and use are retained.

The First Municipal Playground.

The first municipal playground was founded in Massachusetts in 1885. The objection to its introduction elsewhere has often been made that cities should not have to pay for the land and equipment of playgrounds, for the reason either that the playgrounds were not useful or that the city got no return of equal value with the investment. Massachusetts has answered these objections in ringing tones. Conservative and money-cautious Massachusetts, after twenty-four years of widening experience, last year put up a state law locally optional in its terms, to forty-two cities and towns of the commonwealth, and forty of them voted to spend for playgrounds the per capita tax levied under this law.

The District of Columbia, this year, scored an equally emphatic resolution of approval by pruning down other expenses in order to include $37,000 in the budget for playgrounds.

What Fifteen Cities Are Doing.

The following are the imposing figures that show what fifteen of the leading cities of the United States are doing for public playgrounds, these figures being furnished by the Playground Association of America, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York city:

	No. of Playgrounds 1909	No. of Employees 1909	Expenditures 1909
New York, N. Y.	261	1,023	$123,000.00
Chicago, Ill.	29	311	500,000.00
Philadelphia, Pa.	73	200	30,934.46
St. Louis, Mo.	11	63	6,135.00
Boston, Mass.	77	75	55,000.00
Baltimore, Md.	50	137	45,539.18
Pittsburg, Pa.	28	247	22,650.00
Cleveland, Ohio	15	37	42,812.13
Buffalo, N. Y.	8	22	17,420.00
Detroit, Mich.	11	58	6,510.00
San Francisco, Cal.	5	2	35,000.00
Cincinnati, Ohio	12	13	12,000.00
Washington, D. C.	32	95	15,500.00
Newark, N. J.	24	136	19,000.00
Providence, R. I.	19	53	6,000.00
Totals	655	2,472	$941,500.77

RECAPITULATION.

Population	13,252,614
Expense for maintenance	$941,500.77
Employees on playgrounds	2,472
Number of playgrounds	655
Average per city	$62,733.38
Average per capita	$ .07

It is unfortunate that San Francisco appears at the bottom of the list, both in number of playgrounds and in the amount of expenditure; and that Los Angeles does not appear at all. But it is encouraging to know that the interest of the public in California is being aroused. Even in Fresno, which is not yet by any means in danger of the congestion of San Francisco, for instance, one playground is already in operation and the public is intelligently alive to its utility and to the necessity for providing others as the city grows.

Doctor Gulick thus comes to California at an opportune time, and we are especially fortunate that his principal addresses have been made before the State Teachers' Association, for the work of the playgrounds is naturally a department of the educational system.

AEROPLANES FOR SALE.

The aeroplane business is brisk in France, orders are numerous and prices are good, though with a slight downward tendency.

Latham sold the monoplane he used at Blackpool for $10,000 and Leblanc disposed of his for $3,000; but these are special cases. Wrights, Voisins and Levasseurs (Antoinettes) cost about $5,000, but tend to become cheaper. Bleriots are quoted at $2,400 with a motor of 25-30 horsepower. Santos-Dumont's Demoiselle brand with a 30-35 horsepower engine can be bought for $1,500. The Clement firm is making a new biplane with a 43 horsepower engine to sell at $3,500.

Most of the noted automobile firms are to build aeroplanes. It is a question if competition will seriously affect the prices for some time, for prices in the automobile industry continued to increase for the first ten years.

The Bleriot company has orders for 150 smaller cross-Channel type aeroplanes and twelve larger passenger carrying machines and expects to finish these and fifty more before the end of the year.

LONGEVITY AND SOUR MILK.

Dr. Elie Metchnikoff contributed to a recent number of the Century Magazine an article on the utility of lactic microbes, in which he said:

"Contrary to what many journalists have made me say, I have never, in any of my publications on the subject, asserted that curdled milk is able to prolong life."

But he adds:

"We have the right to suppose they (the lactic microbes) might exercise a favorable influence in favor of longevity. Only, before such a supposition becomes a confessed reality, many precise facts have still to be gathered."

Neverthless, says the New York Times, it has been found that bacilli inhabiting the digestive organs secrete phenois in abundance, "and these poisons act on the arteries and bring about arterio-sclerosis, one of the main symptoms of premature old age." These bacilli of putrefaction die, they cannot thrive, in the presence of the microbes of curdled milk. The adminstration of the lactic ferments is successful in remedying many intestinal ailments, and has been approved by the best physicians everywhere. Dr. Metchnikoff's denial, therefore, is made rather in the interest of scientific accuracy than because the intelligent layman requires it. Those who have the courage to imbibe the sour Metchnikoffian brews may abide in the hope that it will keep their arteries pliable.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

When Our Good Deed's Done.

It is fine to feel that our good deed's done,
And never we faltered a bit,
And we're apt to say to ourselves, "My son,
It is clear that you really are It;"
And we pat ourselves on the righteous back—
That is, in symbolical way—
And we feel we are near the top of the pack,
Or made of a superfine clay.
'Tis our human way,
I regret to tell,
When a trump we play,
In our pride to swell.

When our good deed's done, first we strut a bit;
Then we strike a bog of clay,
And perhaps, ere we know, we are mired in it
In the old and pitiful way.
Then our strut subsides, and our smile is dead,
And we notice we're not so sure
In the human class we are near the head
And ranked with the saintly pure.
Oh, to strut and swell
Is our good-deed pose,
But we shrink and yell
When we stub our toes.

I fancy the Maker of every man
When He placed temptation here
Did it as part of an infinite plan
The world of its pride to clear,
For if you and I knew never a fall
On the dark and rocky road,
We would swell and swell—'tis the way of all—
Till I fear that we might explode.
Oh, we mean so well
Till so ill we do,
And pride is a spell
That is lost in rue.

* * *

The Splendid Riches.

Which is the better, son, to build a fortune in shining pieces of gold or in the love of one's fellow men? The question is worthy of your serious consideration, for the world in general, in its attitude toward wealth and in its profound kowtows and servile salaams to its possessor, assures us that, in its opinion, the best of all fortunes is that which is registered in the clink of many coins. Is the world right? Do you agree with it? I do not.

The other night I was present at a "good cheer dinner" given by James H. Barry to his friends and associates of the Star press. About one hundred people were there; people from many walks of life, of all political parties, divers creeds, and much variety of opinion, but they were as a unit in esteem and love for their host—esteem which he had merited and love which he had won—and nobody could have entered that room without recognizing the fact, for the atmosphere fairly pulsated with this kindly feeling.

Sitting there, I knew that I was looking on the utmost wealth which our brief lives can give to us, the splendid riches of a well-earned affection, and, when I pass the shadowy river, I would sooner leave, as heritage to my dear ones, such wealth as this than all the stored gold of a Rockefeller; I think that it would bless them more. Who is he who loves Rockefeller? A little time ago E. H. Harriman passed on; who is it that loves and reveres his memory? These men, and their kind, store gold, and they store nothing more. But to have earned and stored love, ah, that is the splendid riches.

Son, look wisely about you, and you cannot fail to learn that the world's great standard of wealth is but a shoddy standard. Gold is a right useful thing, but its riches are paltry when compared with the great treasure of our brothers' love, and only he who is unwise shall fail to know that this is so.

And, by the way, if a bouquet to James H. Barry be involved in this—well, he deserves it, and can you mention any reason why I should delay bestowing it until after he is dead and unheedful of life's blossoms?

The Philosophy of Rufus.

Some girls remind me of cold-storage eggs—warranted jest es good, but with a flavor of a leetle too much experience hangin' round 'em.

I reckon the diary of the best of human lives might be summed up in, He tried, he failed, he tried again, an' then he kept on tryin'.

Ever notice that it's a good deal the same with human bein's es eggs floatin' in water—the rotten ones sink to the bottom.

Gener'ly speakin', we're consider'bly alike, brother: We want to see the right pervail so much that we'd do most anything 'cept sacrifice for it. Seems es if our neighbors orto do that.

If some children can honor their fathers an' mothers, all I've got to say is it's more'n the old folks ever did fer themselves.

I look on the best an' the worst men I ever knew es merely varyin' samples of what I might have been.

I don't know how the women did it, but 'pears ter me they've got a good many generashuns further frum the cave-dwellers than us men have.

You can git your name in the papers by breakin' in—either into Society or into a house, but both methods have their disadvantages.

I s'pose it's true that "earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal," but I wish it sounded less like a patent-medicine advertisement.

It all depends on the point of view. Fer instance, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—but not to the bird.

Man's the head of the family—if it happens to be goin' in his direction, but I've seen lots of cases where the family percession 'peared to be pinted the other way.

In rememberin' that we all have human feelin's, I've 'bout concluded 'tain't right to make an exception of even telephone girls.

* * *

A Love Story—With Explanations.

They were sitting in the gloaming.

(Explanation 1—In reality, they were sitting in a rocking chair, but the best novelists generally make them sit in the gloaming, and so the expression is here used. The best novelists do not hold it over us so many.)

The night crept silently upon them.

(Explanation 2—The night generally does this. In fact, the writer does not recall an instance of the night rollicking in noisily and hilariously.)

Closer and closer to each other they drew until, at last, her golden hair was upon his shoulder.

(Explanation 3—In reality the hair was black, but, being of the best quality, it cost so much that it is appropriate to refer to it as golden.)

Then, and not till then, he folded her in his arms and called her "darling."

(Explanation 4—He was a chump. No man need wait till she has her head on his shoulder before beginning to call her treacle names. Otherwise how can the poor girl know that she will not again have to remove her hair—from his shoulder, of course.)

The clock ticked on.

(Explanation 5—It is impossible to say just how and why the clock got into this tale, but it is no more inexplicable than a great many other things you may have noticed in fiction, so let the clock go, as, of course, it should.)

Suddenly faltering footsteps were heard in the distance, the very atmosphere seemed permeated by a permeating permeation, quickly she removed her hair, and they rose.

(Explanation 6—Here the story should become intense, absorbing, but it was nobody but her father coming home from the club, and he had done so much absorbing that none is left for this narrative.)

(Explanation 7—The absorbing qualities of this story being terminated so early in the game, its conclusion will be postponed till some other than a club evening.)

A Theater Tragedy.

'Twas at the theater, and she
In front of me serenely sat.
Alackaday, and woe is me!
She wore a landscape-garden hat!
"Fair maid," quoth I, "in pity move
Your hat—'tis sweet—from off your head."
The gentle lass did kindness prove
By doing straightway as I said.

Ah, woe, and woe, and yet more woe!
My tears do trickle as I write.
I heard the people praise bestow,
But never once had I a sight.
Her hat was off—Ah me! Great Scott!—
Yet no less blindly sat I there,
For could I ask—no, I could not—
That she should then remove her hair?

* * *

A Brief Talk With the Boy.

You are a boy, Tommy, and you cannot help it. More than that—and some people would consider it worse than that—you do not wish to help it. Would you be a girl? Well, I should say not! Makes you tired just to think of it, doesn't it, Tommy? Of course it does; it ought to make anybody tired. Girls are all right enough in their place, but such a place! Sitting around in the house and looking sweet! Shucks! No wonder that you concluded to be a boy. Wouldn't anybody with good judgment feel that way? You bet he would!

Just between ourselves, Tommy, I do not mind confessing that I once was a boy, and if I had it to do over again I should make the same selection. Of course we know that a boy can't be pretty, but neither can a girl skin the cat on a trapese, and so it is all the boy's way. To be sure, lots of folks object to boys, but, then, boys object to lots of folks, and so that's even. It is too bad, of course, to scare your mother half to death every day or two, but women are so queer, and a feller can't help it about them, and so there is nothing you can do about it. It's mighty odd, though, about women.

So go your way, Tommy, your own riotous, boisterous way. Be a real boy—no "sissy" imitation—have fun with the cat, and your sister's dolls, sympathize with your mother in her queer timidity, and forgive your father for whipping you because you cut a hole in the dining-table to see if it was oak all the way through. Be a real boy-boy, for let me whisper to you, Tommy, that it is out of such boys that the world makes the **men** that are worth while, the men with red blood in their veins, the men who **do things,** and there never was a time when it did not have need of such men. Yes, go your strenuous way, Tommy, and with my blessing, although I am afraid it will not help you very much.

* * *

The Things We Didn't Do.

Of course the One who made us
He knows His children all,
How they stumble on the journey
Till they totter to a fall,
But I guess that my the mantle
Of His pity we are hid,
And I reckon He'll forgive us
For the wayward things we did.

But at times, when I am thinking
Of the past, it seems to me
That His mercy will be tested
To the very last degree,
Not by deeds of human folly,
Nor by those of sin and rue,
But—let's say our mea culpa—
By the things we didn't do.

* * *

Another Faker Exposed.

"He claims to be a humorist, but nobody believes him."

"Why not?"

"Why, it has been demonstrated that he never has written a line about the buttoning of a woman's dress down the back."

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—I have bought your paper at the newsstand this year and feel convinced that you are ably filling an important need in the community—that of an open, honest, intelligent and independent newspaper and advisor on civic and political matters on just which matters the mass of our newspapers—special pleaders before the bar of public opinion of this or that "interest"—are unreliable and demoralizing.

Inclosed please find check for a year's subscription to The California Weekly and to La Follette's Weekly and a copy of Hichborn's Story of the California Legislature. You may consider me a "regular" subscriber.

Your work has just begun and I wish you a successful new year.

Yours sincerely,
GEO. D. LOUDERBACK.

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 24, 1909.

Professor Louderback has touched upon a vital point in the policy of The California Weekly. To be honest and independent where most of the dailies and nearly all the Coast weeklies are both disingenuous and servile was one of the cardinal reasons for the foundation of this paper. It has been the sincere endeavor of its editors to live to that ideal. It is pleasant to hear from independent sources that honest intentions have been recognized. To add that we have been intelligent is to crown a welcome compliment. Our New Year's resolution is to endeavor to maintain the character of the paper and to raise its plane of intelligence and interest.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir: I find that my boy, just past his twenty-second birthday, is just as much interested in the paper as I am, and feel certain that his political ideals will be much higher because of the wholesome impressions gained by reading the same.

Wishing you all the success that you may merit, I am,

Yours truly,
W. H. HAUERT.

Tollhouse, Cal., Dec. 23, 1909.

It has been an earnest wish of the editors of this paper that it might especially appeal to those whose youth makes them the most susceptible to appeals to the higher standards of civic duty and civic morality. Of such is the salvation of a democracy. Low political ideals learned in youth are the seeds of political corruption in later years. Our School for Citizenship especially tries to point a better way to the novitiate in citizenship. Mr. Hauert's message is hence doubly a pleasure: it pictures a father pointing out to his son the pathway of civic righteousness, and it assures us that we are, in a measure, realizing our ambition to carry a message to the young men.

Editor The California Weekly.

The position of a correspondent in your issue of the 17th inst. regarding the law of supply and demand as not applicable to industrial conditions would appear untenable if he were asked for a solution of the following problem: Given a state of things when

a The legislature has fixed the length of a day's work at eight hours.

b Labor organizations have established five dollars as the pay for such day's work for a skilled mechanic.

c High wages and other advantages pertaining to the lot of wage-earners have, in connection with our favoring immigration laws, produced a condition where two men are seeking one job.

This is the problem—what will your correspondent do with it ignoring the law of supply and demand? He may say that such a condition of things is very improbable; but it has existed in the past and is more likely to occur in the future, as the area of our public lands, which until lately, always held an attractive open door to the self-reliant and energetic man lacking employment, is reduced to almost nothing, and this opening is virtually closed; and Greeley's advice to the man to "go west" holds out no hope, inasmuch as there is no longer any west to receive him.

As The California Weekly said in a recent issue referring to a different matter: "It may not happen in a decade, possibly not in a generation," but as surely as history repeats itself, so certainly this question will become a vital one. How will your correspondent answer it?

To the writer there seem but three alternatives:

First, the employer may choose to employ one of the applicants as more convenient for himself without any regard to the needs of the other, or

Second, the unions may decree that four hours shall constitute a day's work and shall be entitled to full pay for it, or

Third, with the hours for a day's work divided by two the same rule shall be adopted as regards wages.

The first proposition is opposed to present-day humanitarian ideas.

The second, if put into operation, would bankrupt three-quarters of the contractors in the building trades who generally have long contracts unfulfilled; and most manufacturing concerns not having unlimited financial resources; while such as could outlive the storm would clean off their own books and suspend operations; while the third, which seems the only practicable method of bridging over the temporary difficulty, frankly recognizes the necessity of yielding obedience to the law of supply and demand.

So long as human nature is unchanged and selfishness exists as the basic motive for exertion, just so long, when conditions prevail requiring its enforcement, the law of supply and demand will assert its authority whether the matter involved lies in the commercial, industrial, or the intellectual nature.

This, we believe, is not always to be so, for when "the true significance of living" shall be apprehended by all, and every man, instead of trying to unload a part of his burden upon the back of another, regardless of the weight the other is laboring to carry, is, in truth, lessening the burden of his neighbor, then the law of brotherly love will supersede all human laws and men will improve with alacrity the opportunity to supply the needs of others, instead of making those needs subserve their own emolument or gratification.

E. C. W.

We respectfully refer this to Mr. Kent for answer.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Some friends sent me several copies of your journal and as an ex-Californian I was glad to find you taking the position that you do, on city, state and national affairs.

The enclosed extracts from the leading article in the Berlin Tageblatt of December 9th may be too late in reaching you to have news value, still I was interested and pleased to find a foreign journalist making such a correct diagnosis of American affairs.

Yours respectfully,
W. S. KULS

Berlin, Germany, Dec. 13, 1909.

TRANSLATION.

"It is said that in the same corner of the official office in the White House where, in President Roosevelt's time, a shining gun was accustomed to stand, to-day is placed a case well filled with judicial books. The merry fighter and wielder of the big stick who was not accustomed to mince words even in his official notices is followed by the peaceful and circumspect judge whose political principle is to reconcile opposition in wisdom and mildness. In this way a land governed by political machinery may be ruled for good or bad during a couple of years, but it is a question if that is the way a nation can be advanced in any direction. There is great risk of incurring displeasure on all sides. The President's message outlines foreign and some home matters in a very peaceful and restrained tone. The friendly smile which the President always wears on his official appearances as well as on the golf links, seems to be spread all over the message. Mr. Taft has already learned from his long circular journey, however, that his smile cannot banish the dissatisfaction gathering in all parts of the country.

"The staunch adherents of Roosevelt expect from Taft decided measures against trusts and the revision of the tariff, this time downward. The reactionaries in congress—the Cannons, Paynes and Aldriches—demand that he place himself resolutely on their side if he wishes to be re-elected three years hence.

"Roosevelt's cold-blooded successor evidently wishes to watch a little longer which way the hare runs and so he sent to congress a message in which, for the present, he carefully steers between the rocks on the right and on the left without making trouble for himself or for others. . . .

"The campaign against the misuse of power by great trusts which Taft announced in his inaugural address early in the year has not been carried out. The attitude of the friendly President toward the trusts remains yet to be seen, but the quotations on stocks in Wall street show that they expect nothing disagreeable from him."—Berlin Tageblatt.

The point of view of a German newspaper is interesting for its very remoteness. How correct the diagnosis of President Taft may be cannot be known until the present congress shows how far his leadership will be followed and until his special messages fully reveal the qualities of that leadership. But of the interest of receiving a friendly communication from an ex-Californian 6,000 miles away The California Weekly has no doubts. The letter is duly appreciated.

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

. . . "Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the To-come,
And all the dark o' the world. Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill;
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise, with thy daughters! . . .
. . . But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

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POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Too Obvious to be Probable The obvious situation on governor is that there is to be a three-cornered fight, with Curry and Gillett representing the machine, and some Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate representing the reformers. Also, there may be some "scattering" candidates, perhaps strong enough personally, but hopeless for lack of organized support. It is, for instance, thinkable that if Belshaw did not receive, or did not seek, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League indorsement, he might still run as an independent candidate affiliated with the reformers. That at least was his original intention. Stanton might play a similar role, on the side of the machine. But the main fight would still be three-cornered, with the advantage all on the side of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate. That, it is evident, is the obvious situation. But, just because it is so obvious, it is hardly conceivable that it would be permitted to develop in that way without at least some effort to prevent. The danger of dividing the machine forces is as obvious to the machine leaders as it is to every one else, and it is to be assumed that they will avoid it if they can.

Machine Hedging On the Governor At this writing, Governor Gillett's candidacy is still hinging on the determination of Mrs. Gillett. Pending that determination, the governor has been seeking its answer, all the way from Imperial to Shasta. Mrs. Gillett was in none of these places, and it was hard to resist the suspicion that somehow other oracles than hers were being consulted. However, it is known that Mrs. Gillett is very seriously opposed to the governor's running for another term, and if the determination is really left to her uninfluenced preference, Gillett will not run. The governor's own preference is to run. He likes the job, and would be glad to continue in it. Also, he has been very strongly urged, by the whole pap-sucking brigade, and by a large element of the "organization." Another element, including some of the governor's closest friends, is opposed. It is among the possibilities that the strategic situation may increase the numbers and influence of this element.

Knight's Bloviating Is Not Serious The fulmination of George Knight against the candidacy of Gillett s not to be taken too seriously. Knight simply blew off steam, one night, and the next morning "stood for" the interview. There is no need to suspect a "program." Knight does not know how to take program—not even his own. He is never quite sure himself what he is going to do next, and no one else can count on him at all. He is very fond of demonstrating his independence of the machine by adducing instances when he jumped over the traces. They are numerous and spectacular. But, also, they are merely temperamental. As an instance on the other side, will be recalled that when Knight made a speech for Dan Ryan, for mayor, he promised not to say anything about McGowan, for district attorney. He really meant to keep he promise, but somehow slipped a switch nd got on the wrong track. His latest utterance against Gillett probably betokens nothing ore serious than a personal grudge or a umboldt split. If the machine were looking r a voice it would seek a more discreet one an Knight's.

'hat "Organization" eally Consists of It is perhaps interesting to recall that in a very important sense :orge A. Knight is the official Republican rty of California. The "organization," hich arrogates to itself the name of "Regular :publican," exists literally by the fiat of night. The government of the Republican rty in California has hitherto been a self-rpetuating autocracy. The delegates to the nvention, to be sure, have chosen the state central committee, and that committee is, therefore, only one degree removed from being as representative as the delegates themselves. That is not very representative, since most of these delegates were appointed by their own committees, instead of being elected at the party primaries, but it is at least representative in form, and partly representative in substance. Such a committee, electing its own officers and choosing its own executive committee, would at least remotely resemble other American institutions. But the whole thing is an empty form. The state central committee of the Republican party in California has no functions whatever. All its functions are exercised by an executive committee, not chosen by it nor from its membership. This committee is appointed by the chairman of the convention, and it in turn picks the chairman of the next generation. So the authority is transmitted, without at any point being referred to the people for their consent. The chairman of the last state convention was this same George A. Knight. He appointed the present "organization," every man of them a well-drilled machine servitor. The appeal to Republicans to be "loyal to the regular organization" is an appeal to be loyal to that system and obedient to George A. Knight.

Labor Gravitating Toward Chas. F. Curry A local union of railroad firemen, having its situs in Sacramento, has come out with an official declaration that it is for Charles F. Curry for governor, if we may believe the daily papers; but we rather suspect that the papers are in error, since labor unions as such disclaim being in politics. All of the members of this particular union may be for Curry, but it is not probable that the union has declared for him officially. However, the gravitation of the labor union vote toward Curry is an unmistakeable sign of the times, and much as Mayor-elect McCarthy may wish to hold that vote for Governor Gillett, he will have small success in the endeavor. Some of the most irresistible movements have least basis in reason, and therefore it would not be very surprising if C. F. Curry, whose name stands for no known principle of labor unionism, and who has done nothing to entitle himself to be considered a reformer of abuses against which labor unions are contending, should be the favorite of that class of voters. Of course he has cultivated the labor unionists as voters, the same as he has other classes of voters; he has tickled all sorts and conditions of men in order to get their votes; and yet, somehow, the tradition appears to have gone out that this selfish, calculating politician is the special "friend of labor." The same kind of popular tradition attaches every now and then to a Cataline, a Robespierre and other extraordinary characters.

Labor for Good Government Ticket in Los Angeles In this same connection it is worth mentioning that in the late city election in Los Angeles, which will long be recognized as one of the most epoch-marking elections we have had in California, the districts in which the workingmen's vote is strong went against the machine and in favor of Alexander and the Good Government ticket. This fact was pointed out by the Los Angeles newspapers during the days following the election, and there is no question that it is significant. One of the favorite tricks of the machine, that consummate master of tricks, is to start some story to create a belief that the welfare of labor voters rests in voting for the machine ticket, and when no better bit of flim-flam is available, it is contended that reformers are naturally kid-gloved people—aristocrats who have a natural aversion to all who labor with their hands. But neither this nor any other artifice sufficed to keep the workingmen from voting for good government, while in several instances precincts in which the wealthy have their homes returned majorities for the machine ticket. It is true that dislike for the Los Angeles Times, which was the chief advocate of the machine ticket, may have influenced some labor voters, but lack of sympathy with machine politics was the principal influence—at least, we hope so.

Is Stanton Out For Governor? The Sacramento Union prints a signed article by Edward Insley, who is its managing editor, in which he quotes current opinion in Los Angeles to the effect that Speaker Philip A. Stanton of the assembly will soon come out as a candidate for governor. This is hardly intelligible unless the belief prevails there that Governor Gillett will not run, because Philip is too good an organization man to run unless he has the support of that combination, and he knows he cannot expect it if the governor is in the field. Although Stanton has shown brief spasms of independence on a few occasions, he has never made a hit with the anti-organization men in Los Angeles, and there would be absolutely no sense in his candidacy, as he well knows, save with the support of the machine. Maybe it is the governor's long hesitancy in declaring himself, maybe it is something else which they think they know, that leads the friends of Stanton, and apparently Stanton himself, to believe he will be in the fight. For Stanton was interviewed by the veracious Insley, and to him it was said by the possible candidate that he anticipated making some kind of announcement in a couple of weeks. Meantime he was going East to consult a medical specialist, for although the Los Angeles doctors who attended him through his recent illness think he is in trim for a campaign, he wants their judgment corroborated before he starts in. This shows the speaker in the light of prudence and might furnish a suggestion to his rivals; every sagacious candidate for gubernatorial honors should at the outset procure a physician's certificate and a life insurance policy. But in the event that Governor Gillett decides that he will not venture will the organization permit Stanton or any other aspirant to come between Curry and the goal of success?

Which One Will The Machine Drop? Considerable California state politics is done in the city of Washington, as we all found out when the present governor's first nomination for the office was given him around the banquet table there, some four years ago. The Call's special correspondent, who is in a way to hear what is being said in the capital, reports that it is current talk there that the candidate will be Gillett, if he consents to run, and if not it will be Curry. In this connection it may be added that a good deal nearer home than Washington it has been the opinion of most of the shrewd ones that it would be contrary to all rules of railroad policy, and not to be believed, that both Gillett and Curry should be allowed to run and compete with one another, when it is all but certain that to do so would be to defeat both. So far, let it be remembered, there is but one organization candidate—Secretary Curry—before the people, and he is being given an excellent opportunity to try out his strength. This is something which Mr. Herrin insists that a candidate shall do before he is picked up and adopted officially by the organization, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the present anomalous situation has been arranged especially to give Curry the chance to develop his strength and show whether he looks anything like a winner. If he does, he will presumably be adopted, and in that event Governor Gilltt will get the tip in time to decide that he has had all of the gubernatorial honors he wants. But if there are too many signs that the serious-minded Republicans of the state would not stand for a nominee of Curry's characteristics, then Gillett is in a

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position to declare himself in on the race, and possibly Mr. Curry can be persuaded that he would be sufficiently honored by being nominated for lieutenant-governor.

Watching Government In the Home County The showing of bad business methods made through grand jury investigations in Alameda, San Mateo and other counties has been extended to Sacramento, where a report was recently rendered which ought to make the taxpayers wince and the office-holders seek to dodge. It is the old story of lax ways and lavish expenditures with small results; contractors selling supplies at extravagant prices; the supervisors personally participating in the profits in a manner which more than suggests graft; lack of proper accounting methods, and inefficient enforcement of the laws intended to surround the transactions of county governments with adequate safeguards. It is shown that in certain instances articles bought by the county under contract cost 300 or 400 per cent. more than the same supplies could be bought for in the open market. Many bills were audited and paid without being itemized. One of the county supervisors is in the livery business, and his firm has rendered large bills against the county for livery hire. But the most extraordinary incident is that of a firm of small contractors, one of whose members is drawing a county salary as a constable, while the other does the same as a deputy health officer; one of the partners secured a good sized contract to build roads for the county, and the other was appointed an overseer to watch his partner and insure the work being properly done. Sacramento county is no worse, or no more unfortunate, than many other counties, in some of which similar methods in the transaction of public business have been exposed while in others the methods no doubt exist but have not been exposed as yet. California has the same experience as eastern states in finding that local government, near home as it comes to the taxpayers, is not watched any closer than government at a greater distance. The remedy to which they are turning in some of the states is state supervision of county affairs to this extent, that forms of accounting are devised by a state commission, are installed and their administration watched. An attempt to do the same in California may be expected if these revelations go on.

Sweeney Tackles A Bigger Job John W. Sweeney retires to-day from the office of secretary to the Playground Commission of San Francisco, in which office he has done most of the practical work that has been done to put the playgrounds into usable condition. But this achievement is less noteworthy than the gallant fight he made during the last campaign to assist in electing the Good Government ticket, a fight made at great personal sacrifice and at the cost of some of his intimate friendships. Mr. Sweeney has been a useful citizen of San Francisco where his shrewd judgment and knowledge of labor conditions have been potent aids in the organization of reform political movements. He leaves the playground work to tackle a bigger job, the job of beating General Otis and the open shop in Los Angeles, as organizer for the international union of pattern makers in the iron trade.

When Bwana Tumbo Gets Back Home Conflicting reports come from Washington as to the probable attitude of Theodore Roosevelt, when he returns to the United States. One very persistent report, spread with much positiveness and alleged to be based on knowledge, is that he will issue a "ringing appeal" to the country to stand by Taft and the G. O. P. According to this report, the course of President Taft, in refraining from interference with the election of Speaker Cannon, was taken with Roosevelt's advice and approval, and is only preliminary to an onslaught next time, when victory will be possible. Roosevelt recognized that the belligerent methods, which were so successful in arousing the people, were the very thing to prevent success in getting concrete action out of congress. Therefore he approved and still approves the course of

(Concluded on Page 94.)

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THE INJUSTICE OF SHIP SUBSIDY

A REPLY TO MR. GEORGE W. DICKIE'S PLEA FOR MAIL SUBVENTIONS.

By ABBOT KINNEY.

Mr. Dickie's articles on American Shipping published in your journal, are interesting and give information on the subject.

The impression left on the mind by these articles is that the one way to re-establish the American merchant marine on the ocean is by some form of bounty, bonus or subsidy.

The reasons given for this opinion are:

1st—Higher cost of steel ships in the United States than in other countries.

2nd—Higher cost of labor on American ships than under foreign flags. These two reasons creating the general fact that ocean shipping under the American flag is a losing business; and

3rd—That the United States navy, to be efficient at sea, needs auxiliary steamers and colliers.

Let us take these reasons up seriatim.

Trust Cause of High Steel.

1st—One cause of the higher cost of steel ships in the United States is the higher cost of steel. This higher cost of steel is due to a special privilege held by the American steel trust through the tariff. This monopoly can, and does sell American steel to foreign countries at a less price than the same grade of steel is sold for to Americans. The steel trust successfully competes with foreign producers and underselis them in their own markets with freight added. The special privilege held by the steel trust delegates to it the public power to tax the American people limited only by the tariff on one side and the trust combine solidarity on the other. This handicap to ship building in America can be removed by abrogating this special privilege.

Another cause of the higher price of ships is the solidarity of interest and action amongst the largest American ship builders. These are now mainly supported by government contracts and are reported and believed to generally stand pretty well together on prices. They have actually sold steel ships to foreign countries in competition with the world's builders of ships.

Another cause is alleged by Mr. Dickie to be the higher cost of labor in the building of ships. This cause is also alleged as a handicap in the necessary labor in managing ships.

Dilemma of Per Capita Wage.

If it is true that a higher per capita wage causes a higher cost of labor in production or service, we are confronted by one of two conclusions. Either the general profit derived from labor at the per capita cost prevailing in the American ship building centers is so much greater in other things than it is in ship building, or in managing ships that the enterprising people who employ labor—left to their own free choice and without holding the delegated public power to tax, or receiving taxes forced from the public directly and paid to them in bonuses or subsidies—find their profit to be in other things than ocean shipping.

The proposal of a subsidy, then, is that Americans should be taken from present profitable employments and, at the public cost and by public taxes, be induced to go into a confessedly losing business.

The other horn of the dilemma is that the governing factor in the cost of production or of service is the per capita wage paid.

If this is true, then the class conflict has no end. Far more than this; humanity under this doctrine has no hope except in some revised form of communal society in which the state owns, controls and directs all things and all persons. As this communal form has been independently worked out in various places and at various times and everywhere failed in providing acceptable and progressive conditions for mankind, we may say that the case of the per capita wage being the governing factor in the cost of production or service leaves humanity hopeless.

An Eternal Class Conflict?

Our society must then be in an eternal class conflict, in which the employer's interest is always to cut down wages and per capita pay with the ideal of the cheapest production; "human slavery" and no wages at all on the one side, and fighting labor organizations on the other side.

The interest of the employer and the wage-earner being always diverse and at swords' points, the special privileges created by the so-called protective tariff could not evade this class war in America. The tariff beneficiaries are the creators of the American class conflict. They have not kept up wages or sought to do so. In fact, one of the original reasons advanced for granting to them the public power to tax their compatriots was that the per capita cost of labor in the United States was higher than it was elsewhere. This is the same reason advanced for taking public taxes and giving them to private persons or companies to induce ship building and ship owning.

The claim that such a use of the public taxing power is justified by the general good that the holders of special privilege would do the country and the people is a claim that always has been advanced by all persons holding the delegated public power of taxing, as under the protective tariff or as in receiving direct bonuses or subsidies derived from the public taxes.

Fortunately it is not true that the per capita cost of wages is the governing factor in the labor cost of production or service.

Governing Factor In Labor Cost.

The governing factor in the labor cost of production or service is the individual energy and capacity of the laborer compared to the per capita wage. It is not the per capita wage alone.

There is a natural law of wages as there is a natural law in all things.

That law is that in the long run the individual wage must correspond to the product or service of the wage earner, leaving a wage for the capital hired and a wage or reward for the employer. With natural and free opportunity and free competition the natural law is bound to assert itself. Under such conditions, society or the state has the certainty of internal peace and the individuals of society have unlimited opportunity to improve their productive power. The risk in enterprise is mainly with the capital hired and with the employer, and not with the laborer. This fact should not be forgotten.

Many civilizations—and all of the extinct ones—have obstructed or destroyed the natural law of wages. This is now being done in the United States. The decay of the state through the decay of its individual units has always been the result. They are all down and out. This is true of all communal social organizations. They all violated the natural law of wages.

Necessity for Labor Efficiency.

It must be plain to any person of fair intelligence who gives attention to the subject of efficient labor, that a laborer in any line, to be efficient, must have a certain amount of physical and mental vigor.

To secure this condition in the laborer, there must be sufficient nutritious food, sufficient sanitary welfare in the clothing and housing and some modicum of hope and interest in the personal benefit of the work for the laborer. The hours of labor for the highest labor efficiency are limited. To exceed these hours is to injure the laborer and bring on premature incapacity with direct injury to the state.

Where wages are insufficient to secure any of these needs, it is certain that the lack of interest the laborer has will diminish his or her efficiency and it is equally certain that inadequate food supply and bad sanitary conditions must diminish physical power to work. Excessive labor hours will also reduce efficiency and safety.

There is, then, a point below which wages cannot fall without diminishing or destroying the efficiency of labor and consequently increasing the cost of labor in product or service. Per capita wages can then be very low and yet the labor cost of product can be prohibitively high.

This explains how it is that the high wage countries supply the low wage countries in general with the higher grade of products and take from them in exchange mainly those things that from climatic and other reasons they have a practical monopoly of. Of these things, we may mention coffee, pepper, spices, cocoa, cocaine, Indian hemp, mahogany, bananas, cane sugar, etc.

Even Slave Labor Not Cheap.

Even in slavery this limit to cheapening labor has been so generally recognized that we may almost say that it has been universally recognized. The slave holder provided sanitary housing, adequate energy-producing food, enough clothing to prevent loss of vitality in the worker, and generally suggested or permitted some amusement.

In addition to this, the slave holder cared for the worker when injured or sick, and in nearly all cases took care of and fed and housed and clothed those too young or too old to work.

The one thing, speaking in a broad, general way, lacking in producing efficiency in slave labor was the lack of any provision to awaken or stimulate the intellect or the individual ambition or interest.

The result of slave labor was, and always is, excessive labor cost in production or service. No slave labor country ever competed in the price of product with an economically advanced state on an otherwise similar plane of economic evolution.

This striking fact is confirmed by the experience of cotton raisers in the Southern States since the Civil War. The labor cost of raising a bale of cotton is less under the present free labor of the South with wages, or a share in the crop, than it was under the no-wage system of slave labor.

The false theory that the labor cost of any product is based on the per capita wage is a great source of the troubles between employers and employed. To whom this damnable doctrine does the most harm, it is difficult to say. The doctrine that the cheaper the per capita wage, the lower the labor cost of product or service is one of those false opinions that has a general acceptance to the certain injury of the stability and strength of any state.

The security of property is inevitably undermined by that theory. It is so palpably untrue that its continued iteration can only be attributed to the moral disease created in the United States by the great special privilege holders. The state should surely cease to delegate to these over-grown powers the opportunity and technical right to tax their fellow citizens. Such or like special privileges have in all cases and in all times, created a minority of enormous wealth and a great mass of population living from hand to mouth. The result has always been the decay of the state and the misery of the masses.

"Equal justice to all and special privilege to none," is the one sound doctrine of political economy and of political morals that should never be broken down.

Trials of Privilege in Shipping.

The doctrine of special privilege has already been adopted several times in the United States to bolster up the American merchant marine. The result of the effort to apply these special privileges to the free ocean was to create some of our most blatant graft congressional scandals. None of these shipping bonuses or subsidies gave growth or vitality

to the American merchant marine. All they did was to create a new lobby with its tradings and deals and vices.

Mr. Dickie's suggestion is to grant a part of the public taxes derived from the body of the people to certain private interests to build and conduct steamship lines by contract and for a long period of years.

He enumerates the lines and service to be in private hands and to be supported at public expense. These subsidized steamships would amount to very little compared to the great merchant marine of the British Empire under free trade and a square deal.

Such a plan of subsidy action would discourage or shut out free American competitive and un-bountied shipping enterprise. There is no reason to think that the proposed shipping subsidies would create any but subsidized lines and ships.

Mr. Dickie's English Example.

The English case Mr. Dickie cites is on an entirely different basis. The English subvention to a number of large and fast steamships not only carries an obligation to carry the mails, but also, and mainly, places those vessels at the command of the British military administration for the transport of supplies and soldiers to any threatened or endangered part of the widely scattered British Empire. There appears to be no provision for colliers. The first need of the American navy is for colliers. It does not appear that the proposed use of the public taxes for the proposed lines of American steamers would in any way fill this need.

The British contract affects so small a part of the British merchant marine, and it is so plain that it was a strictly military move and without any idea of creating a merchant marine—something already thoroughly established in Great Britain—that it does not seem to be a sound precedent to set up for the creation of a merchant marine for the United States.

The French experiments on this line have certainly been a costly failure.

Temper of Public Toward Privilege.

In addition to the above views against the use of public taxes for private benefit and for a claimed indirect public benefit, the present temper of the American public in regard to such use of the public taxes should be considered.

The opinion is growing that the public taxing power, or the public taxes, should never be given to private interests.

The abuses growing out of special privilege have become so glaring in this country, and are so generally recognized, that it is now difficult to secure new delegations of the public taxing power to private interests. It is still more difficult to procure the gift of public taxes direct to private interests.

The easiest way, therefore, to obtain government-supported steamships is to advocate the government ownership and management of such transportation enterprises.

Whatever policy may be adopted to advance American maritime interests, it is clear that the existing handicaps to these interests should be removed.

State, county and city taxes should be taken from ships engaged in foreign commerce.

This is a mere matter of plain justice. American ships in a California port and engaged in foreign commerce receive no more or greater police service or commercial advantage than foreign ships, or the ships from another state.

Injustice of Local Tax on Shipping.

While such a ship is on the high seas or in a foreign port, such public service as is rendered to it, is rendered by the United States ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, and counsuls and by the United States navy, and not at all by California or any of its cities or counties. A tax on a ship engaged in foreign commerce by California or by the city and county of San Francisco can render to it no service in return for the tax. It is, therefore unjust.

Such a tax as California and its ports now impose on American ships engaged in foreign commerce is not imposed by other foreign local governments and not even by other American seaboard states with important shipping interests. There is either no such tax or one nominal compared to the California tax.

This local and state taxation in California on American ships in foreign commerce has proved to be a prohibition to such ownership.

We find that, regardless of the local ownership of the few American ships left in the foreign business, none of them are registered in California. Owners will register in England, or Honolulu, or Belgium, or in New York state, or anywhere, except in California. Not one important sea-going ship trading to a foreign port is believed to be registered in California. This tax is a prohibition tax.

Obscene Literature and Ships!

Another prohibition in the national laws prohibits the importation into the United States of obscene literature and ships.

This pleasing and patriotic classification has been more effective in preventing the importation of ships than it has been in preventing the importation of obscene literature.

No other country commits this folly, as to ships.

The result of their prohibition is to invite the creation of a steel trust and a ship building trust, if none such now existed.

Our people can pay the tax and the fine for purchasing things similar to the American protected products abroad. There is, therefore, some limit to the delegated power of public taxation held by the great trusts. Only in obscene literature and ships is the protection of the trust complete. Even in this, there is the possibility of smuggling in bad moral things, while there is no chance at all to smuggle in a ship.

There are a number of other things in the federal navigation laws that are handicaps and discouragements to shipowning, and that urgently demand change.

These laws, as a whole, are a relic of barbarism. Every civilized country has abandoned the American procedure in these maritime matters.

England abandoned a similar line of policy to its great advantage first of all and in the early forties.

Give shipping enterprise a square deal and try that before resorting to the trades, lobbying and scandals of subsidy.

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THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

THEY had parted in anger five years before. The motherless girl and the busy, imperious father had often clashed over the discipline of governesses and chaperones. These pale and proper females had tried conscientiously enough to earn their wages but they could not understand the odd, passionate and self-willed girl committed to their charge. Their usefulness as guardians and mentors was exactly limited to the fact of their sex. It did not extend to the insight and patience of the mother in whose stead they stood.

The end had come when the last of the line of these ladies who attempted this difficult relation demanded that she be allowed to open and censor Ruth's correspondence. Miss Allen was the last person to whom such a charge would naturally be committed. The cold and precise annals of her life included no chapter of romance, and Ruth was at the age when that is the most interesting chapter in the book. Miss Allen made the demand and Ruth indignantly, rudely, spurned it.

That night the father came home to a house full of dissension. Mr. Van Altren was used to the emergencies of business. His practical mind seized the details of a situation quickly; his executive habit made him declare his instant and unalterable decision. "No" was never repeated at 59 Wall street, and Mr. Van Altren harbored a secret pride in the smoothly working mechanism of his office. With such a habit of mind he met the situation at home. He heard Miss Allen's brief and formal statement of the case. It was plain that to override Miss Allen would be to encourage insubordination and to weaken the executive responsibility of Ruth's manager. His answer was as incisive as a military command. Ruth must yield.

To-night, as he sat alone in the wide house beside an open window, and after the lapse of five years, it did not seem so plain. The practical side of it appeared as simple as ever, but the happenings of those five years had left a doubt of this having been merely a practical problem. Unknown quantities had entered into it, causing unimagined results. Ruth had not acquiesced. She had denied the justice of his parental authority, she had pleaded, she had wooed his consent with caresses, she had wept. Finally, she had risen in a mood he had never seen before, of tigerish wrath and defiance, and had left him in his library, a very angry and badly confounded gentleman.

The next morning she was absent from the breakfast table. A note in her room announced that she was of age, that she had left her family roof and that she would not return. Within the following month Mr. Van Altren had made sure of her safety, across the continent in a small California town, and Miss Allen had joined the shadowy memory of her predecessors, thanking her stars that she had been delivered from the task of lion tamer, as she phrased it.

Mr. Van Altren had admitted no thought of reconciliation to his mind. He had kept himself informed of Ruth's whereabouts and waited for her to return in contrition. He waited in vain. Two years later he had been enraged to learn of her marriage, described by his agent, a young lawyer in the western town, as being a union with "a fairly prosperous German rancher who has recently taken out his first naturalization papers." Mr. Van Altren had thereupon promptly dismissed his agent with a curt note and a large final check, and from that day received no word of Ruth.

But to-night as he sat by the open window a mood of wistfulness, almost of regret, came on him. The night was hot and he sat in darkness, looking out across Fifth avenue, where the carriages and automobiles streamed by, across to the trees and somber shadows and dim lamps in Central Park. The roar of the city's traffic, beating against his ears like the roar of a surf on the beach, was a sort of companionship, impersonal but familiar. But at his back he felt the vacancy of the mansion's rooms and the isolation of his splendid mastery there. Even the companionship of the city outside held no intimacy for him. The only things that suggested any personal relation to himself, to the self of his wistful mood, were the stars that shone above the glamour of the city and above the darkness of the trees. They, at least, shone also above his own flesh and blood, even though she were far in that West which was as foreign and as savage as the Congo to his eyes. He rose late from his solitary watch by the window, and with a new resolve in his mind. He would make a coup, as he had often made in business; he would enter this dark continent of the West and wrench from it the one object in it that held his heart's desire.

He took a train for the West the next morning. Chicago had been, always, to his mind the limit of the habitable world. Thence, as the train rolled through the rich green of Missouri and Kansas cornfields and mounted the solemn slope to the continental divide, he felt a contemptuous disregard of his first frontier. But when he encountered the long stretches of desert in New Mexico, Arizona, and California, a new feeling of interest arose in his mind. These mighty distances of silence and the huge bowl of unbroken sky appealed to the sense of power and space in his own soul. Here was an arena he could understand, the strong man face to face with a tremendous mood of Nature.

The train set him down at Fresno, then a small town. His earlier feeling of disgust rose again. Flat, dusty, hot, inelegant, the town seemed to him to have the rawness of impossible barbarism. How Ruth could have endured this place after her breeding in New York, he could not understand. He was destined to sterner shocks. His inquiries as to the location of the ranch of one Henry Schmidt brought the information that it was twenty miles to the north, in the wheat country. A livery team and driver took him at once toward it.

Riding through the "hogwallow" land north of Fresno in the heat of a summer day is hot work. Mr. Van Altren sorely resented it. He was in no mood to appreciate now the vast level spaces, undulating in miles of wheat to the northern horizon, unbroken by tree or house or fence; nor to feel the thrill that rises in the heart of the native at the sight of the great range looming smokily toward the zenith at the east. His humor was one of irritation when he reached the ranch of "one Henry Schmidt."

This was almost the hardest shock, the ranch with its broad wheat fields flowing in every direction, its windmill, its few struggling sprouts of trees, its unpainted house and its far more pretentious barn.

The meeting with Ruth was the climax of the rising scale of his disillusionments. Clad in a loose calico print dress, with a blue sunbonnet shielding her eyes, her face tanned by the sun, she was a striking contrast to the Ruth he remembered, of the trim figure and rich attire and rosy cheeks. She greeted him cordially but not effusively, and as, after kissing her and holding her at arm's length, he looked into her eyes, he saw that they no longer danced as they had done of old, but looked steadily, with a grave interest that saw not only objects but apparently what lay behind the objective view. He was surprised and shocked, too, to see two little urchins clinging to her skirts, around which they peered at him distrustfully.

The interior of the house, whither Ruth led him, was a relief. The bareness of the rooms was lightened by some touches of her old instinct for beauty. Even the cheap furniture was a little glorified by a skillful arrangement.

But Mr. Van Altren was not at ease. He felt suddenly that he had come on an absurd mission; he had come to ask a woman, no longer a headstrong girl, a wife with children, to leave her husband and to follow an old man who happened to be her father back to the East. These sunburnt lads, with their uncouth wildness, had no place in the scheme of a Fifth avenue mansion. He talked indifferently of indifferent things. Maybe the husband could be bribed to settle on a farm upstate in New York. He would see him first, and perhaps suggest it.

Schmidt came in after a while for his supper.

"Henry, this is my father, Mr. Van Altren. Mr. Schmidt, papa."

They shook hands. The elegant figure of the New Yorker looked strangely out of place before the magnificent physical specimen which belonged naturally to the scene. Schmidt was six feet six and broad shouldered and muscular. His boyish, good-natured face clouded as he shook hands.

"You are welcome, sir. It iss my home where I say it. Elsewhere, no."

Mr. Van Altren flushed, but quickly recovered. He spoke slowly.

"You are right, sir. I ask your hospitality only long enough for an evening's talk with my daughter. I shall return to the East tomorrow."

After supper, Schmidt and Mr. Van Altren smoked together on the back porch, while Ruth cleared up the dishes. When she came out, removing her apron, Schmidt arose.

"I shall sleep. Goot night."

He entered the house, his huge bulk filling the doorway as he passed through it. Ruth sat down by her father and they watched, in silence, the harvest moon rise, golden and magnified, over the eastern rim, and diminish and turn to silver, bathing the landscape in the softly dazzling light of a Californian night. The solemnity of great spaces and the mystery of vast solitudes fell deeply upon father and daughter. His cigar seemed a desecration; with an unconscious emotion of reverence, he let it die and fall. At length he spoke:

"Daughter, I have been a hard man, used to the harsh dealings of business. I forgot once that home is not business and that girlhood is not subject to the rules of Wall street. I was wrong. A week ago I sat alone in New York, under these same stars, and felt as if the world were a vacant place without you at my side. I want you there; I need you; I have come here with repentance for the past and with the assurance of my devotion for the future—come to take you back with me, to be the strength of my old years—I'm getting old—to give you everything you want, money, time, love, everything. I ask only forgiveness and love in return. We'll go back to-morrow and begin again, with a better understanding, forgetting the past, or remembering it only as a warning to me. To-morrow, Ruth, we'll go, won't we, child?"

He had begun slowly. He ended rapidly, intense with earnestness. He held out his hands to her—he had risen—pleadingly. Ruth sat with her hands folded in her lap, her eyes looking past him, over the undulating miles of wheat, past the silver moon, beyond the stars. She shook her head slowly.

"No. I'm sorry for you, father. Don't mistake my meaning. I would gladly do anything I could do to make you happy. I know what happiness is, and—the lack of it. Forgive me, I shouldn't have said that. But you don't understand. This is home, that is my husband in there, those are my children. You gave me money, you gave me an education, you gave me the luxuries of life, all the amusements that money could buy. I had my fling, at the theatres, with fine clothes, at dances, everything society and money could give. I was fortunate beyond thousands. I had my own way, too, in most things—too much my own way. Henry does not allow it. He is strict. I must do my work, I may not spend, I must bring children into the world, I must serve them and him.

"You think that makes me unhappy. I should have thought so in those days. It does

not. I am content. No, more than that, much more than that—I am very happy. I am a wife. Where he goes, I will go. What he commands, I will do. His is the will in this household. He may be selfish, at times. Good; my happiness is to be unselfish, to make sacrifices. I have a temper, as you know. It is my happiness to know that he will not permit it to appear. I am naturally indolent; it is my happiness to know that my children must be cared for, that I must work.

"You will say this is all paradox, all contradiction. You don't know women. You tried to rule me only once. Rebellion was easy. He rules always. Submission is easier. Still contradictions. But when my first born came I went where no man goes: I went down into the valley of the shadow, I went to the gate of death and stood there, how long God only knows, and there I saw far beyond those farthest stars. Men go near to death and return, but they go unwillingly. I went for love of the child that lay at my breast when I returned. I came back a different woman. I came back without fear, and brought the vision with me. When I am weary, I know—I have seen—the place where weariness ends. When I am rebellious, I know the place where all things are at peace. When I make sacrifices, they are nothing, for I have seen those who made them in this world, and their infinite reward.

"The man in there asleep—his love led me to that brink, his arm was under my head when I shook hands with death, his arm drew me back, his face was in mine when they handed me the child. He is rude, he talks brokenly, he has no elegance nor frivolous pleasures to offer me. But he is a man all through; he is my man. He would not leave this place."

Far off the bark of a coyote called lonesomely across the wheat. The night wind rustled the undulating miles, making silvery waves and breakers of the stalks. For a long time neither Ruth nor her father spoke. At length she arose and led him to his room. He stooped and kissed her as he had not saluted any one since the night her mother had gone and had not come back. He held her in his arms a moment, and kissed her again. Unconsciously he spoke as if he were again in New York.

"Please ask George to have my carriage ready at eight."

Political Table Talk—Concluded.

Taft, and will say so, when he gets back. So depose numerous witnesses, who profess with much positiveness that they "know." Against them is the asseveration of other witnesses equally numerous, equally positive and equally credible, who allege that Roosevelt had already lost faith in Taft before he left the White House; that he said so with tears in his eyes, and that he promised, when he left, to come back and get into the thick of the fight. These witnesses predict that the former president will return and put himself at the head of the insurgents, in a spectacular fight against the conservatism of the administration. It is a case of contradictory reports, all based on credible evidence. Possibly both have a basis of truth, with the choice between them depending on a big "if" which both forget to mention.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The Oxnard Courier reports that considerable damage was done to orange and lemon trees in that vicinity by recent heavy winds.

A company has been organized for the purpose of growing oranges on a 260-acre tract of land near Orosi, Tulare county.

A large number of the interior newspapers of California issued attractive holiday editions.

It is reported that an electric line soon will be constructed from Stockton to the mining regions of Calaveras county. It will pass through a very fertile part of San Joaquin county.

H. H. Muller and Robert Walker have purchased the Vallejo Times, and hereafter it will be managed by them.

The electric railroad from Lodi to Sacramento has been completed as far as the Mokelumne river.

TAFT ON THE GRIDIRON.

The latest jinks of the famous Gridiron Club, composed of Washington newspaper correspondents, is thus reported by the New York Sun:

President Taft was the Gridiron Club's guest of honor at the club's December dinner, held tonight in the banquet hall of the New Williard Hotel. Mr. Taft sat at the right of President Henry Hall of the club, and on Mr. Hall's left was Vice-President Sherman. At the several tables, arranged so as to give semblance to the shape of a gridiron, were members of the Diplomatic Corps, Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of States, public officials, officers of the army, the navy and the Marine Corps, editors and writers, financiers and many men of national prominence.

Members of the club posing as politicians gathered in front of the place where the President sat and sang the song which gave President Hall the opportunity of introducing Mr. Taft in an appropriate manner. There was a solo and a chorus to the tune of "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid." This is the way the chorus went:

We love, we love, we love Roosevelt,
But oh, you Taft,
He's gone away to Af-ri-ca,
But oh, you Taft.

He said he would come back again
And thereupon we laughed.
We love, we love, we love Roosevelt,
But oh, you Taft.

One of the skits had to do with President Taft's expressed desire for beef and cabbage after he had been fed to surfeit with fancy dishes on his recent 13,000 mile journey. An Alaskan restaurant keeper, sent to Washington by Governor Clark of that Territory for the purpose, appeared with his chef to get pointers for entertaining the President on his expected visit to Alaska next year. When the President's desire for plain foods was made known to the Alaskans they promised with enthusiasm to execute orders at once, just to show what they could do. The chef went to the kitchen and took the orders from his boss, who was an adept in the slang nomenclature of cheap eating houses.

Captain Archibald W. Butt, Mr. Taft's military aide and the guardian of the President's digestion, made known through a club member that "a distinguished guest who didn't want his name mentioned" would like a plate of hash with red peppers and tabasco sauce. "Roosevelt's policies for one!" shouted the restaurant keeper to his chef.

Postmaster General Hitchcock asked for something he enjoyed very much in the last political camgain, when he was chairman of the Republican national committee. It was breast of chicken with wings attached and boiled dumplings. "Angel with the dough!" guests heard the loud voiced chef verifying it back in the kitchen with "Charles P. Taft for one!"

Speaker Cannon wanted to get his teeth on something that would remind him of Representative Murdock of Kansas, the red-haired insurgent leader of the House. "One red-headed duck and let the blood drip!" was the order to the chef. Then there was Attorney-General Wickersham, who sent word that he had a taste for lobster with the claws removed. His order went to the kitchen as "One busted trust!" "Oh, sugar!" was the chef's comment.

At one point in these proceedings a French waiter threw the hash order on the floor because he objected to having it called "Roosevelt's policies."

"Git his name and we'll have him fired!" demanded the restaurant man.

"He says his name is Pinchot," answered the chef.

"Oh, that makes a difference; they'll never fire Pinchot," the restaurant man declared.

"Here's a picture that my aunt painted," said Mrs. Keepouse, showing a visitor through the flat. "It's a pretty frame, though."—Newark Evening News.

PERSONALIA

In his petition for an injunction against houses that are infringing upon the five-foot shelf idea, Dr. Eliot divulges the fact that before taking up the scheme he secured the unanimous approval of the president and fellows of Harvard University, even for the use of the name of "The Harvard Classics."

The Rhodes scholarship from Pennsylvania for 1910 has been awarded to A. P. Kelso, Jr., of Pittsburg. The successful candidate is a graduate of Washington and Jefferson university, and is now a senior in the Western theological seminary. He is a son of Rev. A. P. Kelso of Dehradun, India, and is twenty-three years old.

The Rev. Dr. S. Manheimer, professor in Hebrew in Union College, dropped dead December 18th, in Cincinnati, while in conversation with Dr. G. Deutsch, his colleague in the Hebrew college faculty. Heart disease was the cause of death. He was one of the best known figures in Jewish educational circles throughout the country.

George W. Breck, who for the past five years has been director of the American School of Art in Rome, has just returned, and has taken a New York studio. One of the important things executed by him while in Rome was the group of mosaics for the facade of the Episcopal Church there, completing the work started by Burne-Jones. The mosaics are said to have a high character of design well within the normal limits of the material.

Lord Morley, who is now well past seventy years of age, is described by one who saw him recently as much enfeebled physically. His speech on the budget a fortnight ago was delivered with a weak voice, although it was fully up to the Morley standard in intellectual power. The burden of governing India the past four years has been exceedingly wearing upon him, and it is probable that he would not continue at the Indian office under another administration, should the liberals win the elections.

Joseph Lomax, long a resident of Laporte, Ind., now making his home with his daughter in Indianapolis, celebrated his 100th birthday on December 19th. His faculties are unimpaired. His health is excellent. Mr. Lomax for many years was a partner with Wilbur F. Storey in the publication of the Chicago Times. He is credited with being the oldest Scottish Rite Mason and Knight Templar in the United States. He was born in North Carolina, December 19, 1809, going to Indiana in 1816.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, in his annual report to the trustees, offers the following comment on the elective system, which, first applied by President Eliot of Harvard, has influenced in some degree the curricula of all American universities: "The free elective system has broken down wherever it has been tried. It is now everywhere to be superseded by a definite and controlled plan of study which will not attempt to fit one curriculum to every student, but which, rather, will make as many curricula as there are students, that each may satisfy his own intellectual needs and receive the training which it is best for him to have, while having his own individuality studied and respected." This follows hard upon the announcement that the new head of Harvard will discontinue the elective system in the very house of its origin.

The Rest Is Understood.

The Wayside Philosopher—Suppose you hear two men talking, one says, "He did," and the other says, "He didn't," who are they talking about?

His friend—Peary, of course.

"But suppose one says, 'He will,' and the other says, 'He won't,' who are they talking about then?"

"Aw, come off! What's the use of dragging President Taft into our conversation?"

SHEAR WIT

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—" "Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"—Washington Herald.

"Josiah, what is the house of lords?" "It's one branch of the British parliament. You've heard of the House of Commons, haven't you?" "Ye-es." "Well, the Lords are the uncommons."—Chicago Tribune.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate, according to the London Daily News, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of pig stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

"So you run your own motor car!" "Certainly," answered Mr. Chuggins. "Wouldn't think of trusting its delicate mechanism to a chauffeur." "And you know just what to do in case anything goes wrong?" "Yes. Push her up to the side of the road and telephone to the repair shop."—Washington Star.

The editor wrote: "About 60 per cent. of the total revenue of civilized nations goes for military expenditures." The intelligent compositor, who was a married man, and who had something on his mind, set it up: "About 60 per cent. of the total revenue of civilized nations goes for millinery expenditures."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Berlin financier, who had celebrated his eightieth birthday about a quarter of a year previously, fell very sick. His business friends visited him and tried to cheer him up. "You, with your strong constitution, will come out of this sickness all right," said one. "God will leave you with us until ninety at least." The sick financier smiled and said: "Why should he wait to take me at ninety when he can have me at eighty and one-quarter?"—American Hebrew.

An elderly lady from the East, with a passion for botanical studies, goes into the cowboy's country, builds a small house, and begins her work of collecting specimens. Absorbed one day at her work far out on the prairie, she sees a cowboy riding toward her as for life. When within call, he cries out, "Your house is on fire!" What the botanic lady expected in way of news is unreported, but she said to the cowboy, "Oh, is that all?" Whereupon the amazed ranchman exclaimed, "Well, God bless my soul, Madam, that's all I think of at the present moment, but I'll look around the country and see if I can find something to interest you," and rides away.—"As Others See us."

Leslie M. Shaw, ex-secretary of the treasury, was discussing with a correspondent a financial muddle, says the New York Tribune. "They lied," said the famous financier, "but as with Hugh Ralston, of Castana, their lying was absurd. When I was in the banking business in Charter Oak there was a young coal heaver of Castana who courted a Charter Oak girl. His name was Hugh Ralston, and he pretended to be a banker. But one afternoon the girl happened to visit Castana, and she saw Hugh hurrying home for supper, as black as the ace of spades. He would have dodged past without speaking, but the girl held him up. 'Why, Hugh,' she said reproachfully, 'I thought you were a banker!' 'Ah,' he said, 'we've had a terrible day of it to-day, cleaning all the ink wells.'"

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking," as applied to our railway system, says London Bit-Bits. "Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?" "The booking office," replied one of the lads. "Right," responded the teacher. At the moment his eyes fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said. "Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded. "Wot, sir?" asked that youth, innocently. "As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?" Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying: "Pawn his tools!"

THE REVEREND FATHER O'KEEFE.

BY J. H.

(For The California Weekly.)

At the place where that exquisite view is,
As up from the ocean we came,
We stopped at the Mission San Luis
By the river that bears the same name;
'Tis there that a man that I knew is
And this is my purpose, in brief:
To tell how we talked,
As we quietly walked,
With the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

Near the door was a brother confessing
A man with a very dark look;
He must have been years in transgressing,
The long time absolving him took.
They were dipping and kneeling and blessing,
And some showed the traces of grief:
And the man of mild mien
Who's the soul of this scene
Is the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

Where the soft-filtered sunlight was playing,
Some standing, some kneeling, some prone,
Near the altar the brothers were praying,—
Diego, Juan, Pedro, Anton,—
In attitudes painful, dismaying—
The cross and its stations in chief;
"With practice they're not
Such a difficult lot,"
Said the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

In grim, incontestable token,
The graves of two centuries lay,
The most of them ancient and broken,
Some wet with the tears of to-day,
Where women walked softly, low-spoken,
The reaper had garnered his sheaf.
"The dead who rest there
Have no need of our care,"
Said the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

He showed us the tiles he was baking,
He showed us the wells he had bored,
The arches and walls he was making,
The cloisters already restored,
The echoes of decades rewaking;
"For Time, that old arrogant thief,
Had stolen as much
As he ever dared touch,"
Said the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

I showed him a five dollar billet:
He knew it; he took it; he said:
"I thank you and bless you, God will it,"
With a bend of his body and head—
"The earth is the Lord's, we but till it;
This bill, like the fruit and the leaf,
The rains and the dews,
It is ours but to use,"
Said the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

The bell told the time for our going,
The altar grew distant and dim;
With a look that was kindly and knowing,
He hitched up his robe around him.
His hooded brown habit full-flowing,
And tucked the bill into a reef:
"The money is thine,
But the use, it is mine,"
Said the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

'Tis a truth and I cannot refuse it,
I learned from that five-dollar bill,
In giving it I did not lose it,
But banked it down there on that hill;
It is mine, but the man who doth use it,
In spreading belief and relief
Mid the men of his day
On the San Luis Rey,
Is the Reverend Father O'Keefe.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
(The German Bank.)

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

526 California street.

Mission Branch: 2572 Mission street, near 22d.
Richmond District Branch: 432 Clement street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

N. W. Corner California and Montgomery streets.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1st. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of January will receive dividend from January 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of The California Weekly, in Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

ADOLPH ZEIS,
Administrator of the estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 23, 1909.
CARY HOWARD,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. ..... Dept.....

PETITION.

Now comes THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California, and established, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, by A. J. PILLSBURY, its editor and manager, and sets forth the following facts, and avers, to-wit:

That the said newspaper is, and for upwards of one year next preceding the making and filing of this petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year preceding the date of this petition;

That said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes.

Wherefore petitioner prays that upon due notice and proceedings had for that purpose, the court will render a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing the standing of petitioner, the said CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. PILLSBURY,
Its Editor and Manager.

W. H. PAYSON,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco. ss.

A. J. PILLSBURY, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the manager and editor of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioning newspaper in the above entitled proceeding; that he has read the foregoing petition, and knows the contents thereof; that the same is true of his own knowledge, except as therein stated on information or belief, and as to those matters, he believes it to be true.

A. J. PILLSBURY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1909.

[Seal.] A. J. HENRY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No..... Dept.....

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on to-wit, the 31st day of December, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m., THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, the petitioner named in the above entitled action, intends to apply to the said court, Department No. 12, at No. 216 McAllister Street, in said city and county, for the order, decision and judgment mentioned in Section 4462 of the Political Code of the State of California, ascertaining and establishing its standing as a newspaper of general circulation, as that term is defined in Section 4460 of said Political Code.

Dated November 29, 1909.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY,
By A. J. Pillsbury, its Manager and Editor.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Duties and Powers of the Governor.

No officer, not even the President of the United States, it is believed, has a greater variety of duties to perform, nor does any one have a greater diversity of interests called to his attention in the course of a year. In addition to making appointments by the hundred, or, including notaries public, by the thousand, signing and vetoing bills, approving land patents, granting or refusing pardons and commutations, extraditing fugitives from justice, issuing proclamations and responding to innumerable calls for his appearance on all kinds of public occasions, the governor is required to give a large amount of time to the work of boards and commissions of which the statutes make him a member. In the State Board of Examiners, State Board of Education, Capitol Commission, and Lunacy Commission he is chairman and his presence at many of their meetings is indispensable. Indeed, in the first named, which consists of only three regular members, he is often required to perform a large amount of routine labor in the auditing of claims, which, of course, is an unreasonable arrangement. In the Lunacy Commission and the Board of Education, or in its important offshoot, the text-book committee, he is brought in touch with a good many really serious questions of policy.

This is still more the case with the Advisory Board of the State Engineering Department, a newly-created branch of the government, which possesses the power of direction in the erection of state buildings, construction of roads, river improvement work and, in fact, nearly all public improvements prosecuted by the state. In this one department alone contracts amounting to millions are let, and engineering and architectural problems arise for solution. The governor may not have much first-hand knowledge of these things, but his position gives him the controlling voice in deciding them. Then, in addition to these boards, there are scores of others, great and small, of which he is either legally or in practical effect a member; to attend all their meetings would take more time than the governor has at his disposal, but there is no one of these boards, however unimportant, whose affairs may not, at any time, come up to the governor through formal or informal appeal.

"He is to supervise the official conduct of all executive and ministerial officers" is one of the declarations of the Political Code in relation to the governor. It would be difficult to explain the exact nature or limits of the authority thus conveyed. Ordinarily the other elected state officers, whose duties are defined strictly by statute, pursue their way without interference by the governor, who seldom knows the details of affairs in their offices; a gubernatorial investigaton of one of the other offices is rare—almost unknown—but the right to call for and make it no doubt exists.

It is different with the vastly ramified affairs of the state institutions—prisons, reform schools, normal schools, university, asylums for insane, home for feeble-minded and a good many others, all of which are governed by boards whom the governor appoints. These boards and commissions are mindful of their creator, and most of them honor him as men ought to, but often do not, honor their God. It is their confirmed habit to "pass up to the governor" new or difficult problems and more especially their internal dissensions and troubles. Over many a conflict of which no word comes to the ears of the public, the governor exercises the authority of arbitrator.

The portion of his time which a governor can spend in actually doing things is limited as compared with that which he must spend in talking or writing about them, but this does not show misdirected effort, because it is through his innumerable conferences that the governor affects the acts of a multitude of other people who are doing things. There are few members of the legislature who do not go to see the governor either before they introduce a bill of importance or as soon as it has been started on its way; the governor's control over legislation commences not merely as soon as the legislature meets but long before, because he has scarcely been elected when there are senators and assemblymen seeking to know his "program" and either to follow it or to modify it. Every day of the session the governor holds a continuous levee for anxious members who never forget that the fate of their measure is in his hand. Concurrently with all of this activity, citizens from the most distant parts of the state are coming to the capital daily, sometimes singly and sometimes in delegations, to advocate or oppose bills, and all of them seek to interview the governor. And, then, the governor's mail in legislative times! But it will require a whole chapter to tell what comes in the governor's mail.

Medal for Late Architect.

The gold medal of the American Architects, awarded to the late Charles Follen McKim, was presented to his long-time partner, William R. Mead, at the memorial exercises in the Corcoran art gallery in Washington. Honor was paid to him for his large services to architecture, and especially for his work in making the nation's capital beautiful by his labors in planning the esthetic recension of the city and the renewal of the White House.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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J. W. Davis

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A WORD TO THE PARENT

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16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

his Week: "A FAIR VALUATION OF SPRING VALLEY."

—By Thomas E. Haven.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JANUARY 7 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH·GOOD COURAGE·GOOD HUMOR

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Hail and Farewell!

O-MORROW, THE NEW MAYOR of San Francisco takes the oath of office, and the old retires. It is the last day of lull of peace which intervenes between election and the in-uration of a new regime. In those amber days the rancor of isanship against the outgoing administration softens, and the ets of disappointed friends are forgotten. At such a moment well to say that the departing mayor has done his best and e it with sincere devotion and much courage. It is also pleas- and just to say that the retiring supervisors have wrought equal courage and devotion, and that they leave as their ument a large body of constructive legislation of enduring efit to San Francisco. The city government of to-morrow es from other stock, with undetermined talents. Change al- s wounds, and a fresh crop of critics will begin to bud to-row night. Mr. McCarthy and his friends and Mr. Fickert his friends have a large opportunity for service. They will e an equal measure of responsibility. To-morrow they have r day. So, hail, McCarthy! And farewell, good doctor!

Water.

HE HETCH-HETCHY BOND ELECTION will be held next Friday. The supreme importance of the issue to be led then urges every one who is convinced of the necessity acquiring that source of supply to use every effort to convince friends that they should be of like mind. The California ekly is so convinced. We print this week an article by Mr. en, the assistant city attorney of San Francisco, which re- s the charge that the bonds, as they will be issued if voted, ed the legal limit. It also explains why the purchase price pring Valley is necessarily higher than the valuation used by city in determining water rates. We have held over for next k Dr. Charles R. Brown's third article on modern labor unions nake space for this urgently timely article. San Francisco not soon again have such an opportunity to acquire a per- al source of pure water. Her citizens must not let this chance y. Vote the bonds!

A Suggestion to Freeholders.

UR CALIFORNIA CITIES now use the no-party ballot in nunicipal elections. Three of these cities chose reform ad- strations at their latest elections. Mr. Heney recently de- d his conviction, as the ripe judgment of his long political rience, to be that this ballot is the most effective weapon which the hands of the soldiers for good government may tted. The sentiment of a large recent gathering of progres- citizens, informally expressed, was that the adoption of this t by these four cities is the most significant concrete achieve- t of the reform movement in California. Many other cities now planning to amend their present charters or to adopt ones. Here is a suggestion for their boards of freeholders.

A Sigh of Relief.

IE FIRST OF THE PRESIDENT'S special messages goes to congress too late for comment in these columns. It, and romised successors, will be the first definite measure of Taft. will disclose the qualities of his statesmanship, and before next week is past we shall all know whether the smile has en an encouragement to the progressive forces in congress in the executive arm of the government, or whether its light s only for the pure reactionaries and the "good dogs" of the Aldrich-Payne-Cannon-Ballinger organization. Either way, it will be a relief to know. The recent months have been full of uneasy doubts and growing perturbations. That only one week lies between us all and the opportunity to weigh the President by his own scales is cause for gratitude.

Snow Men.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT had his innings in many parts of California the other day. He emerged from an obscurity that must be peculiarly galling, because California is still too youthful to take much stock in the Oldest Inhabitant. After emerging he announced in oracular tones that "this is the first snow in this town in twenty-eight years." Which is probably true and is certainly a remarkable record in an easterner's eyes. But the young inhabitants were more to be congratulated. It was the first snowstorm of a lifetime for them, probably the last for many. They made the most of it, as in Fresno, for instance, with dozens of snow men. Which is, perhaps, the most striking fact of all, that there they should have snow men at one end of the season and sun-cured raisins at the other. Versatile California!

The Graft Recessional.

A TRUST COMPANY MORALLY IN PARTNERSHIP with a house of ill-fame, and a notorious gambler re-elected to the directorate of an exclusive club, are regarded as symptoms of a diseased spot in the business and social body of a city by the committee appointed to investigate graft and graft prosecutions in San Francisco. Two other symptoms, by them described, are the president of a bar association re-elected to head that association after the disclosure of doubtful professional relations with a traction franchise which was investigated by the grand jury, and the published confession of the San Francisco Chronicle that it sold its news columns to disseminate the false and injurious impression that a court decision was adverse to the widow who was one party to the suit. We hardly conceive that there will be any fault found with that committee's conclusions. We would add, however, that, though the moral delinquency is about the same in all these instances, the greatest evil of the four, in its effect upon the public, is the venal distortion of the daily news.

Subsidized Burbank.

SHOULD BURBANK BE SUBSIDIZED? The Carnegie institution has been subsidizing him, and now comes rumor that the subsidy is to be withdrawn, on the ground that Burbank has been "commercialized" by his exploiters. The charge may be true, but the remedy is not to withdraw the subsidy. If any man is worth putting beyond the concerns of personal care, it is Luther Burbank. But he needs a guardian to protect him from his fool friends. Burbank, be it remembered, is neither a scientist nor a business man. He is a horticulturist, with a unique and valuable genius. But he is "good stuff" for promoters to exploit in other capacities. So the book men got at him first, and had him get up a set of volumes, good enough in themselves, but spoiled by the methods by which they were exploited. Then the Law Brothers undertook to incorporate him as a business institution. The thing to do with Burbank is to let him alone and make others let him alone. He can only work in his own way. Let him work that way, and supply him with means to do it. And surround him with a fence, booster-tight and promoter-high.

THE COMPLETE REPORT OF THE GRAFT COMMITTEE IN THIS ISSUE.

NOW FOR THE WATER BONDS.

As the flight of the sparrow is to that of the eagle, so is the importance to San Francisco of the Geary street railroad bonds compared with that of the water bonds on which the city will vote January 14th. Though we are disposed to believe the Geary street election went the right way, it might have gone the other way without seriously jeopardizing the future of San Francisco; but the same cannot be said of the water issue, which is vital.

Now, if ever, the citizens of this metropolis are called on to act upon the larger views of public policy. There is a wisdom of the little and a wisdom of the great. The former is the better for everyday affairs, which are made up of petty details, and its axioms are keep out of debt and pay as you go; don't rush into experiments; don't pay too much for your whistle. The greater wisdom is called for when purchasing something more valuable than whistles, or when determining the policy which shall guide a city for a century. A rule which is good for the question of an hour may be inapplicable to a century's problem, and there is a certain point at which daring becomes the only real prudence. The California Weekly is profoundly impressed with the belief that the hour of San Francisco's fate is going to strike January 14th, when the Hetch-Hetchy and Spring Valley bond issues will both be voted on.

A discussion of the Hetch-Hetchy question in all of its phases has been had in the columns of this paper, and as we have heretofore declared, we are convinced that not to seize the advantage of a Sierra water supply while it is available would be an irremediable blunder. No one can say that if this opportunity should be neglected, another would offer, considering how rapid is the march of development in the utilization of the limited water supplies of California. It requires some courage to vote a debt of $45,000,000 upon a city, but to follow the promptings of timidity would in this case be to take the greater risk.

We are no less clear that the buying out of Spring Valley, and thus closing a long chapter of profitless strife and scandal, is a necessity. The advantage of getting rid of the greatest corrupting influence in the city's politics and of insuring the inauguration of a municipally-owned water system under the most favorable conditions would be enormous. It is said that the price to be paid, $35,000,000, is excessive by several millions, inasmuch as not long since the combined stock and bond values of the corporation were not over $27,000,000. This claim is probably true, and at any rate we will assume that it is, in order to make more distinct our point that the bold course is now the only prudent one.

It might be different if there were any probability that the Spring Valley could be bought out for $27,000,000, but we do not believe there is the slightest. Already its stock has increased in value, and everyone knows that it is never possible to buy out numerous holders of securities without inflating prices in so doing. Once upon a time San Francisco could have bought out Spring Valley for a half of $35,000,000, but would not do it because the price was too high; another period of waiting would be followed by similar consequences.

A municipality in a business deal of this kind must be governed by about the same policy as is manifested by a large private corporation. A railroad company in buying ties or steel rails will not pay a dollar more than the commodity is worth in the market, but every railroad seeking an important terminal or an advantageous depot site is compelled to pay more than the land is worth, and it does so with its eyes open, because it knows that though the land owner receives more than the property is worth to him, it is acquired for less than it is worth for railroad purposes. A great railroad which should wait to purchase for merely what the ground is worth would never get anywhere.

This city has suffered in the past from the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, but it is time to stop and act upon larger views. By voting for both Hetch-Hetchy and Spring Valley bonds the projects can be consolidated and the aggregate cost reduced to $58,000,000, which is not an excessive water debt for a city of the population and prospects of San Francisco. Los Angeles, when it voted $23,000,000 for the Owens river water supply, took a bolder step than San Francisco is called on to take now, and we hope the northern city does not lack the faith in its destiny which the southern city manifested.

THE STAFF

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

THE REPORT ON GRAFT.

To-day The California Weekly prints in full the report of the mayor's committee on graft and graft prosecutions in San Francisco. This committee was appointed by Mayor Taylor, October 12, 1908, to find and make public the truth which had become obscured by partisan and venal distortion in the newspapers, or lost in the mazes of court records. This clarification of fact was plainly a necessity. The citizens of San Francisco have a right to know the truth about their public officials and about their quasi-public corruptionists. The appointment of an official committee to discover and publish the truth is, however, probably without precedent. But the character of the members of the committee, all men of first rank and more than ordinary professional and business success, and the character of the report they have presented, amply justify the mayor's act.

This report is an extraordinary document. It is an attempt, and a successful attempt, to write a chapter of contemporaneous history while the passions of conflict are still flaming and while all the men concerned, but one, still live as neighbors of the authors. That such an attempt should be made is extraordinary enough. That it succeeds in preserving the calm judicial viewpoint, the dispassionate aloofness of statement, of a critical history is more remarkable.

The report succeeds even beyond this. All the essential facts are given, and nothing that is not established fact is given. But these facts are so chosen and so related in the text as to draw a living portrait of one phase of the social and moral life of the community, a portrait so vivid that the reader sees the events and characters and customs as in a novel. This is one of the most difficult feats of the historian, and it is a notable achievement that a committee of business and professional men should have done it so well, or that they should have done it at all.

The report reviews the history of graft and graft disclosures as far back as the Wallace grand jury of 1891. It divides the municipal graft into three classes: grafting on vice, grafting in franchises, and grafting in rates for public utilities; and describes the conditions of business and morals that preceded and caused each kind of graft. The moral condition of San Francisco, its debonair acquiescence in the existence of gambling and the social evil, is faithfully portrayed, and the sequence of moral laxness and grafting in vice is clearly indicated. The history of the class war between labor and capital in San Francisco, its debauching effect upon public servants, and the history of the street railways are all sketched in, and the sequence of hatred and greed and public corruption is established. The history of the public utilities corporations, and the loose methods of rate-making, are recounted, and the sequence of confusion in methods and corruption in the public service is indicated.

Getting down to the disclosures of the Oliver grand jury and the subsequent indictments, arrests, immunities, perjuries, libels, violence, trials, and politics of the last two years, the report preserves its judicial temper and its strict adherence to indisputable facts. This review is a masterly piece of work. It is also a complete vindication of the motives and acts of the prosecuting officers, Mr. Langdon and Mr. Heney, and of the motives and acts of Mr. Spreckels in supplying the financial support of the prosecution.

In conclusion, the committee offers several constructive recommendations pointing the way toward permanent reform of the moral condition of the city and of the conditions of the public service. These suggestions are offered by the committee with due diffidence, and with the realization that public opinion must be the final arbiter of progress.

We commend this report to our every reader, and suggest that it be studied in full, that it be read with a chastened spirit. Its own temper is of sorrow rather than of anger. We predict that it will sober passions as well as clear the mind. For the future, it will be a reminder and a guide. Perhaps the most useful service of our well-intentioned mayor, who will leave office to-morrow, will prove to be this same document which he caused to be prepared.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

Norman Mack's National Magazine has two very significant parallel articles on Democratic Prospects by W. J. Bryan, titular leader of the Democratic party, and Woodrow Wilson its ablest member. Certainly, if there is an Democratic party, these men know what it i and if there is any Democratic opportunity these men know where it is.

Bryan's article, as might be expected, clear, definite, positive, brilliant, but superficia impractical, and wholly oblivious of the exis ence of a twentieth-century world. Wilson is superficially more vague and academic, a shows a certain aloofness from the process of popular political thought, but it shows co structive ability of a large order, and a cle headed comprehension of the fact that eig teenth-century maxims are inadequate twentieth-century problems.

Bryan frankly recognizes that the prospe of a Democratic congress are very slim, a that their slimness has been made by Den cratic blunders. "Aldrichism" and "Canno ism" presented the opportunity, but the P gressive Republicans took it up, while Democrats threw it away. The Progress Republicans may fight for a tariff reform t is still protectionist. The Democrats m fight against every protection whatever, a they are committing suicide by not doing Democrats opposed reductions proposed the progressive Republicans. This "puts party on the defensive when it urges tar reduction." Also, Democrats repudiated thi platform and denied its binding force. A platform that is not binding is a fra

Democrats defended their demands for higher tariffs by claiming they were "revenue tariffs." But "a revenue tariff is a tariff collected for the purpose of raising revenue, and without regard to the question of protection. There may be incidental protection under a revenue tariff, but a tariff is not incidental when it is planned for and demanded on the ground of 'justice to the producer of raw material.'" "The moment a Democrat begins to talk about protection to local interests in his district or state, he ceases to be of any aid as a tariff reformer." "It might as well be understood, the sooner the better, that Democratic protection is not a bit superior to Republican protection, and that protection, whether Democratic or Republican, inevitably invites bargaining, trading and corruption. The Democratic party has thrown away one-half its chance of victory by its failure to stand unitedly against every proposed increase and in favor of every proposed decrease." The other half of its opportunity it may seize, by adopting a square free-trade platform, announcing it as a contract, binding a Democratic congressman to vote against protection even for the industries of his own district, and announcing, specifically, the following policy: Free wool, lumber, wood-pulp, paper, hides, leather, harness and shoes, oil, iron ore, coal, binding twine, cotton ties and bagging, and all trust-made articles, and material reductions in woolens, steel manufactures, cotton goods, and all necessaries of life. No tariff rate, except on liquor and tobacco, above 50 per cent. ad valorem, and all rates above 25 per cent. to be reduced one-twentieth each year, until a 25 per cent. rate is reached, "the purpose being to reduce the tariff gradually to a revenue basis, and thereafter to collect tariff for revenue only." If a Democratic congress is secured, and adheres to this platform, there is a chance in the next presidential election. But if there is a bare Democratic majority in congress, and it is divided on the tariff, as the Democrats were last time, and as the Republicans are, "our prospects of success in 1912 will be greatly reduced." Which is a euphemism for saying they will be nil.

These are the Bryan conditions for reviving the Democratic party. Every person with the slightest knowledge of the practical situation knows they are grotesquely impossible. Therefore, according to Bryan, the Democratic party is on its death-bed. It has taken poison and rejects the only antidote. Its only other hope, opposition to Aldrichism, and a constructive policy of protectionist tariff reform, the progressive Republicans have pre-empted.

President Wilson is less pessimistic and more intelligent, but he, too, would revive the Democratic party by first destroying its only historic excuse for existence. He sees the Democratic opportunity in the charge of Republican alliance with special interests, representing less than the whole people. He does not mention, as Bryan does, that this is precisely the opportunity which the progressive Republicans have seized first. As a historian, Professor Wilson would cut loose from Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democratic history. Most of the old formulas of our politics are worn threadbare, and have lost their significance, having been formulated for another age which had other and very different problems to settle, and which settled them with a sincerity which we can imitate only by translating our principles into new forms and statements." Thus, instead of "the least government possible," we must recognize the modern extensions of the scope of government; and, as to states' rights, it is no longer possible "to discriminate the interests of the several states as they could once be discriminated. Interests are local and separate have become unified and national. They must be treated on a national scale, in a national spirit, and by the national government." We should "be shy, not of governmental power, but of its organization in the wrong way and its use to the wrong ends."

So, coming to concrete issues, Professor Wilson would repudiate the special-interest protection of Aldrich, and return to the protectionism of Hamilton (shades of Jefferson!). He would withdraw protection from the adult industries, that do not need it, extend it, only as needed, to those which require it, unless they are purely artificial industries, better left to flourish elsewhere where they are natural, and he would wisely apportion the incidental protection of a revenue tariff, to develop our national resources. The change, in any case, he would make gradual and harmless.

On the trusts, he would give up the effort to control them by the "regulation" enforced by fines. "Regulation" means control without responsibility, and must inevitably lead to control with responsibility, which is government ownership, and is to be avoided. So in the interest of individualism (a Democratic doctrine, for once) Professor Wilson would let the owners of the corporations run them, but he would compel publicity and personal responsibility; he would make it possible to ascertain what person was responsible for each act of a corporation, and if the act was against the law, he would lock up that person.

Here are the Democratic programs of the only two men who represent modern Democracy. One is the only vital Democratic candidate for president, during the whole of the modern era. The other is the only constructive thinker of national reputation among the Democratic leaders. If there is a Democratic party of the present or the future, it depends on these two men to make it.

And, of these two men, the one counsels suicide and the other absorption. The one would cling to the corpse of a dead Democratic doctrine, and go to the grave with it. The other would cut loose from everything which has made the Democratic party Democratic, and make it, so far as his suggestions are acceptable at all, indistinguishable from progressive Republicanism. He would make Hamilton its patron saint and Cummins its modern exponent. In the face of the only great opportunity which the party of negation has known in this era, when there is actual negative, destructive work to do; when the incumbent organization of the Republican party is assailed and is destined to be destroyed by the most vital and progressive element in the Republican party itself, the Democratic party's only possible leaders confess that it is impotent to embrace the opportunity. Either the work of the Democratic party is finished, or it will require some prophet wiser than Woodrow Wilson and some leader more capable than William J. Bryan to find it a work.

Another School for Citizenship.

The California Weekly dislikes to admit that there can be a better School for Citizenship than the one it has been running week by week since the first issue of this paper, and yet it is constrained to take off its hat to the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles. He is the man who, as a portion of the work of the League of Justice of that city, has been conducting a school of instruction in civics for Russian immigrants in the slums of Vignes street. Heretofore these immigrants received their political training from the saloon-keeper and the dive-keeper, with results which repeat those attained under the same conditions in all other large cities. Every untrained immigrant on his way to be a citizen of the United States is bound to go to school to somebody, and upon who that somebody is —whether a slum politician or a better kind of school master—will principally depend whether that immigrant turns out to be a grafter or a respectable voter.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"When I get old and bent and gray," declared David Warfield, "and the audiences of the East, the North, the South and the West no longer care for my characterizations, then I am coming back to dear old San Francisco and coming to stay."

Of course the great actor was letting his heart talk then and not his head. His heart will tell him that when he returns to the home of his boyhood, full of out-lived fame and far-spent years, the home of his boyhood will turn out to greet him in love and kindness, but his head will say not so. Of a truth his head will know that the friends of his boyhood, those who have watched with pride his rise to fortune and to fame, will mainly have gone to their long rest and that the comraderies of youth will be out of the question with even such as are left. The Golden Gate will be where he left it, and the Marin hills with Tamalpais lifting itself up farther on; there will be unrivalled marine views glimpsed from vantage points along Pacific avenue, and the far-spreading east bay cities will be flanked by the Piedmont hills. Goat island will be there and Alcatraz and Angel and the shadow-mottled waters of the bay. These will be ever young and ever old, as the humor changeth, but there will be little enough else of home in the home-coming of any David when he shall have grown old and bent and gray.

And yet what is more natural than the thought that, when white with years and bent with honors, we are all of us to come home to stay. Exactly the thing we cannot do—stay. We come home to die, not to stay, and happy that man whose fading sight may look out upon scenes that were dear to his childhood. It is part of that becoming as little children without which no one can enter into the kingdom.

How much truer the actor spoke than he thought! As long as theatres are packed to hear him, as long as the wave of prosperity carries him higher and higher and farther and farther, as long as he sees new worlds to conquer, new victories to achieve, the home coming can be pushed aside, put into the far and dim distance, deferred until there is nowhere else to go, till the form is bent, the visage chiseled, the hair made white and thin over the temples—then the steps turn to the Father's house and the world-weary wanderer comes home to stay.

David Warfield spoke as the world speaks. He outlined nature's due course. Why should we be concerned for any home-coming so long as things are coming our way? Why should we become as little children when the altar fires of genius are flaming within us and the rich red blood tingles to our finger tips? It isn't natural.

But when we turn to vital statistics we read a different story. It is not impossible that our gifted actor friend might find more names familiar to him inscribed on headstones at the cemeteries than on door plates of San Francisco homes. Somehow the home-coming does not always, nor very often, wait for the bent form and the whitened hair. More often it comes like a bugle blast in the very hurly-burly of the day's stress and struggle, while the wave of prosperity is at its height and crowds are gathering, eager to see, hear and applaud.

An Old Home Week in every year has come to be almost an American institution. With all deference due the delightful Warfield, isn't that the better idea? Isn't it better to keep in touch with those things that keep fresh within us, such things as make for an undying childhood, that we may not have so far to come when our home-coming is made imperative, else it may not be so easy to become as little children on short notice, with such scanty preparation as a crashing automobile, or a runaway car, may afford? If we have given a deeper significance to the great actor's home-coming jest than he intended at least we have not given a deeper than a prudent taking thought will warrant.

NOW FOR THE WATER BONDS.

As the flight of the sparrow is to that of the eagle, so is the importance to San Francisco of the Geary street railroad bonds compared with that of the water bonds on which the city will vote January 14th. Though we are disposed to believe the Geary street election went the right way, it might have gone the other way without seriously jeopardizing the future of San Francisco; but the same cannot be said of the water issue, which is vital.

Now, if ever, the citizens of this metropolis are called on to act upon the larger views of public policy. There is a wisdom of the little and a wisdom of the great. The former is the better for everyday affairs, which are made up of petty details, and its axioms are keep out of debt and pay as you go; don't rush into experiments; don't pay too much for your whistle. The greater wisdom is called for when purchasing something more valuable than whistles, or when determining the policy which shall guide a city for a century. A rule which is good for the question of an hour may be inapplicable to a century's problem, and there is a certain point at which daring becomes the only real prudence. The California Weekly is profoundly impressed with the belief that the hour of San Francisco's fate is going to strike January 14th, when the Hetch-Hetchy and Spring Valley bond issues will both be voted on.

A discussion of the Hetch-Hetchy question in all of its phases has been had in the columns of this paper, and as we have heretofore declared, we are convinced that not to seize the advantage of a Sierra water supply while it is available would be an irremediable blunder. No one can say that if this opportunity should be neglected, another would offer, considering how rapid is the march of development in the utilization of the limited water supplies of California. It requires some courage to vote a debt of $45,000,000 upon a city, but to follow the promptings of timidity would in this case be to take the greater risk.

We are no less clear that the buying out of Spring Valley, and thus closing a long chapter of profitless strife and scandal, is a necessity. The advantage of getting rid of the greatest corrupting influence in the city's politics and of insuring the inauguration of a municipally-owned water system under the most favorable conditions would be enormous. It is said that the price to be paid, $35,000,000, is excessive by several millions, inasmuch as not long since the combined stock and bond values of the corporation were not over $27,000,000. This claim is probably true, and at any rate we will assume that it is, in order to make more distinct our point that the bold course is now the only prudent one.

It might be different if there were any probability that the Spring Valley could be bought out for $27,000,000, but we do not believe there is the slightest. Already its stock has increased in value, and everyone knows that it is never possible to buy out numerous holders of securities without inflating prices in so doing. Once upon a time San Francisco could have bought out Spring Valley for a half of $35,000,000, but would not do it because the price was too high; another period of waiting would be followed by similar consequences.

A municipality in a business deal of this kind must be governed by about the same policy as is manifested by a large private corporation. A railroad company in buying ties or steel rails will not pay a dollar more than the commodity is worth in the market, but every railroad seeking an important terminal or an advantageous depot site is compelled to pay more than the land is worth, and it does so with its eyes open, because it knows that though the land owner receives more than the property is worth to him, it is acquired for less than it is worth for railroad purposes. A great railroad which should wait to purchase for merely what the ground is worth would never get anywhere.

This city has suffered in the past from the penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, but it is time to stop and act upon larger views. By voting for both Hetch-Hetchy and Spring Valley bonds the projects can be consolidated and the aggregate cost reduced to $58,000,000, which is not an excessive water debt for a city of the population and prospects of San Francisco. Los Angeles, when it voted $23,000,000 for the Owens river water supply, took a bolder step than San Francisco is called on to take now, and we hope the northern city does not lack the faith in its destiny which the southern city manifested.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

THE REPORT ON GRAFT.

To-day The California Weekly prints in full the report of the mayor's committee on graft and graft prosecutions in San Francisco. This committee was appointed by Mayor Taylor, October 12, 1908, to find and make public the truth which had become obscured by partisan and venal distortion in the newspapers, or lost in the mazes of court records. This clarification of fact was plainly a necessity. The citizens of San Francisco have a right to know the truth about their public officials and about their quasi-public corruptionists. The appointment of an official committee to discover and publish the truth is, however, probably without precedent. But the character of the members of the committee, all men of first rank and more than ordinary professional and business success, and the character of the report they have presented, amply justify the mayor's act.

This report is an extraordinary document. It is an attempt, and a successful attempt, to write a chapter of contemporaneous history while the passions of conflict are still flaming and while all the men concerned, but one, still live as neighbors of the authors. That such an attempt should be made is extraordinary enough. That it succeeds in preserving the calm judicial viewpoint, the dispassionate aloofness of statement, of a critical history is more remarkable.

The report succeeds even beyond this. All the essential facts are given, and nothing that is not established fact is given. But these facts are so chosen and so related in the text as to draw a living portrait of one phase of the social and moral life of the community, a portrait so vivid that the reader sees the events and characters and customs as in a novel. This is one of the most difficult feats of the historian, and it is a notable achievement that a committee of business and professional men should have done it so well, or that they should have done it at all.

The report reviews the history of graft and graft disclosures as far back as the Wallace grand jury of 1891. It divides the municipal graft into three classes: grafting on vice, grafting in franchises, and grafting in rates for public utilities; and describes the conditions of business and morals that preceded and caused each kind of graft. The moral condition of San Francisco, its debonair acquiescence in the existence of gambling and the social evil, is faithfully portrayed, and the sequence of moral laxness and grafting in vice is clearly indicated. The history of the class war between labor and capital in San Francisco, its debauching effect upon public servants, and the history of the street railways are all sketched in, and the sequence of hatred and greed and public corruption is established. The history of the public utilities corporations, and the loose methods of rate-making, are recounted, and the sequence of confusion in methods and corruption in the public service is indicated.

Getting down to the disclosures of the Oliver grand jury and the subsequent indictments, arrests, immunities, perjuries, libels, violence, trials, and politics of the last two years, the report preserves its judicial temper and its strict adherence to indisputable facts. This review is a masterly piece of work. It is also a complete vindication of the motives and acts of the prosecuting officers, Mr. Langdon and Mr. Heney, and of the motives and acts of Mr. Spreckels in supplying the financial support of the prosecution.

In conclusion, the committee offers several constructive recommendations pointing the way toward permanent reform of the moral condition of the city and of the conditions of the public service. These suggestions are offered by the committee with due diffidence, and with the realization that public opinion must be the final arbiter of progress.

We commend this report to our every reader, and suggest that it be studied in full, that it be read with a chastened spirit. Its own temper is of sorrow rather than of anger. We predict that it will sober passions as well as clear the mind. For the future, it will be a reminder and a guide. Perhaps the most useful service of our well-intentioned mayor, who will leave office to-morrow, will prove to be this same document which he caused to be prepared.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

Norman Mack's National Magazine has two very significant parallel articles on Democratic Prospects by W. J. Bryan, titular leader of the Democratic party, and Woodrow Wilson its ablest member. Certainly, if there is any Democratic party, these men know what it is and if there is any Democratic opportunity these men know where it is.

Bryan's article, as might be expected, is clear, definite, positive, brilliant, but superficial impractical, and wholly oblivious of the existence of a twentieth-century world. Wilson is superficially more vague and academic, and shows a certain aloofness from the processes of popular political thought, but it shows constructive ability of a large order, and a clear headed comprehension of the fact that eighteenth-century maxims are inadequate to twentieth-century problems.

Bryan frankly recognizes that the prospect of a Democratic congress are very slim, and that their slimness has been made by Democratic blunders. "Aldrichism" and "Cannonism" presented the opportunity, but the Progressive Republicans took it up, while the Democrats threw it away. The Progressive Republicans may fight for a tariff reform that is still protectionist. The Democrats must fight against every protection whatever, and they are committing suicide by not doing so. Democrats opposed reductions proposed by the progressive Republicans. This "puts the party on the defensive when it urges tariff reduction." Also, Democrats repudiated the platform and denied its binding force. "A platform that is not binding is a fraud

Democrats defended their demands for higher tariffs by claiming they were "revenue tariffs." But "a revenue tariff is a tariff collected for the purpose of raising revenue, and without regard to the question of protection. There may be incidental protection under a revenue tariff, but a tariff is not incidental when it is planned for and demanded on the ground of 'justice to the producer of raw material.'" "The moment a Democrat begins to talk about protection to local interests in his district or state, he ceases to be of any aid as a tariff reformer." "It might as well be understood, the sooner the better, that Democratic protection is not a bit superior to Republican protection, and that protection, whether Democratic or Republican, inevitably invites bargaining, trading and corruption. The Democratic party has thrown away one-half its chance of victory by its failure to stand unitedly against every proposed increase and in favor of every proposed decrease." The other half of its opportunity it may seize, by adopting a square free-trade platform, announcing it as a contract, binding a Democratic congressman to vote against protection even for the industries of his own district, and announcing, specifically, the following policy: Free wool, lumber, wood-pulp, paper, hides, leather, harness and shoes, oil, iron ore, coal, binding twine, cotton ties and bagging, and all trust-made articles, and material reductions in woolens, steel manufactures, cotton goods, and all necessaries of life. No tariff rate, except on liquor and tobacco, above 50 per cent. ad valorem, and all rates above 25 per cent. to be reduced one-twentieth each year, until a 25 per cent. rate is reached, "the purpose being to reduce the tariff gradually to a revenue basis, and thereafter to collect tariff for revenue only." If a Democratic congress is secured, and adheres to this platform, there is a chance in the next presidential election. But if there is a bare Democratic majority in congress, and it is divided on the tariff, as the Democrats were last time, and as the Republicans are, "our prospects of success in 1912 will be greatly reduced." Which is a euphemism for saying they will be nil.

These are the Bryan conditions for reviving the Democratic party. Every person with the slightest knowledge of the practical situation knows they are grotesquely impossible. Therefore, according to Bryan, the Democratic party is on its death-bed. It has taken poison and rejects the only antidote. Its only other hope, opposition to Aldrichism, and a constructive policy of protectionist tariff reform, the progressive Republicans have pre-empted.

President Wilson is less pessimistic and more intelligent, but he, too, would revive the Democratic party by first destroying its only historic excuse for existence. He sees the Democratic opportunity in the charge of Republican alliance with special interests, representing less than the whole people. He does not mention, as Bryan does, that this is precisely the opportunity which the progressive Republicans have seized first. As a historian, Professor Wilson would cut loose from Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democratic history. Most of the old formulas of our politics are worn threadbare, and have lost their significance, having been formulated for another age which had other and very different problems to settle, and which settled them with a sincerity which we can imitate only by translating our principles into new forms and statements." Thus, instead of "the least government possible," we must recognize the modern extensions of the scope of government; and, as to states' rights, it is no longer possible "to discriminate the interests of the several states as they could once be discriminated. Interests are local and separate have become unified and national. They must be treated on a national scale, in a national spirit, and by the national government." We should "be shy, not of governmental power, but of its organization in the wrong way and its use to the wrong ends."

So, coming to concrete issues, Professor Wilson would repudiate the special-interest protection of Aldrich, and return to the protectionism of Hamilton (shades of Jefferson!). He would withdraw protection from the adult industries, that do not need it, extend it, only as needed, to those which require it, unless they are purely artificial industries, better left to flourish elsewhere where they are natural, and he would wisely apportion the incidental protection of a revenue tariff, to develop our national resources. The change, in any case, he would make gradual and harmless.

On the trusts, he would give up the effort to control them by the "regulation" enforced by fines. "Regulation" means control without responsibility, and must inevitably lead to control with responsibility, which is government ownership, and is to be avoided. So in the interest of individualism (a Democratic doctrine, for once) Professor Wilson would let the owners of the corporations run them, but he would compel publicity and personal responsibility; he would make it possible to ascertain what person was responsible for each act of a corporation, and if the act was against the law, he would lock up that person.

Here are the Democratic programs of the only two men who represent modern Democracy. One is the only vital Democratic candidate for president, during the whole of the modern era. The other is the only constructive thinker of national reputation among the Democratic leaders. If there is a Democratic party of the present or the future, it depends on these two men to make it.

And, of these two men, the one counsels suicide and the other absorption. The one would cling to the corpse of a dead Democratic doctrine, and go to the grave with it. The other would cut loose from everything which has made the Democratic party Democratic, and make it, so far as his suggestions are acceptable at all, indistinguishable from progressive Republicanism. He would make Hamilton its patron saint and Cummins its modern exponent. In the face of the only great opportunity which the party of negation has known in this era, when there is actual negative, destructive work to do; when the incumbent organization of the Republican party is assailed and is destined to be destroyed by the most vital and progressive element in the Republican party itself, the Democratic party's only possible leaders confess that it is impotent to embrace the opportunity. Either the work of the Democratic party is finished, or it will require some prophet wiser than Woodrow Wilson and some leader more capable than William J. Bryan to find it a work.

Another School for Citizenship.

The California Weekly dislikes to admit that there can be a better School for Citizenship than the one it has been running week by week since the first issue of this paper, and yet it is constrained to take off its hat to the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles. He is the man who, as a portion of the work of the League of Justice of that city, has been conducting a school of instruction in civics for Russian immigrants in the slums of Vignes street. Heretofore these immigrants received their political training from the saloon-keeper and the dive-keeper, with results which repeat those attained under the same conditions in all other large cities. Every untrained immigrant on his way to be a citizen of the United States is bound to go to school to somebody, and upon who that somebody is —whether a slum politician or a better kind of school master—will principally depend whether that immigrant turns out to be a grafter or a respectable voter.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"When I get old and bent and gray," declared David Warfield, "and the audiences of the East, the North, the South and the West no longer care for my characterizations, then I am coming back to dear old San Francisco and coming to stay."

Of course the great actor was letting his heart talk then and not his head. His heart will tell him that when he returns to the home of his boyhood, full of out-lived fame and far-spent years, the home of his boyhood will turn out to greet him in love and kindness, but his head will say not so. Of a truth his head will know that the friends of his boyhood, those who have watched with pride his rise to fortune and to fame, will mainly have gone to their long rest and that the comraderies of youth will be out of the question with even such as are left. The Golden Gate will be where he left it, and the Marin hills with Tamalpais lifting itself up farther on; there will be unrivalled marine views glimpsed from vantage points along Pacific avenue, and the far-spreading east bay cities will be flanked by the Piedmont hills. Goat island will be there and Alcatraz and Angel and the shadow-mottled waters of the bay. These will be ever young and ever old, as the humor changeth, but there will be little enough else of home in the home-coming of any David when he shall have grown old and bent and gray.

And yet what is more natural than the thought that, when white with years and bent with honors, we are all of us to come home to stay. Exactly the thing we cannot do—stay. We come home to die, not to stay, and happy that man whose fading sight may look out upon scenes that were dear to his childhood. It is part of that becoming as little children without which no one can enter into the kingdom.

How much truer the actor spoke than he thought! As long as theatres are packed to hear him, as long as the wave of prosperity carries him higher and higher and farther and farther, as long as he sees new worlds to conquer, new victories to achieve, the home coming can be pushed aside, put into the far and dim distance, deferred until there is nowhere else to go, till the form is bent, the visage chiseled, the hair made white and thin over the temples—then the steps turn to the Father's house and the world-weary wanderer comes home to stay.

David Warfield spoke as the world speaks. He outlined nature's due course. Why should we be concerned for any home-coming so long as things are coming our way? Why should we become as little children when the altar fires of genius are flaming within us and the rich red blood tingles to our finger tips? It isn't natural.

But when we turn to vital statistics we read a different story. It is not impossible that our gifted actor friend might find more names familiar to him inscribed on headstones at the cemeteries than on door plates of San Francisco homes. Somehow the home-coming does not always, nor very often, wait for the bent form and the whitened hair. More often it comes like a bugle blast in the very hurly-burly of the day's stress and struggle, while the wave of prosperity is at its height and crowds are gathering, eager to see, hear and applaud.

An Old Home Week in every year has come to be almost an American institution. With all deference due the delightful Warfield, isn't that the better idea? Isn't it better to keep in touch with those things that keep fresh within us, such things as make for an undying childhood, that we may not have so far to come when our home-coming is made imperative, else it may not be so easy to become as little children on short notice, with such scanty preparation as a crashing automobile, or a runaway car, may afford? If we have given a deeper significance to the great actor's home-coming jest than he intended at least we have not given a deeper than a prudent taking thought will warrant.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Cut of National Forest Timber.

The annual report of the United States Secretary of Agriculture shows that during the year just ended the receipts from timber cut from the national forests amounted to about $700,000, an average of about $2 per thousand. Of the timber thus sold Montana supplied 86,000,000 feet, or 24 per cent; Colorado, 44,000,000 feet, or 13 per cent; California, 39,000,000 feet, or 11 per cent., and Idaho 35,000,000 feet, or 10 per cent. In each instance the cut was but a minor fraction of 1 per cent of the stand—for example, in California it was but one-twenty-fifth of 1 per cent. In addition to the timber sold more than 100,000,000 board feet were given away to settlers, schools and churches within the forests. Over 18,000,000 feet were thus given away in Idaho, while from nearly 17,000,000 down to a little less than 10,000,000 feet were given in Montana, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and California. Wyoming and Oregon followed with between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 feet apiece. When it is remembered that the timber thus given away is worth about $2 per thousand feet, it will be realized that Uncle Sam has been quite generous with his nephews and nieces.

More Hungry Children in London.

When children are compelled to go hungry it is a reasonable presumption that starvation is standing at the doors of the families to which they belong. Remembering this, it is not reassuring to learn that the number of such children in London is increasing with a rapidity probably never known before—certainly never known since men have begun to keep the statistics of charity. A week or two ago the London county council found itself compelled to set aside $125,000 to provide meals for school children whose parents cannot feed them. This was in addition to the $186,000 already devoted to that purpose for the year terminating March 31, 1910, and the total of $311,000 takes the place of $150,000 which it was estimated would be sufficient for the purpose. This is one way of showing how the hungering children have increased, and here is another which is even more startling. Five years ago 5,000 children needed state assistance, four years ago the number had increased to 6,000, last year it was 35,000, and this year it is 47,000. That is, the number of unfed little ones has multiplied itself almost ten-fold in five years. Black figures and blacker facts, are they not? Either the Almighty has failed to provide his children with a sufficient food supply or man often diverts it from the channels in which it should move—which is the more reasonable supposition?

Indiana Keeping Books for All Officials.

Soon Indiana will be in position to furnish an illustration of what the state can do in the line of keeping—or, at least, overseeing—books for all county, city, town and township officials in the commonwealth. The new accounting law now is in force, and it applies to every office within the gift of the people. Under its terms the books of every official in the state will be investigated by expert examiners who are appointed by the governor. These examiners will work in pairs, and in order to avoid all appearance of partisanship, the pair in every instance will consist of a Republican and a Democrat. Ten dollars a day and expenses while at work will be paid to each one of them, and they will be paid by the city, county, town or township to which the office investigated pertains. It is hoped and believed that the plan will result in the prevention of graft as well as in the discovery and rectification of errors due to ignorance rather than to corruption. Recognizing that the examiners may be under peculiar temptation from men whose ill doing they might expose, Governor Marshall is exercising great care in selecting only men of high character for these positions.

Peculiarities of the Atmosphere.

Since scientists have been sending up sounding balloons, with self-registering thermometers, a great deal heretofore unknown has been learned about the earth's envelope of air. Most notable among these new discoveries, perhaps, is the fact that the atmosphere is divided into three distinct strata which are very differently characterized. The first of these strata, lying next the earth, is that of warmth and whimsical winds, and it is about two miles in thickness. This, of course, is the stratum concerning which man has been fairly well posted ever since the time when he first began to breathe. Immediately above this stratum is another, about six miles in thickness, which is characterized by two features, first, extreme cold, a Fahrenheit thermometer showing a temperature as low as 167 degrees below the freezing point, and, second, the air responds to the whirl of the earth, and a strong eastward wind forever is blowing. Above eight miles a third stratum begins, and its striking peculiarity—one not to have been expected—is the fact that it is warmer than the second stratum. However, it is not excessively warm; fans are not needed there by aeronauts, as the temperature still falls to from 122 to 140 degrees below the freezing point. The winds here again blow from any and all directions. This stratum continues to a point 18 miles above the earth's surface, which is as far as man knows anything about the atmosphere in which he lives, breathes and has his being.

Land About Messina Gradually Sinking.

One sees but little relating to Messina, the unfortunate, in the newspapers in these days, but the city and surrounding country still are in precarious condition. Earthquake shocks have been felt there daily ever since the great catastrophe of more than a year ago. Nor is this the worst of it, although the fact is disquieting enough, for slowly but certainly the land along the coast in that vicinity is sinking into the sea. Already it has sunk about a foot and a half, the steps formerly leading from the water to the promenade are submerged, and the peninsula which served as a natural breakwater for Messina is under water where it has not been built up. The moats of the citadel are flooded, and the railroad embankment between Messina and Catania, which was built two yards from the ocean, now is lapped by sea waves. Among the common people there is fear that Messina and vicinity eventually will be submerged, but this fear apparently is not shared by the authorities, as they are going ahead with the work of reconstruction.

Roman Wall of London Uncovered.

It is not customary to find the wall of a city, supposing it has one, by descending into an artificial cave or hole in the ground, but this is a privilege which now is extended to the people of London and their visitors. The Society of Antiquaries of the great city has succeeded in unearthing and preserving a fragment of the wall of London constructed by the Romans long centuries ago. The fragment lies near Newgate street, and consists of a curved bastion 50 feet long, 20 feet high and 8 feet wide. The materials composing it are stone and brick, and, as they are bound together by that Roman mortar which well nigh withstands the ravages of time, it is in a condition of remarkable preservation. As the wall is several feet below the present surface of the ground, it will be reached by descending stairs and viewed only by artificial light.

Reform of German Criminal Code.

A commission of experts, after four years of investigation, have recommended several features of reform of the German criminal code. Prominent among their recommendations is "imprisonment without dishonor," which would permit an offender to wear his own clothes and provide his own food in prison. Yet another recommendation is fines payable in installments, by virtue of which a person fined may have three months in which to pay in installments, or he may work the fine out by free labor. In case of murder, the number of cases in which less than the death penalty may be imposed is largely increased. The age of criminal responsibility is increased to 14 years. In general the proposed reforms trend in the direction of greater leniency and larger charity.

Oldest Vessel Now in Use.

The oldest ship now in use in the world is owned in Denmark, and it has seen a wonderfully long service. It is a sloop named Constance, and was built at Aero in 1723, 187 years ago—more than a half-century before the Revolutionary war, and almost three-quarters of a century before the world learned to tremble at the mention of Napoleon's name. The Constance has been twice restored, but her body has not been touched, and still hale and hearty she carries cargoes of flour between the small ports of Denmark. Judging solely by her present appearance, she yet might be good for another century or two of useful work on the waters about Denmark.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

John Muir's Works.

To have retained, together with the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, the primitive skill and physique and delicate senses of the aboriginal savage, and to have joined with these an authentic gift of literary genius, is the almost unique distinction of John Muir. Probably no other man has had such an experience as he has had—a lifetime of adventurous exploring combined with the soundest scientific investigation of geology and botany; certainly no man has had such an experience who wrote of it more humanely, more appealingly, more eloquently than he. The bulk of his writings is small; indeed, one of the tragedies of literature is the fact that this one of the writers of real genius has drawn so slightly upon the literally unbelievable quantities of literary notes in his possession.

But that small bulk of published matter contains some of the most beautiful descriptions of Nature ever written. At times the narrative is humorous, at times grave; again it rises to trumpet calls of rhetoric, of passion, of poetry, that are almost matchless. Each little gem of diction is the diamond compressed from the carbon of years of experience and observation and devotion, suddenly made translucent, glittering-faceted and shot through with shafts of light by the artist touch of the author. Quite apart from his secure position as a great naturalist, John Muir's writings place him serene upon a high pedestal of enduring fame as a genius in literature.

SHORTEST PLAY EVER ACTED.

The smallest play ever acted is a complete five act tragedy entitled "Rosmunda," written in Italy more than sixty years ago by the poet Giovanni Ventura, and produced with much success in its diminutive form at both Turin and Milan. The playlet is full of action, as can be seen:

ROSMUNDA.

Tragedy in Five Acts by
Giovanni Ventura.

Persons of the Play:

King Albion, Rosmunda, daughter of King Kunimond and wife of Albion. Peridens, a slave.

Act I.

Albion, giving Rosmunda the skull of her father filled with wine—Drink! It is the skull of your father.
Rosmunda, horrified—Oh!
Albion, commanding—I wish it!
Rosmunda (drinks)—Woe unto you!

Act II.

Albion, affectionately to Rosmunda—Why so sad?
Rosmunda—Can I be otherwise?
Albion—What is past must be forgotten.
Rosmunda—Do not touch me!
Albion—You hate me?
Rosmunda—How can I?

Act III.

Rosmunda examines closely a stiletto, then calls—Slave!
Peridens comes and kneels before her—Queen!
Rosmunda, passionately—I love you!
Peridens, astonished—Oh, my God!
Rosmunda—Come with me. (Embraces him.)

ACT IV.

(From adjoining room, where King Albion sleeps, snoring is heard).
Rosmunda hands the stiletto to Peridens—Go—kill him!
Peridens, hesitating—The King?
Rosmunda, quickly—The rival.
Peridens, with determination and courage—He shall die.
(Goes determinedly to the sleeping apartment of Albion.)

Act V

Albion, with stifled voice, off stage—Help!
Rosmunda, listening—Die! Die! Die!
Peridens rushes into the room with the bloody stiletto in hand—He is dead!
Rosmunda snatches the stiletto and holding it up to heaven, yells—Now, you drink, father—now, you drink!

(Curtain.)

At one time very short plays were popular in Italy and Germany. This one is the shortest and perhaps the best of them. It is really an excellent acting play.

PATAUD AND "CHANTECLER."

The latest guess at the date for the production of "Chantecler" is January 10, says the New York Times. Even that is doubtful, for there continues to be friction between the autocratic Rostand and his principal interpreters.

The author desired Guitry, on whom the heaviest burden of acting will fall, to take a month's rest in order that he might enter the cockpit, so to speak, in the best of form on the crucial night, but Guitry refuses.

Another of Rostand's annoyances has been the fact that he had originally given the watchdog in the play, the part Jean Coquelin is to take, the name of Patauti, and that on the electric light king becoming so prominent, he saw himself obliged, in order to avoid ridicule, to rebaptize the canine personage. He is now called Patou. Rostand has refused to permit the scenes of the piece to be cinematographed.

STAGE AND BOOK FOLK.

Nance O'Neil, the actress, has just made a sensational success in "The Lily, produced under the direction of David Belasco.

Mrs. Atherton's next novel, it is announced, will be cosmopolitan in tone. The characters are drawn from two distinct environments, the diplomatic world and the operatic stage, and it is the upper circles of both that Mrs. Atherton treats of. In what, for lack of a better term, may be called "high life," the various nations meet on nearly common ground.

Winston Churchill's forthcoming novel will mark a distinct change in his manner and material. Hitherto Mr. Churchill has written historical novels in the larger sense. It is true that "Mr. Crewe's Career" is laid in the present, but in manner and spirit and aim it falls in the class of historical novels. The new book, however, is distinctly a love story, in which politics, both present and past, is of slight importance.

Californian Poets' Corner

MORN AT NAZARETH.

By Joaquin Miller.

I think I see Him now at morn,
Before the sudden burst of day,
Above the silver fields of corn,
Where He has gone apart to pray;
I think I see Him looking thoughtful down,
Beyond the corn, beyond the waking town.

Beyond the silvered mists that rise,
From all night toiling in the corn;
The mists have duties up the skies;
The skies have duties up the morn;
Whilst all the world is wondrous fair,
To make the fair world still more wondrous fair.

More lordly fair; the stately morn
Moves down her walks of golden wheat;
Her guards of honor gild the corn
In golden pathway for God's feet;
Her purple hills she crowns in crowns of gold,
And majesty before the Lord is rolled.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

With Mark Twain beset by sorrows and old age and illness, one is reminded of the decline, almost the extinction, of the pioneer American humor, and is made to wonder what distinctive form of humor will take its place.

For the humor of Mark Twain was a type. He merely happened to possess the genius for putting into literary form the kind of humor that thousands of men of his day put into mirth-provoking tales told at the country store or by the village fireside in the West. His is the humor of the man who lived under great stress of circumstances, awed by the rugged strength of Nature on the frontier, a humor that men leaned to for relief from the ever-present sense of struggle and privation. It contains the exaggeration and the philosophic resignation by which men mock at the trials they have endured and make light of their struggle.

The kind of life that produced this humor has passed with the lost frontier. The trials and privations of life now come in other guise, in cities and in rural life far less simple than the old. What is the humor that this generation will evolve out of its complex, machine-ridden, convenience-glutted, metropolitan existence? The humorist of this new age has not yet risen. George Ade is funny, but he has caught the spirit of the times only in spots, brilliantly though he has illumined these. Mr. Dooley's whimsical, shrewd humor is as brilliant, but no more nearly universal, or, more properly, representative. Togo's pidgin English is even less representative.

So we may hope for a greater humorist than any of these, another Mark Twain; and yet not another, for the times have altered as the man. To Mark Twain, thrice blessed and beloved old man, the reverence and affection and gratitude of all who read. To the new humorist, of the new era, a welcome when he comes; but he will have to earn much to earn the regard held by the last of the older giants of mirth.

TWAIN'S MSS. IN DEMAND.

Mark Twain's recently announced determination to write no more books is of interest to autograph collectors, especially to those whose hobby is the collecting of distinguished authors' manuscripts, says the New York Times. There is quite a demand for Mark Twain items, and whenever a manuscript of his turns up in the auction room there is lively competition for it, and it almost always fetches a good price. There was hope among the younger collectors and those of limited means that if Mark Twain kept on writing for publication his later manuscripts might come under the auctioneer's hammer, and, if the wealthier or older collectors were satisfied with what they had already obtained, some of the good things might fall to their own lot, but this announcement would seem to put an end to such a hope.

There was further evidence at Anderson's recently of the popularity of Twain among collectors. Manuscripts of his are seldom offered for sale, but there were two in this collection. One of them was the original manuscript, in his handwriting, of "The Invalid's Story," better known as "The Limburger Cheese Story." It is signed in full "Mark Twain." There is also a memorandum in his autograph reading: "Insert these twenty-three pages manuscript (Invalid's Story), making the insertion at page 90 of the small book, entitled 'Punch, Brothers Punch,'" The manuscript is in cloth binding with a specially printed title page on Japan vellum paper, and portrait of the author. Dodd, Mead & Co. had to bid $150 to get it.

The other item was the original manuscript of "The Regular Toast, Woman, God Bless Her," delivered by Mark Twain at the New England Society dinner, December 23, 1882. It is in this address that Twain describes the dress of the African savage woman as "just her complexion." This was also knocked down to Dodd, Mead & Co. for $130.

PICTURES OF AMERICAN FEUDALISM

By E. FRENCH STROTHER.

The example of the zinc trust was described on this page two weeks ago. The other example of American industrial feudalism with which the writer is familiar is the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, where a much less sodden, but no less oppressive, form of practical feudalism exists.

II. A PICTURE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester is the seat of the largest cotton textile industry in America. Here the Merrimac river descends swiftly in a long series of falls and rapids. Both banks of the stream, for a distance of three miles, are lined with solid rows of four and five-story brick cotton mills, whose looms and spindles are operated by the water power developed by the river. In these mills, 14,000 men, women and children, work from six in the morning until six at night. The wages paid are lower than those paid at Lowell, Mass., they average about as low as the lowest wages paid in the textile industry.

"On the Corporation."

With an inconsiderable exception, all these mills are the property of The Amoskeag Corporation, or "the corporation," as it is invariably called in Manchester. The Amoskeag corporation is very old; it is owned almost entirely by Boston capitalists who rarely visit Manchester. They operate the mills through the "agent," who is the resident manager and whose authority is absolute in the mills and whose power subtly pervades the whole life of Manchester, with its 75,000 inhabitants. When the writer investigated conditions in Manchester two years and a half ago, Colonel Straw was the agent. Colonel Straw's father before him had been the agent. Colonel Straw's son was in training to step into Colonel Straw's shoes as agent when Colonel Straw shall vacate the office, which will be when Colonel Straw is dead.

A Feudal Parallel.

Here, then, was a curious—though not at all improper—literal parallel of the old feudal succession. Colonel Straw, original, handed down to Colonel Straw, incumbent, who will hand down to Colonel Straw, the third, this industrial barony. Each of these owes allegiance, not to a feudal king or prince, but to an incorporated financial oligarchy, residing in the New England financial capital of Boston, and designated as The Amoskeag Corporation.

This, however, is merely the form of the feudal analogy. The substance is yet to be described.

The Amoskeag Corporation originally owned practically all the land within a radius of several miles in and around Manchester, and it still owns a large proportion of it. It owns a large share of the neat houses in which the operatives of the mills live. The residence of any citizen of Manchester is always designated in the common speech as being "on the corporation" or "off the corporation," those who live "on" being renters of company lodgings. The dividing line of "on" and "off" is the mercantile street that parallels the river and bisects the city. Below this street, all is "on," and the uniformity of architecture easily distinguishes the district. All above this street is "off," and here the merchants, professional men, and independent citizens live in dwellings of their own architectural choice.

Contrast in "Company Houses."

The corporation dwellings and lodging houses have nothing in common with the hideous dwellings on the dump in Carbon county. These New Hampshire houses are of tasteful design, built of substantial brick, set back in green lawns and shaded by noble elms. They are comfortably fitted up inside, plainly and on a small scale, but substantially. Sanitation is carefully provided for, and strictly enforced.

The corporation rents these houses at more than ordinarily reasonable figures. The wages paid in the mills are lower than the average wages paid elsewhere in the textile industry. But the corporation sees to it that it is a living wage. About one-third of the operatives live "on the corporation," and their rate of rentals determines the rate "off" as well as "on." Any private landlord who attempts to exact higher rents is met with immediate competition from the corporation.

A Comfortable Living Wage.

The corporation keeps down the cost of living in other ways. If a coal dealer tries to use a coal shortage to raise the price of fuel unreasonably, the corporation promptly enters the coal business and sells fuel at reasonable prices. It does the same in every line of household expenditure. The result is, that the low wage of the Manchester operative is more than a living wage; if he is thrifty, it is a saving wage.

All this is good, even though it is a calculating business scheme to reduce cost of production by keeping down the cost of labor. It immediately puts life on a liveable basis for 14,000 people; on a much better basis than it is in Carbon county.

But life in Manchester is upon a feudal foundation for all that. It is a benevolent feudalism, but feudalism, not democracy. For instance:

No Strikes in Fifty Years.

There has not been a strike in the Amoskeag cotton mills in fifty years. Why? For two reasons. One reason is the benevolent oversight of living conditions described above. The other reason is that there is not a labor union in the entire body of operatives. That is to say, there is not an operative who will publicly admit he belongs to a union. He does not dare to admit it. There are a few unions in the mills, but their meetings are held clandestinely, their members are unknown, their officers dare not approach the agent as the representative of a union.

No Unions Allowed.

The unions, then, do not exist because the corporation does not permit their existence, and because the corporation would discharge any operative known to belong to one. A decisive defeat of the unions fifty years ago has not been forgotten. It would have been ignored long ago but for the constant recognition of the imminent, overshadowing, and locally omnipotent power of the agent to crush the man or men who might try to resurrect unionism. This exercise of power on the part of the corporation, to prevent by menace the exercise of a perfectly lawful and recognized right of free citizens, is distinctively a relic of feudal substance. And this sense, on the part of the operatives, of their helplessness under the menace of that power, is equally a relic of the state of mind of the feudal underling.

Another instance: No man seeks political preferment in Manchester without first directly or indirectly sounding Colonel Straw as to his acceptability to the corporation. It would be futile to stand for election against the agent's wishes. The votes of the male operatives in the mills go the way the agent wants them to go. This cannot be directly proven, but the matter of course statement of it as a fact by every class of men with whom the writer talked—doctors, lawyers, editors, merchants, and operatives, both "on" and "off" the corporation—leaves no reasonable doubt of its truth.

No Tariff, No Job.

In this connection, a quadrennial phenomenon is corroborative evidence. At the approach of every presidential election the corporation shortens hours and lays off operatives. The word is passed down from the company office that the protective tariff is the author of the company's being, and that any interference with its sacred schedules means the closing of the works and the idleness of all hands. The Republican party is the guardian of the tariff, and Manchester is expected to show its usual overwhelming majority for a Republican president and congress. The hint has never failed to work, not only with the operatives, but also with the merchants "off" the corporation, for they live only as the operatives prosper. This phenomenon was described to the writer more than two years ago; its repetition last fall was noted by the writer in the daily papers, read in California, announcing the shortening of hours and reduction of force before the election, and the resumption of full time and full force shortly after Taft's election.

From this large use of political power to the humblest local aspirations, the agent's authority extends. A school teacher, even, gets or fails to get appointment in the public schools by reason of the acceptability of herself and male relatives to the corporation. This example was cited to me by a high official of the city government whom nobody accused of unfriendliness toward the corporation.

Influence Upon Children.

The children of Manchester grow up under conditions that constantly remind them of the all-pervasive power and importance of the Amoskeag. Even their school hours are regulated to fit the convenience of the corporation. Instead of the almost universal American school hours, from 9 to 12 and from 1 to 3:30, the hours in Manchester are from 8:30 to 11:30 and from 2 to 4:30. The change is made to allow the children time to go home and get the noonday lunch for members of the family employed in the mills and to take it to the mills.

There is a compulsory education law in New Hampshire which, as elsewhere, is often violated. But in Manchester practically all violations are in the interest of the one corporation. The influence of the school hours and of the one source of employment and of the one contributing cause of a violated law cannot fail to affect powerfully the minds of the growing generation, who will be the next operations, with the sense of the power of The Amoskeag Corporation.

Two Saturday Nights a Week.

Even the hours of business for banks and stores are arranged with reference to the hours of labor in the mills. In nearly all American cities, the shops and the savings banks are opened on Saturday night. But in Manchester, a majority of the women and children, as well as the men, work in the mills from six to six. Thus more opportunity for shopping than one night of the week is necessary; all the banks—commercial as well as savings—and all the stores in Manchester are open on Thursday night as well as Saturday night.

The industrial feudalism of Manchester is feudalism graced by many evidences of altruism or of enlightened self-interest, as one chooses to look at them. But the conditions of life in Manchester are unwholesome. It is unwholesome for an American citizen to feel that he may not assemble with his fellows in a craft without the certainty of discharge from employment. It is unwholesome that the agent of a corporation can dictate political preferment—grant or withhold it at his pleasure. It is unwholesome that the votes of practically all the operatives in the largest plant of a great industry can be swung by a covert threat from a corporation. It is unwholesome for children to grow up in a community to feel that one corporation has more power for good or evil over their destiny than the power of the suffrage, than the power of associated craftsmen, than the power of the church, even; to grow up to feel that they, as individuals, are helpless so long as they live in that community.

A Warning to California.

These facts and this state of mind are the evidences of a practical system of feudalism. They are a menace to free institutions. The state of mind of the operatives of Manchester is the state of mind of the feudal serf. If these things persist through the coming generations until American life becomes as stable, and the residence of Americans as

(Concluded on Page 110.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

There's Not a Doubt About It.

There is not a doubt about it, for they all
allow it's true,
And the deacon's been suspected ever sence
—it's shockin', too!
At first I some mistrusted, but I guess you'd
certain be
If it came to you directly in the way it came
to me.
The deacon told the parson,
An' the parson told his aunt,
An' his aunt she told Mis' Bartles,
An' Mis' Bartles told Mis' Grant.
An' Mis' Grant she told her husband,
An' Bill Grant he told his son
That he'd better tell Tom Higgins
How the shameful deed wus done.
An' Tom Higgins told his sister,
An' his sister told Mis' Blee,
An' Mis' Blee she told my cousin,
An' my cousin then told me;
An' all scandal is a evil that I greatly deper-
cate,
But I reely cannot doubt it, for it come to me
so straight.

They say the deacon's claimin' that the story
isn't so,
But where there's smoke there's allers fire's
a maxim that I know,
And when the neighbors meet and talk, ad-
mittin' that it's tough,
Whatever else may lackin' be, there's verbal
smoke enough.
For, settin' 'round together,
Tom Boggs he told it Sam,
And Sam he told it Hiram Keech,
Who told it Peter Lamb,
Who told it to his sister,
Who told it then to Grace,
And they both allowed the deacon
Should be 'shamed to show his face.
An' they told it to their mothers,
As all modest girls should do,
An' they blushed at the admission
That "They say it's reely true;"
An' of course I'm pained about it, an' as
shocked as I can be,
But I wouldn't dare to doubt it, **for it come
so straight to me.**

* * *

"Getting Into Society."

Don't worry about "getting into society," Mabel, for unless you were immured in an uninhabited wilderness you could not keep out of the kind of society to which you be-ong. If you did not go to it, it would come o you, as long as like attracts like.

Are you vain, frivolous, desirous of being n exhibition though there is nothing about ou (except clothing) that is worthy of a econd glance? The vain and frivolous will ind you, and you will find them.

Are you coarse, somewhat vulgar, inclined o laugh when a blush would better become ou? Such are the ones whom you will at-ract, and to whom you will be attracted.

Are you sweet, pure, modest? Thank eaven, that kind are about us, and they will reet you as rightful members of their plendid sisterhood.

Is your utmost thought embodied in a ashionable gown? Such "thinkers" are not are, and the password, "fashion" will admit ou to their dress circle.

Have you an intellect that moves, a soul so road that it covers more than the atom ermed Self? Now, God be praised, there are thers of this kind, and they and you will now and find one another.

Again, Mabel, "getting into society" is out the last thing in the world concerning hich you need worry. That for which you e fitted will receive you with open arms—u scarcely could escape it if you would—d it is the only society in which you could content. The thing to worry about is hether you are fitted for **good** society, and you fancy that it is the capitalized Society tinsel pretence you thereby demonstrate at you are so far from understanding what od society is that you cannot be fit to be its fortunate membership.

The Opinions of Rufus.

I'm less disturbed 'bout what "they say" than I would be if I hadn't found out that I'm a part of the "they."

I don't know where I go when I die, but neither do I know where I go when I sleep, an' I reckon the One that cares for me in one case won't forgit me in the other.

Some people's frowns an' scowls remind me consider'ble of gramma's doughnuts—they was almost entirely fer home consumption.

Lots of times a man's adherin' to his pa's party an' creed is more of a tribute to the pa's influoence than 'tis to the son's good sensc.

The parson said a man orto go by his conscience, but I've known some men to go so fur by it that they never found it again.

Lots of women promise to "obey" the men they marry. Yit there's folks that claim women ain't got no sense of humor.

Some folks' releegion reminds me of my Uncle Hiram's jackass: 'Twas a great hand to bray, but wan't wuth a dern for workin'.

I b'lieve this life is just a school, but I'm willin' to admit that I shouldn't mind seein' some changes in the graduatin' exercises.

I s'pose the reason Paul wanted the women to keep silence in the churches was 'cause he thought there ought to be a place of that kind somewhere.

There's two classes of men—them that think, and them that think they think, an' the last kind ain't so very alfired lonely.

Dignity an' an overcoat are some alike: Lots o' times a good-lookin' article covers a mighty poor specimen of a man.

They's one thing I've noticed 'bout cats: They're the only animals that can swear reel hard without usin' a single word of any human language.

* * *

Father Time Interviews the Youngster.

"Yes," said the roly-poly youngster, "he was old, feeble, badly banged-up and practically useless, and so I kicked him over the precipice."

"Hey! You—what?" said Father Time.

"Kicked him over the precipice. Guess you'll find his shattered remains down below, if you're anyway interested."

"You ought to be prosecuted."

"All right, but I've got a pull, and I've got money, and Heney isn't prosecuting attorney now, and, anyway, I can prove that he deserved his fate."

"What had he done?"

"Lauded for discovering the north pole a man who had not discovered it."

"Nothing criminal in that. 'Twas merely folly."

"Fired a man who, at his own expense and large personal sacrifice, had convicted four grafters and had others on the anxious seat."

"That's shameful ingratitude, but no legal crime."

"Loudly proclaiming himself a Christian, he had devoted to the construction of dreadnaughts money which should have gone to starving poor."

"Heathenish, but not warranting the precipice route. Anything else?"

"Oh, plenty, but see here, old duffer, this is my busy day."

"But had he done no good?"

"Lots of it, but none that I cannot continue as well or better."

"You ought to be prosecuted, but—this is San Francisco?"

"That's what."

"And you have a pull?"

"Sure, an elegant one."

"And plenty of money?"

"You bet!"

"Well, old Father Time has been meandering along this walk too long to butt into many improbable things. You may deserve prosecution, but somebody else must tackle the job."

So the old gentleman blandly meandered on.

How Could Saint Peter Know?

Long Branch, N. J., Dec. 25.—George Edwards of this city, who had undergone twenty-five surgical operations within the last eighteen years, died to-day. Edwards was forty years old. He died of exhaustion. The ailments for which he had undergone operations ranged from appendicitis to cataract of the eyes.—Press despatch.

The last piece of him was dying, and its tide
of life was low,
While the doctors stood beside him with a
carving-knife or so,
For they said, those sage physicians, "He is
doubtless passing, but
It were sad should he escape us while there's
something left to cut.
Haply there is left a fragment of his anatomic
list
That we heretofore have slighted, and have
consequently missed."
Then they dropped the tears of sadness on
their knives and saws galore,
For they knew, where he was going, they
could operate no more.

The dying fraction muttered, of the light of
life bereft,
"It can matter very little where you bury
what is left.
You might hide it 'neath the daisies with the
toes you helped me shed,
Or out there where my appendix long has
made its lowly bed.
Oh, it really does not matter. You may place
it anywhere,
And I trust I'll find the pieces all collected
Over There.
Take my hand, the one—that's—left me—"
Then he ceased, to their dismay,
And the doctors, weeping sadly, laid their
carving tools away.

Once again his eyelids flickered, and the
doctors stooping o'er
Said, "We think that we could save him with
one operation more.
If enough were left for carving—" Hush!
The shattered fragment sighed:
"I am passing—what is left me—out upon the
farther tide.
Soon in little scraps and pieces I shall reach
the hidden shore,
But one question puzzles sadly, and it
troubles more and more.
Tell me, doctors, ye who carved me, make a
quick and sure reply:
How in thunder will Saint Peter know which
part of me is I?"
It was o'er; the life had flitted, but the
doctors answered not,
For they had to carve a patient whom till
then they'd quite forgot.

* * *

The "Crank" and the Wise Man.

A certain man discovered a great truth, and another man was first of those who believed in it.

Wherefore did all other men flagellate these two and denounce them as cranks and fools and unworthy of consideration.

(For if one sees a truth that we cannot see, then must we hold that he is a crank or admit that we are but dullards, which were unbearable.)

Then, as time passed, did that white light which shines about all truth beat its way unto even the blinded eyes of the mass of men, and thereupon they recognized it; wherefore it is evident that they are Wise Men.

But he who had discovered and he who had first believed in the truth, they were forgotten, or, if they were remembered, it was by those who muttered, "What astounding cranks they were, to be sure."

For the truth that the "crank" proclaims, this we at last accept, but that he is wiser and sees more clearly than we, this shall not be forgiven.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Several of your correspondents having seriously mistaken my position and having misread my diffident remarks, have proceeded "to take a fall" out of what they misunderstood my position to be.

I was contending that in economics, many things that we were taught as absolute and mathematical, were rather human and relative—"Supply and Demand" among the number. The questions of Supply and Demand must always be taken into account, but they are by no means the self regulating automatic devices that they were supposed to be in the days of laissez faire.

The demand for anthracite coal carries the price extremely high in these days, but who has the hardihood to claim that shortage of supply has anything to do with that price? Monopoly and the railways step in to hold that price at what the consumer can be made to pay. With the importation of alien labor held down to the lowest standard of living, the wages paid coal miners bear no fluid relation to the shortage of farm hands in Kansas, or fruit pickers in California. Here the process is reversed, the factor of "Supply" is open, the factor of "Demand" is monopolized.

To take up your correspondent's question regarding a trade not subject to monopoly:

He has as premises, (a) an eight-hour day; (b) a five-dollar daily wage; (c) an over supply of labor.

If the labor union is open to all of the craft the work or the pay must be shared until some readjustment can be made. The problem of the unemployed has certainly never been solved by the "Law of Supply and Demand." If the lack of work is due to a prohibitive charge by labor for service, demand is thereby curtailed and lower wages or different employment must be sought. But the bidding of man against man in accordance with his necessities results in intolerable conditions breeding misery and industrial war. Under such conditions women outbid men and children outbid women, so we pass laws corrective of the "Law of Supply and Demand."

In the packing industry of Chicago the employment is monopolized, the labor supply is excessive and purposely kept so. The yards are thronged with men seeking employment by the hour. Pace-making wears out the most efficient the less efficient barely live. The employers say it's all a question of supply and demand. What would your correspondent do in that situation?

No one could be foolish enough to ignore the elements of Supply and Demand in the attempt to make a living, nor could any one ignore the changing human factors of style, taste or legislation that must be taken into account. We are struggling with a few known and many unknown factors to work empirically toward a more generally tolerable modus vivendi. In so far as political economy makes these hard problems seem easy, it is necessarily fallacious. Deduction from uncertain premises leads nowhere, and there are none to certify the premises.

A great university offers a prize to the undergraduate who shows in an essay the clearest knowledge of the "Elements of political economy." It would be equally sensible to offer a prize to the mining student who can see furthest into the ground.

If any quest requires a comprehension of ethics, civics, sociology and an experience acquired from association with all manner of men, it is the search for what may look like the "elements of political economy." The contestant cannot secure his knowledge from the encyclopaedia, for no two books any longer agree. The prize was started in the Laissez Faire days, and was awarded to the devout follower of Jevons. Some day it will be taken by an orthodox socialist, perhaps by a philosophic anarchist, and one will be about as near right as the other in this changing, complicated world of men.

It would appear to the Casual Observer that human beings are factors to be considered in political economy, along with mathematical formulae and deductive logic. If the average undergraduate is qualified to clearly disclose the nature of man and his individual and social duties the colleges are doing a work that is perfect from an economic standpoint, and the elements are easily described.

WILLIAM KENT.

Kentfield, Cal., Dec. 31, 1909.

If we understand Mr. Kent right, his position is not an attack upon the attempt to create a science of economics, nor an attack upon the intellectual value of a standard of economic values such as the so-called "laws" lay down. It is rather a plea for a humanitarian viewpoint toward the practical relations of men, toward their physical and moral well being, toward an active effort to alleviate economic inequalities, all things that a purely scientific state of mind will overlook. It is a plea that we do not greet the hungry, illiterate laborer, striving for better things, with the stone of a mathematical formula

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The Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Referring to an article on your page 86 of your issue of December 31st, near the top of third column, I note the statement in an article by Doctor Gulick, that "Los Angeles does not appear at all" as maintaining children's playgrounds. I am wondering if you are unaware that in fact Los Angeles is one of the foremost cities in this movement, and if you wish exact data and opportunity to correct this bit of misinformation, you can get it by writing to Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Chairman Playground Commission, Los Angeles, Cal.

I take the liberty of bringing this to your attention, because, being a subscriber, I consider it a matter of duty to correct a misstatement in a paper like yours, which I believe endeavors to be always fair and truthful.

Very truly yours,
E. T. PARSONS

San Francisco, Jan. 3, 1910.

The natural inference to be drawn from the sentence quoted by Mr. Parsons is unfortunate, and is an error. To reconstruct the sentence more carefully it should read, "It is unfortunate that San Francisco appears lowest on the list; it is unfortunate that Los Angeles does not appear at all, for purposes of comparison." We note a similar slip in Mr. Parson's letter, which may persuade him to forgive our slip of the pen: He speaks of our article "by" Dr. Gulick; as the article plainly shows, it is an article "about" Dr. Gulick. However, we appreciate both Mr. Parson's interest and his courtesy in calling an error to our attention. We are always glad to receive criticisms.

COLLIER'S ON HICHBORN'S.

"Peanuts.

"In the California legislature last year a majority stood for good government. Considerable bad legislation, nevertheless, was passed and few bills of a so-called reform nature became law without being remodeled to suit the machine. Why was this so with a well meaning majority? The opponents of the machine, new to their duties, were mostly unskilled in the details of legislation. Least of all did they seem to understand the importance of the preliminary organization of the two houses. The machine members had their work mapped out before the legislature met. The reformers, on the contrary, allowed the machine forces to elect a speaker through the timidity of some of the house members, who feared possible failure and subsequent punishment in the loss of local appropriation bills. The machine speaker appointed committees according to prearranged program, and needed legislation was chloroformed in committee. In the attempt to pass the race track law it was discovered that the clerk of the senate enrolling and engrossing committee had been a recent employe of a notorious California poolroom. The bill for non-partisan judicial nominations was held up in committee until the day before adjournment and defeated in the rush of the closing hours. Other bills were improperly entered by title on the journal in the hope of thus having them declared unconstitutional. These reflections, and much more of interest to every one interested in politics, may be found embodied in a little volume called "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909." Its author is Franklin Hichborn of Santa Clara, Cal. If every legislator elected in each state next year would peruse this volume, the machines might sooner be dismantled. Even the pettiest politics is a science. Emerson thinks that success in government and in a peanut stand have much in common. Even the peanut business must be learned."—Collier's Weekly of December 25, 1909.

THACKERAY WITH A COLD.

The saying that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," is borne out by a letter of William M. Thackeray, sold recently at auction. It was inserted in a first edition of "William Makepeace Thackeray," by Anthony Trollope.

Thackeray's letter was written while he was suffering from a cold in the head. It is:

17 Youg S., Kedsigtod.

By Dear Sprig Rice [Thomas Spring Rice] Rebebber your probise to dide with be, of Wedlesday at 6 o'clock. Ad obdibus will brig you to the Street, ad the house is the elegadt balsiol of the right-had, with the bow-widdledows. Your brother repealer,

W. M. Thackeray.

The Sun, the East, and the West.

A most appreciative cuss,
The Sun gets up to look at us,
But when he strikes the West instead
He gets so bored he goes to bed.
—McLandburgh Wilson, in Lippincott's.

'Tis true that first the East he tries,
Takes just one whiff that "puts him wise,"
Then, feeling that he needs a rest,
He hastens to the splendid West.

IT'S OUR MOVE
TO OUR NEW STORE AT
42 and 44 CALIFORNIA ST.
One half block off Market St.
Calendars, Pocket Diaries
Office Diaries for 1910
LE COUNT, CLARK & ORMOND
STATIONERS AND PRINTERS
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POLYTECHNIC BUSINESS COLLEGE
SHORTHAND INSTITUTE AND
COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Twelfth and Harrison Sts., Oakland
Incorporated Capital Stock $100,000.00
The greatest business training school of the west. Finest building and equipment in the United States. National reputation for high-grade work. Graduates secure the best positions.
Write for illustrated catalogue.

YOU ARE
FAITHFULLY SERVED
by these Standard Milk Products
BORDEN'S
PIONEER
BRAND
Evaporated Milk

(Unsweetened)
EAGLE
BRAND
Condensed Milk

"The Original"
Our fidelity to you is expressed in the high quality we supply.
You are the loser if satisfied with a substitute for Borden's
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality,"
Est. 1857. New York.

Report on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

AS DISCLOSED BY THE INVESTIGATIONS OF THE OLIVER GRAND JURY, AND THE PROSECUTION OF CERTAIN PERSONS FOR BRIBERY AND OTHER OFFENSES AGAINST THE STATE.

WILLIAM DENMAN, Chairman, ALEXANDER GOLDSTEIN,
WILL J. FRENCH, WILLIAM KIRK GUTHRIE,
HENRY GIBBONS, Jr., WILLIAM KENT.
D. O. CROWLEY.

Committee appointed by the Mayor, October 12, 1908.

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[The significance of this report, aside from the obviously fair and licial temper of it, lies in the character of the men who prepared it. e chairman of the committee is Mr. William Denman, a leader at San Francisco bar and son of the founder of the public school tem of the city. Mr. Alexander Goldstein has a wide reputation honestly won success in business and for a large public spirit. Rev. lliam K. Guthrie is one of the foremost clergymen of the Presbyan church in California. Mr. William Kent is a successful business n, who has also had a wide practical training in reform politics in cago. Dr. Henry Gibbons, Jr., is the dean of the Cooper Medical lege and one of the most distinguished members of his profession. Will French is the editor of The Labor Clarion, and is recognized one of the ablest and most conservative of the local labor leaders. her Crowley, who concurs in the recommendations, though unable n sickness to attend the later meetings and hence sign the find-, is universally beloved for his rescue work, and honored all men of every faith who know him. Such a committee is securely ve any suspicion of wilful misstatement, hasty judgment, or the ge of being disgruntled or irresponsible agitators. Their stake in community is too large for these things.—Editor The California ekly.]

San Francisco, December 31, 1909.

norable Edward R. Taylor,
Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco,
San Francisco.

Dear Sir:—On the 12th day of October, 1908, your Honor ressed a letter to each of us, requesting an investigation the circumstances giving rise to the series of criminal s which have since been known as the "Graft Prosecus."

t is our understanding, gathered from your letter and, e particularly, from the subsequent conferences with you, our functions were, to make an analysis of the crimes for h indictments were brought by the Oliver Grand Jury, cularly with reference to their classification as briberies xtortions; to gather such evidence as we could find conng the classes of persons taking profit from the criminal icious enterprises uncovered by the investigation, the exto which the public has been debauched or deceived into rding political, social or commercial prestige to such per; and the obstructions that the state has met in attempto uncover the crimes or punish the offenders. In other words, what was desired was, primarily, a collection of the more recently manifested symptoms of a deeply seated disease in our body social and politic, in the hope that it may lead to a true diagnosis and the discovery of a cure.

Acting under your warrant, we have called for conference with us men from many classes of the city's social, industrial and political organization. The response has been, on the whole, extremely willing, as soon as the invited persons have been convinced that we were not trying to secure evidence for the pending criminal cases and that we were not seeking to procure any further indictments.

The accompanying report is made up from the statements of these persons, the examination of the city and county records, the confessions of those charged with crime, and from various matters that have come under our own observation. As such a committee has not power to summon witnesses, no attempt has been made to determine what particular persons connected with the various quasi-public corporations engaged in bribery, actually collected and handled the money

No one of the many persons we have interviewed has seriously questioned that all but one of the larger of these corporations, by some chain of agency, did pay moneys for favors done or promised. In view of the confession of Abraham Ruef who, as the attorney for nearly all of them, delivered the money to the officials, and of their ratification of the briberies by the acceptance of the benefits, we have taken the guilt of the corporations to be one of those facts established beyond a reasonable doubt.

The reader of the report must always bear in mind that we are considering a disease in the community, and that the description no more pictures the workings or organization of the whole corpus of the people than a treatise on tuberculosis describes the structure or healthy functions of the human body.

The trust officer who invests trust funds in a house of assignation is not a fair representative of San Francisco bankers, nor is the example a fair one of his daily banking activity. The president of an exchange of merchants who becomes bondsman to the prostitute because it may help his sale of liquors to the lower class saloons, is not a fair sample of her merchants. The manager of the gambling stands of a race track who becomes a director in a social club of gentlemen is very far from a fair illustration of his fellow members.

Yet each is, in our opinion, a fair illustration of the **symptoms of the disease** which you have commissioned us to describe.

Nor is it to be inferred that San Francisco alone is a victim of the malady. The evidence is conclusive that a like evil exists to a greater or less degree in all of the larger American cities. It is to San Francisco's credit, however, that she had been the first to show the moral courage to attack the persons responsible for the condition, regardless of their social, political, or financial power—and in some instances regardless of the fact that, in other respects, they are valuable members of the community.

We have to regret that sickness and absence from the city has prevented the Reverend Father Crowley from participating in most of our sessions, and hence in our final report.

In further response to your suggestion, we have appended certain general recommendations which, we believe, may be of value. The evils disclosed are firmly established in so many of our institutions that no single remedy can be expected to eradicate them. The school house, the club, the church, the bank, the business establishment, the political caucus, and the newspaper office, each must feel the force of an enlightened public opinion, and be levied upon for its contribution in the struggle which in its last analysis is but a phase of the eternal war between man's civic consciousness and his private greed.

WILLIAM DENMAN, Chairman,
WILL J. FRENCH,
HENRY GIBBONS, Jr.,
ALEXANDER GOLDSTEIN,
WILLIAM KIRK GUTHRIE,
WILLIAM KENT.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

The Earlier Investigation by the Wallace Grand Jury—The Adoption of the Charter.

The history of municipal wickedness in San Francisco dates back to the days of the discovery of gold and its population by gold seekers and adventurers from all parts of the world. The story of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, with its violent and extra legal efforts to suppress the demoralizing reign of crime then controlling the city, is well known; and the struggle against corruption in public affairs had been continuously active, in one form or another, from that time to this.

However, until the empanelment of the Wallace Grand Jury in August, 1891, we find no attempt made at a comprehensive search under forms of law for the causes and persons ultimately responsible for the class of municipal dishonesty now known as "grafting." This Grand Jury was empaneled under Judge William T. Wallace, then on the Superior Bench, but formerly a Chief Justice of the State. They were sworn on August 20, 1891, and reported September 23, 1891. The first pages of this report show there was, at that time, the same relation between a plutocratic organization of special privilege and the office holder, the politician and the public, that was disclosed by the more complete investigation of the Oliver Grand Jury in 1907.

REPORT OF THE GRAND JURY.

"To the Hon. W. T. Wallace, Presiding Judge of the
" Superior Court of San Francisco:

" This body was assembled and sworn by the court as a Grand "Jury on August 20, 1891. It began work at once, appointed sub-"committees, and arranged for frequent sessions. Very soon there-"after Stephen T. Gage, one of the directors of the Southern Pacific "railway, and Richard Chute, a salaried employe of the same company, "declined to obey the subpoena of the Grand Jury.

" Their attorneys asserted that we were not a legal body exercising "official authority, and when brought before his court, Judge Murphy "sustained this view.

" By other processes the question was carried to the Supreme Court, "and Creed Haymond, general solicitor of the Southern Pacific rail-"way, attacked the validity of the Grand Jury before that tribunal.

" The Supreme Court, after some days' deliberation, decided that "we could subpoena and compel the attendance of witnesses. But "these harassing delays consumed a month or more, and in the interval "we could do very little as it was thought proper to be sure that we "had the rightful power before it was exercised with necessary firm-"ness. Then came a period of about six weeks without other legal checks "or impediments. During this time we were free to delve into the "arcana of rascality and dishonesty that fronted us everywhere. We "made all efforts to fulfill our duty, and heard many witnesses. We "collected an immense quantity of evidence tending to show venality "and money taking by various officials both municipal and legislative.

" We found that agents and brokers, who were fully recognized as "such, went freely to persons interested in legislation and agreed to "defeat or pass measures.

" Many persons other than those in office were implicated, and we "began to wonder to what heights our researches would lead us. A "number of men, presidents and directors of corporations, who had "paid moneys either direct or through agents and brokers, had con-"sented to make a full and unreserved confession in case we were "adjudged by the highest legal tribunal in the state a lawful Grand "Jury.

" These people may be deemed by some moralists more culpable "than those to whom were paid the price of dishonor, upon the princi-"ple that if there was no booty there would be no thieves. The cor-"poration owners defend the payment of this tribute in saying that "the legislators and supervisors are highway robbers who have to be "bribed; for otherwise, by adverse enactments they threaten the de-"struction of the financial interests involved. But in some instances "these financial interests have been obtained in an improper manner, "and a just enforcement of the statutes would cause the forfeiture "of the acquired privileges.

" And if it be not so, who shall say these corporations are justified? "What remedy can cure the injury to patriotism and free government "that makes worthless rascals out of men who would have been per-"chance honest if they had not been tempted? Not even our vacuous "laws admit any difference between the buyer and seller of men's "consciences.

" Neither by law nor by that abstract sentiment of what is fair and "right to man and man, is the tempter better than the tempted.

" The millionaire sitting in his luxurious office rotund with the "wealth filched from the public coffers by unclean franchises, may hold "up his hands and say, 'Preserve me from these bandits.' But is he "less culpable than the poor devil of a senator or assemblyman that "has incurred debts during his candidacy which he is unable to pay? "Who finds himself for the nonce lifted to a position which he knows "is evanescent, and is tempted by wines, banquets and money?

" They are all alike guilty and criminal. But be that as it may "the tongues of these corporation owners for the present are silenced "For there came again legal intervention to thwart the Grand Jury.'

The report was signed by the following Grand Jurors:

CHAS. HOLBROOK,
JAMES DENMAN,
H. L. DODGE,
IRVINE GRAHAM,
WILLIAM CLUFF,
P. J. KENNEDY,
JOHN A. LENNON,
C. W. McAFEE,
J. H. MUNDY,
MARK SHELDON,
W. S. ZEILIN,
REUBEN TUCKER,
WM. M. CUBERY,
JEREMIAH LYNCH,
BARCLAY HENLEY, Foreman.

It is apparent that the problem of the relative immorality of bribe-giving and bribe-taking, and the holding of profit of the bribery had become, even at that time, one of publi consideration.

The "legal intervention" which came again "to thwart th grand jury" followed the indictment and flight of Buckle and the summoning of Senator Stanford to testify to the par played by the Southern Pacific in the politics of the city an state. The Supreme Court of the state, by a vote of four t three, held that the grand jury was improperly constituted because of an irregularity in the appointment of the elisor.

Among other matters considered in the report, was the fol lowing:

" The Mayor is helpless. He can do nothing. He is only a chie

"clerk. He has the appointment of his personal staff and no more. "Like Prometheus bound to the rock of the Caucasus he sees these "vultures eating the vitals of the city and can only cry out against "the revolting deed.

" The Mayors of San Francisco have been generally reputable men. "But could they, have they, stayed this dirty slime of corruption? It "requires a rare order of courage to denounce those with whom one "is in daily official and social contact. What, then, is the remedy?

" It is in a new charter, granting above all, enlarged powers to the "Mayor, and for the exercise of which he would be directly responsi-"ble. He ought to be really, as he is nominally, the Head of the City "Government. He should have the appointment of all subordinate "officers whose election is now vested in the Board of Supervisors. "His powers should include also the appointment of Park, Police and "Fire Commissioners. For the Mayor's office is executive while the "Boards of Supervisors are legislative, and to the executive, from the "President and Governor down, is granted the power and the right "to appoint, while the legislature in certain cases confirms."

Acting on the suggestion of this report, Mayor James D. Phelan subsequently appointed a committee of one hundred citizens to draft a charter which should attempt to remedy the administrative defects of the loosely drawn "Consolidation Act" and other statutes then constituting San Francisco's organic law.

It was apparent from the debates of the Committee of One Hundred that they did not expect to eliminate entirely from our Government the evil of grafting. What they attempted was to so re-organize and concentrate the functions of government that the responsibility for dishonesty or inefficiency could be readily traced and public opinion intelligently applied for the removal or reforming of the offending officer. The result of their deliberations was a draft of a charter which, after the formality of a consideration by a freeholders' convention, was adopted by a vote of the people. It is interesting to note that the machine organization of both the Republican and Democratic parties strongly favored the old system of concealed responsibility and actually fused on the ballot to support a set of candidates for the position of freeholder who were antagonistic to the charter proposed.

Mr. Phelan was the first mayor elected under the charter and with him an excellent board of supervisors. It is admitted by practically all the witnesses we have had before us that the government during this and Mr. Phelan's succeeding (and last) term was excellently administered, both in its legislative and executive branches.

The War Between the Laboring and Capitalistic Classes and the Development of the Schmitz-Ruef Machine.

During these years, there had been a gathering of forces for the struggle between the then newly organized unions of laboring men and the combination of capital employing labor. The last year of the Phelan administration saw the first engagement between these two classes in what was generally known as the "Teamsters' Strike." With the merits of this controversy we are not concerned, but the breach between employer and employee was widened by the conduct of both parties. The teamsters claimed that their organization to prevent the employment of non-union men was justified because without it they were unable to resist the attempt of the employers to lengthen the hours of labor and hold down the wage.

The employers' organization refused to recognize any right of the employees to organize and also refused to listen to any arguments presented on behalf of the employees by agents of the unions. The denial of the right to band together for the purpose of collective bargaining with capital, solidified at once the somewhat loosely combined forces of the unions. Certain acts of deliberate and cold-blooded cruelty and violence towards the non-union, strike-breaking teamsters, drove into the capitalistic organization many persons who otherwise would have remained neutral in the struggle.

This alignment of the citizens, based on bitter class antagonism, has shown itself in the political life of the city ever since. In the succeeding election for the mayoralty, all administrative and political questions were entirely lost to view. Eugene E. Schmitz, the Union Labor candidate, whose campaign was skilfully handled by Abraham Ruef, was elected by a large plurality.

The election of Schmitz afforded ideal conditions for municipal corruption. The voters who elect or vote against a candidate because he represents a class in a class war, regard him solely as a class representative. They overlook the method in which he performs the ordinary functions of his position and are absorbed entirely in those official or extra-official acts which favor or injure the apparent interests of their class. No form of charter or legislative enactment can be devised to carry a government successfully under such conditions. However, while the charter was powerless to prevent an election on class lines, it entirely vindicated the wisdom of its framers in the clarity with which it exposed the responsibility for the corruption and the facility with which it lent itself to the substitution of an entirely new and clean administration when class antagonism had quieted and administrative questions again became paramount.

During the first two Schmitz administrations, a majority of the board of supervisors was elected from incumbents of the Phelan regime, and no scandals have been discovered in the legislative branch of the government during that period. The second election of Schmitz, in 1903, found the laboring men still strong in his support, and his plurality should, in the main, be attributed to the class antagonisms again skilfully fomented by Ruef.

The activities of Ruef on his own behalf, were shown to have begun in the profitable stimulation of the vicious industries of the town almost immediately after Schmitz's first election. These earlier enterprises were consummated through the aid of the various municipal commissions, all of which, with the exception of the board of education, are subject to removal by the mayor without trial.

In the summer of 1903, Ruef had already begun to reach out beyond mere grafting on vice. We find him approaching Rudolph Spreckels with a scheme to so shape the relation between labor and capital in San Francisco, that no bank would dare bid a fair price for the municipal bonds to be offered for sale in the fall of that year. Ruef's plan was to precipitate a street-car strike at the time of the receipt of the bids, thus enabling Mr. Spreckels to buy in the bonds without competition, at a low figure. The day this proposition was made, Mr. Spreckels met Mr. Thomas Driscoll and Mr. Edward Tobin at luncheon, and told them of his experience with Ruef and his intention some time to organize and drive such men out of power in the city, and, by perfecting a good government organization, keep them out. Up to this time Mr. Spreckels had taken no special interest in civic affairs, but the boldness of Mr. Ruef and the viciousness of his proposition opened his eyes to the duty of men in his position to use their influence for better city government. It was this incident, he says, which turned his mind away from a career devoted exclusively to business.

The citizens still living, who had in the nineties organized for the overthrowing of the Buckley regime, were not blind to the conditions existing, but their appeals seemed to fall on deaf or unwilling ears. By their efforts both the Democratic and Republican parties were brought into fusion in 1905, and the campaign of that fall brought forth a full discussion of the evils of the administration. A final rally was held the night before election, at which Mr. Francis J. Heney told, in plain language, of certain briberies which were subsequently made the subject of indictment, and pledged himself to return to California and assist in prosecuting the guilty persons, of whom Mr. Ruef was one, should a third election continue Ruef in power.

Mr. Heney had just tried a remarkable series of cases, twenty-one in all, against a large body of men engaged in looting the federal government of its timber properties in Oregon and elsewhere. As a result of his prosecutions a vast conspiracy to defraud was disclosed and thirty-four men (amongst others a United States senator), were convicted, but three of whom maintained successful appeals. These trials were all in the federal courts, where the orderliness and dignity of procedure precluded the suggestion that the judgments were the result of any improper methods. All this prestige, however, failed to obtain for Mr. Heney sufficient attention among the voters to make any impression on the election results.

Nor was the support of Schmitz due to any failure on the part of the press to make public the character of his administration. For many months prior to the election of 1905, the Evening Bulletin, under the editorship of Fremont Older, had

been raising the cry of corruption. That paper painted a picture of the viciousness of the city government which, in its shocking verity—though amply justified by the subsequent investigations of the grand jury—gave offense to many good citizens, that is to say, to many good persons who were quite willing to stay blind apparently, at any cost to their inner self respect.

The third election of Schmitz showed a decided change in the character of the vote he received. In the portions of the city where the more prosperous merchants and capitalists lived, men who by instinct and interest would be most unlikely to support a Union Labor candidate, he received a very considerable plurality, while in the "labor" districts his vote showed a decided falling off.

It was for a time suspected by many that the sinister strength of Schmitz in the wealthy quarter of the town, whose support could not have been offered because of any belief in the principles of the Union Labor party platform, was due to tampering with the voting machine. It could not be believed that the financial leaders, the bank managers, the great merchants, and the more pecuniarily successful of the professional classes, were in sympathy with an administration pledged to an extreme labor platform and about which the odor of corruption was already discernible. The discovery of the participancy of many members of these classes in municipal corruption, or their sympathy with it, by the Wallace Grand Jury, fourteen years before, had been forgotten.

As the reason for the majority of the Union Labor leader in the residential quarters of the town given over to the capitalist and his class, only became apparent upon the exposures of the Oliver Grand Jury, we leave to that chapter the explanation of what, on its face, is a political contradiction.

THE FAILURE OF THE SCHMITZ-RUEF RING TO CONTROL THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, AS SHOWN BY LANGDON'S RAIDS ON PROTECTED GAMBLING RESORTS—HIS INDEPENDENCE THE MORE SIGNIFICANT BECAUSE OF THE GAMBLING SPIRIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Amongst others on the Union Labor ticket, was William H. Langdon, who was elected District Attorney. Ruef, not fully realizing the number of his friends among the richer classes and, no doubt, feeling Schmitz's declining popularity with the laboring people, had sought to strengthen his ticket by placing on it Mr. Langdon, then Superintendent of Schools, who had a large following both inside and outside the school department.

It became apparent very shortly after his election that Mr. Langdon's hold on the sympathies of the average voter was largely based on much more of moral character than even the wiser political observers had given him credit for, and that whatever votes his name may have brought to the Ruef-Schmitz organization, Langdon did not intend that that name should be sullied by the corruption of the Schmitz administration. Shortly after taking the oath of office in January, 1906, he began a series of raids on the many establishments of the professional gamblers operating under the protection of the Ruef-Schmitz Board of Police Commissioners.

The significance of Langdon's raids becomes apparent when we consider the remarkable attitude which a very large portion of the community bears toward the vice of gambling. Men of recognized prominence in the social and financial life of the city openly admitted their proprietorship and participancy in gambling ventures of the most sordid character. The proprietor and manager of the Emeryville race track, the largest and most widely demoralizing gambling establishment west of the Rocky Mountains, a man who was also one of Schmitz's bondsmen, has been elected since the fire to the directorate of one of the oldest clubs in San Francisco. This organization has long occupied a commanding position in the social history of the city. It has among its members the greatest number of the owners and managers of the various large quasi-public corporations of the state, and probably of the whole West, men who are real leaders in finance and trade, and creators of industries. While occupying the position in their governing body to which these gentlemen had elected him, the whole state arose in arms and, after a violent campaign in which was exposed the daily toll of embezzlement, suicide and ruin he had caused, compelled the legislature to pass a law aimed at closing his gambling stands. With these high lights thus thrown on the character of his business, and despite his intimacy with the indicted mayor, he was again chosen one of the directors at their next election.

The slot machine is a gambling device whereby a saloonkeeper or cigar man wagers liquor or cigars against his customers' small coin on the turn of cards mechanically shuffled. This contrivance was licensed by the supervisors. It was installed openly on the street in cigar stands and stood on practically every bar in the city. At first the objections of the innocent were quieted by the suggestion that the device was a mere "trade stimulator"; but the lines of men and boys standing on the sidewalk waiting their turn to wager with the shop, and playing their coin long after their immediate need for tobacco had been supplied, soon made it clear that its purpose was mainly to appeal to the gambling instincts of people of moderate means. To the more thoughtful, the suicidal policy of an American city licensing a machine to stimulate the nervous, high strung American to the use of alcohol or tobacco, was as abhorrent as the denial that the city was licensing gambling was absurd.

The large profits of these machines were divided between the high rents of the landlords and the proprietors of the stands, after paying the salaries of the considerable body of persons employed to supervise the playing. It is true that some landlords refused to become silent partners in such discreditable enterprises. The exceptions, however, were few and the numbers of such gambling plants in the city ran into thousands, standing educators to the children on the streets in the easily learned vice of seeking to acquire the property of somebody else without giving an equivalent.

It would seem that the banks, the supposed conservators of thrift and saving, would be the first to protest against the evil. On the contrary, we find that when the civic sense had been awakened to the point where the supervisors were considering a bill to abolish the machines, the majority of the large commercial banks of the city signed the following petition:

"TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS of the City and County of San Francisco.
" State of California.

" Gentlemen:—The undersigned of the City of San Francisco, respectfully request of your Honorable Body that Bill No. 782, passed "to print on Monday, April 5, 1909, be amended so as to limit the "number of slot machines in use at any one place, to two (2); that "the use of slot machines to be licensed **be limited to the stimulation "of trade in merchandise dealt in by the owners of the machines;** that "all so-called 'play-backs' be prohibited; that the granting of licenses "for slot machines be placed under the supervision of the Police Department in order that gambling may be prohibited; that the time "for the issuance of licenses to any person, firm or corporation shall "be limited to the period between July 1st, 1909, and January 1st, 1910, "and that all licensing of all slot machines shall be discontinued on "January 1st, 1910, instead of July 1st, 1909, as provided in the said "Bill—Number 782, all of which provisions are incorporated in a proposed amended Bill which will be submitted to your Honorable Body "with this petition.

" We are moved to make this request by reason of the fact that the "less than three months remaining until July 1st, 1909, is not sufficient "in which to allow the cigar dealers of this city and real estate owners "from whom they rent their places of business, to so adjust their business relations as to prevent the unavoidable and serious hardship that "will result to all parties concerned, if the Bill is put in force at that "time.

" Many Tens of Thousands of Dollars are invested and leases running "into the Thousands of Dollars per month have been made upon the "basis of the use of those machines as they were used prior to the "fire and for the past fifteen years, and to entirely upset these arrangements, made in good faith by all parties, a large majority of whom "have never used their machines as gambling devices, will mean ruin "for many very worthy people, who are in no sense law-breakers, and "are among our most respectable citizens.

" The mere fact that certain persons have violated the law and used "their slot machines as gambling devices, should not move your "Honorable Body, in your effort to reach and prohibit their schemes, "to work a hardship to a much larger number of honest persons.

" Believing that you are actuated only by the best motives, and

"that you desire to do the greatest good to the greatest number, we "respectfully submit this Petition in the hope that it may be granted.

"WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRAN-
" CISCO,
"UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
"COLUMBUS SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
"THE ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK,
"THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
"THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO,
"THE SAN FRANCISCO NATIONAL BANK,
"WESTERN NATIONAL BANK."

It is claimed that because on an average day's play the so-called "honest" machines netted the house about a fair price for the drinks or cigars lost by it, the institution was not a gambling device. This equally shallow contention is answered by the fact that the same player does not play against the house all day. While the luck may average even for the house over a period of time, this is due to a balance of the cigars won by some players against the coin lost by others.

This is what these banks call a "stimulation of trade" by machines not used as "gambling devices" by many "very worthy" and "most respectable" people.

The admitted purpose of this appeal of the banks was to allow the landlords and the keepers of the machines to take profit enough from the public to tide them over the period of readjustment and to a future date, when the practice would cease. To do this, however, they were willing to argue that the machine was not a gambling device because it decided a wager of tobacco against money instead of money against money.

In a community in which gambling was treated with such tolerance, it was a matter of more than ordinary significance that the District Attorney should have commenced a vigorous enforcement of the laws against the large gambling resorts. A number of church organizations, particularly the Catholics, and many good citizens, rallied to Langdon's support. As the entire city government, including the Police Department, every administrative board and the Supervisors, was under the control of Schmitz and Ruef, and as several of the police judges had been elected from their ticket, the task seemed almost hopeless. Langdon could neither obtain the officers necessary to ferret out the criminals, or to enforce the laws, nor the funds from the Supervisors to hire special detectives for that purpose. Nevertheless, he was able to close two of the establishments which were running under the protection of the administration, and to prevent others being opened.

The significant thing, however, was the demonstration that the people had a District Attorney who was with them rather than in the camp of the enemy—and this at the beginning of the term of the corrupt Board of Supervisors, and before their alleged hold-up practices had been disclosed.

It was this fact of Langdon's willingness to enforce the law, even against a vice as complacently established as gambling, which brought ridicule on the subsequent claim that the quasi-public corporations had been held up and were victims of extortion. We have later set forth the names of the directors of these corporations. It cannot be doubted that if Mr. Langdon had had behind him the power and wealth of these men, either the alleged extorting would not have been attempted or the guilty parties would have been convicted without great delay.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE INVESTIGATION OF THE SCHMITZ-RUEF REGIME.

As we have before pointed out, the supervisors, the legislative body of the city, had not been captured by the Ruef-Schmitz machine until the November election of 1905, and that from the adoption of the charter in 1899, until January, 1906, the beginning of the term of the Ruef-Schmitz Board, there had been no suggestion of corruption with regard to the fixing of rates for water or gas, or the granting of franchises or permits. The attacks of the Bulletin, and of the many speakers who took the stump in the fusion campaign of the fall of 1905, were all directed at the evils existing in the administrative boards which were appointed by Schmitz, particularly the Board of Public Works, which were spending large sums of the tax-payers' moneys with an absurdly small showing in results, and the Police Department, which was marketing the privilege of violating the laws passed for the regulation or suppression of the City's vices.

In December, 1905, Mr. Older, Mr. Heney and Mr. Lincoln Steffens met in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Heney was engaged in matters arising out of the prosecution of the timber frauds. These gentlemen had a long conference concerning the situation in San Francisco and Mr. Older suggested that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, a very large tax-payer and hence interested in suppressing the extravagance of the Schmitz boards, could be persuaded to assist in securing funds to aid in exposing the corruption in San Francisco, and that Mr. Phelan, who had inaugurated the government under the charter, and had been very largely instrumental in securing its enactment, would also be willing to contribute for this purpose. Mr. Heney then agreed with Mr. Older that as soon as he could free himself from his engagements with the national government, he would lend his services to a movement to prosecute the offending officials. The only condition he imposed was that Mr. William Burns, the Federal detective who had unearthed the timber frauds, should co-operate with him and that there should be sufficient funds supplied to secure Mr. Burns any other assistance he might think necessary. Subsequently, in January, 1906, Mr. Heney, Mr. Older, Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan met in San Francisco and plans were further matured. Mr. Heney's preoccupation with the land fraud cases delayed the matter until the June after the earthquake and fire of that year, when Mr. Burns' detectives began a systematic investigation.

All of this becomes pertinent in view of certain charges made long afterward "that the citizens should not support District Attorney Langdon or Mr. Heney (who subsequently became his assistant) because they were tools of Mr. Spreckels in an attempt to ruin certain persons indicted for bribery in connection with the passage of franchises for quasi-public corporations." The plan of attack on the Schmitz-Ruef administration had been well matured at a time when the only evil aimed at was the corruption in the administrative boards of the government, months before the franchise briberies had been suggested, and even before the board which was subsequently bribed had taken office.

THE WIDE SPREAD OF THE EVILS LENDING SUPPORT TO CORRUPT GOVERNMENT, AS SHOWN BY THE CHARACTER OF THE CRIMES FOR WHICH INDICTMENTS WERE BROUGHT BY THE OLIVER GRAND JURY.

What was happening during the period before and after the fire is best learned from the testimony given before the Oliver Grand Jury, and in the confession of Ruef which came as a result of the facts there developed. The crimes unearthed belong to the three classes customarily found in American cities, namely, those for the protection of illicit or demoralizing enterprises, commonly known as "Police Graft," those for obtaining franchises or privileges, known as "Franchise Graft," and those for securing advantageous rates to the corporations supplying quasi-public utilities, known as the "Rate Graft." The French restaurant cases fall under the head of the first class; the Parkside, the Home Telephone, the overhead trolley deals, and the prize fight monopoly under the second; and the gas rate bribery under the third.

We shall, in the succeeding subsections of this chapter, endeavor to analyze these crimes and to show something of the relationship they bear to the social, financial, political and economic organization of the city.

The French Restaurant Extortions.

There are many respectable restaurants in San Francisco conducted by Frenchmen, but the term "French Restaurant" has a meaning in the parlance of the town which conveys much more than the implication that a given restaurant has a French proprietor. The term is applied to a peculiar kind of transient house of assignation, obviously arranged for immoral purposes, sometimes having a conventional restaurant dining room on the ground floor, and sometimes a banquet room and a few private dining rooms without assignation accompaniments. The

building is often five or six stories in height, and in nearly all cases built expressly for illicit purposes.

The presence of the restaurant on the ground floor gives a certain air of legitimacy to the enterprise. On account of the large profits from the sale of foods and liquors to the persons using the upper stories, and for the rental of the rooms above, the prices in the restaurant are made exceptionally low, considering the skill of the cooks and the quality of the food served. As strict propriety of conduct is required in the public dining room, many innocent and respectable people patronizing the place do not stop to analyze the reason for the low price. Behind this veil of respectability many a tragic "first step" downward is taken.

The business is very prosperous and, as is usual, the landlord shares in its prosperity. People of social prominence were known to accept a portion of the profits of such establishments, through the extremely liberal rentals paid, and the system is received with easy toleration. One of the largest of these assignation places was located on a prominent corner of the downtown shopping district, where hundreds of women daily passed its doors. The building, five stories in height, had four stories devoted to the private supper bedrooms. The land was owned in trust by one of the largest, if not the largest, trust company in the West. A lease was sought and obtained by a man notorious in the line of business above described; the building was constructed by the trust company according to plans satisfactory to him for this purpose, and the enterprise was conducted there for seven years until the building was destroyed by fire.

The significant thing about such a transaction is, not that there are people who are willing to accept money from such a source, or financiers willing to put trust moneys to such uses, but that the facts, though well known, did not seem to detract in the slightest from the social recognition accorded to the persons so taking a share of the profits, while the officer of the trust company which made the lease of that particular house situated in the shopping district was appointed a regent of the State University.

A striking illustration of the toleration which permits a corrupt mayor to deal in illicit privileges and to take profits from vice, arose in connection with a raid on a famous house of prostitution—presumably similarly licensed—during an earlier and unsuccessful investigation of the Ruef-Schmitz regime, undertaken by a grand jury of which Mr. T. P. Andrews was foreman. The immunity from police interference which this place was accorded had earned it the name of the "Municipal Crib." In the raid one hundred and sixty prostitutes were arrested from the one house, and released on the deposit of bail money exceeding in all Sixteen Thousand Dollars. It was subsequently published—and never denied—that the money was furnished by a prominent liquor man who was, at the time of the publication, the president of one of the oldest, the most powerful, and the richest of the associations of merchants in the city. That their president, a wholesale liquor man, might be also a wholesale backer of prostitution, did not arouse the merchants to the extent of even making an investigation, and he served out his term, which, at the time of his exposure, had less than one-half expired. The fact that his company was, at the time of the raid, selling liquors to a large number of resorts whose licenses were dependent upon the Schmitz board of police commissioners, was accepted by many as a sufficient excuse for his supplying the bail.

The Ruef-Schmitz organization, recognizing how easily such illicit enterprises could be made to pay tribute, devised a plan to obtain a share of their profits. They included in their attack the trust company's restaurant already described. This was made the easier from the fact that one of the members of the board of police commissioners had consistently opposed the granting of licenses to these places as soon as he had become aware of their extremely vicious character. The Mayor inspired another member of the board of four commissioners, who have absolute power to grant or withhold liquor licenses, to commence an attack on the system and to threaten refusal to renew the licenses. The restaurant keepers soon discovered it was necessary to employ Ruef as an attorney to defend them before the board. It is interesting to note that the member of the board who had apparently conscientiously anticipated the attack on the system refused to cease when the matter had been arranged, and was subsequently removed by the Mayor. Ruef was paid large "fees" by the restaurant proprietors and the licenses were renewed at their expiration.

Five indictments were brought against Schmitz and Ruef based on these extortions, and Ruef later pleaded guilty to the charge on one of them. Schmitz was convicted by a jury, but the conviction was set aside by a decision of the District Court of Appeal, on the ground of a technical defect in the indictment. This defect also released Ruef.

The Prize Fight Trust Briberies.

As might be expected of a community which gilds its so-called social evils with the accessibility and attractiveness of its French restaurants, San Francisco still licenses prize fighting. This is done through the medium of its limited round boxing permits. The words "limited" and "boxing" are a sham that deceives no one, and encounters are openly advertised as for the various prize-fighting championships either local or for the world. The "knockout," inducing unconsciousness, is a frequent termination of the encounter, while the "limit"—often twenty rounds, extending over nearly two hours—finds the contestants seriously beaten up and the audience in a frenzy of brutal excitement. This gladiatorial brutality is apparently the sole reason for the continuance of the fights, as there are few persons who are induced by the example of the prize ring to take up the sport for physical development or athletic competition.

The first crime in which the Ruef-Schmitz board of supervisors participated as a whole was in the creation of a monopoly of these fight permits for a body of promoters known as the Prize Fight Trust. These men paid Ruef a large sum of money for the exclusive right to the permits and Ruef in turn distributed a part of the money to the members of the board. The price was high, as in the case of the French restaurants, for there was a strong feeling in the community against the continuance of the "fight game," primarily because of its essential barbarity, and secondarily because, being prohibited in most of the other large cities of America, San Francisco became the rendezvous of a large proportion of the pugilists and their following of trainers and rough sporting men of the entire country.

We have found no indications in the prize ring graft which connect it up with the higher financiers, or the landlord, as in the case of gambling and the social evil, but it appears that the business is as firmly established and as regularly organized as either of the former. The "People of the State of California," the plaintiff in all these cases, or the "Prosecution," as they were nicknamed, by focusing the public attention on their character through these indictments and raids, were placing all three of these institutions in jeopardy. The cry that the prosecution was "hurting business" became the watch word of all those who profit by the tenderloin enterprises, both high and low, as well as others in more innocent employments who were led to imagine they would be better off if the city's vices were left to run "wide open."

The Overhead Trolley Bribery.

The so-called trolley bribery was for the purpose of securing a change in the motive power of the roads belonging to the United Railroads of San Francisco, from cable to the overhead electric trolley. These cable roads had practically no loss from experimentation in the mechanism of their cable systems and the right to charge five cents for the carriage of passengers over the city's streets in cable cars had proved so profitable, that is to say, the carriage, after payment of all expenses and providing a sinking fund for duplicating the plant, cost so much less than the five cents fare that the franchises were valued at many millions more than the cost of duplication.

The citizens had recognized that the cable franchises had turned out to be gifts of millions in value to the railways, and there was a strong feeling that if the company were to receive permits to instal any other motive power which science might have rendered cheaper, a considerable part of the gain should be shared by the people. Negotiations for adjusting a bargain whereby electricity might be substituted for the cable had been begun in 1905 between the "Committee of Improvement and Adornment" and the railway company, through its President.

At the outset there was a demand that on certain main arteries of the city the Underground Electric System should be

used. The United Railroads insisted on the universal use of the overhead trolley, and made no offer to share the great benefit of cheapened operation. Neither better seating accommodations nor reduced fares were to be had in exchange for this valuable privilege. The only offer, as against a grant worth many millions, was $200,000 to the city to be expended on its parks, they well knowing that any moneys expended on park improvement would be returned many times to the coffers of the road carrying the people thither.

The company retained Ruef as one of its attorneys in the latter part of 1905, after the election of the Ruef-Schmitz board of supervisors. The negotiations with the citizens were broken off in March, 1906, when the company announced that it would deal directly with the supervisors. Ruef confessed that the arrangement had been made with him for the passage of the ordinance for the overhead permits in the latter part of March, or early in April, and prior to the fire and earthquake, that is, shortly after the company announced that it would deal with the Ruef-Schmitz board, and after it had broken off negotiations with the adornment committee.

The earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, temporarily suspended transportation on the cable lines. Only one of the United Railroads power plants for roads which were afterwards changed from cable to electricity was destroyed, that of the Sutter Street System. The plant on Valencia street, which served Market and Valencia streets, the main artery of the city, was so slightly injured by the earthquake that its power would have been available on the morning after, while the injuries by the fire would have delayed the resumption of the operation of the road but a few days. The damage to the various cable slots by the earthquake was not of a serious character, and there seems to be no question that inside of a month after the fire all the cable roads subsequently converted to electricity, save the Sutter Street System, could have been running. The Geary street cable road, an independent line, actually commenced running the morning of the earthquake. The width of the tracks on the streets operated by the Sutter street power house was greater than the standard gauge for electric cars, and hence these lines were not available for rapid conversion nto electric roads. In fact no passengers were carried on these lines for many months after the fire.

The truth regarding the availability of the cable lines of he United Railroads for the resumption of business was not disclosed by the company and no beginning made on the comparatively slight repairs necessary to put them in order. In he confusion and distress caused by the fire and the succeeding struggle to rebuild the city, the facts were not investigated and the general public believed that the cable roads could not be made available till long after the time necessary for the installation of the trolley.

There was a double purpose in concealing the good condition of the cable lines after the fire. The company was confined to the Board of Supervisors to obtain an ordinance granting the permit to change its power from cable to electricity. The San Francisco charter provides that such an ordinance shall, on the filing of a petition signed by fifteen per cent of the city voters, be submitted to the people at the next election, and the obligation of the city officials to submit such a roposed ordinance is mandatory.

The belief that the cable lines were destroyed made many citizens so apprehensive regarding the resumption of traffic, and hence the restoration of retail trade, that they were willing o ignore the method of procuring the permit from the supervisors. Without the cables it seemed to them entirely impracticable to wait until the November election to submit an ordinance directly to the people. Had the city cable been restored by June 1st, and the question of voting an overhead trolley permit been submitted in November, five months later, there was o question that the citizens, realizing that in granting a permit they were giving many millions to the road in increased apacity for issuing bonds and stocks, would have demanded substantial return either in additional seats or reduced fares.

Pursuant to the bargain struck with the railroad interests efore the fire, the road, through Ruef, bribed the supervisors o pass an ordinance permitting the use of the overhead trolley n such of its cable lines as the company should deem proper. he supervisors were paid $4,000 each, save Gallagher, who eceived $15,000, and Wilson $10,000. The ordinance was passed and the roads are now operating the overhead trolley under the rights thus obtained.

The company expressed a great desire to see transportation restored in the city streets and for a time their good faith was not questioned. This impression was dispelled, however, when it was discovered that instead of tearing up the cable conduits and replacing them with the overhead system block by block, thus leaving the remainder of the street open to traffic by team and motor, the company put to work large gangs of unskilled laborers, which were then easily obtainable, and tore up the streets for miles at a stretch, leaving them in that condition for many months until small gangs of more skilled workmen—much more difficult to obtain—gradually installed the new system.

The uneven contour of San Francisco had caused the transportation companies to install their main cable lines along the streets of easy grade, and the shopkeepers had likewise established their stores along such streets, both because they were the natural highways for persons on foot, and because of the traffic brought by the cables.

The goodwill of such enterprises was entirely dependent on the habit of the customer to come to the particular locality of the store. The tearing up of the streets by the railway company destroyed hundreds of these establishments and congested the trade in the shopping streets that remained open. The motive was not a desire to harm these shopkeepers or to favor the open streets, but to eliminate as quickly as possible the conduit for the cable, which the citizens' experts had declared available for an underground electric system. The confusion and lax administration of the city government made such a proceeding possible, and it was apparent that once the conduits were torn out, the business men of these streets, having already experienced the ruin caused to their established trades by changing from cable to trolley, would back up the company's opposition to any civic movement for the underground system which, though much less offensive to sight and ear, has a somewhat higher operative cost.

The Parkside Bribery.

The Parkside Company owned a large tract of land, about a mile and a half south of Golden Gate Park, which it called "Parkside." It was planned to subdivide this tract into small home sites and the company desired a franchise for an electric road to connect it with the lines of the United Railroads. No doubt had an ordinance for such a franchise been submitted to the people under the charter provisions to that effect, it would have passed at the election of the fall of 1906. However, this would have required the selection of an unimproved street, as the only improved thoroughfare was a macadamized boulevard, and, under the city's laws, a railroad could not be run on any of its boulevards.

The firm of attorneys for the company sent one of its members, who was also an investor in its shares to the amount of $50,000.00, to secure Ruef's assistance in passing an ordinance through the board granting the franchise. He reported back that Ruef demanded money. Subsequently the matter was arranged, not, however, by the attorney in question. The agreement was that the supervisors should declare an unimproved street which adjoined, a mere surveyed streak of sand, to be the boulevard in place of the macadamized street. The latter thus becoming an ordinary city thoroughfare upon which rails could be laid, the franchise was to be granted over some sixteen blocks of its length. The money was paid, but the plot was discovered before the ordinances were passed.

No one has had the temerity to urge that this transaction was an extortion or a holdup. Not only did its profitable escape from paving over a mile of street, the absence of any attempt to submit the ordinance to the people at the election of 1906, and the failure to seek relief from the District Attorney, preclude such a proposition, but in this case the District Attorney got wind of the negotiations and on asking the company whether it was being blackmailed was assured that it was not.

The most striking incident in connection with this transaction, from the standpoint of one trying to analyze the forces which have combined to embarrass the people in these prosecutions, was the fact that the attorney who reported back the necessity for bribery was a former judge of the Superior Court

and the then president of the San Francisco Bar Association, a man of ability, good social and professional standing, and attractive personality. Although it was made public that he had neither disclosed the crime to the District Attorney nor withdrawn from the investment, nor given up his attorneyship or his directorship in the Parkside Company, he did not resign his presidency of the Association. An indictment (subsequently quashed) was found against one of his partners for alleged participancy in the offering of the bribe. This made it apparent that it would be necessary for the Bar Association to consider his partner's disbarment, either for the bribery or for the purchase, as the legal representative of the Company, of Ruef's influence over the Board—a political crime as subversive of the government as bribery itself, and hence a violation of the attorney's oath.

Several other prominent attorneys were involved in similar transactions and there was a plain need for a vigorous investigation to determine the propriety of their disbarment as well. A motion was made at a meeting of the Association that such an investigation be undertaken, and the matter was referred to the Grievance Committee. In that body a sub-committee was appointed to follow the criminal prosecutions and determine whether any unprofessional acts, not amounting to crimes, had been committed. Nevertheless this man clung to his position as the head of the Bar Association, and he received a re-election to the presidency at the next annual meeting. At a subsequent re-arrangement of the Grievance Committee, he omitted the names of the persons who composed the sub-committee which was to make the investigation. To such lengths was this partnership in evil for personal gain carried that honour, reputation, dignity, are forgotten, and those who should be the bulwark of the state have become its peril.

We are glad to observe that since this time there has been a different spirit infused in the Bar Association, and that it seems to be awaking to a keener appreciation of the obligation it owes the profession and the community whose laws it is organized to sustain.

Home Telephone Bribery.

The Home Telephone bribery was an attempt on the part of some owners of capital in distant cities to obtain a franchise for a system to compete with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, the local organization. As the supervisors were to offer a franchise which fitted the apparatus of the Home Company only, and hence as no one else would bid against them, and as the Home Telephone Company had no investment in San Francisco to protect, here, as in the other cases we have considered, the claim of extortion was not present. These promoters were seeking a greater income on their moneys and did not hesitate to debauch the city's officials to prevent competition and make the profit possible. The franchise was successfully obtained, the supervisors receiving an average of $5,000 each for their votes.

The Pacific Telephone Bribery.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company bribed the supervisors to prevent the Home Telephone Company, or any other organization, from obtaining a telephone franchise in San Francisco. No attack of any kind on the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company was threatened by the supervisors, and the sole purpose of the crime was to maintain a profit which might be cut by the competition of business rivals. The supervisors were paid in all over $50,000. The managing committee of the board of directors of the company swore before the Grand Jury that they did not know how the funds were procured for the bribery.

The Gas Rate Briberies.

We have seen that all the crimes we have heretofore considered, save the French restaurant extortions, were either briberies to secure privileges from the city without making adequate compensation, or to obtain a profitable investment of outside capital, or to prevent the competition of business rivals with profitable monopolies. The element of extortion or "hold up" seems lacking in all of those, in view of the large profits or advantages obtained, the readiness of the District Attorney to enforce the laws, and the further fact that the citizens could have been appealed to directly for the passage of ordinances giving the rights sought, in the event the supervisors improperly refused them.

The gas rate briberies present a different consideration. The fixing of the rate to be charged for any quasi-public utility should be the result of a judicial inquiry, based upon an intelligent consideration of the elements entering into the cost of the utility at the time it reaches the citizen. This is, in each case, a task of large proportions and should be approached in a purely judicial attitude of mind. Such adjudications in fact involve larger sums and the interests of more persons, and require the consideration of more diverse and intricate factors in reaching a judgment than any other class of litigation brought before our courts or legislative bodies.

Instead of creating a tribunal possessed of the requisite professional training to deal with the evidence of values and the engineering and other scientific questions which must necessarily be considered, practically all American communities have turned these adjudications over to the municipal legislative boards. These are made up of men elected on platforms almost exclusively political in their character, and who serve for short terms and hence are extremely sensitive to the clamor of the rate-payer. Not infrequently the party platform pledges the nominee to decide the question in a certain manner before he can receive his nomination and the citizens are asked to vote for him because he has promised that, no matter what evidence may be presented as to the cost of the utility, he will declare the rate to be a certain figure. The Ruef-Schmitz board was elected on such a platform, that is to say, the citizens had pledged their supervisors to adjudicate gas rates at seventy-five cents per thousand feet. The reduction was prevented by bribes aggregating $20,000, by which it was estimated that some $600,000 in a year's income was saved for the lighting company. It would seem much less a matter of surprise that the company should bribe under such circumstances than that a self-respecting community should permit the continuance of the system.

However, a better precedent had been long established by the Spring Valley Water Company, which in all cases of dispute as to the rates granted by the supervisors had sought the courts where the rates may be set aside if shown to be confiscatory. Under the Buckley regime the methods of this company had been by no means above suspicion, but since the adoption of the charter there had been no suggestion of any impropriety between it and the various municipal boards.

The courts were equally open to the Gas and Electric Company to set aside any rate if it afforded a return which was confiscatory of its property. While it is true that the company is entitled to an income which is something more than a mere absence of confiscation, we have yet to hear it seriously urged that this is an excuse for bribery, either in morals or at law. The method of fixing rates, however, is radically unjust, and some rational tribunal should be created for their determination.

THE CORPORATIONS' SHARE IN THE BRIBERIES.

It is not in the province of this committee to fix the responsibility of the individual human beings, other than those who confessed, for the crimes committed for the benefit of the quasi-public companies. The beneficiaries were in all cases corporations and their boards of directors have absolute power in their government. It is of course conceivable that the large sums necessary to effectuate these briberies were smuggled through the companies' budgets without the knowledge of some of the directors. It is also possible that, in the case of the Gas Company and the Railway Company, the moneys were furnished by persons interested in "holding companies" owning blocks of stock in the corporation benefited. The fact, however, that their companies are the beneficiaries of the dishonorable acts, placed upon these directors the duty, not only of making reparation to the community for the stolen benefits but of lending vigorous assistance to the People in hunting down and punishing the criminals. We are unable to see any difference in morals between the private person who knowingly keeps a case of wine, which his butler has bribed the merchant's clerk to sell at half price, and the board of directors of

a quasi-public corporation, which knowingly retains a franchise secured by bribery. In no case has any corporation made reparation, and in no case has any substantial assistance been rendered the government in unearthing the crimes or punishing the criminals.

San Francisco will have many dealings in the future with the directors of these quasi-public corporations. They will come to many agreements regarding the supply of light, water, transportation and the telephone. Many of the terms of these agreements are not capable of exact statement and their performance is very largely a matter of good faith on the part of the directors of the companies. A dishonorable management could, without detection, add a few switches each month to the telephone bill of each business office using its system. It could deteriorate the quality of gas till it reached the minimum of light with the maximum of profit to the company. It could falsify both its gas and water meters. It could, instead of supplying a seat to each passenger, or running new lines temporarily without profit to develop new districts and thus prevent unhealthy congestion of population, divert the cost of such a service into interest and dividends, on watered bonds and stock.

Whether boards of directors which have on them many men of integrity in their private affairs, but which are unable to discover that large sums are being paid as bribes to secure benefits for their companies, and which retain the benefits after they discover they have been stolen, would be any more efficient in discovering or punishing such frauds on their patrons, is a matter for the present and future officials of the city to solve. In answer to the inquiry of Your Honor's letter regarding the conditions leading to the graft prosecution, however, we feel it within our jurisdiction to report the names of the persons who sat on the boards of directors either during 1906, in which time the briberies were committed, or in 1907, when the briberies were disclosed. We have no evidence to show how far these persons were interested in the stock of the company, and the list concerns solely their responsibility as directors.

Parkside Company.

W. H. Crocker,
Wellington Gregg, Jr.,
C. E. Green,
J. J. Mahoney,
W. H. Cope,
A. F. Morrison,
Hugh Keenan,
William Matson,
J. M. O'Brien,
Douglas S. Watson,
J. E. Green.

United Railroads.

Patrick Calhoun,
G. F. Chapman,
George H. Davis,
Tirey L. Ford,
Benj. S. Guiness,
I. W. Hellman,
Charles Holbrook,
*A. C. Kains,
J. Henry Meyer,
Thornwell Mullaly,
*Joseph S. Tobin.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company,

N. W. Halsey,
E. J. de Sabla,
John Martin,
Frank G. Drum,
William H. Crocker,
N. D. Rideout,
Frank B. Anderson,
Joseph S. Tobin,
John A. Britton,
Henry E. Bothin,
Louis F. Monteagle,
G. H. McEnerney,
Cyrus Peirce,
Carl Taylor,
F. W. M. McCutcheon.

Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Henry T. Scott,
Louis Glass,
F. W. Eaton,
Timothy Hopkins,
Homer S. King,
F. G. Drum,
E. S. Pillsbury,
Percy T. Morgan,
all of San Francisco,
J. C. Ainsworth,
P. Bacon,
J. H. Thatcher,
C. H. Chambreau,
E. H. McCracken,
C. B. McLeod,
C. E. Hickman,
J. P. McNichols,
R. W. Schmeer,
all of Portland.

We have discovered no evidence of the names of the directors of the Home Telephone Company.

The directors of the Spring Valley Water Company should be named because of the clean record of that corporation during the Payson regime.

Spring Valley Water Company,

A. H. Payson, President.
C. de Guigne,
C. W. Howard,
F. B. Anderson,
Homer S. King,
J. M. Quay,
I. W. Hellman, Jr.

THE GRANTING OF IMMUNITY TO CERTAIN OF THE SUPERVISORS AND LENIENCY TO RUEF, AND THE RESULTANT CLEANING UP OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

The number of persons indicted for the crimes we have described in the preceding pages was twenty-one, including Mayor Schmitz, Abraham Ruef, and three of the supervisors. With the exception of these five, the indicted men represented interests which would receive the large profits of the briberies. In order to obtain the evidence for the indictments of the bribe givers, the District Attorney deemed it necessary to make agreements to use his office to procure complete immunity for the supervisors, and subsequently to promise aid in securing leniency to Abraham Ruef. Each of these persons was by law entitled to remain mute before the Grand Jury, on the ground that his evidence might tend to incriminate him.

The practice of the government's prosecuting officer agreeing with certain members of groups of law breakers to use the influence of his office to procure immunity from punishment or leniency in sentencing in return for a full and true disclosure of the facts, has been established for many centuries in those tribunals following the criminal law developed from the Anglo-Saxon civilization in England. The exercise of this power not only has the sanction of the practice of centuries, but has been repeatedly approved by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is now the practice in nearly all the American States, and in one state the prosecuting officer's agreement for immunity is all that is needed to protect the accused in subsequent prosecutions. In most States the procedure is to stay

*Mr. Tobin and Mr. Kains severed their connections with the company about the time of the disclosures. The remaining gentlemen have continued the operation of the road under the bribed permit.

the prosecution or sentence till the Governor has pardoned the confessing party.

The necessity for the use of the power to grant immunity became apparent early in the prosecutions. With but one exception, that of James L. Gallagher, who distributed the bribes and, as the chairman of the board, in the Mayor's absence marshalled the votes, the men of the board of supervisors were mere political puppets placed in power by Ruef and extremely unlikely to have any influence in the community, politically or otherwise, after the expiration of one term in office. If a choice had to be made between attempting a conviction of the apparently respectable criminal, whose large profit from crimes of this character makes him the more powerful to prey on society, and a mere pawn on the political chess board whose capacity for harmfulness would end with the exposure of his criminality, there could be no question that the people should choose the former. A democracy's permanency rests entirely in the belief of the common man that it is the best form devised to protect him from the rapacity and selfishness certain to develop in some of his more powerful neighbors. In such a government, the choice by the prosecuting officer of the weak agent in the commission of a crime, because of the facility of his conviction, and the avoidance of the more arduous contest with his dangerous and resourceful master, is simply preparing ground for anarchy or revolution.

It was urged that both the receivers of the huge profits of the briberies and their tools in office could have been convicted, and that it was unnecessary to give immunity to so many of the supervisors. The District Attorney's explanations of the reasons for his action appear to amply justify his choice of the former course. Gallagher, the leader of the Board, had paid the bribes to each supervisor without witnesses. He was a necessary connecting link in the chain from the profiting corporation to the vote cast in the board, and without him there was no method of discovering from whom he received the money. Gallagher refused to confess unless immunity were granted to all the supervisors and held firmly to this position.

Although the District Attorney had trapped several supervisors in other briberies, in which Gallagher had not participated, and had these guilty persons as witnesses against him, still, as he could be tried for bribing but one supervisor at a time, there could have been but this one witness contradicting his oath that he had not bribed, while a majority of the board, in all likelihood, would have sworn that they voted for the ordinance without promise of compensation. This would have been an extremely difficult case to win, and, even if won, there was no guaranty that Gallagher would have then made himself the State's witness against the person or persons supplying money to him.

Aside from this doubtful utility of a conviction of Gallagher, there was the long time that would necessarily be lost in his trial. All the city's offices were in the hands of Ruef and Schmitz. The election commission which would have had charge of the election in the succeeding November could have been remodeld to do the bidding of the Mayor and would have made fraudulent voting extremely difficult of detection. The Chief of Police was their ardent supporter and threw the whole strength of a not unwilling department to cover up the crimes and hamper the work of the District Attorney's detectives.

It appeared essential for the success of the investigation that the police force be made at least neutral. This could be done only by the removal of Mayor Schmitz on conviction of some one of his crimes, and the election of a successor who would appoint a decent board of police commissioners. The supervisors alone have the power to fill a vacancy in the mayor's chair, and it was reasonable to suppose that, if the members of the board were under indictment and being prosecuted, they would not elect a mayor who would take from them the active support of the police department.

The supervisors' testimony gave the grand jury the facts as to the passing of the ordinances, the payment of the money by Gallagher to various supervisors, and the payment of the money to Gallagher by Ruef. The chain of evidence, however, stopped at Gallagher's testimony that Ruef paid him the money in all but the Pacific States Telephone briberies, and no further evidence was discovered against the mayor in connection with the French restaurant extortions.

The question then arose as to the advisability of treating with Ruef to secure the evidence as to the method by which the moneys came from the quasi-public corporations. Ruef was a man of very different caliber from the supervisors. He was a graduate of the State University, had for many years been recognized as a lawyer of high skill though questionable practice, and was the organizing brain of the corruption of the Schmitz regime. He was a dangerous man to leave at large without the felon's brand on him, and yet it became apparent that, without this one man's testimony, the many bribe-givers whose enrichment by the large profits of such undertakings made them equally, if not more, dangerous to society, would not only escape the penalty which was their due, but that even their names would not be discovered and written in the "detinue book" of the city's suspicious characters.

Besides, without Ruef's assistance, the conviction of Schmitz, with the resultant change in the mayoralty, the police and other municipal boards, seemed impossible. The District Attorney had the choice in this dilemma. He could leave the mayor and his administrative boards in power, discover nothing regarding the profit-takers from the briberies, and content himself with a mere change in the supervisors and a long term of imprisonment for Ruef, or he could reasonably expect the conviction of the mayor, the cleaning up of the city government, the obtaining of a complete revelation of the grafters "high up," as well as "low down," and the possible conviction of some of them.

The District Attorney chose the latter alternative and bargained with Ruef. The negotiations covered many weeks and were carried on through the District Attorney, his assistant, Mr. Heney, and Detective Burns for the people, and Ruef and Rabbi Nieto and Rabbi Kaplan—both being clergymen of Ruef's faith. Sometimes all these men met together, sometimes not more than two were present at the negotiations. The terms offered on each side varied from time to time, as well as the points of view of those of the same side, all of which led to considerable confusion. A written contract was finally signed, whereby Ruef agreed to tell fully and unreservedly all he knew of all the briberies and to plead guilty to certain of the French restaurant extortion cases, and the District Attorney agreed to use the power of his office to procure him immunity as to the other charges. This document was placed in the joint keeping of Detective Burns and, at first, one of the rabbis and later the other.

Mr. Ruef and Rabbi Kaplan and Rabbi Nieto all insist that the written agreement did not contain the entire contract and that the clause in it reserving the French restaurant case from the immunity agreement was a mere sham. The real agreement they claim was that Ruef should later be allowed to change his plea of "guilty" in the latter case to "not guilty," and then the action should be dismissed. Schmitz was convicted very largely on Ruef's testimony against him. Neither rabbi protested when Ruef led the jury to believe that the agreement was not for a complete immunity, but merely that the District Attorney and Mr. Burns were to use their efforts to procure leniency for him. In the succeeding campaign for District Attorney, Mr. Heney repeatedly said, in answer to certain accusations that complete immunity had been given Ruef, that he would send him to prison, and his attitude very largely determined the result of the election. Yet the rabbis made no public disclosure of any agreement as to complete immunity.

All the persons representing the government, including Mr. Langdon, Mr. Heney and Mr. Burns, assert that the rabbis repeatedly asked for complete immunity, but that it was at all times refused. They say that the written contract contained the actual agreement reached with Ruef and with them as Reuf's agents. Applying the commonsense rule that persons do not make specific written provisions in a contract when they intend the exact contrary, and giving the clergymen the benefit of the presumption that they would not have connived at, or remained mute under, a suborned conviction of Schmitz, or an election of a District Attorney on fraudulent misrepresentation, we are driven to the conclusion that the agreement for entire immunity was never entered into. The confusion in the negotiations was sufficient to warrant the confusion of memory which later led to the rabbis' contradiction of the written agreement.

We have mentioned this controversy, not because we would have regarded it as an error to grant Ruef complete immunity if necessary to expose the corruption amongst the profit takers, and to oust the mayor and his commission, but because it raises

a serious question of good faith on the part of the people's representatives, both political and religious. If, in order to convict Schmitz and elect the District Attorney, the officers of the government and these ministers of religion were deliberately concealing the true nature of the agreement and permitting Ruef to lie about it to the jury, and Heney to lie about it to the people, then surely the hope of better things was a mere will-o-the-wisp.

Schmitz was convicted on June 13, 1907, and subsequently the supervisors, under pressure of the District Attorney, declared his office vacant, and elected Edward R. Taylor, Dean of the Hastings College of the Law—a branch of the State University—to fill the vacancy. The supervisors then resigned one by one, the vacancy in each case being filled by an appointee of the Mayor.

This extraordinary proceeding, made possible by the wise provisions of the city charter, and which changed the entire executive and legislative personnel of the city government, was ratified by the people in the election in the following November. In that campaign the mayor and practically all the supervisors were elected with large pluralities to the offices to which they had been indirectly appointed by the District Attorney. This election was the more significant of the attitude of the mass of the people on the prosecution of the bribers, as the new board of police commissioners had given orders to the police to assist the District Attorney; and the supervisors had voted large sums for the expenses necessary to carry on his work.

THE RIGHT OF CITIZENS NOT HOLDING OFFICE TO CONTRIBUTE ASSISTANCE IN THE PROSECUTION OF CRIME.

The public service corporations of San Francisco have, for a long time, furnished the state with special prosecutors in criminal cases where their interests have been concerned. Prior to and during the period of the graft prosecutions, the following attorneys assisted in prosecuting various crimes on behalf of the corporations set opposite their names:

James F. Sheehan, United Railroads.
Frank P. Kelly, Southern Pacific Company.
J. P. Coghlan, San Francisco Gas and Electric Company.
Twomley and Smith, Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

When indictments were found against the officers and employees of some of these companies, a great clamor was raised on their behalf that it was an outrage for the District Attorney to accept assistance from Mr. Spreckels and other private citizens.

Mr. Calhoun, the president of the United Railroads, whose attorney Mr. Sheehan had assisted the District Attorney in dozens of criminal cases, addressed a pamphlet to the chairman of this committee, in which he asks, among others, the following question:

"3. Can a private citizen contribute money to help the city's "prosecuting officers in the investigation and trial of a criminal "charge?"

Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern School of Law, was sent a similar pamphlet and answered the question in the following language:

"Answer: He can; and it is stupid even to put the ques- "tion. Under the original English jury-system (of which you "receive the benefit), and until the last century, the private cit- "izen was usually obliged to pay the prosecuting expenses; for "the State did not, and crime went unpunished otherwise. If "nowadays, in any community, crime is again likely to go un- "punished without the help of private citizens, there is no rea- "son why we should not revert to the old system. As for Mr. "Spreckels (the private citizen here named by you), his "name should be held in honor, and will ever be, as against "anything your pamphlet can say. As for Mr. Heney and his "receipt of $47,500 officially and 'large sums of money addition- "ally' from Mr. Spreckels, it may be presumed that he spent "most of it on trial expenses, and did not keep it as a personal "reward. But even if he did so keep it, let me register the "view that he is welcome to all this—and to more—if anybody "will give it and that no money compensation is too high for "such rare courage."

We feel we can add nothing to Mr. Wigmore's reply, save the suggestion the practice had the long standing precedent of Mr. Calhoun's own Company.

Of course, if the purpose of assisting the Government is primarily to enmesh in the toils of the law entirely innocent persons for the purpose of private malice, or to assist in confiscation of their properties, the act becomes improper. This is equally true, whether the prosecutions are initiated and carried on by private persons, or public officials.

The fact that Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Phelan were among the organizers of a corporation to establish a railway system in San Francisco, has been seized upon as evidence of a plot against the United Railroads. The Articles of Incorporation of this new company were filed on April 17, 1906, several months after the coterie of men who started to investigate the Schmitz-Ruef regime had come together.

The By-Laws of the Company provided for the establishment of the underground system, and for a sale of the road to the city for a reasonable price, over and above cost and risk. The date of filing their Articles is significant, as it is within a month after Mr. Calhoun had broken off with the Committee of Improvement and Adornment, and had abandoned a tentative agreement to change his roads on Sutter and Market streets to the underground system. During this period, these gentlemen took the necessary steps to organize their company, with the avowed purpose of proving the untruth of Mr. Calhoun's assertion that an underground system could not be run profitably on an honest capitalization.

The fact that every effort had been used to persuade Mr. Calhoun to adopt the underground system in negotiations extending over weeks of time; that the proposed road was to use this system as a demonstration of its feasibility; that they contemplated a sale to the municipality at a reasonable figure; that they lent the same assistance to the indictment and prosecution of officers and employees of nearly every **other** quasi-public corporation in the city; and, above all, that they never attempted to attack the **franchises** of the United Railroads; satisfies your committee that the ruin or embarrassment of that company played no part in the plans of the men contributing to the funds of the prosecution.

No doubt the exposure of the corruption during Mr. Calhoun's management has made the renewal of the franchises of the United Railroads very unlikely. If the value of the stocks of the company rests on the hope of renewal, it will unquestionably depreciate. It is absurd to say, however, that it is the exposure of corruption and not the corruption itself which causes this depreciation. To do so is to assert that business organizations may properly be capitalized on the theory that our government is too weak even to discover that crime is being committed.

THE OLIVER GRAND JURY AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PROSECUTIONS.

It was not until October, 1906, that sufficient evidence had been unearthed regarding the complicity of Ruef and the Mayor in the French restaurant extortion to warrant the government taking the open in a general investigation into the alleged criminality of other municipal office holders. District Attorney Langdon appointed Mr. Heney assistant district attorney on October 22d, and announced that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels had already furnished and would continue to furnish the funds necessary to engage the detectives to carry on the work.

Mayor Schmitz was at this time traveling in Europe. Three days after the appointment of Heney and the announcement of the intended investigation of the supervisors, Gallagher, the president of the Board and acting Mayor, attempted to remove Langdon from the District Attorneyship on the ground that he had been neglecting the duties of his office in his campaign for the governorship, and appointed Ruef to fill the vacancy. The Mayor's power of removal was limited to the purely municipal officers. As the District Attorney represented the people of the state as a whole, the Mayor had no jurisdiction over him, and Judge Seawell of the Superior Court so held in the subsequent proceeding.

The astonishing boldness of the attempt by the acting chief

executive of the City to oust the State's prosecutor and to substitute in his place the criminal who had just been announced as the subject of prosecution, shocked the city, preoccupied as it had been with the task of reconstruction, into sober attention. From that time there has been a strong and vigorous body of men standing in unswerving support of the government in its attempts to make impossible the repetition of such conditions. On November 10, 1906, Judge Thomas F. Graham appointed the grand jury, of which B. P. Oliver became the foreman, and which subsequently took its name from him. This jury was made up of the following men:

C. G. Burnett,
Jeremiah Deasy,
Dewey Coffin,
Frank A. Dwyer,
E. J. Gallagher,
James E. Gordon,
Alfred Greenebaum,
Morris A. Levingston,
Rudolph Mohr,
W. P. Redington,
Ansel C. Robinson,
Christian P. Rode,
Mendle Rothenberg,
F. G. Sanborn,
Charles Sonntag,
Herman H. Young,
Wallace G. Wise,
B. P. Oliver.

Much has been said and should be said for the great assistance rendered the people by such men as Heney, Spreckels, Older, Johnson, O'Gara, Phelan, Matt Sullivan, and Burns, in rescuing the city government from the band of thieves into whose hands it had fallen, but each of these has had, with the trials and stress of the struggle, that honor and recognition—in this case nation wide—always bestowed upon strong men who become the people's recognized leaders in time of public danger.

The members of the Oliver Grand Jury knew that no such distinction awaited the performance of their duty. They were business and professional men of good standing, none of exceptional fortune, most of them not even of the class known in American parlance as men of independent means. They, however, had growing businesses to endanger, credit at their bankers to be lost, powerful commercial antagonists to meet in the fierce competition of American economic life. The merchants of the jury knew that the institutions they attacked involved the men who controlled the transportation of their goods, the credits with which they purchased them, and who could deprive them of part of the market in which they were sold. Professional men realized that to offend the financial and social powers whose participancy in the crimes they had unearthed, meant loss of prestige and serious inroads on their clientele. Five of the jurymen were of the same race and religion as Abraham Ruef, while many other denominations were represented both on the jury and among the indicted. Harder to face, for some at least, was the severance of long-standing friendships, business and social, with the men against whom they ultimately found their indictments, and the social ostracism from certain circles, not only for themselves, but also for their wives and children.

The elder jurymen could well remember the day in California when the assassin's bullet paid the debt that the gambler or other profit taker from vice thought he owed to those who exposed his wrong doing. In the light of that history they could have anticipated the bold but carefully planned violence which, in the succeeding year, brought the dynamiting of the home of Gallagher, chief witness for the government, when it contained half a dozen men, women and children; the kidnaping of Editor Older; the attempted kidnaping of Lonergan; the equally bold and perhaps more subtly induced shooting of Heney; and the mysterious death of his would-be murderer before the government had had a chance to complete its examination as to his motives or the possible instigators of his crime.

When the Pacific Coast compiles its records of civic patriotism, the names of these men should not be forgotten. At no time in the history of California was her form of government put to a severer test than when her people, through their District Attorney, administered the Grand Juror's oath to each member of that body and called upon him to "diligently inquire into, and true presentment make, of all public offenses against the people of this state committed, or triable within this county of which you shall have or can obtain legal evidence * * *" and to "present no person through malice, hatred or ill will, nor leave any unpresented through fear, favor or affection, or for any reward or the promise thereof." Their response vindicated the State's claim to some share at least in the heritage of the institutions of her Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

THE ELECTION OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LANGDON IN THE FALL OF 1907—THE DISTORTIONS OF THE PRESS AND THE METHOD USED BY HENEY AND OTHER SPEAKERS TO COUNTERACT THEM.

The campaign for District Attorney developed a strong opposition from the combination of interests which the District Attorney and his assistants had been prosecuting. The opposition centered around Patrick Calhoun, a man of pleasing and forceful personality, who had been an operator in railroad franchises of not untroubled record in other American cities. Mr. Calhoun had attracted some suspicion when, in March before the fire, he broke off the United Railroads negotiations with the Adornment Committee for electrifying his system and announced that he proposed to deal with the "people" through the notorious Ruef board. Later this suspicion was deepened by an extraordinary interview with Mr. Calhoun, published in the San Francisco "Examiner" March 20th, 1907, and in other papers, in response to a suggestion that he had bribed Schmitz in the trolley matter.

" 'Let me say that there is not a syllable of truth in that charge,' "said Mr. Calhoun. 'I don't mind saying that I have a warm personal " 'regard for Mayor Schmitz and when he was in New York I invited " 'him to my house. Anyone who knows me knows that if I had bribed " 'him I would not have invited him to my house.' "

Such a statement, coming after Schmitz's indictment for extortion from the French restaurant proprietors, the crime of a parasite on a parasite on a vice which was undermining the Home, necessarily awakened further unfavorable comment from self-respecting citizens. This was the more so as Mr. Calhoun, who showed himself most willing to reach the public through the press, did not deny its authenticity.

In May, 1907, at about the time it became apparent that certain officials and agents of the United Railroads were to be indicted, a general strike was declared on all their roads. Opinion is still divided as to the responsibility for this reopening of the conflict between labor and capital, but it happened most opportunely for the indicted men.

We have before spoken of the class alignment arising out of the violence of the teamsters' strike in the last administration of Mayor Phelan, and how it drove into the capitalistic camp many peace-loving citizens who otherwise would have remained neutral in the class encounter. The phenomenon was repeated. Violence was resorted to, though in this case the police did not even make a pretense of protecting the cars from a mob of several thousand people. We have seen that the so-called labor administration had already sold itself to the agents of the railroad company, and it is apparent that if it had wanted police protection it could probably have gotten it. The cars were manned with a small force of detectives hired by Mr. Calhoun from the Thiele Detective Agency, of St. Louis, brave and reckless young men who put up a plucky fight against the apparently overwhelming odds for nearly an hour, when they were finally rescued. The public, sorely strained by the trials of the preceding year, both natural and political, and craving peace, welcomed the show of force. Many timid people gave Mr. Calhoun the credit for the Thiele boys' bravery and on the successful disruption of the carmen's union, as the result of the strike, he became for them the heroic deliverer of a stricken city.

In the course of the ensuing campaign, Mr. Calhoun's popularity was used against the District Attorney in a very subtle way. With those friendly to him it was urged that he should not be prosecuted, because of the services he had rendered in behalf of law and order. With the friends of the government it

was urged that Langdon and Heney did not dare try Calhoun, despite the fact that the crime of which he was accused would destroy the very foundation of the government, because of his popularity

In the heat of the campaign Mr. Heney, in very emphatic language, announced the intention of the government to press the Calhoun indictment to the bitter end. Such a statement made on the stump concerning an indictment appears a violation of the proprieties of the office of the District Attorney, and would seem to be justified only by extraordinary circumstances. The District Attorney claims that the circumstances did require it, that the public were being deceived by the accounts of the trials given in certain of the daily papers, and that only by explaining his intentions to the people directly could the government retain their support.

The accounts of the trial given in the San Francisco Morning Chronicle were certainly not ingenuous statements of what occurred in the court room. They omitted many occurrences that seemed favorable to the District Attorney's office, while they exploited the slightest misfortune or mistake in the daily feud between counsel which could bring discredit on the government.

It was not, however, until some months later, that the Chronicle admitted the sale of its columns for accounts of proceedings in courts of justice to be written up to suit the taste of the purchaser.

This admission arose in connection with the case of Baron vs. Woodruff, where Mr. Woodruff, a contractor, was sued for exceeding an alleged agreed maximum of cost in the erection of a building. The suit apparently hurt Mr. Woodruff in his business and he was anxious for vindication by the courts. He demurred to the complaint on certain formal grounds and the court sustained the demurrer granting leave to amend. This was purely a technical proceeding, and in no way affected the merits of the controversy.

The decision on the law point was written up, however, as if the merits of the facts had been gone into, and Mrs. Baron was represented as having been adjudged by the court as entirely in the wrong. The body of the account was printed in the same type as the other news columns, the head lines of all the news articles on the page differing each from the other. Suit was evidently threatened by Mrs. Baron's counsel, for in the next morning's edition the paper admitted that the article complained of had been written by Mr. Woodruff's attorney, and paid for at advertising rates.

It would seem that the same business instinct which, for a price, will give false accounts of court proceedings comparatively as unimportant as the Baron case, might have taken pay for its perversion of the accounts of what actually occurred in the court room in the trials of those indicted for briberies yielding millions to the bribers. Such being the case, it would further seem that the District Attorney, seeking re-election, was justified in attempting to counteract by direct appeal to the people the false impressions produced by such means. The necessity for such appeal arises from an infirmity of the system which elects the District Attorney. The "people" are his clients, and he is put in a position where he must answer their queries as to his conduct of the cases prosecuted in their name. It is absurd and unjust to an innocent man accused of crime, but equally absurd and unjust to the people, if venal misrepresentation by the press cannot be explained away.

Mr. Langdon was elected with a considerable plurality over the Labor candidate, Mr. McGowan, who received, as Schmitz had received two years before, the support of all the graft sympathizers, including many persons of the most pronounced capitalistic affiliation.

THE CRIMES COMMITTED TO DEFEAT THE GOVERNMENT IN THE PROSECUTIONS.

The crime of bribery strikes at the foundation of democratic government. Insofar as it seeks to establish an inner oligarchy controlling governmental functions, it amounts to treason, and treason in its most insidious and dangerous form. It is not surprising that from among those who had thus combined to take the life of the government itself, there should be those who would commit other crimes to prevent conviction for the first. Nor is it surprising if they weighed lightly human lives standing in the way of their freedom or of the "system" they hoped to substitute for the government.

The Dynamiting of the Home of Gallagher.

We have before shown that James L. Gallagher, the chairman of the board of supervisors, was a necessary link in the chain of evidence from the corporations to the various bribed supervisors. At about half past seven in the evening of the 29th of April, 1908, Peter Claudianes exploded a powerful dynamite bomb under Gallagher's home in Alameda. At this time there were in the house, beside Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Schenck, their two daughters, and a son, and a gentleman calling on the ladies. The explosion wrecked one side of the house, injuring the room upstairs in which were Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, both of whom escaped unhurt. Mr. Schenck had been late to dinner and this delay had kept the rest of the family and their guest in another portion of the house, and they escaped also.

There was an attempt made by the newspapers opposing the government in the prosecution to create an impression that Gallagher had procured the blowing up of his own house to enlist sympathy. This suggestion was silenced by the apprehension of the two Claudianes brothers; the confession of one of them that they had been paid to kill Gallagher by Felix Paudivaris, an employee of the United Railroads and a political friend of Reuf's, who had disappeared shortly after the explosion; the conviction of Peter Claudianes and his sentence to life imprisonment.

The Kidnaping of Fremont Older.

The "Evening Bulletin" continued the same vigorous support of the prosecution as it showed in its earlier attacks on the Ruef-Schmitz regime. Mr. Fremont Older, as the manager, was primarily responsible for the execution of this policy and he gave to it the whole force of his energetic personality. In the course of publishing the news of the prosecution, the paper printed a story which showed one of the detectives in the employ of the United Railroads to have been in a compromising position. There was another detective in their employ of the same name, but with different initials, and through an error the wrong name was printed. It was clearly a libel, and the paper at once made amends, in so far as it could, by publication of the truth and explanation of the mistake.

The libelled man had Mr. Older indicted in Los Angeles, over four hundred miles from San Francisco, and warrants issued for his arrest to deputies who were the detective's personal friends. These men came to San Francisco and, late in the afternoon of September 27, 1907, Mr. Older was lured by a false telephone message to a quiet street, where he was seized and hurried into an automobile. The law permits a person so apprehended to be taken before a judge in his own county to be admitted to bail. This Mr. Older demanded. His demand was refused, and he was carried, by a roundabout route of many miles to a station on the railway to Los Angeles, where the whole party boarded a train for that destination. Fortunately Mr. Older made no attempt to escape, although the offense of abduction began as soon as he was refused the right to go before a judge, and no violence was done to him.

The ruse was discovered before morning, and he was released on an order of Court at Santa Barbara. There was an attorney for the United Railroads and the libelled man in the abducting party.

What the motive for this strange procedure was, other than the hope that Mr. Older might attempt to escape and thus give an excuse for violence, is hard to discover. His admission to bail in San Francisco in no way could have jeopardized the chance of bringing him to trial. The subsequent failure to press the case against him, and its abandonment and dismissal, seem to indicate that the motive for abduction was something entirely disconnected from a desire to secure justice for the libel in a court of law. If it was an attempt to change the policy of the paper, it failed signally.

Bribery of Jurors.

Abraham Ruef pleaded guilty to the first charge against him that was brought to trial. In his second trial, it became ap-

parent to the government that attempts were being made to have improper persons placed upon the jury and to bribe those who were finally empanelled. A. E. S. Blake was subsequently convicted and sentenced for offering a bribe to J. M. Kelly, who was empanelled on that jury. Mr. Kelly had reported this attempt to the District Attorney at once, and assisted in procuring Blake's conviction.

The Shooting of Francis J. Heney, and the Mysterious Death of His Assailant.

Among other persons, concerning whom the government had information that they were attempting to qualify as jurors for improper purposes, was Morris Haas. Haas had been a keeper of a saloon of the lower order, and had been convicted of embezzlement, but had been subsequently pardoned and had no other conviction of crime against him. His name appeared upon the jury list in Ruef's second trial, and the government detectives informed the District Attorney that, although Haas had a wife and family, he was living with another woman, and that his paramour had said that he had boasted he would retrieve his fortunes by selling his vote for Ruef's acquittal. In order to get him off the jury, his conviction for forgery was publicly exposed by Mr. Heney while Haas was sitting in the jury box. As neither Haas' public nor private record seemed to warrant any special leniency, no attempt was made to hide his past career.

At this time the papers opposing the prosecution, particularly the Examiner, Globe and Chronicle, were making savage personal attacks on Mr. Heney. The so-called "Mutt" cartoons of the San Francisco Examiner sought by a broad but clever ridicule to convey the impression that Mr. Heney was a coarse and unprincipled charlatan, and that the entire prosecution was founded in injustice and carried on to satisfy a personal malice. One of these cartoons, which subsequently became notable, depicted him as a bird flying in the air, about to be brought down by a fowler's gun.

Through every channel of personal villification, from armed thugs in the court room to the daily and weekly publications, he was abused and threatened until, to the misinformed, he might well be considered a proper target for personal violence.

It would appear that Haas' mind was of that undeveloped type likely to take seriously these pictorial representations. At any rate, whether through the impressions gained through the press, or the incitement of the same persons who secured the dynamiting of Gallagher's home, or otherwise, Haas nursed his grievance against Mr. Heney until he came to regard his murder as a public benefaction. His plan for killing his victim was not the result of sudden passion, for he subsequently made the significant admission that he had concluded that it was best to postpone his attack until after the election. This meant a delay for a period of many weeks.

On the 13th day of November, 1908, Mr. Heney was conducting the third case against Ruef, when Haas, who had been for a number of days a spectator in the court room, slipped up behind him and fired a pistol bullet into his head, just forward of his right ear. By a chance more miraculous than the escape of the people in Gallagher's house, the bullet passed between his skull and jaw and exhausted its strength in the soft lining at the back of his mouth, finally lodging in the bone of the jaw on the opposite side. No vital organ was touched and, apart from the shock to his nervous system and the loss of hearing in one ear, no permanent injury was inflicted.

Haas was seized and searched by two officers and no other weapon was found on him. The government's detectives put him through a partial examination for the purpose of discovering the instigators of the crime, if there were any. The examination was to have been continued the following day, but he was found dead in his cell, with a pistol bullet through his forehead before the next session.

The weapon used was a small derringer, which might have escaped the search of the officers, and it was also possible that the comparatively slight powder mark around the wound was due to his holding the weapon a long distance from his face or very close to it. Whether he took his own life and, if so, whether he brought in the derringer or had it handed to him in jail, or whether he was killed to prevent his telling of his accomplices, will probably never be known. It is entirely possible that he committed suicide. It is equally possible that the same influence that paid Claudianes to place the bomb to kill Gallagher, was responsible for Haas' death.

The Stealing of the Government's Papers and Secret Information.

Not only did the government have to contend against the bribing of jurors and the attempted murder of its witnesses and officers, but also against the betrayal of its secret information, thus keeping its enemies advised as to its intended movements. From the month of July, 1907, to August, 1908, copies of the reports of the government's detectives were nightly taken and furnished one of the attorneys for the United Railroads. In most cases the original reports were copied and the transcriptions furnished, in some the original itself was taken.

On the discovery of these thefts, the government obtained warrants and searched the offices of the United Railroads. Over seven hundred copies of the reports and various other documents belonging to the government were found on the premises.

THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT.

The total number of crimes for which indictments were found by the Oliver Grand Jury was one hundred and seventy-five, participated in by nearly forty persons, representing practically every walk in life. Not one of them was unearthed by the Police Department of San Francisco, and the Chief of Police himself was indicted for perjury before the Grand Jury and for conspiring to prevent the detection of crime. It is apparent that such a department must have been rotten to the core.

As not a single officer or detective, commissioned or otherwise, has been removed for concealing or failing to discover any of the crimes, and as there have been practically no resignations from the department, it is apparent that its personnel is still of the same character. It would appear that another Schmitz-Ruef administration would find the same organized support standing ready to do its bidding.

The clearing up of the department is largely a matter of courage on the part of the Board of Police Commissioners, as the trial and removal of an officer for grafting or incompetence does not involve any of the technicalities of procedure and proof which have grown up around criminal prosecutions. It is not even necessary to show that the accused officer connived at crime. It is enough to warrant his removal for incompetence, if an illicit enterprise is found in his jurisdiction, or if there are strong indications that a crime may have been committed there, and he has failed to discover and report the facts.

The present commission has not permitted the open continuance of some of the more flagrant evils of the old system. It is still licensing the attractive and alluring debauchery of the French restaurants, and has not made any attempt to remove the men who gathered or permitted the gathering of the tribute of vice and crime for the support of the former administration.

THE ELECTION OF THE FALL OF 1909.

Mr. Heney accepted the nomination of the Democratic party, and of the Good Government League, for the District Attorneyship, to succeed Mr. Langdon. He was opposed by Mr. Charles Fickert, who received the Union Labor and Republican nominations. Mr. Fickert was elected, receiving 36,192 votes to Mr. Heney's 26,075.

In the course of the campaign, the old-standing class antagonism was made an issue. The cry to "vote a straight Labor ticket and be true to the cause" gave a considerable Labor vote to Mr. Fickert, and his nomination by the Republican party added a similar partisan support. This, combined with the tenderloin and saloon element, brought the Fickert vote up to not less than 25,000. The balance of his supporters was made up of those who were in sympathy with the doctrine of a wide open town and its accompanying loose morals, both in its political and commercial life, and those who were honestly convinced that the government was not sincere in its efforts and who failed to realize the tremendous obstacles

that had been placed in its way by the beneficiaries of the graft system. The latter class of Fickert's votes were the direct product of the three years of villification and abuse to which certain of the daily papers and nearly all the weekly papers had subjected Mr. Langdon, Mr. Heney, Mr. Burns, and Mr. Spreckels.

Some of Mr. Heney's speeches lent color to the claim that he was attempting to try the accused man at the bar of public opinion rather than in the courts of justice, and he permitted himself to be drawn into personalities from which a calmer judgment would have saved him. The bulk of well-intentioned citizens understood the strain to which the three years of most bitter and arduous courtroom service, coupled with the shock of his shooting, had subjected him and judged in their true light his statements made in the heat of the campaign. However, the failure to make clear that it was the People of the State of California who had been offended by the briberies, and that it was the People who were prosecuting the cases, and that the District Attorney was merely the agent of the community, as a political entity, lost Mr. Heney many votes. Your committee see no reason to question the continuance of the sincerity of the prosecution, and has the highest appreciation of Mr. Heney's splendid services and of the results accomplished, not only in unmasking the real forces behind the corruption in San Francisco, but in overthrowing the Ruef-Schmitz administration; nevertheless, it cannot pass by the campaign of 1909 without pointing out what, in our opinion, was its chief weakness.

On the other hand we cannot but feel that had the ballot been free of the straight-ticket device, and the people been voting directly on the qualifications of the candidates for their respective positions, the vote would have been very different. The number of persons who will accept a party label as a substitute for their own conviction regarding the candidate's merits, is still very large. No better evidence of this is needed than the bitter opposition of the machine politicians to any attempt to abolish the "party circle" on the ballot.

Nothing could be more illogical than the determination of the qualifications of the man who is to administer the law impartially, by his allegiance to a partizan organization. The same is true of all the officers of a municipality, but it applies the more forcibly to the Police Judges and the District Attorney who exercise judicial or quasi-judicial functions. Our laws have already recognized the want of logic in partizan elections of municipal officers, and Los Angeles, Fresno, Alameda and other cities now elect their city officers on ballots which simply show the names of the candidates under the office to be filled, without party or any other designation.

CONCLUSION AND RECOMMENDATIONS.

The foregoing is but a partial review of some of the factors which tend to maintain the corrupt conditions in this municipality. Whatever advantages a contemporaneous record may have must be taken along with the disadvantages arising from the want of historical perspective. It is little more than a series of findings on the more important matters of fact which have been brought to our attention in the fourteen months over which our sessions have extended.

While the vista of time is necessary to view these in their just proportions and relationship, we feel that there are some remedies which may help protect the community till a maturer and more vigorous public sentiment itself keeps in suppression the evil tendencies and influences we have found to exist.

Pursuant to the request in your Honor's commission to us, we submit the following recommendations:

(1) Non-Partizan Municipal Elections.

The charter should be so amended as to prohibit partizan nominations for election to municipal offices, and the ballot, when printed, should show nothing more than the name and the office of the candidate.

(2) A Judicial Tribunal for the Determination of Charges for Public Utilities.

A separate tribunal of permanent character should be established for the judicial determination of the rates and charges for public utilities.

(3) Further Punishment for Bribery.

The laws creating the crime of bribery should be so amended as to provide for the punishment of corporations in their corporate capacity. Very heavy fines should be imposed, and the forfeiture to the state or city of prior acquired franchises should be made a part of the punishment.

(4) Cancellation of Franchises Procured by Fraud.

Laws should be enacted for the cancellation of franchises procured by fraud or crime of the owners of the franchises, or of their predecessors in interest. These laws should be of a civil nature, cognizable in a court of equity, so that the extreme technicality of our criminal procedure will not embarrass their enforcement. The Mayor and the District Attorney, each on his own motion, should have the right to initiate such proceedings in the name of the municipality upon which the fraud has been committed. Their power should be concurrent with that of the state to take similar action in quo warranto proceedings.

(5) Corporations Should Be Compelled to Give Evidence Against Themselves.

The law of evidence in criminal cases should be so amended that a corporation accused of crime cannot claim immunity from producing or giving evidence against itself, and the testimony of its officers, and all its documents should be admissable in criminal proceedings against it. As a corporation can commit a crime only through an officer or an employee, in a prosecution for such crime the officer or employee should not be permitted to remain mute on the ground that his testimony would tend to incriminate him.

(6) Accounts of Quasi-Public Corporations.

Laws should be enacted requiring all quasi-public corporations to keep their books in collaboration with the communities they serve, and according to a system prescribed by law.

(7) Making the Sale of News Columns a Crime.

Laws should be enacted making it a crime for any newspaper to publish as news any matters for which compensation is directly or indirectly paid, or agreed to be paid, unless the fact that such compensation has been paid or agreed to be paid is indicated by some plainly distinguishing mark next the news so printed. The jury or judge should be given liberal power of inferring complicity from considerations indirectly given. A person paying such compensation should be permitted to recover the consideration given by him, and immunity granted him, if he disclose the crime. A part of the punishment should consist in forbidding the publication of the paper for a period fixed by the judge.

(8) The School System.

The trial of Mr. Calhoun disclosed a considerable number of citizens who, when examined under oath as to their qualifications for jury service, complacently declared that they would not convict a man for bribery, however convincing the evidence, if, since his crime, he has successfully broken a strike which was threatening his investments. A system of public education which produces such men must be radically defective in both its ethical and political teaching. It is our belief that no child should be permitted to leave the grammar school until he has had thoroughly instilled into him a strong sense of his obligation to the state to set aside all prejudice or private interest and act as juryman in any case in which he may be summoned. He should be taught that this obligation is sacred, that its performance is the highest kind of public service, outranking the mere physical courage and devotion of a soldier.

It is our opinion that the schools have not kept pace in their ethical instruction with the many complex changes in our commercial organization, due to the universal conduct of business through corporations. Every child should be taught that in all probability he will, for a very large period of his life, be an agent for some corporation. He should be taught the elemental facts concerning the workings of the corporate organization, and particularly the location of the immediate

responsibility for any wrong doing with the directors who elect the manager, and the ultimate responsibility of the stockholders who, in turn, elect the directors. He should be taught that if a disclosure of any impropriety in the relations of the corporation to the state does not receive the attention of the directors, he can make a direct appeal to the stockholders through the agency of the press.

Above all, he should be taught that the corporation is a mere creature of the state, and that it is as much the duty of the citizen to cry "Stop thief" to its attempt to steal a public franchise, as it is to raise the cry when it discovers the treasurer, or any other official, robbing the public of its coin.

No child should be permitted to leave the grammar school without a keen appreciation of the rights of every citizen to good service from public service corporations. He should be instructed what he is to expect from transportation, water, gas, electric, telephone and telegraph companies, and how to make effective his complaint if he does not receive his just due.

Our high schools should deal more specifically with the problems of corporate organization and each year give their quota of trained minds to cope with the sophistries offered to justify fictitious valuations, inadequate service, or criminal relations with public officials who have the gifts of franchises.

If it be true, as has been suggested, that the overwhelming preponderance of women among our teachers makes such an addition to the curriculum impracticable, then we submit that the matters are of such importance as to warrant the employment of a sufficient number of male teachers of political and business ethics. We do not believe, however, that these problems present any difficulties to the intelligence of women which a proper normal school training cannot overcome.

The struggle against greed and social injustice will not be ended with our generation. Those who come after must continue the battle for the preservation of sane democratic government, and the "vigilance" which is the price of our liberty must be intelligent and organized as well as eternal.

WILLIAM DENMAN, Chairman,
WILL J. FRENCH,
HENRY GIBBONS, Jr.,
ALEXANDER GOLDSTEIN,
WILLIAM KIRK GUTHRIE,
WILLIAM KENT.

San Francisco, January 5, 1910.

William Denman, Esq.,
Chairman of the Committee on Investigation Into Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco:

Dear Mr. Denman:

I have just gone over the report of our committee and wish to assure you of my hearty approval of the recommendations made at the end thereof.

It is with regret that, on account of my sickness and absence from many of our meetings, I am unable to sign the findings. This is not because I disagree with any of them, but because I am unable to disagree or agree with several, on account of my failure to hear the evidence on which they rest.

You do not need to be assured that, as far as my connection with the committee is concerned, I have never felt out of harmony with the ideals and aims of my confreres, nor had any doubt as to the integrity and sincerity of their purpose.

Yours sincerely,
D. O. CROWLEY.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Phil Stanton Out For Governorship The development of the week, in the gubernatorial situation, is the very active campaign launched in behalf of Speaker Phil Stanton of Los Angeles. Stanton has not yet announced his candidacy, and says he will not unless it is backed by an overwhelming demand from the "best people" of Los Angeles. His friends, however, evidently with his consent, are doing their best to manufacture that demand and are apparently succeeding in some quarters. They are assuming, off-hand, the support of the Los Angeles "regulars," and their main effort is to secure the indorsement of some of the leading reformers. They claim to have "lined up" Assemblyman Cogswell and Senator Bell, but this is also denied. The "Hughes-Bulla crowd" are holding off, claiming that Stanton is "machine"—which is, in fact, not seriously denied, though Stanton claims he would not be a purely machine candidate. His supporters are pointing to his record on the direct primary and the race-track bill, to show his independence. They tell the story that after his election as speaker, representatives of the race track approached him and claimed that "we" contributed largely to his election, and should be remembered in the make-up of the Committee on Public Morals. Stanton, it is said, replied that he had not known of their support, but if they claimed any consideration by reason of it he would cheerfully resign his speakership, and then go before the legislature as a candidate for re-election on that issue. Of course the bluff worked, and the race-track men put in no further claims. As a matter of fact, they, as race-track men, had not particularly supported Stanton for speaker, nor been in a position to do him much good if they had. The "we" to which they referred was the railroad machine, with which they not unjustifiably identified themselves. Stanton did receive the support of that machine, for speaker; he did refuse to state, to reform members of the legislature who made that the condition of their support, that he would refrain from organizing the legislature in the interest of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, and he did for the most part organize the legislature in that interest. The Committee on Public Morals was a creditable, if spectacular, exception. That committee has usually been a joke. Its members have been selected for their notorious public immorals. Stanton established a welcome departure from this precedent. Also, being an intelligent man, he was a pleasing contrast with his "muddle-headed" predecessor, "Bob" Beardslee, of Stockton. He rendered some good service in the legislature, and bore the main brunt of holding down the hot-heads, on the Japanese question. That fact, however, will hardly gain him votes in San Francisco.

Judge James for Supreme Bench? Active efforts are also reported from Los Angeles to promote the candidacy of Judge James for the supreme bench, to succeed Harry Melvin. Judge James was the Los Angeles candidate before the last Republican convention, and some of the reform forces, all their own candidates having been "pulled down" before the convention, were prepared to support him, as the less evil. But the very mover of Judge James' nomination, by a subsequent arrangement, arose and seconded the nomination of Melvin. The withdrawal of James created obligations to him, by the machine, which were probably expressly stipulated at the time, and are at any rate well understood. Judge James will probably have the machine support, at least in the south. He is a personally clean man, but affiliated with the Walter Parker end of things in Los Angeles.

Judge Wilbur Also Mentioned A possible candidate from Southern California for the supreme bench is Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, the "Ben Lindsey" of Los Angeles. Judge Wilbur is deservedly popular, his political affiliations are clean, and he has rendered invaluable services to the cause of criminal reform by his work in the juvenile court.

Many Possibilities, Few Candidates On the Lincoln-Roosevelt side, possibilities for governor are many but candidates are few. It is the weakness as well as the strength of reformers that they do not personally want office. Some of them must run, but these will probably have to be dragged out by the ears, by the others. In this campaign they represent a cause, not a candidate, but it becomes imperative that they have a candidate who will unambiguously represent their cause, and who will have the personality to strengthen that cause.

A Commanding Figure—Heney A serious criticism of the reform organization has been its lack of a "commanding figure." In one case, at least, that charge is not true. Francis J. Heney is a "commanding figure" if anybody is. The present probabilities are that he will not be a candidate for governor, but there are a thousand reasons why he ought to be. No other man so well fills, in the popular conception, the full measure of present-day reform.

Wane of Reform In Sacramento In Sacramento Mayor White went out of office and Mayor Beard went in with the coming of the new year, and the occurrence has led to some discussion of the proverbially short life of reform administrations, it being a sort of tradition with the politicians that reform mayors do not succeed themselves. It is as true as most traditions, which means that it admits of a considerable number of exceptions but still contains an element of truth. The easiest and most satisfactory way to explain it is by saying that an American city only elects a distinctively reform mayor or council when there has been an exceptional awakening of the civic conscience, and that since it is unnatural for that conscience to remain on the rack for more than two years at a time, it is the most natural thing in the world that at the end of two years things should slip back to pretty near where they were before. But they never do get quite back to where they were before if it has been a sensible and effective reform administration; some part of the reform effected is bound to stick and the succeeding administration governs itself accordingly. That it will be so in Sacramento is universally believed, for it is generally conceded that the second Beard administration will be different to quite an extent from that which prevailed from 1906 to 1908.

Combined Iniquities Too Much for White In the Sacramento instance it was not a case of a reform mayor trying to succeed himself and failing of re-election, for Mayor White did not run again; he refused to do so although pressed by many elements in the Republican party to be the candidate. But it is said in Sacramento that one of the main reasons why he would not run was that he felt that in the conscientious discharge of his duty he had given offense to certain elements which had supported him before and would not have been likely to support him this time; in other words, the mayor had measured his own strength before the voters and had decided that it was not such as would justify him in making the race. Instead of running himself he persuaded the Republicans to nominate for mayor the man who had been chief of police for two years, who had given general satisfaction in that office and who appeared to be particularly acceptable to the politicians in the party. It was a move of policy, and, as it turned out, not a fortunate one, because the nominee's popularity did not prove great enough to carry him through, and undoubtedly many stable citizens took the view that the right man for chief of police may not be the right man for mayor. However, the more immediate cause of the candidate's defeat was the usual combination of the saloons, the gamblers and the Southern Pacific company, which in Sacramento is in force in about three out of four city elections, and which is irresistible except under extraordinary circumstances. This does not necessarily mean that Mayor Beard will carry out the wishes of these three elements, although they assumed that he would; they already begin to fear that they have deceived themselves and that the new mayor really meant something when he said that he would stand for a clean city, albeit they thought he intended nothing more than empty talk. It is a possibility that Mayor Beard will give an administration so clean and decent that at the end of two years he will find it as difficult to be re-elected as Mayor White believed it would be for him. That would be the highest compliment he could pay himself.

San Jose's Moral Spring Cleaning In San Jose, meanwhile, a city administration has been making a reputation for itself after another fashion. There conditions have arrived at the grand jury stage, and in a report recently put out by the inquisitorial body the immorality was widely advertised to the world. As the grand jury said, it was not a pleasant task to publish that vice has increased to an extent to shock the moral part of the community, but if it was a fact, the jury's duty was to say so and to hold responsible the administration which has done nothing to prevent these conditions from obtaining. The Garden City is now reaping the fruits of the disorganization and demoralization of the police force which followed the election of Mayor Davidson. San Jose ought to be ready for a step forward when the time comes for the next election; a good many voters have had a chance to pay off spites and revenges; a lot of politics of a discreditable kind has been done; class prejudice in politics has had an inning; in short, the city has had its fling, and, like a not wholly bad man who has been upon a spree, should be ready for good behavior. This is another illustration of the swing of the pendulum of reform.

Professor Moore's Earned Advancement The resignation of City Superintendent of Schools E. C. Moore of Los Angeles to fill the newly established professorship of education in Yale, though a loss to the California city, is satisfactory in the sense that it is a signal rebuke to one of the most malicious and vindictive attempts to degrade a faithful public servant which has been known. The California Weekly has already told how Professor Moore incurred the displeasure of the editor of the Los Angeles Times, Harrison Gray Otis, by refusing to print in a publication issued in the interest of the schools one of Otis' attacks on labor unions, and also how from that time forth the newspaper, with studied malignity, followed the educator's footsteps and misrepresented his acts, neglecting no opportunity to injure him so far as it could. When this process of getting revenge promised to be too slow, the paper began to strike at the schools themselves and finally opposed a needed issue of bonds for school purposes, which in a city so devoted to the cause of public education as is Los Angeles is a civic crime of particular gravity. It was repudiated by the voters, who carried the bonds. And now comes Yale University and honors in a signal manner the educator whom the Los Angeles Times has been bespattering so freely with its mud. It has been one of the most discreditable journalistic incidents of recent years.

That "War" on the Insurgents From Washington comes the report that the administration has become angry enough with the "insurgent" Republicans to

California Weekly

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our friends will do well to keep track of the ANNOUNCEMENTS of the publishers of The California Weekly as they appear from week to week in this column.

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be considering seriously the proposal to deny them all consideration in the distribution of patronage—in other words, not to accept any advice from them regarding the making of appointments. In the same dispatch it is stated that the Republican Congressional Committee is exerting its influence in certain districts to prevent the renomination of "insurgent" members of the house. These flying rumors can be largely discounted without much fear of believing too little, for it is unlikely that President Taft and his close advisers desire to precipitate the conflict. No doubt Joe Cannon would do so if he could, but Cannon, so lately objected to by the President on principle, cannot even yet be regarded as one of his intimate advisers. In this matter the mass of party voters will be disposed to take reasonable views; if any so-called insurgents have gone to the point of aspersing the motives of President Taft, the public would hardly expect that such members should be given much consideration at the White House, but that any Republican senator or congressman should be read out of the party because he entertains conscientious views on tariff or on the organization of the house different from those of the majority is not to be thought of. To undertake to establish "discipline" on those lines would be simple party suicide. It is going to require all the harmony which the Republicans can muster to carry the congressional elections this fall.

New Charters for Everybody If the present year does not see the greatest amount of city charter making which has been witnessed for a decade, it will be something strange. With the exception of San Francisco, there is hardly a town of importance which does not contemplate either a complete new charter or extensive amendments. Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles signalized his inauguration the other day by calling the charter of that city antiquated and demanding a new one. If frequent and extensive amendment can make a near new charter, Los Angeles ought to have one at this very time, for no session of the legislature goes by nowadays without the ratification of a few charter patches for that city. In 1905 there were some thirty pages of amendments, and again in 1907 and 1909 the revamping went on in something like the same proportions. But Mayor Alexander says the slate must be wiped off and a new start made, and he is very apt to have his way. In Oakland the mayor and councilmen stand pledged to the making of a new charter. So, too, in Sacramento, the new mayor, who was inaugurated this week, made new charter the burden of his song. These are only a few of the towns which are in line for new charters, and in most cases the rush is to adopt the commission plan of government—an idea which is spreading quicker and faster than any other of recent years.

New Deputy for Anderson Bank Superintendent Anderson, who has kept the politicians guessing to know whom he would appoint to the post of chief deputy to succeed Ewing—quite as lively guessing, by the way, as they indulged in regarding the real reasons why Ewing resigned—has settled that question by appointing another Los Angeles man, General Robert Wankowski. There is no question that Wankowski has the qualifications required by the law, since he has been a practical banker quite a number of years, and if a politician, he is not known to be an offensive one. A number of Superintendent Anderson's appointments have been open to the charge of being more political than is for the good of the service, and therefore it is fortunate that the chief deputy is to be a man who really knows about banking. But Wankowski is credited with the statement that he expects ultimately to become the head of a southern branch of the commission with his office in Los Angeles, and if this is authorized, he cannot, after all, continue to be the chief office assistant. There are banks enough in the south to justify a branch, but the expense of the new banking department is running up so much above the cost of the old commission, and so many big banks are nationalizing, that the financial problem of the department promises to become serious.

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A FAIR VALUATION OF SPRING VALLEY

WHY THE PRICE FOR PURCHASE SHOULD EXCEED THE VALUATION FOR RATE-MAKING.

By THOMAS E. HAVEN, Assistant City Attorney of San Francisco.

Two objections have been suggested to the proposed purchase by the city and county of San Francisco of the properties of the Spring Valley Water company for the sum of $35,000,000, viz.: first, that the issuance of the necessary bonds for the completion of this purchase, together with the acquisition of the Sierra supply, may exceed the bonding capacity of the city; and, secondly, that the price demanded may be high.

With regard to the first of these objections, the courts have held that a bonded indebtedness is not created until the bonds are actually issued and delivered. The authorization of bonds to the amount of $58,000,000 creates an indebtedness only for such portions of these bonds as are actually issued and sold, and at the times at which they are sold. The acquisition of the properties of the Spring Valley Water company, together with the development of the Lake Eleanor supply will postpone the necessity of the construction of the Hetch Hetchy dam and the development of that valley as a reservoir for many years. There can be no question but that the proposed bonded indebtedness for both systems will be entirely within the bonding capacity of the city when the bonds are needed.

Valuations for Rates and for Purchase.

The second question is more complicated. The water rates which have been fixed by the supervisors each year since 1902 have been based upon appraisements of the value of those properties made by City Engineers C. E. Grunsky, Marsden Manson and Consulting Engineer J. H. Dockweiler. Mr. Grunsky's first appraisement was made in the year 1902, and was resubmitted, with some modifications, in 1903 and 1904. The appraisement of Mr. Dockweiler was made as of January 1, 1904. Mr. Manson was a member of the board of public works at the time Mr. Grunsky's first appraisements were made under the direction of that board. Having become familiar with the values fixed at that time he has used them as a basis for his subsequent appraisements. The values fixed by all of these appraisements have been between $24,000,000 and $25,000,000. These valuations have been accepted by each successive board of supervisors as a basis upon which water rates have been fixed.

In the litigation which has been pending for the past six years, the legal department of the city has insisted upon the reasonableness of such valuations. The submission of the recent offer suggests the question whether city officials who have contended that the property is of the value of approximately $25,000,000, for one purpose, can fairly recommend the purchase of the same properties for $35,000,000, and if so, how is the difference of $10,000,000 accounted for?

The limits of this paper will not permit a discussion of the detailed valuations of the varied properties of the water company. There are, however, certain principles of valuation which apply to a purchase or condemnation of these properties, and which are not applicable to a valuation fixed as a basis of water rates. A consideration of these will account for much of the suggested discrepancy.

Rate Valuation on Property in Use.

The constitution of this state provides that boards of supervisors are obliged to fix annually the rates to be collected for water and other public utilities. The courts have held that in fixing these rates the owners of a water company must be allowed a fair rate of income upon the fair value of the property which is presently used and useful in producing water. It will be seen that this limitation of the property to be valued in establishing rates, at once excludes any property which is not both used and useful in the present production of water. It has further been held that the principle of usefulness implies that the value to be fixed is the value of the property for the purpose for which it is being used. The difference between this value and that for some other purpose was clearly brought out in the rate case of 1908. In that litigation, the Spring Valley Water company contended that the value it was entitled to be allowed for its Lake Merced lands was the value which it might obtain for the same by selling such property in town lots, or otherwise: in other words, what is commonly known as "the real estate value." In reply to that contention, Judge Farrington decided that, if the company chose to use for the purpose of producing water lands which were more valuable for some other purpose, it could not complain if the rate fixing body appraised those lands as a basis for water rates at their value for the purpose for which the company elected to use them. Such values are, therefore, limited to the amount which the property is worth as a producer of water.

The values which have been established by successive boards of supervisors, as a basis for rate fixing, have been controlled by answer to these inquiries:

(1) What properties are now in use by the water company in producing water?

(2) Of such properties, what proportion of them are necessarily so used?

(3) What is the value of such properties so used and useful as water producing agencies?

Such value excludes any property which, in the judgment of the board of supervisors, is not in present or necessary use, and also excludes the consideration of value for any other purpose than for the production of water.

Purchase Value Includes All Values.

It will be seen that this method of valuation is very different from that adopted by the ordinary purchaser of real property. If San Francisco is to acquire the properties of the Spring Valley Water company, there are but two methods by which this can be accomplished, viz.: (first) By purchase at such price at may be fixed by the company for sale, and (secondly) if an agreement cannot be made, by the exercise of the power of eminent domain. If the latter method is adopted, the principle of valuation which is applied by the courts is the same as controls the purchase of real property between any vendor and vendee. In such case all the elements of value are to be considered. As stated by the supreme court of this state. "In arriving at the value of land, all its capabilities, or the uses to which it is adapted, should be taken into consideration. These capabilities are estimated by a purchaser and we cannot see why evidence in regard to them is not admissible. The same considerations are to be regarded as in a sale of lands between private parties." Or, as stated by the supreme court of the United States, "The compensation to the owner is to be estimated by reference to the uses to which the property is suitable, having regard to the existing business or wants of the community, or such as may be reasonably expected in the immediate future." This value to be established in condemnation proceedings is sometimes referred to as "the value for the highest available use."

In estimating the value of its properties for the purpose of sale, the water company has a right to consider all these elements of usefulness for any purpose. If the company and the city cannot agree upon a price, and the city is forced to condemn the property, the court or jury determining the value will be compelled to consider the same elements. Anyone who is familiar with the location of the Lake Merced property, or with the large holdings of the water company scattered over the peninsula from San Francisco to San Jose, will immediately recognize that the value of these properties for their highest available use at present, or in the immediate future, is very different from the value of such portions thereof as were used six years ago for the production of water, fixed upon the principle of their usefulness for that purpose only.

"Real Estate" Value of Holdings.

The present area of the Lake Merced properties of the Spring Valley Water company is 2,857 acres, or nearly three times the area of Golden Gate Park. The city's valuations of this property for rate fixing purposes have varied from $2,030,000 to $2,638,000. In the 1908 litigation one of the most prominent real estate dealers in the city filed an affidavit to the effect that, in normal financial times, the property could be sold as a whole for $4,000,000. Present appraisements of the value of this property, upon a real estate basis, vary from two thousand to three thousand dollars per acre, or from $5,714,000 to $8,571,000.

The same differences between water producing value and present real estate value apply, although in a less degree, to the lands of the water company owned by it in other adjoining counties. The holdings of the water company in these counties, at the present time, are as follows:

San Mateo county.....	28,491.00 acres
Santa Clara county....	33,403.00 "
Alameda county	27,910.50 "

The total real property owned by the Spring Valley Water company on December 1, 1909, including property in the city of San Francisco, amounts to 83,512.50 acres, of which 38,521.87 acres have been acquired since January 1, 1904, the date of the city's appraisement for rate fixing purposes.

Intangible Values.

The next element of value which must be considered in the case of a purchase or condemnation of these properties, and which has not entered into the appraisements upon which the city has based the water rates, is what is known as "intangible value." Included in this term are the additional values which the water company claims that its properties possess by reason of its franchise, its "going business" or "established business" or "good-will" and the exceptionally favorable physical situation of its properties. It has been claimed in the water rate litigation that a large sum should be added to the value of the physical properties by reason of these intangible elements. The city has never conceded the correctness of these contentions. It is only fair to state, however, that the franchise of the Spring Valley Water company is assessed by the assessor of San Francisco as being of the value of $2,500,000, and that the company has paid taxes upon that assessment for several years. The argument is made if the franchise is valuable as a basis for taxation, it is also valuable as a basis for water rates, and the courts have said that this argument is not without force. It is also true that the greater portion of the available water supply in the vicinity of San Francisco, and the best reservoir sites in the neighborhood are owned by the Spring Valley Water company. The facts that these properties cannot be duplicated and that they have been acquired at different times in pursuance of a definite policy of development, and are now "unified into one interconnected whole," are urged as reasons why they are of greater value than they would be were it not for their unique situation. It is also claimed that the business of an established water company with thousands of customers, drawing their supply through existing connections, is worth a considerable sum by reason of the fact that it is an established business, in excess of the cost of materials and properties which have gone into building up the plant.

None of these alleged values have been recognized by the city as a basis for the fixing of rates. In condemnation proceedings,

however, it has been held that franchise value must be reckoned with and paid for; and many courts have also recognized the value of some or all of the other intangible elements contended for.

Value of Going Business.

In 1903 City Engineer Grunsky was requested by the board of supervisors to suggest a value for the franchise and going business of the Spring Valley Water company. In reply to that request he suggested a value of $2,500,000 for the franchise and $1,400,000 for the going business value. The water company has claimed much larger values on account of these intangible elements, and it is not improbable that in a condemnation suit some considerable sum would be allowed for these elements in addition to the value of the physical structures and other properties as such.

Another element which enters into the difference between the present value of these properties and the city's appraisements thereof, is the increase in value of all the real estate holdings of the company during the past six or seven years. It is manifest that real estate in the city of San Francisco, and in the adjoining counties, is worth a considerable amount to-day in addition to its value in 1902 to 1904. A further element entering into this consideration is the capital expenditures made by the Spring Valley Water company since 1902. Those expenditures, according to the books of the company, for the years 1902 to 1909, both inclusive (the latter part of 1909 being estimated) have amounted to $3,267,645.83. A portion of this expenditure has been incurred in the purchase of the additional lands above referred to, for which reason the entire sum above named cannot again be added to the other values. As nearly as can be ascertained at this time, the capital expenditures of the company during the period named, which have gone into structures and improvements of plant, exclusive of real estate purchased, are between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000.

Still another element which enters into the difference between the present value of these properties and the city's appraisement, are properties which are, and have been, owned by the company but which have not been considered by the city authorities as being in use in the production of water. In the brief filed by the city in the rate litigation, the properties which were owned by the company in 1904, and were not then in use, are estimated as being of the value of $4,645,444.09. A portion of this sum represents properties which have gone entirely out of use and are not now valuable, for which reason the entire total cannot be added to other values. The appraisements of the several engineers of the value of the properties, which are actually now in existence and are not used in the production of water, have approximated $4,000,000.

In the above discussion, it has been assumed that the city's appraisements have represented the fair value of the company's properties as a basis for the fixing of water rates. It must be admitted, however, that three federal judges have determined, upon the granting of preliminary injunctions for three different years, that the city's valuations were too low for the purpose for which they were made, and it is for that reason that the injunctions have been granted. In the 1908 case, Judge Farrington held that the value of the properties for rate fixing purposes, as nearly as could be determined from the record then before him, was $27,553,512, or approximately $2,500,000 in excess of the value contended for by the city authorities. Accepting this latter figure as a judicial determination of the value of the properties involved, for the purpose then under consideration, and adding to it the several items of additional real estate values, intangible values, increases in market value during the past six years, and by reason of capital expenditures, and the value of properties not in use in the production of water, it is evident that a value fixed in a condemnation proceeding might easily equal, if not exceed, the price demanded by the Spring Valley Water company.

In considering the offer of that company, it must be kept in mind that present necessities compel the purchase of this property by the city. The Sierra supply cannot be made available for use for several years. The present supply and particularly the present distributing system are both inadequate and unsatisfactory. The water company refuses to extend its distributing system, or otherwise improve its supply under present conditions. If, therefore, the inhabitants of San Francisco are to obtain a sufficient supply of water during the years immediately ensuing, it can be accomplished only by municipal ownership of the properties of the Spring Valley Water company.

Purchase Only Escape From Litigation.

If the present offer is not accepted, the city must seek to acquire the properties by the exercise of the right of condemnation. The enforcement of this latter right would involve an examination and determination by a court or jury of the value of each one of the varied and scattered properties of the water company. To one who has studied the 7,000 pages of typewritten evidence which have been submitted in the pending water rate litigation, and has become familiar with the conflicting opinions of expert witnesses as to nearly every property owned by the water company, the task of attempting to fix a value in a condemnation proceeding appears stupendous. The present litigation has been pending something over six years and a final decision has not yet been had in any of the cases. A condemnation suit means the re-examination of all the questions of value involved in the rate litigation and many others, and it is not at all improbable that the final determination of a suit of that character might be postponed for another six years or more.

The practical situation presented to the voters of San Francisco at this time is the necessity of accepting the offer of the Spring Valley Water Company, or of enduring the present unsatisfactory conditions for several years to come, with the expenses and other disturbing conditions attendant upon continued litigation; and with no certainty that the final result will be any more favorable. The only possible excuse for failure to accept the offer is that the price is unreasonable. That objection is not tenable.

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THE STORY OF KIPPY

BY

ALPHEUS JAMES

THE circumstances which surrounded Kippy in his tenderest youth were decidedly adverse. In the first place he was scarcely three days old when he broke his leg, and I never have felt any doubt that his mother's negligence, if nothing worse, was directly responsible for this sad misfortune. To anyone who remembers the sweet mother-love and tenderness which hedge most children about through all the days of their youth this may seem a most grievous charge to bring against any mother, but when I say that, on that very same day, Kippy's mother was detected in the shockingly felonious act of attempting to kill her own offspring, it will be admitted that negligence is about the mildest charge that could be brought against such a mother. Possibly she felt that her child would be but a weakling and handicapped in the race of life, but, for my part, I could not for a moment concede that such a belief would justify her terrible conduct.

It was my little sister Mary who detected the unnatural mother in her criminal act. Mary had gone to the barn in quest of eggs, when, of a sudden, we saw her running toward the house.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," she cried as soon as she was within hailing distance, "come! Come quick! The old Plymouth Rock is murdering one of her little chickens!"

Thus is revealed the secret that Kippy was but a chicken, and his mother only a hen, but I claim that the conduct of the latter was none the less barbarous on that account. Even a hen ought to know that killing is unjustifiable, unless, indeed, the parties to it are at war, when some authorities consider it highly commendable.

At Mary's call mother ran straight to the barn and rescued Kippy from his belligerent parent. It indeed was time, for not only was his leg broken, but he was otherwise very sadly pecked and maimed. When mother pityingly picked him up it appeared probable that the rest of his little life would be measured by minutes, and when Mary asked if she could have him for her "very own," mother said, "Oh, yes, but don't expect to keep him long, for he cannot live."

If my opinion had been asked I should have disagreed with mother, but Mary determined that the chicken should be saved if unflagging care and attention could accomplish that result. In the first place she bound his fractured limb in pasteboard splints. Kippy—as yet unnamed, for Mary did not superintend his formal christening till several days later—Kippy, I say, objected, and made feeble and inconsequential attempts to pick the incumbrance from his leg, but Mary persisted, and if he succeeded in his attempt she straightway set the leg again. So the limb absolutely had to heal, and while it was doing so Kippy lay upon his back in a box of cotton batting and probably wondered whether life was worth the living.

But while Kippy chirped feeble protest or mused concerning the remarkable circumstances attending life as he found it, another problem presented itself for Mary's solution. If he was to live he must be fed, and there was an almost insuperable objection in the way of feeding him. His mother, in her atrocious assaults upon his small person, had picked a hole entirely through his craw. As a consequence, what Mary fed him through his willing bill came out of this unnatural opening, and it was evident that he could not receive much nutriment from it.

The situation called for heroic action, and Mary rose to it. Securing a piece of court plaster, she removed the feathers from about the wound and covered it with the plaster. So far as I know, this was an operation unique in the annals of surgery, and so it is of interest to note that it was entirely successful. From that time Kippy digested his food properly and grew rapidly. His leg knit, too, without a hitch, and he became a chicken worth the seeing.

But, as he grew, he developed one striking peculiarity, to say nothing of other peculiarities only less striking: He never for one moment suspected that he was a rooster, or that he belonged to the chicken family. His manner plainly showed that, while he might consider barnyard fowls as good enough in their sphere, he was convinced that that sphere was very inferior to the one in which he and other human beings moved. So he scornfully refused to have anything to do with such canaille, and attached himself to Mary as the one person who was worthy to be his associate, companion and confidential friend. From the hour when he stood outside her window at the earliest flush of dawn and notified her that it was time to arise—a proceeding against which not only the rest of the family, but even Mary, vainly protested—until that sunset hour when she put him to bed, he followed her constantly, or if he was not permitted to do so, he was but a broken-hearted Kippy.

In one respect, and in few others, he conformed to the traditions of his kind: He preferred that a roost should be his bed. For the rest, he felt certain that he could not go to that bed without my sister's assistance, and so, as the evening shades drew near, he, like the other Mary's lamb, "waited patiently about till Mary did appear." It was a most absurd sight to see him following her about and requesting her, in all the varieties of chicken language that he knew, to set him on his roost. He could easily have reached the perch without assistance, but the fact never occurred to him, more than it once occurred to you and me that we could go to bed without our mothers to tuck us in and kiss us good night. In an emergency he would permit me to perform Mary's duty in this respect, but the occasional notes of protest with which he gurgled himself to sleep indicated the extent of his dissatisfaction with the proceeding

So Kippy grew into a fine, large rooster, and never once suspected the fact. Sometimes, I think, he felt that there was some inexplicable difference between him and the rest of our family, but he did not hold himself responsible for it and bravely did the best he knew to be like the remainder of us; and if occasionally a rooster challenged him to battle, or a hen looked upon him admiringly, he impartially scorned either as the representative of a lower order of creation with whom he would have nothing to do.

In one respect, as he grew older, his conduct was more reprehensible than that of the other Mary's lamb, for he "followed her to school" not only on one day, but on many days, and there I am sorry to say that he got into mischief.

The school which Mary attended, and which Kippy desired to attend for the betterment of his education, was located in Marysville, California. The climate of Marysville is warm in the summer season, and the boys, and sometimes the girls, went barefooted to school, as did Kippy. But the master steeled his heart against the educational yearnings of Mary's pet, and the order was issued that he must stay outside the door, which generally stood wide open.

Kippy was a well-disposed creature at most times, and I think he would have heeded even this oppressive order had not Joe Borrow discovered a way to lure him within the forbidden precincts. Joe was one of the big boys of our school, and his main object in attending was the fun that he could get out of it. He soon ascertained that if he wriggled his toes within Kippy's sight the latter considered it a challenge to mortal combat. He was on the alert, and if the toes wriggled but once, down went his head, out went his wings, and he advanced gallantly to the fray. Perhaps the master would be engaged with a class. Of a sudden there would be a general snicker, an uproar in school, and Joe alone would be so buried in his studies as not to observe what was taking place about him, which in itself was a suspicious circumstance. The master soon learned where to look for the cause of the disturbance.

"Put that creature out!" the teacher would roar, and Joe would drive the feathered warrior condignly from the field of battle.

There was no play about Kippy's fighting, and if he were not interrupted he battled until he fell to the floor from exhaustion. He meant business, and blood and scratches on the big boy's toes demonstrated the fact, but Joe felt that his punishment was cheap at the price. Sometimes, in his exasperation, the master threatened to "wring the creature's neck," but Kippy appeared to feel a premonition that it would not be well to fall into his hands, and he incontinently fled whenever the teacher approached.

It is but just to Mary to say that she, too, apprehended that her pet might get into serious difficulty, and so she tried to keep him at home. To this end she shut him in a coop mornings, but Kippy was ingenious, and he keenly felt that he was being treated with contumely, so every few days he managed to escape from his prison. Then he would start for school immediately, and there he would wait outside the door and make a hollow pretense of being busily engaged in searching for food until Joe's toes again would beckon him to the fray. This was too much; he would enter the forbidden realm, and the combat would be on.

If the master had not been about the kindest and best man that ever lived this condition of affairs would not have existed for any length of time, but he realized how much Mary thought of her queer pet, and warned her only that she positively must keep him at home. So I made a large coop which I warranted to be rooster-proof, and Kippy was kept in it during the day and released only after school was dismissed.

That Kippy pined under the weight of this indignity was evident. He became thin and scrawny, and his crow lost its note of defiance to the earth and all its inhabitants. Fortunately, however, fall soon came, the children resumed their shoes and stockings, and it was considered safe to let him run at large in a world where were no wriggling toes to tempt him from the straight and narrow way.

Now, according to all reasonable calculations, he should have regained his former health and vigor rapidly; but he did not. Evidently the blow he had received had proved too much for his proud spirit, and it wilted beneath it. All through the winter he remained but a wreck of what he had been. Mary did the best she knew for him, but neither castor oil nor liver regulator would help him, and his case seemed hopeless.

Then the California spring, with its poppied fields and wealth of roses, came down the land, and the children again shed their shoes and stockings. By this time Kippy was so weak that we were convinced he would not attempt to reach the schoolhouse if he were permitted to droop about at large, and so the coop knew him no more.

One day, chancing to glance from my book toward the door of the schoolhouse, I saw Kippy outside of it, feebly engaged in a staggering pretense of scratching for food. At the same time I looked toward Joe Borrow and saw his toes wriggle. Kippy saw the motion, too. It was what he had been looking for; for this he had dragged himself to school, and to the best of his enfeebled ability he responded to the challenge. His head went down, his drooping wings went out, and, in a queer, halting fashion, he shuffled across the schoolhouse floor. He was about to make his last fight with the hated toes. Now or never victory must perch upon his banner.

Straight at Joe's great toe he flew, seized its skin in his beak, and put all his might into the struggle with it. It hurt, and Joe attempted to pull his toe away, but Kippy hung to it and twisted and wrung the harder.

Again Joe tried, but his antagonist still clung and wrung, and a low "Ouch!" from the boy indicated that he was feeling the stress of the combat.

The master heard the exclamation, looked up, and saw what was in progress.

"Put that crea—" he began, but an unprecedented proceeding on the part of Kippy caused the rest of the sentence to die in his throat. With a final mighty effort, the feathered knight tore a bit of flesh from Joe's toe; then he toppled to the floor, gasped, lifted his head, made a noise which was but the ghost of a crow, and fell back—dead, but proud victor in his last battle.

When Mary was convinced that her pet really was dead she was inconsolable, and the master had to let her take all that remained of poor Kippy, bear it sadly home, and devote the rest of the day to grief. After school I made a neat headboard and planted it above the dead warrior's grave.

"He ought to have some sort of an epitaph," I then said to my little sister. "Can you think of a good one for him?"

"I have been thinking of that all day," Mary sobbingly replied, "and it seems to me that 'He hath done what he could' would be a good one."

So that was the epitaph that appeared on poor Kippy's headboard until the winter rains washed both it and his name away.

("American Feudalism"—Concluded.)

stationary, as those of European countries, this state of mind will crystallize into a passive acceptance of industrial feudalism, with the present avenues of escape practically closed.

The object of this article, and its predecessor, is to warm Californians of some of the potential evils of a great industrial development. With the completion of the Panama canal, with the increase of population and production, with the utilization of water powers and fuel oil, a great industrial development is bound to come in California. It should be welcomed when it comes. But the evils that have accompanied it in Carbon county and Manchester should be vigilantly detected and forestalled for the sake of the political and industrial freedom of the working people.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The J. B. Tisdale ranch, consisting of 2,960 acres situated along the Sacramento river in Sutter county, has been sold to J. L. Lundie and other San Franciscans.

Citizens of Lindsay have defeated a movement to incorporate by a vote of 91 to 29.

E. F. Howe, editor of the Imperial Standard, is about to compile and publish a history of the development of the Imperial Valley. It will be the story of a miracle.

The Contra Costa Standard of Martinez has entered upon the thirty-sixth year of loyal service to the community in which it is published.

The Berkeley Reporter has been purchased by the publishers of the Independent of that city.

Jesse Whitaker was kicked to death by a fractious horse on his ranch at Lovell, Tulare county, last week.

Grace Delaney, an eight-year-old girl, gave several hundred dollars' worth of poultry, from her father's ranch near San Bernardino, to tramps, on Christmas day. Her parents returned home just in time to recover the greater part of their donated property.

It has just been revealed that J. W. Shanklin, editor of the Placerville Nugget, was married three months ago to Mrs. Birdie M. Frey of Ukiah.

W. P. Rankin has purchased 1,600 acres of what is said to be "the finest orange land in Tulare county."

The harvest of asparagus from lands near Lodi began this week.

Land owners of the southern part of San Joaquin county have voted for a bond issue of $1,875,000 to construct an extensive irrigating system.

GUBERNATORIAL POSSIBILITIES FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[The following letter from a correspondent in Los Angeles throws an interesting light on the approaching state primary election, and discloses a strong sentiment in the south for a gubernatorial candidate from below the Tehachapi.—Editor]

The state may as well prepare itself to hear a strong demand from Southern California that the next Governor come from the South, which section feels that it is entitled to that high office. It has been some time since the South sent a Governor to Sacramento. The present executive comes from the extreme northern section, and his predecessor, Pardee, from the central part of the state, and with some justice Southern California is now making the plea that its "turn" has come.

This sentiment finds general and rather emphatic expression around the clubs and wherever men congregate and talk politics. The fact that the next United States senator is to come from the South is not regarded as a legitimate argument against the Southern California idea on the governorship any more than a plea that Senator Perkins should not have been reelected because the North already had the governor.

It is quite probable that Southern California will set up a stout claim for the office.

It cannot be denied that fuel has been added to the flame by the action of the State Board of Equalization in arbitrarily raising the general assessment of Southern California. There is a general and deep-seated feeling that a grave injustice has been perpetrated, and it is hardly worth while to attempt to deny that a feeling of resentment is cherished by the masses of the people.

Another thing that operates to unify the forces of the South is the controversy over the projected Panama Canal Exposition. The issue has resulted in arousing a spirit of harmony and unity not witnessed before for many years; and this is naturally having its effect upon the talk of greater recognition for Southern California.

Phil Stanton's Boom.

Who will be put forward as the candidate of the South is not known yet, but it is known that preparations for the launching of the boom of Speaker Phil Stanton under auspicious conditions are being made. I may be telling some inside secrets, but it is a fact that a number of Stanton's influential friends already have begun an active canvass in his behalf.

About two weeks ago a secret conference was held in the office of a prominent Los Angeles attorney. It was composed of about forty of the strongest Republican leaders in the South. Among them were men formerly classed as "regulars." Several of them were men prominent in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement. Great enthusiasm was displayed in behalf of Stanton's candidacy, and subcommittees were appointed to sound sentiment in the party, among both the "regulars" and the "insurgents."

A little straw will show how the wind is blowing here. At the City Club's annual Christmas jinks last Wednesday, December 29, at which pretty nearly all the men conspicuously in the public eye were remembered, Stanton was presented with a pail of earth—perhaps it should be called "ground"—it was, in fact, good gritty sand—and facetiously reminded that it might serve as a bracer for his feet in his gubernatorial campaign.

Among some of the most prominent workers in Stanton's behalf are such men as Judge Walter Bordwell of the Superior Court; James A. Anderson, former president of the Los Angeles Bar Association; Russ Avery, prominent attorney and civic worker; Arthur Letts, the merchant prince, and others equally big and influential.

Many of Stanton's friends express themselves as of the opinion that if two or more candidates should be put forward at the primaries by the North, and the present harmony continues among the counties of the South, his nomination will be practically assured.

Judge Works a Possibility.

Among the other men less prominently considered perhaps, but yet regarded as available as candidates, is John D. Works. Judge Works was recently elected to the city council, of which he has been chosen president, and the fact that so big a man has consented to serve his city in relatively so humble a capacity has tremendously increased his army of friends. He is very popular in San Diego also, where he formerly resided. For years he served on the state supreme bench, and he is recognized as possessing one of the best legal minds in the West. Should he consent to become a candidate for governor, or for United States senator against Flint, he will prove a formidable adversary. A strong point about Judge Works is that he "looks like a Governor." He is a man of dignity and never fails to create a favorable impression. But in spite of his dignity and his dignified appearance he is extremely popular among all classes. He is unquestionably a big man—big enough for the highest post with which the state is able to honor him.

W. D. Stephens Considered.

Another man mentioned as a gubernatorial candidate from the South is W. D. Stephens, former president of the great Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, and because of his high character selected by the citizens to serve as mayor during the interim between Harper's resignation and the recall election of George Alexander. Should Mr. Stephens not be a candidate for Governor he may be put into the race for lieutenant governor.

A. J. Wallace.

A. J. Wallace is another Southern Californian prominently mentioned as a gubernatorial possibility. Mr. Wallace, a man of the same type of citizenship as Judge Works and W. D. Stephens, became a candidate for the city council during the Good Government campaign three years ago. As chairman of the council finance committee for three years he made an enviable record, saving the city thousands upon thousands of dollars. He is very popular in more than one county of Southern California, particularly in the orange belt, being himself a citrus fruit grower in San Bernardino and Riverside counties. He is prominently identified with the oil interests of Southern and Central California, and should he become a candidate the oil men of these sections probably would be found lined up solidly behind him. In San Joaquin county alone he has holdings representing upwards of $200,000.

San Francisco has occasion to remember his great activity in her behalf immediately after the fire of April, 1906, when he went East and was instrumental in raising a vast sum for the rebuilding of Methodist Episcopal churches.

As a campaigner Mr. Wallace ranks among the best in the state. He has learned none of the tricks of the professional orator—at least he does not practice any—but his voice is strong, his enunciation particularly clear, and what he says may be heard in the farthest corner of the largest assembly hall. He is a quick thinker when on his feet, which makes him a very formidable platform antagonist. Mr. Wallace is still a comparatively young man—about 50—vigorous mentally and physically. He is a strong supporter of the direct primary idea and direct legislation generally, and if induced to enter the contest would perhaps make direct legislation an issue of the campaign.

Stoddard Jess.

Another name frequently mentioned in connection with the nomination for the governorship is that of Stoddard Jess, vice president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. Mr. Jess is a native of Wisconsin and a close personal friend of United States Senator La Follette. He is a potential figure in financial circles, and is well remembered as the man whose brain saved Los Angeles from the dire situation which threatened it in 1907. He has taken an active part in progressive municipal work, having been chairman of the Los Angeles Consolidation Commission, a member of Mayor Alexander's Park Commission, and recently has been appointed as one of the three members of the Los Angeles Harbor Commission, one of the most important commissions of the Southern metropolis. Mr. Jess would make a formidable candidate for any high office.

L. A. C.

Los Angeles, Cal., January 3, 1910.

PERSONALIA

Mrs. Henry Wise Miller has been elected treasurer of the Equal Franchise Society of New York in place of Mrs. Philip Lydig, who found increasing work of the society too much for her. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, president of the Colony Club, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the author, are among the latest recruits to membership in the society.

Miss Jean Gordon, Louisiana's only woman factory inspector, is vigorously opposing the effort which is being made by the owners of theaters in New Orleans to exempt first-class theaters from the provisions of the child labor law. Miss Gordon is backed by the New Era Club, which is said to include every woman of influence in the city. They declare that late hours and excitement are bad for children, without regard to the class of the theater in which they work.

Mrs. Kady C. Brownell is the only regularly enlisted woman in the United States. She joined the Rifle Guards of Providence, R. I., by a special permit from Governor Sprague, and with her husband went to the front in 1861. Both husband and wife were in the battle of Bull Run and Mrs. Brownell was wounded. She is now the color sergeant of the U. S. A. Veterans of the Civil War, and her sixty-ninth birthday is to be celebrated this week at the Jumel mansion on Washington Heights, New York City.

Miss Glenna Lynch, Miss Helen Miller, Miss Marie Miller, Miss Laura Hunt and Miss Maud Lynch, all seamstresses employed in Chicago, have bought 160 acres of land in Idaho. The land is irrigated and in the best part of the fruit belt. The young women declare that they are seeking economic and political independence. They wish to establish a fruit farm by which to earn their living, and they selected Idaho because there they have an equal chance with men in making the laws that affect their property and persons. The land is paid for entirely out of the earnings of the young women.

Mlle. Mignon Nevada, the lovely daughter of the once great American singer, Emma Nevada, has been secured for six performances at the best theater in Florence. Mlle. Mignon will sing in "The Barber of Seville," in which she created such a sensation in Rome, and in "Rigoletto" with Battistini as the tenor. Mlle. Nevada has made great strides since her debut in Rome two years ago. She was then only eighteen and was considered to have a voice of the future. Since then she has been successful in other European countries, making a name for herself wherever she has appeared.

Weird and mystic ceremonies, begun at the Onondaga Reservation, near Syracuse, N. Y., will culminate in the reception into full membership with the survivors of the Six Nations, the historic Federation of the Iroquois, of a white woman, Mrs. Helen Troy of Auburn. She is the first white woman to receive such an honor, and she will be invested with the "sum of ancient knowledge," the thirty-sixth degree of Indian Free Masonry, the Clan of the Snipe (Tar-wish, Tarwish.) Mrs. Troy, who was Miss Helen Reilly of Uxbridge, Mass., has spent fifteen years in study and research into the Iroquois traditions, and has unearthed much that is new to the world.

FROM "IN ABSENCE."
By Sidney Lanier.

Let no man say, He at his lady's feet
Lays worship that to Heaven alone belongs;
Yea, swings the incense that for God is meet
In flippant censers of light lover's songs.
Who says it, knows not God, nor love, nor thee;
For love is large as is your heavenly dome:
In love's great blue, each passion is full free
To fly his favorite flight and build his home.
Did e'er a lark with skyward pointing beak
Stab by mischance a level-flying dove?
Wife-love flies level, his dear mate to seek:
God-love darts straight into the skies above.
Crossing, the windage of each other's wings
But speeds them both upon their journeyings.

SHEAR WIT

Aladdin rubbed his lamp. "Fine," we cried, "but can you prevent your wife from burning it on lodge nights?" Herewith he acknowledged there were limits to magic.—New York Sun.

"And," the beautiful girl said, looking up into his eyes, "you are really a member of congress?" "That honor has been conferred upon me," replied the dignified representative. "How perfectly splendid. And are you an insurgent?" "O, no! Please don't suppose for a moment that I would be so silly as to get on that side." "Ah! What do you do—brush Cannon's coat or black his shoes?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

In response to a growing demand in his home, Henry Kitchell Webster, author of "The Sky Man," once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high chair and started taking it home by hand. He had to wait long for his car, and when it finally came its conductor was a humorist. "Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured. "Yes," admitted Webster, wearily; "I grew up while waiting for the car."—Success.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said, according to Everybody's: "Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I see Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says: 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!'"

John G. Johnson, Philadelphia's famous lawyer, was discussing drunkenness from the legal point of view in the smoke room of the Rotterdam. "No," said Mr. Johnson, smiling, "the law doesn't take the eccentric view of drunkenness that prevails among hard drinkers. "A hard drinker's view of drunkenness is very odd. I once examined a man who had been seen by several witnesses snoring over a large beer and a small whisky in a saloon. This man, though, swore he was not drunk. 'I was only,' he said, 'fatigued with drinkin'.'"

A shrewd old Vermont farmer came into a lawyer's office the other day and proceeded to relate the circumstances in a matter about which he thought it would be profitable to "go to law." "You think I hev a good case?" he finally asked. "Very good, indeed!" the lawyer assured him. "You should certainly bring suit." "What would your fee be fer the whole thing?" the old farmer asked. "Fifty dollars," was the prompt response. The client pulled out an old wallet, extracted a roll of bills and counted out $50. "Now," he said, "you hev got all you would get out of this case anyway; so s'pose you tell me honestly just what you think my chances of winnin' a suit are."—Green Bag.

At an important state function in London blue tickets were issued to persons in high rank, admitting them to that part of the hall reserved for members of the royal family. Less distinguished guests were given white tickets. Through some mistake, an important public man received a blue card while his wife received a white one. When the couple reached the audience chamber there began the trouble, inasmuch as the lady firmly declined to be separated from her husband. An aide endeavored to reason with her, pointing out the dreadful consequences that would follow a mingling of blue and white. "How absurd," exclaimed the lady. "What do you take us for—a Seidlitz powder?" She was permitted to enter with her husband.—Everybody's Magazine.

Canon Hensley Henson, during his lectures at Yale, said at a dinner in New Haven: "In my condemnation of this American custom I was mistaken. Yes, I was as ludicrously mistaken as the woman in the third-class smoker. At Banbury a half dozen young Methodist ministers once boarded a third-class smoker wherein sat a frowsy woman smelling of beer. The young ministers had been attending a ministerial conference. In their black garb they conversed gravely on conference affairs while the frowsy woman nodded in her corner. As the train approached the long tunnel the woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a tail of her hair that had fallen on her shoulder and she fixed her glassy eyes on the six pale, black-clad divines. Then she took from her basket a huge breadknife. 'Don't none o' you boys try none o' yer tricks on me in the tunnel, mind, or I'll open ye.'"—Washington Post.

A doctor in a Yorkshire village lately gave up his house and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon. Before he had been many weeks in his new home the "vet" was awakened in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening the window he heard a voice call out in the darkness: "Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad." The surgeon dressed and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend. "I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. "She's been ailing now, you see, for ten years, and she's getting very old, as well." Annoyed at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very valuable animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed: "Why on earth don't you shoot her?" "What?" exclaimed the farmer. "Shoot my mother!" Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted.—London Tit-Bits.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
(The German Bank.)

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

526 California street.

Mission Branch: 2572 Mission street, near 22d.
Richmond District Branch: 432 Clement street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

N. W. Corner California and Montgomery streets.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1st. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of January will receive dividend from January 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

ADOLPH ZEIS,
Administrator of the estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 23, 1909

CARY HOWARD,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

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OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

What Goes In the Governor's Mail.

The Political Code, which is the sailing chart for state officers, says that the governor shall be the sole organ of communication between the government of this state and governments of other states and of the United States. What will happen to the presumptuous public officer in California who shall rashly write to an officer in another state the code neglects to say, and as a matter of fact all sorts and conditions of officers do freely speak and write their sentiments to officials in other states when they feel so disposed; but it is not authorized, and the only strictly official correspondence is through the governor's office.

It is supposed to be especially de riguer that correspondence with the representatives of foreign governments should be conducted through the State Department of the United States, and yet the foreign consuls residing in San Francisco write direct to the governor to give him certain official notifications and sometimes to voice their complaints when they have any to make. Again, the governor of California occasionally conducts negotiations for the extradition of fugitives from justice by direct correspondence with the governors of border states in Mexico, this being in consequence of special treaty provisions.

The governor's mail is an interesting and at times exceedingly bulky collection. Communications from the President of the United States or his cabinet officers mingle with missives from ward strikers; a polite note from an archbishop of the church is likely to be sandwiched between letters from convicts in San Quentin and Folsom prisons. For a surprisingly large part of the governor's correspondence is with highwaymen, burglars and cutthroats. Each convict in our prisons is permitted to write a letter once or twice a month, and some prisoners choose to exhaust their privilege by showering their epistolary favors on the man who holds the power of pardon for their offenses. If the governor keeps a separate convict letter file, as he does sometimes; it grows to large proportions in the course of four years, and the bundles of papers accompanying certain applications for pardon wax very fat with the passage of the years. There are veteran prisoners who have conducted correspondence with half a dozen governors and are still in durance vile.

About the only rivals in industry to the San Quentin letter writers are the office-seekers and they are wizards and wonders. It may seem remarkable that so many as a hundred letters should be written to the governor in connection with the appointment of one poor little notary public in San Francisco, but that is not at all an unusual thing. When it comes to a really important appointment the governor is likely to receive a hundred letters of recommendation in one day. An energetic candidate with a lot of friends will sometimes gather up hundreds of such letters—oftentimes obtained under a sort of pressure not far removed from blackmail—and the candidate will file the whole lot at once or will send them in by installments day after day, the object sought being to make the greatest possible impression on the governor's mind.

It is in the closing days of a legislative session, or in the days immediately following one, when the fate of many bills is undecided, that the governor's office is littered most thickly with telegrams. The active advocate of a given bill will send out a hurry call to every interest which is favorable to wire endorsements to the governor, and they will come by scores and by hundreds. Then the opponents of the bill will get wind of what is doing, and their telegraphed protests will double the number of the endorsements. A governor soon learns what value to set on these things, and usually it is not high.

Each governor has his own individual way of disposing of corespondence. One will religiously answer, himself or by his secretaries, every letter, no matter if it represents the craziest ravings from Napa or Stockton (for the patients in the hospitals for the insane are close seconds to the convicts in the extent of their correspondence), while the next governor may see no necessity of answering more than one letter in half a dozen. A set of printed or typewritten forms of acknowledgment is a great convenience.

After all the dross has been removed from the governor's mail-bag there remains a solid residuum of sense, for a great many of the most important matters of an administration come up to the governor through correspondence, and persons of wide information and disinterested motives write him letters which he is glad to get and by which he may profit if he is wise and patriotic.

Play.

An elderly gentleman was expressing his dissatisfaction with his son-in-law.

"What can you complain of against him?" he was asked.

"He cannot play cards," said the father-in-law.

"Why, you ought to be glad that he can't play cards," said the other.

"What do you mean? Be glad?" retorted the father-in-law. "He cannot play cards—but he plays nevertheless."—American Hebrew.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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A WORD TO THE PARENT

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This Week: "THE MODERN LABOR UNION."

—By Charles R. Brown.

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Emancipated.

WE HAVE IT FROM Friend W. Richardson, President of the California Press Association, that for the last seven years, hat he knows of, that association has received no subsidy from he Southern Pacific company nor any income whatever other han the membership dues and fees. This is good news. The netropolitan press is, for the most part, so openly purchaseable hat if the country papers fail of being frank with the people they ıave left few sources of information upon which they can rely. f the local press will stand true to the home people the power of ɔlutocracy may yet be broken and free government be re-estab-ished in this state. The California Press Association can help.

An Epoch-Marking Administration.

THE TIRADE OF THE IN-COMING administration in San Francisco against the out-going was so unjust and uncalled ɔr that it prompted The California Weekly to set forth, under ıe above title, some of the main items of achievement of which ıe out-going administration may well be proud. It will go down ı history as an epoch-marking administration, and P. H. Mc-'arthy will have cause to thank his fortunate stars if his adminis-ration shall acquit itself as well. It is scarcely possible that it an, for the reason that the administration that has just gone out ad behind it, and solicitous for its welfare, the best manhood ıis city possesses, whereas the in-coming administration (save nd excepting so much of it as toils for day's pay) has come into ower through the pernicious activity of the worst elements in ur social life. Except Mayor McCarthy break with this ilk, and ɔ it now, his administration will make the Schmitz regime most reputable by comparison.

Advance In Peaceful Negotiation.

NO ONE CAN HAVE REGRETTED more than the editorial staff of this paper the necessity for deferring until this week ıe article, under the above title, written for The California Weekly by Rev. Charles R. Brown, but the delay has not de-rived the article of the quality of sanity or of hopefulness for ɛtter things to come. There is no other industrial need so great . that for employers and employees reasoning together before ey fight. Belligerent humanity, whether in employers' associa-ɔns, labor unions or nations, reverses that process to its unutter-ɔle undoing. Where there is a will to do right a way to do right ill require little seeking. Where there is no will to do right ɔmebody needs a whipping and if the public can be clearly lvised as to who that somebody is it will help to dust the jacket at needs it. It is to the lawful making of that inquiry that pub-: attention needs to be directed.

Does Not Look Good.

AT THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS with The California Weekly the prospect for the dual water proposition does ıt look good. It seems probable that that class consciousness, e introduction of which into our political life was a crime ainst republican government, may enable P. H. McCarthy to feat the purchase of Spring Valley by the city, and that defeat likely to inspire congress and the Secretary of the Interior refuse to confirm San Francisco's claims to the Tuolumne urce of supply. The solidarity of capital invested in public rvice enterprises, and its community of interest in every such vestment, are not to be doubted, nor can it be doubted that our nerican congress is the focal point of the vested interests of this ntinent. A complaint on the part of Spring Valley that San Francisco would not do it justice will not, in congress, fall upon deaf ears and congress will prove solicitous for the safety of every such investment. The monetary consideration will rule. Only stupidity or duplicity can have blinded the mayor to these considerations.

Making Manchuria a Buffer.

NO BETTER BIT OF DIPLOMACY has happened since John Hay stood for the open door to the Orient than the stand our Department of State has taken for the neutralization of the railways of Manchuria. This may not make Manchuria a buffer state between Russia and Japan, which the peace of the world requires, but it will be next thing to it. It may result in subjecting the Chinese to "all that the traffic will bear," in rail-road rates, but peace purchased at that price will be cheap enough. How the international stockholders in the Manchurian rail-roads are to get on with each other is problematical, but even that cannot be as important to civilization as keeping Russia and Japan from flying at each other's throats. Furthermore, in view of the scurvy treatment of Mr. Chas. R. Crane by our Secretary of State it is refreshing to have an opportunity to say something real nice in regard to Philander C. Knox.

A Line on the President.

THE PRESIDENT APPEARS to have concluded that, inas-much as the power to legislate or not to legislate lies with Aldrich and Cannon, therefore he had better take half a loaf from them in peace than fight them and get no bread at all during his administration. That decision, if made, will prove fatal to Wil-liam Howard Taft and his administration. This government will be bond or free. That is the issue. It is now bond to the inter-ests who are entrenched in the senate. The house of representa-tives has become merely a threshing floor whereon to tramp out the harvest of problems that come up from the people. The senate has taken to itself the power of legislating and almost the sole power of treaty-making and appointment to office. These things it has accomplished through senatorial courtesy and a practical life tenure in office for those senators who represent the billionaire interests. If the President were to throw down the gauntlet to Aldrich and his crowd the issue would involve the reconstruction of the United States senate on more popular lines, and it needs reconstruction as certainly as the British house of lords. If a president is to be ineligible for a third term in office so should a United States senator be, and for the same reason. These issues must be fought out sooner or later. If Wil-liam Howard Taft will not lead the people in that struggle some other man will. The American people are ready to move on plutocracy's stronghold.

Father Crowley's Attitude.

THE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT that deprived Mayor Taylor's committee to investigate the causes of municipal corruption in San Francisco of the continuous collaboration of Rev. D. O. Crowley was a public misfortune in more respects than one, but, fortunately, there is not the smallest reason to doubt that, had he been able to attend the committee meetings and hear all the evidence, he would have endorsed the report in each particular. The tenor of his letter to the committee implies no shadow of doubt of this. There were not, and are not, two opinions on that committee as to any essential finding. It tells the truth.

Mayor McCarthy.

On Saturday last one P. H. McCarthy, by the suffrages of "we, the people," leaped into the mayoralty arena in war paint and with a warwhoop, brandishing a shillalah. His advent was characteristic of the man and harks back to Donnybrook but, despite its glaring injustice to the out-going administration, the incident may properly be allowed to pass without further attention.

The inaugural address contained more between the lines than in them, and, so reading, we understand that the city is to be wide-open during the next two years and flagrantly so. The moralities are to be damned and we are to go in for prosperity as the paramount good. What the mayor said meant that to his redlight district supporters or it meant nothing to anybody.

Also the Sutter street cars will go to the ferry on terms satisfactory to the United Railroads, and such franchises as that company wants for reaching outlying districts will not be denied.

As to other questions of policy this paper is disposed to take P. H. McCarthy at his word and give him the benefit of any doubt that otherwise might be cherished. He has been elected Mayor of San Francisco, and he is in all fairness entitled to an honest chance to carry out his announced intention to "make good." But he is also entitled to a square warning that to "make good" means to cut clean away from many of the affiliations of his own past and not a few of the influences which elected him. Experience shows that this cannot be accomplished by any mere negative effort at personal independence. No man on earth is versatile or omnipresent enough to be mayor of a great city all by himself. He has not eyes, ears, legs nor hands enough, and there are not hours enough in the day. He must see and hear, and largely act, through others. The quality of his administration depends largely on who these agents are, and whom they represent.

Politics is a very human business, and is worked largely by reciprocity of favors. If Mayor McCarthy follows this very human rule, his administration will be wrecked. The bills of his campaign were paid by influences hostile to the honor of the city. Certain large blocks of votes were delivered by influences inimical to the purity of the city. Mayor McCarthy is under obligations to these influences which he must disregard, or, still better, repudiate. He has a chance, such as Schmitz had, after the earthquake. Schmitz failed, because he did not repudiate Ruef. McCarthy has not yet repudiated Ruef. Neither has he repudiated the Calhoun interest, which paid his bills, nor the saloon and tenderloin interest, which furnished a very large block of his votes. If he can get clear of these, not merely personally, but in those through whom he must work, that will be the beginning—just the beginning—of "being mayor himself," which is also only just the beginning of making good. McCarthy has brains enough to do this. In this he has the advantage of Schmitz, who consciously needed a guardian. We are waiting to see if he has so far disentangled himself, as to have independence enough. We hope so, for we want good government.

A Splendid Insubordination.

In addressing the United States Senate through Senator Dolliver Gifford Pinchot was flagrantly insubordinate. He left the President no alternative but to remove him from office.

But it was a splendid insubordination. Where the President was wrong, outrageously wrong, was in making an order forbidding the giving out of information from the departments except through the heads of the departments. In war, in diplomacy, in the department of justice—involving criminal prosecutions—the nation must trust the President and the heads of the departments and may not invade the sanctuaries of secrecy. In the departments of the Interior, Agriculture, Treasury and Postoffice there is no fact which should not be accessible upon request to the person in possession of the information (whether clerk, superintendent, chief or cabinet officer) when asked for by any member of congress or private citizen. The President's order barred the public from access to what belongs to the public and Gifford Pinchot's disregard of that order was a splendid, patriotic and timely protest against an executive order not fit to be made.

As a circuit judge William Howard Taft heard the evidence, listened to the arguments, rendered his decision and that settled it. As President he heard the evidence for and against Secretary Ballinger, or as much of it as he cared for, rendered his decision and thought that ought to settle that, but it did not, and because it did not the President feels hurt. But the American people wanted to hear the evidence and the arguments and they are not going to be satisfied until they do hear them. Theodore Roosevelt accustomed them to publicity and publicity they are going to have, the President's manifest disinclination to take the people into his confidence to the contrary notwithstanding. He has got to be frank and free with the public or lose the confidence of the public. There are not two ways about that.

As there are men who are money-honest and honest in no other way, so there are men who are law-honest and honest in no other way. Secretary Ballinger is such a man. The congressional investigation into the conduct of Ballinger will find his position technically correct in every particular. Nevertheless, there will be no question in the public mind that if Gifford Pinchot had not sounded the alarm in the nick of time, if Glavis had not taken the issue to the public in spite of the President, Secretary Ballinger would have somehow contrived the validation of the Alaskan coal claims and practically given away untold millions of public wealth. Ballinger may succeed in doing this yet, but if he does he will damn the Taft administration beyond hope of redemption.

Long live Gifford Pinchot! There is not to-day upon American soil a man to whom the nation is more greatly indebted than to him, and that debt will be vastly increased before the Ballinger-Pinchot incident will have terminated.

Reconstruction of the Land Laws.

One of the consequences of the Ballinger-Pinchot incident is likely to be a reconstruction of our method of disposing of the public domain. The homestead and pre-emption laws were the only land laws we have ever had as a nation that were not a disgrace to the nation. For forty years this has been known to be true, but for forty years the land laws have not been changed, for the reason that, as they were, they worked very well into the hands of the Ancient and Iniquitous Brotherhood of Grabbers. There have, to be sure, been some unpleasantnesses in relation to employing dummy locators, but these have not prevented the transfering from government ownership to the ownership of great corporations and syndicates, for a hundredth part of their value, of millions of acres of forest and coal lands, lands underlaid with oil and valuable mineral deposits. Now that the national domain, except Alaska, is relatively a sucked orange it is not unreasonable to hope for the inauguration of a wiser national policy relating to the disposal of the rind.

Gifford Pinchot offered himself as a sacrifice for these iniquities of the nation and his offer has been accepted. Public sentiment will focus itself upon this one thing and it will be accomplished. The nation will hereafter alienate in perpetuity nothing that cannot be made into a home for an American family. The national domain will become a rational and not a corporation asset and where possible, it will become income producing. At all events the exploitation of the consuming public will be sought to be prevented. Representative Smith's proposal to cede to the states, wrong in principle and abominable in practice, will serve to draw the line of demarcation between that which is sound and that which is not, and so will contribute to a clarifying of the issue.

On this issue the nation has come to a parting of the ways. It will no longer suffice to say that it has never been thus in the history of the country. The nation will turn its back upon the land-law history it has made and make new history. Its laws will be liberal to those who discover new sources of wealth and liberal to those who develop them, but they will at least aim to stand between the consumer and that "mortal cinch" without which business men feel that they can no longer do business, a policy that is rapidly transforming our civilization into a plutocracy and proletariat.

The fight for a more enlightened conservation policy will not be easily won, but it can be won and must be, even at the cost of a "back from Elba" call of the American people.

Federal Incorporation.

That part of the President's message which relates to federal incorporation of corporations doing an interstate business is sound doctrine. Congress should act in accordance with it and, inasmuch as it is proposed to make such incorporation only permissive and not compulsory, and inasmuch as the proposals are not drastic and will attempt to do no more than to facilitate the execution of what judicial interpretation has already enacted into law, it is not improbable that the President's suggestions may find favor in the sight of congress.

But unless the President early brings out his big stick and places it conspicuously within reach of his strong right hand he may not be able to recognize his measure when it is brought to him for his signature. The Aldriches and Hales can be depended upon to ensconce in the national incorporation law special privileges and immunities for the interests in order that they may be placed beyond the power of legislation and courts to reach and rectify them. If they can do it these men will make the federal incorporation law the vehicle of a permanent and untold mischief. There lies the danger and it is one to be dreaded.

Nevertheless, The California Weekly looks for legislation for the national incorporation of Big Business. That kind of business is national and not state. The nation may be able to control it. The states cannot. Whatever hope there is of public control of preda-

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

tory interests lies in that direction and none other.

The Pathos of It.

The President's message to congress in relation to antitrust legislation contained a deeper significance than was expressed in words. The antitrust law was enacted twenty years ago, and ever since then the Department of Justice and the courts have been wrestling with the corporations it was enacted to control, and with what result? Not a scoundrel of them all has been placed behind bars in consequence of that act. The Standard Oil trust has grown bigger and more arrogant in spite of it; the United States Steel Corporation has been created under it; he Guggenheim colossus has come into being; Amalgamated Copper has controlled the output of the copper of a continent in violation of that statute and the Sugar Trust has absorbed the beet sugar industry of the country and dominated the nation's tariff policy; the Harriman fortune of $200,000,000 was scraped together in flagrant disregard of hat law; parallel lines of railroad spanning he continent have virtually come under a single ownership in open defiance of it; the beef trust still exists in violation of law and, n its violation, the railroads of the country own or control the steamship lines competitive therewith on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the great lakes. Half the men who were in business when that law was enacted are now dead, and yet the best he President can do is to report hopeful rogress toward its ultimate enforcement. Where has been the fault? Just here and nohere else: The interests that have habitually efied the law have chosen the judges before hom they were to be tried and the United tates attorneys who were to prosecute them. and this has all been brought about through senatorial courtesy that has made the upper ouse of congress a citadel of financial and ndustrial criminality and an armor plated bulark of organized plutocracy. Not until the Inited States Senate has been reconstructed om the ground up can we hope for efficient ublic control of incorporated rapacity.

The President's Court of Commerce.

That part of the President's message which commended the establishment of a central ourt of commerce was strong. Its reasoning as irrefragable.

And yet the whole argument was based on he assumption that five men sitting as a ommission, unhampered by technical produres and free to do right, may, peradnture, confiscate the property of common rriers or work them other injury, whereas e other men, sitting as a court, hampered procedures which the President himself s denounced in unmeasured terms, can do ither the common carriers nor the public rong. The assumption is false. There is divinity that doth hedge a court more than commission.

But it may be better to have one railroad urt established at Washington than to have ty or sixty railroad courts scattered over e country. It is conceivable that the establhment of such a court at Washington may viate the necessity for political bureaus of ilroad corporations dictating the appointnts of federal judges throughout the untry as they have been in the habit of ing for the last forty years.

Furthermore, public sentiment can focus itf more effectively upon such a court as President proposes than upon the Grossps and Andersons of the bench scattered m Beersheba to Dan. The scheme seems be worth trying on.

An Effort to Get Right.

The conference of California Democrats ently held in San Francisco was a conentious effort to get right on public issues. The ghost of a departed party haunted it some, but the voice was that of modern best thought regarding public affairs. Four-fifths of the Republicans of California would find the platform of principles adopted entirely unobjectionable. To be sure there were men in that conference who would steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, but so there would be in any group as large. There is no help for that.

There are no party issues and, wanting such issues, party should cut little figure in next year's election. Let us be frank about it. Every thoroughly good man the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League succeeds in getting nominated next year will be knifed by the Republican "organization" to the marrow bone if a subservient Democrat can be nominated to run against him. Per contra every subservient Republican the "organization" succeeds in nominating will be knifed as heartily by free Republicans in favor of the Democratic nominee if he be free and capable. Party will hold in line only those whose partisanship creates a density impervious to either moral or immoral values and they are fewer than they once were.

Therefore we bid the newer Democratic movement godspeed, but let Democrats beware how, at the primaries, they suffer bad men to get aboard a good platform. That will be fatal to their party and may be fatal to good government for the state. Remember that Mr. Herrin also is a Democrat.

What It Will Do, Not What It Will Cost.

Rear Admiral Evans, in his magazine article upon the Panama canal, demonstrates that the work will have cost, when finished, about twice the original estimate, and from this premise of pessimism he springs to the conclusion that the expense of operation will also be twice as great as anticipated, while the business to be done will fall below the amount assumed. All of this to prove that the canal will not pay. But the American people, who are footing the bill, passed quite a long time ago the point where they ceased to care very much whether the undertaking would be a pecuniary success, because they regard it as a great national industrial task set for the United States to do in the interest of civilization. Its accomplishment will, in the long run, strengthen the nation and benefit humanity, and so whether it pays 1 per cent. or 10 per cent. does not matter. It stands on the same basis that the first transcontinental railroad stood on, and yet old C. P. Huntington, who thought it a duty for the government to subsidize the railroad, died believing that it was a sort of industrial crime for it to attempt the canal.

Uncle Rueben—Aristocrat.

Are we to have a democratic aristocracy of land-owners? Your Uncle Rube is becoming as extinct as Uncle Sam. Here and there a specimen may survive, but his son comes home from college wearing next-year's styles, and the inter-urban trolley brings culture and content to his daughter—or her to them. Also, the peg-topped son brings home from college next year's ideas about farming, and proceeds to make many blades of grass, or alfalfa, grow where one grew before. The price of provisions goes up in the towns, and the farmer gets part of the increase. He is organizing to get more. As the demand for food expands faster than the arable acreage, extensive cultivation gives way to intensive. Farms grow more valuable, but no larger. Great landed estates do not pay. If we are ever to have a major aristocracy, it will be founded on industry, not on land. But a minor aristocracy, of assured plenty—democratic in its numbers and equality, but aristocratic in its aloofness from the common risks of life—is already developing in our farmers

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Our theologians sometimes make the simplest things hard for us by using technical terms when simpler language would have made the truths they wanted to tell perfectly intelligible. We have been told much about being "under conviction for sin," and of "repentance" when what they really meant was feeling sorry because we had done wrong. We all know what it is to feel sorry because we have done wrong, although it is not always true that we do feel sorry when we do wrong. That comes hard sometimes, very hard indeed.

In our department, "With Books and Writers," a short time ago we reviewed "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White, but the book deserves more than a formal review. It deserves to be read and talked about a great deal. It is a wonderful arraignment of the surpassing sin of our time, the sin of inordinate greed of gain at whatever cost to humanity. The book should prove the Uncle Tom's Cabin of a newer and better national character; but in one particular at least the story is unreal. Its "Certain Rich Man," John Barclay, confronted by the havoc he had made of his own finer self and of the lives of those near and dear to him, repented —felt sorry—made restitution as far as he could, burnt the evidences of a great fortune and finally gave his life to save another, bravely and unselfishly.

Of course this was pure romance. Zaccheus was the last of the line of grabbers to do a thing like that. John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, the late E. H. Harriman—of course we may not know in what attitude of mind any of these may have approached the author of his being on bended knees in his own closet, but no public utterance has ever escaped one of them that foreshadowed contrition for having reaped where they have not strewn. John W. Gates, the grossest of them all, did say something lately in Texas that implied a hearty disapproval of modern methods of grabbing, but even he said nothing to indicate sorrow for having grabbed all he could get.

Really and truly this being sorry—repentant—for successful rascality, is exceedingly rare. When the attempt leads to financial disaster feeling sorry is not so difficult, but even then we are more likely to feel sorry for ourselves than for our wrong-doing. The case of Charles W. Morse is in point. He has gone to prison for a term of years feeling very sorry for himself, and very ill used, too, but no public word has escaped his lips indicating that he is sorry that he violated the laws of his country and made a wrong use of other people's money. One who had been thirteen years warden of a prison in which were confined many murderers told the writer of this that, in all that time, no one of the murderers had ever expressed contrition for the murder. Many had felt that they had been punished enough and that the state ought to "let up on them," but not one had expressed heartfelt sorrow for the deed itself. Remorse is rare and almost never comes apart from adversity or the infliction of some punishment, but self pity is as abundant as toadstools and as easily mistaken for contrition as toadstools are for mushrooms.

But except we repent our sins—unless we feel sorry for having done wrong—sorry for the wrong itself rather than for ourselves because we are likely to be punished for it, there is no salvation for us. And by salvation we mean being saved from doing wrong, not from the punishment for doing wrong. We'll probably have to take that like men, just as we do every day of our lives when we transgress natural laws, but no man ever yet ceased to do evil and learned to do well who did not first repent—feel genuinely sorry—for having done evil.

If we understand these facts clearly we shall be saved from deceiving ourselves whomever else we may deceive, and of all foolish ones those are most foolish who deceive themselves.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Increased Cost of Living.

The individual who has formed the habit of living, prefers to continue it, and, in order to do so, must buy food, clothing, etc., need not be told that the price of such commodities has increased greatly in recent years—he feels it keenly every time he buys provisions for a "square" or other meal or a garment for some member of his family. Yet, realizing the painful fact, he does not know the exact extent of this increase. This lack is supplied, to a considerable extent, by a report recently issued by the Bradstreet commercial agency. The report deals with increases in wholesale prices, and so a further unknown amount must be allowed for retailers' profits, but it is fairly complete as far as it goes. Selecting fifty-nine commodities which enter largely into personal consumption, it appears that the wholesale price of one pound of each would have been, on July 1, 1896, $4.2177; the wholesale price of the same articles in similar amounts, on March 1, 1907—but ten or eleven years later—would have been $6.8033, an increase of more than 61 per cent. This was "going some," but let no one suppose that we decreased our speed in the least. On the contrary, we accelerated it, for on December 1, 1909—but two or three years later—the same purchases would have cost us $7.2260, an increase in less than thirteen and one-half years of more than 71 per cent., or an average of 5 per cent. annually. So here we have, in statistical black and white, a summary of what ails us. It does not decrease the pain in the least, but it is rather interesting to know just how deep the cancer has eaten.

Claim Mars Has No Canals.

One by one, in some instances, the props are knocked from under popular beliefs. For example, who of us all has not believed—and based the belief on astronomical reports—that the surface of the planet Mars is fairly laced with canals? Every last mother's son and daughter of us has believed it, yet now come noted English astronomers, in convention assembled at the recent session of the British Astronomical Association, and announce that in their opinion there is nothing in the theory; in short, that if Mars has canals, there is absolutely nothing to demonstrate the fact. They do not deny that it may have canals, and so, too, may it have automobiles, but they insist that, in either event, we know nothing about it. More than that, they base their opinion on photographs of Mars taken by Professor Hale in our own California observatory on Mt. Wilson. It is admitted that these are the clearest and best photographs of the planet yet taken, and the Britons assert that they show no canals and that the apparent ones on photographs heretofore taken were due to less effective photography. With the canals obliterated, the question naturally arises whether we will be able to find that inhabitant of Mars with whom we have been intending to talk—but probably the answer to this question is no less distant than it has been at any time in the past.

Are German Nerves Getting "on Edge"?

Germany and Germans are somewhat exercised over an assertion made by Colonel-Surgeon Dannehl in the New Army Medical Journal, which runs as follows: "The next time Germany goes to war it will be with an army which is thrice as nervous as in 1870." It is realized that a highly nervous army is not the best of slaughtering organizations, and so such a report from an expert naturally is disquieting. Colonel-Surgeon Dannehl brings the statistics of the German army during the last ten years to bear to indorse his assertion. He shows that during this decade the number of sufferers from diseased nerves has increased by 350 per cent. in the army, while the victims of actual hysteria have increased to the extent of 300 per cent., the records bearing him out in the showing. There is, of course, actual cause for alarm in such a condition, and this alarm is not diminished when Colonel Dannehl points out that this nerve break-down still is increasing. It hardly need be added that the expert attributes this unfortunate state of affairs to the stress and worry of modern existence, particularly in the cities, for the relation between this existence and nervous collapse has been often enough pointed out by authorities on such subjects.

Our Greatest Year of Diamond Imports.

How is your "sparkler"? Have you purchased it, or are you just about to do so? These questions may appear inconsequential, but the record of Uncle Sam's diamond importations for the year 1909 almost might be taken to indicate that his nephews and nieces quite generally have concluded to wear these gems. It was the banner year in the importation of cut diamonds, and if there be anything in the old theory that such importation means easy times financially, then perhaps we are more "flush" than we knew. During last year, with December excluded, we imported cut diamonds valued at $25,214,541, three times as much as we imported during the same eleven months of the year before, and about $6,500,000 more than was imported during the first eleven months of 1907. The government's duties on these diamonds amounted to $2,500,000. Nor did we confine such importations to cut diamonds, for the importations of other precious stones during the first eleven months of 1909 amounted to about $15,000,000, or more than $40,000,000 in the total, which was an increase of $28,000,000 over $1908, and more than $8,000,000 over 1907. It is a story that has the glitter of an Oriental tale, but it is reported that there still are some who wonder whence their next meal will come.

Age of Cement, Among Other Things.

Robert Meade, of Easton, Pa., who is recognized as an authority on the subject, has given out some figures relating to the use of cement as a building material in this country which lend some color to the theory that this might be known as the age of cement. Certainly his figures are startling. Cement first was used as a building material in the United States in 1875. In that year a plant was established in Lehigh county, Pa., with a yearly capacity of 1,700 barrels. A third of a century later, or during last year, the quantity turned out was 51,000,000 barrels, which was valued at $43,000,000. Mr. Meade asserts that the output of cement in Pennsylvania alone now exceeds in value that of gold in either California or Alaska.

A Whirligig Burglar-Proof Safe.

The latest invention in the line of a burglar-proof safe appears to be constructed on the whirligig principle and is called the carrousal or round-about safe. It is particularly intended to defeat burglars who operate with an oxygen and acetylene blowpipe. The safe is polygonal in form, and is so constructed that it revolves on ball-bearings. When locked it is set in motion and continues so to revolve until the time for unlocking it arrives. If an attempt to interfere with its motion is made an alarm bell is rung, and, as the flame from a blowpipe cannot be applied while it is revolving, a burglar's assaults upon it are defeated.

Big Cities a Century Ago.

In 1801 there were in Europe only twenty-two cities which had more than 100,000 inhabitants. These were London, Dublin, Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Amsterdam, Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Naples, Rome, Milan, Venice, Palermo, Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Copenhagen and Constantinople. Two only of these cities had more than 500,000—London, 950,000, and Paris, 600,000. Naples came third, with 360,000, and Vienna fourth, with 230,000.

Byron Mauzy
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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

ROBERT BURNS.

By Samuel Sumner.

How leaped my heart within my breast; what sudden thrill was there,
The moment when the guard cried out the railway station "Ayr!"
Bright day in memory's calendar, in that refulgent June,
As through the flowery meads we rode, to reach the banks of Doon.

'Twas all alive—the broad highway—with vehicles which bore
Their Pilgrims to that cherished shrine from many a distant shore.
So, all the summer days, they said,—and so the record told,—
Came multitudes from near and far, that valley to behold.

You shall find valleys just as fair, and flowers as bright a hue,
Amidst familiar scenes you take your daily rambles through.
The Doon is not so proud a flood, nor can its "banks and braes"
Outrival California's shores, or claim a juster praise.

There's no strange beauty in the bridge that spans the rolling stream,
Nor in Kirk Alloway, rent by time with many a seam,
Nor in the cottage more remote, within whose humble door
The eye but notes the circumstance of this world's veriest poor.

What magic spell pervades the scene? Pray tell why gather here
The lords and ladies of the earth, with each recurring year?
Did some great conqueror drive herethro' his chariots of war,
Or pierce the air and rend the vale with thunderbolts of Thor?

Did some proud queen awhile sojourn, with royal retinue
Here, by some castle, knightly tilt and pageant to review?
Did some grand martyr here resign his body to the stake,
And make oblation of himself for truth and conscience sake?

Ah, no! a simple peasant boy, who looked with modest eye
On see grand folk—now all forgot—in stately pomp roll by,
Sixteen years, enamored fell, with that poor peasant maid,
And wrote her rhymes, and so thenceforth, his being's law obeyed.

Not once, a new inhabitant of the Parnassian grove,
Not once a genius fully fledged, as from the brow of Jove
Caped armed Minerva;—so uprose to heights of fame
That rural bard;—and Robert Burns became a deathless name.

"Wild Boy" was he? 'tis true, and yet 'tis idle to ignore it—
That bridge is now a famous bridge, because Burns staggered o'er it.
That hut belittles palaces, as all the world confesses,
Since Burns had there his boyhood days, and wore his curly tresses.

Ah, well! the crowns earth's true kings wear are not cheap crowns of gold;
But coronets, bedecked with gems and jewels manifold,
From regions of the infinite, no vulgar minds explore,—
Those vast illimitable heights that sparkle evermore!

Let give me once again, this life, those halcyon hours to spend,
Where waters of the Bonnie Doon with Ayr and Ocean blend,
And on that simple rustic bridge, to linger and to dream,
And watch the tide, and slowly throw pebbles in the stream;

And think how, century agone, these precincts then so dull,
Became so classic all at once, of memories so full,
Because one simple, truthful soul shed glory all around,
And made of unpretentious soil, a very hallowed ground!

Then look upon the bridges twain, which span the dying river,
And spake in words the poet heard, and shall be heard forever;
Then look to find the mystery far down into the well,
Where, as the poet told us, "Mungo's mither hanged hersel';"

And then ascend the monument, and view the landscape there,
And gaze within, on "Bobbie's" face, and Highland Mary's hair;
Then to "the Grotto" turn aside, to see "Saunter Johnnie,"
And "Tam O'Shanter" held carouse, as nightly chum and crony.

Then once again remark the walls, which long ago resounded
With roystering Scotch hilarity—"confusion worse confounded!"
And quaff the cup of "mountain dew" for many glad returns
Of glad birthdays and memories, to glorious Robert Burns.

(The birthday of Robert Burns is January 15th.)

[Samuel Sumner was born in Massachusetts, February, 1830, and was a son of Increase Sumner, one of the leading lawyers of the old Bay State. He was educated at Chershire Academy, in Connecticut; graduated from Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1849; State Senator of Massachusetts, 1860; Lieutenant-Colonel 49th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, 1862-1863. In an attack on Port Hudson, Louisiana, May 27, 1863, he received a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. From 1875 until 1877 he served as Probate Judge of Bridgeport, Connecticut. He died February 26, 1891. His brother is Rear-Admiral George W. Sumner, U. S. N.].

THE NIGHT.

By Joseph K. Hutchinson.

(For The California Weekly.)

It's the heart of youth in the early eve,
When the dusk weaves a mystery,
That yearns to travel the dim, dark east:
To seek, to find, and to see;
It's the heart of youth in the arms of love,
That meets in the twilight's swoon,
The soft caress that touches and flees
From the lips of the wild, red moon.

It's the heart of man, when the night's half run,
And the stars burn fierce and high,
That beats to the breath of the million winds
That swing through the gates of the sky;
When the zenith has hardened the eyes of the moon,
And they look down cold and clear,
It's the heart of man guides the hands that bind
The sheaves of the fruitful year.

It's the heart of age in the gloom of the night,—
When the comets have wheeled and turned,
And the mists crept in and settled close,—
That grasps for what it has earned;
It's the same sad heart that strives to regain
The years that it loved the best;
What use to cry to the ears of the moon!
What use!—She is gone in the west.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore have arrived in this country for their tour in "The Mollusc," which is soon to begin. Some of the older people may remember that before it was "Sir Charles" it was "Dr. Charles." But that was when he was a young surgeon in the Northern army during the Civil War.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE MERRIMAC.

By Frances Margaret Milne.

The author of this spirited poem, the best called out by the world-famous achievement of Lieutenant Hobson during the war with Spain, is a Californian, though not so well known as many of our other writers. She has published two or three volumes of verse. For a number of years she has been librarian of the public library in San Luis Obispo.

Not in the tempest's wrack
Went down the Merrimac;
Not when the battle's roar
Echoed from shore to shore,
Facing the cannon's breath
Her Heroes challenged Death!

While from afar they gazed,
Comrade and foe, amazed—
Silent and calm and sure,
Led by no fitful lure,
Swift as resistless Fate
She swept toward Morro's gate.

Not captured prize of Fate—
To swell a victor's state!
Like the hound, faithful still,
Though the loved hand may kill,
True to her helmsman's track
Went down the Merrimac.

Burn! burn! Ye stars of light
Upon our flag to-night!
In deeper crimson glow,
Red stripes of dawn below!
Signal the risen sun
That Valor's deed is done!

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"The Shaving of Shagpat."

The George Meredith who wrote this shimmering dream of Oriental splendor and dark delights and passion was a very different man from the author of "Richard Feverel" and "Diana of the Crossways." Life still to him glowed with the unshattered illusions and with the undiminished fervor of youth. Poet and dreamer sang and reveled in his young blood. A sort of modern Arabian Nights, was his product, catching well the spirit and the color of the old, but subtly infused with the modern pace of action, and with a symbolic meaning veiled beneath the older structure.

Set within the heart of this wonderful piece of writing is a gem of purest ray serene, a veritable precious crystal of literature, the tale of "Bhanavar the Beautiful." This short story, narrated by a character of the larger story, is complete in itself, and marvelously well told. It is, in a sense, an allegory of the curse of feminine beauty, but one thinks of the allegory only as an after-thought, for while one reads he is thrall to the beauty, the mystery, the dramatic power of the action, and the skill of drawing of the characters. Read "The Shaving of Shagpat," no matter what your experience has been with Meredith's later novels. In those after years he was disillusioned, his intellect dominated his heart, making his works cruelly one-sided pictures of life. But here the heart of youth and the hand of genius work together to produce a thing of beauty.

NOTES OF BOOKS AND STAGE.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe lately began their tour in their Shakespearean repertory in Washington.

Ethel Barrymore is to begin rehearsals in the new Pinero drama, "Mid-Channel," tomorrow. The new baby is doing nicely, thank you.

"The Woman in the Case," one of the strongest of the late Fitch plays, has now run more than 200 nights in London and is still going strong.

Margaret Deland is now having a play made of her "Old Chester Tales." Of course Dr. Lavendar will be the central figure.

A letter of John Keats to his brother George, of Kentucky, dated September 17, 1819, and containing the original draft of "The Eve of St. Mark," was sold in New York the other day for $2,500.

Belasco appears to be still revising a Shakespearean production in the back of his head, but this time it is not of "The Merchant of Venice" with Warfield as Shylock. Blanche Bates is said to be planning to appear as Rosalind. It certainly would be a novelty.

Queen Margherita has a weakness for the books of American and English novelists. She also reads English and American magazines, and it is her opinion that the American school of short story writers at present is the best in the world. The queen gives over several hours every day to fiction. She reads extensively in Italian, of course, but her especial fondness is for books in English. She talks and writes English fluently, and in all literature likes nothing so much as tales of Western American life, whether of the mining camp or the ranch. She has read almost everything that has been written about the cowboy.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE.

B. O. Flower, whom we have known so long in The Arena, is the editor of this new monthly magazine, and into it he has consolidated two magazines, The Arena and Fellowship. It is a weapon against the present feudalism of privileged wealth. It is richly illustrated, abreast of the last moment, full of short, breezy, awakening comment. We welcome it as one of the very best of our opinion-forming agencies. On its staff and among its contributors are such writers as Edwin Markham, Hamlin Garland, David Graham Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, Prof. Charles Zueblin, Charles E. Russell and Judge Ben. B. Lindsay.

AN EPOCH-MARKING ADMINISTRATION

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE TAYLOR REGIME IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The administration of San Francisco's municipal affairs under Mayor Taylor and the late board of supervisors was among the most efficient the city ever enjoyed. This will undoubtedly be the calm judgment of her citizens a few years hence, when the conflict and passions of the last two years have quieted and men look back in sober reflection upon the achievements of those years.

These achievements have been of two kinds: the immediate work of rehabilitating the city so that traffic might move in the streets, that children might go to school, that sanitation might be enforced, that the city officials might have the means and the equipment to carry on the functions of government; and the constructive work for the future, such as laying the foundations for a complete water supply system, an auxiliary fire protection system, adequate school houses, and the hope, at least, of a solution of the traction problem of the city.

The work of rehabilitation makes more of a showing in things visible to the eye—a showing that is indeed an impressive monument to the practical genius of the administration. It may be, however, that the foundation work and the intangible shaping of public sentiment toward the future construction of water supplies and municipal railways will prove to be the greater public work.

First, though, let us see what tangible work in rehabilitation has been done.

The Taylor administration partially or wholly constructed ten school buildings authorized under the bond issue of 1904. This work was done at a cost of $703,876. Work on the plans of the Polytechnic High School, to cost $600,000, was also commenced.

Five million dollars was voted by the people, May 11, 1908, for new schools. Under this bond issue, contracts have been let and appropriations made for new school buildings to the amount of $2,550,000, and for lands, $410,000. Fourteen school buildings are now under construction as follows:

Mission Grammar, $173,500; South End Primary (Portola Primary), $105,000; Bryant Cosmopolitan, $110,000; Madison Primary, $90,000; Garfield Primary, $87,500; Sutro Grammar, $106,000; Newton J. Tharp Commercial, $278,000; Hancock Grammar, $162,400; Frank McCoppin Primary, $107,500; McKinley Primary, $111,500; Jean Parker Grammar, $162,400; Sheridan Primary, $101,500; Lakeview Primary, $101,500; Clement Primary, $86,250.

Plans are in preparation and nearly completed for seven more school buildings at estimated costs as follows:

Denman Grammar, $160,000; Spring Valley Grammar, $120,000; Franklin Grammar, $120,000; Holly Park Primary, $100,000; John Swett Grammar, $120,000; West End Primary, $75,000; Oriental Public School, $80,000.

Auxiliary Fire Protection.

The bond election of May 11, 1908, also authorized the administration to expend $5,200,000 for an auxiliary fire protection system. Rapid progress has been made in providing this. A comprehensive plan was first laid out, beginning with three reservoirs of a total capacity of 11,500,000 gallons, to be built upon hill tops of the city. The pipe system leading from these reservoirs has been designed on the unit plan, so that if one part is disabled it will not impair the usefulness of the others.

Supporting this central system is a system of smaller, local reservoirs, or cisterns, of 75,000 gallons capacity each, which are distributed throughout the city at 154 street corners. From these cisterns the fire engines can pump direct, as from a hydrant. Thirty-eight new cisterns of this type have been completed, old cisterns have been repaired, and thirty-one additional new ones are in process of construction.

Supporting both these systems in emergencies and protecting the water front under ordinary conditions, are the two fire boats, the "Dennis T. Sullivan" and the "David Scannell," named in honor of former chiefs of the fire department. Each has a pumping capacity of 8,000 gallons a minute under pressure of 150 pounds per square inch. Connected with the pumping plants in times of emergency, these boats can supply sea water to the land engines at a distance of half a mile from the water front. One of these is in commission and has proved its value. The other will be in commission in a few weeks.

Street Work.

The orderly and far-sighted policy of the administration is illustrated by the procedure in street work. In view of the vast amount of asphalt paving to be laid, there appeared an opportunity to save large sums by providing a municipal paving plant. This was done, and the city's own asphalt plant and steam rollers have proven a great source of economy. Market street, Sutter street, Bush street, and other principal thoroughfares have been relaid with improved quality of asphalt paving to the general satisfaction of the public. In addition, 1,896,557 square feet of streets were paved with basalt blocks during the fiscal year 1908-1909 at an average cost of seven and one-half cents per square foot.

Sewer Systems.

A complete plan for a sewer system has also been mapped out, and work on the details has been carried well forward in the outlying districts. When this part is finished the downtown district will be sewered and hooked up to the outfall system, and San Francisco will have a sewer system which experts declare to be the finest in the world.

In this connection, the loyal assistance rendered by the administration to the United States corps of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service should be mentioned. This corps directed the work of eradicating all sources of bubonic plague infection, with the result that San Francisco is now universally recognized as one of the most sanitary cities in the world. When the sewer system planned and carried forward by the Taylor administration is complete, it will be easy to maintain this vital ascendancy.

Public Buildings.

Eight fire engine houses have been completed and occupied during the administration of Mayor Taylor. These houses not only contain all the modern improvements in fire house construction but their architectural appearance has in each case been adapted to the ensemble of the neighborhood in which it is placed, so that the presence of a fire house in a block is an adornment.

The Hall of Justice is well under way. This building, of the most modern construction, will house the police department, the police courts and the criminal departments of the superior courts. The cost of its construction, together with the cost of the county jail and the land, will be about $1,000,000.

Hospitals.

Construction work was begun by the Taylor administration on the San Francisco Hospital, on Potrero avenue, to cost, with the land, $2,000,000. This will provide San Francisco with the finest institution of this character in the world. In addition, an infirmary is being built on the Relief Home tract, at a cost of $292,000.

Under the skilful and shrewd direction of Supervisor Henry Payot the site of a sanitary reduction works was secured at a saving to the city of from $5,000 to $10,000. This achievement, to which Mayor McCarthy referred most unjustly, is really one of the most successful pieces of municipal financiering in years. The owner of the property has lately declared that, if he had known that the city was to be the purchaser, the land would never have left his hands at the price paid.

Intangible Achievements.

So much for the tangible evidences of constructive skill exhibited by the late administration. The intangible achievements are no less remarkable. The administration devoted great attention to a campaign of education by which the public was made aware of its future problems and encouraged to think them out. This campaign culminated in the bond election of May, 1908, when the supervisors placed before the people bond issues aggregating $18,200,000, as follows:

Auxiliary Water System for fire protection	$5,200,000
Sewer System	4,000,000
School Buildings and Lands	5,000,000
Hospitals	2,000,000
Hall of Justice and County Jail	1,000,000
Garbage Disposal System	1,000,000
Total	$18,200,000

These bonds were carried at the polls by a vote of 21,400 to 1,650, and they have made possible public works whose construction will be of enduring and incalculable benefit to the city.

Water Supply.

The administration devoted unstinted time, money, and thought to the problem of a pure water supply for San Francisco. The city engineer was allowed every available resource to plan out the Lake Eleanor-Hetch-Hetchy process of bringing water to San Francisco, and the co-operation of the legal department of the city government was insured to clear all possible legal difficulties. Complete working plans of a system insuring ample water supply for the next hundred years were worked out, with details of construction and cost, of dams, reservoirs, conduits, and distributing systems.

At the same time, the public was kept constantly aroused and expectant by discussions, through interviews and statements of the city officials, and the public thought on the subject clarified so that public sentiment could crystallize upon a certain definite program by which the desired result may be achieved. The crowning work of the administration was the resolution of this program into two simple propositions, understood by the public, and the calling of the election to-day at which the public has the opportunity to seal the program with their approval and make certain of a perpetual supply of pure water.

Municipal Traction.

Another piece of statesmanlike work was the successful campaign to educate the public upon the possibilities of municipal control of its traction system. This campaign culminated in the Geary street bond election of a few weeks ago, when the city voted, by an overwhelming majority, to build an electric line on Geary street to be owned by the municipality. Whether this line, when built, is operated by the city or operated by a corporation under municipal supervision, it will provide the entering wedge toward a more rational management of city traction which is certain to bear fruit in improved service.

In the executive branch of the city government, making all due allowances for partial failures, it is still true that the fire department has increased in efficiency, and that the police department has been put upon a better standing than it had occupied for years.

It is noteworthy, too, that grafting on the municipality was practically extinguished during the Taylor regime. This was due in part to the incorruptible character of the board of supervisors and in part to the greater vigilance exercised in the oversight of the city departments.

On the whole, San Francisco under the Taylor administration enjoyed one of the most efficient governments it ever had. This is said in view of the herculean tasks set before that administration, of throwing off the incubus of a tremendous system of corruption while performing at the same time such labors of constructive work as no other administration was ever called upon to perform.

The credit for the administration belongs primarily to Mayor Edward A. Taylor and the board of supervisors. Acting under them in particular branches of the work, the faithful services of City Engineer Marsden Manson and City Attorney Long, and their assist

(Continued on Page 126.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Mother Love Changes Not.

There came to me—but I knew not how—
The light of an olden dawn,
Bearing from Then to the hills of Now
The vision of days long gone.
Those who had wandered, and those who rest,
They came from their hidden place,
And again I looked on the one loved best,
For I saw my mother's face.

Still the light gleamed on; and a child was I,
A child at my mother's knee,
And I heard the ghost of a lullaby
That she sang in the eld to me.
Oh, faintly and sweetly the music rung
Down the vaulted halls of time,
Till I deemed that the angels in Heaven sung
Naught sweeter in their blest clime.

And the light yet shone; and I sadly knew—
For a heedless child was I—
How I had not prized her devotion true
In the days that had drifted by.
Then my heart cried out, "Oh, mother, forgive."
She smiled: "Be the word forgot.
Though the world must pass, yet my love shall live,
For mother-love changes not."

Then the light was gone; and I knew full well
That weary and old am I,
And the past is writ, nor regrets dispel
The ghosts of the deeds awry;
Yet comfort I find in the light that shone,
Though the tale of my deeds be nil,
For my mother's message is yet my own,
And I know that she loves me still.

* * *

Suppressing the House Fly.

It is all right for the doctors to determine to suppress the house fly, and millions will rise up and call them blessed if they succeed in doing it, but while there still is time I wish to make my voice heard in reference to the method of doing it. Most methods will be acceptable, but let us lift a universal voice against the use of fly-paper.

You know the kind I mean. This variety that is two feet long, one foot wide and covered with a sticky imitation of original sin—can't be washed off, you know. You come home from the office late in the evening, in the darkness hunt for a drink of water, and put your hand on something that seizes you in a cordial grasp. It is the invention of Satan that your dear wife has left there as a trap for flies. It lingers, confidingly lingers, and in the effort to get it off you get your other hand in it. Then your nose itches, you have to scratch it, and in so doing you plaster the sheet to your face.

This is the time that your blessed wife selects to tell you that you should be more careful. Evidently you should, but the thought does not comfort, and if the dratted stuff would melt your words would loosen it in a hurry, but it won't melt.

Let us leave the domestic tragedy before it overcomes us. You remember the time—you couldn't help remembering it—when you sat down on a sheet of the stuff which your fond wife had laid for any flies who wanted to sit down. It was easy enough to remove your trousers, but you never have been able to wear them since, and even the tramp to whom you gave them brought them back and said they were too fondly clinging for his purpose. Finally you burnt them up, but the memory lingers still.

It is because of such family tragedies as these—tragedies like to those the memories of which are written in thousands of trusting and crushed hearts—that my voice is raised against this method of suppressing the baneful house-fly. Either something else should be done about it or we should shut our teeth and endure the flies—even if we are bald.

* * *

'Mong other things that I can't understand is why the Almighty seems to give the most conscience to them that need it the least.

The Opinions of Rufus.

I'm just like you, brother an' sister—mighty anxious to do my duty, if it seems es if I could afford it.

'Tain't exactly right any longer to say that men love darkness ruther than light 'cause their deeds are evil. It may be that they saw last month's electric light or gas bill.

I s'pose San Francisco 'll git used to it, but this change from a "kid-glove administration" to a megaphone administration does seem kind o' sudden, don't it?

Whether it pays to blow your own horn depends some on circumstances. F'rinstance, 'twouldn't add much to the success of a fishin' excursion.

If salvation, 'stead of bein' free, had been marked down frum a dollar to 98 cents, I reckon 'twould have caught some people that don't pay much 'tention to it es it is.

I b'lieve in releegion, but not the kind that needs a doctor to distinguish it frum biliousness.

It's comfortin' to me to reelize that the old Heaven of marble pews an' golden harps has given way to a place that holds out more inducements to a feller that ain't a musician.

If we could forgive our neighbor's sins es easy es we forgive our own, what a cheerin' world this would be to live in, my brethren.

Gener'ly speakin', a woman's foot ain't very big, but it can kick a errin' sister down hill faster'n the most merciful man can pick her up.

Ever notice that the man you hold in the profoundest respect is the one that agrees with you in most of your views?

'Twas a woman that had been married six times that called 'tention to the fact that practicin' husbandry ain't necessarily the same thing es farmin'.

* * *

California Winter Song.

Shimmer and shine of the winter suns,
The shine and the shimmer of suns that glow
O'er the meadows green where the brooklet runs
Through lands uncumbered by ice and snow;
And a little wee bird in a palm tree sings,
Sings to its mate, as I sing to mine:
"Oh, our winter speeds on its summery wings
Through days with the joy of the world ashine,"
And the voice of my heart is a song of praise:
Thank God for the sheen of our sunshine days!

The brown quail calls to his wee, brown mate:
"Come out! Come out, for the skies are clear."
Oh, winter's a myth that is out of date
In fair California, the haven of cheer;
And the gold of the orange is Nature's gold,
And the bloom of magnolias the cups of white,
Whence, far from the sting of the Eastland cold,
She drinks to the Land of her Heart's Delight;
And I know, for my heart to her heart I have pressed,
Our fair California she loveth the best.

The suns come up, and the suns go down;
Westward and westward they haste them still,
Away from the land where the gray skies frown,
Away from the days that are drear and chill;
They smile on the rivers that, sparkling, run
Through vales of delight to the tranquil sea,
And they list to the songs of the birds that shun
The lands where the hosts of the Frost King be;
And my soul is glad, in the shimmer and shine,
That fair California is thine and mine.

Concerning the Gentle Hen.

I cannot bring myself to join in the almost universal laudation of either the generic American or specific Californian hen. Other writers may take pleasure in tossing fragrant bouquets in her direction; I have a brick. They may search their lexicons for honeyed words in which to tell of her manifold charms, it would not do to confide my warmest opinions to paper, for paper is inflammable.

I am loaded with experience, too. In a confident moment I concluded to go into the poultry business, and cease getting wealthy so gradually. Accordingly I purchased eleven hens and a rooster. In my gallinacean ignorance I was, indeed, about to buy eleven roosters and a hen, but the dealer, who was a kind man, warned me that in so doing I would do injustice to my fond egg-aspirations, and I reversed the numbers.

This was when gentle spring was upon the land, the days were bright and warm, and the market price of eggs was blithely galloping downward. Did my hens lay? They did. Some days they laid as many as five or six eggs, and although the price of this fruit then was so low that the neighbors were willing to give me eggs as tokens of esteem, I looked forward with glad confidence to the time when eggs would be eggs. "Then," said I to myself, "I will rapidly acquire a competence, and remove my nose from the writing grindstone which it so long has graced."

There came a cold snap, the price of eggs went up so high that no aeronaut could overtake them, and my hens laid two eggs a week. I didn't understand it until I caught one of them one day reading a market report from a piece of a daily paper that had blown over the fence. Then the baseness of their conduct was made clear to me.

All through the days, this fall and winter, when eggs stood at 60 to 65 cents a dozen, my hens stood around, glared at me maliciously, and refused to lay an egg, although I often went out and squeezed them. Eggs are cheaper now, and occasionally I find one in my henhouse, but never will my tortured soul permit me to forget their base and ungrateful conduct in the hour of my need and tribulation. I fed them 23 cents' worth of grain a day, and they returned me 21½ cents' worth of eggs a week.

My henhouse cost me $27.39, wire fencing for the back yard $8.13, hen food to date $70.69; total, $106.21. The opposite side of the ledger reads: By eggs, to date, $17.12.

So if anybody desires to continue the jubilee of hen-glorification, he will please to count me out. I am not feeling well enough to chirp a single chirp of praise.

* * *

The Orient Again Left.

Once when an Occidental Higher-up was upon his travels, the dear people having contributed so liberally to his coffers that he could amply afford to journey, he met an Oriental Potentate, and each fell to praising the things of his own country. In this verbal contest the Oriental Potentate did fare but ill, until at last a happy thought came to him.

"Aha!" he cried, "we have one thing that you yet lack."

"Name it," the Occidental Higher-up exclaimed.

"It's the Juggernaut."

"The Juggernaut—who's he?" For his was the higher-up erudition.

"Why, it's a mighty machine, and it crushes hundreds of people annually under its revolving wheels."

"Huh!" the higher-up retorted, "we have the same machine, only it is modernized, crushes thousands instead of hundreds, and we give it another name."

"What do you call it?" the Oriental Potentate inquired.

"The Automobile," was the proud response.

Whereupon, as the Oriental Potentate had heard of the Automobile and its glorious record, nothing remained for him except to hang his head, abashed, and slink away.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

My Dear Sir:—I believe in your principles, I believe in your paper, I believe in you. I have had great pleasure in commending your paper from the pulpit, inasmuch as I believe the people should have the best things. I believe in clean politics as well as in clean morals, and you cannot have one without the other. I am glad to have the help of so able a journal as yours. I do not hesitate to make use of it.

Yours cordially,

THOMAS BOYD.

Fresno, Cal., Jan. 5, 1910.

Gradually the men who stand for Right Things in this state are awakening to the fact that, in The California Weekly, they have a friend and a helper, that they have a periodical in which they can put their trust as being frank and faithful without being stupid. If that awakening can become general enough soon enough The California Weekly will become a power for good in this state. Who will be next to pass the good words of Rev. Thomas Boyd to his congregation?

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—I have been a subscriber for your Weekly for some time and wish to express my approval of the course that you are pursuing. Perhaps I may not agree with you in every position that you take, but my admiration for your paper is not lessened thereby. What San Francisco needs is a paper that is intelligent and honest and that has the force of management to express its sentiments in a way to reach the conscience of the people. I feel The California Weekly fulfills this need, and I wish to congratulate you and the people upon that fact.

Sincerely yours,

R. L. RIGDON.

San Francisco, December 30, 1909.

If only those papers were patronized whose readers agreed with everything they said there would be few periodicals, and these few would be lean and hungry. It would be not unlike Horace Greeley's proposal to limit the franchise to those whom he would wish to have marry his daughters. There would be precious few who would vote. But every reader has a right to demand of the periodical to which he gives his patronage that it shall try to be right, that it shall be frank and that it shall not be afraid to serve the public interest as it is given the management to see that interest. There is no especial divinity hedging an editor about to prevent his making mistakes or his drawing wrong conclusions. He can better be held responsible for the uprightness of his conclusions than for their rightness. The California Weekly will not be found flinching from that test no matter when applied.

Parallel Ethics.

It is human nature that a stronger nation should exploit a weaker (e. g., the United States and Mexico); indefensible ethically, but inevitable. Therefore The California Weekly has nothing to say against it. Let destiny have her way.

It is human nature that a stronger class in a wealthy nation should exploit a weaker (e. g., the allied corporate interests and the unorganized plain citizen); indefensible ethically, but inevitable. Therefore, The California Weekly has nothing to say against it? Let destiny have her way?

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

The foregoing is bright and witty and very much to the point. It is written into the constitution of Man the Animal that the strong are to be stronger than the weak and are to use their strength mainly for their own advantage. The struggle is for the possession of the earth and all things desirable thereon, and that nation will have and hold the most of it that can put it to the highest use. It is destiny. That individual will have and hold the most of the earth who can put it to highest use. That also is destiny, so long as we live in the dispensation of Man the Animal. That dispensation still obtains. When we come to the dispensation of Man the Spiritual Being, Man made in the image of God with the spirit of God in his soul, the rigors of strength will be modified, as they have been faintly modified here and there through the last nineteen centuries. In our deliberate judgment, all forms of human civilization, except as they are softened, modified and humanized through the Christ idea working in the hearts of men, will inevitably resolve themselves into a plutocracy and a proletariat in which the wealth of the plutocracy will work out its destruction while the poverty of the proletariat will make its destruction equally certain. Opposition to aggression will defer the day of reckoning and give the Christ idea (love to God and Man) a chance to do its work. It is civilization's only hope, the only hope of the strong as well as the only hope of the weak. Someday the great truth will dawn upon the minds of men that Jesus did not come to bring us a theology, but a religion. Then we shall cease marking time and make progress.

Editor The California Weekly.

In the summer of 1908, when the Democratic managers were publishing the list of contributors to their campaign fund, and daring the republican managers to do the same, the latter said they would publish that list "after election." If it has been published, I have not seen it. Have you, Mr. Editor?

WILLIAM CROSBY.

Livermore P. O., Cal., Dec. 27, 1909.

We do not remember to have seen that statement, although we presume it was issued as promised, but if the statement was prepared by Postmaster General Hitchcock, as it probably was, it is not likely to have been very enlightening. Sooner or later we shall make the legitimate expenditures for campaign a public charge and the illegitimate expenditures will be prohibited altogether. This will have to be done by the states first and the nation afterward. It cannot be that the side with the most money shall always achieve the victory. That will make administrations merchandise, from which we are not so very far even now.

Editor The California Weekly,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:—I note by the local paper this morning that Mayor Taylor has received the report of the committee appointed to investigate the causes of municipal corruption in your city. Would it be possible for you to secure a copy of the same for me? I can use it here to good advantage.

Someone kindly put your paper on my list several weeks ago, and I have read the same faithfully and enjoyed it greatly. I make a point to keep pretty close track of municipal conditions in most of the northern cities, and your publication is very useful to me, also stimulating. We have here in Minneapolis no such conditions, perhaps, as you have in your city; but here, as elsewhere, the public service companies are the main source of the corruption and inefficiency in our city hall, and largely responsible for the low state of civic morals. The public are gradually waking up, however, in large part due to the facts that have come out incident to two or three franchise investigations of the past two years, and some day things are going to be in much better shape.

The Voters' League has been in existence six or seven years. Its purpose is to regenerate affairs at the city hall, with special reference to the city council and heads of departments, and in the board of county commissioners. We are also trying to help in the work of educating the public in measures as well as men.

Very truly yours,

S. P. JONES,
Secretary Voters' League.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 7, 1910.

The cause of one city is the cause of all cities and every forward step that one city takes helps all the others. The good work done by the Voters' League in Minneapolis will stimulate San Francisco to new exertions, and the house cleaning that San Francisco has had during the administration of Mayor E. R. Taylor, and under the leadership of Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney, will react upon Minneapolis. Furthermore, there is no iniquity that does not contain within it the seeds of its own destruction, and if public service corporations are forced out of existence they will have only themselves to blame for it. Such a demoralization of official and private life as San Francisco has undergone at the hands of its public service corporations is a greater price than any people can afford to pay for any pecuniary benefit of which the human mind may conceive, and if the municipalization of the Geary street road were to involve the final beggary of the United Railroads the penalty would still fall short of being commensurate with the wrong inflicted upon this community by that malevolent and conscienceless corporation. Greetings to Minneapolis and the Voters' League thereof! There is something in that undaunted Norse blood up there that has been, and is, an inspiration to the whole nation.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—You have performed a most valuable public service in printing and publishing in full the report "On the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco" and, as one of your appreciative readers, I wish to express my thanks. The report is a piece of work worthy of the highest commendation and publicity. Every thinking American citizen ought to have the opportunity to read it in full and to study its lessons. To aid in bringing this about I am enclosing a list of fifty or more of my friends and correspondents to whom I wish you to mail copies at my expense; a single copy to each except where otherwise stated. I shall write a personal letter to each one telling him I am ordering a copy sent him and why.

It is of vital importance that the lessons arising from San Francisco's bitter experience should be made clear and available to the rest of the American cities. Think of what could be done for the cause of good government if each of your readers were to have a copy of this report sent to a considerable number of his most thoughtful and influential correspondents.

Very truly yours,

GUIDO H. MARX.

Stanford University, Cal., Jan. 9, 1910.

The suggestion of Professor Marx is so absolutely to the point that we venture to lay it before our readers. We have this report in pamphlet form and will mail copies of it postpaid to all addresses sent us at ten cents per copy. If our subscribers will interest themselves in giving a wide circulation to this report they will help the state and the nation to a clear understanding of what San Francisco has gone through and why she went through it. The story is told without bitterness and also without deviating a hair's breadth from the solemn truth. And yet what all men know to be true, and no one of the accused has ventured publicly to deny, our system of justice was powerless to establish as true. Such is the power of aggregated, criminal wealth under our American plutocracy! Will the American people, and the people of California, undertake the redemption of their country and state from that form of government? Nothing will contribute more to that end than the wide dissemination of the report of Mayor Taylor's committee on "The Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco." And all it costs is ten cents a copy.

THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

The Complete Text of the

REPORT
ON THE

Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complet INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for **50 cents.**

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Heney's Qualifications for the Governorship Mention was made in these columns last week of the criticism that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League had no "commanding figure" of gubernatorial stature. Francis J. Heney is such a figure. No other man in this generation has rendered to the people of California such eminent and unrequited service. Also, there is no other so well adapted to the immediate work now in hand. There are two tasks required, one destructive and one constructive, and both radical. The governorship needs, first, some one who will knock down and drag out, who will put an end ruthlessly to the whole present regime of "pull" and subservience. Until that is done nothing else worth while is possible. But there is also needed positive, radical initiative, in constructive reforms. The governor of California is not merely its chief executive. He is in large part its legislature also. Unless constructive legislation is initiated by him, or by commissions directed by him, it is rarely enacted at all. The people may not yet know that Heney, besides being a fighter, is a man of remarkably statesmanlike grasp of public questions, but they would soon learn that in a political campaign. And they know already that, whatever he does stand for, he will have the courage and energy to carry it out. As a man, as a leader, and as a statesman, Heney is the ideal "commanding figure" as the reform candidate for governor.

Obstacles in the Way of Heney's Candidacy But there are two obstacles—one personal and one political. Heney is not personally able at this time to undertake a campaign for governor. Practically all his savings, above what he has spent in three years of unpaid work for San Francisco, are tied up in some Arizona investments, from which they may never return. He is under the immediate necessity of making money and is in receipt of many flattering offers which would enable him to do so. This situation interposes a personal obstacle to considering Heney for governor which might or might not be insurmountable. The other obstacle is the carefully-spread fiction that Heney is "hoodooed." There is undoubtedly some reaction in San Francisco, even among those genuinely friendly to Heney and his cause. City people are easily tired and San Francisco is tired. The friends of Heney in San Francisco would take up the fight for him, if he were a candidate, with unabated loyalty, but with lessened courage. This reaction does not exist in Southern California, nor in large measure in the interior, but it does in San Francisco. What the situation will be when the state conference of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is held, of course no one can predict. That conference may be stampeded for Heney yet, even against his own protest and the caution of the conservatives. Or his name may not even come before it. There is no telling.

W. R. Davis Leading Conservative Possibility Of the more conservative possibilities, the one most frequently discussed is W. R. Davis, of Oakland. Mr. Davis himself refuses to be considered as a candidate and deprecates all mention of his name, but it will not down, and if the nominating conference is dominated by the more conservative element, his nomination would surprise no one. There is no man in the reform forces in California more widely or better known than W. R. Davis. His loyalty as a Republican is unquestioned and has been tested in many campaigns, but it has never been sullied by subserviency or affiliation to the railroad machine. As Mayor of Oakland and as attorney for the city for many years, including the present, he has rendered notable service to the city in guarding its waterfront and in restoring to the public such of it as had not been irrecoverably alienated. He has always been active in Oakland and in the state, in behalf of Right Things. He was at one time a competitor with Dr. George C. Pardee for the Republican nomination for governor, and has never belonged to what used to be called the "Pardee machine" in Oakland, but there has never been any split or friction in the good-government forces, to which he was a party. Mr. Davis is a forceful and impressive speaker, a man of tested ability, and is trusted as few men are for his unquestioned, unflinching sincerity. He is easily the leader of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, in personal influence, and would make a splendid governor.

Present Strength of Doctor Pardee Two years ago the League was widely berated, by the kept press, as a "Pardee machine," and it is very likely that, in reaction against that criticism, it "stood so straight as to lean backward" with regard to Dr. Pardee. No reason for any such attitude exists now, and the position of Dr Pardee himself, before the people of the state, is much better defined than it was then. At that time recent defeat had applied to Dr. Pardee the epithet of "sorehead"—whatever that may mean—and the various disgruntlements incident to any active administration were still acute. Dr. Pardee's temperamental fault of procrastination had delayed some appointments until a multitude of candidates had developed, all but one of whom had to be disappointed, and had also postponed his outspoken and belligerent hostility to the railroad machine until after the strategic moment. These things made Dr. Pardee unavailable then, and malicious criticism taunted the League into conceding that unavailability too openly. But no such conditions exist now. However temperamentally slow to reach a decision Dr. Pardee may once have been, he has reached it now, and may be trusted to stick to it to the bitter end. Dr. Pardee's policies, affiliations and purposes are absolutely unambiguous, now, and they have been carried out long enough and unselfishly enough to refute any fling of "sorehead." With means and leisure and access to the public ear, Dr. Pardee is rendering, and will continue to render, in or out of office, probably the most active and continuous public service of any citizen of California. He made a good governor before and there would be a certain logic of retributive justice in making him the candidate again to undo the very oligarchy which prevented his renomination before. He would make a far better and stronger governor now than any one could have made when he was governor before. And, whether governor or not, he is likely to continue for many years to be California's chief citizen.

Marshall Hale a Coming Leader One of the possibilities, until his recent illness, was Marshall Hale, of San Francisco, but that illness has added a probably insuperable objection to Mr. Hale's already strong reluctance to be even mentioned as a candidate. But prognosticators of the more distant future should not overlook the possibilities of Marshall Hale, who as much as any other man in California, if not more, has stood as the example of the merchant in politics, active for good government, and a living example of the fallacy of the tradition that a merchant must be a coward.

Chas. H. Bentley a Strong Man Another San Francisco business man, often mentioned by every one but himself, is Charles H. Bentley. If San Francisco had the naming of the governor, Bentley could have it for the taking. Whether his state acquaintance is wide enough to make him now available is not so certain. If it is not it should be extended. Bentley is too good a man to lose to the public life of the state.

Charles H. Belshaw's Non-Committal Stand Charles H. Belshaw is the only League man who is an active candidate for governor, but it was for some time doubtful whether Mr. Belshaw, though a League man, was a candidate for the League nomination. In fact, he has not yet openly announced himself, and it may yet be that he will prefer to run as an independent candidate without organized indorsement. Senator Belshaw, in any event, could never get the machine endorsement. He holds the record, or nearly the record, for service in the legislature, and was always indubitably independent. His acquaintance throughout the state is very wide, his record is good, and he has the advantage of being the first in the field as an active candidate. So far there has been no very organized movement inside the League, in his behalf—perhaps due to waiting for an announcement from him of his exact position—but he enjoys the friendship and confidence of all the League leaders. Developments of his candidacy will be awaited with interest.

Why Southern California Wants a Supreme Justice One of the interesting contests of the approaching state campaign will be over the supreme court justice. The terms of Judge Sloss and Judge Melvin will expire with the end of the year 1910, and their sucessors must be chosen at the November election. In all probability both these incumbents will be candidates for re-election. It is on the claims of Southern California for one or more places on the supreme bench that the chief interest is bound to center. The southern end of the state feels that it is entitled to have a southern man in at least one of the vacant seats on the supreme bench. Of the seven judges but one now comes from Southern California. The amount and peculiar character of the litigation coming from the south before the highest tribunal are regarded as ample warrant for the growing demand that that section be represented in that body by at least three of the seven justices. The amount of taxes the southern part of the state contributes to the running expenses is also presented as one of the reasons why it should have more nearly equitable representation in the court of last resort. This claim of Southern California for at least one of these places is coming to be generally recognized throughout the state, and it is being conceded as just by fair-minded men in the northern section.

How the Fight Is Lining Up A great many friends of Judge Sloss contend, naturally, that he should be renominated, but they are willing to let Southern California name the candidate for the other vacancy. Likewise the friends of Judge Melvin claim that he should be renominated, but are willing that the other vacancy should be filled by a man from the south. In Southern California both Sloss and Melvin have their partisans, and these forces are now lining up.

At the present time Southern California has two candidates, Judge W. P. James and Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, both now serving on the superior bench, Judge Wilbur being presiding judge. The friends of Judge Wilbur quite generally support Judge Sloss rather than Judge Melvin, while the local supporters of Judge James hook their candidate up with the Oakland jurist. It is not improbable, therefore, that the final line-up will be Sloss and Wilbur on the one hand and Melvin and James on the other.

The Strong Points of Judge Wilbur Without doubt Judge Wilbur is the most popular judge on the bench in Southern California, and he is favorably known all over the state. His popularity among the voters at large is attested by the fact that at the election of November, 1908, he was chosen by the highest vote given to

California Weekly ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our friends will do well to keep track of the ANNOUNCEMENTS of the publishers of The California Weekly as they appear from week to week in this column.

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Subscribers wishing to send copies of "Report on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco" to their friends can do so by mailing us their names and addresses, together with ten cents. We will mail them post paid.

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The California Weekly

26 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

any candidate on the Republican ticket. As judge of the juvenile court his work has attracted widespread attention, even national notice, and he is generally recognized as the Ben Lindsey of Southern California. Judge Wilbur exhibited conspicuous ability as a lawyer before ascending the bench. In the district attorney's office he showed marked ability as a prosecutor. He has been called upon to render many important decisions on the bench and, for a long period, has had fewer reversals than any other judge. His administration has been marked by a complete regeneration in the treatment of wayward boys and girls. Wherever possible he has kept them out of state institutions, giving them an opportunity to "make good" through a splendid system of probation officers, detention home and the parental home. He has also taken a prominent part in the founding of the George Junior Republic and other quasi-public institutions intended to be helpful to boys and girls of wayward tendency. He has a calm, judicial temperament, is a man of broad sympathies and absolute integrity. As a high-minded citizen he has no superior. A side-light shows him as the only judge who ever fined Harrison Gray Otis, head of the Los Angeles Times, for contempt of court.

The Times for Judge James This fact is not apt to render the Times particularly friendly to his candidacy, and possibly accounts for the enthusiasm that paper exhibits in behalf of the candidacy of Judge James, who was formerly a Times reporter. Just how much Judge James will be able to draw from the strength of Judge Wilbur in Southern California cannot be estimated, but it is generally figured that the latter will have the practically solid support of that section, and there is slight risk to one's reputation as a political prophet to venture the prediction that one of the nominees for this post of great honor will be the present presiding judge of the superior court of Los Angeles county.

Judge Melvin a Weak Vote-Getter It may not be amiss at this point to recall the fact that at the election of November, 1908, Judge Melvin ran nearly 30,000 votes behind the head of the ticket, and yet no attack was made upon him anywhere in the state by papers known to be openly hostile to him. Many of the independent Republican papers that were strongly tempted to oppose his candidacy were restrained owing to the fact that he ran in a presidential year and they were afraid that if they attacked him they might endanger the head of the ticket. As it was, Judge Murasky, his Democratic opponent, polled within 25,000 votes of Judge Melvin's total. There is not the remotest doubt that if these papers had opened fire on the Oakland judge he would have gone down in defeat. Judge Melvin's supposed sympathies for the "higher-ups" in San Francisco and his contemptuous treatment of Francis J. Heney have convinced thousands of people in all parts of the state that, whatever qualities he may possess as an after-dinner orator or a singer of vaudeville songs, he is not exactly the style of man who should be elevated into so responsible a position as that of judge of the highest court in the state. In the approaching campaign there will be no presidential election to restrain the newspapers opposed to Melvin, and the probabilities are that they will do several things to him as the campaign progresses—that, of course, provided he enter the lists.

The Democrats Are Also Busy So much for the situation in the ranks of the Republicans. In the meantime the Democrats are not asleep at the switch in Southern California. In particular, the public recognizes the possibility of the candidacy of Judge James resulting in a split vote at the primaries, with the result that Southern California might get no judge at all. In this event a candidate from the south, even though on the Democratic ticket, would stand more than a ghost of a chance of winning. So strong is the sentiment for additional representation on the supreme bench throughout the entire southern section that should Judge Wilbur fail to secure the nomi-

(Concluded on Page 126.)

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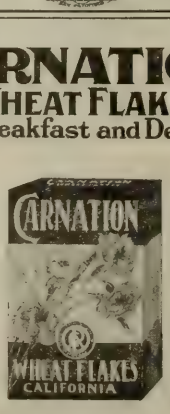

Pacific Cereal Association
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THE MODERN LABOR UNION

III. THE ADVANCE IN PEACEFUL NEGOTIATION.

By CHARLES R. BROWN.

There is already a promising and a growing tendency in the direction of using peaceful measures for securing the settlement of industrial disputes and differences. It has been made plain that powerful organizations of labor and of capital can be led to negotiate in advance, quite as readily as to arbitrate after a clash of rival interests has come. We have in certain industries what has been accurately called by John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin, "Constitutional Government in Industry." The longshoremen on the Great Lakes, a workingmen's organization, and the dock managers, an employers' association, meet regularly twice a year in a parliament with its house of lords composed of the employers and its house of commons made up of the laboring men. Two labor men from each local union make up the lower house; and the upper house, made up of managers, is also representative in character. Each house has veto power over the action of the other—any measure to become operative must pass both houses. Neither side secures all that it desires but each side makes concessions, in the feeling that the compromises of constitutional government are better than civil war; and in this way many threatened strikes have been averted and the peaceful settlement of many vexing differences has been attained.

Parliament of Laborers and Employers.

The bituminous mine operators and the mine workers of four important states in the coal industry, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, for years maintained a similar arrangement for constitutional government, save that here the two houses met together on the same floor, the operators seated on the right and the labor men on the left, of the same assembly. This assembly legislated touching an industry which sends out two hundred millions of dollars worth of product annually. When the representatives of capital and labor met in this annual parliament of two weeks, to discuss the conditions of an industry, where, for years, strife was chronic, bloodshed was frequent and distrust, hatred and poverty almost universal, it was one of the most picturesque and inspiring sights in the modern business world. The leaders of the two sides came together and there face to face, man to man, discussed their differences and conferred upon matters of common interest. Here some six hundred men sat on the same floor, about 450 of them labor men and 150 of them employers. The operators had sixteen votes and the miners sixteen votes, subdivided into four votes for each state. The votes were cast by states by the chairmen of the different organizations. This parliament, like other legislative bodies, worked through committees and in that way more rapidly reached useful results.

The matter of fact, straightforward way in which the various questions were taken up helped to clear the air of all the cant and the pretence which sometimes befog the issue. There was no make-believe on the part of the employers, that their main concern in life was to bestow blessings, deserved and undeserved, upon their men; they were in the coal business for other ends than their personal health or the privilege of acting as philanthropists and they made no bones of saying so. And there was little or none of that spreadeagle style of oratory, on the part of the labor men, which uselessly heats the air with glowing references to the dignity of labor and the abounding iniquity of capital. Instead of all this claptrap each side seemed intent upon getting down to the real business before the meeting. The preliminary agreement to come together and to stay together until they reached a unanimous vote; the knowledge that a failure to do this might mean the shutting down of the mines, cutting off wages from the miners and profits from the operators; the feeling of the capitalist that he could not successfully import scabs to replace these miners, if they should refuse to work, and the feeling on the part of the miners that these capitalists with whom they were negotiating were the men who controlled the opportunities they craved to earn a living for themselves and their families—all this helped to bring about that state of mind which advances the solution of vexed questions. The very fact that such constitutional government in industry, as is here outlined by Professor Commons, is possible, and its high educative value on masters and on men as they come to represent their two sides of the business, is full of encouragement for a more peaceful and satisfactory solution of many other industrial differences in the future.

Case of the Southern Railway.

It must be said also that there is a growing disposition on the part of the workingmen to regard the employers' side of the business. In 1893 when times were hard, the Southern Railway, like many other lines, felt compelled to reduce wages. After working under that reduction for some time the men on that railroad made a demand for a restoration of the former wage scale. The committee came to Washington and laid its demands before the managing vice-president of the road. This official, after conference with the other officers, and as was brought out later in the face of their discouraging attitude, invited the men to come again on a later date and he would lay before them the situation which the management of the company had to face. They came on the appointed day and he had prepared for each one a typewritten statement of the receipts and the expenses of the road, a statement as to the reasons for the non-payment of dividends on the stock, an outline of the struggle the company was making in paying interest on its bonds, and the facts in general touching the problems before the management of that road, with its four thousand miles of track and with six thousand men in its employ.

The whole matter was frankly discussed for several days, each side respecting the point of view of the other; some minor injustices were corrected but no general increase of wages was granted. And finally the working men, entirely satisfied now that the facts were laid before them, feeling that the railway magnates had treated them as fellow men concerned with them in an important enterprise, went back to their unions and recommended to those organizations that they continue work under the wage schedule fixed by the management. And thus a strike was averted and a better state of feeling on all hands was secured by this method of negotiation.

Meeting Fairness With Fairness.

There is another well-known instance, reported by Carroll D. Wright, formerly United States Commissioner of Labor, and an acknowledged expert in industrial statistics. The works of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt were at one time running at a loss and wages were reduced 10 per cent. The men in a short time rebelled at the lower compensation and asked to have the former schedule restored. Mr. Hewitt sent this reply to the demand for increase, "It is your right to know the facts and to know why we cannot meet your demand, if we cannot. If you will send an accountant here, he shall have all our books and we will abide by his report." No exception could be taken to a frank offer like this; the men chose an accountant and sent him to make the examination and when he had reported back to the union, the committee again waited upon Mr. Hewitt and said, "We have come to withdraw our request for a restoration of wages. We now know your situation; we know that you are losing money and the union has by unanimous vote asked us to recommend to you a further decrease of 10 per cent. in our wages." The suggestion was not adopted but it serves to illustrate a disposition on the part of the workingmen to meet frankness with frankness, fairness with fairness, a disposition which I firmly believe is steadily on the increase. In the face of the many charges made against labor unions of tyranny, unreasonable selfishness and the like, it is good to give some prominence to these more promising attitudes.

More Intelligent Labor Leadership.

The high value of intelligent labor leadership is seen in the final acceptance of a reduction of wages by the bituminous coal miners in 1904. The falling market of that time led the operators to insist upon a 10 per cent. reduction in wages. After a long conference, however, they agreed to a 5½ per cent. reduction. The union throughout the country strongly opposed any reduction, the action of the president of the union in accepting it was angrily denounced and in his home town bitter resentment of his course was shown in the turning of his picture face to the wall in the halls of the union and by public demonstrations of disapproval. But he and the executive board quietly carried on a campaign of education and at last by referendum vote they were sustained and the whole industry as well as the public was saved the loss of a general strike. All this indicates a growing business sagacity on the part of the union and also an increasing readiness to respond to wise and trusted leadership in the face of possible trouble.

In the great arraignment which the prophet of old makes of a people who were suffering for their moral blindness and stubbornness, he represents the God of all moral value as saying, "Come now, let us reason together." The calm consideration of the issues involved in this manner of life and in that, of the wisdom of pursuing desired ends under the guidance of reason and conscience and the unwisdom of the opposite course, these were to come up for careful survey on both sides, in the hope of inducing a better frame of mind in those who were at fault. It is the everlasting method of making advance anywhere toward those solutions which really solve something.

"Come now, let us reason together"—it is the call which ought to issue from every labor union meeting when some wrong is being discussed, it may be in angry tones! And the same inspired and inspiring call might well issue from some business office where the hot-headed insistence of some man upon his supposed "right to run his own business in his own way," without careful regard to the ultimate effect of his methods upon the health, the homes, the growing children of those other men whose lives are bound up with his own in the conduct of that enterprise, is threatening the peaceful solution of differences. Come now, let us reason together—it is the only way to make advance toward a peaceable and an equitable settlement of any industrial dispute.

A PECULIARITY OF THE WIRELESS.

Guglielmo Marconi, the discoverer of wireless telegraphy, recently received the Nobel prize for physics, and, at that time, in an address delivered before a body of scientists in Stockholm, called attention to a peculiar and little known fact connected with wireless telegraphy. This was the fact that daylight exercises an injurious effect upon the transmission of electric waves. For this reason messages can be transmitted decidedly farther and more successfully at night than in the daytime. So true is this that when a ship is under clear skies it sometimes is impossible to communicate with it, when a ship farther away, but under clouded skies, is readily reached. In attempting to account for this fact, Marconi suggests that illuminated air, for some at present inexplicable reason, probably absorbs some of the energy of the electric waves.

HENRY CLAY'S LAST PORTRAIT.

Carefully wrapped in cotton there is in an Auburn, N. Y., home the last portrait ever made of Henry Clay, says the New York Sun. The portrait is a fine specimen of the daguerreotype and it shows the famous Kentuckian in all his ugliness. It is owned by its maker, G. L. Reynolds, who tells the following story in connection with it:

"In the '50s I was a professional daguerreotype artist, and in my travels I reached Lexington, Ky. My firm, Reynolds & Ryder of New York, had sent me purposely to get a picture of Henry Clay, and when I reached Lexington I was dismayed at the stories I heard. Clay had refused everybody and only a few days before my arrival he had refused to sit for a man who had come all the way from Boston and who wanted a portrait to aid him in making a bust of Mr. Clay.

"'There are plenty of pictures of me when I was young and better looking,' said Mr. Clay, and he refused to sit.

"I was discouraged, but in looking around I met a man who said: 'If there is any man in the world who can do it Coombs can,' and I was introduced to Gen. Leslie Coombs. He kindly agreed to ask Mr. Clay to sit as a personal favor to him, and I agreed to give him a copy of the daguerreotype and to keep the original unpublished.

"On the following Monday I went to Clay's home at Ashland, a mile from Lexington, with my letter of introduction from General Coombs. I banged the big old-fashioned knocker on the door, and instead of a negro Mr. Clay came to the door himself and shook hands with me.

"When I told him my errand and said I had a letter from General Coombs he did not even ask to see the letter, but agreed to sit for me. He said that he had not sat for his portrait for years and was satisfied to let posterity look upon his younger features, but would sit for the General.

"When I arrived his negro, Jack, was just hitching up his team and he asked me, 'How did you come over?' I said that I had walked, and he said, 'Wait until my horses are ready and ride with me. I am going over to Lexington.' So I rode back with him and on the way he told me about having heard Jenny Lind sing for him privately at Washington a few days before that. He said she was the most wonderful singer he had ever heard in his life.

"I had a stick of ash with me. You see, while I was waiting at Ashland I got one of his slaves to get me an ash stick to make a cane. He split off a piece of an old ash rail and gave it to me, and I took it to Lexington with me and later had a cane made of it. Somebody stole it many years afterward.

"When I got out of the carriage I asked Mr. Clay when he would come to my studio and he said, 'I am coming over to the Bank of Kentucky to-morrow at noon and I'll sit for you then.' Then he drove on through Lexington.

"I was afraid that he would forget the engagement, so I had the darkey boy who did my chores watch for him next day. He saw him go into the bank and told me and I sent him over a note. Mr. Clay said that he had entirely forgotten the sitting but that he would come right over, and he came within a few minutes.

"'I suppose I ought to adjust my wardrobe a little?' he asked.

"I said, 'No, Mr. Clay, if it is the same to you I'd be pleased to have you just as you are,' and he sat down with his coat all wrinkled and I got him just as you see him in the picture. Then he got up and didn't even ask to see the picture when it was done, and he never saw it.

"It took me only a few minutes to finish it and after making a copy for General Coombs—he was one of the 'Three Great C's of Kentucky,' Clay, Crittenden and Coombs—I took the original back to New York and have treasured it ever since. It has never been published.

"Henry Clay died soon after I took that picture, his death occurring in Washington, and I am sure it was the last ever made of him. He must have been at least seventy-five years old when I took it."

EARLY AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

A large number of early American magazines, some rare, others interesting, and others curious, were recently exhibited at an auction in New York, says the New York Times. Among them were found: The American Magazine, published by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia in 1746, and containing early American poetry; The American Magazine, a Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies, edited by William Smith and Printed by William Bradford in New York, 1757-58; The American Museum, or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, Philadelphia, 1788, containing a list of subscribers' names, among which are those of Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, and Robert Morris; the American Register, or General Repository of History, Politics, and Science, Philadelphia, 1807-10, a full set of this rare periodical, of which only seven volumes were issued, edited by Charles Brockden Brown; Vols. I and II of the American Magazine, Philadelphia, 1789-90, originally owned by the distinguished revolutionary patriot, Isaac Shelby, and having his autograph on the title of each volume.

Others in the collection are the Evening Fireside, Philadelphia, 1804-5, one of the scarce early magazines; the Harvard Lyceum, Cambridge, 1811, edited by Edward Everett and contributed to by James Fenimore Cooper and fellow members of the class of 1811; the Ordeal, a critical journal of politics and literature, Boston, 1809; the Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Monitor, published in Philadelphia in 1775, containing "Death of Gen. Wolfe, Set to Music by a Gentleman of This Country, the Words by Atlanticus," etc., autograph of Elias Boudinot on the first page; the Pennsylvania Magazine for 1776, containing the Declaration of Independence, and "Something, Edited by Nemo Somebody," Boston, 1809-10, a scarce periodical, edited by James Fennell, the comedian and author.

William Archer gives us an illustration of American humor: A Chicago man travelling in Louisiana wrote to his sweetheart: "Dear Mamie:—I have shot an alligator. When I have shot another, I will send you a pair of slippers."—As Others See Us.

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DAN OF LOOSE GOLD

BY

ARTHUR RACH

THE assumption of a partnership in the Loose Gold mining camp hotel's proprietorship by William Stathley, late graduate of Harvard, was not traceable to the then widespread gold fever, nor to an unpleasantly romantic past, nor to any of the various reasons to which the presence of most other members of the community might be assigned. Overwork at college had produced that anaemic condition of mind and body which is fecund soil for consumption, and in consequence his doctor had thought to ward off the disease by ordering a period of "roughing it" in California. Though amply supplied with funds he did not wish his temporary absence from his chosen profession of the law to be a total loss, and the transient character of the people in a new country suggested profit in the hotel business.

The free spirit of the little mining town quickly took possession of him, as it did of nearly every man who ever encountered it, and he soon fell comfortably into at least the more wholesome part of the life about him. Men of every conceivable status of character and attainments there mingled familiarly, animated by the common quest of gold and the generous fellow feeling of comrades in hardship.

At the present moment the town was quiet, business dull. A reported "strike" up Halo creek had stampeded such of the population as could get away. As Stathley and his partner, Dave Boltus, were discussing the situation in the waiting room of the Laurelia hotel, the heat lit up the dusty road outside with yellow splendor, and quivering in the air of Halo Gulch, made the hazy blue mountainside opposite appear to be heaving as if panting with the heavy air. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an unshaven, disorganized-looking man whose presence strongly exhaled the aroma of the bar. His walk was sufficiently firm, however, and he approached Boltus as a familiar acquaintance. Before speaking he squared himself in front of that gentleman, drew a deep breath through distended nostrils and raised one hand in a gesture of commanding attention.

"Will yez listen tuh me?" he demanded, in singularly rich and sonorous tones.

"Yes," impassively responded Boltus.

"Won't yuh gimme a dime?"

This astonishing plea was delivered in a manner pitifully contrasted with his first appearance. His grandiose air was gone and instead there was the snivelling whine, hunched shoulders, drooped eyes of the habitual sycophant.

"No," replied Boltus, "I won't. I've given you money before that you've spent on liquor and you'd do it again now."

"No. Swear it, no. Le-le-let me tell yuh, Dave. I want to buy a meal. I've quit drinkin', honest, Dave."

"If you want a meal, why don't you ask for it? We're runnin' a hotel. You want liquor. And you ain't stopped drinkin,' either. What's that on your breath?"

The man hung his head, unable to reply. For a moment both were silent; then he threw back his shoulders and resumed the defiant attitude of his entrance.

"Will yez listen tuh me?"

"O, yes, we'll listen to you. What is it?"

He hesitated a moment. The head drooped again.

"Gimme a dime!"

Stathley turned away in disgust, but more sick at heart.

"No, I won't give you a dime, Dan. You go home and sober up and then we'll talk to you."

The man started irresolutely toward the door, and Stathley looked again. As he reached the exit he turned to the pair and gazed at them with the muddled malevolence of a man half drunk. Slowly he raised his fist.

"Ye're all Roman fathers in hyer, and may ye be damned fer it."

Stathley was interested.

"Roman fathers? Where did you ever hear anything about Roman fathers? Did you ever read a book?"

The man gazed long and contemptuously at Stathley.

"Did I ever read a book?"

His eyes gleamed, his chest heaved, his declamatory voice returned.

"What does Macauley say about Lord Byron? 'From his poetry his enthusiasts drew a system of ethics composed of misanthropy and voluptuousness; a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife.'"

The next moment Stathley and Boltus were alone.

"Who is that freak?" inquired the Harvard graduate.

"Well, I ain't tellin' everybody, but you're my pard and can keep yer mouth, so I don't mind tellin' you. First I knew of him, he was a good lawyer in my town in Ohio and he wasn't anybody's fool, either. He went to college like you and in his business he done well. His people up in Massachusetts were away up, and he went with the best in Ohio. Well, he run across some pretty girl there and married her. She was out of the gutter compared to him, but he liked her and thought he could make her his sort by making her his wife. It's the old story of the blood and bone. First year all was lovely. Then she began to show she wasn't made over. She had notions and a temper and she stormed at him when she was crossed, and she bled him for every cent he could spare and abused him because it wasn't more. He thought she was just spoiled and wanted more money to splurge on, so at last he got desperate and told her one day he'd be back in a year, and skipped. He left her what cash he could and came West here where he knew I'd come a couple of years ago. It's 'bout a year now since he come and the gold business he hoped to get her money with hasn't turned out. She don't know where he is, nor none of the town people, and I ain't tellin' 'em, either. What's happened there since he left I get in letters from wife. Seems it got to be town talk after Dan left that Mrs. Williams was takin' kindly to the attention of Luke Mitchell. Suddenly Luke disappeared. Ain't been heard from since. Month or so ago Mrs. Williams goes without leavin' word. You can put two and two together from that and guess six. Williams, here, don't know these last facts, but it's my private opinion for future public consumption that Mrs. Williams' tantrums wasn't due to lack of money, but to preference for another fellow, and the money she got out of him was laid by for a time she hoped to make come. That's about all I know of it. Dan gets wild sometimes because his claim don't show a bonanza streak, and then he goes on a spree. He'll come around."

Stathley meditated a good deal all morning upon the peculiar turns that fate and circumstance may seem to force upon a man, and he was so deeply involved in these philosophic questions that he failed to note particularly the various people deposited by the stage at the hotel door. The early afternoon heat grew more intense and the outlines of the pine-clad slopes more clearcut as the air drank up the mists. The heavy odor of tansy pervaded the gulch and under the somnolent influence of heat and fragrance he drifted into a doze, faintly conscious as he did so of seeing up the road the figure of Dan Williams lurching out of the Royal Arcade saloon, evidently more potently under the sway of liquor. The peaceful quiet of his slumbers was broken a few moments later by Williams' entrance, and begging for a place to sleep off his intoxication. Stathley guided him into a corner behind the counter where he could lie out of sight and quickly forgot him in a return to his own nap. Late in the afternoon his rest was again broken, this time by his partner, greatly excited.

"'Member what I told you about Dan this mornin'? Well, by George, his wife's here in this hotel. She came in on the noon stage, and that infernal scoundrel, Luke Mitchell, is along. Neither of 'em ever had anything to do with me back yonder, so they don't recognize me, but I know them. And ——"

"Sh!" cautioned Stathley. "Dan's in here," pointing to the corner.

Boltus stepped over and looked behind the counter.

"Drunk and asleep. He won't hear. Well, sir, if that pair ain't a precious one. They got their license at Mariposa as they came through and the parson's to get here at 10 o'clock tonight and marry them. They told me to have the parlor ready. Cooke came in with 'em and they've bought out his range and the C-cross brand and are going to settle. I figure she thinks Dan's dead somewhere East, and she thinks California's a good place to get away from what Ohio folks know of her and start in with that Luke Mitchell. But Dan ain't dead, and if—if he should run across 'em after they're married, wouldn't it be a mess? She'd be in a fix."

"We must get Dan away from here before he sees her," suggested Stathley, "and then stop that wedding. If that comes off and it gets out here how things stand, Mitchell and she'd string, sure. And think how it would hit Dan."

The man behind the counter was slowly gaining his feet. He seemed to have just awakened from long sleep, but appeared recovered from his liquor, and pulled himself together in a moment.

"Dan," said Dave, "you must go home right now and stay there a week. Hear me? Don't come around town again for a week. Promise?"

"Dave, I'll promise if ye'll do something for me. You and yer partner come up to my shack after supper tonight. I've got something I want to talk to you two about."

"Right after supper?"

"Yes. But promise faithful you'll come."

"All right, on honor," both promised, "if it's early after supper."

"By the way, Dave, give me some of that carbolic acid you keep for bugs. They're getting bad up at the shack and I want to fix them."

Boltus gave him some in the bottom of a flask. When Williams was gone, he said:

"We can get back in time to stop the weddin' business if we go early."

Stathley was curious to see the woman who had driven one man to drink and was leading the other upon the brink of a great sin. At the supper table she appeared, vivacious, coarse, and at intervals displayed whims of temper that suggested what Boltus had described as a characteristic.

After the meal the two left the hotel for their appointment with Williams. As they started up the road Mitchell hailed them. He explained that the clergyman whom they had engaged had sent word he could not come, and they had decided to go on the 8 o'clock stage to Wawona. He paid the bill and left Stathley and Boltus in a quandary.

"Well, as long as they are away from here, I guess we can't stop 'em," was the conclusion of Boltus. "Let's go on and see what Dan wants."

They reached the cabin, but found it dark. No greeting answered their knock, and with a sudden sense of uneasiness they pressed in. In a chair, his face disfigured beyond recognition by the acid, and with a bullet through his heart, sat Dan Williams. On the table was a note.

"Dear Dave:

"I saw her and I heard you. For my sake let her alone and never tell anyone I was her husband. Thank you beforehand for what I know you will do in friendship to me. Burn this. "DAN."

FATHER CROWLEY CONCURS.

Father D. O. Crowley was appointed a member of the committee whose report on the graft conditions appeared in the last number of The California Weekly. Father Crowley was severely injured by an automobile early in the investigations of the committee, and was unable to attend its later deliberations. He did, however, heartily endorse the aims of his fellow members of the committee, their integrity of purpose, and their concluding recommendations, in the following letter:

"William Denman Esq., Chairman of the
"Committee on Investigation Into
"Causes of Municipal Corruption in
"San Francisco.

"Dear Mr. Denman:—I have just gone over the report of our committee and wish to assure you of my hearty approval of the recommendations made at the end thereof.

"It is with great regret that, on account of my sickness and absence from many of our meetings, I am unable to sign the findings of the report. This is not because I disagree with any of them, but because I am unable either to disagree or agree with several, not having heard the evidence on which they rest.

"You do not need to be assured that, as far as my connection with the committee is concerned, I have never felt out of harmony with the ideals and aims of my confreres, nor any doubt as to the integrity of their purpose.

"Yours sincerely,
"D. O. CROWLEY."

ARTISTIC RECLUSES.

(From Tit-Bits.)

Carlyle once remarked when a friend chided him for being such a recluse that social life was work's greatest enemy. The Chelsea Sage considered that a man must shun acquaintances and friends if he wished to give the world his best work, and a study of the lives of some present day geniuses shows that it is total absorption in their work which causes them to hide from the public gaze.

Take the case of Matthew Maris, for instance, the well-known painter, whose picture "Four Mills" fetched 3,300 guineas at Christie's a few days ago. Maris lives in strict seclusion in London lodgings, the whereabouts of which is only known to about half a dozen people. He is now an old man of seventy years of age and rarely leaves his study. And not only does he hide himself from the public, but he also hides his pictures. He has not sold a painting for years, although dealers are willing to pay thousands of pounds for them, as is evident from the prices fetched by those which are occasionally put up for auction.

Maris reminds one of the great Italian sculptor, Vincenzo Gemito, who twenty years ago shut himself in his study and refused to leave it. To a certain extent Gemito's reason had become unsettled owing to overwork and distressing mental suffering and one of the reasons why he would not leave his study was that he feared the attacks of fantastic foes, who were the figments of his disordered brain, but his malady in no way interfered with his work. For twenty years Gemito has been working hard at the production of statuettes, real masterpieces, which he modelled and remodelled time after time, bringing them to the highest degree of perfection.

It was reported a few days ago, however, that Gemito had been induced to leave his study by no less a personage than the Duchess of Aosta, who frequently visited him. She succeeded in inducing him to go to the royal palace and, accompanied by two relatives, Gemito left his house and walked along the sunny streets of Naples. At the palace he was cheerfully greeted by the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, who entertained him for a considerable time. The effect was magical. Throwing off the depressing gloom of years the aged sculptor returned home full of joy, declaring that he would come out again and enjoy life.

For the first time for some years Tolstoy left his home at the beginning of October to pay a visit to a friend in Moscow. The famous Russian has for many years led a peaceful and quiet life on his estate at Yasnaya Polyana, which is situated about 130 miles south of Moscow, amid forests and surrounded by beautiful hilly country, devoting his time between writing and outdoor labor, clad in the picturesque blue smock of the Russian peasant. Tolstoy, however, while refusing to mix with the world, is ever ready to receive visitors. The consequence is that, although Yasnaya Polyana is by no means easy of access, many pilgrims find their way thither to pay their respects to the preacher of obedience to Christian principles.

In a little cottage of the simplest kind at Bromley, Kent, lives Prince Kropotkin, the famous Russian exile, whose revolutionary teachings led to several terms of imprisonment, while serving one of which he escaped to England. The Prince rarely leaves his Bromley home, where he writes his books and indulges in his favorite hobbies of book binding and carpentry. He is a man who has suffered even more than Tolstoy for his ideas, and still seeks by his writings to ameliorate the conditions under which the Russian peasant lives.

Tolstoy and Kropotkin remind one very much of Bjornson, the famous Norwegian poet, who hides himself from the world in a little house at Christiania. Bjornson was an intimate friend of Ibsen and never cared for the social world. He has a great contempt for a man who seeks social triumphs, and since Ibsen's death has become even more strict in his seclusion. He seldom leaves his study or receives friends.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who has been called the "Belgian Shakespeare," has immured himself in Normandy at a ruined abbey which he has made his home. Now and again he gives the world some new masterpiece, but people seldom have an opportunity of seeing the genius who has made for himself a name as one of the greatest of living thinkers.

("Epochal Administration"—Concluded.)

ants, should not be forgotten. The members of the board of supervisors should be named individually, that the credit for their services may be remembered of each as a private citizen. They were: Paul Bancroft, James P. Booth, William Broderick, George Center, A. Comte, Jr., Oscar Hocks, Thomas Jennings, James H. Johnston, M. H. McAllister, Ralph McLeran, Charles A. Murdock, Daniel C. Murphy, Henry Payot, Allan Pollok, and, during parts of the administration, A. A. D'Ancona, W. W. Sanderson, W. E. Balcomb, A. H. Giannini, Matt Harris, Sr., George A. Connolly, Lippman Sachs, W. G. Stafford, and Loring P. Rixford.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

nation the people probably would turn to a Democrat; for they strongly feel that the character and amount of litigation from the south are so important that Southern California must have better representation in the court of last resort. Incidentally, it is strongly intimated that the James candidacy is being encouraged by the machine in the hope of splitting the southern vote sufficiently to defeat the nomination of Judge Wilbur.

Boom for D. K. Trask Many influential Democrats in Los Angeles have quietly inaugurated a boom for D. K. Trask, formerly a judge on the superior bench in Los Angeles. Judge Trask is a man of high personal character and unusual professional attainments. He is well-liked and thoroughly respected by the people of Los Angeles and vicinity, irrespective of politics. As a member of Mayor Alexander's first police commission he won thousands of friends among the Republicans here. A man like Trask as a candidate for the supreme court, if he were the only candidate at the general election from Southern California, would poll a tremendous Republican vote south of the Tehachapi.

James A. Anderson Is Also Mentioned Another name the Democrats are conjuring with in this connection is that of James A. Anderson, formerly president of the Los Angeles Bar Association. Mr. Anderson has never served on the bench, but his qualifications for an eminent judicial position are generally recognized, and if he will consent to become a candidate he will be assured of most cordial and effective support from Southern California.

Two Other Democrats The possible candidates from the northern part of the state most commonly mentioned by the Democrats are Judge Maurice Dooling of San Benito county, and Judge Frank J. Murasky of San Francisco. Either unquestionably would make a strong run, for the records of both are impeccable.

He Both Made Good And Made Himself Free Amidst all the political talk the important office of State Treasurer is escaping attention, and that would not be occasion for regret if it could be taken to mean that the present Treasurer, William R. Williams, will be re-elected by general consent, for he is the strongest and safest man who has filled the office for a long time. He has had some difficult work to perform, for on him fell the duty of working out the details of the new system of depositing State funds, in place of locking them up, and as he elaborated it the scheme has gone like clock-work. For the last two years and a half the State has had on deposit in a large number of banks, under protection of ample bond security, from three and a half to four and a half millions of dollars; not a dollar of public money has been lost, or even jeopardized for a moment, although during the time the country has gone through a financial panic, and the State is collecting between $75,000 and $100,000 a year in interest—so much money found which used to be thrown away. Mr. Williams was the author of a series of bills in the last Legislature which if passed would have further modernized the fiscal arrangements of the State and been of great convenience to all who have to do business with it. But while it is admitted on all hands that Williams' management of the department has been excellent, there is some feeling against him on the part of the political machine because he has been independent and has openly avowed his support of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. He was nominated at the Santa Cruz convention, and the machine thinks it ought to own every office-holder who was named at that gathering. It don't near own State Treasurer W. R. Williams.

Finding Out The Program There is a branch of politics in which the professional takes an immense interest and the ordinary citizen a mild one; it is finding out "what is the program"—meaning the program made up by the established organization. While the independent citizen is interested in the program principally to avoid falling into the traps it provides, the professional, who looks to politics for his livelihood, regards the program with reverence and is concerned profoundly to discover the program in order that he may follow it. To him what is a program is right and everything else is wrong on principle. There is a story that during the height of John L. Sullivan's vogue as champion pugilist of the country, when he was almost deified, a certain devout follower of his said: "No sporting man ought to be married; John L. Sullivan is not married." "But you are mistaken about that," said his friend. "John L. Sullivan is married." "Is that so?" exclaimed the astounded worshiper. "Why, then, every sporting man ought to be married." All of the Republican politicians of the State are now praying to have the program delivered to them, and for some unexplained reason it is being delayed beyond precedent. Every little while some of them will start off on the theory that they have discovered the authentic program, but they soon return, as from the pursuit of a false scent, and daily the discontent and irritation grows that the true program is not handed down. It is really cruel of Mr. Herrin to keep such faithful followers so long in the dark.

PERSONALIA

General James B. Weaver, many times a Presidential candidate on Populist tickets, has turned into "divine healer" in his old age.

Bryn Mawr college has just received a splendid gift amounting to $7,000 from one of its alumnae, Miss Cynthia M. Wesson, of the class of 1909.

William M. Ampt, the Cincinnati lawyer, bequeathed his estate of $150,000, after his widow shall have had the use of it, to provide concerts for the people.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie are both making unprecedented records, but at the end of 1909 Mr. Rockefeller had given away $181,760,162, as against Mr. Carnegie's $162,000,000. Together they have distributed in the form of free gifts $343,760,162.

Not only Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Garfield are surviving mistresses of the White House, but also Mrs. John E. McElroy of Albany, who presided there "with such elegance and grace during the presidency of her distinguished brother, Chester A. Arthur."

Henry Phipps of New York, founder of the institute in Philadelphia bearing his name and designed to war on tuberculosis, is to turn its control over to the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. A new hospital is to be built at Seventh and Lombard streets at an expenditure of over $500,000.

Levi P. Morton at 86 assumes the chairmanship of the board of one of the two largest trust companies in the country. That, to be sure, is "going some." The office no doubt will be more or less honorary, but at that age it is a good deal to be able to get around just to collect the director's fee.

Dr. Carl Webber, still practicing in New York city, performed in 1866 the first operation for appendicitis. There was no knowledge of stomach cutting at that time. The operation was performed without antiseptics. The instruments and appliances were comparatively primitive. The patient is alive and well in New York.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is said to be largely responsible for the election of George H. Fall as Mayor of Malden, Mass. During the campaign one of Mr. Fall's opponents wrote a letter saying that though Mr. Fall had served in the legislature he had done nothing to attract attention. Mrs. Howe sent an immediate answer reminding the voters that it was Mr. Fall who introduced and carried through the legislature the bill making mothers equal guardians of their minor children with fathers. Mr. Fall and his wife are both lawyers.

A. Henry Peterson of the Seattle office of the United States shipping commissioner's department, has hanging on his office wall a map of Alaska which is something of a curiosity. Like most sailors of the old school, Peterson is a handy man with the needle, and in the spare time at his disposal it took him ten months to make the map. It is all of silk embroidery, and nearly 500 skeins of silk thread were used in its manufacture. The different divisions of country are done in different colored silk, and all the names are worked in. The map is complete in detail.

James L. Davenport, the new United States commissioner of pensions, was born in Hinsdale, N. H. When the Civil War broke out he was 16 years old, the New Hampshire recruiting officers would not take him, and so he ran away and enlisted in the Fortieth Wisconsin Regiment of Volunteers. Because of a severe illness he was invalided home in 1864 and settled in Keene, N. H., which he has since called home. He became a commercial traveler for a wholesale Boston grocery house in 1870. In 1881 he was made a clerk in the pension office in Washington, and in 1897 President McKinley appointed him first deputy commissioner. Now President Taft has made him commissioner. Mr. Davenport has voted in Keene at every national and state election since 1868. He is 64 years old.

SHEAR WIT

Bill—Did you say he works very hard to get his wages?" Jill—Yes; so does his wife!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—Do you believe in local option? Pa—Well, I should like to be able to do exactly as I please right here at home.—Somerville Journal.

Gills—"What do you call that thing?" Willis—"We decided at our house this year that we would give only useful presents, and this is the beautiful, embroidered, hand-painted snow-shovel that my wife gave me."—Puck.

The musical young woman who dropped her peekaboo waist in the piano player and turned out a Beethoven sonata has her equal in the lady who stood in front of a five-bar fence and sang all the dots on her veil.—Everybody's Magazine.

"Have you ever done any manual labor, man?" asked the lawyer. "Any what, thir?" lisped the youth. "Any manual labor—labor with your hands?" "Oh, yeth, thir. I wole all my own cigarwettes, thir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition. "Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked. "No, but I am," said Casey.—Cleveland Leader.

"I'd hate to be a millionaire." "Gosh! Why?" "Well, millionaires are always getting letters threatening them with all sorts of horrible fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money." "That's nothing. I get just such letters on the first of every month."—Cleveland Leader.

"Ever noticed it?" queried the party who propounds queries on the installment plan. "Did I ever notice what?" asked the other, who did not even pretend to be a mind reader. "That the person who finds fault invariably insists upon returning it to the owner," concluded he of the prelude.—Chicago News.

A would-be author called on Mr. Fields one day at his office in the old-time Boston publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. Evidently the young man did not like Mr. Fields' appearance, for this was the conversation that took place. "Is this Mr. Fields?" "It is, sir." "Mr. James T. Fields?" "I am, sir." "Well, then, I'd like to see Mr. Ticknor!"

James R. Keene, apropos of the jumping contests at the New York horse show, talked about fox hunting, says the Washington Star. "Hunting," said he, "develops a race of very savage, selfish men. There was, for instance, Jones. Jones, on a bitter cold day, was riding hard at a brook, when he perceived the head of his dearest friend sticking dismally out of the icy water. Did Jones go to his friend's assistance? Not a bit of it. 'Duck, you fool!' he shouted, and jumped over him."

Close Quarters.

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, port captain of the state pilots of California, about the crowded conditions of a steamer on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber. "That's nothing. You should have traveled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than one thousand passengers, and if you put fifty on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would make trouble for somebody. Three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said,

"'Captain, you must really find me a place to sleep.'

"'Where in the thunder have you been sleeping until now?' asked the old man.

"'Well,' says the fellow, 'you see, it's this way. I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now and won't stand for it much longer.'"—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

(The German Bank)

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

526 California street.

Mission Branch: 2672 Mission street, near 22d.

Richmond District Branch: 432 Clement street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

Member of The Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

N. W. Corner California and Montgomery streets.

For the half year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4⅛) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1st. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of January will receive dividend from January 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

ADOLPH ZEIS.

Administrator of the estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 23, 1909.

CARY HOWARD,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. 26,607. Dept. 12.

DECISION AND JUDGMENT.

In the above entitled matter, the petition of The California Weekly, by A. J. Pilsbury, its editor and manager, for a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing said The California Weekly as a newspaper of general circulation, having come on regularly to be heard this 31st day of December, 1909, W. H. Payson, Esq., appearing as attorney for petitioner, and no other appearances having been made, thereat.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that due notice of said petition was duly given and published, as required by law and the order of the Court herein, and the hearing of said petition having, by order of this Court, been set for this day at the hour of Ten o'clock, A. M., in the courtroom of said Court, Department No. 12, No. 216 McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, and now, at the time and place specified the said petition having been heard, and testimony taken, and no person appearing to contest the said petition, and the matter having been submitted to the Court for decision, and the Court being fully advised in the premises,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby found, ordered, adjudged and decreed that all the facts stated in said petition are true; that the said newspaper, The California Weekly, is and for upwards of one year last past next preceding the making and filing of said petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence, of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year next preceding the date of filing of said petition; that said The California Weekly is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number thereof, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes; and that said The California Weekly is hereby ascertained and established as a newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

Dated December 31st, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANIS, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 31, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. by Milton M. Davis, Deputy Clerk.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

I, H. I. Mulcrevy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court, in and for said City and County,

HEREBY CERTIFY, the foregoing to be a full, true and correct Copy of the Original Decision and Judgment in the above entitled cause, filed in my office on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1909.

ATTEST my hand and Seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, 1909.

[Seal] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By MILTON M. DAVIS, Deputy Clerk.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Secretary of State.

The Secretary of State is the record keeper of the state government. This general function is subdivided into a great diversity of duties, and others more or less outside the original conception of the office have been added from time to time by the legislature. He registers and certifies to the acts of the governor, such as appointments, pardons, patents and extraditions; he preserves the original bills and resolutions passed by the legislature, and issues the printed volumes of statutes and journals; he has the custody of the great seal of the state; he is the keeper of the archives and the state sealer of weights and measures; he records all articles of incorporation and issues certificates of incorporation; and he is ex-officio a member of more boards and commissions than any other state officer except the governor.

In late years the secretaryship of state has become a great revenue office through the collection of large amounts of fees for recording and also corporation licenses. Ten years ago the total receipts of the office did not amount to more than thirty thousand dollars per year, while now they are nearly thirty times as great, or nine hundred thousand dollars. This result has been brought about by increasing largely the fees charged for filing articles of incorporation and similar documents, insomuch that, with the large growth which has taken place in the number of filings, the receipts from this source now amount to two hundred thousand dollars; by establishing the corporation license tax, which brings in more than six hundred thousand dollars annually, and by the automobile license, which produces twenty thousand annually. Other receipts of the office are from the sale of ballot paper, statutes and various other official publications. It has been the policy of the state to distribute gratuitously most of its publications, but the statutes and a few other publications it sells.

To support the office of the Secretary of State, with all its connections, costs the state not far from a hundred thousand dollars a year, and this expense, like the revenues collected, has grown rapidly in recent years. In one way and another, the "patronage" of the office, outside of the number of clerks and others employed, is large, because the Secretary of State is the purchasing agent of the government for various classes of supplies used by the state officers and the legislature. He is the superintendent of the capitol building and buys the furniture and carpets and makes necessary repairs—all meaning the expenditure of considerable sums of money and the employ of many janitors, watchmen, firemen, and electricians.

The most important relations of the Secretary of State to the public come through his membership of the Board of Examiners, the Lunacy Commission and the Board of Forestry. He is also a member of the Capitol Commission and other less weighty government bodies. Belonging to the Board of Examiners, he is brought into intimate contact with the finances of the state and can exercise a wholesome influence or the reverse; he can save the state's money or can introduce laxity and wastefulness in all the departments, because upon the manner in which its accounts are checked up depends the conduct of almost every office, board or commission. If he chooses to do politics, and "make friends" at the expense of the taxpayers, the Secretary of State can be a public evil of no small proportions; and, on the other hand, if he is stubbornly honest, thoroughly independent, and regards the state's affairs as business rather than politics, he can render splendid service to the people. The Governor is busy with a thousand other affairs of moment, the Attorney General is only in Sacramento occasionally, and so the Secretary of State is likely to be a very important personage in this powerful commission, the State Board of Examiners, which is a sort of small legislature, largely governing the state when the greater legislature is not in session.

Through his membership of the Lunacy Commission the Secretary of State has a hand in the control of six great hospitals containing nearly seven thousand patients and spending all the time more and more of the taxpayers' money. The system under the general supervision, if not management, of the Lunacy Commission is so extensive that it means a great deal to the state to have the right kind of man for Secretary of State on this account as well as other accounts. And on the Forestry Board he is dealing with another set of public problems of magnitude, calling for their successful solution for the broadest qualities of mind.

The truth of the matter is that the office of Secretary of State has come to be much more far-reaching than it should be, but men love power and the secretary himself is about the last man to object to the variety or importance of his activities.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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SHORTHAND INSTITUTE AND COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
Twelfth and Harrison Sts., Oakland
Incorporated Capital Stock $100,000.00
The greatest business training school of the west. Finest building and equipment in the United States. National reputation for high-grade work. Graduates secure the best positions.
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A WORD TO THE PARENT

Educate that boy of yours for business : :

¶ IT IS HONORABLE.
¶ HE WILL BE LOOKED UP TO.
¶ HE WILL HAVE SPLENDID PROSPECTS.

Call in and let us talk the matter over, you'll always be welcome.

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425 McALLISTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

This Week: "THE CENTRAL BANK: THE INCOME TAX."

—*By James D. Phelan.*

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JANUARY 21: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

Vol. II Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal. GOOD FAITH·GOOD COURAGE·GOOD HUMOR Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00, In Advance. No. 9.

The Aviation Meet.

OS ANGELES LOVES to be up in the air. No inconsiderable part of her real estate is up there and so are all of her leals, and now the aviation meet has proven the upper regions ccessible. The next we know they will be staked out and lorned with "for sale" signs. Seriously, however, that aviation eet was characteristically "Los Angelic." It was also charcteristically successful. It advertised Los Angeles all over the orld and brought all the people to town to spend their money, vo fat canvasbacks killed with one stone! Our congratulations.

Look Out, Uncle Sam!

T IS TO BE HOPED that the keen eye of Uncle Sam will not fail of falling upon the expose of the Copper River enterprise hich will be found in this paper. Unless our source of informaon proves to have been fearfully at fault, as we do not appreend that it will, the most colossal swindle of the decade is about be worked on the United States government by the Morgan-uggenheim interests. Read every word of the story and then ll your friends what you have read and where you saw it. That ill promote investigation and investigation will make the truth ear. The syndicate in question has a white elephant up in the ows that it is plotting to sell to the government through a bond iaranty scheme. Money is being used to make Pacific Coast ntiment in favor of Alaskan development at government exense. The fact that the San Francisco Chronicle interested itself this is sufficiently suspicious to put the public on its guard and e anticipate that the Chronicle will be reinforced by the Oakand Tribune, the Post-Globe, the gutter weeklies and the Los ngeles Times. If this turns out to be so we shall all know that e Copper River enterprise is bogus. The California Weekly nnot afford to have the Copper River valley explored, but Uncle am's geodetic, geologic and topographical surveys can, and the restry and reclamation services can help. Not until all these ve reported favorably should a bond be guaranteed. Look out, ncle Sam!

The President's Measures Prearranged.

OTHING ELSE in the Taft administration, so far, has been so promising of good results, by and by, as his having hipped into definite form, in the shape of bills to be introduced the proper houses, his principal recommendations to congress. he has the American people behind him his bills in congress ll have the American people behind them. This system is Brit-n, we know, but so are all our best methods of getting things litical done. What other presidents have done covertly Taft s done openly with the evident purpose of establishing a precent. In this he has taken a splendid forward step.

Feast of Reason and Flow of Fists.

CCORDING TO THE EXAMINER Mayor McCarthy, at Monterey, Wednesday evening, announced it as his purpose, o bring to San Francisco every event of note capable of being nducted within the spirit of the law, so that the people of our n state, as well as people from abroad, may find themselves obing elbows and exchanging ideas and so familiarize themves with the needs of California." This is splendidly laudable. t the Mayor went on to exemplify his quality and caliber by ding: "I have in mind at the present moment the heavyweight, entific boxing contest between Jeffries and Johnson over which people of the whole world are interested, and I hope it will ne off in San Francisco." Great idea! All right for you, McCarthy! A great intellectual and scientific hippodrome! Wonderful opportunity for intellectual giants to "rub elbows and familiarize themselves with the needs of California." A Daniel come to judgment! Feast of reason and flow of fists!

The Ballinger Committee.

THE ATTEMPT OF THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS in the house of representatives to override the choice of the Democratic caucus as to the Democratic representation on the Ballinger investigating committee was outrageous. This investigation is a childish affair at best. Only one possible good can come of it and that is to have the whole dispute publicly aired. Ballinger is accused of nothing worse than having a bad disposition, a disposition to favor predatory interests as against the public interests, and the possession of a bad disposition is hardly susceptible of conviction. His sincerity is attacked rather than his conduct. He is accused of having committed no crime. There is nothing that the committee can find him guilty of except a "strong weakness" for the wrong side. To be wrongly inclined unfits him for a place in the President's cabinet, but it does not fit him for prison or for impeachment.

Needham for Speaker.

REPORT HAS IT that the California delegation are to push the claims of Representative J. C. Needham for speaker to succeed Cannon. If the rules of the house were, meantime, to be so revised as to enable the house itself, and not the speaker, to make up the committees, Mr. Needham would make a perfectly fair presiding officer, but he has not the timber in him for a czar. Therefore, if the speaker is still to be a czar, the house will not choose Mr. Needham. The interests will want tougher timber and the insurgents will want tougher timber to stand off the interests. Needham is not yet case-hardened in sin. Cannon is worn out. The interests will drop him and try to find another as near like him as possible to take his place. Cannonism will be perpetuated if it be possible. Cannon will be permitted to go to his place as soon as Satan will consent to the intrusion.

Will Fight Another Day.

RUSSIA IS REPORTED to have declined, with renewed assurances of its profoundest consideration for the United States, the proposal of Secretary Knox that the Manchurian railroad systems be made the subject of international investment and impartial operation. Japan is known to be reluctant also. Without a buffer state between them the recent peace between those two countries will prove little better than a prolonged armistice. The peace of the world requires that Manchuria be made a buffer state. Why may not the other nations of the world force that buffer in?

The New States Can Wait.

THE SENATE, WHICH IS THE UNITED STATES government, has decided, with the concurrence of the President (who generally has to concur whether he wishes to or not) that Arizona and New Mexico can wait another year for statehood. So they can. The decision is wise. They will be a year older in 1911 and presumably more sort of settled down. There is no hurry about their coming in. They can't get away. They will be there when we want them, and the more sobriety they acquire before they come in the better for the rest of the nation.

THE REAL WORK OF THE LEAGUE.

We favor the election of a state administration free from control by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad company, and allied interests, and pledged to a policy of efficiency and economy rather than to the maintenance of a political machine through the spoils of office.—Extract from Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League platform adopted at Oakland, November 22, 1909.

If there are those who believe that the Southern Pacific company is in politics merely to forestall the adverse consequences of an uncontrolled demagogy they deceive themselves. That corporation is in politics for what can be made out of politics, either in shirking obligations it should bear or in obtaining privilege it ought not to possess.

As an example in avoidance of obligations may be cited the fact that from 1884 to 1904, judged by the standards by which other property was assessed for taxation, and judged by the standards by which railroad property has been assessed during the last few years, the railroads of California avoided taxation in the average sum of $700,000 per year for the twenty-year period above given, or fourteen million dollars in all. What the railroads avoided paying that was their due other people paid in their stead.

As an example of obtaining what they ought not to have had may be instanced the grabbing of the water frontages along all our harbors and rivers until free access to the world's highway has, in most instances, been closed to public and competitive carrying companies. All these things were accomplished through political manipulation and not otherwise.

But even if the foregoing allegations were not true corporate domination of California should be resisted, if for no other reason than because the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau bases its political power wholly upon spoils of office. So many new offices have been created under this regime, and the salaries have been so greatly increased, that it has been rather roughly estimated that the state political patronage available for distribution cannot now fall much if any below a million dollars a year. With this mighty fund to draw upon is it any wonder that there are hundreds in public employ who may be counted on to serve the railroad interests first and the public interests afterward, if at all?

The real work of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is to give California an administration based upon higher grounds. Not that patronage will not always be an element to be reckoned with in political affairs. Unregenerate human nature will never become wholly unconcerned for a good office and a comfortable salary, but it is possible to put the political life of a great commonwealth above the status of a cringing, crawling subserviency to a great pap-dispensing political machine. Patronage may be made an incident to public service rather than public service an incident to patronage.

To be sure there are those in the public service, here and there, who are actuated by a splendid enthusiasm, but they are relatively far between and not unlikely at any time to be crowded out to make room for some place-hunter. The state needs more such and if the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League shall be victorious at the primaries next August it will fill the public service with men of honorable ideals. The league is made up of just such men.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SHIP QUESTION.

This paper has said some things favorable to the ship-subsidy idea, and yet always with a feeling of hopefulness that some better way of rehabilitating our American merchant marine might be found. Our country has so suffered from the conversion of free opportunities into special privileges, and into mechanisms for practicing extortion, that the word "subsidy" has become repellant.

But in our quest for further light our critics have been of small service. One vociferates that we cannot have commerce unless we will trade free, in spite of the fact that we already have a huge commerce and do not trade free, thus missing the question at issue altogether, which is, Why are we not carrying half the commerce we have instead of less than 10 per cent. of it?

Another declares that we ought to know that special privileges and bounties are wrong and that we should find in that our all sufficient answer. This is on a parity with that pharisaical individual who rolls under his tongue the delectable morsel: "To license is to sin," and so goes on voting with the dive keepers to the end of his days fully persuaded of his own unspotted righteousness.

Such arguments make us weary and enlighten us not at all.

But in the January number of the Twentieth Century Magazine, Mr. William T. Bates has an article on the "Shipping Policy of the Constitution," that challenges respectful consideration if not immediate acquiescence. The most important point he makes is, in effect, that while a system of ship-subsidies might conceivably restore the American merchant marine to the high seas the subsidies would have to be granted in such enormous volume as to stagger the world. In other words, it would require the expenditure in subsidies of forty to eighty million dollars a year to enable our half of the carrying business to be carried in our ships, a consummation our people would not stand for a moment, while a 10 per cent. restoration of our deep sea commerce, as much as those favoring ship-subsidy dare ask for, would be merely a tantalization.

There is force in this argument. Something like half of all the commerce that goes in and out of our American harbors should be carried in American built, American manned and American owned ships, and a policy that at best can restore no more than 10 per cent of that commerce is hardly worth the candle, except that the special advantages to be derived from opening trade relations with certain countries might, apart from the general purpose, justify a special subsidy or two. Or, the need for a certain definite number of auxiliaries in time of war might justify subsidizing a number of vessels equal to that requirement, which also would be apart from the general issue of rehabilitating the American merchant marine.

Mr. Bates' remedy is the repeal of the Navigation Act of 1828, which would leave our government free to impose discriminating tariffs in favor of goods brought in American ships. Undoubtedly that act resulted in the eventual destruction of our deep sea shipping business, but whether or not the repeal of that act and the restoration of the old system of discriminatory tariff rates, would restore our American merchant marine without requiring the maintenance of an American navy big enough to whip the combined navies of England, Germany and Japan (the three deep sea draying nations) is also something of a problem. Dare we undertake it?

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The President's First Mistake.

When, twenty years ago, Thomas B. Reed counted as present Democratic members of the house of representatives in their seats, but not voting, and so established a quorum and became "Czar" Reed, all that he did was to preserve government by the majority despite of the filibustering tactics of a recalcitrant minority. The "Cannonization" of the house came long after. It has come to be an intolerable burden to the house and a humiliation to the country, especially so during Joe Cannon's first term as speaker. He was the first true "Czar" of the house.

No sooner was President Taft inaugurated than he was appealed to to throw his executive influence into the scale to secure such a modification of the rules of the house as would permit the house to select its own committees in orderly fashion, confining the speaker to the function of presiding and preventing him from becoming the autocrat of the house as the leader of the senate is the autocrat of that body. The President declined to take any part in that controversy, the rules were perpetuated, "Cannon-Aldrichism" became a national scandal and the President became lined-up with his enemies instead of with his friends.

That was a strategic bludner if nothing more. The President had a chance to make 375 out of 391 members of that house his friends forever, but he lacked the nerve to do it. Of course it was no part of his duty as President to interfere in the making of rules for governing either house of congress, and the proprieties warranted him in keeping his hands off that which did not concern him, but, as the event proved, the reformation of those rules did concern him profoundly. They wellnigh involved the making or the breaking of his administration because they involved the making or breaking of "Cannon-Aldrichism," the issue on which the insurgents and the regulars split. The issue became great and national and may yet rip the Republican party from stem to stern leaving the President on that side of it to which he does not naturally belong. The President needs to dare and always to dare. If he takes counsel with his fears, as he did here in San Francisco in relation to the establishment of justice, he will nearly always lose out.

Let the People Guess Again.

Assuming that the Spring Valley Water company was sincere in its willingness to sell its entire plant to San Francisco at the price named, and in view of the big vote polled at the recent election in favor of making the purchase, The California Weekly favors resubmitting that proposal to the people at the earliest date possible.

This it does in the belief that the full significance of the refusal of the people to purchase the Spring Valley system has not been made clear even to P. H. McCarthy. In this particular we are proceeding upon the hypothesis that Mayor McCarthy was acting with sincerity in opposing that purchase, that he is open minded to such an extent that if overwhelming evidence were placed before him he would be free to change his policy in conformity with such evidence. We have no reason to presume to the contrary except that had a deep-laid and malevolent plot been entered into to thwart the entire Tuolumne proposition, in the interests of some power company or some other source of water supply to be sold to the city at a cost of millions, the policy that Mayor McCarthy did

follow would have been the craftiest one to follow.

Our government is founded, not upon the rights of men or of cities or states, but upon the security of property and the inviolability of vested pecuniary interests. The American congress is the focal point of all such interests on this continent. That congress may be induced to sacrifice the scenic advantage of a popular outing ground (conceding for the sake of the argument only that such a sacrifice might be involved) in the interests of several hundred thousand consumers of water, but never at a cost involving the sacrifice of $35,000,000 of invested capital. The next time the Tuolumne proposition hits that snag in congress all will know that something has happened. Nor will the density of the McCarthy cranium protect the sensory system of His Honor from the disagreeable consequences of that shock.

And Ballinger, too! The personification of the potency of the financial element in public affairs! We shall hear from him. No country on earth allows the annihilation of public service investments by and through municipal ownership and this country will not. It is not the Spring Valley system that is in danger of annihilation. It is the Tuolumne system in which our people have hoped so much.

The only redeeming feature of the situation is that the Men of San Francisco voted to purchase the Spring Valley system overwhelmingly, almost two to one, but, unfortunately, not quite. Next time, with a better understanding of the reasons why, they will carry it by more than two-to-one. They should have another chance. It took four elections to bring the Geary stret bond proposition to a successful conclusion.

The Central Bank Idea.

We find pleasure in placing before our readers this week a thoughtful paper, prepared by Mr. James D. Phelan to be read before the recent conference of Democrats held in San Francisco. This paper deals with two subjects, both of intense public importance whether or not the interest of the public can be so early challenged. Mr. Phelan's contribution will help. One part of his paper is devoted to a discussion of the proposed Central National Bank of America and the other to the income tax amendment to the Constitution of the United States. In this paragraph we have to do with the central bank idea.

No doubt if the original United States Bank had been honest, and had been permitted to endure, it would by now be one of the great banking institutions of the world. It is not improbable that it would have proved of value in forestalling and mitigating panics, have afforded stability to our currency and also have obviated the assumed need for the united railroads of America to undertake to run the government of America, for the reason that it would have long since taken to itself that function and probably likewise the function of financing the railroads and controlling them, too. There were boundless possibilities of power in prospect when that institution was cut off at the wildcat stage of its existence. It is to be doubted if the American people will wish to take another chance at that hazard at this time, notwithstanding the seductive wiles of Nelson A. Aldrich and the colossal rapacities for whom he is the mouthpiece.

When we come to the factor of elasticity in currency, for which there is an unquestioned need, we have only to bear in mind one truth in order to make our attitude toward a central bank perfectly clear. That truth is that the only place where the need for elasticity can be instantly and automatically known is over the counter of the bank where the individual American citizen does his banking business. It is there and nowhere else, and there and nowhere else must the requirements of expansion and contraction be met day by day if they are to be met. This means some form of asset banking currency or nothing. A central bank at New York or Washington cannot meet the exigencies at Milpitas.

The Income Tax.

What Mr. James D. Phelan has to say elsewhere in this paper in relation to the national income tax amendment to the constitution of the United States is commended to the reader's respectful consideration. It may not prove the final word on the subject, but it will count for a better understanding of it. As to whether or not we ought at all times to have an income tax in operation there is room for two opinions, although, in the opinion of The California Weekly, there isn't any room to spare. On one factor in that issue there is not room for more than one opinion and that expressed in few words and plain English. **The United States government ought to have the POWER to impose an income tax whether or not it ever uses that power.** On that issue there cannot be two opinions outside a madhouse. It must be given that power, if not by amending the constitution, then by the backing down of the supreme court from its untenable position.

Enough to Last a While Yet.

Again the spirit of Malthus affrights the statistical mind. The world is producing people faster than food, and soon there will not be enough, by present standards, to go around. So we must improve methods and conserve resources, and even then we must expect the development of an underfed class. It is the same specter that has confronted every generation, but, somehow, each generation has been better fed than its predecessor, and the more people there were the more food there was to feed them. Now we are confronted with the exhaustion of the supply of free land, in free countries, in the free man's temperate zone, and the insufficiency of the open range to supply us cheap meat. So bread and meat are to get scarce.

But the world is bigger than we dreamed. Recently we have annexed the Arctic, in Alaska. Next, we shall annex the tropics. Nature produces more food to the acre in the tropics than ever produced to the square mile anywhere else. When nature's work is as much improved on in the tropics as it has been in the temperate zones, the tropics alone would feed all the men that the temperate zones could occupy in all industries.

Also, in the temperate zone, we are annexing Russia, Siberia, Manchuria and the southern parts of Africa and South America. These regions, with Canada and India, could feed the world if they were cultivated as western Europe is.

And to all this, we shall annex the sea. Some fisheries are being exhausted, but only those which treat fish as wild game, to be pot-hunted. We shall conserve the sea foods, as we are doing with oysters and beginning to do with salmon, and we shall search the whole sea for food, instead of skimming the coasts. There is life enough in the exhaustless sea to feed the land forever. Very likely, under the kelp-mat of the Saragossa sea, are fish enough to feed the world.

Also, we are annexing the air. It is not square acres of land that were being exhausted but the nitrogenous fertility therein. In the air above us is nitrogen, exhaustless in quantity, but hitherto unavailable. Now, by electrical methods, it can be "fixed," and made available for plant food. The land may be limited, but the sea and the air are exhaustless, and they, too, can feed the human race.

So, with the temperate zone only scratched, with the arctic and the tropics, the sea and the sky still open, there will be room enough and food enough in the world for a while yet.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

She was broad faced, unmistakeably German, roughly rather than uncomfortably clad, and her hands were bony and hard, showing that her life had not been easy. She was crossing the bay to the eastern shore for a Sunday outing that meant not a little to her. With her was a younger woman with a baby. The baby was fretful and monopolized the younger woman's time and attention, but the elder woman with the broad face and squat figure busied herself with watching the waves the boat made, the cloud shadows upon the water, the billowy greenness of the Piedmont hills, the glinting sunshine where it fell upon the bay, the flying birds, the islands, the low-lying wreaths of smoke the ferry boats left in their wake, the white sails of the yachts speeding away on a Sunday cruise. Nothing escaped her and, out of the fullness of her heart, she exclaimed again and again to her less enthusiastic companion: "Das ist so eine schone Welt. Das ist so eine schone Welt." "This is such a beautiful world. This is such a beautiful world."

Into that life of toil and economizing to make both ends meet, that life of hard conditions and few pleasures, the grace of God had somehow permitted to enter such an appreciation of beauty as illuminated the whole interior of the woman's being. No longer did her face seem broad and "Dutch," her figure squat and ungainly, her hands hard and toil-stained, for a soul glowed within and face and form stood transfigured in the radiance of an inner light. "Das ist so eine schone Welt."

Contrast that life with the life that is always looking inward and never outward! In the light of the "schone Welt" this woman scarcely realized her own existence. She did not fancy herself the center of the solar system. She did not conceive it to be the duty of providence to lay aside everything else upon hearing her complaining prayer in order that things might be made more comfortable for her. If she had aches she forgot them. If she had toiled hard all the week, and had another week of poorly requited toil ahead of her, she forgot that, too. She had seen the glory of the Lord reflected from a thousand beautiful objects, and in the light of that glory it was joy enough to be alive. As unconsciously as breathing itself she had lost her life that she might find it more abundantly. Job declared that in his flesh he expected to see God, but it may be doubted if he ever came nearer seeing God than that German woman did that Sunday morning going across the bay. She saw his glory manifesting itself in a thousand beauteous forms, and Job was fortunate beyond all his race if he saw more.

We look outward and forget what is within or we look within and forget what is without. The self-centered life is a life in prison. That soul is a caged bird either moping on its perch or beating its wings ineffectually against the bars of its cage. Those of us who are haunted with the pronoun "I" seldom find rest for the soles of our feet, and we are many, but those who can forget that based and capped shaft, erected in honor of each of us, and look off in some other direction will be wonderfully rewarded.

We are coming to have tremendous inequalities of fortune in this country. The poor we shall have always with us in greater abundance than our fathers ever dreamed of, even when inspired so to do by late suppers of mince pie and hard cider, but life cannot be made wholly intolerable to anyone who can open the windows of his soul to the glories of God as reflected from earth and sea and sky, from hill and valley, tree and flower, for in truth, thou prophetess of the Fatherland, "Das ist so eine schone Welt."

Do you want your child to live a happy life? Teach that child to look out rather than in, teach it to see the "schone" there is in the "Welt," and that you may do this hunt for it yourself.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Oscillation in British Government.

Now that it is apparent that the British Liberal party is to be continued in that official power which it has held since 1906, it becomes of some interest to note just how the regimes of Liberals and Conservatives have oscillated during, say, the last three-quarters of a century. During the time beginning with 1834 the Conservatives have held power ten times, while the Liberals have been in office eleven times. In total duration of time, however, the Liberals have decidedly the best of it, they having held power forty-two years and seven months as against the Conservatives' thirty-three years and one month, or about 30 per cent. longer than their rivals. The longest term held by the Conservatives (which included one proroguing of parliament) was the ten years and one month from 1895 to 1905, while the longest term of the Liberals (also including one prorogue) was the seven years and three months from 1859 to 1866. It will be seen, from these figures, that the two great British parties have maintained a fairly even distribution of power. There is neither a party which, like our Republican party, has a record of five-sixths of its existence in power, nor, like our Democratic party, that is merely a militant memory; and this is a condition wherein, for the best interests of the people, Great Britain undoubtedly has the better of us.

The Decline of Man's Strength.

When is a man at his physical strongest and best? When should he, in the course of nature, expect his decline to begin, and how rapid will that decline naturally be? These are questions which every man reasonably might ask—which, indeed, most men do ask—and an answer to them, based on averages, is given in the result of tests recently made on thousands of individuals. According to these tests the average lifting power of a youth of seventeen years is 280 pounds. From this time it increases rapidly, being 320 pounds in his twentieth year, and attaining its highest point in his thirtieth and thirty-first years, when it has reached 365 pounds. Here begins the declension of strength, but at first it is very gradual. At forty years it has declined to 357 pounds, and by the fiftieth year it is but 330 pounds. From this time the decline is very rapid, but it differs so greatly in various individuals that it is impossible to obtain trustworthy statistics concerning it. By the way, intellectual workers may comfort themselves in the knowledge that average mental decline begins much later than that of the body.

Cure for the Morphine Habit.

Some time ago a party of Chinese coolies, most of whom were addicted to the opium habit, ran out of tea while working in the forests on the Malay peninsula. Seeking a substitute for the tea, they tried the leaves of a plant known to botanists as combretum cundaicum which grows in that vicinity. After using this substitute two weeks it was discovered that the opium-smokers had lost their taste for the drug of dreams. So runs the story, and it is probable that there is a considerable element of truth in it. At any rate, a London physician of repute now claims that he is using an infusion made of the dried leaves of this plant as a cure for the opium or morphine habit, and with entire success. A wine glass of this infusion taken every four hours, he asserts, will cure a victim of the habit within four weeks from the time he begins to take it. He has treated twelve extreme cases within the last two years, and without a single failure. The alleged remedy is attracting considerable attention among members of the medical profession in London.

A Warning to Automobilists.

Now comes a London physician and sounds a note of woe for those who do disport themselves in automobiles. The big machines, according to him, are dangerous not only to travelers on the street, but as well to those who ride in them without accident; that is, it is dangerous, or at least injurious, to those who do not desire to become unduly fleshy. They add flesh to flesh, and the addition is not of the healthy kind either. Let it be told in the doctor's own words: "I have had to forbid motoring to several of my patients who have consulted me regarding their growing embonpoint. Those who have followed my advice have succeeded in regaining their figures. Motoring surpasses in luxury any form of locomotion yet invented. The seats are so tilted that one is forced to lean back among the cushions at such an angle that all the muscles are relaxed. Add to this the exhileration which rapid movement produces and the increase of appetite engendered by plenty of fresh air and you will see that motoring contains most of the elements which make for adiposity." Of course, ladies who desire to continue to admire their sylphlike forms should pay particular attention to the thoughtful doctor's warning.

Cost of New York's Subway.

A subway is a good and essential thing for a great city which, like New York, is constructed largely on the shoestring principle, all length and little thickness. Nevertheless that such a subway, essential as it may be, is an expensive item is shown by a report just issued by the New York public service commission. According to this report the total expenditure for subway construction up to the end of last year was $59,206,423. Eventually the people must pay this sum, and, not allowing for interest, etc., it would amount to about $15 for each man, woman and child of them all. People who are acquainted with the configuration of New York will be interested to know that the apportionment of this vast expenditure was as follows: On the Manhattan-Bronx section, $48,385,376; on the Manhattan-Brooklyn, $3,869,091; on the Bridge Loop lines, $6,951,955.24. More expenditures, to meet the needs of the great, growing city will be added as time passes.

Cancer Increasing Everywhere.

Recent vital statistics, which are noticed in the report of the county medical officer of the city of London, indicate that the dreadful disease, cancer, is increasing its ravages in all parts of the world. England and Wales stand particularly high, being exceeded in this unfortunate respect by only Switzerland and the Netherlands. To show how rapid has been the increase it is noted that, while the deaths from cancer in England and Wales were but .055 to the thousand of deaths from 1881 to 1885 inclusive, the rate in 1908 rose to .092, or well on the way toward double, and this is the highest rate ever recorded. The record for Scotland is better than that of England and Wales, while that of Ireland is decidedly better still, but everywhere, whether in the United Kingdom or out of it, the hideous disease more and more is securing a hold upon mankind.

The German emperor is making a large profit by the ownership of a large majolica factory at Cadinen. He also owns five shares in the prosperous municipal lager beer brewery at Hanover. His dividend for the current year is $212 a share.

GIVE THAT REPORT A LIFT.

The report of Mayor Taylor's special committee on the history of the graft prosecution, and the causes and remedies for grafting in San Francisco's municipal life, is a production of the highest character. It ought to go into the hands of the best and most thoughtful persons in the United States. The California Weekly has a good supply of those reports in stock. It will send them on receipt of ten cents each to any address sent us anywhere in the world. If you want to help to a knowledge of the truth send us a few dimes and a list of addresses to send them to.

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A SUGGESTION TO REALISTS.

Matthew Arnold names sweetness and light as the twin elements of culture, and gives us to understand by inference that by sweetness he means sweetness of character and an appreciation of the essential sweetness of life, and that by light he means the light of intelligence freely and fearlessly used. Somewhere, I think, he asserts that Shakespeare's abiding hold upon the affections and the imagination of men is accounted for mainly by his possession of these twin qualities in their highest state of perfection.

Assuming this to be true—as I believe it is—it suggests a thought concerning our modern writers of the temper now most widely honored and now more and more generally read. I refer especially to Balzac, De Maupassant, and George Meredith, our modern searchers of the heart, inexorable pursuers of the real, remorseless iconoclasts of all illusions. It was their pride, as it is the boast of their admirers, that these men have stripped all sham from life and have exposed the naked truth for every eye to see, letting us behold beauty where beauty is, and compelling us to see the reality that hides behind pretension.

In a sense, I admit the truth of this. These are undoubtedly apostles of light of a high order of incandescence. Where they could they have turned up the heap of human frailty and let the sun shine upon it; elsewhere they have turned the searchlight upon darker things; in extremities they have not hesitated to break open the black recesses with crowbars and to flash the policeman's bullseye into the festering obscurities of character.

So, I admit that they possess one of Shakespeare's claims to greatness: they possess the spirit of light. But what about sweetness? This, I contend, is their deficiency. I have read Balzac, amazed at his powers of observation and of delineation, fascinated by the art of his narrative, shaken by the emotional compulsion of his genius. But I lay him down sick at heart, my spirit bruised, my faith in humanity darkened, my buoyancy of hope waterlogged and listless. This may be life, but if it is, how futile and how terrible!

I have read Maupassant, and felt the same pall of darkness settle upon me, and heard the same hoarse ironic laughter of despair echo from the gloom.

I have read Meredith, and hurled the book at the mocking wall before me, damning the man who could paint life so lovelessly, so blind to the flowers that spring in even the most barren garden.

Not so when I have read Shakespeare. Even in the darkest hours of tragedy, when Hamlet laughs hopeless laughter or Lear raves in the storm, there is a saving grace of human sympathy, an alleviating ray of hope, a sweet reasonableness of temper that somewhat heals the wounds of anguish. Is it not so in life? Has not every heart resources of consolation that find for it sweet uses of adversity? Does not hope truly spring eternal in the human breast?

And is not life, as our realists paint it, in its most unreal? Truly they see by a brilliant light, but it is not the light of the sun, disclosing orderly perspectives and redeeming to sweet uses even the shadows it encloses. Their light is rather a hand lantern of exceptional power, which indeed makes visible whatever it shines upon, but makes darker everything behind and around the circle of its gleaming. With such a lantern in hand our realists have explored the world. And what they have found they have painted with marvelous fidelity. But their pictures are pictures of men taken unawares in the disorder of undress and in the raiment of sleep or with the expressions of men wakened from troubled dreams, blinking in the light of the night-prowler's lantern.

Turn from them again to Shakespeare. He, too, painted such pictures, but only so many as fairly proportion their number to the number of like incidents in life. Besides these he shows us pictures of dreams that came true—they sometimes do, you know—of hope that supports the sorriest vagabond, of gardens that every wretch has once found pleasure in, of sunlit hills, of nobility, of virtue, of true love, of justice tempered by mercy, of misery relieved by death.

Surely he saw life more as it is than they, else suicide would end the human race within a generation.

NOTES.

Arthur Dupin, the "father of the Apaches," has just died in Paris. He was a feuilletonist, who wrote stories for the Paris press after the style of Fenimore Cooper. One of his early contributions, entitled "Les Apaches de Belleville," made such an impression on the criminal classes of that notorious Paris suburb that by common consent they adopted the name of the redskin tribe. From that time on the fraternity professed a grim sort of affection and respect for M. Dupin, to whom they considered themselves under an obligation.

New York's newest playhouse, Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre, has just opened with the former stars of "The Red Mill," Montgomery and Stone, in "The Old Town," a new musical comedy production, the book of which has been furnished by George Ade and the score by Gustav Luders. The new theatre is at the northwest corner of Broadway and Forty-sixth street.

Californian Poets' Corner

Edward Pollock was the dean of the California poets, in the sense that he was the predecessor of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward Rowland Sill and all others whose work attracted general attention. This poem has long been a popular favorite.

EVENING.

By Edward Pollock.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate;
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray.
They part, and hasten along the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz:
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide.
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships? what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken:
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!
* * * * * * * *
The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose sight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God; who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"Poetry, Comedy, and Duty."

Under this very unusual title, Dr. C. C Everett, of Harvard, wrote a treatise on literature and ethics that combines, much as Hamerton does in "The Intellectual Life," an inspiring philosophy, an illuminating view of the workings of the imaginative genius, and an interesting array of anecdotes illustrating the theories. With the ethical part of the book we are not concerned. But the earlier chapters are most suggestive to the lover of good literature.

In these chapters Doctor Everett clearly distinguishes between poetic fancy and the constructive imagination. He shows that the creations of the fancy, such as the character Ariel in "The Tempest," are not subject to natural laws and have no relation to a serious interest in nature or man. But the constructive imagination leaps from the known to the unknown, from the proven to that which seems inevitably true but which cannot be proved. For instance, when Newton's imagination leaped from the consciousness of the attractive power of the earth, causing all things above it and not secured to drop to the ground, to the theory of the universal law of gravity, he gave a vivid example of the function of the constructive imagination in the realm of science. This function is not merely diverting: it is the most useful agent of humanity for arriving at truths that would otherwise yield only to endless research, or never yield at all. In literature, this constructive imagination gives us those works of genius, such as Shakespeare's, in which not only is life reproduced but characters and scenes depicted that suggest illimitable vistas of truth beyond the mere facts of everyday.

THE WEINSTOCK LECTURES.

On May 14, 1902, Mr. Harris Weinstock, the well-known Californian merchant, gave to the University of California a fund of $5,000 to found the "Barbara Weinstock Lectures on the Morals of Trade." In his letter accompanying the gift he expressed the wish that the lectures might impress upon the young men of the university the ideas that the only lasting business success is that which is based upon ethical ideas, and that in business it is more important to build character than to pile up gold.

These lectures are delivered annually by distinguished scholars and men of affairs, and are afterwards published for the university by the Houghton Mifflin company, of Boston. The two latest of these lectures have come to The California Weekly for review.

The first is "The Conflict Between Private Monopoly and Good Citizenship," delivered by John Graham Brooks, whose "As Others See Us" was recently reviewed on this page. In this lecture Mr. Brooks sketches the growth of the alliance between big business and corrupt politics, resulting in wholesale destruction of public resources and in a low state of business and political morals. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Brooks is, however, encouraging. He sees, in the public recognition of this debauching alliance and in the widespread enthusiasm for the conservation policy, signs of a healthy awakening of the public conscience and hopes of a progressive era of improvement. (Houghton Mifflin company, Boston, 50 cents, net.)

The other lecture is "Commercialism and Journalism," by Hamilton Holt, the able managing editor of the New York Independent. He explains the dependence of modern journalism upon advertising for financial success, and the growing assertiveness of advertisers who insist that nothing that "hurts their business" shall be said by the editors. Our space is too brief to elaborate a synopsis of his brillant and transparent exposition of this subject, which is a matter of utmost importance to our liberties. But this lecture deserves a very wide audience. Incidently, it is witty, graceful and entertaining, as well as profoundly suggestive. (Houghton Mifflin company, Boston. $1.00, net.)

ANOTHER GRAB AT THE TREASURY

GUGGENHEIM SCHEME FOR SUBSIDIZING ALASKAN RAILROAD.

[The facts for the following article are supplied to The California Weekly by an eminent engineer who is familiar with the conditions in Alaska and in whose integrity The California Weekly has full confidence. These facts throw a new light upon further efforts to raid the federal treasury in the interest of Alaskan monopolists. Considered in relation to the Cunningham coal claims disclosures and in addition to the other known facts about the Guggenheim "cinch" on Alaska, they are suggestive of the necessity for even greater thoroughness in sifting the dubious operations of these capitalists and their related groups of coal exploiters. The Editor.]

In 1900, prospectors found a copper mine in southern Alaska which looked, at first blush, to be the greatest find in copper in America. This deposit is near the Copper river, about 200 miles inland, and about 170 miles in an almost directly northern direction from the now-famous Cunningham group of coal claims. Engineers who made the first survey of this copper deposit reported that there were in sight 23,000 tons of high-grade ore, and that the formation indicated that the vein ran back so far into the side of the mountain that the prospects were for almost unlimited additional wealth to be had by drifting in.

The mine was named the Bonanza, and the Havemeyers—the sugar people—who owned it, saw vast wealth coming to them for the trouble of getting the ore out to tidewater and there smelting it or shipping it to established smelters. They had, however, no experience in handling mining properties or in building smelters and so they let in on their find the Guggenheims, whose successful mining and smelting operations in Colorado, Mexico, and elsewhere, and whose large interests throughout the mining districts of the West gave them expert knowledge. The Havemeyers sold a 40 per cent. interest in the Bonanza to the Guggenheims for a round million and the guarantee that the Guggenheims would complete a railroad to tidewater by 1909.

This deal was made about 1906. In the meantime, however, a number of other promoters had begun a race to build this railroad and capture the prize of the rich freight traffic they saw looming up from what was heralded as the inexhaustible stores of the Bonanza and other reported rich discoveries in the Copper river district. Lieutenant Swanitz was the first in the field. He organized a railroad company and ran a survey from Valdez through the narrow pass back of Valdez to the Copper river and up the Copper river to Tonsina. He was immediately rivalled by John Rosene, a Seattle capitalist, who projected another railroad from Valdez to Copper Center, and by a Mr. Reynolds, of Boston, who with the backing of New England capital, organized the Alaska Home Railroad company to parallel Rosene's road to the same destination, or, rather, to beat Swanitz and Rosene in gaining rights of way and getting a road built, for these three routes were nearly identical.

At the same time, one Bruener thought he saw a more direct route from the seaport of Katalla, farther south on the coast than Valdez, and nearer the mouth of the Copper river, and organized the Alaska Pacific Railroad and Terminal company. A group of English capitalists, operating through M. J. Heney, started for the same goal from Cordova. Heney had built, as contractor and engineer, the White Pass Railroad, and had a practical advantage over all competitors. There was one more of these, Donald Mackenzie, who chose Orca as his port, and who, through J. M. Ashton, tried to get a subsidy from congress to aid in his project of building up the other bank of the Copper river. A glance at the map will show the relative positions of these places, and the several routes by which they proposed to reach the common objective point.

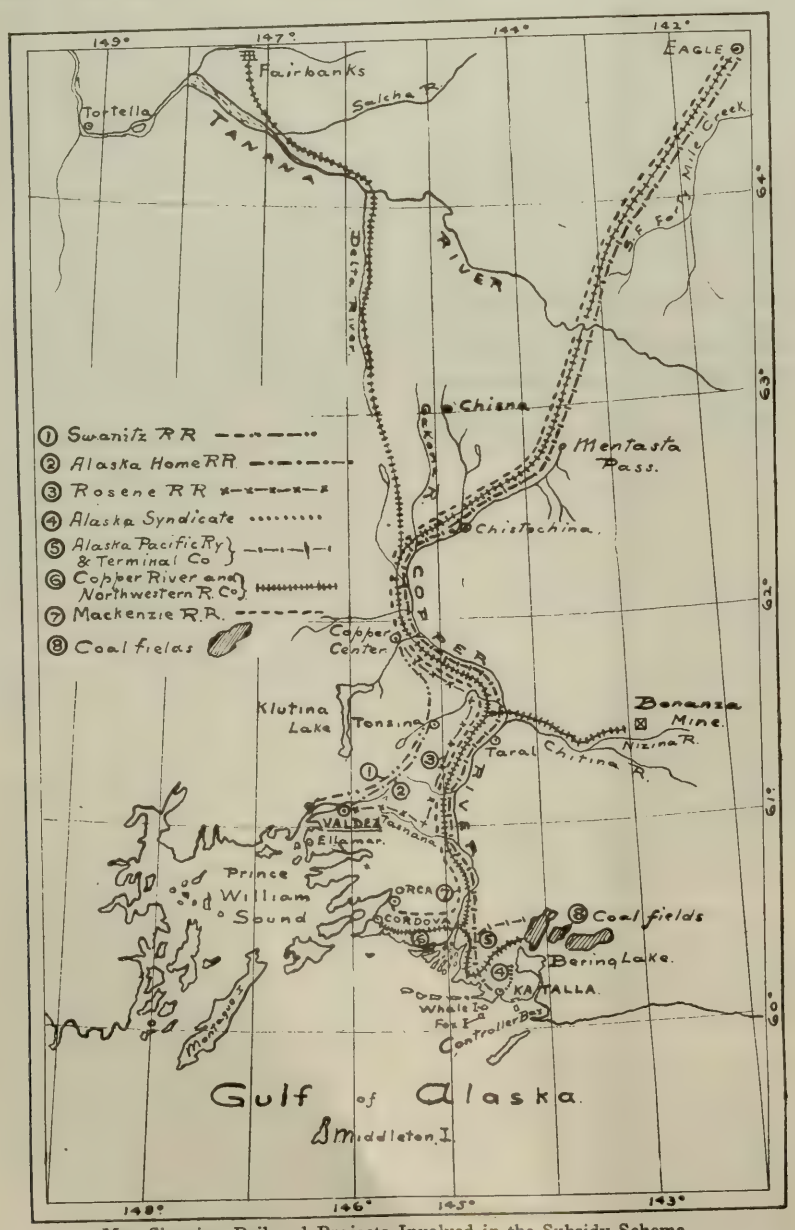
All these projects were well under way before the Guggenheim deal with the Havemeyers was closed and before it became a part of the Guggenheims' contract to guarantee the construction of this road. All these earlier projectors had spent large sums of money in preliminary surveys and construction work, and, in the case of Mackenzie, in paying for representation before congress to beg for a subsidy. Bruener had done more than this: there is no real harbor at Katalla, and he had begun to build a breakwater there to create an artificial harbor at a cost of about a million dollars.

But when the Guggenheims undertook to guarantee the building of a railroad to the Bonanza they did not contemplate sharing the potential profits of it with anybody else. They proposed to build the road themselves, and the only road.

As all the practicable routes had already been surveyed and rights of way acquired, and ports chosen, they at once undertook to eliminate all competitors. Some of these were easily disposed of. Swanitz had no very considerable backing and no resources of his own. He was driven out. Reynolds lost his nerve, and followed. Rosene is a very wealthy man and has imposing financial connections. They bought him out. Mackenzie's hope of success lay in securing a subsidy from congress. A powerful lobby at Washington defeated this hope.

This left Heney and Bruener. Bruener stayed in the fight. The Guggenheims went after him. They built another breakwater at Katalla, so placed that is closely paralleled Bruener's breakwater and they also interfered by forcibly opposing the construction of his railroad. That broke Bruener financially and

(Continued on Page 142.)



Map Showing Railroad Projects Involved in the Subsidy Scheme.

1. Lieutenant Swanitz—Valdez to Tonsina.
2. Reynolds—Valdez to Copper Center.
3. John Rosene—Valdez to Copper Center.
4. Guggenheim & Morgan—Katalla to Coal Fields and up Copper River.
5. Bruener—Katalla, up Copper River.
6. Heney (now Guggenheim & Morgan)—Cordova, up Copper River.
7. Donald Mackenzie—Orca, up Copper River.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

What if the People Speak, My Lords?

But what if the People speak, my lords, what if the People speak?
Suppose that they weary of cuffs and blows and turning the other cheek!
What if the Atlas who bears your world refuses to carry the load,
Tiring at last of penury's grip and the sting of its ceaseless goad?
Oh, steadily upward prices go, and yours is the lion's share,
While the paupers build, with a sigh of woe, the multifold millionaire,
And the skies are brass, and our God is deaf or haply His rest doth seek—
But what if the People speak, my lords, ay, what if the People speak?

Time was in Britain when your kind laughed at the cries of "the mob" accursed,
But a Cromwell rose, and the price was paid, the head of a Charles the First;
Time was in France when the nobles danced while the peasants writhed in pain,
But the People spoke, and we pray our God that never and ne'er again
Shall the streets run red with a crimson flood while fiends their orgies hold;
Yet out of that chaos a New Earth swung, displacing the shameless Old.
Oh, the tale of life is the tale of strife 'twixt Greed and the poor and weak,
But they sometimes rise in their black despair—and what if the People speak?

From out of the gulf of the voiceless depths there soundeth a muffled sigh,
The fleeting ghost of a woman's sob or wraith of a childish cry.
Palace and hovel, not far apart they stand in the murky gloam,
And one is the home of your pride, my lord, and one is your brother's home,
Your factory wheels go round and round, grinding your golden grist,
While Death draws near to the toiling babes to enter them on his list,
And the wealth to add to a wealth unused forever in greed you seek—
But what if the People speak, my lords, ay, what if the People speak?

* * *

The Dream and the Reality—Sometimes.

"The man whom I would marry," the beautiful maiden confided to her friendliest friend, "must be tall and of commanding presence; he must have a smile so winning that friends will flock to him; looking on him, all must be constrained to say, 'Here, indeed, is a hero;' he must be brilliant, witty, and intellectually a peer of greatest men, and kindness must beam from his countenance as light shines from the sun. I would not marry for wealth, yet he must have sufficient to keep the wolf of poverty from our door. All this, and a few other things that I do not at present recall, must be embodied in the man whom I would marry."

Such was the beautiful maiden's dream, as she whispered it.

She is married now, and the man whom she wedded is short, squat, and ungainly; he has a smile that drives his weak companions to drink; if any person should call him a hero that person would immediately be confined in an insane asylum; he is about as intellectual as a slab of bacon, and when it rains his wife always steps to the door to see if it is where she can call him in the house; perhaps he would be kind if he could grasp the idea, and, as for wealth, the fishing is not good enough for him to secure any of it. Oh, yes, he is a peach, and so she married him.

And the beautiful maiden's case is not strictly isolated—there are others. Yet are the dear girls entitled to their dream, for not frequently it is about all they get out of it.

* * *

A Jawyous Event.

"I dreamed that Mayor McCarthy was mentally incapacitated"

"How did it happen?"

"Why, he broke his jaw."

The Opinions of Rufus.

Pants an' reputations are some alike—you can clean mud off either of 'em, but they never look quite es good again.

The girl that flirted an' lost both fellers es a result ought to tell President Taft 'bout it. Seems es if it might int'rest him.

If you'll step back an' hold your breaths, ladies an' gentlemen, our honnered Mayor 'll continue to give us a livin' imitation of a burro emittin' the dreaded holler roar of the King of Beasts.

They was a man that wouldn't work an' didn't work but kept travelin' round, but I'll bet you can't guess whether I'm referrin to a hobo or some son of a rich pa.

Men are divided into two classes, them that complain 'cause they don't git what's comin' to them an' them that are derned glad they don't.

God makes laws, an' lawyers make statutes, an' the diff'rence ain't any greater than I sh'd s'pose it would be under the circumstances.

Strikes me that middlin' often faith is only our best guess at something that we don't know.

Ever stop to think, Ezry, that no atheist ever hit the church sech a hard blow es some of its members do?

A good reputation ain't required to make friends. F'rinstance, Satan has 'bout the worst reputation I've heard of—an' the most friends, too.

Dollars are mighty useful, but they's three things they never yit bought—long life, character an' love.

Some folks wear good clothes, an' that's all anybody ever notices 'bout 'em.

After sizin' it up, I've 'bout concluded that the hardest feller of all to git 'long with is the one that knows he's right when he ain't.

* * *

Keep Boostin'.

Some men there were, by a mudhole set,
  Keep boostin',
Insistin' prosperity e'er in the wet
  Is roostin'.
Oh, water or ice they did not mind,
For they all belonged to the boostin' kind;
And great Chicago was built, you'll find,
  By boostin'.

Some people discovered an arid plain
  For boostin',
Remarkin', "On climate our ultimate gain
  Is roostin'."
They boomed the climate, and climate sold,
Referred to the "orange's sun-kissed gold;"
And the tale of the Angel City's told
  In boostin'.

The moral is plain for me and for you:
  Keep boostin';
Success that we seek on the deed that we do
  Is roostin'.
Oh, hustle and rustle, and Nature will heed,
But she hasn't the leisure a loafer to feed.
So here is the slogan, and here is the creed:
  Keep boostin'!

* * *

As Everybody Notices.

I've seen the lightning's fearful blight—
  But not out here, but not out here—
I've felt the Frost King's cruel bite—
  Come here, my dear; there's naught to fear,
For here no dread tornadoes blare,
  And days are bright, and skies are clear,
And life is sweet as life is fair,
  In California's golden year.

* * *

Better.

You may praise the man who buildeth
  A great achievement here,
And I, too, have a blossom
  I tender him for cheer;
But better than his doing
  I hold, and hold aright,
Is his who scatters shadows
  And makes the world more bright.

Thoughtful Man on the Situation.

"The Train of State," said the Thoughtful Man, "is smoothly speeding on its appointed way from the station of All-the-Traffic-Will-Bear to the delightful station of Increased-Dividends. On the velvet-cushioned seats of the cars sit the stockholders and other travelers for the station ahead, and they smile cheerily in heartfelt glee at the discordant, unreasonable moan of outsiders. 'Give us our ten million dollars back.'

"At his post sits William F. Herrin, the intrepid engineer, oiling the legislative valves, guarding the judicial levers, and seeing that nobody is run over except the miserable wretches who demand the fruit of their labor. Never tiring and never ceasing their labors, the energetic firemen, Parker, Burke and Hatton, shovel in the coal, unheeding the occasional black eye given them in the course of their laborious efforts. All is running smoothly, the train of state is forging right ahead, and everything is precisely as it should be, as is admitted by Herrin, Calhoun and all other recognized experts.

"It is this peaceful and tranquil moment, sir, which the Lincoln-Roosevelt banditti have selected as the time for holding up the Train of State. 'With whoop and shout and wild halloo' they burst from the underbrush where lurk the canaille who want their ten million dollars back, and, with pistol at the devoted Herrin's head, demand that he give the Engine of State into their untutored keeping. The outrage of it! The infamy! To deprive the State's heroic engineer of the position which he has held so long that this generation would know him in no other capacity! And, besides, it would throw Parker, Burke and Hatton out of a job!

"Sir, it can't be did; nobody can make me believe it. The good men and true who swallowed the Santa Cruz dose will stand for anything that smells to heaven beneath the shining suns; their digestion may be warranted. Nor could the tried old engineer safely be removed from his station, and the attempt to do so is revolutionary, reactionary and shameful. All of us who are interested in dividends say so, and none others should count. Don't you think I am right?"

"Well," said I, "once I knew a dirty house that was improved by a house-cleaning."

* * *

Our Governor.

They bartered him in in a shameless way,
  For Herrin and Abie were willing,
And he owns to a notion he'd like to stay,
  If Mrs. Gillett is willing;
But that Santa Cruz deal was a cruel test,
And, our noses still by its smell oppressed,
We're longing to give him a long, long rest,
  Whether or not she's willing.

Oh, still of the cohorts is Herrin the boss,
  And he, as a trickster, is willing,
And Curry is restless, and he is a hoss
  Who e'er at the trough has been willing;
And I have a notion which clings to me yet,
That Jimmy will likely be caught in the wet,
And a bad "double cross" be what he will get—
  And the people, Lord knows, will be willing.

* * *

I Have Not Seen—

A man helped up hill by kicking him down;

Any deed accomplished by sitting down and whining about it;

A religion that was any good with the Golden Rule left out of it;

The man who was quite as ready to forgive others as himself;

Among all loves, any that would so certainly sacrifice for the loved one as that of a mother;

A garment so well shaped and worn that it would make a black reputation white;

A face so ugly that beautiful conduct would not make it seem fair;

Man or woman who walked so straight that he or she did not occasionally wobble a little.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Kind Sir:—I want to express to you my high appreciation of the Weekly and especially of your editorials. You are on the right side and in the end must win. I always recommend the Weekly to my friends.

Truly,

J. S. TROXELL.

Pastor Epworth M. E. Church, San Francisco.

San Francisco, January 14, 1910.

All such expressions of approval and good will as the foregoing are a help to The California Weekly, but they reach their highest efficiency when made publicly and, as sometimes happens, from the pulpit. The people are eager for a paper in which they can believe, but there are thousands who have not heard of The California Weekly or, anyhow, not in such a positive way as to impress the fact of its existence upon the mind and so create a desire to possess it. We are doing all that we can, with the means at our disposal, to bring it to the attention of the public, but we need help in that direction more than in any other. Everybody who likes The California Weekly and believes in it can render it a royal service by "always recommending it to his friends," in a public way if possible.

Editor The California Weekly.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter to me dated November 13th last, was received in due course and I have delayed answering it in the hope that I would find time to give you a little friendly talk on the necessity of reform, and the folly of expecting to accomplish much in that direction, as shown by the experience of the last forty years in California. However, I find that I have not the time to put my thoughts on paper, so as to embrace the whole subject, so I will take up briefly one proposition of reform, which you say your journal is devoted to accomplishing, and that is reform in "The Administration of Justice in this Country," which you say, "Is on trial at the bar of public opinion as never before."

I grant you that originally and fundamentally mankind are a sorry lot, and they need constant reforming; and so the administration of justice, being a human institution, is much in the condition of mankind, who originated the institution; but according to the poets, novelists, editors, and newspaper writers, who have written the English language for the last four hundred years, and who have reflected the sentiments and manners of their time, the administration of justice has always been a solemn and pious fraud.

It was a long time ago when the following words were written by some rhymester who had the ability to jingle out his ideas:

"The law condemns the man or woman;
Who steals the goose from off the Common,
But lets the greater felon loose,
Who steals the Common from the goose."

And in the reign of Henry VI in 1450, a gentleman by the name of John Cade—familiarly known as Jack Cade—kicked up a row in England, and he thought, and thought correctly too, that the administration of justice in England at that time was sorely in need of reformation and he and his followers proposed that the first thing to do was to kill all the lawyers.

And so you will find running all through the social and moral history of the English race, a clamor about reform in the administration of justice. My own opinion is that the administration of justice ought to be reformed, but take it as it is, it appears to be what the vast majority of people want, and, perhaps, as good as they deserve. I do not indulge in the sentiment of hero-worship, but I am free to declare that I think the greatest law reformer, as well as one of the profoundest intellects of the nineteenth century was David Dudley Field. But he, like all honest reformers, was jeered at and flouted, by not only the common people, who did not have any better sense, but also by the learned quid-nuncs of the law. The very fact that David Dudley Field accomplished so much for the reform of law procedure, gives me hope, and ought to give every honest and intelligent man hope, that further reform will be accomplished. The trouble is with the masses of the people, because the great majority of them do not come in contact with the administration of justice, or the business of the courts, and they lack the opportunities of knowing what is needed in order to work out a reform.

But my letter is longer than I intended it should be, when I started to write it. I wish you the greatest measure of success, in your efforts to reform the condition of public life in California, and for that reason I have enclosed herewith two dollars in currency, fifty cents in a coin card to pay one year's subscription to your paper, and also the book you offer as a premium, being "Hichborn's History of the California Legislature of 1909."

With kind regards to you personally and wishing for the success of your enterprise, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ALFRED DAGGETT.

Visalia, Cal., January 13, 1910.

The foregoing is from one of the brainy, thoughtful men of this state, and a man who has reached that time of life when it is clearly comprehended that great works of reform are not to be consummated in a day, without, however, despairing of the future. On one point alone in the foregoing are we disposed to found a protest, and that is that what the people get in the administration of justice is as good as the "vast majority of them want or deserve." It is a complacent means of disposing of all public issues. We are assured that the press of our country is "as good as the vast majority want or deserve," and that the syndicated theatricals are as good, the service rendered by the street car lines as good, and the government given us by the railroads as good as the "vast majority want or deserve." We beg to differ. In all of these particulars what the public gets is as bad as it will put up with without quitting the raising of corn and hogs and going into the business of raising a rough house. The public gets as good service in all lines as it will have or fight, and only now and again anything better. This is for the reason that that way lies the direction of least resistance, the direction that everything takes except in the face of a most vigorous protest or by the inspiration of an exceptional sense of moral responsibility.

The California Weekly.

Dear Sirs:—Please send your paper and the American Magazine; check for $2.50 enclosed. I rely on your paper more and more. Of course we differ on many points but that is healthy for both.

Very truly,

H. J. TOMPKINS.

Northfork, Madera Co., Cal., Jan. 16, 1910.

The constituency The California Weekly is building up is one that does more independent thinking per capita, we dare say, than any other similar constituency in the state, and we cannot hope to make them all see things as we see them although we'll do our best to that end. But a turn about is fair play, and so we shall be glad to have those who cannot see things as we see them try their hand at making us see things as they see them. They might succeed better with us than we with them. There is nothing like trying. Letters in candid criticism of whatever appears in The California Weekly will always be thankfully received.

Editor The California Weekly,

San Francisco, Cal.

My dear Sir:—I note in the issue of your valuable paper, "The California Weekly," of January 14, 1910, you say, touching the election of Mr. McCarthy, that, "The bills of his campaign were paid by influences hostile to the honor of the city. Certain large blocks of votes were delivered by influences inimical to the purity of the city. Mayor McCarthy is under obligations to these influences which he must disregard, or, still better, repudiate. He has a chance, such as Schmitz had, after the earthquake. Schmitz failed, because he did not repudiate Ruef. McCarthy has not yet repudiated Ruef. Neither has he repudiated the Calhoun interest, which paid his bills, nor the saloon and tenderloin interest, which furnished a very large block of his votes."

Judge Parker charged Roosevelt with accepting $600,000 and over, from the great corporations and trusts of New York city. Roosevelt retorted that it was a lie. Investigation by a Republican investigating committee proved that Parker spoke the truth. No investigation has passed on the question as to who paid Mr. Taft's election bills, but I think the evidence that they were paid by the same interests is fully as clear as the evidences that Mr. McCarthy's were paid by a like interest, and even a more dangerous and deadly influence operated to elect Mr. Taft than the influence of which you complain, i. e., the false and vicious cry and threat of the already too rich eastern monopolist and manufacturer, to the effect that if Mr. Bryan were elected mills and factories would close and business would shrivel up and poverty would stalk abroad in our land.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have never seen any condemnation in your paper of Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt, or their methods of obtaining votes. Do you not think it just as bad and just as likely to bring a corrupt administration in one instance as the other?

Very truly yours,

J. F. FASSETT.

San Francisco, Cal., January 18, 1910.

There is no greater evil in our political life than corporation financing of political campaigns and when honors come to be shared between the parties on that issue the Republican pot will be found as black as the Democratic kettle and no blacker. Both parties have gotten all they can get, partly by hold-up methods and partly by downright sale either of "protection" against adverse legislation or such special privileges and immunities as the contributing rich men or corporations have desired. These things have generally been more tacitly understood than specifically agreed upon and it is rarely if ever that the leading candidates have been allowed to be touched by any of the dickering. It is even probable that both Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft have

(Concluded on Page 143.)

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

The Complete Text of the

REPORT ON THE

Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Lincoln-Roosevelt Executive Committee The conference of Lincoln-Roosevelt League leaders, held in San Francisco last Saturday, received President Chester H. Rowell's announcement of appointees to the executive committee for the several congressional districts, as follows: Lee C. Gates, Marshall Stimson and A. J. Wallace, Los Angeles; Judge W. A. Stone, San Diego; former United States Senator Thomas R. Bard, Hueneme; H. W. Johnstone, Redlands, M. C. Zumwalt, Tulare; E. A. Forbes, Marysville; former Mayor Clinton L. White, Sacramento; Rolfe Thompson, Santa Rosa; Frank R. Devlin, Vallejo; Mayor Frank K. Mott, Oakland; Assemblyman C. C. Young, Berkeley; Senator George S. Walker, San Jose; Assemblyman A. M. Drew, Fresno; Irving Martin, Stockton, George G. Radcliff, Watsonville. This list completes the executive committee except for representatives from the first district.

Choice of Candidates to Be by Representative Body The conference devoted the day to an informal discussion of candidates and platform. No action was taken except to adopt a resolution to defer the choice of candidates until the meeting of the state general committee later in the spring, consisting of representatives to the number of nearly 500 from all parts of the state. This leaves time for local organization throughout the state, and for these local bodies to make clear their preferences to their representatives at the final meeting. A large share of the work of organizing the local bodies will fall upon Charles R. Detrick, of Santa Clara county, who was chosen unanimously to be secretary of the state organization.

Leaders Present The conference of last Saturday was geographically representative as well as representative of the best leadership of the League. Among those who attended the meeting were: President Chester H. Rowell, Fresno; Vice-Presidents Hiram W. Johnson, San Francisco, and W. R. Davis, Oakland; Secretary C. R. Detrick, Mayfield; F. R. Devlin, Vallejo; William Kent, Kentfield; State Treasurer W. R. Williams, Sacramento; Assemblyman A. M. Drew, Fresno; A. E. Graupner, Max Kuhl, Olin L. Berry, Ralph L. Hathorn, Daniel A. Ryan, San Francisco; Assemblyman C. C. Young, Berkeley; State Controller A. B. Nye, Sacramento; Arthur Elston, Berkeley; Marshall Stimson, Los Angeles; Rolfe Thompson, Santa Rosa.

San Francisco Clubs' Full Co-operation The work done by the conference related wholly to state matters outside of San Francisco. The conference left to the Municipal League of Independent Republican Clubs the solution of the problem of local co-operation of the independent forces in San Francisco. That problem is complicated. The name "Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League" is only two years old in San Francisco, and the name of many of the independent Republican clubs is seven years or more old, and loyally liked. In some districts in this city the League was discredited two years ago by some of the men who were allowed to direct its policies. The question as to the policy of using the League name again in San Francisco was threshed out at a meeting of the local league of Republican clubs, held Monday night. The decision was to retain the name of the Municipal League of Independent Republican Clubs, but to co-operate fully with the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in the state campaign. Max Kuhl was elected secretary, and on motion of Olin Berry, the following were appointed a committee to select eleven more to act with them and provide a plan of organization: George E. Crothers, Rolla V. Watt, Hiram Johnson, C. H. Bentley. Others who participated in the conference were Byron Mauzy, Doctor Plincz, John Gillson, Adolphus Graupner, Joseph Cutten, and about forty others. A significant feature of the meeting was the fact that every vote of the evening, despite lively debates, was unanimous.

Is Hiram Johnson The Coming Man? The mind of the Republican reformer is engaged in evolving the fittest candidate for governor of California and in doing so men are discussed without saying "by your leave?" to the parties concerned. During the week the name most in the mouths of men is that of Hiram W. Johnson. Mr. Johnson does not want to run for governor or to be governor, at least not now. Neither does any of the other gentlemen whose names have been prominently mentioned, with the exception of Charles M. Belshaw, who would both like to make the race for governor and to be governor. Mr. Johnson would like to attend strictly to his large and increasing law practice; but he will be a self-willed man indeed if he can turn down the appeal to him to make the race, if the reform mind of the state shall reach the conclusion that he is The Man. At present writing that mind seems to be weighing in the balance, the one against the other, (but in all kindness to both) not the "claims," for neither has "claims"; not the availability, for the reform candidate must have more than availability; but the respective elements of character, fitness and strength for gubernatorial honors, and for making the campaign before the people, of W. R. Davis and Hiram Johnson. Each of these men is heartily in favor of the other, and it would be a sacrifice to either of them to take the nomination and make the campaign, and yet it is unlikely that either of them is so centered in self that he would not make the sacrifice in response to a unanimous reform sentiment. They both of them have too much patriotism for that.

Who Is This Man Hiram W. Johnson? Hiram W. Johnson is forty-four years old. He is a son of Grove L. Johnson whom he little resembles in any particular save that he possesses an alert mind, and no man in California possesses a mind more alert than that of Grove L. Johnson. But the mind of Hiram Johnson is more than alert. It is broad and deep and strong and, above all else, it is sincere. It is a mind that cherishes ideals above and beyond the American dollar, the intoxication of power, the appetite for praise. It is a buoyant mind, a mind that abounds in hope and looks to the future, not the past, for the golden age. And yet Mr. Johnson is no visionary. In the practice of his profession he is successful because he is practical. He does not leave the main traveled road to chase some idealistic will-o'-the-wisp over the common. He is a strong man and a true and if he were governor of California he would be a sane governor and a practical, but he would not mark time. He would keep the state moving and would bring to bear upon public sentiment and the legislative department all the powers of his executive office for the reform of the laws to the end that justice may be the better administered in California. He knows where the statutes and codes are lame as few other men do, and he knows, as few others do, how to remedy that lameness. If he were to become a candidate for governor he would wonderfully appeal to the younger generation of voters. He abounds in enthusiasm and that enthusiasm would prove contageous. He is classed as a radical, and whether or not that classification can be accepted as accurate, he can be counted on to head the procession of reform and be no laggard. On the crucial issue of the emancipation of California from corporation control he would prove as unwavering as Mount Shasta. The only element of questioning in any mind as to Hiram Johnson is that conservative men might fear him as being too radical in temperament. Those who know him are not concerned for his radicalism. The fear, if there may be said to be fear, is that those who do not know him may not be made to know him well enough to remove that doubt as to what he would do if he were governor. This is the case of Hiram W. Johnson, plainly stated.

The Case of Davis Stated As Plainly Some things regarding W. R. Davis were said in these columns last week. He is an older man than Hiram Johnson, but in his prime, physically able to make a campaign and financially able also. Mr. Johnson has his fortune yet to make, and wants to stick to that job a few years longer without interruption. Mr. Davis has a comfortable fortune already made, made right in Oakland with his profession as a foundation for it, by prudent investment, careful economy, good sense, and some three decades of time, but without avarice, grinding the faces of the poor or pocketing a dollar that did not come to him so legitimately that he dare look every man in the face. On the issue of corporation control of California he is a rock. There is no spirit of compromise in him on that issue or any other of vital concern to the public. The public has treated him well, and he has not been reluctant to take a hand in public affairs, but never in a spirit of self-seeking. He has "pulled his own weight," as Theodore Roosevelt would say, and generally the weight of a whole boat load of indifferent citizens along with his own. He does this because of an exalted ideal of the duties of citizenship, and for no other reason. He is regarded as a conservative radical. He is progressive in all his instincts, but he has the patience to wait until to-morrow for the things that he cannot get to-day, and without making a fuss about it. In the event of his leading the progressive Republican hosts the business interests of the state would not be concerned for the result. They would know that no revolutionary or ill-considered legislation would get by him, and they would know, too, that the state would not be marking time but would be going forward, sanely, steadily, certainly. As with Mr. Johnson, so with Mr. Davis, the reform of the laws would be a matter of profound concern, in civil matters as well as in criminal. Mr. Davis prefers that Mr. Johnson lead the fight against railroad domination in the belief that he would be able to arouse a more lively enthusiasm among the younger voters of the state. Mr. Johnson prefers Mr. Davis on the ground that the business interests of the commonwealth would feel more assured of the preservation of an even tenor along the path of progress. There rests the issue so far as these two men are under discussion and, the past week, they have been more under discussion than any others.

The Primary Buzz-Saw Gentlemen in political life hardly know what to make of the new direct primary law. As they stand and look at it revolving with a musical whirr peculiarly its own they are not certain whether its edge is toothed or not, but they hesitate to test it with the finger for fear that it may be. The California primary law is not true blue all the way through. It was enacted by a legislature that did not want any direct primary law and one that only yielded to the superior force of an aroused public sentiment that demanded a direct primary law of some sort, but had no clear idea of what such a primary law ought to be like. Something of the nature of a direct primary was therefore enacted, but it is full of hitches and hindrances that make against its frictionless operation. That it will have to be tinkered radically at the next session of the legislature everybody admits, and it is expected that this year's use of it will show how.

What Is the Essential Spirit of the Primary? A great deal hangs on the answer to this question. There are those who affect to believe that the spirit of

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the primary law is that, in August next, the Men of California, Republicans and Democrats, will go to the polls and, out of the candidates who have volunteered to serve the people in official capacity, without suggestions from any source or leadership of any kind, and with no previous effort from any quarter to bring out the best candidates that they may be impressed into the public service (against their wishes it may be), without any of these aids for reaching right conclusions, the aforesaid men of California will, at the primary election, make up for their respective parties the best tickets that can be named to be voted for at the general election. That, they contend, is the spirit of the new primary law. It is no such thing. The spirit of the primary contemplates that there will be a general public interest in naming the party tickets; that groups of men will rally around their friends and support their candidacies before the voters of their respective parties; that other groups of men, being little satisfied with any of the candidates who have volunteered their services, will consult together and look about them for better men to fill such positions and, finding them, will persuade them to allow their names to go before the voters of their party and will campaign for them before the primary as before the final election. Some of these groups of men within the respective political parties may be small and some of them may be large, as in the case of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. When primary election day comes it will be in the light of all this voluntary and associated aid and leadership that the voters of each party will go into their voting booths and there make choice of all the suggestions and appeals that have been made to them. That is the "spirit of the primary" and any portion of a political party less than the whole has a right and a duty to hold such conferences, conventions, caucuses (or whatever else they may wish to call them), as they desire for suggesting to the people such candidates as they favor.

Political Gophers Oppose This View Those who oppose the foregoing view do so either because they do not understand what the spirit of the primary really is or because public agitation, conventions and conferences held preparatory to a primary election might interfere with their plans. It is conceivable, for instance, that the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau might heartily oppose such activity on the part of citizens who take the initiative in such matters. That bureau has super-serviceable servants in every community in this state, working under cover, who might be inspired from headquarters to work up a seeming spontaneous combustion of the public mind on behalf of the subservient candidates of that bureau. Nothing would be easier if nothing else were doing than to accomplish this by "passing the word down the line" through gin mills and redlight districts while the better element were indiffierent or asleep, as they commonly are, until the business is over. It is conceivable that Mr. Charles F. Curry, who has spent a dozen years laying the wires for a submerged mine to be exploded at the psychological moment, might prefer a spontaneous generation of a state ticket. If these untoward political influences do not in fact take the political gopher's view of the spirit of the primary it is because they are laying their plans to "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," by calling regular party conventions in advance of the primaries, a thing that the spirit of the primary absolutely abrogated. The contest at the primary is within the parties. At the election it is between the parties.

The Feet of Democrats Also Well Nigh Slipped The "spirit of the primary" haunted our Democratic friends, at their recent conference in this city, like a veritable ghost. They were not sure whether it was a buzz-saw or only a glass disk belonging to a toy electrical device and their uncertainty nearly betrayed them into the hands of the Southern Pacific's Democratic gopher contingent. It would be a great misfortune if those Democrats who

(Continued on Page 143.)

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THE CENTRAL BANK AND THE INCOME TAX

DELIVERED BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 10, 1910.

By JAMES D. PHELAN.

Jackson Day is an appropriate time on which to call the attention of the people of California to two proposed measures of fiscal reform—the Central Bank and the Income Tax.

President Andrew Jackson, during his administration, opposed the United States Bank—the Central Bank of that period—and in 1836, when the charter of the United States Bank expired, so violent had the opposition become that there was hardly a Congressman who dared to vote for its renewal. We are told that in 1828 there was not a single local bank left in Kentucky, Mississippi, and Alabama because the branches of the United States Bank had absorbed all the business. The unpopularity of its operations and the political danger which it threatened led to its downfall.

The idea of a Central Bank, whose revival is attributed to Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, is substantially one with the United States Bank. In the earlier days of the republic that bank possibly had partial justification in the disorganized condition of financial institutions. But since then national banks have been organized to the number of 7,000 and the State banks are doing business under laws designed to protect the public, and the suggestion now of a Central Bank is more, it seems, for the purpose of concentrating and controlling capital than of remedying existing conditions. The question is, does the danger outweigh the possible benefits?

Several schemes for such a bank have been proposed: One is to organize with stockholders among whom shall be the Goverment of the United States, with a capital of $100,000,000, and the main consideration is that such a bank, once established, shall receive all Government deposits including, not only the moneys now deposited in national banks by the Government, but the funds that are now kept in the Treasury of the United States. It is proposed that this bank shall also hold the reserves of all the national banks and issue currency to them in time of need upon the deposit of securities, and that the national banks shall be denied the power of issuing bank circulation which is now done against the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasury. The national banks now also enjoy the privilege of receiving deposits from the Custom House and the Internal Revenue in the several districts throughout the country against the security of bonds, so that the government collections shall freely circulate. It will at once appear that the measure is of a most revolutionary character and is modeled after the Governmental central banks—banks of issue and discount—of such European countries as England, France and Germany. It seems that the bankers of the country however, very generally approve of the idea, claiming that it can be made a bank for banks and that its business will be exclusively with banks; that they can deposit there and in time of stress and panic, the central organization can relieve the pressure and avert the danger. But will it not ultimately seek to establish branches throughout the country? That certainly would be its natural tendency. There is no question about giving the Government better security for its deposits because under the present system the deposits are amply secured, nor is the capacity of the 7,000 National banks to issue circulating notes questioned, because the National banks do issue circulation as the business of the country requires it. Nor is there here involved any question about the better protection for depositors and stockholders because the bank offers no greater guarantee than a hundred other banks, honorably and ably conducted, in which national banks are authorized to hold their reserves.

According to Mulhall, the statistician, the total banking power of the world is $50,000,000,000, and of this the United States has two-fifths, while all other nations combined have only three-fifths, and the public as a rule is generally well served and probably better served than by any other system. Laws have been recently enacted by the Congress by which the banks can combine in case of stress for the purpose of issuing emergency currency and when the emergency is passed the notes are redeemed. California has passed laws for the better protection of banks and their customers, and the clearing houses exercise sleepless vigilance.

The Central Bank is a menace to the independence of our banks and would undermine their business if carried to its logical conclusion. It would tend to damage the commerce and trade of the States while creating an institution which might possibly be used to jeopardize our prosperity and our liberties. Such a bank would have the power to control the supply of currency, to extend or refuse aid to other banks, to create fictitious prices by a plentiful supply of currency, or by contracting it. By calling in loans and otherwise exercising the power to fix the rates of interest, it could seriously interrupt the ordinary course of business, and, in the flotation of Government bonds, it would be in a position to embarass the Government itself. In other words, it concentrates the power which is now distributed throughout the land in every community where a bank is established; and, while ordinarily concentration makes for efficiency and economy, in a matter which involves so much to the people—the safeguarding and the circulation of the medium of exchange—it would be exceedingly perilous to allow that power to repose in a few hands. But this is what many fear, that it would ultimately become an appendage to Wall Street, where the rise and fall of quotations is the game at which the great money magnates play, and if the enormous funds controlled by such an institution were made available for speculation, the commercial world, as well as the common people, would be the sufferer. There would be no protection outside the personality of the managers or trustees, and they would not be responsible to the people, but only to their stockholders who would be the moneyed men of the street, and therein lies the crux of the opposition. The conflict in this country is between men and money, and the great interests of humanity must not be further exposed to unnecessary danger. There is no assurance that panics would not be created by manipulation—instead of being averted by prudence. Panics afford an opportunity to those who control money and are the source of many fortunes.

The vice of centralization in the matter of the medium of exchange is in the withdrawal of the earnings and accumulations of the people in the many communities of the country to a central point, where it is not available for local purposes. The health of a community can only be maintained by the circulation of money and the re-investment of capital, and if, as soon as the earth is drained of its wealth, it is sent to a remote point, as Washington or New York, in the form of minted money or currency, then that community will suffer on account of its departure from the great economic law. If all the blood of the body goes to the head, no matter how good a head it is, it is apt to suffer from apoplexy or other derangement. Every part of the body must be nourished and sustained. I would quote this statement by way of example, from the London Statist of December 22, 1906, referring to the concentration of English money invested in national funds and in the Bank of England, and consequent acute local disturbance:

"Ireland is a very poor country. Her resources are quite undeveloped. Practically it is hardly an exaggeration to say that she has not yet entered upon her economic life. Naturally, therefore, she requires abundant capital and abundant labor." It goes on to say that Irish savings amounting to £13,000,000 sterling are employed not in developing any Irish industry, but are exported to London and "invested in Imperial funds to bolster up the credit of the United Kingdom."

There is no trust more fraught with danger than a money trust. When President Jackson was told that the United States bank could elect or defeat not only minor candidates, but even presidential candidates, that democratic statesman and warrior replied with an oath that if such were so, it had more power than it ought to have and more than he was willing for it to retain. Since McKinley's administration and including it, there have been created 283 trusts and they to-day dominate and control the government at Washington. They have enacted a tariff that insures them excessive profits and the President, although well known to have favored a downward modification of the tariff law, has accepted the Aldrich schedule, praising its maker and declaring that the higher interests of the country demand the maintenance of Republican Party solidarity. But dissension and revolt have followed and it may be that the insurgent will march side by side with the Democrat, putting country above party, which is the right and duty of the citizen.

There is always an appeal to the people and to the people we appeal with confidence against the creation of this latest federal Frankenstein—a trust which if once established, may permanently dominate if not destroy our republican form of government. The Central Bank cannot be regarded in any other light than an attempt to create a money trust—which would be the most menacing of all trusts and overshadow them all.

Related to this discussion is the

Income Tax.

The Income Tax is properly before the people, not as a mere suggestion but as a definite proposal. Both houses of congress have passed and proposed to the states a constitutional amendment conferring power upon the federal government to impose an income tax on individuals. Congress claims power to impose the new corporation income tax as an excise. It is necessary that thirty-four states through their legislatures shall ratify the amendment, and most of the legislatures which shall vote on this proposal will be elected this year. There is a grave question about its success because of the powerful interests arrayed against it. It is confidently predicted that New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and other eastern states will refuse to ratify it. Alabama has been the first state to ratify, while Georgia, after a heated discussion in the legislature, failed to take action. The story of the Georgia campaign seems to indicate the lines upon which the battle will be fought. The protected interests and the great trusts opposed the income tax, not only because the individual members thereof are loth to make their contribution to the support of the government in proportion to their swollen profits, but because of the fear that the income tax will provide a revenue for the government so large that the protective tariff as a means of raising revenue will be discounted and the tariff itself revised downwards. The demand for the income tax amendment became a popular movement when the supreme court decided by a vote of five to four that congress had no power, and at the same time an impetus was given to another remarkable movement of which we have heard but little—that of calling a constitutional convention for the amendment of the constitution itself. This movement was started for the purpose of providing for the popular election of United States senators, but when once such a convention is assembled there is no doubt other questions, such as the income tax, will be considered, and if the income tax amendment as now proposed be defeated, additional strength will possibly be given to the movement for the call of a constitutional conven-

tion, which has never been held since the famous instrument was drafted by the convention of Philadelphia, under the chairmanship of George Washington. Such a convention can be called by congress when two-thirds of the legislatures of the states make application to congress therefor and already thirty states have so applied. All other constitutional amendments have been proposed by the congress and ratified by the states.

The federal constitution provides that all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States and that direct taxes, levied by congress, shall be apportioned among the several states according to their population. The Income Tax was first levied by the United States government as a war measure. In 1861 congress authorized a tax of 3 per cent. on all incomes over $800 per annum. In 1862, an act was passed taxing all incomes under $5,000 5 per cent. with an exception of $600 and house rent actually paid. In 1864 the law imposed 10 per cent. on incomes of more than $5,000. This law was repealed in 1872, and the amount collected under it was $347,000,000. And again it was levied when in August, 1894, the Wilson Tariff Law imposed a tax of 2 per cent. on all incomes in excess of $4,000 and it was this tax that the supreme court in 1895 declared unconstitutional by a vote of five to four. It did not differ in any material respect from the war measures which stood. The supreme court unexpectedly held that taxes on land are considered to be direct taxes and that a tax on rent or income derived from land is a direct tax within the meaning of the constitution, and that a tax upon income derived from bonds issued by a municipal corporation is a tax upon the power of the state and its instrumentalities and is consequently repugnant to the constitution. Where congress has the power to levy direct taxes, it must apportion them according to the population of the states and because there was no attempt to do this by the Wilson bill, the law wes declared void and of no effect.

The income tax as an economic proposition is sound because, first, it is the most just and equitable tax and is borne by the citizen in proportion to his ability to pay; second, it would be collected wholly by the government, which would receive the whole tax instead of allowing the special interests through the tariff to act as "tax farmers," one of the evils which led to the French Revolution, to collect it largely for their own benefit; third, it is a direct tax and is felt by the citizen and impresses upon him the fact that he is contributing to his government and that he should be interested in its economical management; fourth, it is not a tax on business.

As to the justice of an income tax, Adam Smith says: "The subjects of every state ought to contribute to the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities, that is, in proportion to the revenues which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state."

It is needless here to dwell upon the extravagance of the government—the billion-dollar congress of a few years ago which shocked the country has now yielded to the two-billion-dollar congress which is sitting in Washington—and yet, because our federal taxes are collected through the custom house and the internal revenue departments, where not being general, and being indirect, they are not recognized as taxes, you hear no insistent demand for retrenchment. We have entered on a reign of extravagance and the people are lulled into silence by false pretensions.

Unlike the tariff tax, the government can safely approximate its revenues under an income tax, and it is not exposed to the frauds which have but recently been revealed in the matter of the sugar trust in the New York custom house. The income tax does not bear upon business. It does not harass industry, nor obstruct the production of wealth. It is levied on the net profits, and, if there are no profits, then there is no tax. If there are great profits, the tax can easily be paid. If there are small profits, the impost is light. The federal government should have this power because in time of war it is necessary, and in time of peace it can be used to reduce the burdensome protective tariff schedule which bears so heavily upon the people and which has led to the creation of the "criminal trusts." But on account of the deficiency in our revenue to-day, the income tax apparently is necessary; that is to say, the tariff schedules are so excessive that importations have fallen off (where they have not been practically prohibited) and the trusts, by reason of the high protective tariff, control the market, selling their manufactured goods to our own people arbitrarily at high prices while selling foreign people the identical goods at greatly reduced prices, thus giving to foreigners the benefits which are supposed to accrue to this country by the protective policy. The Wilson Tariff reduced the schedule and, in order to make up for any deficiency in revenue on that account, provided for the income tax which was set aside by the supreme court.

No greater hardship could befall the country if the tariff were held at its present proportions, or increasing proportions (which tends to cut off importations and leave us absolutely at the mercy of the trusts) and at the same time, there be imposed upon us income taxation; and yet, under the present rule of the Republican Party that might possibly be our fate. But the big interests know that if the government has the instrumentality for raising revenue by the income tax, there will be less hesitancy in reducing the tariff tax and that is why the big interests are opposed to the income tax.

The Democratic Party is committed to a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, and on account of the great cost of maintaining this government, the custom house will always be a large source of revenue and the income tax at best will be only supplemental thereto. Therefore, it is in accordance with sound public policy to advocate not only the downward revision of the tariff, but the creation of a tax on income. For this reason the constitutional amendment should prevail.

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THE CONQUEST OF LEMOILE

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

An Informal Introduction.

MOSES BRAYTON was born in the James River valley in Virginia, but, a few years before the Civil War, his father's family removed with their few slaves and a carload of good horses to Bates county, Missouri, and there acquired a considerable acreage suitable for a stock farm unfortunately near to the Kansas border. The Braytons were ardent pro-slavery people and early lent a hand in shaping the territory to the west to the pro-slavery interest. In fact they were soon thick in the "border ruffian" troubles with consequences more injurious to themselves than to their opponents. They became marked for the reprisals of the Kansas "Jayhawkers," with the result that their brood mares were one by one transferred to Kansas ownership while Colonel Jennison did a nice stroke of business with their stallion up in Iowa.

All these events were impressed indelibly on the mind of the boy, Moses, and inspired him with hatred of the "Yankees" before he was old enough to understand what it all meant, but by the time the war broke out he was able to understand more of the matter, yet was not old enough to take a part in it with his elder brothers. The quarrel between Missouri and Kansas had now resolved itself into feuds between neighbor and neighbor. It was in one of these quarrels that his elder brother lost his life, after having killed one of a neighbor's sons and wounded another. His remaining brother, next older than himself, lost his life fighting under McCulloch at the battle of Dug Spring, August 2, 1861, and his father was brought home wounded unto death in the second day's battle at Pea Ridge under Van Dorn. He remained with his mother on what was left of the farm a year longer, the slaves having all escaped into Kansas, when she died of a broken heart and he found himself slightly over seventeen years of age, alone in the world with none of kin that he knew of nearer than the James river in Virginia.

Somehow, his father's saddle horse, the most likely colt the farm had produced, had been brought home with its wounded owner, together with his father's side arms, consisting of a bowie knife and a pair of as good revolvers as the time afforded. Having spent half a night in the company of the graves of his annihilated family, Moses mounted his father's horse and, with his father's arms, rode northward with the purpose of joining Quantrill in the "Sni Hills" south of Kansas City, bent on selling his life for as many of the lives of his Yankee enemies as would even up the score of family losses. He was tall for his age, with a grave face and with an old head upon his shoulders. He was a fine horseman and a good shot, kept his head and planned for results. He was a stranger to fear.

It was a hot August morning in 1863 that three hundred butternut-clad men of the border rode into the little city of Lawrence, Kansas, to pay off old scores, and in the company captained by the notorious Bill Todd, rode Moses Brayton, athirst for revenge. It was just daybreak and only early risers were astir. In a quarter of an hour the entire town was covered in detachments. Wherever a man was seen he was a target for bullets and wherever a home looked pretentious it was made food for flames. The stores, banks and hotels were looted and, in the stillness of a sultry atmosphere, the smoke from a hundred conflagrations rose straight into the air and, there uniting, lifted aloft a canopy of cloud to notify the surrounding territory of the fulfillment of the long prophesied sacking of the abolition town.

The carnival of crime against a surprised non-combatant and defenseless citizenry had been going on for perhaps three hours when a squad of the raiders, to which Moses Brayton had attached himself, stopped in front of a small cottage on the northern slope of Mount Oread. The men leaped from their horses and, leaving one to hold them, strode into the yard. A girl of eleven or twelve years of age appeared upon the veranda. "What do you want?" she asked.

Had the men been less under the influence of whisky obtained from the looted saloons her simple question should have been sufficient to apprise them that she was of their own strain of American blood. Her tone and enunciation were unmistakably Southern, but none noted it save Moses Brayton, who had let liquor alone, satisfying himself with blood.

"We want your men folks, quick," demanded the corporal in charge.

"There is no one here but papa and he is ill in bed with fever and ague and delirious. Surely you won't disturb him. It might kill him."

"We'll be the judges as to that," was the reply as the men strode in and ransacked the house from cellar to garret.

"I was born in Virginia, boys," the sick man said as the men rushed through, and then fell to babbling of the farm on the Waukrusa and the stock that needed his attention and how he must get back to the farm as quickly as possible.

"The hell he came from Virginia!" exclaimed the corporal commanding, as he pulled out of a pile of clothes on the closet floor a union soldier's uniform. "We'll fix him, damn him."

"It ain't mine!" the sick man screamed sitting up in bed, "you fool, it ain't mine!"

"You lie, it is," thundered the corporal as he drew his revolver and leveled it at the sick man's head, the same instant giving the command to fire the house.

There was a scream and the half-grown schoolgirl flew into the face of the corporal like a wildcat. She kicked and clawed and scratched and clung to him so that he could not use his weapon, except to try to beat her off with it. The while the sick man was calling, "Lemoile, Lemoile; don't, Lemoile. Let him have dad. Dad can't get well nohow. He'll kill you, Lemoile! He'll kill you, daughter! Don't."

The unequal struggle went on and then there was a shot and the sick man fell back upon his pillow, the blood pouring from a ghastly wound along the parting line of the hair that thinly covered his head.

The whole incident, only one out of more than a hundred similar ones enacted that morning, had scarcely taken more than a moment of time, and yet it was time enough for Moses Brayton to take in the truth of the matter and to resolve how to act.

He, too, rushed upon the drunken, frenzied corporal, who was trying to get a second shot at the sick man, and wrenched the smoking revolver from his hands. "Fight men," he cried, "and not school girls and sick men."

"You hound!" was the retort, "I'll fix you here and now," and shaking himself free of Lemoile, the corporal drew back and reached for his second pistol. For an instant Lemoile stood at the foot of her father's bed like a statue. Then she saw that which never after left her memory. Looking into the face of her butternut-clad champion she saw a second pair of eyes come into view from behind and beyond the first pair. They were beady and cruel and gleamed like the eyes of a cat at night. Then she saw a flash of steel and the corporal lay disemboweled at her feet.

The house was aflame in a score of places. The young man threw a blanket over the sick man, called to the girl to follow, and, bearing the father in his arms, strode out into the yard and to his horse. "Take the next house, men," he commanded. "These are our kind of people. I must take them to a place of safety." He threw the inert body into the saddle, helped the girl up behind to hold on to her father and, running by the horse's side to help hold the sick man in the saddle, hurried toward a bit of timber to the north and west, partly surrounded by a dense cornfield. Arrived there he laid the sick and wounded man on a blanket in the shade, found some water in the bottom of the ravine, and washed the blood from the wound. He found that it was only superficial, but the bullet had plowed a furrow along the skull from forehead to crown; and so he assured Lemoile.

Bidding Lemoile to hold his horse until he came back, Moses plunged into the cornfield, revolver in hand, and presently returned with a citizen he had found in hiding. "Here, take care of these people," he commanded. "I have just killed my own corporal to save the lives of this man and this child, whom I believe to be my kind of people. I am a reb. I hate you Yanks and I have killed enough of you to-day to square accounts with my family, but I went into this thing to fight men and sack cities, not to assassinate school girls and bedridden ague patients. If I go back to Quantrill's band they will shoot me to-night for killing my commanding officer. If you Yanks catch me, you will hang me. It is me and that horse for it, so off with your clothes and on with mine and be quick about it."

"Good by, Lemoile," the young man said, holding out his hand. "The fight you put up for your father's life made me love you, made me sure that you are my kind of people, however you come to be here. It ain't likely we'll ever meet again. I'm off for Pap Price and the Confederate army down in Arkansas, so good bye."

He reached for the reins. Lemoile handed them to him and stood looking at him with quivering lip. Then she sprang forward, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and burst into tears, the first she had shed. He leaped into his saddle, put the spurs to his horse and made for the tall timber along the Kaw river off to the west.

Finding a secluded place where his horse could feed he threw himself upon the ground and slept until nightfall. He was at home alike in woods and prairie and, under cover of darkness, made his way back to his old home in Bates county, Missouri, and to the family burial place in the corner of the orchard. There he gave an account to his own dead of the lives he had taken in requital of theirs, but promised henceforth to be a soldier and not a guerilla. The Lawrence raid had sated him with that. It had made him heart-sick of, if not soul-sorry for, murder, just plain murder inspired by hate.

He made his way into Arkansas, enlisted as a private in Price's army and went with it on its raid into Missouri and to the Kansas border in 1864. When the war closed he was a first lieutenant and a good soldier, but penniless, and so he followed some Texas volunteers back into the cattle country and became a vaquero.

But wherever he went there was scarcely a quiet hour that did not bring to him remembrance of Lemoile, a girl with whom he had spent scarcely a half hour of his life, and always he was saying to himself, "She is my kind of people. She is my kind of people." Whether riding the cattle range, following the trail to the market in Kansas, or watching the sleeping herd at night, thoughts of Lemoile were seldom out of his mind. Then he remembered what a beautiful child she was, not more than a dozen years old, he reckoned, on the day that Lawrence was sacked, but immature as she then was she gave splendid promise of a beautiful womanhood. Three years had passed since then. She must now be fifteen and perhaps in her sixteenth year, as he was in his twenty-first. Would she remember him? Well, why not? Did her father get well or succumb to the fever, rough usage and his wound? If he had died what had become of Lemoile?

Then he remembered that all he knew about her was that her name was Lemoile. What her other name was he had not the remotest idea and he had not told her his own name at all. Why not go back to Lawrence and look her up? Having little else to think of

through the lone watches of day or night, he thought of Lemoile, and so by and by resolved that the next time he went with a drove to Southern Kansas he would just keep on going until he struck the trail of Lemoile. And he went; but not until after he had followed the cattle for two years, had become the head vaquero of the ranch and a terror to cattle rustlers in that part of Texas.

(To be Concluded.)

("Treasury Grab"—Continued.)

his company will probably have to quit and lose their investment.

Then the Guggenheims discovered that their breakwater at Katalla was no good either. They had spent $3,000,000 to break Bruener, and had succeeded, but otherwise their money had been thrown away. Then they discovered that Cordova was the only feasible port and they transferred the fight to that point. Here they encountered Heney, whose operations had been based on Cordova as a port from the first.

Heney was a successful builder of railroads in Alaska, and had all the advantages of that nearly unique experience. Besides, the English capitalists behind him were financially powerful. The Guggenheims "backfired" Heney. They went to London and bought off his backers. They then showed him where they had knocked the platform from under his feet and offered him the job of percentage contractor in the construction of their road. He accepted.

The field was now clear, and the Guggenheims pushed the construction from Cordova to the Copper river and up the river toward Copper Center. In the extensive operations incident to the elimination of their competitors, they had embarrassed the finances of their road, and, to repair these and for other reasons, they sold a half interest in it to J. P. Morgan & Co., and this partnership of the Guggenheims with the Morgans is known as the Alaska Syndicate. Besides supplying financial deficiencies, Morgan also agreed to supply some old steamers from an Atlantic line for the sea connection between Cordova and Seattle.

The railroad construction was now continued up the Copper river, and to date about 100 miles of the road has been completed and pioneered. This cost $100,000 a mile, or $10,000,000. This sum, added to the $3,000,000 thrown away at Katalla, the cost of buying out Rosene and the English backers of Heney, and the cost of cleaning out the other competitors, brought their total expenditures up to some $15,000,000. A branch line, also, was surveyed to the east toward the Cunningham group of coal beds, but the actual construction was pushed only on the Copper river and far beyond the branching point, going on north toward the Bonanza.

Then came disillusion. The final report of the engineers at the Bonanza was filed last year, and, after eight years of painful exploration, the original known body of copper ore—23,000 tons—was increased only to 30,000 tons. This included all hidden deposits, and represented all the hope the engineers held out as to the total capacity of the mine.

This was staggering news. The rich promise of inexhaustible copper so shattered was bad enough; but the bursted bubble of endless freights was worse. Comparatively little had been spent in developing the mine, but here were $15,000,000 gone into a scheme to control transportation that would end at an exploded bonanza. For 30,000 tons of copper ore, running 60 per cent. pure, would be 18,000 tons of pure copper. The cost of mining, transportation, smelting, and marketing is ten cents a pound. The market price is fourteen cents. That leaves four cents a pound net profit on 18,000 tons of copper—36,000,000 pounds—or $1,440,000 profit in the entire mine. And this the return that might be expected on a road one-third completed at a cost of $15,000,000, with the prospect of having to spend about five millions more before the mine could be reached!

The Guggenheims and Morgan were dazed but not despairing. On the fifth of this month the following despatch appeared in newspapers throughout the country. The despatch was sent out in the ordinary routine by the Associated Press, but we add the illuminating head used over it by the San Francisco Bulletin of the next afternoon:

GUGGENHEIMS WANT GOVERNMENT TO BACK ALASKAN R. R. PROJECT.

Exhibit of Innocent-Looking Vegetables in Washington Reveals Scheme to Get Hand Into the Public Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5. A scheme for a government guaranty for a through railroad project from tide water to interior Alaska, in which the Guggenheim interests figure, looms back of a display of near-Arctic grain and vegetables that stocked the room of the House Committee on Territories to-day.

The Guggenheim mining interests have copper properties in the Copper river section and until recently it has been claimed that they wanted no guaranty.

Now a movement has been given new life looking to general legislation to guarantee the interest on the bonds of railroads built in Alaska after a certain amount of construction work has been completed. Its advocates claim that capital cannot be induced into the territory without government co-operation. The matter has not yet come before the committee.

The railroad project with its proposed connections contemplates a tide water outlet at Cordova, east of Valdez, the eastern terminus to be at Fairbanks, not far from the Arctic Circle, and the exhibit on the territory committee's table is intended to show what that section can produce and promise in the way of agricultural traffic.

It would be interesting to know just how fertile the Copper River valley is for agricultural products. The photographs of it in government reports show a barren and uninviting country. Its population now is certainly nil, and its present or immediately prospective need for a railroad, so far as agriculture is concerned, is about the same as that of the Sahara desert. One government report says that there is "enough timber for local uses." The other conceivable resource for freight for such a railroad is the coal country to be tapped by the proposed branch, but this branch is only "proposed"; the actual construction does not go near it. And the suggestion that the ultimate destination of the road is Fairbanks is nonsense, because the route from Skagway (which would be about two inches to the right on an extension of our map) is so much more direct and has so much the easier grades that any feasible road from Fairbanks to the sea would certainly be built that way.

Hence the conclusion that the Guggenheims are beseeching government aid for a practical railroad benefit to Alaska seems to be questionable. The more plausible view of the case, in view of the facts, seems to be that the Guggenheims and Morgan got badly bitten on their copper mine and railroad, and are now begging the federal government to make good their losses.

It is a beautiful scheme, and it may work—it should not be forgotten that the Cunningham coal grab nearly succeeded, and may yet succeed. But the public is at least entitled to know that such a subsidy as is asked will pull about $15,000,000 worth of scorched chestnuts out of the fire for the proponents of the scheme, without any immediate or even approximate return to the public.

Now comes the humor of the situation—at least it is grimly humorous in California, where the San Francisco Chronicle is known. On the morning of the 8th, two days after the despatch quoted above appeared in the Bulletin, the Chronicle lumbered on the scene with the following editorial, written in the Chronicle's characteristic style:

RAILROADS IN ALASKA.

A Proposal That the United States Government Shall Aid Them.

There is a proposition to build a railroad from tidewater to the interior of Alaska, which will reach some copper deposits in which the Guggenheims are interested. The mines would contribute a large tonnage to the business of the road, but not sufficient, as those interested claim, to justify the building of the road as part of the mining plant. It is claimed that the route would pass through a country suitable for settlement, and it is said that congress will be asked to guarantee interest on cost of construction.

The fact that the "Guggenheims" are interested in the mines, and presumably expect to make money by working them, will be reason enough for a certain class of our people to make the heavens ring with their protests. Upon the theory of a certain cult it would be better that Alaska should remain forever a wilderness than that any one should make money by developing its resources. The proposition should, nevertheless, be considered on its merits. Nobody yet knows whether the proposed railroad will pay or not. Nobody will ever know until the experiment is tried. If the mines will not supply a sufficient traffic the road can only pay by the development of the country. The United States owns the soil of Alaska, and thus far it has proved an exceedingly profitable investment. The treasury itself is way ahead in its outlay, to say nothing of the profit made by individuals and diffused among the people. The United States as a government and a people have more to gain than any individual or group by the development of Alaska, and there is much force in the contention that they should share the risk of experimental development. What ought to be done depends on the facts in the case.

It is not a new thing for this government to assist railroads pioneering in a new country. It aided by bonds the first transcontinental road to be built, and has been repaid, principal and interest. Congress has authorized the Philippine government to stand behind railroads for the development of those islands. It is by no means certain that the nation ought not to get behind the first railroad of Alaska. If there is traffic developed to make the road pay, it will cost the government nothing. If there is a loss, it is certainly as proper for the government to stand a loss to a moderate amount on a railroad constructed within its own territory for the use of its own people as it is to stand whatever loss may accrue from the building of an isthmian canal which will be used mainly by our commercial rivals.

Whether the Chronicle's familiar fondness for all forms of corporate exploitation, or more utilitarian reasons, induced it to rush to the aid of the distressed Guggenheims, it hit the nail in one respect at least: "The fact that the 'Guggenheims' are interested" has truly come to be "reason enough" for nervousness in the public as to the safety of the public's interest. Since the bald announcement by Simon Guggenheim of the exact price he paid for a seat in the United States Senate as the representative of Colorado, the public has listened with growing apprehension to the chorus of complaint from all parts of Alaska where their operations have created panic amongst smaller men who have mining claims to protect.

In the course of a rambling interview in a recent issue of the New York Sun, Daniel Guggenheim made the following statements, which the Sun report prefaces with the sentence "In advocating that the government should take a hand, he said:"

While I deprecate all unnecessary interference with business matters on the part of our government, yet I appreciate this necessity and cannot but admire the results which have been attained by the German government in its efforts to foster the welfare of German commerce.

The demoralization caused in the past in the manufacturing industry using copper by such excessive prices as twenty-five cents a pound and the losses in subsequent decline to twelve cents are fresh in our minds. Such excessive fluctuation in value results in serious injury to the whole community. The advantages of a stable or fairly assured price are beyond dispute. The enormous capital required to develop a prospect to a producing mine and to build the necessary reduction works with railroad connection should be more readily attained at a greatly reduced risk. The spirit of speculation which is engendered in connection with such radical advances in prices is most unhealthful, and on the decline those are sure to lose who are least able to do so.

If a "campaign of education" can do it, the Guggenheims will hand this $15,000,000 gold brick to the American people, and **keep whatever gold is in the brick!** We earnestly commend this transaction to the attention of the congressional investigators.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The city trustees having provided for the payment of $1,000 annually for the expenses of the institution, Hollister will have a $10,000 Carnegie free public library.

Alden B. Anderson having resigned his position as a member of the board of trustees of the Chico state normal school, F. J. O'Brien, of the Chico Enterprise, has been appointed to the place.

In the Coalinga oil field, natural gas from a well being bored for oil caught fire and, some days later, still was burning fiercely.

A. W. Lando, who was one of the San Francisco vigilantes in pioneer days, recently died at the home of his sister in Stockton.

It is reported that, commencing about April 1st, a half-hourly service will be established between San Francisco and San Rafael.

The supervisors of Shasta county have adopted an ordinance illegalizing all sorts of gambling.

The electors of Arroyo Grande will vote on a proposition to incorporate that place as a city of the sixth class.

The Madera Tribune issued a twelve-page "industrial edition" which was full of information concerning that city and the surrounding country.

The Placerville Mountain Democrat has passed its fifty-eight birthday, and still, as it has been for many years, is in charge of G. J. Carpenter, one of the oldest editors in the state.

During the year 1909 the Coalinga fields produced more than 15,000,000 barrels of oil, thus establishing its position in the first rank of the world's producing fields.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

are really in earnest in their wish to emancipate this state from corporation control were to hold no conferences, evolve no leaderships, bring out no candidates, but leave all those functions to be performed by Mr. Herrin's gophers working under ground. When these who stand for Right Things do get together, however, they should be careful whom they do **not** invite to participate in their deliberations. There were men at their late conference who would sell out every sound principle for the consideration of receiving the support of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau in the event that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League were successful in nominating a reform Republican for governor. The Democratic sheep need to be separated from the Democratic goats at such conference as certainly as the Republican insurgents need to be separated from those who take orders from Mr. Herrin, and the pity is that the Democratic and Republican sheep cannot somehow make common cause against the goats of both persuasions. They are likely to do it to a greater degree this year than ever before. They fought together shoulder to shoulder in the last legislature, why not in the open? That way lies victory for Right Things—ever so much more important than victory for Republican or Democratic parties.

Not a Very Bad Guess Whether True or False The Oakland Tribune seems to have been responsible for the story that Governor James N. Gillett had determined not to run for re-election and had decided to throw his influence to Mayor Mott of Oakland, in the hope of uniting the two factions of the Republican party. The story is denied in toto both by Governor Gillett and Mayor Mott. What else could the poor men do? Having originated with the Oakland Tribune the improbability of the truth of the story amounted almost to a certainty, and yet the story was not inherently improbable and may not have been a bad guess. Unless outward indications are deceiving Governor Gillett has been kept on the anxious seat between a sweat and a shiver in order that Charles F. Curry might make good, if he could, his claims to a popular backing that would carry him safely through the primaries, and Gillett would be more than humanly patient, as well as subservient, if he did not resent that cooling-off process. It would not be unnatural for him to try to get even, if he must break with the "organization," by trying to throw his influence to an anti-organization man. Mayor Mott of Oakland is such a man. The Lincoln-Roosevelt people entertain no suspicions as to his loyalty to the cause of making California a free state and, in the event that neither Hiram Johnson nor W. R. Davis are centered upon as The Man, the stock of Frank K. Mott might easily climb to first place in the camp of the reformers. He has made good as mayor and that is not a bad training school for the gubernatorial office.

Chas. M. Belshaw Wants The League's Endorsement Last week The Watchman expressed doubts as to whether or not former Senator Charles M. Belshaw wanted the endorsement or nomination for governor of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. He has since removed all doubt by saying that he does. Well, the thing that is worth having is generally worth asking for and, if one wants it, the manly way is to ask for it right out in plain language, as Mr. Belshaw has done. The Watchman is not able to say what the league will do about it. No one can answer that question yet, and it is sufficient for this time to say that Mr. Belshaw is before the Progressive Republican element in California politics as an applicant for its favor, and he is also in the hands of his friends. Some of those friends are reported to have said that $100,000 can be raised to put behind Belshaw's candidacy if the league looks with favor upon him. Mr. Belshaw is himself a very wealthy man. They are also claiming that he can draw more largely from the "organization" than perhaps any other Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican so far mentioned as a candidate. There might be something in that, too.

They Almost Wish That They Had Not Done It There are some indications that some of Mayor McCarthy's plug hat supporters wish that they had not thrown their support to him in the recent election. They are beginning to feel uneasy through fear that he may not "come through" when their plans to loot the public come up to him. Perhaps not. So far there is no reason why the higher-up holdups should mourn without hope. The unswerving, uncompromising integrity of the mayor of San Francisco is yet to be demonstrated. He is not unlikely to prove a surprise in more ways than one and proving thoroughly and impeccably honest may turn out to be one of those surprises. Certain it is that the support he got at the expense of Crocker was not given him with any such expectation. So far the characteristics he has mainly manifested have been a low standard of public morality and pugnacity. As to Spring Valley he deserves to be canonized along with the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to the stable that burnt Chicago. His antic, unless remedied, will have a similar effect upon San Francisco. He has flaunted the flag of defiance in the face of a congress and an administration that stand for the inviolability of investments, and especially investments in public utilities. No British city is permitted to render valueless any public service investment by municipal trading in competition therewith and no American city, dependent upon congress for a source of municipal water supply, will be permitted to do that either if "the interests" can prevent it, and they can. Unless some good angel of the unforeseen comes to the rescue McCarthy will prove the marplot that wrecked the Tuolumne water proposition.

Building Trades Council Is Doing Some Politics The State Building Trades Council, over which Mayor McCarthy presides, and which he was certain to try to run to his own liking, has been in session this week at Monterey. The delegates are citizens of this commonwealth and it is the part of good citizenship for them to take an interest in political affairs. Therefore it is not improper or surprising that there should have been considerable political talk at that council. It was bruited about during the late campaign in San Francisco that the offensive and defensive arrangements entered into between McCarthy and his labor party managers and the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, whereby Crocker was slaughtered in the house of his friends and McCarthy elected, were to extend to and through the state campaign for the purpose of perpetuating the power of that Political Bureau. A bit of evidence in confirmation of this deal is to be found in the fact that it was at this council that the candidacy of Frank McGowan for attorney general of the state was announced. He it was who made the race for district attorney of San Francisco against Langdon two years ago, with all the influences that were behind Fickert last fall behind him. His candidacy also affords at least cumulative evidence of the rumor that the Political Bureau has soured on General Webb. Frank McGowan is too careful and experienced a politician to enter the contest for an office like that without a pretty straight tip from headquarters that his candidacy will be looked upon with favor. The fog seems to be lifting.

HELP THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY.

If you want to do so, whenever you have a dollar to spend, remember its advertisers, and when you spend that dollar with one of its advertisers see to it that that advertiser is made to remember The California Weekly. That will help.

"I suppose your art finds reward for waiting and self-denial in the applause that greets you." "Applause!" echoed Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Even that has been monopolized by the grasping hand of politics. What artist could hope for an hour and a half of solid applause? Even if the ushers could stand the strain, the audience would lose patience."—The Green Bag.

("Little Talks"—Concluded.)

been deceived as to the sources of party contributions by the managers of their own campaigns. It is certain at least that neither one of them ever deliberately lied to the public about that or anything else, but this paper has no disposition to make the same fowl of the other party in this respect. The whole system of financing campaigns is wrong. The time must come when all such expenses as are needed to be incurred for public education in political campaigns must become a public charge and all such expenses as are not legitimate must be forbidden under heavy penalties. The California Weekly has advocated the devoting of the poll tax to this purpose. With compulsory voting a great part of this vast expense can be avoided. Our present method of conducting campaigns is extravagant and inefficient for purposes of education. The issue raised by our correspondent is one that we shall all have to do some head-cracking study over before we work the problem out, but it can be done and must be.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

ADOLPH ZEIS,
Administrator of the estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 23, 1909.

CARY HOWARD,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Petition of THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY, to ascertain and establish its standing as a newspaper of general circulation. No. 26,667. Dept. 12.

DECISION AND JUDGMENT.

In the above entitled matter, the petition of The California Weekly, by A. J. Pilsbury, its editor and manager, for a decision and judgment ascertaining and establishing said The California Weekly as a newspaper of general circulation, having come on regularly to be heard this 31st day of December, 1909, W. H. Payson, Esq., appearing as attorney for petitioner, and no other appearances having been made, etcetera.

And it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that due notice of said petition was duly given and published, as required by law and the order of the Court herein, and the hearing of said petition having, by order of this Court, been set for this day at the hour of Ten o'clock, A. M., in the courtroom of said Court, Department No. 12, No. 216 McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, and now, at the time and place specified the said petition having been heard, and testimony taken, and no person appearing to contest the said petition, and the matter having been submitted to the Court for decision, and the Court being fully advised in the premises,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby found, ordered, adjudged and decreed that all the facts stated in said petition are true; that the said newspaper, The California Weekly, is and for upwards of one year last past next preceding the making and filing of said petition, has been, a newspaper published for the dissemination of local news and intelligence, of a general character, and during all of said time has had, and now has, a bona fide subscription list of paid subscribers, and that said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals, to-wit, once a week, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for upwards of one year next preceding the date of filing of said petition; that said The California Weekly is not devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number thereof, or with the avowed or any purpose to entertain or instruct such classes; and that said The California Weekly is hereby ascertained and established as a newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined in Section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

Dated December 31st, 1909.

GEORGE H. CABANIS,
Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 31, 1909. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk, by Milton M. Davis, Deputy Clerk.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

I, H. I. Mulcrevy, County Clerk, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court, in and for said City and County,

HEREBY CERTIFY, the foregoing to be a full, true and correct Copy of the Original Decision and Judgment in the above entitled cause, filed in my office on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1909.

ATTEST my hand and Seal of said Court, this 31st day of December, 1909.

[Seal] H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By MILTON M. DAVIS,
Deputy Clerk.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Controller.

The State Controller, or Controller of State (both names are used in the statutes), is the same officer who in a majority of commonwealths is designated as the State Auditor, and in a few as the Comptroller. Indeed, the latter spelling was used in the original constitution of California, but in process of time the word got into the statutes as Controller, and in that form it was adopted into the constitution of 1879. However spelled, its primary significance is that of an accounting officer, which is what the Controller of California is.

In the earliest days of our state government he was the chief auditor of claims against the treasury; but in the later '50's, after there had been considerable laxity in the allowance of questionable accounts, the legislature created an ex-officio auditing board, called the State Board of Examiners, composed of the Governor, the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General, whose approval is required in nearly all classes of claims before the Controller can draw warrants for their payment.

But notwithstanding the institution of the Board of Examiners, the Controller still has functions to perform, and very important ones, too, in the auditing of accounts. He is the final auditor, and his specialty is passing upon the legality of the claims presented; he is responsible upon his bond (of $50,000) for the payment of an illegal claim, and he is not relieved of that liability by the fact that the claim in question may have been approved by the Board of Examiners. The latter body in passing on claims against the state devotes consideration to questions of public policy as well as legality; the Controller has little to do except with the technical correctness and legality of the claims.

The Controller is the state's head bookkeeper, and all of its accounts must go through his office. No money can be paid out of the treasury except upon a warrant signed by him, and this enables him to keep an exact check upon the income and outgo. By requirement of law he must keep his books so that at all times they will show to a cent the amounts of money which have been received, which have been expended, and which should be on hand in cash. Not only can no money be paid out without the Controller's warrant, but none can be paid into the treasury without his order to the State Treasurer to receive it. The books of the Controller and of the Treasurer must agree, and their agreement is a proof of correctness of the accounts. A third set of books covering most of the expenditures of the state is kept by the Board of Examiners, which is an additional check, and, of course, all the different departments, offices, boards, commissions and institutions have their own accounts, which are checked by the Controller's books. All officers and departments which collect any money must report once a month to the Controller and at the same time pay their collections into the treasury.

In the Political Code several pages are taken up in enumerating the duties of the Controller, the first mentioned being "to superintend the fiscal concerns of the state." In other words, he is to the state government what the Secretary of the Treasury is to the government of the United States. It is his duty once in two years to make such a report upon the finances of the state as will give the Governor and the legislature a clear and comprehensive idea of the revenues and the expenditures, and he must also "suggest plans for the improvement and management of the public revenues."

A very important function of the Controller is to make up the estimate of expenses of the coming two years. This is a part of his biennial report, and this estimate is always made the basis of the general appropriation bill which is reported by the Ways and Means Committee of the legislature. To compile the estimate properly calls for careful study of the work and the needs of all the state offices and institutions, and usually it is the unpleasant duty of the Controller to make large cuts in the requested appropriations of all departments.

"To direct and superintend the collection of all moneys due the state" is the way in which the code states one of the most important duties of the Controller. To enable him to do this he is authorized to inspect the books and accounts of all officers, to require them to report in any form he deems proper, and to sue them when they are delinquent. To a considerable extent, the County Auditors, Treasurers and Tax Collectors come under the supervision of the Controller, for they all act as agents of the state in the collection of its revenues. Questions of the administrative construction of the laws which these officers encounter and find it difficult to solve are usually passed up to the Controller.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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This Week: "THE MODERN LABOR UNION."

—*By Charles R. Brown.*

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JANUARY 28 :'10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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But They Get It, Nevertheless.

N HIS ADDRESS at Williams College, a scathing arraign- ment of Theodore Roosevelt, James R. Garfield and Clifford nchot, Secretary Ballinger assured his hearers that not one re of government land or one reservoir or power site, can be enated without the sanction of the law. This would be com- rting were it not that millions of acres of the public domain, rth hundreds of millions of dollars, have been alienated where e compliance with the law was perfunctory and its spirit was lated at every step. It is against that kind of compliance with e law that the American people are protesting, with what animity is well exemplified on another page of this paper, ere the voice of the interior press is accepted as the voice of e people.

Does the Voice of Labor Smell of Whisky?

HE ROYAL ARCH is the fraternity of saloon men and repre- sents the saloon interests in city and state. It honored the vernor of California and the mayor of San Francisco with a quet at which it claimed for itself and its interests that social pectability which recognition by high office is presumed to fer. Mayor McCarthy acknowledged that claim in specific ms. Governor Gillett acknowledged it by his presence and ticipation. Mayor McCarthy went further. He assumed the ht to speak with the voice of union labor and, so speaking, nked the Royal Arch for the service it had rendered labor l pledged the support of labor for the protection of its traffic. also pledged the voting strength of the Union Labor party James N. Gillett for renomination and election as governor. y we assume, then, that the voice of labor smells of whisky that the candidacy of James N. Gillett exudes a similar odor? has Mayor McCarthy a right to speak with the voice of union or, thereby to taint its breath? The California Weekly chal- ges that right. It holds organized labor more reputable than organized liquor traffic, the mayor, or the governor who lent presence to that occasion.

As the Regulars See It.

AY STANNARD BAKER has been investigating the in- surgent movement throughout the Middle West, for the erican Magazine, interviewing "regulars" and "insurgents" e. He finds the regulars amazed that a people should find t with a policy under which they are prosperous and they e no conception of the hold the insurgent movement is getting n the minds of men. According to their philosophy, when Business thrives no man need be out of a job, and whoever a job and is not content is a malcontent. They recognize Big Business runs the government, but see no harm in that rest secure in the belief that the perfection of their political anization will preserve themselves and their party from harm. y are fat and sleek and in office with the "machine" behind n. What more?

As the Insurgents See It.

HE ISSUE IS, government by Big Business for Big Busi- ness, with industrial prosperity a possible incident thereto, overnment by the people and for the people with the interests umanity paramount. The insurgents stand for the regulation uch private and corporate wealth as needs to be regulated the common good. The movement is general, deepseated, ifest in voters' leagues, civic clubs, good government leagues, and a more independent press. It is unselfish. It is a reaction from that materialism which looks upon money-making as the end of all things. The immediate occasion for the movement is the renewed aggression of corporate capital upon public wealth while it may yet be had, fearing that if there be delay the conservation policy of Roosevelt may put it out of reach. "No one," declares Mr. Baker, "can tell how far the fortunes of this war may carry the antagonists," but his investigations lead him to believe that the insurgents are so deadly in earnest that they will not stop short of the uttermost need. We are participants in one of the great movements of human history.

The Fight Within the Party.

THE INSURGENT MOVEMENT is not defined by party lines. It cuts across both parties, but is puissantly within the Republican party because that party is in power. The struggle is for the possession of the party. The regulars have the President's cabinet and probably the President, the oligarchy of the senate and the autocracy of the house with the sympathy of the federal bench, the millions of Big Business and the ramified machinery of a politico-corporate "organization." The insurgents have a few doughty fighters and awakened public conscience with a zeal for human rights. Whether Republicans or Democrats, the insurgents love the parties with which they have been long associated and are loth to give them up. At present there is no inclination so to do, but rather than fail of restoring government to the people the movement may not only break up old political parties but old systems of industrial and commercial life.

The President's Plan Made Plain.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK it was announced from Washington that the President had determined to make the federal courts the arena of his campaign against illegal trusts and unlawful combinations, from which none guilty might escape. Stocks fell. The next day the President denounced the statement and recalled attention to his anti-trust message, reaffirming his fidelity to the policy therein laid down, which is, first, the enactment of an optional national incorporation law by which all interstate corporations may come under federal control to be regulated; second, the institution of proceedings to drive into such control all who do not voluntarily come in. The President will not be ready for the second act in the drama until the first has been played unless a reluctant congress forces the playing of the second act first. Has the President the grit to "sit tight"? And would it not be as well to make the national incorporation law directly compulsory as indirectly?

Venus de Milo.

THE IMAGINATION LEAPS at a brief line in the despatches describing the Paris flood. "The flood threatened momentarily to inundate the sculpture gallery, where are kept the Venus de Milo and other priceless art treasures." Strange have been the vicissitudes of this masterpiece of the nameless sculptor of ancient Melos. Did she see the sack and rapine of the Greek city before she descended under dust, to lie until the centuries had seen Caesar rise and fall, the Dark Ages gloom and the Renascence dawn, and Napoleon stride the world and sink like a meteor? In a strange land, amid aliens, she saw the Commune. Now, her lustrous beauty still undimmed, her fate is a deep concern of all the nations. The sculptor's art has triumphed over the fame of kings.

CRUSADE AGAINST HIGH PRICES.

The present crusade against high prices is ill-timed. It should have been started a whole year sooner when something might have been done about it. Nevertheless, it is a good thing to help along, for good may come of it, although not as certainly as a year ago before the tariff bill was disposed of.

It is not easy to put the finger on any one fact and say: This is the all-sufficient cause. Nations as well as individuals suffer from complications of maladies.

One cause of the increased cost of living is the enormous increase in the production of gold. There is no gainsaying this and there is nothing to be done about it, but when men undertake to make it appear that the increased production of gold is the sole cause of high prices they say what is not so.

The tariff has increased the cost of living. In the item of woolens it has enormously increased the cost and outrageously cheapened the quality and comfort of clothing which persons in moderate circumstances are able to buy. In this particular it is a robber tariff and the President would have done both bravely and wisely to have vetoed the tariff bill and sent the issue back to the people rather than submit to extortion from the woolen trust.

There were other schedules in which the duties imposed were of the quality of robbery and not of protection, and they have all conspired to increase the cost of living. Neither the President nor his party can escape responsibility for this factor in the increased cost of living. The American people are being robbed by a tariff policy that was intended, and rightly intended, for their protection.

But more potent, in enhancing the cost of living, is the extortion practiced by trusts and monopolies of high and low degree. The example set by Big Business in the elimination of competition has been imitated by Little Business until there is scarcely a commodity whose price is not injuriously affected by it. Men no longer feel that they can do business at all unless they can be advantaged by some sort of "cinch" on their customers. The price to the retailer is fixed for him by his wholesaler, and the price to the wholesaler is fixed for him by the manufacturer. The manufacturer is in league with other manufacturers sheltered by the tariff wall.

The tendency to eliminate competition has done worse than to enhance the cost of living. It has debauched the moral standards of the commercial world. It has legitimatized extortion and has supplanted the spirit of enterprise with that of greed. The government's legal machinery for dealing with such crimes against the common good is clumsy and ineffective, and not until our judicial system is reformed throughout may we expect effective relief from that quarter.

Unquestionably a source of waste is to be found in the clumsy machinery whereby farm products are gathered up and conveyed to the consumer, but this is not a new source of cost and does not account for the enhanced cost of living now being complained of. It is no more wasteful than it has always been.

If the existing movement to reduce the cost of living would be effective it must fight the robberies which hide in the tariff; it must fight for the restoration of free competition in the commerce of this country; it must uphold the moral principle of public service in commerce and industry as contradistinguishing from brigandage and extortion; it must fight monopoly as it would fight the plague; it must retrieve the powers of government out of the hands of predatory Big Business and restore it to the citizenry; it must struggle for a reformed criminal procedure and a reformed standard of legal ethics on the bench, at the bar and in the minds of the people themselves, who also have had their standards so debauched that they have lost the power to hate evil and are willing to condone rascality if it be successful.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

Except we do these things wealth and power will come to be centered in fewer and fewer hands and the cost of living will tend more and more to equal the earning power of men, leaving no margin for saving and making the standard of living ever lower and lower. This is the issue which humanity has at stake in the present crusade against high prices. Could there be a greater?

Two Kinds of Wealth.

To hate wealth is as unreasonable as to hate life, but there are ways of living that deserve to be hated, as there are forms of wealth that are despicable. Mankind needs to be rich, to be surrounded by beautiful things, to have capital wherewith to found industries, furnish employment, keep the industrial and commercial life active and healthful, an inspiration to enterprise and a stimulation to thrift. Perhaps most of the wealth in the world is of this character. With it humanity has no quarrel. The need is to have more of it more widely distributed. Its purpose is service and that wealth which seeks service is humanity's friend.

But there is another kind of wealth. Its purpose is not to serve, but to exploit. It is used to take from other people that which belongs to them by the exercise of superior power. That kind of wealth we hate. It is a public enemy and if it cannot be controlled it were better to have it destroyed, for it is destroying the foundations of human society.

The money invested in the meat packing establishments, whereby every part of the creature was utilized, quickly gathered from off the ranges and speedily sold over the counters of the whole country, was splendidly serviceable until it began to fix the prices for the growers of live stock, without regard to real value, and to extort from the consumer the last cent he could pay for his meat short of going without. When wealth did this it became a robber and deserved the fate of the robber caught in the act.

There is nothing more useful than a railroad, so long as it confines itself to the business of fetching and carrying with reasonable care and expedition at reasonable rates. Capital invested in such service deserves to be protected by law and to be respected by the people; but when railroading becomes only an incident to stock gambling and the usurpation of free government, the debauching of the bench and the prostitution of legislation, it deserves the function of the public executioner.

The black, sticky, stinking oil that is found deep in the earth is of little value in its natural state. What service more splendid than taking this stuff and resolving it into its constituent parts, making each one useful, and then distributing all of them all over the earth? If the Standard Oil men had stopped there they would have been looked upon as among the most valuable of public servants, but they did not. They went on to mulct one community that they might destroy competition in another, to violate every law that stood across their path, to crush those whom they could not control. Not all the good these men can ever do with their millions can compensate for the evil they did in getting them.

No, we must not hate wealth nor wealthy men. The world has need of them. We must hate only the robber, the extortioner, the corrupter of men, the debauchers of courts and legislatures, the subsidizers of the press, the bribers, grafters, gamblers who use wealth for their fell purposes, use money instead of rifles, dollars instead of bludgeons, capital instead of a mercenary soldiery. It is only when the servant becomes a robber that we must apprehend him and punish him. We do ourselves and all mankind a wrong when we fail to discriminate between these two main kinds of wealth, the kind whose essential purpose it is to serve and that kind whose purpose it is to exploit. The one we should honor and cherish. The other we should reform or destroy.

Taking the Platform Seriously.

The President has taken the platform of the convention that nominated him in earnest and appears to have made it the chart by which he is to sail the ship of state during his term of office. What a surprise that must be to the gentlemen who made that platform! They intended it for that campaign only.

The President's view of a proper chart to follow during his administration is not the highest or broadest view that might be taken, but it is higher and broader than the politician's view. A better view would be to shape the presidential policy by the nation's needs whether expressed in the Republican national platform or not, but to know that the President accepts the platform upon which he made his campaign in sincerity is reassuring. To be sincere is almost to be great, for few public men are great enough to be sincere.

It appears, too, that the President is going to try to hold the "regulars" in congress responsible for redeeming the pledges made in the party platform. He is reported to have read the riot act in this matter, Aldrich being away, to Penrose, Carter and Crane. These men are representatives of Big Business and Big Business stands on no platform. So far as argument is concerned the President has them. So far as effective legislation is concerned they will have him. Nothing making for the general public good will be extorted from them without swinging the big stick and if the big stick was to be swung at all it should have been when the tariff bill was before congress.

The sincerity of the President is not to be questioned, but his sagacity is. He appears to have early reached the conclusion that if he was to secure legislation for carrying out the Roosevelt policies he must make his appeal to the enemies of those policies for the reason that they and they alone had the power to enact legislation. If he came to this conclusion he will be a disappointed man. Platforms or no platforms, he will get nothing from Big Business or its agents that Big Business does not want. He will get nothing worth while from them without a fight and he cannot win his fight without the support of the American people, and he has not felt it worth while to ask the American people to help him make a fight.

He may get the postal savings bank system, which is relatively unimportant. His optional federal incorporation bill may come through, inasmuch as Big Business has come to hold all laws as optional in their obligation. The fate of the transportation court is not so sure. His conservation measures are scarcely to be

hoped for and we may doubt the imparting of any real additional strength to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

There is just one way of getting affirmative, remedial legislation through congress and that is to whip the "interests" out of the senate through a reconstruction of the senate and the sooner that issue is made The Issue the better for the President and the nation he so sincerely desires to serve.

Look Out For Senate and Assembly.

How to secure the nomination of a superior class of men for members of the State Senate and Assembly—that, next to the election of the right kind of governor—is the "to be or not to be" with reform in California, for without improvement in the calibre and character of our legislative representatives nothing will be gained by a change of names. That was well illustrated by the failure in the last session of several assemblymen who were nominally chosen as candidates of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, though they were the same kind of material as the machine has always given us. This is the costliest mistake which reform can make, and especial care ought to be taken to avoid it this year.

There is some danger that, under the direct primary, it may be even easier than it formerly was to put up unfit representatives, and nothing save a stern determination not to allow such a thing to happen can prevent such a misfortune. An easy acquiescence in the candidacy of any young man who wants to go to the assembly as a matter of personal gain has been the most frequent cause of the trouble, and since the direct primary makes self-nomination perfectly practicable it is likely to happen oftener than before unless there is some kind of concerted effort to elevate the standard of qualifications for legislative office.

Not many men of calibre and character will volunteer as candidates for senate and assembly; they must be looked for and brought out by their neighbors; the right kind will be reluctant to serve, but they will consent if it is set before them as a duty they owe to the community. This sort of selective process ought to be going on all over the state of California now, and it should be kept up until the primary and the general election have insured the choice of a class of men who will give to the people such representation in the legislature as they have not had for a great many years.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, having gained some knowledge through the sad experience of having some of its legislators "fall down" promptly upon taking their seats, has appointed a committee to look after legislative nominees and that committee will soon be at work. It will need all the help it can get and good men everywhere should be looking for good men everywhere fit to be sent to the legislature. It is no place to send a timid, immature or money-hungry man.

Who Are the Disrupters?

The San Francisco Chronicle fears that the unpleasantness between the insurgents and the regulars in congress might hinder legislation against the trusts and possibly disrupt the Republican party. Later the Examiner began to sing the same tune, albeit pitched in a different key. Aldrich and Cannon have said something to the same effect. It cannot be doubted, of course, that the Chronicle and the Examiner, Aldrich and Cannon, are all deeply and affiliatedly concerned for such legislation as will fetch Big Business under control of just laws efficiently executed! That goes without saying. Then why should those terrible insurgents be so stubborn about "taking program" from Aldrich and Cannon, the Chronicle and the Examiner?

But who are the disrupters? Why is it always those who are fighting for Right Things and never those who have entered the service of Satan at so much per line? Why, in California, are the Lincoln Roosevelters the disrupters of the party and not the men who serve the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company? Why, for instance, did the President—in all frankness and sincerity—decline to use his influence to obtain a reformation of the rules of the house through the expressed fear that to join issue might disrupt the party? It seems never to have occurred to him that his refusal to join that issue might disrupt his party and yet nothing that has happened in a decade has come nearer to disrupting the Republican party than the refusal of the President to exert his executive influence for the reformation of the rules of the house in the interests of free government.

Was Speaker Joe Cannon, or was he not, a disrupter of his party when he made a bargain with Tammany democrats whereby his power as autocrat of the house was extended for two years? And was Nelson A. Aldrich, or was he not, a disrupter of his party when he bargained with enough Democratic senators, at the cost of protecting their especial iniquities, to put the robber tariff through? Are those who fight for Right Things the only disrupters of political parties, or are there others?

Direct or Simple?

Faith in government by the people is not dead yet, in spite of the frequent and visible failure of governments ostensibly by the people. We are beginning to discover that the main trouble is not the failure of popular government, but the failure to get popular government. The people vote, but do not rule.

Among those who would cure the ills of democracy by more democracy, the two favorite devices are "direct legislation" and the "short ballot." One is an effort to make popular government more direct; the other is an effort to make it more simple.

Directness and simplicity are, of course, both virtues, where both can be obtained. But the larger the political unit, the less simple the referendum is, and the more rarely it can be used. In a village it may be used every week, on every measure. In a city it may be used as often as the people will stand the strain of a city election. In a state it can only be used for large and simple issues, and for only a few of these, scattered far enough apart to make it possible to sustain interest in a campaign of education. In the nation at large, the referendum could scarcely be invoked twice in a generation. If we had a "parliament of the world," a plebiscite establishing that parliament, and a referendum once a century, fixing its constitution, would be the limit. So, the bigger the unit, the more rarely the "direct method" can be used, and the fewer the evils it will cure. Also, the further it gets from combining simplicity with its directness.

But on the contrary the bigger the unit the more applicable the "simple method" is, and the more effective. Elect few officials, and these the responsible ones, and elect them under circumstances that will fix their responsibility. England practically does this already by electing no national officials but members of parliament, and electing these on an issue, when the issue arises. That makes the election itself practically a general referendum and is quite as "direct" as our proposal to vote on certain issues separately, when they occur, while continuing to let the calendar fix our time of holding the election of the persons who must vote for us on all other issues. We are proposing to get directness at the expense of making more complex a system which is already too complex. The "short ballot," added to a system which would let issues make elections, instead of having the elections make issues, would give us both simplicity and directness.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

A pessimist is one who is always sure that he is going to miss the next car, but doesn't often. That attitude get to be a habit of the mind. Mind is a creature of habit. It will wear grooves a foot deep if its owner will let it. Know the time card and keep the watch right, and one can afford to be an optimist because he will know whether he is going to miss his car or not.

These habits of mind need to be watched. They are as easily formed as habits of the appetite or habits of the body. This is being written on a writing machine whose keyboard the writer's fingers know, but his mind does not know it. Take him away from the machine and require him to testify to the position on the keyboard of each of the letters and characters, and he would break down under cross examination, yet he has fingered that keyboard for twenty years. His fingers know, if they do not always do as well as they know.

When one's fingers learn to manipulate a set of keys swiftly and accurately, as on a piano or writing machine, we call that skill. Skill is habit wisely and perfectly formed, but we seldom think of the mind becoming skilled in the same way, and yet it is quite possible. The untrained mind is the unskilled mind, and to have a head full of vagrant whims and fancies, doubts and fears, impulses and misgivings, is to make of the cranium an attic or lumber room full of cast-off trumpery, almost too valuable to put into the furnace, and yet scarcely worth storage. We all of us do this more or less and so we are all of us more or less distempered, but we should look to it that our malady does not get the better of us.

Somewhere inside of us there is a something that is as far above and beyond the mind as the mind is above and beyond the hand. Under the microscope one brain is as like another as one pea is to another pea, and yet how different the personalities of every two there are in the world! That something in back there somewhere is the responsible party, and it can not divest itself of responsibility.

To be habitually pessimistic is wrong. It is a sin. It implies a lack of faith in God and his ability to carry out his purposes. But it may be just as wrong, just as much of a sin, to be habitually optimistic, although it may be rather more comfortable, on the whole, to others. There is a deal of optimism that comes of intellectual shiftlessness and lack of personal responsibility. The whole obligation, our own including his, is trustingly thrown upon God with a careless, "Oh! it will come out all right," that is neither more nor less than flunking.

The correct habit of the mind in this particular, and the mind will form its habit in spite of us if we do not watch out, is to look the facts squarely in the face, face the disagreeable as well as the agreeable and then remember that God's responsibility does not begin until ours ends. Stick a peg right there so that it will stay.

Were it not for one fact we should all of us, or so many of us as are not wholly irresponsible, be pessimistic as to the future of the race. Evolution never made of an animal anything but an animal. If it evolved man it was man the animal, and not man the son of God the Father. Before he became that there had to be breathed into his nostrils the breath of a living soul, that something that is somewhere back inside of us that is greater than the mind. This living soul comes to us in the form of the Christ idea in the world, which has been here since "before Abraham was." We have a right to be optimistic just in the measure that we have faith in the ultimate triumph of that idea in the world, and no farther. It is humanity's only hope for justice, equality, fraternity. Economics and evolution can not attain unto these things without its puissant aid.

WHAT REPUBLICAN CALIFORNIA THINKS OF TAFT

The interior press of California may be assumed to reflect fairly the popular sentiment of the state on matters of public importance. California is a Republican state, and most of the papers quoted below are Republican papers. These papers are, furthermore, scattered throughout California. They show a surprising unanimity of opinion regarding Mr. Taft, Mr. Ballinger, and Mr. Pinchot.

Imperial County Standard. (Rep.)

Not only has this president, who went into office as an alleged follower of **Roosevelt**, forgotten all the lessons **Roosevelt** taught, but he has allied himself so definitely with the factors which stand for anti-Rooseveltism that any possible usefulness to the country is at an end.

This is not a local view of the situation, but throughout the country there is a realization that the president is a disappointment, and his renomination has become an impossibility.

Stockton Record. (Rep.)

Ballinger—no matter how many times he is whitewashed, and regardless of the interpretation placed on his official acts by the congressional investigation—will still be distrusted by the people. **Pinchot**, on the other hand—no matter how much he may be condemned in administration circles—will still stand in the estimation of the people as the champion of conservation and the upholder of the **Roosevelt** policies.

Berkeley Independent. (Rep.)

There is no doubt but **Taft** is right about a conspiracy that has "cropped out in many widely separated localities." It is not an organized conspiracy, but a conspiracy of patriotic public sentiment, and it does mean "trouble" for public thieves and their backing in and out of office. The patriots of this nation do not propose to sit quiet while being ruled by private interests and robbed by corporations. It is a conspiracy against the greed that would put manacles on generations to come.

San Francisco Call. (Rep.)

The ousting of **Pinchot** for the preservation of executive dignity goes in no way to the merits of the charges against **Ballinger.** The public is not satisfied with the technical defenses for **Ballinger** woven by **Wickersham.** It was taught by **Roosevelt** to believe that irreproachable honesty in the public service was paramount to any consideration of official dignity.

Santa Barbara Independent. (Ind.)

This is the **Taft** policy: An employe of the government, even though he may know that a robbery is being committed, must close his eyes and hold his tongue.

Not faith to his oath of loyalty to the people of the country, but support of his chief in all things, is demanded of the man who hopes to continue in public service.

Chico Enterprise. (Rep.)

The decent thing now for **Ballinger** to do is to resign. His face has been saved beyond his deserts by the dismissal of **Pinchot.**

Fresno Republican (Rep.)

But **Pinchot** knows the American people better than President **Taft** does, or than most of congress does. The people will look, not to the immediate occasion of his leaving the public service, but to the circumstances that led up to it.

Humboldt Times. (Rep.)

Mr. Taft has been president for ten months; but peace cometh not. At the present time, due to a series of most unhappy events culminating on Friday with the dismissal from the public service of Chief Forester **Gifford Pinchot**—a man in whom the country has great confidence and for whose splendid achievements it has entertained the liveliest admiration—the **Taft** administration is admittedly embarrassed and the Republican party is confronted by a situation more serious than any that has arisen for many years.

Marysville Appeal, (Rep.)

Will the Republican party survive the **Taft** administration? Perhaps it will if he throws overboard such Jonahs as **Ballinger, Cannon** and **Aldrich.**

San Francisco Bulletin, (Rep.)

Whether Secretary **Ballinger** overstepped the law or kept a few inches on the safe side of the line is still a matter of controversy, but there can be no doubt that the nation is weary of that scrupulous "law-honesty" which never fails to result in the strengthening of the forces of special privilege and the injury of the people. If President **Taft** had not been so quick to give Secretary **Ballinger** the benefit of the doubt Agent **Glavis** of the interior department would have been retained in office pending a congressional investigation of his charges, the presidential dignity would not have been "riled" and the country would not now be regretting what former Secretary of the Interior **James R. Garfield** calls "one of the greatest losses the national government has sustained in recent years."

Oakland Enquirer, (Rep.)

It will be difficult for the **President** long to retain the confidence of the people of the country under these conditions, even though both he and **Ballinger** give us messages to congress that out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in verbal conservation fervor. This, too, is unfortunate, very unfortunate, for the country and the President.

Oxnard Courier, (Rep.)

Mr. **Pinchot** stands for a principle of vast and vital importance. His separation from the service of the government does not impair in the slightest degree the strength of that principle. It must prevail in the end if this is to be a government for the people, administered primarily to promote the general welfare.

Pasadena News, (Rep.)

If the interior department under President **Taft** and **Ballinger** had been what it was under **Roosevelt** and **Garfield, Pinchot** might have continued his fight for the people and been acceptable to the administration.

Grass Valley Union, (Dem.)

The dismissal of **Pinchot** taken in connection with the proved attempt of the president to use official patronage of his office to whip into line the insurgents have placed him where he has evidently been secretly during his political career—on the side of the special interests. It means with those of the people who give any thought to governmental affairs that **Taft** has discredited himself; that he has shown that he has been attempting deception of the people while really working in the interests of those special interests. As a political leader **Taft** has lost all the prestige with which the friendship and support of **Roosevelt** invested him.

Rivera News.

When **Pinchot** first made his charges and substantiated them with some pretty good evidence, **Ballinger** crawled into his shell and has been there ever since, and the fact that **Taft** has protected him has not added anything to the reputation of that now famous smile.

Sacramento Bee, (Ind.)

The great west has been stirred to anger and indignation by the course of events. The ranks of the "insurgents" are swelling mightily as the conviction grows that the interior department under **Ballinger** is being used to further the schemes of land grabbers and monopolists.

Santa Rosa Republican, (Rep.)

The split in the Republican party grows wider day by day. Coercion or attempted coercion is not likely to aid in bringing the contesting elements together. The people are behind the senators and representatives who are against **Cannon** and **Aldrich,** and the quicker President **Taft** awakes to this fact, the better will it be for him and his party.

San Diego Sun, (Ind.)

The big facts are that President **Taft** has chosen to ally himself with such reactionaries as **Ballinger,** the representative of the old Plattism, and to carry himself against **Pinchot,** the representative of Rooseveltism.

Santa Cruz Surf, (Rep.)

Ballinger, at present secretary of the interior, is the agent, or tool, if you wish an uglier word, of the private ownership interests. He has persuaded the **President** that these properties can be acquired by these private interests legally, and that as long as robbery is legal, it cannot be called stealing. Hence **Taft** stands with **Ballinger** and has "fired" **Pinchot.**

San Jose Mercury, (Rep.)

If President **Roosevelt** were in the White House, strict disciplinarian that he was, it is more than probable that **Pinchot's** little breach would have been passed over. That, however, would not have justified it, nor is Mr. **Roosevelt** Mr. **Taft.**. The latter does things one way, Mr. **Roosevelt** another, and while neither is perfect, the people love **Roosevelt** because he dealt with general principles rather than with what he considered inconsequentials in carrying out his policies For this reason he was popular with the masses. For the reason that President **Taft** is apparently more exacting in matters of lesser moment, he is not a popular favorite.

Sacramento Star, (Ind.)

Taft has chosen between the enemies and friends of the Roosevelt policies. And chosen wrongly.

South Pasadena Record.

Gifford Pinchot may possibly be out of harmony with the administration at Washington, but it is quite certain he is entirely in harmony with that large element of the population of this country that is inclined to support the policies of former President **Roosevelt.**

Santa Ana Bulletin.

Dismissal of **Gifford Pinchot** from the position of chief forester is a disgrace to the administration and an affront to the American nation.

San Bernardino Index, (Rep.)

Gifford Pinchot is not only devoted to the policy of the conservation of natural resources for the benefit of the people, but has the rare gift of expressing his views in a striking and convincing way.

Santa Barbara News, (Ind.-Rep.)

It will be found that Mr. **Taft** made a great and very grave mistake in writing his angry letter dismissing the **Chief Forester.**

Ventura Free Press, (Rep.)

Many people will regret that the **President** has taken the side he has in the controversy, and all will hope sincerely that he will see the matter differently as time passes and that he will fall entirely into the **Roosevelt** way of thinking—that it is country before anything else.

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"In Memoriam."

To name "In Memoriam" is enough to call back to most readers' minds a flood of recollections of the emotions that arose when this august hymn of the Christian soul appeared on the horizon of English song. For the poem is as much the song of the spiritual conflict of the nineteenth century as it is the poet's threnody upon the untimely death of his beloved friend. The pitiless logical conclusion of the Darwinian theory was being carried to its final goal of despair, and faith in anything was being vanquished by it, when Tennyson's music rose with its solemn chant and helped to stay the rout. He chose, we may think by design, verse of an organ's tone, to recall by its suggestion the house of worship which is "by faith, and faith alone."

The tide has now turned, and men's hearts again seek a mystery, after the materialists have cleared the air of old illusions, so that the poem, though it does not speak with the moment's answer to an instant need, as at first, is yet in tune with the spirit of the time.

But even when times are wholly changed, the spirit of man is not; and much of the poem's thought appeals to hopes that are eternal and answers to a cry as old as earth. The "infant crying in the night," the "infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry," was Buddha, was Socrates, was Omar, was and is every man whose spirit lifts up its hands to pierce the veil of human fate. And Tennyson's music and passion are of all times and races and beliefs, sweet as the tones of the evening bell that sounds before the dark.

THE APPOINTED HOUR.

Your true lover of books feels toward them as he does toward men and women—some are his enemies and some his friends. He can no more endure the presence of the one than he can endure the absence of the other; so we may be sure the booklover has no volumes on his shelves save those that answer to some inward attraction.

But even toward these he has varying moods of kindliness. Not all friends supply the moment's want at any time. As he looks at his shelves he feels the affection of a brother for all the variously bound and lettered volumes before him. But his eye roves anxiously from back to back, searching for one especial friend whose spirit meets the hunger of his present appetite. To-day that one may be Shakespeare, and only one of the comedies, of these, will do. To-morrow it may be the eerie delights of Poe's tales. Another day a book of jests and whims is the sole dish to satiate him.

This dissolving variety of taste has another side. Books have ages, as people have. The schoolboy's earliest love is apt as not to be his teacher, old enough to be his mother. So his earliest love in books may hap to be "Les Miserables," which he admires with the same dazzled adoration and with the same lack of comprehension as that with which he adores the incomprehensible feminine charms and the infinite variety of his unconscious teacher.

And as the bachelor of forty often turns fondly doting eyes upon the fifteen-year-old daughter of a boyhood friend, so the lover of books at forty often finds a flood of joyous appreciation in reading "Alice in Wonderland" or "Huck Finn" for the first time.

These thoughts are brought to mind by a recent experience with "The Shaving of Shagpat." A gifted friend presented it five Christmases ago in a moment of proselyting zeal for the Meredithian cause, and we manfully assailed the first chapter, mastered it as a mountaineer achieves the Matterhorn, and descended swiftly and joyously into chapter two, being the wonderous tale of "Bhanavar the Beautiful." This chapter left us drunk with enjoyment, waterlogged with sensuous beauty, captive in Lotos Land. We felt no zeal to follow further the starving varlet of a Shagpat after having felt the spell of Bhanavar. So there we rested, for five years and more. Then, the other day, we idly plucked Shagpat from the shelves, began at chapter three, and found absorption to the end of the book.

It was simply that the appointed hour had come. Like two spirits preordained to meet and mingle, though rebuffed at first introduction, we had revolved within our several orbits through the years until the ordained hour, when we must fly together by inevitable attraction.

It is so with many books. Only we would note that such attractions cannot be forced. If the book offend thee, put it from thee; the hour is not yet come. If you attack it, you may conquer it, but never make it friend. Leave it, and it will come again, in brighter light and with a virgin smile, and you will enjoy it forever, if it be one that was predestined for you.

Eden Phillpotts, whose new book, "The Haven," has just been issued, has refused to grant permission to magazines and the newspapers generally to reproduce his portrait. In response to several urgent requests, he has begged his publishers not to give out any photographs for reproduction. He feels that he has already given to the public the best that he has to offer in his work.

"Farming It," the new book by Judge Henry A. Shute, will startle many readers from its audacious frankness in the use of real names of its characters.

Californian Poets' Corner

BACK, BACK TO NATURE.

By Herman Scheffhauer.

Some of the strongest verse produced in California in recent years has been the work of Herman Scheffauer, a young man from whom much may be expected in future. The following, which was printed in one of his earlier volumes, gives an idea of his style:

Weary! I am weary of the madness of the town,
Deathly weary of all women and all wine,
Back, back to Nature!—I will go and lay me down,
Bleeding lay me down before her shrine.

For the mother-breast the hungry babe must call,
Loudly to the shore cries the surf upon the sea;—
Hear, Nature wide and deep! after man's mad festival
How bitterly my soul cries out for thee!

Once again would I embrace ye, Titan trees,
Once again these thirsting lips would kiss your sod,
Wet with tears so deeply-drawn, leaping tears that freedom frees,—
The sacrificial flowers heart-blooming up to God.

Hidden in the grasses of the darkest vales I'll lie,
Silently the happiness of Earth my heart shall fill;
Blue eyes, are ye kindred to the blue, eternal sky
That looms above yon Earth-contemning hill?

Though the child be blinded by the world-dust, he shall know
His mother—well that mother knows her child!
Him impulse star-compelling bids with panting breath to go
To thee, great heart of Nature undefiled.

In the heart that holds the stars harmonious, O Soul
Go bathe—where worlds on lustre-worlds in awful orbits blaze.
Until the spirit's compass encompasses the Whole
Of God and of God the wondrous ways.

A GREAT BOOK ON ART.

The completion of a monumental art work is in sight, says the New York Sun. We refer to "Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections," edited by John La Farge and August F. Jaccaci. It is to consist of fifteen volumes of about 500 pages each, sumptuously illustrated, printed and bound, the letter press furnished by world famous critical authorities, the edition limited to 126 copies, to be subscribed for. The price is moderate, $15,000, or $1,000 a volume. A hundred private art collections in the United States are treated, and in a preliminary booklet, entitled "Concerning Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections," Mr. Jaccaci sets forth the aims of the publication and has pertinent things to say on the subject of popular misconceptions both at home and abroad in regard to great pictures in America. When this work appears in its entirety—the first volume is quite ready—the world will be surprised at the richness of our private galleries, at the genuine masterpieces they contain. The time has passed when the American collector was guyed as a good thing in Europe. He is now a positive menace, not alone on account of his wealth but because he knows good art and is not satisfied until he secures it. We congratulate Messrs. La Farge and Jaccaci on the passing of the first milestone in so adventurous an artistic enterprise.

WHISTLER ROUTED.

This new anecdote of Whistler is printed by the the New York Sun:

After the lawsuit over Lady Eden's portrait Whistler was in a bitter humor for a long time. Particularly bitter was he with George Moore, novelist and art critic. He damned all art critics to the nethermost boiling pitch. He called Moore names that were not fit to print. The two men gave each other a wide berth. But if you stay long enough in Paris, as some philosopher has noted, you will meet all your friends and enemies. The art world is a still narrower milieu. One Sunday afternoon at the atelier of a mutual friend Whistler and Moore almost collided in the hallway. George got in before James. Their hostess heard peculiar sounds outside, something between the breaking of china and the stamping of hoofs. It was only James in one of his naughty rages.

"Dear me!" said the lady. "What is wrong, dear master?"

"Whistler won't come in! Whistler won't stay under the same roof with that wild Irishman!" The poor lady was embarrassed by the tantrums of the artist and started toward him to abate his transports. Said Mr. Moore in his modulated voice:

"Why drag in Whistler?" Thereat the screams of Whistler were too terrible to endure. Not only insulted, but his best mot "Why drag in Velasquez?" actually parodied, his own witticism turned on him like a hose stream by his foe, he fled. Mr. Moore remained and was warmly congratulated by the company. Who says George Moore has no sense of humor?

J. M. Barrie's health is giving his friends serious concern. He was never a robust man, but latterly he has been looking sadly worn and aged. Since his divorce suit Mr. Barrie has been seen about London much less than formerly, and the acquaintances who happen to meet him are shocked by the change. Barrie's only solace nowadays is found in the company of children, of whom he was always very fond.

One of the interesting features of the present political contest in England is the way literary men have laid down their pens and taken up public speaking. Maurice Hewlett has held forth for the Liberals. Sir Gilbert Parker is speaking for the Conservatives. Silas Hocking has put aside stories of adventure and is deep in contesting a constituency; Quiller-Couch, better known as "Q," is in the midst of the fray. Marie Corelli has indulged in a characteristic jeremiad over empire.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ART INSTITUTE

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, on Nob Hill, was one of the conspicuous landmarks of San Francisco before the fire, and one of the city's chief objects of pride. The commanding site and the magnificent Hopkins mansion had been deeded in trust to the board of regents of the University of California by Mr. Edward F. Searles, of Methuen, Massachusetts, for the use of the San Francisco Art Association. The Institute and School of Design were moved into these quarters on March 4, 1893. Here the accessions of works of art and art literature were rapidly increased, until hundreds of valuable paintings hung in the galleries and a large and valuable collection of books weighted the shelves.

The Temporary Frame Building of the Institute.

The fire of 1906 completely destroyed the building. A few of the most valuable paintings were hastily cut from their frames and saved, and a few books were rescued, but the most of the collections of thirty-five years were lost forever. One curious fact, however, is noteworthy: One of the most valuable books in the library was a set of Audubon's "Birds of America," in four volumes, printed from the original plates, being one of the fifty or sixty complete sets in existence. The set was valued at about $2,000. After the fire, one volume of the four was taken to the University at Berkeley amongst other salvage. The other three volumes were despaired of, but they, also, turned up, about thirteen months later, and were restored to the art association.

The art classes, which numbered several hundred students at the time of the fire, were also disorganized and scattered. Many of the students never returned. In the necessity for immediate rehabilitation of the city, the esthetic side had to be temporarily neglected.

But in a surprisingly short time funds were acquired to put up the present spacious, though unpretentious, building on the old site. Gradually classes were gathered together, until today 193 students are enrolled under six instructors. These classes are instructed in elementary drawing, drawing from life, painting in oil and water color, portraiture, modeling, illustration, decorative design, composition, anatomy, and perspective. There are, besides, classes in the history of art, and classes for students who wish to become instructors. The classes are arranged to suit students who can attend all the time, for those who can devote only their evenings, and for those who have only their Saturdays free.

New collections of works of art have also been founded through the generosity of such friends as Mr. Searles, Miss Sarah M. Spooner, James D. Phelan, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. Benjamin P. Avery, and many others, who have donated oil paintings, water colors and statuary, being in all about one hundred examples of the various arts. One notable recent accession is a large oil painting, "Wallenstein on His Way to the Castle at Eger," by Karl von Piloty, a fine example of this celebrated German painter's work, presented by Mrs. David Bixler in memory of her late husband.

PENCIL SKETCH BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.
Emanuel Walter Collection, in the Possession of the Institute.

(Continued on Page 158.)

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Little Tommy's Views.

ister Susie's tryin' for
A elocution prize.
he waves her arms and stamps her feet
An' also rolls her eyes,
n' pa an' ma they both allow
She's certain to succeed.
guess she is, but, anyhow,
I wish that she could read.

y brother William's new degree
Is Bachelor of Lit.,
n' pa an' ma are proud of him
An' certain that he's It;
n' sometimes William writes to me
When he has news to tell—
wonder why some Bachelors
Ain't reely taught to spell.

y ma she is a suffragette.
She says that Woman craves
chance to vote, so she will be
No longer 'mongst the slaves;
t pa he sets around an' reads
A paper or a book,
' when he eats he mutters, "Gosh!
I wish these slaves could cook."

so you'll see our family
Is of the learned kind.
may be short on common things,
But we are long on Mind.
're full of learnin' as can be
That's warranted the best,
t sometimes 'most it sems to me
It doesn't quite digest.

* * *

King Edward and His Pants.

'roclaim it to the world! Announce it to
nations! Megaphone it to the peoples!
g Edward has decided no more to wear
e-breeches at evening receptions, but, in-
d, to drape his aging legs in the coy
lesty of trousers; and Society of the truly
i-frutti kind naturally is startled—not
cked, for nothing shocks Society of the
i-frutti variety, but startled. As a matter
act the king recently appeared with draped
at a dinner given by Lady Paget, having
notified other gentlemen in attendance
ontinue their trousers a foot or two in a
herly direction, presumably so that their
would not be disgraced by catching cold
n the royal legs did not.
) the fiat has gone forth, Society legs
t come in out of the climate, and knee-
ches may be given to the poor, by whom
can be used as shopping-bags or some-
g of that sort. The blow has fallen, and
it is not wholly a blow. Thin men will
ome it, fat men will give it smiling greet-
and only those whose underpinning nei-
reminds of the coy beanpole nor of the
ous beer-barrel will deeply regret the
l command.
t oh, my brethren and sisters, did ever
reflect what a lot of glittering donkeys
are in this world? To think that there
nen, or those shaped like men, who will
knee-breeches or trousers, something,
ing or an approximate nothing, solely
se they are so ordered by a man who is
ut distinction save that he is the son of
a and ma—let nobody tell me that 1776
not ripe for a republic, if for no other
n than that men might gradually learn
spect their individual selves and cease
as sheep following an accidental leader.

* * *

De Pastah to His Flock.

s, mah bredren," said the reverend gen-
n, "de Lawd he took an' he made de
n outen de man's rib, an', mah b'lubbed
rs, Ah don' see no 'jections to dat, but
oes claim, mah deah bruddahs, aftah
:ogitatin' an' diagnosin' ob dis flock, dat
to been moah keerful 'bout how much
in's backbone he passed ovah to de sis-
wid de rib.
: will now, mah bredren an' sisterns,
oun' de collecshun box, an' Ah intreats
lat hain't got nuffin to gib to keep deir
outen ob it. De choir now will sing
ih dan Snow.'"
ch the choir did.

The Opinions of Rufus.

Gener'ly speakin', I dispise cussin', but there are deeds an' occasions when a man that can't say damn must feel awfully handicapped.

Lyin's shameful, too, but when a lie's told to help a human brother or sister in distress—an' I've heerd such—I shouldn't wonder if it's entered on the credit side of the big book upstairs.

You can't judge a man's character by the kind of an automobile he rides in.

There are plenty of cases where it's better to have loved an' lost than it is to be the feller that loves an' gits her.

Lots of times the diff'rence 'tween an optimist an' a pessimist is just the diff'rence 'tween the real estate agent an' the feller that buys the property.

It's a mighty good reformer that's es willin' to begin on himself es on his neighbors.

I don't dispute any man's claim that he's follerin' the Lord, but I've heered 'em claim it when it seemed to me they wus so fer behind that they'd never ketch up.

Young Ezry Dobbs says he knows a lot of girls that look so good he knows it can't be so.

They's no man so wise that a few questions frum his five-year-old can't make him reelize how little he knows.

All the logic some men have is summed up in the three words, "I'll bet you."

Use some judgment in givin' advice, Lycurgus. It's no use to tell a man to keep smilin' when he has the toothache.

I understand that Secretary Ballinger is goin' to engage in the interestin' feat of demonstratin' that there can be a hull lot of smoke without any fire.

* * *

Mixed Fable of the Peace-Loving Boys.

A certain small boy who had carefully read the history of the world's most enlightened nations, and consequently knew the sagacious thing to do, appeared in the schoolroom one morning clad in armor of mail from head to feet; moreover he wore a revolver strapped to either side of him, and a belt of cartridges about his waist, and a hunting knife was fastened therein, and over his shoulder was a repeating-rifle of the latest approved murderous pattern, and he certainly was a walking armory.

"Wh-why," the teacher gasped in his astonishment, "are you thirsting for blood and out to kill this morning?"

"Not at all," the interesting youth replied. "I dote on peace, and I am prepared to maintain it if I have to whip every boy on the school ground in order to do so."

It is submitted that just at this point the teacher might have introduced a thrilling and rightful diversion by unsheathing the urchin and practicing on him with a lath, but he did not, and so it came to pass that the other boys said, "Well, he sure is the walking battery, and, as it is, he can do any of us up in one round. It it up to us to get some boiler-plate, guns and knives and be prepared for round second." So they did as they said, and after a time that schoolroom in business hours looked like a jousting tournament in baronial days with modern improvements, and the pupils gradually attained the idea that the star-eyed Goddess of Peace was a twin sister of Mars under the influence of a fighting jag.

Moral 1—The boys have too much common sense to do such a thing; so,

Moral 2—Their fathers, who haven't too much common sense, do it in their stead, and the teacher (which is another name for the common people who pay the tremendous price of armament) lacks the judgment to disarm them and take them across his knee.

* * *

His First Gift.

"At his daughter's wedding old Pennigrabber bestowed the first gift he ever was known to bestow."

"What did he give?"

"Gave his daughter away."

The Dance of Life.

Swing on the corner, and forward all—
Ho, but the dance is great!—
Alemande left and notice the call,
Then dance to the music of fate.
Oh, monarch and peasant, and noble and clod,
Join hands in the mimic strife,
And they all give heed to the Caller's nod.
For the dance is the Dance of Life.

The music, the music! It rings from where
The hidden musicians stand,
And it's sometimes a sob, and again a prayer,
Or a voice from an unseen strand.
Inward and outward they dance and play
Through moments with passion rife;
Then the caller nods, and they turn away
From the wonderful Dance of Life.

And, princeling or pauper, it matters not
After the dance is done,
When the dancers rest in an earth-strewn spot
Under a heedless sun.
The dancers go; yet ebbs and flows
The music, with ecstacy rife,
And only the deathless Caller knows
What meaneth this Dance of Life.

* * *

To Make Money, Save It.

The philosophical gentleman was right, son, when he announced that the way to make money is to save it. The benignant old chap was right, I say, but I have not been able to escape a regret that, while he was about it, he did not tell us how to save money in order to make it. It would have been a great relief had he done so, for there is the rub. Let us see if it is not.

According to the United States census, the average workman in this country—and he is the individual whom we must consider—receives somewhat less than $500 for a year's labor, or hardly more than $40 a month. He is, let us say, the head of a family of four. With the price of meat over our heads, with eggs and butter taking wings and flying away from us, with most foods so high in price that a megaphone is needed to call them down, with clothing generally more expensive than ever we knew it to be before, with rent always to be paid, with occasional doctor's bills, with life a dreary, monotonous wilderness of all work and no play—oh, why didn't the wise philosopher tell this workman how he is to save in order to make money, for you and I cannot tell him; the chances are fair that we could not live in accordance with our idea of comfort on twice what he receives.

It is all very well to tell this average toiler that he must save in order to make money, but what I am contending is that we have got him where he cannot save and live in a decently civilized manner; in fact, he cannot live very decently and not try to save. The philosophy of our glittering aphorism becomes a cold douche when it is applied to the existing situation, as we have created it. A Rockefeller can't help saving; with care, a man on a salary of a thousand or two thousand dollars a year may save, but when we tell a man, not improbably with a family on his hands, to save on a wage of forty dollars a month, we will do well to issue plans and specifications giving him an idea how it can be done by any other than the starvation route.

* * *

The Whistle Toots for Charlie.

He's on the list, he's on the list—
The suns may yet forget to rise,
The moons be lost in deathless mist,
And stars drop down from pallid skies;
But when these things have come to pass
We'll yet hear Charlie Curry's plea:
"I give the office-seeking gas,
And want the office—vote for me."

The whistle toots at Herrin's word,
The loud bell clamors, "Pap and pie!"
If you don't think that Curry heard,
Just watch him wink his other eye.
Oh, office, office, food and drink
For Charlie, likewise mash and oats;
When Gabriel blows his horn he'll think
The engine toots—and ask for votes.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Radium Bank Is the Latest.

Paris was the first of the world's cities to possess a radium bank; London followed, about a month ago, by establishing a similar bank, Berlin and Vienna are to have such institutions, and now negotiations for the establishment of one in New York city are in progress. As even a fairly well posted person may be pardoned for not knowing what a radium bank is, a brief description of its purposes will not be out of place here. A radium bank, then, is a bank that keeps on hand a supply of radium to be rented to medical practitioners who desire to use it. For this purpose it is proposed to keep on hand about 100 milligrammes—scarcely one-third of 1 per cent. of an ounce—which will be rented to physicians for $200 the first day and about $40 a day thereafter. This may seem like stiff interest on an almost inappreciable amount of the wonderful substance, but as forty milligrammes of it recently sold for $3,750, and as the bank must take considerable chances in letting the radium out of its direct keeping, it probably is not very, if at all, excessive. In this connection, it is of some interest to note that the high price of radium is due, not to lack of knowledge where it may be found, but to the extreme difficulty of extracting it after it has been found, a difficulty which ultimately may be remedied.

What German Thrift Accomplishes.

The area of Germany is not one-third greater than that of California, yet the amount of the European country's foreign trade is $400,000,000 in excess of that of the United States, and the balance of her trade with this nation is, in round numbers, $100,000,000 in her favor—this, it will be noted, in connection with a country which might be added to Uncle Sam's domain without much more than appreciably increasing the size of it. The distinction exists, not in superior soil or climate, but in that which is expressed in the one word, thrift. The German husbands and makes the most of his resources; we scatter and frequently waste ours. To illustrate: Germany utilizes the sewage of her great cities to fertilize the lands about them, receiving the reward in fruits of the soil; the sewage of our cities is wasted or worse than wasted in poisoning the waters of our rivers. Out of her carefully conserved forests Germany makes a profit of $60,000,000 annually; ours cost a million dollars in excess of the income from them. These are but illustrations of a very general distinction between German and American methods, and the moral of them is found in that balance of $400,000,000 in foreign trade in favor of the Kaiser's realm. Withal, such facts constitute an argument in favor of conservation of resources which grows more potent with each passing year.

The Wealth of New York City.

All of us are aware that in New York city we have quite an active, progressive, prosperous and wealthy little bailiwick, but, after all, it requires figures to make us entirely appreciate the real importance of "little old New York," and here are a limited number of such figures: The assessed valuation of real and personal property in that city is $7,875,000,000. We have not the least appreciation of what such a sum means, but a little comparison will make it clearer. The entire assessed valuation of property in the state of Massachusetts—including, of course, the great city of Boston—is about $5,000,000,000, that is, less than two-thirds that of the American metropolis. Again, the wealth of New York city is greater than that of all Spain, and is about equal to that of Portugal and the Netherlands combined. These are the comparisons that give an American at least an elementary idea of the tremendous wealth that is concentrated in the greatest of American cities, a wealth vaster than is localized on any equal part of the world's surface unless London or Paris be an exception.

Feeding School Children of the Poor.

In a public school on Mott street, New York, a system of feeding school children at noon which is a decided departure from the prevalent system is being tried, and apparently with much success. The school is in the congested district of the city, and most of the children are of Italian parentage. A large proportion of the parents work away from home, and cannot provide their children with lunch. To meet this condition, the school authorities now provide lunches for them, the prices running from three to five cents. The three-cent lunch consists of mararoni or spaghetti, bean or pea soup and three slices of bread, tomatoes and rice sometimes being substituted for the soup. The four-cent bill of fare is like the foregoing, with a baked apple or a cup of cocoa added, and the five-cent meal includes both of these luxuries. As a large proportion of the parents can spare at least three cents a day to a child, it is observed that children now lunch who rarely or never lunched before, and it is considered probable that the system will be extended to other schools in the congested quarter.

Aluminum Garments Now Are Manufactured.

The extreme cheapness and ductility of aluminum have led to its use in a rather unexpected manner, viz.: in the manufacture of clothing. In such garments threads of aluminum are used as the warp, and silk, of any desired color, as the woof of the fabric, although garments may be made of aluminum alone. Of the metal already are being made cloaks, theatrical costumes, hats, neckties, belts, shoes, and, in fact, there is no limit to the articles of apparel which may be manufactured. Textil-Woche, a German publication, described a woman who wore a close-fitting gown of this fabric as looking "as though dipped in silver;" which might, or might not, add to a woman's beauty, it all being a matter of taste. Net fabrics of aluminum and silk combined are said to be strikingly beautiful. Aluminum garments still are beyond the reach of the ordinary purse, but if they become popular and are extensively manufactured, of course they also will become cheaper; so milady, who would like to look as if she were dipped in silver, still may live in hope.

Those Who Come and Go.

America still is the recipient of the surplus population of the world's nations. During 1909 a total of 1,757,565 persons crossed the Atlantic between New York and Europe. Of this number, 1,269,291 came to this country, while but 488,274 departed from it. That is, the comers exceeded the goers by more than two and one-half to one, and it probably is safe to say that more of those who go than of those who come will return. A peculiarity of this ocean travel is that a greater number of people than ever before are journeying in the second cabin. This increase comes, not from the steerage, which holds its own, but from the first cabin, and it is asserted that it is due less to economy than to the fact that second-cabin service is so good as to make transportation therein about as easy and enjoyable as in the first cabin.

Curiosities of the London Directory.

The great names of history have fallen on troublous times, if one may judge by the part they play in the latest directory of London. For example, William Shakespeare is a barrister; he also is a tailor, and a van-builder. Robert Bruce and John Bunyan are green grocers. John Milton is a chandler, Sebastian Bach is a dealer in horses, James Boswell is a mason, Julius Caesar is a chemist, Livy keeps apartments, Homer is a lighterman, Pindar is an electrician, Mars is a saloonist, Venus sells candy, and Francis Bacon is an architect. Seems like a fall in historical prices, does it not?

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly) edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 461 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

The Complete Text of the

REPORT ON THE

Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

The Kind of Men Wanted For Railroad Commission. California has never had a fit railroad commission, probably for the reason that the nominations had to be made through conventions, which have been dominated by the railroads sought to be regulated by the commission. It is time we had one. One of the members should be a practical railroad man. The present chairman of the board, A. C. Irwin, is a practical railroad man and, according to his lights, he is an honest man; but he is so schooled in the railroad job that he cannot see why the railroads should not have about what they want. We doubt his ever having drawn a dollar from the railroad treasury for serving their interests on the commission, but they put him on the commission to serve them and he has served them faithfully. If the people had put him on the commission to serve them he might have served the people as faithfully. The last time Irwin had to fight for his own nomination. Mr. Herrin wanted to pass the job on to another, but Irwin won his fight and remained in the railroad camp just the same. He was never in any other camp and might not know how to behave if he were. How to secure a trained railroad man who will not prove a railroad tool is something of a problem, but it can be done. Often how a man behaves in office depends upon who puts him in office. Then there is need for a good lawyer on the board, a man who can get to the bottom of the legal aspects of the case so that the commission will not have to run to the Attorney General every time it turns the corner, a man who will know whether the Attorney General is perfectly frank with the commission or not. Finally there is wanted on the commission a business man to whom a column of figures is not a fifteen-sixteen puzzle. There is one kind of man that absolutely is not wanted on the railroad commission and that is the man who can see nothing except in its political aspect. He will spoil everything he touches. He will prove insincere and insincerity will destroy the power of the commission for good. The public does not believe in the sincerity of the present commission, as the public has not believed in the sincerity of previous commissions. Therefore the people have not troubled the commission with their troubles.

Some Democrats Talked Of For Railroad Commission The Watchman has it on the faith of the present railroad commission that Joseph A. Call, of Los Angeles, and A. Caminetti, of Amador, will be candidates before the Democratic primaries for membership on the state railroad commission. That both of these men would be improvements on the present incumbents goes without saying. The Republicans may have to do a deal of hustling before they find a better man for a place on that commission than Joseph A. Call. Personally, The Watchman knows little of him, except that for years he has been a student of railroad legislation and litigation and would bring to the board a valuable fund of knowledge of the subject and an enthusiasm for making the commission of use. Mr. Caminetti is a not less valuable man to the state. In the state senate he is a power to be reckoned with, but he is a natural born Democratic politician. He never can forget, even for the sake of argument, that he is first of all a Democrat, and he never can see a chance to "turn a trick" for the Democratic party without leaping into the breach with the agility and fighting instinct of a spotted leopard. He can't help it. It is second nature to him, and, too, the quality of his Democracy is that of Jefferson and Jackson when men talked of the "sovereign states of this confederation." He is a good man, though, and his elimination from the state senate would be a misfortune to California. Long may he live to "pester" the "organization" in the state senate, not in the railroad commission. The state needs a few Democrats scattered around where they can do the most good and Caminetti's proper sphere is the state senate. As to Mr. Call, we move that Democratic nominations close.

Phil Stanton Is In the Running Phil Stanton appears to be definitely in the race for the Republican nomination for governor. He has been up this way assuring his friends of the north that south of Tehachapi will be solid for him. There has been a fear lurking in the mind of The Watchman that this might prove to have more truth than poetry in it, that even among the progressive Republican element to the south local pride might overcome local scruples. How Phil Stanton behaves is largely dependent upon the kind of company he is in. If he were the reform candidate he would be a reformer, but as he has been with "organization" men he will be for the "organization," except that his tendency to be erratic rather than independent may cause him to fly off on a tangent and do some unexpected thing, good or bad. That element in his character needs always to be allowed for. If, as some seem to think, Gillett is staying in the field until such time as Mr. Herrin and his associates can develop someone to beat Curry, Phil Stanton might be settled on as the most likely man, in the expectation that while North-of-Tehachapi might easily be divided South-of-Tehachapi would plump for its local candidate. Phil Stanton has more integrity of character than Curry and more clarity of mind than Gillett, but would prove more of an uncertain quantity than either. Then, too, he failed to attend the opening of the Alaska-Yukon exposition (at state expense) until near the closing, a tardiness that will plague him mightily before the campaign ends if he makes the race.

The First the Worst And Should Be Beaten The first man, so far as heard from, to take out nomination papers for election to the assembly is Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento. He represents the seventeenth assembly district in the legislature. The seventeenth assembly district comprises that part of the city of Sacramento lying north of the center of K street. It has been a sort of pocket borough for Mr. Johnson who has been able to secure an election from that district any time he wanted to go to the assembly, with the exception of during the Pardee administration. Governor Pardee was able to bring enough executive influence to bear upon the district to induce it to send a substitute for Johnson. Grove L. Johnson is the most unfortunate influence in the assembly. He knows the ropes of legislation as he knows his own back yard, and he possesses one of the acutest intellects in California. He has a sweet old face and a simulated candor that carries conviction to all who do not know him and often he beguiles those who know him best but he manages to fetch up on the wrong side of every important issue at the critical moment. He is "organization" through and through and if he is not made chairman of the judiciary committee, as he is likely to be as "patriarch" of the house, he is always a member of it by virtue of his profession and, whether chairman or member, he can be counted on as a power for evil in that very important committee. The seventeenth assembly district owes it to the state to keep that man out of the assembly, and there are good people enough in the district to do it if they will go at the job in earnest. There will be no reforming of criminal procedures with Grove L. Johnson on the judiciary committee of the assembly.

Walter D. Wagner Wants the Office Walter D. Wagner, who holds the office of secretary of the state railroad commission, has added himself to the army of candidates for secretary of state, and will strive to obtain the Republican nomination. Like H. S. Morrow and Frank Mouser, two other seekers for the same position, Wagner comes from south of Tehachapi; when not engaged in holding a state office he resides in San Bernardino, and at home his ordinary avocation is that of being county auditor. It is said that he has excellent abilities of the clerical order, and that he has been a faithful servitor of the machine during all his years in politics is the report of those who know him. Whether Wagner has a tip from the machine that it will support him no one can say, but it is not improbable; in the old days of convention politics it was the custom of the machine to be liberal with such tips, for then there was a distinct advantage in having an abundance of candidates, and although politics has now become a different game, the habit of promising all things to all men is one which politicians find it not easy to break off. It appears inherently probable that the next secretary of state will come from south of Tehachapi, because there are so many other officers from the north, but the right candidate has not yet been named. It is time to be looking for him, and he should be a good big man, for it is a big office.

McCarthy's Party Means Mischief P. H. McCarthy has undertaken to make his breeches-pocket Union Labor party of state size. He cannot make his kind of a political party of state significance, because the state at large has few of the kind of men that go to make up the McCarthy party. Outside of the group that he has herded together there are not many, in the ranks of labor or out of such ranks, that will change their party affiliations at the beck and nod of the party boss. McCarthy's men did this, in the San Francisco election, by the thousand. They registered as Republicans, knowing that they were not Republicans, that they might vote for the Republican "machine" candidate for nomination for mayor and, when they had nominated him (and so prevented the nomination of a really good and sincere man) they went back to their own camp, taking a lot of "organization" Republicans with them, and helped to elect McCarthy mayor. It was bruited about at the time that if this bit of chicanery proved successful in the city election it would be tried on the state, and the action taken at Monterey last week tends to confirm that report, but it is to be doubted if any considerable number of Union Labor men outside of McCarthy's own San Francisco herd can be induced to play any such miserable game. As a general rule those who register as Republicans will be Republicans to the end of the contest, and those who register as Union Labor Party men will stay on their own side of the party fence. They will be too honorable to do otherwise. In San Francisco, where there are some thousands who have lost the power to discern betwixt good and evil, a McCarthy party is possible. Outside that influence it will not thrive.

Unamerican and Undemocratic There ought to be in congress and legislature representatives from the laboring interests. The Watchman would like to see men like John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers, like Walter Macarthur and perhaps Furuseth, in congress; but they should be there as American citizens. There should no more be a union labor party than a farmers' party, a bankers' party or a lawyers' party. A democracy founded upon class will be a Roman democracy, not an American. There is no more moral sanction for a government by wage earners than by coupon clippers, by labor leaders than by the managers of great corporations. What we want, and the only sort of democracy that there is any hope for, is government of, by and for all of us—the whole American people. We stand for manhood, not class suffrage. The McCarthy policy can have but one of two results, if it have any result at all worth mentioning. One of these might be to cause the members of other callings, like the retail merchants and

small shopkeepers, the farmers and employers generally, politically to classify themselves, or else to solidify against union labor rule all classes and conditions of men except wage earners. In either case democracy would be at an end. From whatever point of view, the advent of the McCarthy party presages no good, but the most likely view point is that of being an accessory before the fact to a conspiracy in aid of the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company maintaining California as a political dependency.

Other Offices Besides The Governor's Office The right kind of a head for a ticket is important to have, but it is as important to have the right kind of a ticket as a head of a ticket, and of this not all appear to be cognizant. For several months now Gillett and Curry, of the "organization" crowd, to say nothing of half a dozen eligibles in the Lincoln-Roosevelt camp, have had their gubernatorial good points looked over and discussed with critical interest. There have been a dozen or so of impossibles and one or two good men suggested for secretary of state, and, lately, a few weak or worse men have been suggested for members of the state board of equalization. Is it not about time to take into serious consideration some of the really important offices to be filled? The office of lieutenant-governor has come to be very important. It is now a good job, and, besides being a good job, the lieutenant-governor, unless he turns the task over to the Southern Pacific's political bureau, may make up the senate committees. Then California ought, before it throws over the railroad commission system altogether, to have one honest, capable, sincere, energetic commission, composed of honest, sincere, and energetic men—all three of them. The state board of equalization, a most important body of men, has been affiliated with the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company for twenty-five years if not longer. Four mighty good men are wanted right there. Will the attention of good citizenship kindly direct itself to finding second growth hickory timber, sound and straight grain, for filling these offices?

Frank Otis' Frank Way Of Going Before the Public Assemblyman Frank Otis of the city of Alameda has given a good example of the way in which a candidate for the legislature, or, for that matter, any other office, should go about getting nominated under the new law. He has sent to the newspapers a card reading in part as follows: "I beg leave to publicly announce to the voters of the Fourteenth Senatorial District * * that I shall be a candidate for the Republican nomination of State Senator at the coming August primary election, to succeed the Hon. J. Clem. Bates. * * I have served two years in the Legislature as Assemblyman from the Forty-seventh Assembly district and invite the closest scrutiny of my record." Thus, seven months before the primary election takes place, Mr. Otis has put the voters on inquiry to find out what kind of a man he is and to decide whether or not they want him to represent them. There is an openness and frankness about this which is promising; Mr. Otis is certainly acting in the spirit of the new primary law, and if all candidates would proceed in the same manner satisfactory results ought to flow from the direct primary, because the people would be given all the opportunity they could reasonably demand to learn about the men they are asked to vote for. How much better to have an aspirant to office take the people into his confidence seven months before election than to have him spend most of that time in conciliating ward bosses and special interests, as used to be the way of doing under the old convention plan of nominations! Without desiring to do for the people of Alameda what they should do for themselves in exploring Mr. Otis' record and deciding whether he ought to be elected, we will say simply that if he is chosen he will be a great improvement over his immediate predecessor in the office.

Go After Frank Leavitt With Hammer and Tongs The senatorial term of Frank W. Leavitt expires with this year, and he is a candidate for re-election from his old district, which comprises the western portions of Oakland and Berkeley with Emeryville sandwiched in between. He is the senator from the race-track district, and he has represented the race-track with perfect faithfulness and exceptional ability. He has had a swing in the senate which would be hardly credible by anyone who had not seen it, and nobody has had a greater share in the shaping of the laws of this commonwealth during the last six years at least, though he is now serving his third four-year term, than has this same Frank W. Leavitt. He is one of the Men Who Do Things, though usually not in the right way. He is a force, but three times out of four for evil. Will he be re-elected? It is to be hoped not, but it is to be feared he will be, unless the people of Oakland pluck up more courage than they have manifested heretofore when confronted by the same issue. There has been a disposition to deplore the continuance of Leavitt in the senate but to acquiesce in it without a fight, on the theory, apparently, that West Oakland, Emeryville and West Berkeley are naturally wicked and would not elect a good representative if given a chance; and so they have not been given a chance. Prevalence of this same opinion would insure Leavitt's return for another four years. The only thing to do with a fellow like him is to go for him hammer and tongs without stopping to inquire just how large or how small are the chances of beating him. It is even more important to put up a good fight against him than it is to defeat him, and there are reasons for believing that, this time, his defeat would not be a thing of great difficulty.

Isn't It Good Enough To Have Made Good? Lincoln-Roosevelt men have been discussing with considerable interest, in a quiet way, the question whether Surveyor-General Kingsbury ought to be supported by them for renomination on the Republican ticket and, inasmuch as the open way is the best way, there is nothing against discussing this question in print. Mr. Kingsbury, whose nomination four years ago was unquestionably brought about by Walter Parker as a part of his program for the capture of the Santa Cruz convention, has been reckoned as an organization man of the thick-and-thin kind. Yet the organization, except in the matter of the appointment of certain deputies, and the borrowing of them for political work in Los Angeles at election time, has not run the office, so far as could be seen. On the other hand, Mr. Kingsbury has been much the best surveyor-general the state has had for years, perhaps ever. Under him the office has ceased to be a nest for the land grabbers; he has turned them out and has reformed the laws which enabled them to fatten, for the change in the statutes governing state land sales, which was effected last winter, was almost wholly the work of the surveyor-general himself, aided, of course, by legal advisers in the attorney-general's office. The meaning of the reform is seen in a concrete way in the fact that the state lands for which the state used never to get more than $1.25 per acre are now selling for an average of $6 per acre; though they cost settlers no more than they did before, the difference being that the state now gets all of the money, whereas before the speculators—the Hydes and the Bensons—got most of it. Such is Kingsbury's record, and the question asked by his friends is whether any organization of sincere reformers can afford to turn him down? It is well known that the land grabbers are interested in preventing his re-election, and it is asked whether good citizens ought not to stand by him, regardless of faction? The organization has not made manifest what it intends to do about renominating Kingsbury.

Some Big Things Which Look Like Right Things The renomination of the present Attorney-General is an issue considerably larger than that involving the Surveyor-General, inasmuch as the office is one of more potency in the state government. Indeed, without the right kind of man for Attorney-General the state cannot have the right sort of government, and just now there appear to be an unusual number of state problems, such as railroad regulation

(Continued on Page 158.)

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THE MODERN LABOR UNION

IV. THE ECONOMIC FAILURE OF UNREGULATED SELFISHNESS.

By CHARLES R. BROWN.

This is the final article in Mr. Brown's series. We l sure that these articles have stimulated the thought everyone who has read them. Their temperate rit is of the sort which is the hope of a closer npathy between employers and employees. We uld be very glad if everyone who holds a view erent from Mr. Brown's, or who has further light to ow upon the subject, would consider this an invita- n to use the columns of The California Weekly to ke it known. Our heartiest thanks to Mr. Brown.— e Editor.]

t is being demonstrated on many fields of man interest that unregulated selfishness is ther good morals nor good business. very man for himself and the devil take hindmost" will not work in economic life y more than it will in the building up of ividual character or in the securing of ial advance. "We are all members one another" in this great body of activity, in s great business of production. The head not say to the feet, the highest cannot say the lowest, "I have no need of you." Nor the feet say to the head, the lowest can- say to the highest, "we have no need of !" The groundwork of muscle and brawn not ignore the presence, the interests, the erative necessity of that organizing, super- nding, planning capacity which is as vital the proper earning of good wages as is the diness on the part of the men themselves use their strength in their appointed work.

Golden Rule Good Business.

We are all members one of another, and member or one class of members cannot er without involving the whole body ulti- ely in suffering. Where wages are pushed beyond what can reasonably be paid, the stry is at once crippled and the manu- urers are, if the unreasonable demand per- s, driven out of the field and so the chance my wages, high or low, at that point is at nd. Where wages are reduced below what ust and right, it breeds constantly that ing of ill will among the workers which es against their highest efficiency and pro- tiveness, thereby reducing the volume of output. Low wages also reduce the dard of living for the working men and their families and this makes against a dy supply of employable and profitable r. Low wages, furthermore, reduce the hasing power of the workingmen so that markets are depresesd and the profits of industry are thus ultimately affected. h-handed, unreasoning, tyrannical selfish- , no matter where we find it, is suicidal. golden rule is the only rule which works in the production of gold if we consider wider implications and the ultimate encies of the various lines of procedure. iron rule of self interest—each man for elf and the devil take the hindmost—is ed in morals and stupid in business. Love neighbor, as well as yourself, is good ils and in the long run it is good busi- ; it is the only principle upon which wide- id and lasting prosperity is at all possible. have spoken in this series of articles what hopefully—some of you may feel an unwarranted optimism—as to the ing spirit of fairness on the part of labor as but in scriptural phrase, it is a hope h has been worked out within me by ex- nce. I have been for some years the inted delegate from the Ministerial Union e city where I live, an organization com- l of all the protestant clergymen of the us denominations, to the Central Labor cil. This Central Labor Council is made f the delegates from all of the labor is of the city and county, excepting those belong to the building trades—because e very large number of men in those s, they have a separate council of their

this Central Labor Council I was ac- d, upon my election as a delegate, a and a vote the same as any other mem- The meetings are held every Monday and I have made it a point to attend as as my other engagements would permit. I first began to attend these meetings I was regarded with a certain measure of suspicion by some of the labor men who did not know me at all and who feared I might have come among them with some of the spirit of the propagandist for my particular religious faith. When they found this was not so, that I was not there to induce Catholics to become Protestants, or to persuade Hebrews to forsake their ancestral faith, but simply as a man among men interested especially in better conditions for working men, then they took me to their hearts and I have been on the most cordial terms with those men ever since.

Open-Mindedness in the Union.

I am often asked to speak at the conclusion of the business of the evening for "the good of the order;" I frequently participate in the debates which arise touching those questions which naturally come before such a council. And whether I happen to be for or against that particular measure I am heard with the same open-mindedness which is accorded to any other speaker; the sort of reception given to my utterance and the actual influence of it depends, as in the case of any other speaker, solely upon the amount of reason and justice I can put into it. I am sometimes called upon to act with the labor men on committees; I have been called in by both parties to some dispute regarding wages or hours, as an adviser. I have spoken at the meeting of the State Federation of Labor and have contributed articles to The Clarion, the labor union journal of California.

It has been throughout an experience in the highest degree educative to me, and I trust not entirely without value to the working men and to the community in helping to bring about a better understanding between the churches and the unions, as well as between the employers and the employees. We have in the membership of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, to which it is my privilege to minister, some rich men and a great many employers of labor as well as a large number of people in modest circumstances. Some of these men felt, I think, considerable uncertainty as to the wisdom of my course, when I first began to act as fraternal delegate to this Labor Council. But there has been no open opposition offered by them in any way in the church and I believe they have all come to feel that this is now an important and useful part of my service to the community as a minister of Christ.

Workingmen Reasonable.

In the discussion of the various questions which have come up during these years on the floor of that labor council, I have found the average workingman intelligent and reasonable, making allowances for those exceptions which would be found in any large group of men. They betray no more prejudice, no more selfishness, no more lack of readiness to share some other man's point of view for the moment, than would a company of employers. The millenium in all its glorious completeness has not come in their hearts and lives any more than it has in the hearts and lives of the rest of us who may not belong to labor unions: they still show signs of being flesh and blood; they walk on the ground and have mud on their boots and are in every sense men and not angels. But taking them as they come, by and large, they do show a splendid and an increasing disposition to see the issue on all sides and in the end as the outcome of their discussions to take that course of action which fairness might dictate.

The growing spirit of peaceful negotiation wherever differences arise, before the point of open refusal to act together has been reached, cannot be too much applauded and encouraged. All war is lamentable and destructive even for the side whose cause is just, and no war, perhaps, is so deplorable as one where the officers and the privates in the same army, making their continuous fight against hunger and cold, nakedness and want of every sort, are lined up in hostile array against each other. In this war the interests of both parties to the struggle are so closely interwoven that they cannot be considered apart, as it is sometimes possible to do in the case of a war between nations; and in this industrial warfare both sides are in the last analysis alike dependent for their supplies upon the same commissary department, the product of that industry in the service of which they stand enlisted together. It is therefore the part of folly for either side to precipitate a war, except as a last resort against what is regarded as an intolerable injustice.

Strikes Not Now Precipitate.

And in these days no strike is apt to be ordered "lightly or unadvisedly," as it says in the marriage service. The workers who are voting upon the proposition to strike, know by many and painful experiences, either in their own homes or in the homes of their fellows, what a strike means. The arbitrary power of the business agent of the union to call a strike on his own initiative, has been taken away from him, almost universally. And in many unions a certain high percentage of affirmative votes, commonly much more than a majority, is required to precipitate a labor war. And the employers, too, in these days when the great volume of business is being done steadily on close margins and with narrow profits, know the financial cost of a lockout; they understand the reduced efficiency in output, which a haughty refusal of any reasonable demand made upon them, will mean—so they, too, are loth to be compelled to resort to the lockout, or to have the even course of business interrupted by any kind of industrial strife.

There is coming, too, the steady development of a type of labor leader with whom the managers of large interests can satisfactorily deal. The presence in our country of a man like John Mitchell, standing as he has at the head of that important union of mine workers, numbering more than three hundred thousand men, the largest and the strongest single trade union in the world, is of incalculable benefit by way of example to the whole industrial world. It required a high type of generalship to combine in one organization under a single leader, that miscellaneous compound of various races and religions, and of widely removed political points of view, so that they could be brought to act together. And the fact that such an organization was effected, and that it has continued to act under the competent and trustworthy leadership given to it by Mr. Mitchell, is a great testimony to his personal qualities and also a significant testimony to a most encouraging disposition on the part of those working men, so many of whom seemed to offer the most difficult problem to be found in the whole world of labor.

Objects of Mine Workers.

The declared object of that mine workers' union commends its policy to the thoughtful consideration, if not to the instant favor of almost all right-minded people. The purpose of the organization as declared in its constitution is as follows:

1st. To secure an earning fully compatible with the danger of our calling and the labor performed.

2nd. To establish our right to receive pay for labor performed in lawful money (this is directed against the iniquities which have grown out of company stores).

3rd. To secure the introduction of established appliances for the protection of the life, health and limbs of mine employees.

4th. To reduce to the lowest possible minimum, the awful catastrophes which have been sweeping our fellow craftsmen to untimely graves by the thousands by securing legislation looking to the most perfect system of drainage, ventilation, etc.

5th. To demand that eight hours shall

constitute a day's work; the very nature of our employment, shut out from sunlight and pure air, working by the power of artificial light, indicating that of all men the coal miner has the most righteous claim to an eight-hour day.

6th. To provide for the education of our children by legally prohibiting their employment until they have attained a reasonably satisfactory education and in every case until they have attained fourteen years of age.

7th. To use all honorable means to maintain peace between ourselves and our employers, adjusting all differences so far as possible by arbitration and conciliation that strikes may become unnecessary.

I have slightly abbreviated the wording here and there, and I have omitted three of the less significant and less important objects named, but these represent the declared purpose and attitude of that largest and strongest union in the world under the wise and competent leadership of John Mitchell. It would be difficult for the most prejudiced mind to find fault with this declaration of purposes; and the extent to which it has been observed, in recent years, is one of the most hopeful indications of the prevalence of better methods in the determination of labor disputes.

The Interests of the Public.

I have not sufficient space left in this article to consider in any detail the interests of that great third party to all labor disputes, which in the excitement of some great strike is so often forgotten, the consuming public. In the memorable coal strike of 1902, the people themselves suffered much more acutely than did the operators, and they suffered in many cases equally with those miners who were fighting for better conditions. There has come throughout the land an insistent and well-founded feeling that the public should not and will not continue to tolerate the wretched inconvenience and the loss which it suffers when two groups of citizens, employers and employees, undertake to carry on, in the midst of a busy community, what amounts to a civil war. And when such a war affects the supply of some article of almost universal need, like coal, or light or transportation, then the popular impatience with these civil wars is greatly increased.

It is a form of social wrong which it is difficult to reach by legislation, for personal service on the part of the working men cannot be enforced by law—if they choose **not** to work they have that right; and on the other hand business men cannot be compelled by law to conduct their business under conditions which are unacceptable to them. It is only by the power of a more enlightened, more resolute and more effectively expressed public sentiment, that many of the evils which society, standing outside the immediate struggle, has suffered, can be averted in the future.

Union Useful Instrument.

I have spoken approvingly and hopefully of the labor union, but I am well aware of the fact that the labor union does not by any means solve the whole labor problem, partly because it comprises in its membership only a minority of the working people of any country; and partly because it does not know at this time what to do with the mass of unemployed men and women standing outside and creating in large measure the very ills against which the union directs its main strength. But while it stops far short of anything like a general and final solution, it has done enough for the working class to more than warrant its continuance. In influencing public opinion, in securing legislation looking toward the better protection of the laboring man's interests and in working directly for the betterment of his condition, it has done much which must merit the heartiest approval of all observant men. It has established firmly the principle of collective bargaining which, as opposed to the old selfish, suicidal habit of individual bargaining, is in itself worth all the struggle which has been made, and worth all the heroic self-sacrifice on the part of those men who have insisted upon the acceptance of this fundamental principle in all industrial negotiations.

It is not too much to say what Henry Sterling, himself a compositor on the Boston Daily Globe, formerly secretary of Typographical Union No. 13 of Boston, and widely known as a wise and loyal labor leader, said: "I know of no institution of our civilization whose **sole** aim is to secure justice for the lowly, except the trade union. The church dispenses alms, but not justice; the press seeks **mainly** its own power and enrichment; the courts and legislatures are so engrossed in the defense of the rights of property that they (sometimes) forget that humanity has rights which ought to be respected, if not by them maintained. Organized labor's sole purpose is to defend and advance the rights and interests of the workers." This is a high estimate to place upon this one force among the many forces which are at work in the world of industry to-day, but when the field has been carefully surveyed and when the full measure of benefits secured to the less fortunate portion of society has been passed in review, it is an estimate upon the service rendered by the modern labor union which I believe will stand.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

New students to the number of 1511 registered at Stanford university after the Christmas holidays. Late comers may increase this number somewhat.

During the year 1909 7,159,481 dozen eggs were shipped out of Petaluma, which at the low average of 25 cents a dozen, would add $1,789,870 to the income of the people in that vicinity.

Warren M. John, for the eight years ending January 1, 1909, a member of the California assembly, has received the appointment of postmaster of San Luis Obispo.

W. J. A. Bliss has given the old adobe fort of General Vallejo, together with five acres of ground, to the city of Petaluma.

It is estimated that the orange crop of Southern California has been damaged to the extent of about $1,000,000 by recent frosts.

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The Quest and the Conquest.

LL his life Moses Brayton thought things out, whether good or bad, before he undertook them, and en he made up his mind to go search of Lemoile he planned his quest thoroughly as he could. He thought it ely that his part in the incidents of the raid l passed into tradition and felt that a too ious attitude on his own part might pro- ce unpleasant consequences. He struck a driving team, and listened and watched. ery band of school girls that passed along street he scrutinized without seeming to. anyone spoke of the raid he listened, but ed few questions and said nothing.

He visited the place, as near as he could ke it out, where the house in which he had nd Lemoile and her father had stood, but ew house had been built in its place and saw no one in the neighborhood who could any possibility be taken for Lemoile or father. He turned burglar and broke into ry school house in Lawrence to study the ool registers, but he found no Lemoile in of them.

Then he remembered the sick man raving the farm on the Waukarusa and how the k needed his attention. He threw up his at driving team and went to work on the ukarusa as a farm hand. He watched the ple come and go along the road and con- ed to attend every dance or religious ice up or down the valley, but to no avail. n he resorted to his old system of glarizing the school houses within ten s either way that he might search the old ool records or see if he might find the le, Lemoile, in any old school book, but records were either gone or silent. At in an old Pineo's grammar he found on fly leaf this legend: "Stolen from Lemoile sh, Sept. 15, 1862." It had been long out se and thrown into the corner of an old oard, but it was a clue, and he felt thank- for that.

om a lad in the family where he worked carefully drew out what he could about oile. The boy remembered her well, al- gh she was much the older. There could o mistake as to her identity. She and father had sold out and gone to Cali- ia, but where they had settled the boy not the remotest idea. However, he did v what had been the Farish farm and who on it, so the very next time a dance was n Moses attended it and cultivated the aintance of some young people who on that farm. From these, by cautious iry, he learned that Sylvester Farish was rginian by birth, but had been reared in ucky; that he was among the earliest ers in the Waukarusa valley and had been lavery in his sentiments, but had held peace after the state had become free. rtheless, after the Lawrence raid, feeling turned against him again and he had sold nd gone to California overland, expect- o settle in the "San Jowhacken" valley. was enough for Moses Brayton. He up his job and followed after, but it was ntil the next spring, 1869, that he arrived by the aid of the United States land , and the land office of the state, located ster Farish in the county of Tulare e he had become a prosperous stockman. did not make himself known to ster Farish, but hired out to him as a ro. Lemoile was at school in San Fran- but would be home in June. The r had been buried in Kansas two years this story opered, and so the family, moile's absence, consisted of the rancher, r three vaqueros and a Chinese house t. The health of Mr. Farish had been broken by the ague before leaving s and he stood in great need of a ntendent able to take the care of the from his shoulders, and Moses Bray- led every requirement to the full. Every he rancher took off his hat Moses re- a new assurance that this was the right and that his daughter must be the Lemoile.

n Lemoile returned from San Fran- she paid little attention to the new o, for there had been vaqueros and os, coming and going, usually a not prepossessing type of personage. Nor

THE CONQUEST OF LEMOILE

(Concluded)

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

did he force himself upon her attention. He was determined to play this game fairly, taking to himself no advantage from what had transpired. So he gave his time to the stock, was courteous but reticent, and kept his place.

There had been trouble with cattle rustlers, and local butchers had been more than careless as to whose creature they killed when sent out to slaughter some animal to which they had some color of title. All such as these Moses Brayton pursued with an energy that gave them no peace and no profit at the expense of Sylvester Farish's herd. A fellow vaquero was proven to be in complicity with a larcenous butcher, to the cost of the herd he was hired to protect, was exposed, soundly thrashed and his discharge procured. In half a year the new vaquero knew every foot of the range, every brand in the upper valley, every calf that belonged to either brand and, when the fall rodeo came, he was able to defend his employer's rights with neither "ifs" nor "ands" to qualify his asseverations. That was more than Sylvester Farish had ever been able to do. It is not unlikely, therefore, that Lemoile heard not a little of the admirable qualities of the new vaquero.

But all this time there were coming to be more and more persons across whose path to plunder Moses Brayton stood, and some of them were dangerous. He knew it and prepared himself for it, and when he rode the range habitually carried a repeating rifle of the best make across the pommel of his saddle, and it was a nimble coyote or jackrabbit that came within range that he did not keel over. Once as he rode along, not very far from a slough, a bullet clipped the braid from his hat rim. He put spurs to his horse and dashed off for the slough at right angles to the direction from which the shot came, dismounted, glided from bush to bush and bend to bend, until he got a line on the would-be assassin, put a bullet through his arm, took him prisoner and escorted him to the county seat and turned him over to the sheriff. He had bushwhacked before.

This incident interested Lemoile, but it did not lessen the friction with the rogues of the county. Things came to the knowledge of Sylvester Farish that made him uneasy for the life of his now indispensable vaquero, and her father's evident anxiety prompted some on the part of Lemoile also and helped to increase their acquaintance. This emboldened him to invite her to attend a ball at the county seat and she accepted. It was a lonesome place upon the ranch and gradually the two had become quite chummy.

Moses Brayton had, now that he was in his twenty-fourth year, attained his full stature, but he was not yet stout. He was athletic, inured to hardship, unflinching in nerve, in full possession of his faculties. There were men deep in the horse and cattle-stealing who worked entirely through others, and so maintained a certain respectability. Anyhow, social events were open to all and such as these were often patrons of public balls and other festivities. It was only when legal cognizance of such persons was taken that they lost caste in this new country; and whoever complained to the authorities of one of them, and failed of making the complaint good in the opinion of a jury, became a marked man. Moses Brayton had so offended.

The night for the ball came. Brayton asked Sylvester Farish to have business in town that night and to take double apartments at the hotel so that he could take charge of his daughter in the event that anything disagreeable should take place, which, however, he did not think likely to occur in her presence.

It was just past midnight when one of three men Brayton knew were, so to speak, "camping on his trail," bumped into Lemoile as she and Moses were waltzing.

The affront was flagrant, studied, and the apology more insulting than the aggression. Lemoile looked into the face of Brayton. Instantly there flashed into his eyes that inner pair of beady, black, blazing orbs she had seen six years before. "My God," she gasped, and, leaning heavily upon his arm, asked to be led to a seat. Brayton sent a messenger to bid Sylvester Farish to the ball room.

Having recovered herself in a few moments, and before the waltz had ceased, they took the floor again, her eyes the while searching his inquiringly, almost pleadingly, as if he were a stranger whose identity she would fain make out. They had barely whirled around the hall when a second of the three men whom Brayton knew to be seeking trouble with him deliberately tread upon Lemoile's foot. Again there was a supercilious, contemptuous apology and again, looking into Brayton's eyes, she saw the glitter from the depths, although he was outwardly all tranquility.

By this time Sylvester Farish had arrived and Brayton led Lemoile to him and gave her a seat by his side. He stood in front of them for a moment's commonplace and courteous chat during which the eyes of Lemoile never left his face. Her countenance looked strained and her features drawn and she appeared to be throwing all the intensity of her soul into an effort to read that adamantine mask. While this, the work of a few moments only, was taking place the third man under suspicion passed close to them and, when just opposite, remarked to his companion: "It isn't much of a vaquero, even, who will pocket two explicit insults in one evening and resent neither of them."

Brayton turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, but for the third time that evening Lemoile saw the leap, the flash, the disappearance of that inscrutable second pair of eyes behind Brayton's first ones, and then she saw in her own mind's eye the corporal from Quantrill's band fall disemboweled at her feet. Springing to her feet she grabbed the young man by both arms and exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "In God's name, Moses Brayton, who are you?"

"I am Moses Brayton, Miss Farish, at your service, but I must turn you over to your father for the remainder of the evening," and he turned upon his heel.

"Stop," she cried as she grasped at his arm and almost screamed, under her breath, into his ear, "There is murder in your heart, Moses Brayton. There is, and I know it. If you suffer me to be the cause of your taking a life I shall never forgive you."

"Then my life must be the forfeit, Miss Farish. I leave it for you to say which. It is one of theirs or mine. They will not have it any other way."

"Then God preserve you and keep you safe from harm."

"Good night, Miss Farish."

"Good night."

Moses Brayton strode from the ball room, descended the stairs, crossed the street to the hotel, into which he passed through the rear entrance, moving rapidly to the bar-room which he entered from the side instead of from the front.

As he anticipated, the three men were there waiting for him, but their eyes were upon the front door instead of upon the side. They stood, each talking to a companion, at the three points of a triangle. As soon as they saw him their hands went to their hip pockets, whereas his swung empty at his side, but he had taken them off their guard and so had gained a second in time. This was sufficient for him to reach within striking distance of the first of the three while he was yet half turning toward him. He felled him with a blow on the jaw, caught up his body and with it caught the bullet from the pistol of the farthest man. Dropping the wounded man, he snatched the pistol from the poor fellow's pocket and with it shot the shooter through the pistol arm. The second man had by this

time collected himself and Brayton felt the sting of a bullet in his left shoulder, but before his enemy could shoot again Brayton was upon him and felled him with a blow over the head from his revolver. In three or four seconds from Brayton's entrance into the bar-room it was all over. The sheriff had plunged into the room and, with the aid of bystanders whom he commanded to do his bidding, had disarmed all four of the men and placed them under arerst. Brayton had the pleasure of handing the sheriff his own pistol without an empty chamber, a point that counted tremendously for him before the jury when his trial came.

The shots of the duel rang out just as Lemoile and her father were ascending the hotel stairs to their rooms. She flew toward the bar-room door and would have entered had the doors not been held from the inside; but it was only two or three minutes before the wounded men were being prepared for the care of surgeons hastily summoned. Brayton's wound was, perhaps, the worst of the four and Sylvester Farish insisted upon taking him to his room. Lemoile would have gone to him then, but her father forbade her and she remained in her own apartment until the wound was dressed, and the surgeon and his assistants had gone. Then she crept in softly and knelt by the side of his couch. When Brayton opened his eyes she pushed his hair back from his forehead and pressed her lips against it.

"Do you know that you did that once before?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, but I did not know it until to-night."

"Do you know who he is, father?" she asked of Sylvester Farish.

"Nothing more than that he gave the name of Moses Brayton."

"Of course you were too ill to know, but this is the boy that saved your life and mine the morning that Quantrill's band raided Lawrence, the man whom I have prayed every night of my life to be able to see again."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do, and I mean it, too, but why did you not tell us who you are? You know that there would have been nothing too good that we could do for you, whereas for a year and a half you have been only just our head vaquero. It was a sin and a shame."

"Because, Lemoile, I wanted to win you fairly. Have I done it?"

"Indeed you have, and now you must be a good boy and get well quick."

"Yes, but what a chase I did have to find you!"

"I am so glad you found us, though, and yet, Moses Brayton, there are conditions under which you can become a terrible, terrible man, and I foresee that it is going to require all that you can do, with God's help and mine, to live a life of peace and good will toward men. But I am willing to take the risk if you'll try, too."

"Well, I'll try, and it does not seem to me that I shall ever hate again bad enough to want to kill, anyhow as long as I can love you—unless some one does bad things to you, then I shall not hold myself answerable, as I did not to-night."

The conquest of Lemoile was complete.

("Institute of Art"—Continued.)

The most munificent, as well as the most notable gift to the new gallery is, however, the bequest of the late Emanuel Walter. This bequest is the collection of paintings, water colors and drawings picked up by Mr. Walter during many years of residence and travel in Europe. Mr. Walter was a brother of Mr. I. N. Walter of the firm of D. N. and E. Walter, of San Francisco.

Paintings in Walter Collection.

The collection includes examples of the work of some of the most celebrated European artists. For example, a signed painting by John Constable, the great English landscape painter, is included in the series. Corot, whose French landscapes are well nigh priceless, is represented by a signed painting. Charles Francois Daubigny, another great Frenchman, is represented by two canvases.

The greatest living German portrait painter is Franz von Lenbach. A portrait of von Lenbach, by himself, is one of the most im-

Lenbach, by himself, is one of the most im-was a Dutch artist who lived and died in poverty, but his pastoral pictures are now among the costliest prizes of the collector. One of his paintings, "Peasant With Sheep," recently sold in New York for $40,000. Two characteristic examples of his work are among these pictures. Franz von Stuck and Constant Troyon, both celebrated painters, are represented by paintings. Bougureau, whose pictures of the Madonna and Child are world-famous, is represented by a characteristic pencil drawing.

Among the water colors is an example of the colorful and sensuous work of Alma-Tadema, whose pictures of Greek life are celebrated. Barye, the French sculptor in bronze, whose casts of wild animals are as famous as Landseer's animal paintings, is represented by two pictures. Landseer himself is seen in a picture of a "Wounded Duck." The "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur is one of the most popular paintings in the world. Two drawings by this Frenchwoman, "Lioness and Cubs" and "Herd of Deer," are in the collection. Gustave Dore, whose illustrations of the Bible and of "Paradise Lost," are familiar to everyone, appears in a small water color, "At the Masked Ball." The delicate and peculiarly Parisienne style of the sisters Lemaire is familiar to most lovers of art. Madeleine Lemaire's "Basket of Roses," in water color, is an example of their work. Rousseau and de Neuville, the French painters, the one noted as a landscapist and the other as a colorful and dashing painter of war scenes, are represented, the one by a landscape, the other by a sketch called "The Halt."

In all, there are 145 oil paintings, water colors and pastels in the collection. In addition to these, there are forty-nine drawings in charcoal, pencil, and ink. Among these latter are examples of the work of Rosa Bonheur, Benjamin Constant, Corot, Decamps, Meissonier, Millet, and Troyon.

This magnificent collection is accompanied by a bequest of $40,000 for its proper housing and maintenance. Work will soon be begun on an addition to the present building to accommodate these art treasures, and the public will be allowed to enjoy the view of them.

The library is also being gradually replaced, largely by gifts from friends. Noteworthy among recent accessions to the shelves are 277 volumes of books on art, a valuable collection presented by J. C. Cebrian, Mrs. Vergil Williams, the wife of the well-known painter, has also given to the association some sixty volumes. Other accessions from time to time have brought the total number of volumes in the library up to about 440 volumes.

Famous Graduates.

What is written above gives a fair idea of the progress made in the rehabilitation of this vital center of esthetic culture in San Francisco. The school has always been a beacon of light to the whole Pacific Coast. Students come hither from many states, and many of them have left it to attain national fame. Among those who have become celebrated may be mentioned Alexander Harrison, who has been decorated in many of the countries of Europe. Ernest C. Peixotto is the best artist of the Scribners in New York. Davenport and Swinerton are among the most successful American cartoonists. Charles Rollo Peters' nocturnes have a wide fame. John Gutzon Borglum is rapidly becoming one of the leading sculptors of America. Christ Jorgensen is a famous painter of landscapes. Maynard Dixon has a national reputation as an illustrator. All these, and many more of lesser fame but solid achievement, studied at the Hopkins Institute.

And this suggests a sentimental loss, though a practical gain, in the change of names of the school. With the destruction of the physical reminders of Mark Hopkins, the feeling prevailed that the appropriateness of the school as a memorial to him was destroyed. The name of the new construction was changed, therefore, to the San Francisco Institute of Art. This designation is more comprehensive and indicates the scope of the Institute more broadly than the personal name and has its value in that fact. It is also appropriate, for the directing force of the original institution was the San Francisco Art Association, which was founded in 1871, long before any connection with the Hopkins mansion.

The greatest present need of the Institute

is a permanent building. With its growin classes, its growing gallery and library, building more appropriate and more lasti should be erected. It is to be hoped that, the course of time, this need will be supplie It should be borne in mind that the Institu is entirely self-supporting. The relation the University of California is merely that trustee, and the Institute receives no fun from the state nor from private endowmer

It should also be noted that the work of t Institute has been of inestimable value California and to San Francisco especiall Not only have thousands of pupils graduat from its classes, a few of whom have attain fame, but the centre of art work on a lar scale has always been at the Institute. the graduates unknown to fame, nearly all a self-supporting because of the instruction th received, and all are contributing to t growth of culture in the state. Some, mention particular instances, are intimately a sociated with the direction of public tas through employment at Shreve's, at the Sier Art Engraving company, and in the arcl tects' and designers' offices

The present officers of the association a Vanderlynn Stow, president; John Gal Howard, and Lorenzo P. Latimer, vice pre dents; John I. Walter, treasurer; Henry He man, secretary, and John R. Martin, assi ant secretary. All of these, except the la named, are directors, and, besides, the follo ing are directors: James D. Phelan, Horace Platt, Warren D. Clark, Thomas M. Penne and Jonah R. Howell. The director of t Institute is Robert H. Fletcher.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

and tide-land ownership, which involve leg solutions. So, one of the important things do in the near future is to decide whether A torney-General Webb is worthy of being ele ed again, and if not who shall succeed hi Mr. Webb, like Mr. Kingsbury, is account an organization Republican, and two or thr years ago few anti-organization Republica would have been inclined to favor his retu to the office. But since then Webb, li Kingsbury, has made a record of service several emergencies, and so it comes abo that his claims are being seriously consider It is not intended in this paragraph to d cuss the investigation of railroad rebates, t Stetson rate bill, or the suit for the San F dro tide-lands, which have already been d cussed to some extent in these columns, f to go into the merits of those propositio would require space, and still less is it pr posed to attempt to say whether or not A torney-General Webb should be nominated the league; but it is desired to point out th this is one of the really big questions to considered in connection with state nomi tions to be made. But it may be said that conducting the rebate investigation with much vigor as he did, in drafting a railro regulation bill which the railroad compan refused to accept, in making a strenuous fig to induce the legislature to adopt the b and in instituting and prosecuting the su for the recovery to the state of San Ped harbor, now pretty well monopolized by t railroads, as well as in other acts, Attorn General Webb has given no evidence of ing under Southern Pacific control. In fa he has done several really big things whi look like the kind of independence which t people of the state like to have their Att ney-General manifest.

People's Money for The People's Fight The Public Welf Fund is now an acco plished fact in S Francisco. The actual cash has not yet b subscribed—though some of it has been—l the organization has been perfected and is a character that assures success. The follo ing have consented to act on the commit of fifty: Charles R. Bentley, George E. C thers, E. R. Taylor, William Kent, R. Houghton, Walter Macarthur, Selah Cha berlain, N. J. Brittan, Will J. French, Jan D. Phelan, Byron Mauzy, R. E. Banni Samuel W. Backus, John Sweeney, L. C. M Afee, Edgar A. Mathews, Max J. Kuhl, C J. O. Giesting, Barclay Henley, Frank Marvin, Olin L. Berry, Henry Colombat, fred Greenbaum, Edwin E. Grant, E. St art, John Henderson, Clarence Henni

George W. Lunt, Isidor Jacobs, Emil Pohli, Milton T. U'Ren, J. C. Astredo, John J. Pratt, Theodore Bell, J. W. Treadwell, Thomas S. Williams, E. R. Zion, Thos. E. Hayden, W. W. Sanderson, A. M. DeVall, Edgar Apperson, Ralph Hathorn, Edward L. Baldwin, Rev. E. R. Dille, Rev. H. H. Bell, Rev. Wm. Rader, Fred L. Hilmer, Richard Cornelius, M. C. Hassett, Theodore Bacigalupi, C. W. Eastin, Frank L. Richmond, Matt Harris Sr., Rev. Chas. N. Lathrop, J. H. McCallum, E. J. Callan, F. W. Smith, Harris Weinstock and Thomas J. Ford.

The Welfare Fund Trustees The Board of Trustees, which will organize and administer the fund, is now complete, and will consist of the following: Charles H. Bentley, J. G. Giesting, James D. Phelan, Barclay Henley, R. E. Houghton, Samuel W. Backus, Edgar A. Mathews, Walter Macarthur, Selah Chamberlain, Harris Weinstock, J. J. Pratt. All the members of the committee and of the board of trustees are men who have long been in the fight for better things in San Francisco.

How the Fund Will Be Used The following extract from the preamble to the constitution of the organization definitely explains the necessity for such a fund:

In this day, every intelligent person realizes that to maintain the standard contemplated by the founders of the Republic, a struggle is inevitable with those who have entrenched themselves in power through the apathy of the citizens. The expenditure of large sums of money in political affairs brings to the interests handsome return in the shape of privileges not enjoyed by all in common. To prevent such a condition of affairs, active public interests and a reasonable contribution of funds are essential. Political campaigns entail necessary expenses which should be borne by those who are its beneficiaries. **The people's fight cannot be won without the people's money.**

The Public Welfare Fund of San Francisco has been created for the purpose of collecting and administering a fund for all movements and measures working for the common good of the community, regardless of the attitude maintained by the national political parties. Contributions, in the way of membership dues, are asked of the people in general, that their cause may meet with proper financial support.

Patriotic citizenship is the only test of membership to this fund; a better, higher standard of civic ideals, its only purpose.

The advantages of such a fund are many: It concentrates all collections in one responsible body; that body can prevent waste of energy, by heading off duplications of effort by two independent organizations working for the same end; it ensures the largest possible return in efficiency for the money contributed to public causes. The minimum contribution accepted is $1 a month, or $10 a year, in advance; there is no maximum limit. The fund in Los Angeles has been tremendously useful. The fund in San Francisco promises to be no less useful. The office of the treasurer is at Room 669, Mills Building, San Francisco.

Livestock Breeders After The Railroad Commission The following resolution, adopted last Tuesday evening by the California Livestock Breeders' Association, indicates the beginning of a combination of all kinds of farming societies to force the hand of the Railroad Commission:

Whereas, the railroad companies doing business in the State of California have since January 1, 1909, arbitrarily put in force an increase of freight rates amounting to from ten to fifty per cent. upon thousands of articles consumed daily by the people; and **Whereas,** the livestock industry along with other industries of the state has suffered from this increase; and **Whereas,** these advanced transportation charges have entered materially into the increased cost of living; and **Whereas,** complaint has been made to the railroad commission of California against the increased freight rates on livestock, and said commission has failed and neglected to extend any relief in the premises; therefore, be it **Resolved:** That the California Livestock Breeders Association hereby denounces said increase of freight rates as being unreasonable, unjust and unlawful, and we cannot condemn too severely the non-action of said Railroad commission; and be it further **Resolved:** That a committee of three be appointed by the chair for the purpose of co-operating with other organizations to compel action on the part of the Railroad Commission, and in the event that said commission persists in its refusal to grant relief, that said committee be authorized and directed to assist in such proceedings as may be independently undertaken for the purpose of obtaining fair and lawful rates in California.

Co-operation With League By San Francisco Clubs The recent decision of the Municipal League of Republican clubs of San Francisco to cooperate with the Lincoln-Roosevelt League was followed by the appointment of Hiram W. Johnson, Rolla V. Watt, C. H. Bentley and George E. Crothers as members of the executive committee of the Municipal League, with instructions to choose eleven additional members, to make up a total of fifteen. These additional members have now been appointed and are as follows: Max J. Kuhl, W. W. Watson, Ralph Hathorn, John H. McCallum, W. H. Stewart, Daniel A. Ryan, A. E. Graupner, M. S. Kohlberg, W. D. Fennimore, J. E. Gilson and Paul Bancroft.

Frank K. Mott or Chas. M. Belshaw? Judging from the trend of talk in progressive Republican circles the field from which to select a Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate for governor, to be submitted to the Republicans of California for ratification at the August primary, appears to be narrowing down to a choice between Charles M. Belshaw, for many years state senator from Contra Costa and Marin counties, and Frank K. Mott, the third-term mayor of Oakland. Mr. Belshaw has had much experience as a legislator, with little or none as an executive officer. Mayor Mott has developed a high order of executive capacity as mayor, but has had little experience as a legislator. Both men are willing to stand on the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League platform making the emancipation of the Republican party of California from corporate control the pivotal issue of their campaign, and both have good records for political independence. It is no more than fair, however, to say that neither of these gentlemen would be first choice with many influential progressive Republicans. The order of preference might be something like this: Francis J. Heney, Hiram W. Johnson, William R. Davis, Chester H. Rowell and, afterward, either Mott or Belshaw. It is too much to say that League sentiment would be unitedly in this order, but only preponderatingly. Of course the issue cannot be fully determined until the great conference is held by and by. The Watchman is only reporting the state of the insurgent atmosphere, so to speak.

John W. Titcomb of the United States bureau of fisheries, said recently of a fishing excursion: "I once made a fishing excursion to a stream that flowed behind a lunatic asylum. As I sat and smoked on the bank, watching my cork, I noticed a strange object floating down toward me with the current. I saw that it was a man. He had all his clothes on, and he was swimming in the strangest way. I verily believe every part of him was submerged but one nostril. 'Hi!' I shouted, 'what are you doing there?' He lifted his head from beneath the surface, and then, before drawing it under again, he snapped: 'Sh—sh; Don't interfere! I'm a submarine!'"—Washington Star.

TO LAWYERS.

The Superior Court has rendered a decision that The California Weekly complies with all the provisions of the laws concerning legal advertising, and that it is a paper of general circulation. Summonses, Notices of Sale of Real Estate, Notices to Creditors, etc., inserted at most reasonable rates.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

ADOLPH ZEIS,
Administrator of the estate of Auguste Zeis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 23, 1909.

CARY HOWARD,
906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

California Weekly ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our friends will do well to keep track of the ANNOUNCEMENTS of the publishers of The California Weekly as they appear from week to week in this column.

$2.50 We will furnish The California Weekly one year and Franklin Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," special premium edition, extra cover and heavy paper, sent post paid.

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Subscribers wishing to send copies of "Report on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco" to their friends can do so by mailing us their names and addresses, together with ten cents. We will mail them post paid.

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The two make a full team; you need them.

The California Weekly

26 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Controller—Continued.

In former times the Controller was given an attorney to assist him, but for a good many years the Attorney-General has been his only legal adviser.

All officers of counties and other persons doing business with the state have their accounts settled by the Controller, and twice every year, in December and May, following the payment of the two installments of the property tax, the County Auditors and Treasurers have a grand settlement with the Controller and State Treasurer. First, the Auditors send in their reports to the Controller, and these are gone over carefully to determine their correctness; if incorrect, they are returned for correction; if correct, the County Treasurers are notified how much money they must pay over to the State Treasurer; the Treasurers either go to Sacramento in person with the money, or they make their settlement through banks or an express company; the Controller gives each County Treasurer an order to pay a certain amount to the State Treasurer, and when the State Treasurer certifies that he has received that amount, the County Treasurer is given a clearance by the Controller.

The supervision of the enforcement of the inheritance tax law and the collection of that tax, which now brings in something like a million dollars a year, has by force of circumstances become one of the Controller's most important duties, although it is not specifically prescribed by law. The benefit of this tax inures wholly to the state, and there is not likely to be a clean collection unless it is the particular duty of some state officer to look after it. The last legislature gave the Controller an assistant known as the Inheritance Tax Deputy to watch all kinds of evasions of the law, including the under-appraisement of estates subject to tax.

A responsible and onerous duty of the Controller is to act as a member of the State Board of Equalization, along with the four district members of that body. This work keeps the Controller traveling around the state to study property values and observe the work of County Assessors, although, as this review would indicate, the Controller has work enough in his own office to keep him continuously busy. But, on the other hand, the Board of Equalization work brings the Controller in touch with the practical operation of the revenue laws in all of the counties as nothing else would, and that is a distinct advantage.

An efficient Controller can protect the interests of the state in many ways, but in none better than by resisting the payment of illegal or doubtful claims upon the treasury. When he refuses to draw his warrant all that a claimant can do is to sue out a writ of mandate, and usually that involves a trial in the courts of the merits of the claim. If it is known that a Controller is vigilant to detect illegal claims, or to require doubtful ones to be tried out before being honored, and that he has a good article of spinal vertebra, it exercises a wholesome influence far and wide. California has generally been fortunate during the past fifty-nine years in having upright and capable State Controllers.

When we come to take up the work of the State Board of Examiners we shall get a more complete idea of the ways that claims against the state are verified before being paid. The system may be cumbersome but it is fairly efficient and few illegal claims get paid. Where the state loses something is in paying debts that are perfectly legal but not necessary to have been incurred in the first place. Of course the State Controller has no control over such charges.

It is proper that the elective machinery of the state should have one auditing officer and the executive, or appointive, another and that is the way we have it in California. The mechanism of the State Board of Examiners could be improved, but we shall give the reasons why when we reach that topic.

In the office of State Controller, as certainly as that of governor, there is opportunity for the free exercise of those attributes which we call personality. Every hour in the day the judgment is called upon to choose between that which is wise and that which would be unwise, between doing that which good conscience requires to be done and that which might be qualified by political or personal consideration.

Lectures on Direct Legislation.

John Z. White, the noted lecturer on Direct Legislation, will address the citizens of San Francisco to-morrow under the auspices of the Direct Legislation League of California. Mr. White has spoken in this city before and those who heard him at that time will be glad to welcome him again. He is just completing a tour which has taken in the whole Pacific Coast. In all he will spend about six weeks in the State of California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT NO. 5

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 8th day of December, 1909, an assessment of one cent (1c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, it will be sold on the 21st day of February, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MATH JACOBS, Secretary.

Office, Big Casino Gold Mining Company, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

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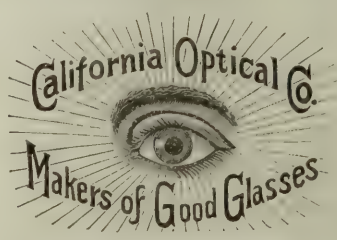

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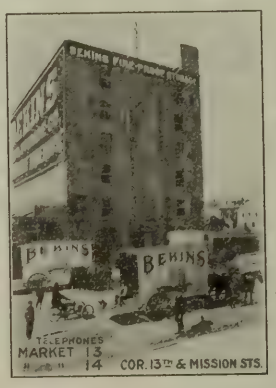

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This Week: "LEGISLATIVE RECORD OF LABOR PARTY."

—By Franklin Hichborn.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: FEBRUARY 4 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Typewriter Mightier Than Meataxe.

PRESIDENT TAFT LATELY took the press to task for indiscriminate hammering of men in public life. What he said was to the point, and yet he spoke from observation rather than from experience, for the press of the country has treated him more tenderly than the critics of his predecessor in office treated him. Nevertheless, the writing machine is a better device for dealing with public officials than the meataxe, although The California Weekly has had difficulty in convincing some of its friends of the truth of this statement. There are those who, if they do not have a reputation for breakfast every morning, or at least as often as once a week, fancy that they are going hungry.

Want to Dawdle and Come Home.

TIPS FROM WASHINGTON are to the effect that, away down deep, congress has no serious intention of enacting decisive legislation at this session, and for the reason that such legislation cannot be satisfactory to the people and to the interests too, and the interests and not the people are in the saddle. Therefore it will be better for candidates seeking reelection to face their constituents with great things in prospect for 1911 than with huge legislative disappointments consummated in 1910. If this be true the President will prove himself mellow indeed if he does not swing his big stick, and do it now.

Fetch Out Those Scandals.

MAYOR McCARTHY HAS SPOKEN darkly of the things he could tell, if he would, about some of the good men who have served as commissioners under the Taylor administration, and are now loth to let go of their job, but consideration for them, and for the fair fame of the city, forbids, so he says. Blurt it out, Mr. Mayor. Your insinuations are worse than the truth may be, your bark worse than your bite. If San Francisco needs to be purged of its sins at the cost of passing with naked feet over an investigating gridiron heated seven times hotter than it is wonted to be, why, get your incinerator ready. If you take it out in talk the public will know you for a bluffer.

His First Hard Work.

THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE of the house of representatives is to investigate the high cost of living. This is the committee that laid the foundation for the present upwardly revised downward tariff revision and Sereno E. Payne is its chairman. He is about to prepare resolutions determining the nature of the investigations to be made. His first hard work will be to "whereas," that, "inasmuch as the tariff is not the cause of the increased cost of living, therefore that phase of the subject may properly be omitted from investigation." Sereno Payne got a man to pull a house he has builded down about his own ears. The finance committee of the senate, the committee that erected the superstructure on the foundation laid by the house, will also to investigate high prices. Lodge is to be the head of this committee and Smoot the other end. It can be counted on to occur with the Payne resolution that the tariff didn't do it.

The Dooley Idea to Be Carried Out.

IN VIEW OF THE PROTEST that was made by high financiers, in the names of the widowed and orphaned investors of the country, against all interference with their schemes to rob the general public, it was Mr. Dooley who first advocated the extermination of the widows and orphans of America lest a worse thing come upon the people. Senator Heyburn has afforded a new justification for this extermination. It is that the establishment of postal savings banks will reduce the savings interest rate of 2¼ per cent., with the finality that the widows and orphans of America will be exterminated by the slow, sure, but necessarily fatal and distressing malady of starvation. How can the tender-hearted Taft press his postal savings bank scheme after the Heyburn exposure of what it must result in! For of course the thrifty people of America can be counted on to withdraw all their deposits from savings banks paying from 4 to 5 per cent. interest in order to deposit them in Uncle Sam's post-office where they will earn only two and one-quarter!

If Not, Why Not?

BEST ADVICES FROM WASHINGTON are that, judged by surface indications, both regulars and insurgents are standing loyally by the President in his efforts to secure conservation legislation, a postal savings bank law, federal incorporation and regulation of great corporations, a central railroad court and the revision and extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, too, that the Democrats will not oppose these measures. With everybody on his side and nobody against him, it would seem that the President should develop enough capacity for leadership to secure some affirmative, progressive and remedial legislation at this session of congress.

Marry or Die Young.

DR. JACQUES BERTILLON, of Paris, having taken up and carried on with painstaking fidelity investigations which his renowned father inaugurated, declares that, the world over, married men live to be much older than single, matrons older than maids, those mated for life to be correspondingly older than widowers and widows. In short, marriage is a case of life or death in more senses than one, but of all ephemeral human existences that of the single man is the most evanishing. His irregularities of life and conduct are more fatal to him than the great white plague is to other folk. Every social function for bringing youths and maidens together is, therefore, to be looked upon as a life-saving station.

Their Terror of the Law.

THE TERROR WITH WHICH high financiers view the Sherman anti-trust law, and the probability of its enforcement by Attorney General Wickersham, is well exemplified in the fact that America's two biggest express companies are in process of consolidation and the Anaconda group of copper interests are combining as a preliminary to a holding corporation that is to control the production and sale of the copper product of the United States. The President's assurances that he does not intend to run amuck among the big interests, through fear that widows and orphans and wage-earners may get hurt, appears to have been taken at full face value.

They That Go Down Into the Mines!

THE CHAPTERS which the last week or two have added to the history of the Mine Horrors of America have lacked nothing of the tragic. Perhaps the fault is not that of mine owners and operators. Perhaps it is that of the men, but if such slaughters cannot be avoided we had best seal up the mines of black diamonds and develop our "white coal" supplies of the Cascades and the Sierras, the Alleghanies and the Rockies. A life will be lost now and again even then, but not by hecatombs.

TWO GREAT CASES.

There are two great cases before the Supreme Court of the United States. They are the Standard Oil and the National Tobacco, and they involve the validity of the holding company. The Northern Securities case did not exhaust that issue and it is to be hoped that one or other of these two cases, or both together, may make the law so plain that even a high financier may not err therein. Decisions are expected sometime during the year 1910, and their importance can scarcely be overestimated. In fact the future of our civilization may be dependent upon them.

The holding company was, and is, the hope of those who stand for a colossal centralization of commerce and industry. Under it the holders of one share more than a majority of the stock of such a company may absolutely control all the subsidiary corporations of whose capital stock one more than one-half the shares may be acquired. The limit to the power of such a corporation to unify and control is inconceivable. It was the evident limitlessness of this power, and not anything that was specifically in the Sherman anti-trust law itself, that moved the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Northern Securities controversy, to quash that insatiate, all-engulfing corporation through fear that all the railroads in the country might be brought under the domination of a single holding company of holding companies.

With the failure of the Northern Securities scheme the genius of Harriman for combining great railroad properties had to content itself with a personality instead of a corporation, with the result that the death of Harriman practically put an end to that combination. A number of his great railroad properties have already resumed their autonomy. The Santa Fe has done so, and so has the Illinois Central. The President has ordered Attorney General Wickersham to proceed with the suit for prying apart the Union and Central Pacific line of railroad from the Southern Pacific, and it is not unlikely that, five years from the death of Harriman, the railroad system which he created will have resolved itself into a single transcontinental line, with laterals, while all the other constituencies of the system will have encountered a similar fate as parts of similar single lines with laterals.

Why should transportation or manufacturing require centralization in the interests of efficiency and economy when agriculture does not? It is demonstrable, by computation, that the combination of a hundred farms into one, with the elimination of a multiplied superintendency, and the higher efficiency which a well-organized system would afford, should greatly cheapen the cost and augment the product of those farms, yet the country that has the largest number of independent farm proprietors is the largest producer per acre and decidedly the most happy and prosperous of all countries. Why might it not be so with the country that had the largest number of small, independent manufacturers?

But suppose that combination in agriculture were to prove as great in efficiency as claimed in industry and commerce, could any country afford, in the mere interests of an increased or a cheapened product, to have all its small farms swallowed up in great landed estates, its independent agricultural proprietors lost in peasantry and serfdom? Is economy the only good? Is efficiency the only criterion?

The California Weekly holds that efficiency and economy cost more than they are worth to state, nation or humanity when they swallow independent endeavor and reduce great and small to the status of hired servants of an octopus. The laws should forbid one corporation to hold stock in another corporation. The holding company should be denied the right to exist, and there should be no more of centralization of commerce or industry than may be comprised in a single corporation, and no more of unification in management than one man may get together while he lives, to go to pieces when he dies. More than this the world cannot afford to pay for economy and efficiency in commerce or industry. More than this we may outlaw with safety to our individual and national life.

The President, in his message on the trust issue, assumes the indispensible character of great centralization of capital, but even that does not place the issue beyond debate. The formation of trusts and holding companies has not been so much in the interests of economy and efficiency as in the interests of a monopoly that has extended from the Standard Oil to the shoeblack stand, from the great meat packing trust to the corner grocery. William Allen White says that even the Supreme Court of the United States has its ear attuned to public opinion. If this be so, now is the time for public opinion regarding the holding company and the indispensibility of centralization to make itself heard at the bar of that court.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

Union Labor Legislators.

If the Union Labor party is to be a factor in affairs in this state it is proper to consider what its tendencies are likely to be and The California Weekly knows of no better way of obtaining light in this regard than by studying the legislative records of those who have received the endorsement of Union Labor party conventions and have obtained their election by Union Labor party votes. To this end arrangements were made with Mr. Franklin Hichborn to make a study of the records, in the last legislature, of such Union Labor party representatives as were there. The results of this study constitute our leading article for the week. No one will question Mr. Hichborn's fitness for this service.

The California Weekly believes in unionizing labor in industry if not in politics, and it believes in electing representative labor leaders who are fit for the service to legislature and congress. It would rather see Walter Macarthur in the United States Senate to-day than either senator California has there, and it is sorry that John Mitchell is not in congress instead of being in the shadow of the jail. If Samuel Gompers cares for a seat in congress it would like to see him there, too.

But The California Weekly is opposed to political side shows in the service of the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company, and those who read Mr. Hichborn's analysis of the records of members purporting to be representatives of Union Labor party principles will not be of two opinions as to the subserviency to that interest of those legislators, with such exceptions as Mr. Hitchborn takes pains to note.

Moreover, The California Weekly is opposed to class alignments in the politics of a republic. That means death to the republic as a government of the whole people.

Serving God in Serving Man.

The California Weekly holds that the spirit of the Christian religion is true. It holds that a true religion will react upon the political life of a people as certainly as upon individual conduct, and if it does not so react it is because the people have ever so little of the religion in their hearts.

The political situation in California, as well as elsewhere in this nation, is this: A powerful and grasping corporation has through the forms of free government without its spirit, usurped the functions of government and prostituted them to ignoble ends. A number of citizens have perceived the unwholesome trend of events and joined in an effort to free the commonwealth of California from this danger.

This movement desires a leader. A number of persons eminently qualified for leadership have been appealed to to head the movement by offering themselves for nomination for the office of governor. One has an opportunity to make money just at this time and desires to be excused. Another has means enough to afford the service, but has his heart set on a trip around the world. Another has an invalid wife whom to be away from is a constant anxiety to himself and a hardship to her. And so on down the list of those preeminently qualified to lead.

But it was not so in 1861. In that time of national peril, not greater but only more apparent than now, such excuses as these were not thought of, to say nothing about being offered in seriousness. In those days men said: "Here, Lord, am I. Make such use of me as thou wilt," and they left their business, their chances to make money, even their invalid wives and little children, and offered themselves as a living sacrifice for the idea of a government of, by and for the people that the idea might not perish from the earth.

Every excuse offered by those preferred as leaders for the hosts of reform is a good excuse, if a man be free to prefer his own good to the common good, his own weal to the commonwealth, his own family to the human family, his own comfort to the well being of his state.

How was it in '61? Did men then wait until the national capital was in the hands of the enemy, as it appears to be now, in common with the capitals of more than half the states in the union? Not by a long chalk. They carried the war into the enemy's country and remained there until that enemy capitulated. The conscience of the country was not then looking for compromise candidates. No choice was put up with that was not a first choice. The issue was: "Union or disunion, where do you stand?" The issue now should be just as decisive: "Bondage or free, where do you stand?"

Believing in democracy as the hope of the race, and finding its very existence brought in issue, The California Weekly believes it to be God's service and man's service for every able-minded man to throw himself into this contest in the spirit of '61, which was "Here, Lord, am I, use me as thou will." That spirit and that only will guarantee that free government shall not perish from the earth.

The Brighter Side.

The mission of The California Weekly is to fight for Right Things and against wrong, but the natural tendency of the fray is to lose sight of the good in our zeal for combating the bad. We shall strive in future to keep a truer perspective, and to pay more attention to those associations and institutions that make for righteousness that we may give the

id. This week we present the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood as a case in point. It is helping to make things better than they are and whatever is doing this can have the help of The California Weekly by letting us know bout it.

Direct Primary Talks.

In view of the insistent demand for further information regarding our new direct primary law we have concluded to suspend, for the present, our consideration of the state offices nd commissions and devote our School for citizenship to a careful, plain, yet comprehensive, exposition of the primary law. Our purpose is to answer every question, for which here is an answer, which an intelligent person an ask about that law. There are questions or which there will be no answer until the upreme court shall have spoken.

Mayor McCarthy's Mistakes.

Mayor McCarthy means well, or thinks that means well, but he is making two mistakes at bid fair to wreck his administration. One his willingness to fight all creation, including the ladies of the California Club, and the her is his misconception of the nature of the ice he holds. The charter of San Francisco ry properly centers a good deal of executive wer in the hands of the mayor, but it does t constitute him a dictator, a czar, an autoit, or even a sultan. Whoever is spoiling a fight generally gets a stomach full of sooner or later, and a large share of the n Francisco public is becoming a good deal led at Mayor McCarthy.

The Way of the Power Exploiter.

Let us suppose that a hydro-electric power mpany develops 100,000 horse power at a st of $10,000,000, and that it will require earnings of $1,000,000 a year to pay appriate dividends and, in fifty years, when the nchise runs out, return the original investnt. Let us assume that a charge of $20 year of 3,000 horse-power hours will pay running expenses and yield this net inne and, at the same time, furnish power for ry purpose for which power may be profity used by the people. In such a case the ver company would derive no more than a income on its investment and the profits ing from the use of the power by the ple would go to the people.

ow suppose that instead of marketing its ver at a price that will pay the running enses, yield a fair rate of interest and re the principal sum in fifty years, the ver company applies the "what the traffic bear" principle in fixing its prices. This s from the consumer so large a percentage his earnings as to make it only a little e profitable to be a consumer than not e and so retains him as a consumer. pose that "what the traffic will bear" is per horse power per year of 3,000 hours. will mean an excess of $3,000,000 a year what the consumers of that power should paid, or 6 per cent. on a capitalization 50,000,000. Inasmuch as the corporation have borrowed the $10,000,000 actually sted the $40,000,000 fictitious value created r the "what the traffic will bear policy," go to the stockholders who invested ing but a little sagacity and had the ase to take to themselves a source of th that should be open to the enjoyment ll. And this $40,000,000 bonus to high ce will be parceled out to "widows and ans" as innocent purchasers for value and ecome a second, if not exactly a first, gage on industry for half a century.

e figures here given are for purposes of ration and are confessedly not accurate, vet they may not prove to be egregiously of conformity with the fact and, anyhow. illustrate the principle at stake with sufficient accuracy. They also illustrate some of the methods by which our exasperating inequalities of fortune have been brought about, and they afford an earnest of what the power-grabbers of the country are trying to do to the future consumers of power. It has been estimated as being entirely possible, if their schemes of exploitation can be carried out without restriction, to mulct the American people to the extent of $600,000,000 a year in power charges over and above what would prove a fair interest on the investment, together with the amortization of the original investment at the end of fifty years.

Is it any wonder, then, that men like Gifford Pinchot, men who love their kind more than they love the dollars of their kind, are jealous of the privileges the power-grabbers are seeking, or that such men are suspicious of that sinister looking, cold and calculating Ballinger, and have watched his every movement with a jealous interest in the common welfare? That way lies as hard bondage for the children of America as the children of Israel suffered in Egypt.

The Bar Association Moving.

It is cheering to know that the San Francisco Bar Association is bestirring itself with the view of raising bench and bar to a station of respectability. If it had been about this business for half a century there would be less need for strenuous activity at this time.

It is well to school the younger men of the bar to a higher standard of ethics, but the instruction is not likely to be improved on so long as the younger men are not able to profit by example as well as by precept. What is immediately wanted is a weeding out of the bar as it is. There no doubt are a hundred men practicing law in San Francisco who could best benefit their calling by abandoning it, if not by their own volition, then willy-nilly. It is not so much a legal Sunday school as a reform school that is needed.

But the beginning of reform is an acknowledgment of the need for it, and that acknowledgment has been pretty generally made from the President of the United States down through all gradations even to the pettifogger. No man denies it. What may not be as fully appreciated is that the bench needs reforming as certainly as the bar and, if anything, more immediately. Our legislatures are not more certainly under the domination of special interests than are our courts. In fact it is an open secret that political bureaus of great corporations place more stress upon securing the nomination and election of judicial candidates to their liking than of legislative. Their power is greater. The same holds true with regard to the appointive judiciary, whether of state or of nation. Only now and again is there a judge who did not secure his position, in some measure at least, through the influence of powerful, and often untoward, special interests, and the court that is not above suspicion of ulterior influence is as good as no court at all. There may not be many "Lige Bemises" in the federal judiciary, but there are more who got their judicial jobs the way he got his than there should be. For further particulars read "A Certain Rich Man."

Weed out the weaklings as though they were Canada thistles; make the judicial terms long and the compensation ample, with a comfortable pension ever after; give us nonpartisan nominations and emancipate government from corporate control. If California does not then enjoy as good a judicial system as England we shall at least have as good an administration of justice as we deserve.

Good fortune attend the efforts of the Bar Association and may good politics be ready to lend a hand in securing legislation fit to act upon the recommendations of the association when it has gotten its remedial measure into shape.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

I took them to be grandfather and granddaughter. He was in his sixties and she in her teens. Evidently they had been going about together during the day and were now homeward bound. "What a splendid day this has been," the old gentleman said. "Yes, responded the slip of a girl, "neither too hot nor too cold, just breeze enough. I had not thought of it before, but it has been just fine." "I have been thinking of it all day," the old gentleman said, "and have enjoyed it every minute."

The writer had not thought of the weather once all day. It was press day, with much to do, and many people had been coming and going all day. But for this incident he could not have told the day following what the previous day had been like, whether it had rained or shone. (It ought to be "shined," but the dictionary says "obsolete or vulgar." Good usage has advanced backward.)

As we grow older, if we grow normally, our happiness is less and less dependent upon the state of the weather, and for the reason that our minds become absorbed in weightier matters. We go right on through fog and rain, sunshine and wind, unheeding, except for the most commonplace "how do you do?" greetings with our acquaintances, but as for being concerned for the weather we are so very little.

And yet there are those who almost make their lives bitter over the weather, and the lives of others about them, too. A threatened sprinkle will keep them from the house of worship if not from the theatre. They are always in a quandary between umbrella and parasol, overshoes and Oxford ties, between carrying an overcoat or not carrying one. The first thing they look at in the morning paper is the weather forecast, and, if it does not come true, they carry a grouch against the signal service all day. Isn't this enough of a troublous world without that?

But, per contra, how many of us can put in a whole day consciously enjoying fine weather? It is as much the part of unwisdom to be oblivious of an opportunity to enjoy a good thing all day as it is not to be oblivious of an opportunity to make oneself, and those about him, unnecessarily miserable. Obliviousness to discomfort, insensibility to pain, these are not happiness. They are small fractions of death, just as sleep is a partial and death a total unconsciousness. The oblivious person is half-brother to the dead log, or old, rotting stump in the fence corner.

There are not too many sources of happiness in this world if we lay hold of all of them and convert them to our use, doing it consciously and forming the habit of doing it, so that, if the occasion warrants, we may enjoy a fine day all day, and not miss a note of the meadowlark's song or so much as a cloud shadow skimming over field or stream.

After hearing the chance remark of the grandfather to the slip of a girl by his side the writer undertook to read the character and life history writ in his face, as best he might, looking at him narrowly out of the corners of his eyes. His circumstances must always have been moderate, yet prudent and not unthrifty in a small way, but there was benevolence treasured there and great kindliness. One would have said of him that he lacked, not industry, but push, the power to drive. He had conquered difficulties by slow siege, not by storming the heights and carrying everything before him by an energized process. The great tragedies, the loss of wife and child, had cut deep, but he had learned to be indifferent to the little ills without being indifferent to the smaller sources of joy. The consummation of it all was a serene, intelligent old face as good to look upon as the surface of a quiet pool along the lower reaches of some stream. In his three-score years and more he had weathered his share of sorrows and drunk abundantly of the unintoxicating cup of joy, but of gall and wormwood, for which so many form an appetite, he had sipped sparingly.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

To Minimize Railroad Accidents.

It is reported that the Pennsylvania Railroad company will practically test an invention of Leon A. Mullen which, it is claimed, will, to a considerable extent, do away with railroad accidents. Mullen's device may be said practically to consist of a moving block system which is applicable wherever a train may chance to be. By a system of relays, magnets and batteries, it connects the forward wheels of an engine with every rail within a distance of two miles before and behind. Should a rail be broken, or should another engine come on the track within that distance, the whistles of one or both engines at once are blown, red and green lights are flashed in the engine cabs, and the brakes are automatically set. Telephone connections also are provided, so that when the engines have come to a stop the engineers (in case of threatened collision) may converse concerning the best method for remedying the situation. The device can be as readily applied to electric as to steam roads. If the result of its test is favorable, it is understood that it will be adopted first on the Pennsylvania lines and, presumably, later on those of other companies.

How Some of the Other Half Live.

Again is the aphorism that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives illustrated by facts ascertained by the Consumers' League of New York city. The facts apply to the making of those articles of dress which put the finishing touches on the costumes of milord and milady, and here, in all their bare hideousness, they are: For the construction of artificial roses which madam wears on her hat or elsewhere the maker is paid one cent for twelve bunches, and if she is rapid she can make sixty cents a day, or $3.60 a week. The rose-maker, however, is well paid as compared with others. For instance, less is paid for the making of artificial violets, and it was shown that a mother and her four children, ranging from five to twelve years of age, could make but sixty cents a day by the work of all five of them. For men's neckties which are sold from fifty cents to a dollar each the makers are paid fifty-five cents a dozen, and the makers of women's black stock collars receive but eighteen cents a dozen. These are but a few illustrations of this variety of "man's inhumanity to man," (women and little children) but they should suffice to make the heart weary.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying the needle and thread."

Times have not changed greatly since the days of Thomas Hood, not so greatly as one with more than an apology for a soul must wish.

Consumption on the Decrease.

Professor Fraenkel, a German specialist who is a recognized authority, publishes a hopeful prophecy concerning consumption in the current number of the Umschau. He says, in effect, that within forty years "the great white plague" will have become a disease of comparatively trivial importance, as it is rapidly yielding to professional knowledge concerning how to treat it effectively. He bases his forecast on Prussian statistics, but, as the causes which operate to decrease the disease in Prussia apply in all civilized countries, the statistics may be considered fairly representative of the universal tendency. Prior to 1886 thirty-two persons of every 10,000 living in Prussia died of consumption. Then came knowledge of how the disease should be treated, and by 1900 the number of such deaths was but twenty-one in 10,000, while in 1908 the number had been further reduced to 16.4 in 10,000. Whether or not these figures justify Professor Fraenkel's hopeful view of forty years hence some may question, but, however that may be, there can be no doubt that they are decidedly encouraging.

What Four Boys Did With Corn.

Four boys, living respectively in Arkansas, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia, soon will take a trip to Washington, D. C., under peculiarly pleasant circumstances. Under the direction of the national Department of Agriculture, more than 12,000 Southern boys last year cultivated an acre of corn each, the idea being to demonstrate what right farming would do. Citizens of the states in which the boys lived took an interest in the experiment, and offered to pay the expenses of a trip to Washington to the boy in each state who should raise the most corn on his acre. The South Carolina winner raised 152½ bushels, the Mississippi winner 147 bushels, the Arkansas winner 135, and the boy winner of Virginia 122 bushels. The average amount raised by each of the 12,000 boys was sixty bushels. Now bear in mind that the average yield of corn to the acre throughout the country is hardly more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, and it will be realized what right farming means. The instructions given these boys by the Department of Agriculture are open to every farmer in the land, and the department claims that if farmers would avail themselves of them the acreage yield might be doubled, a claim which the result of the boys' experiment appears to justify.

Labor a Cheap Commodity in China.

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A RHYME OF LOVE.

By Charles Warren Stoddard.

If life be as a flame that death doth kill;
Burn little candle lit for me,
With a pure spark that I may rightly see
To word my song and utterly
God's plan fulfill.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies;
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas-kiss and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, or foul, or fair;
O! bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl
And anchored there.

OF "DIFFICULT" BOOKS.

No man has an idea clearly in his own mind who cannot express it clearly in simple language. Vague writing and "difficult" reading are positive signs of a preliminary obscurity of thought. This is the reason why so many books that have excited devotees amongst small cliques during the author's lifetime gradually lose their appeal and sink surely to oblivion.

The old plea that the author is "profound" and hence unintelligible to the ordinary intellect is nonsense. This defense of some of Browning's more difficult poems was formerly made by fanatical admirers, but the wind was all taken out of it by Browning's admission in later life that he himself had forgotten what he meant by certain passages and, further, that he could not decipher them when he re-read them. The trouble with these passages is that Browning, when he wrote them, was not possessed at the moment by an idea but by an emotion, and he attempted the dangerous feat of translating a mood into words, instead of into its proper medium of expression, which is music. A corroboration of this view is the permanence and the growing popularity of those poems which Browning wrote under the compulsion of clear ideas, and in which he obeyed Milton's famous warning that poetry should be "simple, sensuous and passionate."

Of course there are two kinds of writing, though I believe the dictum pronounced in the first sentence of this essay holds true for both. The one kind of writing is that which attempts merely to convey ideas, as historical treatises, essays, and the like. Obviously, where the sole purpose is to transmit ideas, the idea itself must be clear and positive. Perhaps the best examples of this style are Bacon's Essays and Macaulay's works. Their clarity of ideas induced clarity and vigor of expression.

But the other kind of writing is that which seeks to produce an emotional effect. This includes all imaginative literature—fiction, drama, and poetry—and is by far the more difficult. To evoke laughter or tears, fear or horror, by printed words, is a task calling for a supreme skill. The example of genius proves that such emotional effects are not produced by mere arrangements of emotional words, but by artful associations of ideas and word pictures whose relative arrangements react subtly upon the human mind and heart to produce the effect desired by the author. To know just how long the spectator at the theatre can endure the heart-rending sleep-walk of Lady Macbeth, before the saving numbness of all emotion is evoked by Nature, is as certainly a function of a clear head as it is a function of a sensitive heart.

Furthermore, the great geniuses have realized that even in emotions mankind demands that a reason shall exist for the emotion, and the consciousness of a reason for a thing implies the prior existence of an intelligent idea. And the more profound the idea the more lasting the effect, and the longer the time through which the public will desire to return to the idea and submit to the emotional reaction. And, most important discovery of all, the more profound the idea the more surprisingly simple it is. It is the intrinsic worth of the idea that counts; not the complicated and difficult expression of it. Shakespeare is the profoundest thinker of all literature; he is also the simplest and most lucid in expression.

So we believe that it is a genuine fault of a book that it is hard to understand; that this fact alone is proof that the author himself does not understand his subject, and that the public is wise to ignore those who write vaguely, however, as they may claim, "profoundly." Which is, perhaps, superfluous to say, for this is exactly what the public does, anyway.

Miss Ethel Wood has been appointed instructor in the art of story telling by the Massachusetts State Board of Education. Miss Wood is a teacher in Brookline

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

To Minimize Railroad Accidents.

It is reported that the Pennsylvania Railroad company will practically test an invention of Leon A. Mullen which, it is claimed, will, to a considerable extent, do away with railroad accidents. Mullen's device may be said practically to consist of a moving block system which is applicable wherever a train may chance to be. By a system of relays, magnets and batteries, it connects the forward wheels of an engine with every rail within a distance of two miles before and behind. Should a rail be broken, or should another engine come on the track within that distance, the whistles of one or both engines at once are blown, red and green lights are flashed in the engine cabs, and the brakes are automatically set. Telephone connections also are provided, so that when the engines have come to a stop the engineers (in case of threatened collision) may converse concerning the best method for remedying the situation. The device can be as readily applied to electric as to steam roads. If the result of its test is favorable, it is understood that it will be adopted first on the Pennsylvania lines and, presumably, later on those of other companies.

How Some of the Other Half Live.

Again is the aphorism that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives illustrated by facts ascertained by the Consumers' League of New York city. The facts apply to the making of those articles of dress which put the finishing touches on the costumes of milord and milady, and here, in all their bare hideousness, they are: For the construction of artificial roses which madam wears on her hat or elsewhere the maker is paid one cent for twelve bunches, and if she is rapid she can make sixty cents a day, or $3.60 a week. The rose-maker, however, is well paid as compared with others. For instance, less is paid for the making of artificial violets, and it was shown that a mother and her four children, ranging from five to twelve years of age, could make but sixty cents a day by the work of all five of them. For men's neckties which are sold from fifty cents to a dollar each the makers are paid fifty-five cents a dozen, and the makers of women's black stock collars receive but eighteen cents a dozen. These are but a few illustrations of this variety of "man's inhumanity to man," (women and little children) but they should suffice to make the heart weary.

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying the needle and thread."

Times have not changed greatly since the days of Thomas Hood, not so greatly as one with more than an apology for a soul must wish.

Consumption on the Decrease.

Professor Fraenkel, a German specialist who is a recognized authority, publishes a hopeful prophecy concerning consumption in the current number of the Umschau. He says, in effect, that within forty years "the great white plague" will have become a disease of comparatively trivial importance, as it is rapidly yielding to professional knowledge concerning how to treat it effectively. He bases his forecast on Prussian statistics, but, as the causes which operate to decrease the disease in Prussia apply in all civilized countries, the statistics may be considered fairly representative of the universal tendency. Prior to 1886 thirty-two persons of every 10,000 living in Prussia died of consumption. Then came knowledge of how the disease should be treated, and by 1900 the number of such deaths was but twenty-one in 10,000, while in 1908 the number had been further reduced to 16.4 in 10,000. Whether or not these figures justify Professor Fraenkel's hopeful view of forty years hence some may question, but, however that may be, there can be no doubt that they are decidedly encouraging.

What Four Boys Did With Corn.

Four boys, living respectively in Arkansas, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia, soon will take a trip to Washington, D. C., under peculiarly pleasant circumstances. Under the direction of the national Department of Agriculture, more than 12,000 Southern boys last year cultivated an acre of corn each, the idea being to demonstrate what right farming would do. Citizens of the states in which the boys lived took an interest in the experiment, and offered to pay the expenses of a trip to Washington to the boy in each state who should raise the most corn on his acre. The South Carolina winner raised 152½ bushels, the Mississippi winner 147 bushels, the Arkansas winner 135, and the boy winner of Virginia 122 bushels. The average amount raised by each of the 12,000 boys was sixty bushels. Now bear in mind that the average yield of corn to the acre throughout the country is hardly more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, and it will be realized what right farming means. The instructions given these boys by the Department of Agriculture are open to every farmer in the land, and the department claims that if farmers would avail themselves of them the acreage yield might be doubled, a claim which the result of the boys' experiment appears to justify.

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The old plea that the author is "profound" and hence unintelligible to the ordinary intellect is nonsense. This defense of some of Browning's more difficult poems was formerly made by fanatical admirers, but the wind was all taken out of it by Browning's admission in later life that he himself had forgotten what he meant by certain passages and, further, that he could not decipher them when he re-read them. The trouble with these passages is that Browning, when he wrote them, was not possessed at the moment by an idea but by an emotion, and he attempted the dangerous feat of translating a mood into words, instead of into its proper medium of expression, which is music. A corroboration of this view is the permanence and the growing popularity of those poems which Browning wrote under the compulsion of clear ideas, and in which he obeyed Milton's famous warning that poetry should be "simple, sensuous and passionate."

Of course there are two kinds of writing, though I believe the dictum pronounced in the first sentence of this essay holds true for both. The one kind of writing is that which attempts merely to convey ideas, as historical treatises, essays, and the like. Obviously, where the sole purpose is to transmit ideas, the idea itself must be clear and positive. Perhaps the best examples of this style are Bacon's Essays and Macaulay's works. Their clarity of ideas induced clarity and vigor of expression.

But the other kind of writing is that which seeks to produce an emotional effect. This includes all imaginative literature—fiction, drama, and poetry—and is by far the more difficult. To evoke laughter or tears, fear or horror, by printed words, is a task calling for a supreme skill. The example of genius proves that such emotional effects are not produced by mere arrangements of emotional words, but by artful associations of ideas and word pictures whose relative arrangements react subtly upon the human mind and heart to produce the effect desired by the author. To know just how long the spectator at the theatre can endure the heart-rending sleep-walk of Lady Macbeth, before the saving numbness of all emotion is evoked by Nature, is as certainly a function of a clear head as it is a function of a sensitive heart.

Furthermore, the great geniuses have realized that even in emotions mankind demands that a reason shall exist for the emotion, and the consciousness of a reason for a thing implies the prior existence of an intelligent idea. And the more profound the idea the more lasting the effect, and the longer the time through which the public will desire to return to the idea and submit to the emotional reaction. And, most important discovery of all, the more profound the idea the more surprisingly simple it is. It is the intrinsic worth of the idea that counts; not the complicated and difficult expression of it. Shakespeare is the profoundest thinker of all literature; he is also the simplest and most lucid in expression.

So we believe that it is a genuine fault of a book that it is hard to understand; that this fact alone is proof that the author himself does not understand his subject, and that the public is wise to ignore those who write vaguely, however, as they may claim, "profoundly." Which is, perhaps, superfluous to say, for this is exactly what the public does, anyway.

Miss Ethel Wood has been appointed instructor in the art of story telling by the Massachusetts State Board of Education. Miss Wood is a teacher in Brookline.

TELEGRAPH HILL NEIGHBORHOOD

INTERESTING SETTLEMENT WORK OF MISS GRIFFITHS AND MISS ASHE.

The Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association is one of the oldest and one of the most interesting "settlements" in San Francisco. It is located on Stockton street, just north of Filbert, and at the western base of Telegraph Hill, in the heart of the Italian quarter. It is managed by two women, Miss Alice Griffiths and Miss Elizabeth Ashe, who first began to work in the quarter twenty years ago with a Saturday morning kindergarten class for the smaller children. The work has grown until now it requires a large building, and its usefulness and influence have extended until it touches constantly the lives of three hundred children and their parents, and requires all the time of both the managers.

But before going farther, the meaning of the word "settlement" should be made clear, and to do this, several common misapprehensions of it should be cleared away. A settlement is emphatically not a center for the distribution of charity. Neither is a settlement primarily a nucleus for the formation of "clubs" of various kinds. Nor is it a substitute for the public playground.

According to Miss Ashe, a settlement is, essentially, a means for arriving at a better understanding between two classes of people who, for all sorts of reasons, rarely get to know each other well enough to understand each other's ideas and modes of life, and then, through this improved relation and new sympathy, to be of service to both classes. The settlement is thus a sort of interpreter of one class to the other.

The Italians of San Francisco need such an interpreter to the Americans. In the first place, Americans have many wrong ideas about the Italians, gathered from books written by Americans traveling in Italy and from newspaper reports of the doings of the class of Italians most hated by Italians themselves. These ideas are the harder to eradicate because the Italians like to live in a quarter of town where their own language is spoken and where they feel at home. The younger generation of Italians soon gets a sympathetic point of view toward Americans and American ways at the public schools, but the older folks frequently have no means of acquiring this understanding, and often they resent the Americanization of their children. Thus a settlement has a large field of usefulness in getting acquainted with the Italians and with their point of view, and in then using this knowledge and influence to help both Italians and Americans toward a friendly mutual understanding.

A curious fallacy in the mind of Americans regarding Italians is frequently encountered by the settlement workers. This fallacy is the notion that Italians are lazy. The answer is that perhaps in Naples, under an enervating climate and under industrial conditions that offer small rewards for effort, the Neopolitan is lazy, but that this is evidently not his fault, because the moment he is transplanted to Telegraph Hill, where the settlement workers know him, he becomes one of the most industrious and thrifty and intelligent of workers. A striking proof of this statement is the fact that the Italian quarter of San Francisco was the first part of the burnt district to be rebuilt after the fire of 1906, and it was rebuilt with the savings of thrifty Italians.

To dispel such illusions as these on the part of the Americans, and to overcome Italian prejudice against American customs, is one of the most important functions of the settlement. To have the power to do this means that the workers must know exactly how both peoples live. Miss Griffiths and Miss Ashe, being natives of San Francisco, of course knew the American side of the question. To learn the Italian side they proceeded to acquire the knowledge in the same way they had acquired the first, by living amongst the Italians as they had lived amongst Americans. So the home of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association is their home, literally, by day and by night.

To become better acquainted, they found it necessary to be of service—necessary as well as their intention and desire—to their neighbors. The most intimate service is that in sickness. Miss Ashe went to New York and graduated there as a trained nurse in the Presbyterian Hospital. Returning here, she began to give her professional services to her neighbors. This was appreciated and was repaid by friendship and those confidences that reveal the inner life and state of mind of people. She and Miss Griffiths became genuine citizens of their neighborhood, taken into its social life, appealed to for advice and looked to for influence with Americans where that was needed.

And, in their daily comings and goings, the life of their neighbors was revealed to them. They learned, for instance, what a casual visitor to the neighborhood would never discover, that of two boys, one of whom sells chewing gum at the ferry building and the other of whom sells matches on Montgomery street, one is the son of a rich Italian speculator in real estate, while the other is the sole support of a widowed and invalid mother. Such knowledge as this makes a vast difference when one is trying to be of use, and of use especially to those who need friendly offices.

Furthermore, they learned that a great deal of the unhappiness in the quarter is due to the fact that hundreds of the children are allowed to crowd the cheap nickelodeons at all hours of the night—a fact they would never have discovered had they been merely day visitors to the quarter as they were when they first began.

These are merely examples of the facts about their neighbors that they know now and that are of value in their life of service. This service itself is the important thing.

First in this service is the nursing. They have gone into hundreds of homes, where they have brought the healing efficiency of modern methods of nursing. More valuable still, they have brought the touch of human sympathy that is the greatest need of a sick room; and, no less important, they have brought the service of strong arms and skilled hands to the mere physical drudgery of household work, and, by taking upon themselves this burden during the period of helplessness, have relieved the patients of the most urgent practical problem of illness. They have cared for the children, cleaned house, and done the cooking, when these things meant the continuance of the household functions.

This offered a further opportunity for service. A woman who has experienced the alleviating power of skilful nursing is a ready pupil when told by the same nurse of the value of simple rules of hygiene. She is more ready to take the nurse's word for it that too much wine of the new vintage is what causes the sores on the children's heads every autumn, and to believe that she should promptly report contagious diseases and submit gladly to quarantine. In these and other things the nurse leaves behind a new sense of the sanitary science that is doing so much to improve city conditions.

Incidentally, and largely as an afterthought, have come those activities which the public hastily conceives to be the main purpose of the settlement, the clubs and classes. The boys who wanted to start a band quite naturally applied to the settlement for advice. This led as naturally to an invitation to use the settlement as a meeting place. And out of suggestions given by the workers the boys have organized a really excellent band, have become so proficient that they are frequently employed, and have earned the money to buy natty uniforms and to hire an instructor to help them perfect their musical ability.

In a similar way, the friendly interest of the workers in the boys' amusements led them to provide opportunities for team play, and this grew until a gymnasium seemed necessary and was provided. Here the boys practice handball and gymnastic exercises and from this pass on to baseball and othe sports. The whole thing is a natural growt out of the mutual liking of the boys and th workers.

The girls, also, have found the settlemen a pleasant place of rendezvous, and simila friendly interest has been taken in them When there seemed to be a demand for i the workers opened a sewing room an started classes, under competent instructio in housework. The room for this purpose i also open to them for the quieter games the prefer. Some of the children, who hav showed signs of manual skill and a desire t develop it, are instructed in wood-carvin and the making of brushes.

All of these are things that are done, o a smaller scale and without organization, b friends of children in any neighborhood. T have the time and the financial backing t do them on a large scale is the privilege o the workers in the settlement, and to do the amongst a foreign people is simply to ad an additional useful function, that of inte preter of one type of mind and customs t another type.

The medical services performed by th workers have two additional phases. Th settlement maintains a free dispensary an clinic, where medicines are distributed an where any child or adult of the quarter ma come for medical examination and advic The best specialists of the city are at th disposal of the settlement, and they hav added to the growing sympathy of the pe ple the gratitude of the quarter for the expert services. The settlement also mai tains a farm in Marin county, to which th workers send women who have been ill o run down, to recuperate and rest. Here, als in the summer, go boys and girls from th quarter, to enjoy a country outing, many them to see the country for the first tim The boys pay for their fun by working o the farm three hours a day, which they enjo nearly as much as their soldier camp an other amusements.

But the best result of the work of the se tlement is the acquaintance of the Italia with Americans of the better type, in who they learn to recognize friends and neighbo who live much as they do and think much they do, whom they respect and understan From this the ascent is easy to a conceptio of all Americans as such neighbors an friends. This view-point once attained, th feel at home here as parts of the whole li of their adopted country.

SHEAR WIT.

T. P. O'Connor, the witty Irish parliame tarian, discussed at a dinner in New York t bull, says the Washington Star. "The bul said he, "isn't confined to Ireland. It w an Englishman, you know—an English judge who, being told by a tramp that he was u married, replied: 'Well, that's a good thi for your wife.' And it was a French soldi who, sleeping in his tent with a stone jar f a pillow, replied on being asked if the j wasn't hard: 'Oh, no, I've stuffed it, you s with hay.' And it was an American politici in New York, who cried the other night fro the tailboard of a dray: 'If we remain sile the people will not hear our heartrendi cries!'"

"One of the funniest patients I ever ha declared a dentist, "was a man who came in my Broad street office some weeks ago. H was just from the farm. His boots were mu dy and his hair unkempt. 'I want this bla ed tooth pulled,' he said, pointing to his sw len jaw. He sat in the chair. I got my fo ceps and he opened his mouth. I was tryi to locate the tooth, when his jaws closed suddenly I thought he would bite my fing 'Say, doc,' he said, 'pull it a little bit, th twist it. It's been worrying me for the l week, and I want to get even.'"—News Star.

A bigamist married and one of the witnes afterward admitted to the officiating cler man that he had known of the bridegroo legal inability to wed. "But if you knev said the clergyman indignantly, "why did you tell me?" "Well, parson, it was l this," the witness said. "One of the part was 83 and the other was 87. I says to m self, 'Oh, gosh, it can't last long. Let 'm m ry and durn the law!'"—Washington Star.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

McCarthy Has His Ax.

hat means this low moan from the officers' deck?
McCarthy has his ax.
ie heads lying round that are minus a neck?
McCarthy has his ax.
or a voice has gone out from the councils of state,
Bring me an assortment of heads on a plate."
Virroo! but I tell you our mayor is great!
McCarthy has his ax.

ie Golden Gate opens on spaces profound—
McCarthy has his ax—
it it's clogged with the occiputs floating around.
McCarthy has his ax,
nd the voices of wailing are heard o'er each head
s he swishes it off with a "Now you are dead!"
it the ghosts may come back just to haunt, it is said,
McCarthy and his ax.

* * *

The Illumination of Cahill's Phiz.

It is with peculiar regret that I note that me of our state exchanges are inclined to st contumely upon the likeness of our Candid Friend," Mr. Edward F. Cahill, hich illuminates a page of the Sunday Call en as the sun casts its glorifying rays upon world which otherwise had been lost in oom. The injustice, and even cruelty, of ch an attitude pains me; not that Mr. Cahill ever has been selected as a winner in a auty contest—and I even fear that he never ill be—but "handsome is that handsome oes," and my estimable friend does remarkly handsomely. Why, to preach the gospel truth in his department while Mr. Van nith preaches the—the—well, preaches in nother department of the same paper, is in self such an act of heroism as to be someing more and better than handsome. Moreover, there is no law compelling a man be both beautiful and candid. As I understand it, Mr. Cahill was given his choice, and e decided to be candid—very candid. Withal, desire respectfully to call attention to the ct that the Call's press apparently still is good working order; not that this is an nportant circumstance, but it probably is orthy of some thoughtful consideration. As Mr. Cahill doubtless would feel that I ld shirked my duty as a rhymer if I omitted metrical conclusion, I merely add:

E'en as the orb of light illumes the day,
The sons of men to serve,
So Cahill's face—the rest I cannot say;
I find I lack the nerve.

* * *

Vale, Gillett.

Governor Gillett has announced that he will ot be a candidate for reelection, and at the me time he says, in effect, that he is grateI to everybody.

ou need not be, Gillett. Keep all your thanks
For Herrin, Ruef and their law-breaking crews
Who doped the crowd with od'rous schemes and pranks,
And made the welkin smell at Santa Cruz.
me eighty thousand men, both stanch and true
Republicans, unfearing Herrin's fang,
igged at the dose and would not swallow you—
Give all your gratitude unto "the gang."

o thanks for loyal men. They wish them not
From any creature of the foul "machine;"
ey hold that Santa Cruz convention blot
On all that lies our mountain walls between.
ve thanks to those who placed you it befel,
Schmitz, Herrin, Parker, Ruef, that tricksy lot,
it not to those who love their country well,
For they, as patriots, desire them not.

The Opinions of Rufus.

Did you ever know a man so good that you reckoned he'd be pleased to have a complete an' undeviatin' biography of his life published?

While a prize fight gits seven columns in a newspaper an' a distinguished lecturer gits two inches, I'm continuin' to whistle low 'bout the triumph of mind over matter.

The way of transgressors is hard, but lots of times they're so hard that it doesn't bother them any.

Science may give some plexus blows to theolergy, but hain't you noticed, brethren, that it never yit has put a single scratch on the Golden Rule?

Kind o' hesitate 'bout believin' maxims. Jabe Perkins thought barkin' dogs didn't bite, an' they had to cauterize the wound.

It's hard to hang to one of Calhoun's straps, see Abe Ruef ride by in an automobile, an' feel es proud of the Majestic Law es a feller 'd like to feel.

I understand that Rockefeller an' Morgan are considerin' writin' a book together that 'll be called, The Scripchers Revised, or, How to Serve Both God an' Mammon with Glitterin' Success.

Uncle Eli Starkweather used to say in experyence meetin' that he wanted to go an' rest on Abraham's bosom, but when he was took reel sick he give a sigh an' said that, on the hull, he b'lieved he'd prefer to have Abraham's bosom brought to him.

Like es not E. H. Harriman still is standin' jest outside the pearly gate an' tryin' to explain to Peter 'bout the workin' of his political "machine" in Californy an' other states.

This is the greatest of all ages, but if you want to find out what your reel size is jest ask yourself what you had to do with makin' it so.

* * *

Paulhan's Flight.

All the winds were wild in their fretful spite,
And the clouds shed tears of pain,
And an old man said, as he shook his head,
"He never will fly again
If he rides to-day, for the mad gods play
With elements massed on high."
(Oh, a bird looked out from its hiding place,
Nor once it essayed to fly.)

Now the bird man makes is a fragile thing,
For slight is the builder's skill
Compared with the might of the great white God,
Who buildeth as He may will;
'Tis a fragile thing—but look, ay, look!
Add wonder to awed surprise,
For man, long bound to the sodden ground,
Outreaches his wings, and flies!

A miracle this that has found its birth
In the mind of the pigmy, man.
(How it tosses and swirls as the Storm King hurls
Against it his hostile clan!)
Oh, man has been monarch of land and sea,
And long is his record there,
But we onward swing, and, lo, he is king
Of the limitless realm of the air!

And this from the cave-man who gnawed his bone
In fear of the lurking beast!
This from the savage whose days were sown
With perils the night increased!
He has crept, he has leapt, till he makes his own
Both earth and the dome of skies,
And the gods look down from their far-off town,
And mutter, "At last he flies!"

* * *

Had Enough of It at Home.

The Mind-Reader—Did you sell that man a ticket to my entertainment?

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"He said he was married."

The Contempt of the Retailer.

"'Twould be comparatively easy to endure the high prices of everything," said the Two-Ply Philosopher, "if it were not for the contempt some retailers lavish upon their necessarily economical customers. That is the thing that rankles.

"The children insist upon getting hungry, and, heeding this fact and also the condition of your exchequer, you stroll into the meat-market.

"'What's the price of your porterhouse?' you inquire of the artist behind the counter.

"'Twenty five cents a pound,' says he.

"'Of your sirloin?'

"'Twenty cents.'

"'Well,' says you, 'give me ten cents' worth of lower round and see that it's cut thin.'

"He cuts it as he pleases, and as you depart you feel yourself diminishing beneath the scornful eye of him.

"'How much are eggs?' says you to the grocer.

"'Forty-five cents a dozen.'

"'Well,' says you, 'I—I'll take one.'

"'One dozen?'

"'No, one egg.'

"You go out the door because you cannot find a knothole nearer.

"'How much is that suit of clothes?' you say to the merchant.

"'Twenty-five dollars.'

"'No, I meant the one next to it.'

"'Thirty-two dollars.'

"'Well, the one I meant is—is—I don't know where it is, but it is fifteen dollars.'

"'Neither do I know,' says the merchant. 'They're out of style,' says he, 'and have been ever since the Trust took charge. What you're hunting for,' he continues, 'is a second-hand clothing emporium run by your Uncle Ikey.'

"As you fade through the open doorway you imagine you hear a rude guffaw, but you don't linger to hunt for the joke although the flame on your cheeks would serve for a light.

"That's the way 'tis with some of the men dealers. As for tackling a woman clerk, you don't do it, for you realize that her haughty disdain would blight you forever. And so the tragedy is continued from day to day. Everything except your salary has gone up, but you could endure the rigid economy in your home, could steel your heart to the appealing looks of your children when they pass a candy store, were it not for the vials and hogsheads of contempt that some of the retailers, or their eight-dollar clerks, carry as a part of the stock in trade. That rankles and rankles. Isn't it so?"

"Don't ask me," said I, and each of us tried to conceal the tear that we brushed away.

* * *

A Fable With a Suppressed Moral.

A certain Donkey, in the course of its travels, came upon an unoccupied Lion's cage, and, entering it, was highly pleased and elated.

"Now," said he, as he strutted proudly within the cage, "I need but roar loudly and frequently, and people will take me for the King of Beasts, and they will come from far and near to admire me and to give me their plaudits."

So he roared, after the manner of donkeys, frequently, and his heehaw was heard both by day and by night.

"I am deceiving the people," he said to himself, "and there is no doubt that the people will flock to see and admire me."

But the more the Donkey roared (i. e. brayed) the more did the people question one another: "How under the sun did that jackass get in the lion's cage?"

Moral:—(Because of regard for the office of Mayor of San Francisco, I have deemed it advisable to suppress the moral.)

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editors, The California Weekly,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—As a subscriber to your paper and an American citizen, I wish to protest against the following language, appearing in your issue of January 21st, first column, at top of column, page 131, and a part of an editorial under the caption "Let the People Guess Again": "Our government is founded, not upon the rights of men or of cities or of states, but upon the security of property and the inviolability of vested pecuniary interests." If your periodical stands for that sort of stuff which is really the rankest kind of "Cannonism" many Californians have been wholly mistaken as to your position in current journalism.

Very truly yours,
WM. M. BELL.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 28, 1910.

In the editorial in question we stated the fact bluntly just as it exists and, perhaps carelessly, left it to the context, and what has been said a hundred times in the paper during the last year, to make it clear to the reader that we do not believe in putting property first and humanity afterward. If Bishop Bell did not so interpret what was said other readers may also have gotten a wrong impression from the clause under condemnation.

The Declaration of Independence abounds in elevating statements concerning the Rights of Man, but the constitution of the United States does not. The constitution made the inviolability of property the foundation of the nation. The superstructure erected thereon since then strengthened property in the seat of power in every way possible. The senate is, and was intended to be, the citadel of property interests and the supreme court has become a stronghold to the same effect. Property rules. It was formerly individual property that ruled. Now it is property centralized in the vastest aggregations the world has ever known. We warned San Francisco that when it went to Washington to plead for the right of the people around this bay to have access to the life-giving flood of the Tuolumne it would be confronted with this question: "What do you propose to do with the invested millions of Spring Valley?" On the answer to that question will depend the fate of the Tuolumne water proposition, because "Our government is founded, not upon the rights of men, or of cities or of states, but upon the security of property and the inviolability of vested pecuniary interests." They will find that it is so.

But unless we mistake the temper of the movement now working in the national mind and conscience that movement will not rest until it has placed the Rights of Man, the well-being of humanity, above and beyond mere property interests. "Cannonism" is still in power, but the public mind is less pleased with it than it has been wont to be, and the consciousness that there are higher interests than those of wealth, even vested wealth, is gaining ground and, in attaining the universality of that consciousness, The California Weekly hopes to do its part.

Do we make ourselves perfectly clear, Bishop Bell?

Editor of The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—I have just read your pamphlet on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco. It is a remarkable document. It discloses a diseased condition of an American municipality that may well set a serious citizen of our republic to thinking. If the disease were merely a local malady I would not be justified, possibly, in taking such an interest in the case, but I fear the investigations in San Francisco have revealed the same hideous social disorder which has been dragged into public view in a score of other cities within recent years.

I read a borrowed copy of the report. I want one of my own and a number for my class in Municipal Government. Kindly send me ten copies with a bill for the same.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM A. SCHAPES.

The University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Jan. 24, 1910.

The report of Mayor Taylor's committee on "The Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco," deserves to be a textbook in every class in civil government in this country. It goes to the very marrow of the malady that affects the municipal life of democracy and overflows into rural life. We cannot maintain low civic standards in our cities and keep those standards high everywhere else. The California Weekly has this report in pamphlet form in good supply and will mail copies to any address on receipt of ten cents each. Some one with a few dimes to spare would be doing a good deed if he were to send a copy of that report to every instructor in civil government he knows of in this country. It might set the youth to thinking and except every son comes to be a better citizen than his father there is no progress in citizenship. Who wants to lend a hand along that line?

I look upon The California Weekly as a conservative defender of progressive principles, and I trust that 1910 will be a year of prosperity for "Our Best Weekly."

JAMES H. N. WILLIAMS.

Pacific Grove, California.

We think that the foregoing expresses the policy of The California Weekly rather better than we have ever been able to express it: "A conservative defender of progressive principles." And yet there are those who look upon us as being rabid. We are not. We are only in earnest.

The California Weekly is all right. Stay with 'em. That editorial "A Line On the President" was a center shot.

P. T. BOONE.

Lakeport, California.

We notice that an increasing number of conservative journals throughout the country now concede that President Taft has gone to the oligarchy for the legislation that he wants, in the belief that the oligarchy alone has power to legislate and that he can either persuade or maneuver that close corporation into giving him what he needs in order to redeem party pledges and save him from alienating from the party the Roosevelt following. We believe him mistaken in the temper of the oligarchy. It is adamantine. It will yield nothing to its own hurt and nothing that does not hurt it will be worth having. The issue is "Bond or Free." There is no other. We are asking for no concessions. We want what we want by the grace of God, not that of Nelson A. Aldrich or Joseph G. Cannon.

I am in hearty sympathy with the trend of ideas you express in your paper. Keep a strong heart. You have right principles that will win out some day. This isn't such a "cussed" old world just as it is, but it can be made still better.

M. W. KAPP, M. D.

San Jose, California.

No, it isn't such a bad world, especially our part of it, for our part of the world is new. The time when broad acres were free to us all is in the memory of us all, and no country with free land for all can be resolved into a purse-proud plutocracy and a cringing, fawning, sycophantic proletariat. Without that recourse to free land such a resolving of human society as above outlined is inevitable, except manhood fight against it as it would fight for its hearthstone. The direction of least resistance heads toward hard bondage, ever has and ever will. The contrary direction is up stream all the time and hard pulling. That is the verdict of human history. The world will not stay as it is. It will be either getting better or getting worse every minute, dependent upon whether or not there are enough who fight for "right principles" and "keep a strong heart."

The California Weekly.

In your editorial entitled "The Real Work of the League" you hit the nail squarely on the head when you say "The Southern Pacific Political Bureau bases its political power wholly upon the spoils of office." Your diagnosis is unquestionably correct. Where you fail is in your remedy. There is a specific remedy for this patronage disease, which has been demonstrated to be effective but which you fail to mention. Moreover it is the only remedy which is effective.

Your prescription is an administration based upon higher grounds to be established by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. I am an enthusiastic member of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League but unless I read history and human nature to no purpose, it will not remain indefinitely immune itself to the patronage disease when once the reins of government are in its hands. To strive for higher ideals and better men is all right, but to ignore the fact that success is the magnet that draws to a party the spoils seeking army is all wrong. To attempt to combat this disease by higher ideals and without the one specific remedy is like treating diphtheria with hygiene and neglecting antitoxin.

The antitoxin for the spoils system is the merit system, as exemplified in the civil service of the United

(Continued on Page 170.)

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

¶ When you want furniture you want good furniture at lowest living prices.
WE HAVE IT
OAKLAND FURNITURE COMPANY
532-534 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Telephones Oakland 5239 and Home A 2239

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

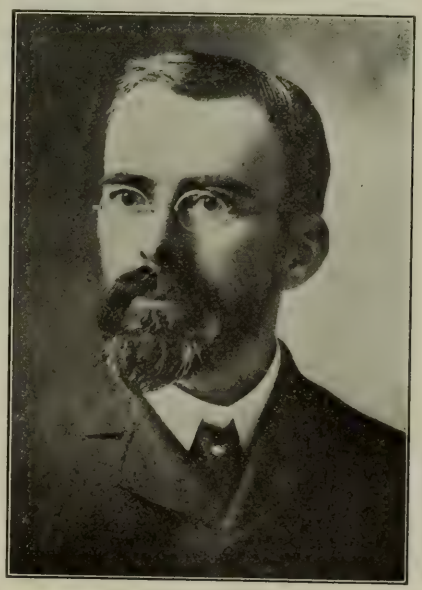
POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Madam Gillett's Mind All Made Up At Last The most important political event of the week, so far as surface indications go, was the announcement by Governor Gillett that he will not be a candidate for reelection. He gave it out some months ago that the whole matter was in the hands of Mrs. Gillett for determination and in effect that the public must await her leisurely processes of ratiocination. If the matter has in fact been left to this lady, and not to Mr. Herrin, for determination, the deliberateness with which she makes up her mind marks her as the Portia of her time. She reasons like a chief justice and hands down her decisions with an unhurried poise of mind that would do credit to a court of last resort. But the Governor likes his joke, even at the expense of his wife, and the public is not likely to attach too much importance to the part that Madam Gillett had in reaching a final conclusion. If, in fact, she put her foot down on the second term proposition it is probable that, woman like, she did it months ago and that the Fabian policy employed was not hers, but the Governor's or Mr. Herrin's.

The Program Will Be Passed Out Soon It would also be an injustice to Governor Gillett not to suppose that he had long since made up his mind whether or not to make the race for governor a second time. The delay was strategic and not the result of mental incapacity, for, if the Governor is noted for any one thing above another, it is for not being a procrastinator. He makes his decisions "hot from the bat," so to speak. In what did that strategy consist? Two guesses should be enough for that. It was either to hold the fort until Charles F. Curry got his fences all up, or to hold the fort until William F. Herrin had perfected his plans for snatching the plum from under the Curry nose at the psychological moment. It may have been the one or may have been the other reason, but one or other it is certain to have been. Mr. Curry is an organization man. Mr. Herrin is too sagacious not to know that the revolt against Southern Pacific domination of the Republican party in this state has cut too deep to make it easy to elect an organization Republican against a free Democrat, badly crippled though the Democratic party is. Mr. Herrin will not go before either the Republican voters or the Men of California as a whole on that issue if he can avoid it. His play naturally will be to find a Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate who does not half mean it, and who will not be unfriendly to Southern Pacific interests in the event of his election, in order that he may bind up the party's wounds and oppose an unbroken front to the shorts of Democracy. Has Mr. Herrin found such a man? Or will he stand for Curry and fight it out on the line of the submerged vote in primary and general election? The Watchman does not yet know, but the program will probably be passed out soon.

Magnificent Magnanimity Mayor McCarthy is nothing if not belligerent. Anyone can get a fight out of him at any time by treading on the tail of his coat, but, like many another warrior, he can, if the exigencies of politics require it, be magnanimous to an enemy and smother him all over with verbal treacle. Witness the following extract from the McCarthy address when the Brotherhood of saloonkeepers of California ordered the Mayor of San Francisco a banquet, which occasion the Governor of California graced with his presence, when, by all rights it was of good report, he should have had urgent business either at Siskiyou or Tia Juana on that particular night, January 25, 1910. But here is what McCarthy said: "Labor would be untrue to itself if it did not endorse the administration of James N. Gillett as governor of this state. I would be unworthy of my position with labor if I did not lend my voice announcing labor's advocacy of Governor Gillett. Never has California had a governor that was freer from prejudice and passion than this man of whom I speak." Now the editor of the Fresno Republican has a retentive memory and keeps the files of his paper on tap. Consequently he was able to dig up the following pregnant utterances of candidate James N. Gillett, delivered at the Opera House, Fresno, October 26, 1906: "Bell, who accuses me of being controlled by bosses, was the very first man to fall down and grovel at the feet of the bosses of San Francisco. He has behind him the influence of San Francisco's bosses—an influence that I don't want. If Bell is elected governor of this state he will have to reward Parry, Tveitmoe and McCarthy for their services. God forbid that the time shall ever come when the state shall fall into the hands of men other than those who have the honor of their state at heart, and who will stand for honor. **And I am sure that the people of this state will not vote to turn over their ship of state to these highbinders."** What joy must have been in celestial regions, and what a sticky time of it here on earth, when McCarthy and the other "highbinders" forgave the Governor for that caustic utterance! Did politics ever make stranger bedfellows than these two "snoozers" at the banquet of the "boozers"?



JUDGE NATHANIEL P. CONREY.
Of Los Angeles.

The Penalty of Subserviency There is no question that, prior to his attendance upon the saloonkeepers' banquet, Governor Gillett enjoyed a high degree of popularity among Republicans of the better sort in Southern California, but, according to The Watchman's advices from south of Tehachapi, that event about finished the governor down there. As one prominent Republican expressed it, "It was worse than the banquet at Santa Cruz." The governor knew that he was not to be a candidate for reelection and that he had no personal advantage to be gained that could compensate him for the personal humiliation endured, for James N. Gillett is, personally, a clean and high-minded gentleman. But he is an "organization" man and is beholden to the "organization" for having been made governor of California, and the McCarthy "push," and the saloon vote, are essential to "organization" success, in fact, they are its stock in trade, and so he had to do what was needful to be done in order to help hold the submerged fourth of California's voting constituency in line against the time when the head of the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company, the same bureau that made Gillett governor, shall pass the word down that line whom to stand for to be the next governor. It was the penalty of subserviency that caused the governor of California to grace that occasion with his presence, as well as to disgrace his presence with that occasion.

He May Now Throw Caution to the Winds According to press reports John McNab, the thrilling young spellbinder from Mendocino, may now permit his name to be used in connection with the "organization" nomination for governor. So long as Governor Gillett was a possibility Johnny would not "allow" his name to be used in that connection. Time was when it was proper for John McNab to be careful how and when his name was permitted to be used, but since he came out squarely for the Herrin machine he may throw caution to the winds with a serene impunity. Nothing worse can happen to any young man of parts, and John McNab is such a man, than to be found yoked up with such a combination in restraint of free government as the political bureau of the Southern Pacific company. As well might one think of Tom Dozier in connection with the Republican nomination for governor.

Judge James Also Helped To Fine Harrison G. Otis A fortnight ago The Watchman made allusion to the fact that Judge Wilbur, of Los Angeles, is the only judge who has had the nerve to inflict a fine upon Harrison G. Otis of the represensible Times. We are advised that Judge W. P. James also had a hand in that incident. He was then deputy district attorney and the grand jury was investigating the depositing of public moneys with certain banks without authority of law. The Times, in an editorial, advised the grand jury to let that matter alone inasmuch as the banks and officials were acting in good faith whether or not they were acting in accordance with the law. This looked to the then deputy district attorney like an attempt to influence the grand jury in contempt of court and he prepared two affidavits to that effect which jurors signed and swore to. General Otis was haled before Judge Wilbur and fined. Whoever does things to the Tyrant of the Times is not without favor in the eyes of the people of Southern California.

Another Man Talked of For Supreme Justice Southern California has more than two Republican sticks of judicial timber fit for a place on the supreme bench of the state and one of these is Superior Judge Nathaniel P. Conrey, of the superior court of Los Angeles county. The photographer's and engraver's art enables our northern readers to get a glimpse of him in our Political Table Talk this week. On the 28th of December last Judge Conrey had served the people of Los Angeles county on the bench for nine years and he has five more years to serve unless promoted meantime either to the appellate or to the supreme bench. Judge Conrey was born in Franklin county, Indiana, June 30, 1860, was graduated from what is now DePaw university and took a law course in the University of Michigan. He came to California in 1884 and entered upon the practice of law, which he followed until elected to the superior bench in November, 1900, for a short term. He has been twice elected since. He spent one term in the state assembly, was city attorney of Pasadena for two years and served on the Board of Education in Los Angeles for two years. He has made good wherever tried and if things should so shape themselves as to make his candidacy for a place on the supreme bench expedient he will not be lacking

in home support. He is thought extremely well of as judge, lawyer and man.

A State Controller Who Ought to Stay

One of the truest and bluest of true blue men in California is State Controller Alfred Bourne Nye, who has announced his desire to retain, by mandate of the people, the office he now holds by virtue of appointment by former Governor George C. Pardee. The predominating characteristics of Mr. Nye's character are sanity of judgment, clarity of vision and conscientiousness. He bristles with integrity. He can't say anything insincere even just for fun, and yet his sense of humor is acute and he remembers more really good, clean jokes (not off-color ones) than most men. To him a public office is an opportunity for public service and he has been known to refuse the better paying office for the poorer because the poorer gave him the better opportunity to render a real public service. The Watchman is not at liberty to tell how he knows this to be so, but he does know it. Mr. Nye was born in Stockton fifty-six years ago last October, of sterling New England stock, so he comes by the New England conscience by inheritance as well as by education, for he was reared in Massachusetts. He knows California by having lived here all of his adult life and being ever on the alert, as a newspaper man, to find out what is what. He made the Oakland Enquirer the most reliable newspaper in the state. He served as private secretary to Governor Pardee during his administration and has been State Controller ever since. He is an Emersonian ideal of a man, "Wise to know and bold to perform," and he ought to be governor. No man is better fitted for the job if he were once there, but, as State Controller, he can render a service equally valuable if less conspicuous. His nomination and election should be by acclamation.

How We Were Taken In On Treasurer Williams

The Watchman is free to confess that, four years ago, he was mightily taken in on State Treasurer W. R. Williams. It was this way. Fresno county had been anti-organization. All at once it went back on the Rowell tutelage and, for no visible advantage except the securing of the nomination of W. R. Williams for state treasurer, and the employment by Governor Gillett of little Mitchell as executive secretary, went into the "organization" camp at Santa Cruz. Inasmuch as it stood to lose a part of its county to Kings, as a part of the transaction, not known to it at the time, it was hard to see where Fresno had gained by its escapade. What, then, was The Watchman's astonishment to learn some months after the new administration had come in that State Treasurer Williams was not happy, that he did not like the bunch he was with and was kicking over the traces. The fact was that there was too much manhood in the man to permit him to stand for subserviency to any interest, gang or clique, and, before the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement started, State Treasurer Williams openly declared that he would fight that sort of politics in this state even if he knew that fighting it would cost him his office. It was simply another one of those cases where the "organization" slipped up on its man, and got a better one than it had any use for or than could be used by it, but if the Men of California do not want that kind of a public official what kind do they want? The Watchman has faith to believe that the Men of California do want just that kind of a man in charge of their strong box. He is honest, he is capable and he is a free man. What more can they ask?

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("Little Talks"—Continued.)

States as well as in numerous state and city governments. Wherever it has been instituted and faithfully applied, the spoils system has crumbled before it and the public funds have been used to remunerate effective service where before their principle function had been to provide a corruption fund for public officials. That is what they are used for to-day in California. The people are taxed to raise money to perpetuate a railroad machine whose chief aim is to defeat their will. We are robbed with one hand and knocked down with the other.

If the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is earnestly and honestly striving to bring about the emancipation of the state from the Southern Pacific machine, as I believe it is, it will first and foremost strive to break this patronage chain by bending its efforts toward securing the enactment of a state and county civil service law. With the same effort devoted to this end that secured the passage of the direct primary law this can be accomplished.

FRANCIS B. KELLOGG.

Los Angeles, Cal.

There is no question that a state civil service for filling clerical positions would be an advance upon our spoils of office system. It is a thing to be worked for, and yet the development of a bureaucracy is not to be contemplated with satisfaction. Peter the Great established such a bureaucracy for efficiently carrying out his plans for the reconstruction of the Russian empire, and from his day to the present there has been no czar, and no movement among the people, that has been able to withstand the implacable inertia of that autocratic will to have things as they are. The deadest thing above ground is a classified, life tenured, civil service. The government buildings at Washington are choked with animated corpses. A life tenure in the public service, with a pension in old age, attracts those who lack the grit to face the world and tends to the creation of a mandarin class, not desirable in a republic. The principle of rotation in office seems to be essential to free government, yet it is not inconsistent with the merit system of getting into office. The problem is not an easy one, not as easy as our correspondent seems to think. The government of the United States has a far reaching civil service system, and yet what a leverage is there still in political patronage in that government. Nevertheless, The California Weekly favors a civil service system for California, not as a panacea, but as the best palliative we know of for an unbearable ill known as the "spoils of office system."

I can surely state that The California Weekly is one of the most valued papers that reach our desk. The frequency with which it is quoted in other papers throughout the state is evidence of the correctness of its stand on most public questions.

Yours very truly,

JOHN A. HENSHALL.

Woodland, Cal.

The interior press of California has been very kind to The California Weekly in passing along to a wider reading public much that appears in its columns. It is probably within bounds to say that it is more liberally quoted from than all the other weeklies in San Francisco taken together, perhaps leaving out The San Francisco Star. This lengthens its arm and increases its power in its fight for Right Things, and we take this occasion to say that the favor is heartily appreciated.

The California Weekly,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—Permit me to urge support of Mr. Heney's name for governor. My traveling has taken me through the entire state in the past six months, and I believe in him as the biggest vote getter that could be named. His nomination means no compromise with that which is not right, and I believe no other name has this significance in equal degree, with the people at large; and this is not meant in any way as disparagment of the two or three other splendid men whose names have been mentioned.

Very truly yours,

W. H. CAMERON.

Napa, Cal., January 31, 1910.

Through the interior, where the associated villainies are not so strong and the heads of the people have not been turned by personal and corporate influence, the foregoing is undoubtedly true, but in candor it must be admitted that the forces that would be against Mr. Heney in and around the bay district would be powerful for a while yet. After four years, when Mr. Heney shall have carried his message on the lecture platform to the uttermost parts of America, and he comes back to us with recovered health and fortune and a national reputation, he may stand a better chance of being made governor than now. This is the way many of his staunchest and best friends feel about it, and they may be right, although the predilections of The California Weekly are for Heney. But if we can't have Heney we should have Hiram Johnson.

The Hon. P. S. Morrison, late of Powell, Wyo., a hustling young man of 96, with the fine fervor and frenzy of youth in him, not long ago made a little journey to the state of Washington, and was so charmed with the scenery, social customs, and local legislation of Seattle that he decided to settle there and grow up with the country. By the time he is 100 he hopes to be comfortably established in business, and after that, he says, he will take an active part in civic improvements.

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LEGISLATIVE RECORD OF UNION LABOR PARTY

THE VOTE OF UNION LABOR PARTY SENATORS AND ASSEMBLYMEN ON LABOR ISSUES.

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

Hot upon the heels of the Union Labor party's success at the polls in San Francisco last November, came the State Building Trades Convention at Monterey. Resolutions were adopted setting forth "that the State Building Trades Council, in its ninth annual convention assembled, declares its intention now to organize a working class political party in the State of California, with a view to getting control of the law making houses of this state and the several municipalities and making the laws in the interest of the producing class, and securing for the common people legislation that will give them the right and opportunity to enjoy life, liberty and prosperity, instead of protecting wealth, profit and greed."

In view of this declaration, it becomes of moment to know where the Union Labor party, under its present leaders would stand on questions affecting the state's best interests, were it actually to secure control of the state legislature.

A suggestion, at least, of an answer is found in the records made in the legislature of 1909, by senators and assemblymen who received nominations from the Union Labor party, the scope of whose activities, the State Building Trades Council declares, should be made state-wide.

In the legislature of 1909 sat no less than twenty-two members, seven senators and fifteen assemblymen, who were on the official rolls as nominees of the Union Labor party(a). The senators were Anthony, Finn, Hartman, Hare, Reily, Welch and Wolfe, all of San Francisco. Hare had, in addition to his Union Labor nomination, been nominated by the Democratic party; the remaining six had been nominated as Republicans. But to a man they owed much of their success at the polls to the Union Labor party nomination. This nomination stamped them as the choice for legislative office of at least the directing leaders of the Union Labor party, however the citizen member of a labor union may have regarded their selection.

The fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen were: Beatty, Beban, Black, Coghlan, Cullen, Gerdes, Hopkins, Macauley, Nelson, O'Neil, Perine and Pugh, all of San Francisco; Feeley and Silver of Alameda, and Johnston of Contra Costa.

As in the case of the seven senators, these assemblymen had received Republican or Democratic nomination as well as that of the Union Labor party. But as in the case of the seven senators, the Union Labor party endorsement meant with most of them the difference at the polls between election and defeat. They were, at least, the choice for legislative office of those who dictate the policies of the Union Labor party. The attitude of the Union Labor party representatives in the legislature on the various questions before the state, may be taken as fairly representative of the attitude of the Union Labor party leaders. It has been claimed that these Union Labor party leaders do not stand for the policies and principles of the great body of those who hold membership in labor unions. Perhaps the surest measure by which to judge the Union Labor party leaders is furnished by the legislative records of the senators and assemblymen whom they assisted to secure office. The citizen who is concerned for the political well-being of his state is naturally asking himself, Do the records of the Union Labor members of the legislature indicate that the influence of this new movement in politics is to be thrown for the machine, or on the side of good government? The member of a labor organization, with even more concern, is demanding, Did the Union Labor members in the legislature vote for or against the measures in which labor is vitally interested? Fortunately this information is easily secured. The journals of senate and assembly are public records which are open for the inspection of all who may inquire for them.

The first sharply-drawn issue to come before the legislature of 1909 involved the passage of the Anti-Race Track Gambling measure, known as the Walker-Otis bill.

This measure was the outgrowth of the corruption of the race course by the gambling element. Emeryville had become one of the most notorious gambling establishments in the country. It is estimated that $36,000,000 had been placed there in a single season of 180 days.(b) Literally thousands of young men and women took their first step toward ruin there. A secretary of the Board of Regents of the State University became an embezzler and ended his career in state prison because of his losses at the track. So great had the evil become that the whole reputable element of the state became aroused against the institution. Surely the mechanic member of a labor union, with a son or daughter to get a start downward at Emeryville, could have no interest in the issue other than on the side of those who would abate the evil.

The Walker-Otis bill had the active opposition of the gambling element, which, because of common interests and generous campaign contributions, constitutes a not unimportant element of the state machine. The machine forces lined up against the Walker-Otis bill; the anti-machine forces fought for its passage.

By the time the legislature convened so strong was public opinion on the subject that the proponents of the measure were able to force it through both houses, in the teeth of the most determined machine opposition. Indeed, when the measure came to final vote in the assembly, only ten assemblymen voted against. Of these ten, no less than eight had received Union Labor party nominations. They were: Beban, Black, Coghlan, Cullen, Hopkins, Macauley, O'Neil and Pugh.(c)

When the bill came up in the senate, Senator Wolfe, Union Labor party and Republican member, led the fight against it. The vote stood thirty-three for the passage of the bill to seven against. Of the seven senators who stood out against the bill until the last, five, Finn, Hartman, Hare, Reily and Wolfe, had received Union Labor party nominations.(d)

Thus, of the seventeen assemblymen and senators who voted against the bill, no less than thirteen had been nominated by the Union Labor party, while only four were without that party's endorsement.

The influence of the machine over the Union Labor party nominees in senate and assembly, was more pronouncedly shown when the Direct Primary bill was under consideration. The issue involved was: Shall the people have a state-wide, practical vote at the primaries to express their choice within party lines for United States senators? The anti-machine element, regardless of party, insisted that they should; the machine element declared that they should not. Here, indeed, was an issue "in the interest," if we may quote from the resolution adopted at Monterey, "of the producing class and securing for the common people legislation that will (would) give them the right and opportunity" to have a voice in the naming of their United States senators, a right for which the men who labor, who belong to labor unions, have long contended, and with justice.

But the attitude of the Union Labor members of the legislature on this issue was curiously at variance with the interests and wishes of those holding membership in the labor unions of the state.

When the Direct Primary bill first came up in the senate, a motion to amend the provision which gave the people a practical state-wide vote for senator out of it, was defeated by a vote of twenty-seven against the machine's amendment to thirteen for. Of the thirteen who voted for the amendment five were from among the seven senators who had received Union Labor party nominations. They were Senators Finn, Hartman, Hare, Reily and Wolfe. Senators Anthony and Welch (e) were the only Union Labor senators who were found voting against the machine, and, on this issue, surely in the interest of the "common people" for whom Union Labor politicians declared so valiantly at Monterey.

Failing to amend the bill to its liking in the senate, the machine transferred the fight to the assembly. In the assembly the amendment denying the people a practical vote for United States senator was actually read into the bill. The vote was, however, a narrow one, being thirty-eight for the amendment to thirty-six against. Of the fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen, twelve voted for the machine's amendment. They were Beatty, Beban, Black, Coghlan, Cullen, Feeley, Johnston, Macauley, Nelson, O'Neil, Perine, and Pugh.(f) Two Union Labor assemblymen, Gerdes and Silver, voted against the machine. The fifteenth, Hopkins, did not vote at all on this issue.

When the question of concurrence in the assembly amendment came up in the senate, seven senators who had voted against the amendment when it was originally before the senate, joined the machine senators in voting for it. Senator Welch was one of the seven.(g) This left only one Union Labor senator of the Union Labor delegation standing for a practical state-wide vote for United States senators, which, within party lines, would have given the "common people" the right and opportunity of saying who should represent them in the United States senate.

And then a strange thing happened. Mr. P. H. McCarthy, at present Mayor of San Francisco, the recognized Union Labor party leader of the state, who dominated the Monterey convention, and was there loudest in his insistence that the rights of the "common people" shall be maintained, appeared at Sacramento, and, instead of lending his influence to defeat the machine in an issue in which the machine interests were clearly not the interests of the working people of this state, did all that lay within his power to get Senator Anthony, the one Union Labor senator who was standing out against the machine and insisting on a practical state-wide vote for United States senators, to change his position and vote with the machine senators for the assembly amendment. But Senator Anthony refused to be "pulled down," and on this issue continued to cast his vote not only in the interests of the working people but in the interests of the people of the whole state, the efforts of the machine and Union Labor Party Leader McCarthy to the contrary notwithstanding.

Another issue where the interests of the "common people" on the one side and of the machine protected interests on the other were sharply involved, came in the consideration of railroad regulation measures. A few days before the legislature convened, freight rates to the Pacific Coast had been so advanced as to produce an increase for the railroads, according to experts who testified before a senate investigation committee, of $10,000,000 a year. The bulk of this enormous increase, other experts testified, is borne by the consumers, the "common people." It will be seen that the "common people" were and are largely interested in effective railroad regulation.

The principal issue on this score came in the

(a) See Handbook, California Legislature, for Thirty-eighth Session, compiled by Lewis A. Hilbron, Secretary of the Senate. Session 1909.

(b) Estimate made by the San Francisco Call at the close of the racing season of 1907-8.

(c) See page 207, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(d) See page 473, Senate Journal, 1909.

(e) See page 767, Senate Journal, 1909.

(f) See page 1382, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(g) See page 1750, Senate Journal, 1909.

conflict between the anti-machine element to pass the comparatively effective Stetson railroad regulation bill, and the machine element which labored—successfully—to substitute for it the Wright railroad regulation measure. When it came to a vote on this issue, every one of the seven Union Labor party senators voted against the effective Stetson bill and for the ineffective Wright bill. (h) Not one of them was found voting for the effective railroad regulation measure.

Failing to secure the passage of a reasonably effective railroad regulation measure, the anti-machine element endeavored to have a hold-over committee appointed to investigate the cause of the increase in freight rates. Here again were involved the interests of the people on the one side, and the great railroad interests on the other. The machine opposed the investigation. When it came to a vote, four of the seven Union Labor party senators voted against holding the investigation. They were Anthony, Finn, Hartman, and Wolfe. Hare and Welch(i), did not vote on this issue at all. Not one of the seven voted for the investigation in which the consumers, the "common people", the members of labor unions, are so vitally interested. But five of them did vote against holding the investigation to which the transportation companies were so strongly opposed.

The railroad issue came up in the Assembly in the contest over Senate Joint Resolution No. 3. This resolution endorsed the plan to establish a line of government steamships on the Pacific to connect with the government railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, which connects with a line of government-owned steamships on the Atlantic.

The proposed Pacific line would have given a complete Government-owned line from San Francisco to New York, and have proved of inestimable value to the Pacific coast. Such a line would, of course, furnish genuine competition with the trans-continental railroads, bring down freight rates to a competitive basis, which would in the end mean a considerable saving to every consumer on the Pacific Coast, and every member of a labor union is a consumer.

The resolution passed the senate, but was delayed in the assembly. A motion to bring it to an immediate vote by recalling it from the Committee on Federal Relations, was lost. Of the fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen, only two, Gerdes and Silver, voted for prompt consideration of this important measure. Feeley, Johnston, Macauley, Nelson, O'Neil and Pugh voted against such consideration. Beatty, Beban, Black, Coghlan, Cullen, Hopkins and Perine, on this issue of such vital interest to members of labor unions, didn't vote at all.(j)

When the Assembly did get an opportunity to act on this measure, Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento introduced a number of resolutions which took much of the ginger out of it.

Of the fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen, thirteen voted for the Johnson amendments. They were: Beatty, Beban, Coghlan, Cullen, Feeley, Hopkins, Johnston, Macauley, Nelson, O'Neil, Perine, Pugh and Silver.(k) Gerdes and Black are not recorded as voting. It will be seen that in the assembly as well as in the senate, the Union Labor party members voted with the machine element and in the interest of the great transportation corporations, and against the anti-machine element and against the interests of the "common people," from whose ranks come the membership of the labor unions.

Another issue which touches the labor union man closely is that of an even break with the rich man in a court of justice. That which makes the administration of the law difficult, complex and costly is, of course, to the advantage of the rich man who can pay and to the disadvantage of the poor man who cannot.

One of the principal fights on this issue last winter came up in the senate over the so-called Change of Venue bill. Without going into the details of this measure, it is enough to say, that in the long run had it become a law, the criminal with a large defense fund would have been given further advantage over the poor man charged with crime. Here again was labor interested, interested in the defeat of this bill. Nevertheless, every one of the seven Union Labor party members of the senate, Anthony, Finn, Hartman, Hare, Reily, Welch and Wolfe (l) voted for the passage of this measure. Again were Union Labor party senators found voting with the machine.

The so-called "Judicial Column" bill was defeated in the assembly, having passed the senate. Here again was an issue in which labor was vitally interested, for labor is certainly concerned in the election of an impartial judiciary.

The measure provided for the taking of the judiciary out of politics by establishing on the election ballot a special column, in which were to be printed without party designation, the names of the candidates for the bench. This would have taken the selection of judges entirely out of the hands of the corporation-dominated machine, and forced their individual selection at the hands of the people.

The machine opposed the passage of this measure, and, although the bill passed the senate, the machine succeeded in defeating it in the assembly.

On this issue, five of the Union Labor party Assemblymen, Hopkins, Johnston, O'Neil, Perine and Pugh, are not recorded as voting. Two, Beatty and Gerdes, voted for the bill. Eight, Beban, Black, Coghlan, Cullen, Feeley, Macauley, Nelson and Silver(m) voted against it.

Every member of a labor union was justly interested in the passage of this measure. The machine fought it with characteristic cunning. And as on other issues between the people on the one side, and the corporation-dominated machine on the other, the majority of the Union Labor party in the assembly voted against the interests of The People, against

(Continued on Page 174.)

(h) See page 1441, Senate Journal, 1909.

(i) See page 2059, Senate Journal, 1909.

(j) See page 326, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(k) See page 772, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(l) See page 1885, Senate Journal, 1909.

(m) See page 1890, Assembly Journal, 1909.

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THE QUINTESSENTIAL BEAU

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

RICHARD REDFERN was the town beau. Every town has one of the species—the amiable and gallant young man who has made love to half the girls he has met, who has "brought out" so many annual crops of debutantes that he prefers not to be reminded of the first, who is the "utility man" of his social circle and is freely called in by his girl and women friends to fill up gaps at a card party or to give advice about the color scheme and the flowers at a luncheon.

His Christian name had long since been abbreviated, and he was known to matrons of forty and to maids of seventeen simply as Our Dick. He was not, however, an idle bird of plumage: he worked energetically at his meagre law practice and read much between clients. Only his evenings and Saturday afternoons were at the disposal of his friends. The clients were few: he had grown up in the town from early boyhood, and other men, who had called him Dicky from infancy, and who looked upon his social activities as trifling, carried their cases to stupid but more solemn lawyers whose owlish gravity betokened wisdom.

Dick laid down "Daniels on Negotiable Instruments" and looked about his office. It was neat, with the precise neatness that a bachelor exercises in the arrangement of his clothes and which he fails to exercise in the arrangement of his living rooms. He turned from the tidy desk to the window and looked out on the street, with a little wistfulness in his eyes at the thought that few of the busy men below him entrusted their affairs to him. He passed his hand over his forehead, and realized anew that he was getting a trifle bald.

"Thirty-five, and a ladies' man," sneered in his ears, the recollection of the muttered taunt of his one real enemy in the world.

The telephone bell startled him. Julia Leavenworth was on the wire.

"Oh, Dick, I'm going to have my class of youngsters here this afternoon for a romp and something to eat afterwards, and I do wish you'd come out and help me amuse them. I'm afraid they see so much of me during the rest of the week that they won't enjoy my society very much on their Saturday holiday. No, there'll be no one else here. Oh, they are just little things, boys and girls eight or nine years old; my pupils at school. Oh, yes, and there's one little girl I want you to meet; she's a newcomer, has only been in town a month, and she's going to be the belle of the place. She has nearly ruined the discipline of my class room already; all the boys are trying to show off for her benefit. All right? Thank you very much. Yes, at three. Good bye!"

Dick left his bachelor quarters at half past two and swung down the street toward Miss Leavenworth's. It was the end of spring, when the afternoon shadows begin to shorten and the warm air and the mellow light betoken the full approach of summer. He was early for the short walk he had to take, but he was stopped often on his route, once to decline an invitation to join a tennis set, again to regret an opportunity to complete a rubber of whist, and another time to advise a matronly friend, who was overseeing some gardening, as to how she should have a trellis run for a climbing rose-bush.

At length he turned in at the Leavenworth residence. The house was older than its neighbors and of an old-fashioned architecture, but it was proudly kept in repair and the yard about it was in perfect order. The place reminded Dick of his hostess, a girl just a trifle—but by that trifle, irretrievably—past the first bloom of young womanhood; a little less easy, financially, than her neighbors; but carrying herself with well-bred independence and with pride in her ability to keep her own house in order.

Miss Leavenworth greeted him cordially at the door, and he soon made himself characteristically at home, helping to set the table in the dining room and later finishing the few uncompleted paper caps for the children.

"Tell me more about the little belle," he said, as he laid the last cap on its plate at the table.

"Oh, you mean little Marjie Baker. You will have to see her to appreciate her. There's the door bell, now."

Miss Leavenworth left Dick to turn out the lights in the darkened dining room while she hastened to welcome her small guests at the front door. They came in groups of four or six, most of the girls gallantly escorted by their young cavaliers. The last comers, however, were five boys who came together without partners, and one other boy, Tommy Jones, who came by himself.

"Which one is the heroine of the piece?" asked Dick of Miss Leavenworth, after the games of the children were well under way and he and she were left a moment in a corner of the back parlor, passive onlookers at the revels.

"She hasn't come yet. She doesn't have to—she's the queen of her set, you see, and she knows it already. There may be another reason, though. Her mother may have kept her home. You see, every boy in the class asked her to come with him, and they all asked her about the same time—five minutes after I announced the invitation, in fact—and they quarreled so over who asked her first that I had to interfere and Marjie finally said she would come alone, if those horrid boys were going to be so rude as to fight about it. I'm afraid they did go to fighting, too, after school last night, for every one of those five that came together seemed to be scarred up, and Tommy Jones—he's the one who came alone—has a finger bandaged. Oh, there's the bell; maybe that is Marjie."

It was. As she came into the room with Miss Leavenworth, who had relieved her of her hat in the hall, the clamor of the games suddenly stilled and a strange uneasiness seemed to attack every boy and girl in the room, though in different ways: the boys seemed unnecessarily indifferent to the amusing powers of blind-man's buff, while some of the girls showed plainly a jealous resentment they could not conceal.

Dick enjoyed this sudden display of human nature as much as he did the vision of the little girl who stood shyly in the doorway, abashed before the united gaze of the whole room. And she made a very pleasant vision, too. She was as trim as a little fairy, with a wealth of chestnut brown hair falling straight to her shoulders, a pair of clear blue eyes that dropped demurely below dark lashes, and a mouth that Dick vainly afterwards attempted to describe. But these were the least of her attractions: they were forgotten when one saw the singular grace of her carriage and her manner, and heard the low, sweet, modest voice, and saw the bashful color in her cheeks mount as her eyes fell, and fade as she lifted them.

No wonder, thought Dick, she raised this fury of devotion in these young savages: she was the realization, in childhood guise, of that type of complete femininity which it is the day-dream of every man unmarried some day to possess—the modest flower, the clinging vine, the sweet, the pure, the good. For such women men become heroes and brave a thousand terrors to earn one wistful smile, one soft embrace, one whispered word of innocent love.

The interruption was becoming uncomfortable when Miss Leavenworth took Marjie's hand and led her across the room toward Dick, who advanced to meet them.

"Mr. Redfern," she said, "I want you to have the pleasure of Miss Baker's acquaintance, Miss Marjie Baker."

"I am a thousand times glad to have the pleasure, I'm sure," said Dick, heartily, as he took Marjie's hand. She raised her eyes and blushed painfully.

"Thank you," she said, simply, and dropped her eyes again.

"It's time for the Virginia reel, isn't it, Miss Leavenworth? I claim the first set with Miss Marjie—if I may have the honor," and Dick bowed low to the little queen.

"Yes, sir, thank you," she replied.

Miss Leavenworth took the cue.

"Yes, indeed, let's have a reel. I'll play the piano, and all you boys get your partners. If you'll please, Dick, drag that rug out into the hall, so the floor will be clear."

Dick did so while Miss Leavenworth seated herself at the piano and the boys, now that Marjie was not available, chose partners and formed the set. Dick returned from the hall and took Marjie's hand and the dance was on. Under the influence of the music and the stimulus of physical action the spirit of fun quickly reigned again and the cloud of the belle's entrance was dissipated.

After the figures of the dance had been exhausted Miss Leavenworth announced refreshments, and Dick again claimed Marjie as his partner and led her out at the head of the procession to the big table. He had felt, without seeing or hearing any tangible evidence of it, a murmur of protest from the boys as he did this, but he had figured that it would prevent an embarrassing repetition of the scene in the school room that Miss Leavenworth had described. Anyway, he felt keenly interested in Marjie, a combination of admiration, amusement, and a sort of reverential deference toward this little girl whose mingled confusion and trembling hesitation and simple dignity seemed to presage qualities in womanhood that would remind him of the dearest attributes of his own mother. So he paid no attention to the thought of the disappointed boys who awkwardly led in their partners after him.

At the table Marjie regained her composure and grew to be on better terms with Dick, though he still felt an impalpable barrier of reserve in her manner that permitted no familiarity. Still, she graciously accepted his attentions, and Dick outdid himself in gallantry to please her. He presented her the flower he had brought in his buttonhole, and begged her to wear it. She pinned it compliantly on her breast, but seemed, he thought, a trifle more interested in her ice cream than in his flower. He was not rebuffed, however, and talked his best, and was repaid with smiles for his efforts.

When the party was breaking up, Dick said to Miss Leavenworth,

"I shall be back in half an hour and help you clear up, but you must excuse me while I take Miss Marjie home," again bowing to Marjie and again adding, "if I may have the honor."

Then an astonishing thing happened. Little Tommy Jones, his face purple with rage and his fists clenched, strode between Marjie and Dick and squared himself off wrathfully before that dumbfounded gentleman.

"No, sir, she's not goin' to go home with you. She's goin' to have me go home with her. I've licked every kid in school that said he was goin' to ast 'er, and I ain't afraid of you, neither."

He paused for breath, and to glare defiance at the other boys, whose looks showed plainly that he had spoken the truth. Then his words dashed on in a torrent:

"'N' what's more, you ain't no business buttin' in 't our party 'n keepin' us away from our girls. What's a great big sissy like you doin', anyhow, playin' with kids you're old 'nough to be the father of. You'd oughta be ashamed of yourself. You'd oughta be married to some girl your own size, 'stead of buttin' in where you ain't wanted and makin' trouble."

This furious outburst finished, he glared at Dick for a moment, and then turned to Marjie.

"Give him back his flower!" he commanded, "and take mine 'nstead!"

Marjie looked at him with a half-frightened look for a moment; then a look of profound admiration and of submission came into her eyes. This lordly gallant of nine was her cavalier, and meekly she obeyed him. She

plucked the rose from her breast, and with downcast eyes, handed it back to Dick in silence. Dick, also silent, bowed and took it. Miss Leavenworth laughed hysterically, and quickly choked her laughter behind her handkerchief.

"Now **we** will go," Tommy announced, taking Marjie's passive hand in his, and surveying the other boys again with the eye of a conqueror. They made no sign, and Tommy started for the door, leading Marjie, whose eyes were still downcast. At the door, however, she tugged gently at his hand, and Tommy instantly turned to her with an amazing new expression in his face, of tenderness, concern, devotion. Marjie whispered something to him and his face fell. Then he lifted his head again and led her back to Miss Leavenworth.

"I've had a great time, thank you, ma'am," he said awkwardly.

"So have I," added Marjie, smiling up at Miss Leavenworth. "Good bye."

"Good bye, dears," said Miss Leavenworth, her eyes glistening.

Tommy turned to Dick.

"Good bye, sir," he said, and held out his hand. Dick took it, gravely, and said good bye.

"And good bye to you, too, Miss Marjie," he added.

Marjie's face flushed crimson, and her lip quivered, but she raised her head at length and looked at Dick proudly, at the same time taking Tommy's hand again.

"Good bye, sir" she said, "and thank you."

The other children quickly followed, and Dick turned with Miss Leavenworth to the deserted dining room. Together they cleared the table, talking lightly of various things. At last Dick stood at the door, hat in hand, ready to leave.

"And I want to thank you for introducing me to the little queen," he was saying. "That little fire eater of a Tommy Jones knows when he sees a prize. She is a pattern of womanhood, isn't she, though?"

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Leavenworth. "Yes, but isn't he a model of a man, though!"

The words struck Dick like a blow. He made a perfunctory farewell and started homeward, the phrase humming in his ears, "The model of a man!" He saw nothing of the houses nor trees nor people on that walk. A half hour later, alone in his room, he lighted the gas and looked about him. On the walls, on the mantelpiece, on his cheffonier, pictures of old flames, girl comrades, all of about the same age when the photographs were struck, many now mothers of children older than Marjie. One by one he took them down. One by one he looked into the eyes that laughed back into his. One by one he wrenched the cardboards to pieces and cast them into the fireplace.

The last photograph was one of a face more grave than the rest, a little wistful. He looked at it a long time, and then carefully replaced it above his favorite books. He dressed and went out for dinner; came back, and sat for an hour with the picture before him, looking into the grave, wistful eyes. At eight o'clock he arose, with a new light of determination in his own eyes, put on his hat, and stood for a moment by the electrolier, with the picture in his hand, speaking half aloud to himself:

"I know I don't deserve—model of a man! —by thunder, she shall, or I'll know the reason why!"

He planted his hat firmly on his head, turned out the light, and walked resolutely out the front door. As he passed out into the twilight, he read again the name signed beneath the portrait, before buttoning the photograph into his coat pocket. The name was written in a fine, even hand, barely decipherable in the dim light—"Julia Leavenworth."

HELP THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY.

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("Legislative Record"—Continued.)

the interests of members of labor unions, and for the purposes of the machine.

At the banquet given by the Royal Arch to Mayor P. H. McCarthy of San Francisco, Mr. McCarthy took occasion to criticise certain union men who oppose him and his policies.

"We learn," Mr. McCarthy is reported as saying, "that some union men are howling because McCarthy has made this or that move. Let me assure them that labor when it speaks authoritatively—let me assure those labor men and newspapers that labor will stand for no Benedict Arnold politics. That portion of labor engaged in the building interests that met in convention at Monterey has spoken with authority."

Perhaps the Monterey convention did speak with authority, but it is interesting to note that Union Labor members of the assembly failed to vote as the Monterey convention spoke.

For example: The Monterey convention adopted a resolution indorsing the full enfranchisement of women.

The woman's suffrage issue did not come up in the senate at the last session of the Legislature, but it did come up in the assembly. Nine of the fifteen Union Labor members voted against it. They were: Beatty, Beban, Cullen, Feeley, Gerdes, Johnston, Macauley, Nelson and Pugh.

Black and Perine did not vote on this issue. Only four of the Union Labor members voted for woman's suffrage. They were: Coghlan, Hopkins, O'Neil and Silver.(n)

The question naturally arises, did the Monterey Building Trades' convention or the majority of the Union Labor party in the assembly "speak with authority" on this issue? The question seems to be up to Mayor McCarthy.

The limits of an article of this character make impossible consideration of all the issues in which Union Labor party members of senate and assembly participated in a way curiously at variance with the interests of Labor, organized or unorganized. I cannot close, however, without touching upon the Union Labor Assembly delegation's attitude on the so-called Japanese bills. Here at least, was an issue upon which the Union Labor party members might be deemed to be unanimous. But this was by no means the case, as the records on Assembly bills 78, 32 and 14 will show. Assembly bill 14 will illustrate the point.

This measure was known as the "anti-Japanese School bill." When the bill first came up in the assembly, counting Leeds' vote, who voted for it that he might move to reconsider, it was passed by a vote of 46 to 28, or with Leeds voting in the negative 45 to 29. Forty-one votes were required to pass the bill. To defeat it five who had voted for it had to be switched to vote against it. And they were switched, all right.

On the second vote, on reconsideration, the bill was defeated by a vote of 37 to 41. Had four who voted against the bill voted for it, it would have been passed. On this roll call, five Union Labor party assemblymen, enough to pass the bill and to spare, voted against it. They were: Beban, Coghlan, Feeley, Perine and Silver.(o)

Beban, Perine and Silver(p) had voted for the bill when it was originally before the assembly, and switched. Coghlan was absent when the first vote was taken. Feeley voted against the "Japanese bills" from the start.

In closing, it should be said, that of the fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen, Mr. Gerdes was found voting against the machine and in the interest of the people on practically all important issues. This is partially true of Silver. And here the record of the Union Labor assemblymen for individual excellence ends. But this is not saying that the other fourteen members are corrupt or even unworthy men, taken as individuals. All who know Assemblyman Charles A. Nelson, for example, know him to be a good citizen, and on the square to the last inch of time—a true friend, a faithful son, a good brother.

But the legislative record of the fourteen does show them to have been poorly advised. On eleven test roll calls, involving issues with the machine on one side, and those who stand for the interests of the people on the other, the fifteen Union Labor party assemblymen had an aggregate of 165 votes. Of the possible 165 votes, ninety-nine were cast against reform, forty for reform, twenty-six were not cast at all.

Of the forty good votes, Gerdes cast nine, Silver seven, Nelson four, Perine four, a total of twenty-four. This leaves sixteen good votes to be divided among eleven Union Labor party assemblymen.

The seven Union Labor party senators made even a less worthy showing. On sixteen test roll calls in the senate, involving issues between the machine on the one side and the people on the other, the seven Union Labor members had a possible 112 votes. Of these, eighty-three were cast for the machine, nineteen against the machine, ten were not cast at all. Of the nineteen anti-machine votes, seven were cast by Senator Anthony. This leaves twelve anti-machine votes, out of a possible ninety-six, to be divided among six Union Labor party senators.

The record of the Union Labor party delegations in senate and assembly indicates that a sharp distinction is to be drawn between Union Labor political leaders responsible for their nomination and election, and union labor leaders.

In his speech before the Royal Arch the other evening, Mr. P. H. McCarthy stated that "Labor will stand for no Benedict Arnold politics."

The writer quite agrees with Mr. McCarthy, and on this faith in the integrity and common sense of labor, bases the belief that labor will not long stand for the so-called Union Labor party leaders, as distinguished from the leaders of organizations of laboring men.

(n) See page 312, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(o) See page 516, Assembly Journal, 1909.

(p) See page 420, Assembly Journal, 1909.

JUST FOR FUN.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a prospectus?" "The kind I am mostly acquainted with, my son, is a sort of fairy tale adapted to the tastes of adults instead of children."—Washington Star.

Caller—"Snip & Co. have employed me to collect the bill you owe them." Owens—"You are to be congratulated, sir, on securing a permanent position."—Boston Courier.

"The insurgents in congress have got to make a fine, large noise, and if they do they will get the whole country to turn out and help them," says Representative Victor Murdock of Kansas. "The country is with them, but it needs in some sections—not mine—to be aroused. I guess it will be. The importance of an alarm makes me think of the story about the two traveling men who went into a booming Kansas town and couldn't get into the hotel. 'But we've got to sleep here,' they explained. 'Can't we get the billiard table?' 'Two chaps from Kansas City sleeping on it,' replied the clerk. 'Nor the bar,' protested the wanderers. 'It doesn't close till one and four men have hired it after that. But say, you act like sports and I believe I can fix you. Come along.' The clerk got down a huge key, led them across the street, unlocked a big door and pushed them in. 'This is the Methodist church,' he said. 'Spread out on these fine, wide pews and you'll get a good night's rest.' And with that he locked the door and went away. At 1 a. m. there were three uncertain taps on the big bell of the Methodist church, then a terrific uproar. The bell turned a somersault and the clanging woke the town. People hurried down the main street to find the fire or the bank robbery. The bell was still doing gymnastics, but nobody knew why. The mayor came along and pounded on the door. No answer. Then he broke in. It was as dark as Egypt. He pushed his way carefully in and shouted: 'What's this row all about? In the name of the law I order you to come out.' Then he stepped back and waited nervously for a reply. It came out of the cavernous, impenetrable darkness: 'Two dry Martinis for pew thirteen, and bring 'em up quick.'"—New York Telegram.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. HAMERSLAG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. Hamerslag, deceased.

FORTUNE AUREGUY,
Executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 27, 1910.
FROHMAN & JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter street, San Francisco. 2-4-5t.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 8th day of December, 1909, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Shares.	Amt.
Chas. A. Marriner	1104	5,000	$ 50.00
Chas. A. Marriner	1121	5,000	50.00
. A. Dunston	611	100	1.00
Annie Lockman	612	200	2.00
Mary N. Priestly	608	335	3.35
S. W. Bingenheimer	244	1,000	5.00
S. W. Bingenheimer	457	2,500	12.50
S. W. Bingenheimer	740	1,500	7.50
Frank E. Hanscom	9	5,000	50.00
John R. Toay	10	1,000	5.00
Joseph Stephenson	11	500	5.00
W. J. Penhallegan	12	1,000	10.00
Harry Kelley	598	400	4.00
Lewis Morris	15	500	5.00
H. G. Merrett	16	500	5.00
Mrs. W. G. Dycus	373	100	.50
Mrs. Sallie L. Sanders	394	1,000	5.00
Cory Compton	19	500	2.50
Mrs. E. M. Walker	20	500	5.00
Wm. Barringer	21	500	5.00
Wm. Barringer	208	100	1.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	1	20,000	200.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	2	20,000	200.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	3	20,000	200.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	4	10,000	100.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	5	10,000	100.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	6	10,000	100.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	7	5,000	50.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	8	5,000	50.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	264	5,000	50.00
Phil Allen, Jr.	265	5,000	50.00
Jennie V. Johnson	521	7,500	37.50
Sarah Tyson	375	100	.50
Richard Tanell	372	200	1.00
Richard Tanell	653	100	.50
Doncelia S. Key	292	1,250	12.50
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Joseph Eich	40	1,000	5.00
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M. Ridehaugh Smith	371	300	1.50
C. E. Bernick	41	1,000	5.00
C. E. Bernick	779	120	.60
A. S. Krunick	368	100	.50
Ben P. Krunick	369	100	.50
Will M. Nailing	366	100	.50
N. P. Mertes	44	250	1.25
N. P. Mertes	795	30	.15
. J. Hanscom	51	5,000	25.00
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. J. Hanscom	55	1,000	5.00
. J. Hanscom	56	2,000	10.00
H. S. Hurlburt	57	3,000	15.00
H. S. Hurlburt	58	2,000	10.00
W. G. Dycus	362	100	.50
John Ruka	66	1,400	7.00
W. C. Oxman	67	500	5.00
. A. Thompson	358	300	1.50
Chas. L. Dawe	68	333	3.33
Chos. H. Dawe	69	666	6.66
Chos. H. Dawe	71	166	1.66
Chos. H. Dawe	72	200	2.00
Chos. H. Dawe	73	300	3.00
Chos. H. Dawe	74	3,000	30.00
Chos. H. Dawe	75	3,000	30.00
Chos. H. Dawe	211	3,333	33.33
Chos. H. Dawe	249	1,000	10.00
Geo. M. Sanders	355	1,000	5.00
C. R. Davies	81	7,500	37.50
C. R. Davies	427	500	2.50
. G. Claud	350	2,000	20.00
Mrs. Wm. Craig	348	500	5.00
. A. Farabough	349	1,000	5.00
C. Griggs	347	1,000	5.00
C. Griggs	356	1,000	5.00
C. Griggs	365	1,000	5.00
. J. Romdenne	89	500	2.50
. J. Romdenne	993	60	.30
John O'Rowde	93	500	5.00
John O'Rowde	828	60	.60
. A. Bingenheimer	95	5,000	25.00
. A. Bingenheimer	407	1,000	5.00
. A. Bingenheimer	456	2,500	12.50
Chos. P. Graham	331	400	2.00
Chos. P. Graham	383	200	1.00
John F. Crum	101	250	2.50
Katie M. Hogle	103	100	1.50
Mary Jane Dawe	246	166	1.66
Warren E. Hoyt	104	150	1.50
Guy W. Roe	105	350	3.50
Ellen Penrose	106	3,000	30.00
. L. Dawe	107	333	3.33
Francis W. Bleakley	112	6,666	66.66
. G. Hales	113	500	5.00
. G. Hales	114	500	5.00
. G. Hales	212	500	5.00
. G. Hales	226	500	5.00
Geo. V. Merrifield	119	337	1.68
Geo. Merrifield	120	700	3.50
J. Schlee	575	7,000	35.00
J. Schlee	580	12,500	62.50
J. J. Schlee	776	10,500	52.50
J. J. Schlee	843	5,000	25.00
O. A. Endle	573	3,000	15.00
O. A. Endle	621	2,000	10.00
O. A. Endle	840	600	3.00
E. C. Spooner	122	500	2.50
Geo. Kelley	123	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	124	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	248	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	334	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	636	4,000	40.00
W. K. Adams	135	500	5.00
Gus Kitzengun	499	500	5.00
Gus Kitzengun	890	100	1.00
N. M. Pitzen	438	500	5.00
Lillian A. Brown	138	500	5.00
Channey Rouse	439	100	1.00
Channey Rouse	790	12	.12
Abba M. Smith	429	300	3.00
Abba M. Smith	817	36	.36
John Reinhart	149	500	5.00
John Reinhart	781	60	.60
Theo. Zimmer	150	1,000	5.00
Theo. Zimmer	570	500	2.50
Theo. Zimmer	797	180	.90
Mrs. Annie Burke	415	1,500	7.50
Mrs. Annie Burke	419	1,000	5.00
Mrs. Annie Burke	421	3,000	15.00
Mrs. Annie Burke	532	2,500	12.50
Mrs. Annie Burke	833	960	4.80
Margaret Rhode	181	500	2.50
F. O. Brown	185	500	5.00
Margaret A. Cullen	186	500	5.00
Margaret A. Cullen	829	60	.60
J. E. Remington	412	100	1.00
J. E. Remington	763	12	.12
E. W. Dingley	495	1,000	5.00
E. W. Dingley	519	200	1.00
Geo. A. Young	496	1,000	10.00
Geo. A. Young	493	1,000	10.00
Geo. A. Young	503	400	4.00
C. P. Riley	206	500	2.50
C. P. Riley	207	500	2.50
E. P. McFetridge	210	500	5.00
J. L. Phillips	409	1,000	10.00
J. L. Phillips	774	120	1.20
H. H. Phillips	410	500	5.00
H. H. Phillips	764	60	.60
Ida B. Hoskins	218	250	1.25
William Savidge	488	1,000	10.00
William Savidge	897	200	2.00
E. B. Dana	481	250	1.25
H. F. Zieman	306	1,000	10.00
H. F. Zieman	830	120	1.20
Dr. H. Walker	475	2,000	10.00
Dr. H. O. Walker	900	400	2.00
Gertrude Woolly	203	500	2.50
M. M. Bordman	449	500	5.00
John J. Rowe	230	200	1.00
J. K. Flood	472	1,000	10.00
J. K. Flood	883	200	2.00
G. R. Willhoite	270	200	2.00
G. R. Willhoite	834	24	.24
A. C. Addison	273	1,000	10.00
Howell Woolly	448	500	2.50
Howell Woolly	461	1,200	6.00
Howell Woolly	712	1,667	8.33
Ida R. Bingenheimer	276	1,000	5.00
Ida R. Bingenheimer	836	120	.60
Wm. Mathews	1107	1,120	5.60
Wm. Mathews	1115	1,000	5.00
Wm. Mathews	1192	5,000	25.00
H. A. Gullifer	404	1,000	10.00
H. A. Gullifer	885	300	3.00
J. H. Morris	293	2,500	12.50
J. H. Morris	398	2,500	12.50
J. H. Morris	1029	600	3.00
H. Frieb	173	1,000	5.00
H. Frieb	758	120	.60
L. H. Norwood	184	500	2.50
J. C. McLaughlin	325	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	485	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	500	500	2.50
J. C. McLaughlin	501	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	506	550	2.75
J. C. McLaughlin	507	250	1.25
J. C. McLaughlin	782	1,290	6.45
C. E. Stoddard	272	1,000	10.00
C. E. Stoddard	831	120	1.20
Lincoln Rodgers	323	1,000	5.00
Lincoln Rodgers	508	220	1.10
F. G. Williams	281	200	2.00
F. G. Williams	761	24	.24
E. A. Littlefield	283	1,000	10.00
E. A. Littlefield	1209	50	.50
H. L. Wagner	286	1,000	5.00
H. L. Wagner	841	120	.60
W. F. Fruen	296	2,500	12.50
W. F. Fruen	443	1,250	6.25
W. F. Fruen	741	1,750	8.75
W. F. Fruen	717	500	2.50
J. Ascherman	297	250	1.25
M. Parshelsky	300	500	2.50
M. Parshelsky	895	100	1.50
F. O. Gullifer	314	2,000	20.00
F. O. Gullifer	522	10,000	100.00
F. O. Gullifer	523	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	524	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	462	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	905	1,000	10.00
F. O. Gullifer	1240	2,000	20.00
F. O. Gullifer	1241	2,000	20.00
J. Belle Haywood	303	500	5.00
W. A. Baucher	304	1,000	10.00
W. A. Baucher	789	120	1.20
C. M. Kistler	309	1,000	5.00
C. M. Kistler	442	1,500	7.50
C. M. Kistler	716	500	2.50
C. A. Bayuton	316	1,000	10.00
C. A. Bayuton	822	120	1.20
John Liggett	692	500	5.00
John Liggett	682	1,000	10.00
H. C. Strong	618	200	2.00
Lester A. Ross	619	500	5.00
Geo. Bennett	631	200	1.00
Mrs. Mary E. Thomas	632	200	2.00
Frank Sandy	593	1,000	10.00
W. J. Walker	640	300	3.00
D. C. Warren	693	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	982	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1009	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1010	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1011	1,000	10.00
B. J. Bennett	641	1,500	15.00
J. H. Witt	695	2,000	20.00
J. H. Witt	972	1,000	10.00
J. H. Witt	973	1,000	10.00
J. H. Witt	974	1,000	10.00
W. M. Witt	696	600	6.00
R. W. Witt	963	300	3.00
R. W. Witt	966	1,000	10.00
R. W. Witt	969	500	2.50
R. W. Witt	991	100	.50
Fannie R. Tranery	647	50	.50
James W. Hoskins	648	200	2.00
Simon T. Hacker	651	600	6.00
Mary G. Hacker	652	600	6.00
Miss B. G. Sedberry	967	1,000	10.00
Miss B. G. Sedberry	968	1,000	10.00
John W. Hughes	655	2,000	20.00
Minnie C. Voorheis	586	400	4.00
Minnie C. Voorheis	1043	400	4.00
Minnie C. Voorheis	1045	200	2.00
L. S. Parks	988	1,000	10.00
L. S. Parks	1042	250	2.50
Clyde E. Bingenheimer	464	250	1.25
R. F. Nickles	989	1,000	5.00
W. T. Lamlin	990	1,000	5.00
S. M. Witt	1067	500	5.00
P. Schnorbach	505	100	.50
A. R. Dostal	704	200	1.00
A. R. Dostal	708	200	1.00
H. A. Beck	1041	250	2.50
Mrs. Emily B. Dana	510	200	1.00
Chas. A. Dostal	709	100	.50
B. J. Brown	713	1,500	7.50
B. J. Brown	835	180	.90
B. J. Brown	1019	320	1.60
B. J. Brown	1113	1,000	5.00
B. J. Brown	1114	1,000	5.00
B. J. Brown	1165	2,000	10.00
C. H. Dawson	1135	5,000	25.00
C. H. Dawson	1136	5,000	25.00
Felix De Marinel	897	3,500	17.50
Felix De Marinel	1166	114	.57
Felix De Marinel	1151	2,500	12.50
E. T. Richter	1086	2,000	10.00
E. T. Richter	1180	5,000	25.00
E. T. Richter	1130	4,000	20.00
E. T. Richter	1131	4,000	20.00
B. Weber	1091	600	3.00
B. Weber	1093	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1094	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1095	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1096	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1097	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1098	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1099	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1100	1,000	5.00
Dr. J. F. C. Luhan	720	1,000	5.00
Nellie Rainey	1089	1,000	5.00
Richard Krausse	1169	500	2.50
Annie M. Stanton	1191	3,334	16.67
Annie M. Stanton, guardian	1189	3,333	16.67
W. A. Merralls	1172	4,000	40.00
Dora V. McCrea	1190	3,333	16.67
F. D. Garrett	1133	2,500	12.50
Dorothy R. West	847	1,000	10.00
M. M. Duncan	799	1,000	10.00
George Burness	1244	6,000	30.00
Duncan M. Carmichael	591	400	2.00
Duncan M. Carmichael	936	100	.50
A. J. Crawford	516	250	2.50
W. H. Johnston	858	1,000	10.00
Austin Farrell	859	1,000	5.00
Edith L. Allen	668	5,000	50.00
Chas. S. Saunders	861	2,000	20.00
Eli P. Smith	670	500	5.00
R. Solmone	862	150	1.50
James McLaughlin	870	1,000	10.00
E. C. Hall	674	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	675	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	676	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	677	1,000	10.00
J. P. Peterman	872	1,000	10.00
W. J. Galbraith	869	200	2.00
J. J. Le Tourneau	1187	5,000	25.00
D. J. Morawetz	874	1,000	5.00
Thos. H. Dawe	913	600	6.00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 8th day of December, 1909, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold, at the office of the company, at Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California, on the 21st day of February, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

MATH JACOBS,
Secretary.

Office of Secretary, in the
Office of the Big Casino Gold Mining Co.,
Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne County, California.

"He has invented a new drink." "What does he call it?" "Love." "Why?" "Because it makes the world go round."—Houston Post.

The motorman put on the brakes and strained himself in order to stop the car to allow two ladies who had signaled him to get aboard. "Is this a South Broadway car?" one asked. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Didn't I tell you?" said the woman, turning to her companion and walking away.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, discussing at a dinner in Washington certain rulings of the International Fisheries Commission, said: "The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China. A Chinese druggist said to his clerk: "Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?' 'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. He wanted a permanent cure for toothache and I sold him a bottle of rat poison.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Treasurer.

The State Treasurer is required to receive all money that is ordered into the treasury by the State Controller, care for the money while it is in the state treasury and pay the same out as it is ordered by warrants drawn by the State Controller. This necessitates the keeping of careful records of all receipts and disbursements and, in order to insure accuracy, a careful and daily count of all money on hand. All bonds issued by the state are prepared by the State Treasurer and he must make all sales of such bonds as are required. He must also invest the accumulations in the Sinking Funds for the retirements of all bonds issued.

He is the custodian of all securities deposited by the Insurance Commissioner and by the Superintendent of Banks and must keep all necessary records in connection therewith and must make transfers of the securities from time to time as directed. He must detach from the bonds all coupons, as they become due, and deliver them to the parties entitled to receive them.

Until the year 1907 the State Treasurer was required to keep all the moneys under his control in the vaults of the state treasury, but in that year the legislature adopted a law permitting the depositing in banks of "all moneys in the state treasury belonging to the state not immediately required to meet current expenditures." Under this law the State Treasurer is not compelled to make such deposits, but if he did not do so he would be open to very severe censure to say the least. The work of the Treasurer has increased many times over by depositing of money in the banks, for he must ascertain the standing of all banks desiring deposits of state funds and he must also know the value of the bonds offered as security in order to have the necessary information to lay before the Governor and Controller, who are required to act with the Treasurer in making deposits. He must at all times have information concerning the market value of bonds and he must watch the maturities of all bonds deposited with him in order to know that the deposits are properly secured. He is responsible for the safe keeping of all bonds deposited with him as security for deposits of state funds and must detach and care for all coupons as they become due.

The depositing of state funds provides a new source of revenue of considerable proportions for the state as the interest collected on deposits up to this time is over $200,000, and there is every reason to believe that the yearly income will be nearly, if not fully, $100,000, as there is now on deposit in 143 banks throughout the state over $5,000,000. The depositing of money in banks practically converts the Treasurer's office into a large bank, but without the facilities for transacting business that all banks have, for, instead of being able to do all business through the medium of other banks by the adoption of business methods, the Treasurer is required to actually receive gold for all settlements with the state and to make all disbursements in gold. This method has long since been abandoned in practically every other state, but the old, cumbersome method is still clung to here.

All bonds purchased by the Board of Examiners for the benefit of the State School Fund are delivered to the Treasurer and must be cared for by him and as the bonds mature or as interest coupons become due he must present them for collection.

The State Treasurer is a member of the Capitol Commission and when any member of the Board of Examiners is disqualified the State Treasurer must act as a member of the Board of Examiners when passing upon claims.

"General" Jacob S. Coxey, who led "Coxey's army" to Washington in 1894 is now prosperous enough to put up at the Waldorf. He is also become a rank monopolist, promoting a patent in street car motive machinery.

Up and Down the State.

By a vote of 120 for and 93 against the people of Lindsay decided not to issue bonds in the sum of $20,000 for the construction of a new school building. A two-thirds vote was required.

It is expected that a boulevard, to be known as the Rincon road, will be constructed along the beach from Carpenteria to Ventura.

The Evening Free Lance has made its appearance in Hollister, and if the people of that place will sufficiently support it, it will do that community excellent service.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Thomas, of Santa Rosa, are charged with murdering the woman's new-born babe.

It is reported that a plant for icing fruit-cars on the Southern Pacific lines will be established at Red Bluff.

The Southern Pacific proposes to lay heavier rails on its line between Marysville and Oroville.

The Northern Electric company soon will begin the construction of its line from Yuba City to Colusa.

A colony of Mennonites is to be located on 20,000 acres of land in Butte valley, Siskiyou county.

A factory which has been constructed in Lodi will manufacture cream of tartar from the grape-pomace of the wineries in that vicinity.

Mrs. Dinah E. Sprague, who celebrated her 100th birthday last May, is the oldest of the Women's Relief Corps. Though born in New York Mrs. Sprague was among the early settlers of Cleveland. During the civil war a large number of the soldiers camped on the heights above Cleveland and Mrs. Sprague was untiring in her efforts to better the condition of the sick and wounded in this camp. At the age of 90 Mrs. Sprague claimed her right to the ballot by voting for university trustee.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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One in Wholesale Firm, salary..... 50.00
One in Retail Firm, salary, per week.. 12.50

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16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

This Week: "MORE LIGHT ON COMPULSORY VOTING."

—By A. B. Nye.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: FEBRUARY 11, '10 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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His Face Increasingly Dear.

NEXT TO THE LIKENESS of the Savior of Man keep that of Abraham Lincoln ever before the faces of your children. is the type of American to which all known agencies from ception to ascension should strive to conform. Strong in body mind, he was at once brave, patient and humble. He emved tact without sacrifice of principle, was self-reliant without ering in his dependence upon God. He fought the enemies is country without faltering, yet without bitterness, indeed compassion for their distresses and an earnest desire to bind heir wounds in love and make the nation whole. This nation never produce a greater, manlier man than Abraham Lincoln. face grows increasingly dear as the years go by. Keep it before the faces of your children that it may inspire them e the type of American that he was.

Stand By Geary.

IE PRESENT CITY ADMINISTRATION cannot alone be trusted to see the Geary Street railroad enterprise through ompletion. From start to finish it will need both the support the pressure of an energized and focused public sentiment. re is no knowing in what the successful carrying out of that rprise may eventuate. It may demonstrate the capacity of ople to transport themselves without subjection to aggression orruption. Stand by Geary.

That Mellow Old Party.

IS EVIDENT that Wall street has not taken the President eriously. It regards him as a mellow old party whom a sop and again will suffice if accompanied with a nice conversain dulcet tones. In other circles there is, however, a renewed t of hopefulness that the President will find out who his real ds are, and are not, in season to do some execution with the tick before congress adjourns. The awful slump to the Deacy in the sixth Missouri district, where a successor to de ond was lately elected, may nerve his arm. Of course the ests want no legislation at all, unless it be to modify the rust law, and a Democratic house deadlocked with a Republisenate would, to them, be an ideal condition, but to the dent it would mean political disaster and probably death. ere be an iron hand under the kid glove the President wears ress should be made acquainted with the feel of it.

Going to Meet Roosevelt.

AT THEODORE ROOSEVELT is to have the greatest ome-coming ever accorded an American citizen is a foregone usion, but the striking feature of it is likely to be that the dent will vacate his ample chair and go out to meet him. first thing Theodore will see after coming in sight of the e of Liberty will be that smile. It will be the broadest and est ever, and if it does not put the quietus on that "back Elba" business nothing will. Meantime, congress will have its work or left it undone. That may make all the difference world.

A Patriot On a Pedestal.

VE ELKINS, king of West Virginia, has pulled Cabot odge from the pedestal of patriotism and climbed on himself. e and Smoot had it all fixed up to investigate the rise in of such commodities as would stand investigating, leaving hers out, when Elkins saw his opportunity and made for it. New England oligarchy, including Aldrich, went down before him, and now the investigation will be broad enough to cover all human needs and shallow enough to produce an immediate harvest of results. Of course the railroads of West Virginia do not enter into general consumption outside of West Virginia and Elkins is safe.

Theodore for the Senate.

THERE HAS BEEN TALK of Roosevelt to succeed Taft when the latter's four-year term is over. If Bourbonism rules in Washington meantime that dream may come true. There has also been talk of sending him to congress and making him speaker of the house, but he is not so much needed there as elsewhere. Cannonism has suffered a plexus blow already and the time is at hand when the house committees will be made up by a committee on committees. Where there is need of him is in the United States senate. Wouldn't he make those dry bones rattle though? Wouldn't he shake the filling out of that New England oligarchy? That senate has got to be reconstructed, either internally or externally, if it is to be saved from obliteration, and Theodore Roosevelt is the man to lead the work of reconstruction.

Were They Green Goods Claims?

REPRESENTATIVE McLACHLAN has been careful to explain that the Alaska coal lands in which he and his associates, including Governor Gillett, have invested are not the Cunningham claims, but the Green, and that, as for McLachlan himself, he would be glad to get out of the deal with what he put in it. Representative McKinlay has spoken to the same effect. McLachlan declares that he bought from the original entryman, but does not now know who he is. All he does know for certain is that he wishes he had not bought. The attitude of all the gentlemen connected with this deal toward this deal raises the suspicion that they may have purchased "green goods" rather than coal lands. Have they? And does congress furnish a good market for gold bricks and like commodities? Does an original entryman look like a nature fakir?

Where the Interests Are Concerned.

WHILE THE WALL STREET INTERESTS are not worrying over the President and his policies, resting secure in the belief that nothing will come of them, and that the courts will nullify the incorporation tax, they are much concerned as to what the supreme court may do with the Standard Oil and National Tobacco cases. If that court should go so far as to disqualify holding corporations conspiracies to monopolize might come to naught and many an industrial be forced to the bottom of the stock list. The street appears to have had a premonition of what is coming and a first-class flurry, ending in a slump, for the second week in February was postponed rather than averted by the adjournment of the court for a three weeks' vacation. With the nullification of the holding company competition will be restored and, with the restoration of competition, The Cinch will lose a good deal of its grip on the earnings of the people.

It Told Us So.

WHEN THE PEOPLE of San Francisco were debating the new charter the Argonaut told us not to adopt that document. It said we'd be sorry. It declared that some dictator would sometime occupy the dictatorial chair and dictate dictatively. It is so. The Argonaut is vindicated. The people are humiliated before its face. Behold a Daniel!

THE WHITE COAL OF THE SIERRA.

When any new thing is to be undertaken in Great Britain the first step is for Parliament to appoint a committee to investigate and report. In this country some person interested in the common good champions the cause, interests others and so forms an association for the advancement of the cause. There is need for such an association to take in hand the issue of a state policy in relation to the development, control and utilization of the "white coal" supply of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

That supply is greater in magnitude than the coal measures of Pennsylvania ever were and they are truly inexhaustible, whereas coal measures are not. Corporate enterprise will do the developing, but it will do it in such a way as to give the butter fat to the investors and the skimmilk to the people and their assigns forever. Instead of taking to themselves a reasonable income on a reasonable investment, and leaving to the ultimate consumer the net usufruct of a great, God-given source of energy, these corporations will take to themselves the net usufruct of this great, God-given source of energy and will leave to the consuming public only so much of advantage from that source of power as will induce them to be users of it. The "what the traffic will bear" principle will be applied to the sale of transmitted electrical energy with greater rigor than in railroading for the reason that the traffic will bear more in proportion to investment and expense of operation, vastly more.

Competition can not be relied on to regulate to the consumer the cost of electrical energy derived from the snows on the Sierras. Whether the development of such energy is or is not a natural monopoly the sale of it is so as certainly as the supplying of gas, street car service or lighting, and the power companies of California have thus far sought to monopolize at both the producing and the consuming ends of electrical development. The power corporations are nearly all either affiliated or combined and their use of streets for distribution makes competition within each of the cities supplied practically out of the question.

The issue, then, resolves itself into an alternative of control of power development and distribution or the making over in perpetuity to a few corporations the net income to be derived from the use of electrical energy in this state. "The waters of California are, and by right ought to be the property of the People of California," has been resolved by many a convention, but not yet has the law been made to conform to that self evident truth. If the waters belong to the people so do the snows from which the waters are derived, likewise the electric energy derived from the down-pouring of those waters from the higher mountains.

Here is a problem that may engross the best thought of our best men. It is time for these best men to associate themselves for the performance of this service. The legislature can not be trusted to handle the issue with discretion without outside guidance and pressure. Where is the man of the hour to lead this cause?

THE STATE'S RESPONSIBILITY.

It is to be feared that the recent accident on the Rock Island railroad, in which all the occupants of a tourist car were crushed to death or burned, will be followed by an unusual number of similar disasters during the coming twelve months. The reason for the apprehension is the perfectly well-known fact that since the panic of 1907 the railroads of the country have reduced operating expenses to the lowest notch, succeeding so well in doing it that although there has been a large loss in gross earnings, the net earnings have been good almost beyond precedent. This policy has saved dividends, but it has also resulted in such impairment of equipment and track, but more especially the latter, that, on the simple doctrine of chances, there must be more accidents than there were before the expense of maintenance of way was skimped.

The railroad managers know the danger, and they have commenced to improve their roadbeds again, but it will take time to recover the lost ground, and meantime it is reasonable to expect an increased number of accidents. An additional reason for anticipating a run of disasters is that the hardest strain upon the debilitated railroad systems is going to come during the period of reviving business, because there is a direct relation between the liability to accidents and the amount of work to be done. In the last year or two there has been a relatively small number of them, as the late report of the Interstate Commission showed, due in large part to the slackness of business, which led to some reduction in the number of trains and the employment of none but the best workmen; with greater pressure of traffic, such as may be anticipated this year, the test of the deteriorated roadbeds will be severe. These conditions are general throughout the West, though the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe lines are probably in better shape than some others, because, although they, too, have skimped, they were in better shape when the trouble began.

All of this is preliminary to saying that the policy of the states in dealing with the vastly important subject of railroad accidents leaves much to be desired. There could hardly be a higher duty of government in these times than to make the lives of travelers as safe as they can be rendered within the limits of profitable railroading, and yet few states make a serious pretense of investigating accidents, and up to this time the whole subject has been left pretty much to the railroads themselves on the theory that since they are called on to face the financial responsibility for accidents they will do everything which can be done to prevent them. Yet most of the great roads refused to adopt certain safety appliances until compelled by the federal government to do so, and in times of business depression all companies let their maintenance of way run down, as we have already noted. The least that the state can in justice do is to investigate the causes of serious accidents, fix the responsibility, and compel the speedy adoption of improved methods of construction, equipment and operation when their value has been demonstrated.

This recalls to memory the fact that the Wright railroad bill passed by the California legislature at its last session imposed on the state commission the duty of investigating accidents, but the public has not yet heard of much official activity along that line.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

THE VERY FRANK MR. FICKERT.

The coming into court of District Attorney Charles M. Fickert, asking that the Calhoun and other United Railroads indictments be dismissed, was startling. It was anticipated that the liberation of the grafters would be sought more circuitously, but Fickert appears to be nothing if not frank. He gave it as his opinion that he cannot convict the accused on the testimony in his possession. Probably he cannot. Where Francis J. Heney failed there is small encouragement for Fickert to try. Besides, he was neither nominated nor elected with the expectation that he would try. This is not saying that there was any agreement not to, but only that there was a consensus of expectation to that effect. The majority voted the effort to convict malefactors of great wealth futile and anticipated that the election of Fickert would bring the graft prosecutions to an end. In moving to dismiss Mr. Fickert was meeting the expectations of his friends in the frankest, bluntest, speediest way possible.

To be sure there is evidence enough to convict, as there is evidence enough to convince if only a jury could be empannelled that would be truly representative of public opinion, for the public is convinced—every man of it—that Patrick Calhoun caused to be paid to Abraham Ruef, through Tirey L. Ford, the said $200,000. Fickert himself admits, what no sane man would deny, that the supervisors were bribed. If they were bribed somebody bribed them. Who was it? Was it Ruef? If so, then who furnished Ruef the money? Even Ruef, in the affidavit which Fickert cites as showing that he cannot prove, through Ruef, that he obtained the bribe money from Calhoun, is careful not to say that he did not receive money from the United Railroads, Calhoun or Ford, but only that he did not receive it for the purpose of bribing the supervisors. Of course he did not. Bribers do not do things that way. They do not specify who is to be bribed or how much each is to receive. All they ask for their money is that the goods be delivered. They are careful to leave the details to the negotiator. Probably Ruef would swear that he received the $200,000 as an attorney fee, a retainer, but however he received it God Almighty, and the California public, knows that it was bribe money and nothing else and it ought not to require more to convince any jury of the guilt of Calhoun, Ford, et als, than to show that such a sum of money was paid to Ruef and that it came from the United Railroads. That has been shown at each of the trials so convincingly that no man, no friend of the defendants even has the face to deny its truth.

Judge Lawlor was probably wise in refusing to dismiss and ordering the Calhoun case to trial. No case ought to be dismissed when the evidence is such that a conviction ought to be had, and yet the going on with the case with a reluctant prosecutor, can have only one result—the whitewashing of the defendants one and all. Thank God the whitewash will be so thin and so transparent as to deceive no one as to the guilt of the parties charged. They will carry the deep damnation of their crimes to their graves with them and then on to a higher court where no accumulations of moth-eaten and mouldy traditions and precedents can stand between them and their deserts.

On with the trials. We shall see of what material this our new District Attorney is made.

Who Shall Hold It for a Rise?

Is or is it not a good thing to have one man own a million acres of California timber lands? Mr. T. B. Walker, the man who does this, thinks it is a good thing, and he argues that in large holdings the forests are safer than in small holdings, because great capital

sts will protect their property more syste-
atically from dangers of destruction by fire
nan will small capitalists and because the
nds will not be lumbered so soon if kept in
rge holdings on speculation.

That is, Mr. Walker believes this provided
ie burden of taxation be made easier for the
holesale speculators than it has grown to
e in late years, but he entertains gloomy
rebodings of what will become of the Cali-
rnia forests if taxes are kept up. It has
een figured that the average acre of timber
nd in California is assessed at $8, and that
ie state and county taxes thereon amount to
venty cents per year. Putting it that way,
oes it appear that the taxes constitute so
rrible a burden? Would not almost any of
s, owning an acre of thrifty timber, muster
ie twenty cents per year and carry the prop-
ty a few years in the hope that it would
ppreciate in value? But it is different—at
ast it looks different—if one owns a million
res, as Mr. Walker does, because then one's
xes amount to $200,000 per year, and that
quite a sum of money even to a timber-land
ng.

How many of us will weep for the im-
overished owner of a million acres of Cali-
rnia forest? Not many, probably, and yet
ie preservation for prudent use of our
rests is a consideration not second in im-
rtance to any other, but it may be doubted
the common good be consistent with the
ivate holding of forest property on specula-
n. How would it do for the state of Cali-
rnia to take over Mr. Walker's holdings at
fair valuation, conserve and utilize as the
arket requires for the mutual benefit of the
timate consumer and the public treasury?
his may be paternalism, but is it a good
ing for California to permit Mr. T. B.
'alker, or his heirs, to say when and how a
illion acres of its choicest timber lands may
cut over? Look the proposition frankly
the face. Is it best for the common good?

The Democrats to Be Sorely Tempted.

No political party is to be more sorely
mpted in this year of grace than the Dem-
cratic, and right here in California. Men
gh in Republican "organization" councils are
own to have expressed the opinion that this
to be a Democratic year. The palpable
vision in the ranks of the Republicans at
'ashington and in California tend to en-
urage this view. In short, notice has been
rved upon some of the leaders of the Dem-
ratic party in California that if that party
ill be conservative in its nominations (not
cessarily in its resolutions and platforms)
e corporation influence can be thrown their
y this time in the event that the Lincoln-
oosevelters win out in the Republican pri-
aries. The logic of the situation, if nothing
ore, is notice to that effect.

Will our Democratic brethren be able to
thstand the temptation to sacrifice the es-
ntial principles of free government to party
ccess? The Satan of corporate domination
ll beguile them if he can. There is not a
litician for revenue only among them all
o will not jump at the chance to make
:h a traffic arrangement with the Southern
cific's Political Bureau.

t will not be by their platforms and res-
tions that we shall know them, but by
men who are brought before the people
nomination for office. Theodore Bell has
mortgage on the nomination for governor.
O. Miller or "Constitutional John" Cur-
may easily be substituted for him, as may
one of half a dozen others, not omitting
mer Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles. The
l of some of these men for popular govern-
nt as distinguished from corporate is so
as to suggest hothouse propagation. The
nocratic party in California is to be tried
by fire. Will it stand the test? Watch it.

A Square Deal For Webb.

The California Weekly holds no brief for the defense of Attorney General U. S. Webb. The promptings of its instincts are to oppose him. All the political preferment he has enjoyed in this state came to him through "organization" influence and he has always been an "organization" man. We have not heard that he has made overtures to any of the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league for support at the primaries for renomination and election to the office of attorney general. We do not even know that he is or intends to be a candidate, but we do know that some of the statements made about him by Geo. A. Van Smith in the Call of February 4th, were not warranted by the fact.

It is not true that there was no essential difference between the "Webb" and the "Wright" railroad regulation bills. They differ at many points, as a section by section comparison of the two will disclose and, where they differ, the "Webb" bill is good and the "Wright" bill is bad. General Webb stood by his bill to the end, while Governor Gillett, who is supposed to have had some share in preparing the Webb bill, quietly laid down on it and privately supported the Wright substitute for it. And every one knows that it was the "Wright" and not the "Webb" bill that the "organization" fought for.

But the railroad rate bill was only one count in the case which the Southern Pacific's political bureau has against Webb. He made a splendid fight for the recovery for the people of the San Pedro water front, and the water front at Sacramento. His part in the investigation of discriminatory rates seems to have been upright and courageous. In short, General Webb has, within the last two years at least, done some good big things, to which this paper has already called attention, that are unquestionably Right Things, and The California Weekly is of the opinion that it is because of these Right Things that Webb has done that the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau has thrown him over.

This is not saying that the support of Frank McGowan for attorney general by the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau may not have been, as Van Smith says it was, the result of a bargain between that bureau and the McCarthy push here in San Francisco. Very likely it was, but the throwing over of Webb did not enter into that transaction. That had been prearranged.

Wipe Out That Deficiency.

Congress and the press is much exercised over the deficiency in the postoffice department of the United States government. That deficiency ought not to exist. The postoffice department is no longer an infant industry. It ought to be self sustaining without protection. The only new feature that may need subsidizing until it can be made self sustaining is rural free delivery and if a parcels post were established on a liberal basis even this valuable department of the public service would soon pay its own way.

President Taft and the Postmaster General are of the opinion that the periodicals of the country do not pay their own way. They are probably mistaken, but if they do not they ought to. The great source of profit to the department is in the first class mail matter —the letters. The rate is 2 cents per ounce, but on an average letters weigh less than half an ounce each, so the rate received is actually 64 cents per pound, an enormously profitable rate. The "what the traffic will bear," principle is not a bad one for the government to apply. To be sure it involves the power to tax, but that power is inherent in government as it is not in transportation companies. Letters will stand a 2 cents per ounce rate while periodicals may not stand 2 cents per pound.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"Is there any greater contempt than that of the brave man for cowardice and that of the straightforward man for insincerity? Yes; two—the contempt of the ignorant man for knowledge and of the soulless man for ideals."

The foregoing, from the Fresno Republican, contains about as much of human wisdom as may be packed into thirty-eight words. The bravery of the brave man may be a matter of physical constitution, of iron nerves, as the cowardice of the timid man may be the result of a delicate inheritance, of a lack of nurture prior to birth. Lincoln's "legs cases," constantly appealed to him. He, himself, was a brave man, there were none more brave, but he could appreciate the plight of the relatively few whose legs ran away with them whenever the minies began to go screaming by and the shells to whimper overhead.

The straightforward man loves sincerity, but he can put up with insincerity as a form of moral cowardice, a species of legs case that runs away from truth through fear of consequences. Insincerity is the native weapon of the weak and whoever resorts to insincerity proclaims his own weakness. Strong characters pity weakness rather than cherish contempt for it.

The ignorant man's contempt for knowledge is the result of his ignorance, a badge of stupidity for the possession of which he may or may not be to blame. By reason of his attitude toward learning the ignorant man ever stands in his own light, and he, himself, and those immediately dependent upon him, are the chief sufferers because of his stupidity. It is generally a family matter and seldom becomes of serious public consequence unless the family of the ignoramus becomes a public charge.

But the case of the soulless man is different. His malady is contagious. No brave person can be induced to become cowardly through the example of a coward, and few sincere men can be enticed into becoming insincere through the unwholesome example of any Janus-faced double-dealer. The spectacle is too disgusting. And when was there ever an ignorant man whose figure in society led others to wish to be ignorant also?

With the soulless man it is indeed different. He it is who thinks only of self. He is ever reaching out for some personal advantage and, unless he be stupid and ignorant, he is not unlikely to get what he reaches after, and so become an example of thrift and worldly success in a world that is all too much inclined to overrate mere acquisition. Such a man may blot out many a soul beside his own. He may share his contempt for men of ideals with a hundred others in a year. If he be a good grabber his trail through life may be tracked by the wreckage of the shattered ideals of all those who came within his sphere of influence. He is as contagious as scabies.

Old Isaac Watts was not quite right in rounding off his verse by declaring that, "The mind is the standard of the man." He was nearer the truth when he said that, "I must be measured by my soul." We judge men with righteous judgment only when we judge them by their ideals. If one have the ideals of a hog he will be a hog, if of a man he will be a man. The soulless man has nothing but contempt for the man with lofty ideals, and the man with lofty ideals nothing but sorrow for the man without ideals, which also is the equivalent of being without a soul.

Books appear to some men as odors: Burns, they say, smells like a rose; Swift stinks. To others, they are colors: Keats is golden; Shelley, crystaline; Carlyle, pitch tinged with the flames of red. To others, they are mere things, repositories of ideas: they—well, they are no poets, surely.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Adding to Colorado's Tillable Domain.

The total of lands now under irrigation in Colorado, and these comprise a large part of the lands that are valuable for agricultural and horticultural purposes, is estimated by reliable authority at 2,317,255 acres. To this amount it is estimated that fully 1,000,000 acres will be added during 1910 by irrigation enterprises now under way, and it is further estimated that during the year 1911 at least as much more will be added. That is, the irrigated part of the state will be about doubled during the next two years. Come now and let us reason together concerning what this means to the state of Colorado and its people. Every ten acres of this rich land which is to be taken from the horned toad and given to man ultimately will be sufficient to support a family in American comfort. That is to say, 200,000 families will be given a chance to live where none now could live. Say that there are five persons in an average family. Mental arithmetic will suffice; you need not get out your pencil and paper to demonstrate that a million will be added to Colorado's population capacity. There should be good times ahead for the Centennial State, and all because of that intelligent use of water which makes the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Fourth American City in Size.

Just by way of a rough guess what city would you say was the fourth in America in size? New York easily is the first, Chicago as easily is the second, Philadelphia is third—but the fourth? The answer is not so easy, and it is not so easy for the reason that we are trying to find this fourth city within the confines of the United States, and it is not here. It is Buenos Aires, which, as everybody knows, is in Argentine Republic, South America. The census of that city which was completed on October 22, 1909, showed that the population numbered 1,189,662. Moreover, this was an increase in five years of 238,771, or somewhat more than 5 per cent. per annum. It is reported, too, that Buenos Aires now is growing more rapidly than it has at any time in the past, though it need but equal its record of the past five years to have a population of more than 1,700,000 in 1920. It is evident that the hour of progress has struck for some parts of long-slothful South America, and other parts still are but waiting to catch the first echo of its chime.

The Food Supply Not Diminishing.

In a recent address in congress Representative Douglas of Ohio contended that "our food supply, raised upon our farms, has not kept pace relatively with our increase in population," and quoted various statistics, the source of which is not given in the despatches, to demonstrate that his assertion accords with the fact. It is regrettable that Mr. Douglas apparently did not mention where he found his statistics, for, as they are in controversion of those given by the Department of Agriculture, it would be interesting to know how much, if any, credence should be given to them. In its latest report, published but a few weeks ago, the department reported the amount of various food stuffs, per capita of population, raised in the period from 1866 to 1875 inclusive, and again in the period from 1905 to 1908 inclusive. In the earlier period the wheat per capita raised was 6.2 bushels, in the later period, 7.9; corn, earlier period 24.6, later 31.8; oats, 6.9, and 9.8; barley .7, and 1.9; rye .5, and .4; potatoes 3, and 3.4. These are the principal grains, etc., and it will be noted that, notwithstanding representative Douglas' assertion, they have more than "kept pace relatively with our increase in population," if the Department of Agriculture is to be believed. With respect to the meat supply the report is not so encouraging, although it might be worse. Per capita of population there has been a decrease in sheep from .80 to .64, in swine from .69 to .64, and in milch cows from .25 to .24, but there is an increase in other cattle from .37 to .58. So it will be seen that there should be no shortage in beef, whatever there may be in mutton and pork. Either prevailing high prices are not generally due to short supply or the Department of Agriculture has made a serious error.

Palestine for the Jews.

Slowly, peaceably, but surely, the Jews are recovering their ancient home, Palestine, and during the last few years they have taken great strides in this direction. This has been especially the case since Turkey's new constitution opened the country to them. It is said that four-fifths of the population of Jerusalem now is composed of Hebrews. The lands around Lake Tiberias and the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon now are farmed by Jews, while capitalists of that race are rapidly purchasing the valley of the Jordan. From Dan to Beersheba their colonies extend, and, in fact, the entire Holy Land, not long ago overrun and dominated by Mohammedans, now is largely occupied and developed by Jews. Synagogues are being erected everywhere, and Jerusalem alone has more than one hundred Jewish schools. A long time have they wandered, but the dream of their wise men of old seems to be "coming true."

Alcoholization and Deterioration.

"No nation shows so much deterioration as the English, and there is no nation that is so alcoholized." Notwithstanding that the foregoing assertion was made by an Englishman of some repute, it is not necessary to believe its first clause, at any rate, nor is it likely that many will do so. The remark was made by Dr. Albert Wilson in an address before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, of London, and some of the alleged facts to which he called attention are worthy of consideration. For example, he asserts that about one million persons are arrested annually in the United Kingdom, and 60 to 70 per cent. of these arrests are due to over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks. On what the authority for this statement is based Doctor Wilson does not say, and it might puzzle him to do so, but the records of criminal courts in general will indorse him to some extent. Doctor Wilson said, further, that the United Kingdom's executioner, who had executed more than 600 criminals, informed him that in four cases out of five the crimes of his victims were due to drink, and there is not much reason to believe that the executioner lied. So runs the tale as the doctor tells it, and it is an old, old story, with chapters that are applicable in other countries than Great Britain.

Fire That Burned Fifty-one Years.

About two years before the beginning of the Civil War, or, to be exact, on February 15, 1859, fire was discovered in an anthracite coal mine near Summit Hill in northeastern Pennsylvania. Some two or three weeks ago it was extinguished, but, from the time it was discovered until then, it had burned constantly, consuming, it is estimated, $25,000,000 worth of coal. Numerous attempts had been made to extinguish it, but none were successful, and it doubtless still would have been burning had it not become apparent that it was about to spread into Lansford valley, where $2,000,000,000 worth of coal would have been endangered. This situation called for strenuous and even heroic measures, and they were adopted, with success.

Women Marrying Later in Life.

The contention that women now marry later in life than they formerly did appears to be borne out, at least so far as Great Britain is concerned, by statistics compiled by the Royal Statistical Society. According to these statistics, the average age of the women who married in 1896 was twenty-five years and one month. About twelve years thereafter this average age had increased to twenty-five years six and one half months.

Large Beneficences.

During the year 1909 Elizabeth F. Noble left $500,000 to humane and antivivisection societies; Mrs. Sarah Morris, widow of the Chicago beef packer, left $400,000 to a hospital for children; Mrs. Sarah Todd of Carlisle, Pa., left $750,000 to a home for aged women; Lady Cook, formerly Tennessee Claflin of New York, gave $1,000,000 to the cause of women suffrage; Miss Helen Frick gave a playground to Pittsburg; Miss Edith Rockefeller McCormick gave $200,000 to beautify Lake Forest, Ill., and Miss Caroline Phelps-Stokes gave $300,000 for negro schools and tenement houses.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

The Poems of Robert Burns.

The poet of the people, the poet of democ-acy, is Robert Burns. More than either of hese, he is the poet of manhood, the sort of nanhood Brutus had, the manhood eulogized y Burns in "the honest man's the noblest ork of God," and "a man's a man for a' that."

Burns had grievous faults, but he had a eart and a conscience, and nobly he repented is misdeeds and manfully he made public onfession of them. His faults were the faults f too much vitality, too ardent spirits, too uch eagerness to enjoy all the sensations of bounding youth. But with them went a pas-ionate love of goodness, a genuine and deep everence for sincere piety, a consuming unger for the happiness of all men and an qually intense sympathy with all human opes and sorrows. Another attribute was the omplement of these: a fierce hatred of ypocrisy, of cant, of injustice, of oppression, f pride of place, of all those things that throw p artificial and injurious barriers between an and man. Burns's excoriations of these hings are as terrible as his lyrics and love ongs are tender. "Holy Willie's Prayer" is type of the one, and the "Lines on a Field louse" are typical of the other state of feel-ng, both states rooted in the same passion for ustice and in the same overflowing love for ll good and innocent things.

Poor Bobbie, "ye asked for bread and they ae gi'en ye a stane," as his old mother said. But, on the other hand, he said of himself that e longed with unbelievable ardor for fame. Fortunate Burns, he has his wish, and, more nd better, the abiding affection of humanity.

A THEATRE FOR THE MASSES.

Charles Frohman is to build a new theatre n the east side, in Rivington street, where he working classes will be able to see all the atest Broadway plays at low prices, the ighest-priced seat to be fifty cents, says the New York Times. The theatre is expected o be on the east side what The New Theatre s to the west side. It is expected to be in peration by next September, and it will be onducted in every sense as a "people's, or oor man's," theatre. Mr. Frohman has an mbitious plan of having well-known play-rights like J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, and lenri Bernstein contribute plays without oyalty.

The name of the playhouse is to be The East Side Theatre, and it will be unique in nany ways. According to Mr. Frohman it is o be a place where the working classes can ee the best that is to be had in the modern rama, acted by a capable company, headed y a succession of prominent stars. Mr. Frohman frankly states that his plan is de-igned to increase the number of people who ant to see good plays.

In many instances it is expected that promi-ent players will volunteer their services in rder to keep the venture self-supporting. The heatre will be located on or near Rivington treet, where Mr. Frohman now has under onsideration a structure which can easily be onverted into a good-sized theatre.

"A great many new theatres have lately one up," said Mr. Frohman last night, "and great many old ones also. For the most art, I am interested in building new plays, ot new theatres. There is, however, one ore that I intend to build, namely, the one n Rivington street, in which the best stars nd plays will be given on the east side. The est side is well taken care of by The New heatre. Its splendid productions and its fine tors have proved that some plays need not ave long runs. Now I want to give the east de the best stars with plays that have had ng runs. It will add one more theatre to e list, but I think it will make thousands of w theatregoers."

In books are all men, all times, all arts, all ars, all industries, all knowledge, all wisdom, l records of things past, all prophecies of ings to be.

OF LONG BOOKS.

I have just come to the last chapter of a very long book, as books are considered these days—Taine's History of English Literature. It is in two volumes, of wide leaves and type smaller than this, about eleven hundred pages in all. I can hear you groan. And, thinking of our writers of the day, you may well groan; conceive, if you can, which one of them could interest you to the thousandth page, and instruct you on every page.

This monstrous thing Taine does. He has taken the significant figures of all English literature, from before Chaucer to Tennyson, and has revealed the national origins of their genius, the continuity of their national spirit, and the philosophical principles that underlie their creation. In a sense, this is an encyclopedia of facts; if it were no more, it would be murderously dull. In another sense, it is a romance of genius, with English poets for its heroes; if it were no more, it would be interminably futile. But, as it is both history and romance, it is at once informing, and illuminating, and suggestive, and interesting.

My purpose in so describing Taine's work as both interesting and long is to call attention for a moment to the vicious mutilation of ideas involved in the modern craze for brevity in books. To accommodate our reading to the perennial interruptions of modern life, we have made endless books of "half hours with great authors," "little masterpieces of fiction, poetry, or what not," "great moments of great orators," and a thousand other devices for the quick consumption of the most highly spiced portion of every great man's work, utterly disregarding the attendant danger of dyspepsia from such a diet and equally disregarding the certainty of vitiating the appetite so that we shall never be able to relish an intellectual square meal again. It is stimulating to have a great truth thrust forever upon the mind by reading Hamlet's soliloquy in a collection of "gems from the masters," but the reader who does so does not know Hamlet, nor Shakespeare.

There is no space here in which to amplify the idea, but is it not worth while to consider whether it is not really more entertaining as well as more profitable to follow one rounded, orderly, sequent, and completed work of the mind, even though it be long and though the spare moments of many weeks be required, than it is to catch ten thousand unconnected though pretty glimpses into the doors and windows of great souls through the medium of extracts and synopses and abbreviations and "made-easies" of current manufacture?

Californian Poets' Corner

HOME.

By Edward Rowland Sill.

It is said that when he wrote this beautiful little poem Edward Rowland Sill had in mind the Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland, the "little city in the hills," in which lie so many of the former inhabitants of the bay cities.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if thro' tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

A NEW STORY BY TOLSTOY.

The latest story of Leo Tolstoy deals with a legend entitled "The Work of God" he is accustomed to tell the companions of his walks in the neighborhood of Jasnaja-Poljana, says the New York Sun. The legend as Tolstoy relates it is as follows:

In a far land there lived a king whose soul was filled with care as old age approached. "I have," he said, "during my life enjoyed everything and seen everything possible for the human eye to see; but there is one thing which in my life I have never seen, and that is God. Him I will see!" And turning to his counsellors and dignitaries and priests he commanded them on pain of being thrown into jail and heavily punished to show him God before three days had passed.

The courtiers sadly waited the expiration of the period and at the end of it were summoned before the king. They continued to keep silence, and the king was about to order them to prison when a poor shepherd at that moment approached and addressed the king.

"Sire," he prayed, "grant me a wish."

"It is well," replied the king, "but, remember, your life is at stake."

And the shepherd led the king to a place, pointed to the blazing sun, and said, "Look up!" The king raised his head and tried to look at the shining mass, but the sun's rays dazzled him and he lowered his head and closed his eyes.

"What mean you?" he asked. "Would you have me blinded?"

Thereupon said the shepherd: "Sire, that is only one of the creations of God, a single ray of His glory, a small corner of His brightly burning throne. How then can you expect to see God with your weak and weeping eyes? You must endeavor to see God with other eyes."

The king was pleased and said: "I honor your intelligence and the understanding of your soul. Answer me therefore the following question: What was before God?"

The shepherd thought for a while, then spoke: "I pray you sire, not to be angry, but —count."

The king began: "One, two, three—"

"No, no," interrupted the shepherd; "You don't count right; you don't begin to count before one."

"How is that possible?" objected the king. "There is nothing before one."

"A wise word, sire," said the shepherd: "neither was there anything before God."

The king, still more pleased with the shepherd's wisdom, continued: "I will richly reward you, but answer me one more question—what does God do?"

"Good," replied the shepherd boy, "I will reply. But first change garments with me."

And the king took off his royal robes and put them on the shepherd, clothing himself as a shepherd. And the shepherd ascended the throne, took the sceptre in his hand, and pointing to the king standing at the foot of the throne said: "That is what God does. One He raises to the throne, another He drives away from it." And he resumed his shepherd's clothing.

The king stood for a while deep in thought. At last he raised his head and exclaimed in tones of joy, "Yes, now I see God!"

A new novel by James Lane Allen, for spring publication, is "A Brood of the Eagle." As in the others of Mr. Allen's stories, the scene is rural Kentucky. The direct personal theme of the novel is the noble but unfortunate love of a country doctor.

The former Empress of France, Eugenie, has once more given a categorical denial to the statement that she has written her memoirs. About six months ago her secretary printed a denial in the Paris Figaro and recently he sent a letter to the Times declaring that "she has not written and is not writing any memoirs, and that any publication of that kind would be apocryphal." This letter bears the date January 9th.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE

"WORK TEST," "FREE FLOPS," AND RELIGION ON THE BARBARY COAST.

Down in the toughest part of the toughest district in San Francisco—namely, on lower Pacific street, the "Barbary Coast"—you may happen on a short, stocky man with a square jaw and clear eyes and a stubby mustache, whose gait and manner give you the impression of great physical strength, of vitality of spirits, and of a positive, aggressive personality. You will always find him busy. He works from early morning until midnight, every day in the year. He handles large sums of money, directs large enterprises, bosses many men. He has been at work in this district for five years, with a growing burden of labor and responsibility upon him, yet with a growing optimism and cheerfulness. And he has yet to receive one cent of salary for his work. The clothes he wears are neat, but they are second-hand clothes, the gift of charity.

This man's name is J. C. Westenberg. He is busy fighting the devil. He does not think of this devil as the polite Christian of an uptown congregation does: he thinks of the devil as a genuine citizen of the district, who sends drunken, broken men to him, ruined girls, hopeless and wrecked boys, from the saloons and dance halls and brothels next door and up and down both sides of his street. This devil is eternally busy, and only an energetic and aggressive man can hope to keep up the fight against him.

Mr. Westenberg is no kid-gloved acquaintance of this devil. He got acquainted with him through whiskey, gambling, and the jail. He used to be on intimate terms with him when he was a "booster" for a joint south-of-Market in "the old days," as he calls them, when he used to bum free drinks and turn a little money on the side with the cards. As a result, he knows the tricks this devil uses and, better for his present purpose, he knows the soul of the men and women upon whom this devil works, as he knows their slang and their life and their haunts.

So, when he "got religion" he got a call to fight this devil—got the call direct from a Power as personal and real and immanent in his eyes as this devil is. And, being a forthright man and a born fighter, he promptly "went to him" with his fighting blood up, and he has stayed with the fight where it was sure to be the hottest.

First, however, he married a woman of his own convictions and with the same fighting strain, and they have been as one in the trouble ever since. So, in this article, wherever "he" is spoken of, it must be understood that she is at his side, inspiring his fighting arm.

He started the "Whosoever-Will" Rescue Mission in a basement under a saloon on Pacific street, in the heart of the tenderloin, May 1, 1904. The first night about thirty people from an uptown church came down to help, and about half as many "sinners" from the street dropped in. The second night, about sixteen "Christians" came down, and a few more "sinners." Pretty soon, the audience was all sinners and no Christians. It afterwards developed that some of the Christians had caught some of the sinners' vermin and had stayed away thereafter in disgust. This phase of "going into the highways and hedges" might have been all right in the days of the Good Samaritan, but modern sensibilities are "different"—with some people.

Not so with the Westenbergs. They calmly boiled their clothes every night and stayed in the basement. From the basement they went into the street, where they encountered worse troubles. The saloon keepers threw rotten eggs at them, poured buckets of stale beer on them from the roofs, "sicked" the police and the fire department on them. The Westenbergs' only regret was that they could not get as big a crowd as they wanted.

Finally somebody told Mr. Westenberg that a similar mission somewhere gave free coffee to the men. He painted a big sign and hung it out: "Free Coffee—Now!" The sinners came for the coffee. They got it, and some straight-arm religion in the lingo they understood. Some of them got religion, all of them got coffee, the Westenbergs got a hearing for their appeal. That was all they asked.

Some of the more worthy sinners were out of a job and had no place to sleep. Mr. Westenberg got a few beds and let eight men in every night. Others, just as worthy, had no place to sleep, and asked to be allowed to use the floor. Mattresses were thrown down and more men let in. Floor space gave out and an attic was opened up and floored with pieces of old boxes, and more men accommodated. Finally, the mattresses gave out, and Mr. Westenberg regretfully told applicants that he could not do anything for them. A typical bum appealed from the edict.

"Well, you c'n give a fellow a free flop somewhere on the floor, can't you?"

He could, and did. From this idea has now grown a system of "free flops" that are nightly accepted with gratitude by hundreds of men. The present free flop consists in the applicant giving his underwear to the attendant for deposit overnight in a fumigator, the applicant accepting in exchange a free shower bath under hot water and a coarse blanket in which to lie on a bare plank bunk during the night. This sounds like rough treatment, but it is a godsend to a man who is down on his luck, to whom this rude substitute for a Turkish bath means refreshment, cleansing, and a night's lodging. The eagerness with which it is accepted is proof of its attractions.

Later came the idea of providing cheap meals. The experiment was tried, and proved a success. But in many cases the unfortunates have not the price of even the cheapest meal. The answer to this need was "the work test." "If you want a meal, we'll let you earn it." Men were set to work picking up cast-off goods-cases and other refuse wood. A woodyard was established, and so many hours a day at the wood-pile was the price of three meals and a bed. If a man showed by his work that he was anxious for work, he could get a day off when he wanted it, to look for a job. This system continues, and has tided thousands of men over a period of destitution.

But to get back to the devil. The fire of 1906 put the "Barbary Coast" and the mission out of business together. The Westenbergs moved to Oakland and started a mission and a woodyard there. But in July, 1907, they came back to "the coast." They hadn't a cent in the world, but they leased an abandoned saloon for $100 a month and went to work. When the rent was due they were $20 short, but the collector failed to come around on time, and before he got there two strangers came in, on separate days, and slipped money into Mr. Westenberg's hand and ran out without leaving their names. These timely contributions made a few cents over $20. The incident sounds like a fairy tale or a lie. It is neither. The Westenbergs say "the Lord did it." The writer doesn't pretend to know, but it happened, just the same.

The work prospered, and finally began to spread. Mr. Westenberg got hold of another ramshackle building and put up more beds. These were soon filled nightly. He found a loft on Pacific street, directly opposite the mouth of Bartlett alley. The loft had been used as a herding place for Japanese prostitutes. Mr. Westenberg transformed it into a men's lodging house, where a hundred and more men find nightly shelter. Bartlett alley, opposite, is a solid block of houses of prostitution. To-day, across the street from its mouth, when men crane their heads fearfully up and down to be sure they are not detected leaving the alley, their eyes fall upon a sign, with letters two feet high, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Up in the next block on Pacific street is the ramshackle remains of the house of ill fame which was run by Schmitz and Ruef up to the time of the indictments by the Oliver grand jury. To-day, this place is occupied by bunks for a hundred-odd homeless men. Just beyond it is "the wine dump," a famous dispensary of cheap wine in bulk. Mr. Westenberg put up a sign in flaming red letters that are contrasted with the bare wall of "the wine dump," warning the public that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." The dump's owners and patrons do not like to be reminded of the fact, and they shy bricks through the sign at every opportunity. But it stays up.

All this sounds crude, and it is. But Mr. Westenberg's personal devil uses some pretty raw devices, himself, and Mr. Westenberg is fighting the devil with fire, and naturally he uses brimstone to do it. Incidentally, it is effective. Mr. Westenberg has reclaimed hundreds of men from a life of brutal degeneracy to a life of usefulness and self-respect. We may cavil at the methods: the results are the important things.

A still later expansion of the work is the Men's Industrial Home, at 619 Sansome street. Here a printing shop, a carpenter shop, and a barber shop provide temporary employment for the man out of a job. A hundred or more beds are also fitted up, besides the usual shower-bath and fumigator. A reading-room is another accessory, and a free employment bureau completes the equipment.

Here are some figures that show what the Westenbergs have done: To-day they run a cheap restaurant, a woodyard, a free bath-house and fumigator (the "free flop" place), shops to employ men, and five "shelters" where 500 to 1,000 men find nightly lodgings in the winter, and from 300 to 500 in the summer. They also manage a rescue home for girls, where the women are cared for and given a new start in the world. All of these are in San Francisco. In Oakland are a shelter and a woodyard.

In the five years of their work they have given out 910,580 cups of coffee, free; they have given baths to, and fumigated the clothes of, 25,000 men; they have supplied "free flops" to 227,645 men; they have applied the "work test" and given in exchange for it, beds to 71,445 men, and meals to 214,175 men; they have given Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to 10,350 people. They have handled about $45,000 in money, of which they have kept a double-entry record of every cent. And, by their application of the "work test" to their beneficiaries, **60 per cent. of all this charity is self-sustaining.** The remainder is made up by gifts of all sorts. The mission has been investigated and is endorsed by the church federation of San Francisco.

One method of raising funds is of unique value. The mission sells to charitable people a book of ten tickets for a dollar. The mission will redeem these tickets by a meal or by a bed and bath. The purchaser gives them to men who beg on the streets, instead of giving money. This guarantees that the charity will not be used to buy beer, and that, if the applicant is worthy, he will get what he needs most. Ninety-five per cent. of these tickets are used by the men who receive them. Some of these men, of course, are mere "bums," but hundreds of them really need the assistance these tickets bring.

I walked up Pacific street with Mr. Westenberg, when two drunken fellows flourished their fists and bawled senseless nothings at him. When they had passed I asked him how he handled the roughs who tried to break up his meetings. He stopped short and doubled the muscles of his right arm.

"Feel that," he said.

I was answered. There was a bunch of muscles as big as a Sandow's, and hard as oak. Mr. Westenberg's square jaw shut down and he added, grimly: "There are some mighty hard customers sometimes, but no man has ever yet come down the Barbary Coast that I couldn't put down and out."

I was reminded of Kipling's sailor who got religion and preached it on the cattle ships, who

"Always turned the other cheek, even as
Scripture says,
But afterwards I knocked him down and led
him up to grace."

Here, then, is a fighting Christian, who can put the fear of the Lord into the hearts of tough characters in a way they can under-

(Concluded on Page 184.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Let Us Pretend.

Now let us pretend, my bonny Blue Eyes;
Now let us pretend together
That sweet are the blossoms, and blue are the skies,
And fair is our Summerland weather,
And let us pretend that the loyal and kind
Are many, the faithless are few.
Ah, sweet is pretending like this, for you'll find
It is true, little one, it is true.

Now we will pretend, my wee Golden Head,
Pretend as the bliss of all blisses,
One tucks you away in your own little bed
With prayers and the tenderest kisses,
And the kisses are blessings to lighten your load,
And the prayers all your strength shall renew
As you struggle along on the wearisome road—
And it's true, little one, it is true.

And, oh, we'll pretend, my bonnie, my own,
That never so far can we wander
Our faltering journey is wholly unknown
To One who is heeding Up Yonder;
We'll pretend, we'll pretend that He knows and He cares,
That His pity falls sweet as His dew,
And ever He stoops and our burden He shares—
And it's true, little one, it is true.

* * *

The Thoughtful Man on McCarthy.

"Well, we have him," said the Thoughtful Man.

"Have whom?" I inquired.

"Have McCarthy," was the reply. "That is, I guess we have him, unless he has us. Sometimes I don't know whether he has us, or we have him, or either has neither, or neither has either, or both. 'Tis like the question about the small boy and the measles: Did Tommy have the measles, or did the measles have Tommy? Either answer is distressing.

"McCarthy had the labor vote, and we saw to it that he had the vote of capitalists and of those free-born American citizens whom we mention only after taking gas. So he was elected, and 'twas a noble victory for the higher-ups. We were happily celebrating the joyous event, when we were made conscious of a low, sibilant, distressing sound like the last wheeze of a compressed windpipe. 'Twas McCarthy shutting off the wind from the scheme to sell Spring Valley at a price that would remunerate the widows and orphans, and 'twas a blow.

"This throttled our jubilations somewhat, but we were endeavoring to resume them, when there came a noise like an Apache warwhoop. 'Twas McCarthy calling on labor to stand on its hind legs and resume control of the city. 'Rouse ye, Labor,' he says; 'git up,' says he, 'and take what belongs to ye. I have the key of the city for ye.'

"We were attempting to jubilate again, though it was sickly, when we heard a strange, clicking sound. 'Twas McCarthy talking Chinese. 'Allee timee fan-tan allee likee,' says he, and the yellow boys responded.

"I don't want to spring a prize conundrum on you," the Thoughtful Man concluded, "but I wish somebody would tell me whether we have McCarthy or he has us. Which do you suppose it is?"

"Ask the Higher-ups," says I.

"They're puzzled, too," said he.

* * *

Cruel and Inhuman Sentence.

"I dreamed that Calhoun had been convicted and sentenced."

"Yes?"

"Yes, but the higher court granted a new trial on the ground that the sentence was excessive, cruel and inhuman."

"What was the sentence?"

"That he be compelled to ride on his own street-cars daily between 5 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon."

The Opinions of Rufus.

They's several authorities for the theory that women is men's mental inferiors, but it's some disturbin' to my confidin' faith to notice that they're all men.

It's a beautiful and yit affectin' thought that when aeroplanes are common they'll prob'ly take some of us nearer heaven than we'll ever git in any other way.

They's nothin' to the old joke 'bout 'Piscopals havin' nothin' to do with religion or politics—every once in a while one of them takes an int'rest in politics.

I've known some bright fellers in my time, but jest at present I don't ricollect any that had sech extry brains that they needed to put anything in their mouth to reduce the quality.

More I study folks I meet, the more I can't help wonderin' why we don't have to build more asylums.

Most pleasures in this world are a good deal like slidin' down hill—one minute of fun an' ten minutes of pullin' the sled up again.

More some people talk the more they remind me that the bass drum makes the most noise of any instrument in the band 'cause it's the emptiest. (No, Ezry, I ain't sayin' a word 'bout our honnered mayor.)

I don't know of anything much more affectin' than to see a husband an' wife quarrelin' over where to hang the motto, "God Bless Our Home."

"Ye cannot serve God an' Mammon," but both Mr. Rockefeller an' Mr. Morgan insist that there can be imitations so close that they can hardly be detected frum the original.

The difference between gossip an' scandal is that the first is told 'bout your neighbor an' the last is shamefully directed at you.

Some husbands could git a valuable pointer from the rooster. He praises the hen every time she lays an egg.

* * *

The Laws Need Amendment, but—

"The laws need amendment," the President said,
"So that ne'er for a technical flaw
The rogues may escape the sentence they dread
And the feel of the halter's draw."
And the lawyers who honor their calling indeed
Responded, "Amen! May it be!
We tire of applying the technical creed
Which serveth the rascals to free."

But the lawyers who were of a certain kind
One eye, as in merriment shut,
And muttered, "There's cash in the game, we find;
The laws need amendment, but—"

"The laws need amendment," the Justice said,
"For ours is distortion of law.
If a beggar is guilty, 'tis 'Off with his head!'
But the rich find a technical flaw."
And the people responded, "Amen and amen!
We weary of technical fudge,
Of rich malefactors escaping the 'pen'
Because of the aid of a Judge."

Said the lawyer (he was of a certain style):
"There's coin in the technical rut,
So pardon, I prithee, my wink and my smile;
The laws need amendment, but—"

The laws need amendment we know very well—
It needs not the President's word—
And we send to amend them some varlets who sell
Their souls if the whistle is heard.
The pothouse productions, the smooth "vote-for me's,"
The henchmen in Higher-up pay;
The laws need amendment—keep voting for these,
They'll need that amendment alway.

For the fellows (that is, of a certain class)
Who win the political cut
Quite often remark, "The public's an ass!
The laws need amendment, but—"

When She Holds Man Second.

In the pride of your untutored young manhood, Alonzo, you feel that man has vast influence with the gentler sex. In fact, you feel that you know this is so, for it was last evening—was it not?—that Mabel, her golden head resting upon your shoulder, assured you in sweet and tremulous accents that there was no sacrifice which her overwhelming love would not make for you. She believed herself, too, even as you believed her; but wait until you are married, and then see. Possessing some rudiments of good taste, or of taste that has not gone violently insane, you will some day entreat her about as follows:

"Mabel, in the name of all that is good and beautiful, I implore you never to wear one of these overwhelming hats which look like a decayed hope and cause the wearer to look like a horse-fly seeking refuge under a toadstool."

Mabel will look sympathetic, but she will endeavor to divert your mind by inquiring whether you think it will rain to-morrow. In vain; you will continue:

"And, my darling, if you love me and respect my agonized feelings, you will not disfigure that beauteous head by a wildly-tossing mop of hair clipped from the head of some misguided barbarian who needed it in her own business. Mabel, as you are mine and I am yourn, promise me that I always shall be able to measure your captive hair with less than a ten-feet tapeline."

That ought to fetch her, ought it not, Alonzo? But it will not. The dear girl really would like to please you, but now enters the influence compared with which that of man is a cheap article. The voice of Fashion has been heard, and let mere man stand out of the way. The next time you meet Mabel on the street you won't know her unless you burrow beneath her hat, and then you won't because of her hair. It is tough for a man to have to be introduced to his only own wife, but lots of men have to come to it in these days.

I write it, Alonzo, not reproachfully, not chidingly, but as somber recognition of a dread fact. The blessed girls really would like to please us, they yearn to do so, but Fashion orders them to crucify their native beauty, and—well, what in thunder would you do, if you were a woman?

* * *

Bohemia, the Moon and Bispham.

(Submitted in sympathy, now that David Bispham has been engaged—for pay!—and Bohemia's jinks cannot be held in the full of the moon.)

Now ill betide that errant moon—
Oho!—
For it gets full too late or soon—
Ah, woe!—
To suit Bohemia's sylvan play,
And Bispham's coming, and for pay!
Can nymphs and sprites hide their dismay?
Oh, no!

Me curses on pale Luna's crimes—
Ah me!—
Who gets full but at stated times,
You see.
Yet there is solace, I can prove,
For Bacchus treads not in a groove,
And none needs wait for Luna's move
Tralee!

* * *

When Money Talks.

"Money talks," the saying goes
Guess of words it's shy,
For all it ever says to me
Is merely this: "Good by."

* * *

Keep Joggin' 'Long.

Noticed this at divers times
While trav'lin' in the throng:
The way to reach your station is
To just keep joggin' 'long

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THINGS.

[The following communication to The California Weekly contains some philosophy that we do not agree with, but we found it so interesting and so optimistic from a rather novel basis of optimism, to be sure that we cannot forego sharing it with our readers.—The Editor.]

The Editor,
The California Weekly,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:—I like you least when you take to talking in the terms of evolution, and diagnosing our human case in the language of the survival of the strong and of the fit. Dr. David Starr Jordan told Jack London once that he was badly in need of a college education to orient up his view point. Doctor Jordan isn't far from the office of The California Weekly. If a memory running back four years isn't elastic enough to have become sieve-like the biological syllabus of Doctor Jordan preaches quite another evolutionary decalogue than that to which you appeal.

In the first place Nature's never going to let you get away from the fact that she had as much to do with the making of man as any of the sub-human forms, and therefore had as much to do with the instilling into the hearts of men those qualities of hope, faith and charity, also citizenship and fellowship, as she did those qualities of conquest and struggle and fight and ruin practiced upon the weak by the conquering strong. Wherefore Nature backs up and fashionably buttresses about her moral law as firmly as she does her Jungle Law; each has its proper zone and its sphere. In either of the spheres he is a luckless cuss who tries to operate on the code of the other; the moralist is luckless and "appalled," as you put it, before the "unmoral" fact of some conquest of nature, only where he's preaching a false conception of the zone within which the moral law grew, thrived and has its being.

And therefore the sphere in which it is God's law, as there is that other sphere in which his is the Jungle Law.

The moralist is luckless who, for instance, would try to stand in the path of the throwing of our world's business onto the Big Unit basis. The Trust is wholly protected and entrenched by economic needs to which it gave an economic answer. It has come to remain, and the moralist who would try to harry it forth to destruction harries in vain, whether in muck-raking journal, prayerful pulpit, or insurging congressional seat. Nature, then—God's nature, and Christ's nature—is wholly on the side of the Trust. The moralist is only a self-confounded fool without warrant of God or man who weeps while it thrives.

And in addition to this there's another fact; it is just as inevitable and just as certain as its companion one: it is that the Big Business magnates will continue their march to jail, and will continue their stampede to social disgrace and defamation. The penitentiary doors will yawn for them just as hungrily as ever, and will stay right on the job till it gets them. Read your newspaper headlines to-day if you think Trust Magnates strong, save as a softening Christian fellowship comes into the world to make us different from what we are. "Walsh and Morse to Jail," is one headline I recall off hand. "The Ice Trust Indicted" is another, and what happened to the poor and recent H. O. Havemeyer you surely know. Foolhardy men were these first outcroppings of the Trust idea; they tried to tie to that Jungle Law and they did it in a zone where Nature fights only for the moral law. Those checks and balances by which Nature moves zig-zaggingly forward to its retributions and its progress move slow. They are the mills of the gods. Unconsciously or consciously The California Weekly in its birth and its history has been a part of them. Foolhardy men of the Trusts? The thing they did not take into account was that the very forces that made them possible—the telephone, telegraph, quick transportation, large horizons—also made possible and inevitable another thing: it forced onto the Big Unit basis the Neighborhood idea in life—just the same good, old fashioned neighborhood in which Uncle John and Aunt Mary and the home folks live and move and have their being—the same neighborhood that makes this letter from one in New York a friendly, neighborly letter to one on the continent's other edge.

And nature never yet established a neighborhood without therein buttressing about the human moral law or a sub-human counterpart. Watch the ant scouts gather in the beetle on which your heel has trod and you'll understand that—or, if convinced you must be, watch them carry it to the hill for the common good of all. And did you ever hear a roast on a trust that served instead of exploits? Did you ever hear of a Yankee merchant making a get-away of a wooden nutmeg trick on the groceryman around the corner from his saw mill? And believe me just as the wooden nutmeg man had to go to distant England to win you will never live to read of an exploiting trust saving itself from the sheer days of cleanup that are as surely ahead as the days of sunshine. The Trust—it was inevitable. The Harrimans, the Havemeyers, the Guggenheims—they will be driven out of the field of Big Business as surely as the strong ever went marching along over the weak. Havemeyer insulted me four times when, as a reporter, I sought to interview him; his successor, President Thomas, invited me to his office that he might tell the public things that it should know, and what he had learned through seeing what happened to Havemeyer, made him know it paid to tell. No, we need not wait for any new Christianizing force within the world, to emphasize the strength of clean, united civilization. The man nearest to God in all this world, I do not think to-day is in a pulpit. He is an American. He is nearer to God than any man ever was before him in all the history of the world. For there is no pathway up to God. There is only a hard mountain, heavily timbered and one who listens with his ear attuned to what is going on can hear the ringing of the ax that is carving out the way. The man who is nearest up to God is a friend of Mr. Roosevelt. He is a co-worker with Ida Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker, and Jane Addams, and David Starr Jordan. He doesn't care much for religion, and art and literature are not engrossing his attention. Perhaps he is Norman Hapgood. The thing at which he is working is the job of cutting free our state, and our church and our press from its alliances with all things that are not kind and friendly and neighborly. He is spelling out to our Big Business brigands society's indictment and order of outlawry against them. He is spreading the zone of the neighborhood, which is not different whether among wolves, or bees, or Yankees, and has always been admirably governed in whatever size established, into the modern and inevitable Big Unit basis.

Very truly,
ISAAC RUSSELL.

4180 Broadway, New York,
January 19, 1910.

("Fighting the Devil"—Concluded.)

stand, and who does it when he has to, but who prefers to give a "cup of cold water"—hot coffee—to every man, and a bed and a bath as well, and to trust in the Power that sent him here to get results in the salvation of souls. There may be artistic limitations to Mr. Westenberg's methods that the polite Christian of the Western Addition would shudder at, but my word for it that Mr. Westenberg is a man, and that he is doing a work none the less useful and noble for its being humble as well.

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
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ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for **50 cents.**

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

League Trying to Reach A Consensus of Opinion The Executive Committee of the Lincoln - Roosevelt Republican League held an all-day session Monday consulting as to who is best fitted for the head of the ticket. There was unanimity in favor of Hiram Johnson if he could be induced to accept the leadership, but he could not, because he could not be made to feel that his candidacy was either indispensable to the success of the reform movement or of the Republican party in the November election. If he could have been made to feel that indispensability doubtless his decision would have been different. The failure to agree upon another name was not the result of hostility to any of those who have been talked of as leaders of the ticket to go before the primary, but to a desire to think it over for another week before taking action. Consequently the committee will meet again on the fifteenth for another conference. What will be done after an agreement is reached is not now clear. Some think it best to get out with the requisite petitions without holding a larger conference, and others think that a representative convention of several hundred from all parts of the state will be better. That issue will probably be threshed out at the next meeting. The hope is to fix upon a candidate so satisfactory to Republicans of the state that there may be no division of the free government forces. The matter is in charge of able and conscientious men without a thought of self-seeking on the part of anyone of them for themselves or for their friends. The common good is the only good they seek.

Harris Weinstock Being Considered There is a feeling among thoughtful men that any compromise made as to preference in a gubernatorial candidate should be made upward and not downward, on a stronger man rather than a weaker. With this idea in mind there has been a directing attention toward Mr. Harris Weinstock. He is not a candidate and not in politics, and never has been, further than to discharge the civic duties pertaining to citizenship, and yet no man in the state has taken a keener interest in public affairs. He is able to serve the people as governor without great personal sacrifice inasmuch as he has retired from active business with a comfortable fortune. He made that fortune here in California by square dealing and patient industry. No taint attaches to a dollar of his. He has been a model employer and a model citizen. He owes his state and its people and they know him and respect him. While he is not a "gladhander" he is a good talker and would make a governor of whom California would come to be proud. On moral issues he is a rock. His ideals are high. His name should not be dismissed from the mind without the most careful consideration. A compromise on Harris Weinstock would be upward and not down, on a stronger man, not a weaker.

Other Candidates Being Talked Of Phil Stanton, a whirlwind campaigner, by the way, is fighting for the Republican nination for governor with characteristic energy. He is making hay down south ether the sun shines or not and he is not hout popularity in his own bailiwick. It is probable that he has received any positive urances from the head of the Southern ific's Political Bureau, but he would hardly e ventured to enter the field without at st some encouragement from that quarter. len Anderson is now looked upon as the st likely man to receive the "organization" king "unbeknownst" of course to Alden derson. He is thought to be the man who best bind up the party's wounds, being her very fat nor very lean, very subservient very independent, very strong nor very ak, a reputable gentleman of good parts who has filled many responsible positions acceptably and always without antagonizing the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company or seeming to be very closely allied with it. Of course all candidates for gubernatorial honors, this year, whether Democrat or Republican, will swear that they will not know that there is such a thing as the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, and Mr. Anderson may be relied on to take the test oath along with the rest. It will be remembered with what pious fervor James N. Gillett so asseverated four years ago, and how George Knight, with less of piety but greater vehemence, affirmed that it was so, but after election it was different. Meantime Charles F. Curry is sawing wood. If Stanton can draw some good votes away from the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate in the south, and Anderson in the north, and Curry can get all the bad ones north and south he may be "it." Of course The Watchman would not charge either Stanton or Anderson with being party to such a conspiracy, but there is not man born of woman that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company will not bray as in a mortar in order to hold the reins of the government of California in its own hands. If that bureau is not trying to name the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate also, then is The Watchman mistaken again.

Success In Los Angeles Nerves to New Efforts Southern California will put forth great efforts this year to send to the state legislature an unusual group of men. The success of the Good Government movement inspired the south with confidence. In every legislative district the anti-machine forces are organizing for the permanent redemption of California from Southern Pacific control. Special attention is being paid to the senate. In every southern district there are excellent prospects that a high-grade man will be presented at the primaries in opposition to the railroad's candidate. In the thirtieth district, which includes Inyo and San Bernardino counties, two names are prominently mentioned for the senate, A. C. Denman, Jr., of Redlands, candidate of the "organization," and Dr. W. F. Burke of Ontario, of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Doctor Burke represents the most substantial and progressive type of citizen. He was formerly chairman of the San Bernardino County Republican Central Committee, in which capacity he performed noble service for the league in the primary campaign a year ago. His election would be a most felicitous change in that district. Of that "smart boy," Willis, this state has grown exceedingly weary.

Straight Issue of Right Man vs. Wrong The thirty-fourth district, Los Angeles, probably will be contested by Assemblyman Leeds, representing the machine, and A. J. Wallace, standing for the decent element within the Republican party. Leeds made about as bad a record at the last session as he had time to make. He voted wrong on about every important issue and went further than the average time-serving machine politician would have dared to go to render the direct primary law as nearly worthless as possible. He ought never again to be chosen to fill a place where he can do so much mischief in a short time as he can in the senate. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, has to his credit the best record made by any member of the Los Angeles city council, which went out of power last month. As chairman of the council finance committee he stood like Gibraltar in defense of the city treasury. On his feet he is a quick thinker, which makes him an able debater. He would be one of the biggest men ever sent to the senate from any district in the state, and would make a splendid floor leader for the progressive Republicans.

McCartney Spared Just as Well as Not In the thirty-eighth district Senator McCartney, of mother-in-law notoriety, is said to be out for reelection. He is a deputy in the office of the district attorney of Los Angeles county. His opponent probably will be Leslie R. Hewitt, city attorney of Los Angeles. It has been found necessary for Los Angeles to send its city attorney to Sacramento in the interest of legislation affecting the city. People feel that it will promote Mr. Hewitt's efficiency to send him to the capital as a senator rather than as a watchdog stationed without the sacred portals of the legislative halls. Under ordinary circumstances the thirty-eighth would be a hard district for an independent Republican, but so highly qualified and so popular is Hewitt that it is the general opinion that he will have little trouble in bowling McCartney over. Hewitt is thoroughly wise to the political game, and the most expert players sent to Sacramento by the push wound find in him a man who could neither be bluffed nor cajoled.

It Is Sloane's Duty To Beat Leroy Wright In the fortieth district Senator Leroy A. Wright appears to be in a receptive mood toward renomination. Feelers were put out to test his availability for the lieutenant-governorship; but he evidently has become convinced that the people of the state are not inclined to indorse his record in the legislature. Hichborn's History of the Legislature of 1909, which is being widely read nowadays, discloses the fact that Wright's record on measures regarded as issues between the people and the Southern Pacific machine is not such as to entitle him to confidence. The better element within the party in his district is determined to put in his place a man who is known to be right on the big essential questions and who will be able to present in good form the claims of San Diego for state aid for the Panama-California Exposition. There is a growing feeling that Judge W. A. Sloane is the man for the place. He is one of the strongest men of Southern California, a man of dignity, of high ideals, with a high regard for those progressive principles of government for which the people generally are contending. His nomination and election would entail considerable personal sacrifice on his part, but the friends of better government in his district will leave no word unsaid in their efforts to gain his consent to become a candidate.

A Straight Man and A Straight Record In the thirty-sixth district Charles W. Bell will be returned without serious opposition. Hichborn's History of the Legislature of 1909 places the name of Bell at the head of the list of senate desirables. Senator Bell enjoys the enviable distinction of not having voted wrong on a single issue between the people and the machine. Senator Bell appears to have given up the idea, if he himself ever seriously cherished it, of making the race for secretary of state, which, perhaps, is to be regretted. Of all the candidates so far suggested for secretary of state, Senator Bell, and he alone, is a big enough man to hold that office. Any man who is big enough to be secretary of state is big enough to be governor.

Grove Johnson's Seat Will Be Contested It will be good news to those who stand for good politics and good lawmaking in this state to know that Grove L. Johnson's seat in the assembly is to be contested. The contestant is to be Charles A. Bliss, a youngish attorney of Sacramento who stands well, and the odds are thought to be on the side of Bliss. The fight may not be wholly on organization and anti-organization lines, but rather Johnson or anti-Johnson. In other words there are organization men who are likely to support

Bliss in the knowledge that Johnson is not so much an organization man as he is a Johnson man. This is not saying that Johnson is ever in sincerity an anti-organization man. Bliss is well vouched for as straight, and there will be Bliss in the legislature, and in Sacramento, too, if Bliss is elected, whereat many an organization man will laugh in his sleeve. Grove L. Johnson has served the public too long if not too faithfully and all who believe in Right Things will rejoice if the seventeenth assembly district shall, in the plenitude of its wisdom, conclude to leave him at home this time and ever after.

The Status of Curry Keeps All Guessing The exact attitude of the "organization" toward Charles F. Curry as a candidate for governor continues to be a subject of gossip in all places where politicians meet. It is a capital topic for gossip, too, because it is full of complexities and contradictions. Ordinarily it is assumed that any thorough machine politician is likely to be acceptable to the organization when in quest of candidates, and everyone knows that Curry is a machinist; yet ever since his candidacy for governor began to assume the look of reality there have been evidences of marked aversion to him on the part of the organization. At first this was generally regarded as a politic pretense, and it was quite commonly believed that a month or two more would see the organization reposing lovingly in Mr. Curry's arms; but two or three months have gone by, Governor Gillett has removed himself from the list of candidates, and there is no sign that the aversion has grown less. According to one story, Mr. Herrin left word when he started on his recent trip to New York that in no event should his lieutenants come out for Curry for governor, because he was a "dangerous man." In what sense dangerous, if this story be true, the hearer is left to guess, save that one report had it that Mr. Herrin thought Mr. Curry could not be elected if nominated. Another theory is that the chief of the organization considers Curry too much of an organizer to be trusted; that is to say, an organizer who, if given a good opportunity, would set up for himself and decline to recognize any higher authority in push politics. One of these guesses may be as good as the other, and the reader is welcome to take his choice, unless he prefers to think there may be some truth in both hypotheses. But, at any rate, there is, so far, no co-operation between Curry and the organization. As to what may come hereafter, that is a different matter.

Politicians Are Slow Catching the New Idea The inability of the ordinary politician to realize that the direct primary law has made a real change in the way in which politics must be done in this state receives an illustration almost every day in the so-called news printed in the newspapers. For example, here is the Chronicle saying that the San Bernardino county politicians, who had been planning to secure three places on the state ticket, have decided it would be beyond their power to obtain so much; therefore they have decided to drop Judge Oster, who aspired to a supreme court nomination, and Jeff. McElvaine, who desired to succeed himself as member of the State Board of Equalization, and will concentrate upon Walter Wagner as candidate for secretory of state. Here we have the politician thinking in the terms of the old politics because he cannot comprehend the new. In the old days of delegates and convention trading the San Bernardino politicians would have done just the thing which is now attributed to them, and it would have been the only way of securing nomination for a local man; it would have been easy to do, since any acknowledged boss could order a candidate off the track and enforce his order. But that is all over with now; anyone can run for a state office who can get his petition signed and pay $50, and not all the bosses in creation can say him nay. Neither will it matter whether three candidates hail from San Bernardino or whether only one does so; it is not probable that Judge Oster or Mr. McElvaine, by running for the offices they want, could diminish the number of votes Mr. Wagner would get, or vice versa. To the old-time convention manipulator this will seem sad, but it is true and he must make up his mind to submit to a change which will appear to him, in the first bitterness of his grief, when he fully comprehends it, the total ruination of the game of politics.

Heney Will Not As He Ought Not Mr. Francis J. Heney has definitely stated in a telegram to the editor of the Fresno Republican that he will not be a candidate for governor of California. There are many who will be disappointed in his determination, but there really is a limit to the demands which the public has a right to make of Mr. Heney. He gave three of the most strenuous years of a most strenuous life to the public service without one dollar of compensation from any source, and he came very near to giving his life, too. He did give his health, his strength and his nervous energies and he must have time in which to recuperate, physically, nervously, and he ought to financially. If he were the only man in California who could make the issue plain between those who stand for corporation rule and those who do not, if he were the only man who could stand the strain of corporate pressure, it would be different, but he is not. Hiram Johnson could stand that strain and make the needful personal sacrifice. Chester H. Rowell could do it and so could William R. Davis, but a straight issue must be drawn by a man as straight as the issue. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League movement can stand it to be beaten, but it cannot suffer a compromise to be made without consequences certain to prove fatal.

Frank Putnam Flint Out of the Fight Brought squarely up against the proposition, to be or not to be a candidate for reelection to the United States senate, Frank Putnam Flint has decided not to be. The decision was wise, but, as elsewhere shown, the reason given for it was neither proper nor adequate. We do not want a man for senator who will deliberately violate the law limiting the expenditure to be incurred in becoming senator, and if Frank Flint could be elected to the senate by expending $2,580, the sum allowed to be expended in the primary election where the fight would be, he would not let that sum block his way. Therefore we look elsewhere than to the expense of making the race for a reason for not making it. Perhaps Senator Flint does not like the senatorial job. Perhaps he spoke frankly when he declared that he wanted to devote the next few years to making money. Perhaps he has the sagacity to know that this is not going to be a good year for going before the people wearing a Sunset Route design stamped all over him. His indisposition to being financed and put through the mills of the Southern Pacific gods has developed within the last half dozen years, for not even he himself will deny that it was that influence that made him United States senator five years ago. Whatever the reason he is out of it anyhow, for which the Lord be thankit. Now for a man of real senatorial size to take his place! Who shall he be?

When the Primary Came In The Frank Flints Went Out Senator Flint, in his letter explaining why he will not be a candidate for reelection; says the new conditions created by the direct primary law make it necessary to have a personal machine in every county in the state and he has not the money to pay for the upbuilding of such a machine in his interest. Consider this for a moment; it will repay thought. Senator Flint assumes that the voters would have no natural interest in voting for him or for any other given candidate—that is, would not voluntarily go to the polls and vote for him; they are to be rounded up, organized, drilled and finally marched to the polls on primary day and voted by persons who must be hired for the purpose. In other words, according to Senator Flint, the people of California, left to themselves, have no capacity to decide whom they want for United States senator and to vote for him; they are incapable of making a choice except as they are operated upon by a political machine. That the junior senator should think this is significant; it shows the effect of the school in which he was trained; he is a perfect product of the Southern Pacific Republican machin He knows no way, he can conceive no wa in which politics might be done save the wa in which he has been brought up to do pol tics. But, in a sense, Senator Flint is righ after all, because henceforth it will be we nigh impossible for men such as he to l nominated for United States senators; tl only available candidates will be those wh have some hold upon public confidence base on public service and recognition of their inde pendence of machines, corporations and pus politics. When the direct primary came in th opportunity for the Frank Flints went out.

(Continued on Page 190.)

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MORE LIGHT ON COMPULSORY VOTING

SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED; AND ITS PRACTICAL OPERATION IN EUROPE.

By A. B. NYE, State Controller.

An excellent general statement of the sons for compulsory voting was given by Courtenay De Kalb, who broke ground this reform in his recent paper before the mmonwealth Club, and from which I quote following:

Lack of participation is the great evil of popular ernment the desire to have rights without duties, unwillingness to sacrifice personal convenience for sake of a better conduct of affairs. . . . We demonstrated the power for good of popular suf- e. It has become the corner-stone of independence, it is also a ready means for working incalculable n unless the whole mass of voters exercise the t. The only safeguard of a right is the consistent of it. If we do not use it, some one else will, and leaves open the door to abuse. The protection of state involves the exercise of the suffrage by all are entitled to it. The non-voter is a greater er than the violent partisan. How to awaken his e of responsibility has always been a difficult prob- The Socialists who chant l'Internationale have ably given the cue:

"No rights without duties;
No duties without rights."

jections to Compulsory Voting Answered.

ollowing this comprehensive summary, we not do better than to enumerate and wer such arguments as have been advanced inst compulsory suffrage. It is said that t a thing would be illogical, because the idea of voting involves voluntary choice, moreover a voter may be conscientiously osed to all of the candidates offered. in, if voting is to be enforced by law, e must be a punishment for those who ect to perform their duty, and no one has been able to suggest a penalty which is ticable. But more than this, no evil ts great enough to justify the application drastic remedy, since the duty of voting irly well performed; the vote cast is ly always representative, and a larger would seldom if ever change results ma- lly.

reply the advocates of compulsory suf- e issue a direct challenge to all of the going assertions. The duty of voting is ected to an extent which demands and fies a drastic remedy. A partial vote is as good as a full vote to express the in- gent judgment of the electors. And a full would in a great number of cases alter result recorded on a partial vote. Futher-, the indifference to electoral duties on part of a vast army of citizens forces on who are more patriotic a heavy burden spense and labor in order to secure even od a representation as we now do; also, ves to mercenary interests the best pos- opportunity to obtain results favorable hemselves through the expenditure of y in elections, and it multiplies the ef- eness of bosses and professional poli- ns, who make a study of the ways and s of drawing to the polls the classes of s whom they can most easily influence. ere should be no controversy over a fact ell known as that the greater part of the and outlay of money now necessary in ucting a campaign are expended, in one or another, for the single purpose of ng voters to the polls on election day. to remove this necessity for expending and money is to abolish or to minimize vils which flourish so luxuriantly in the soil of the voters' indifference.

ate Entitled to Know Public Choice.

ut a vote should be the intelligent ex- on of choice is perfectly true—the best on which the mind and conscience of a enable him to make. If a voter goes to olls and gives the best which it is in o give, the state, which has established sal suffrage, has no right to complain though the voter's judgment go astray. f the voter declines to trouble himself to the polls at all, the state has a right udge him a delinquent and to treat him lingly. That it cannot compel a voter has no choice to exercise a choice may nitted, at least for argument's sake, and because it is not necessary for present purposes to dispute it, although there are not wanting precedents for making a choice compulsory: a member of a bench of judges is not permitted to say he will neither concur in a decision nor dissent; a member of a legislative body must, unless specially excused, vote either aye or no on roll call, and even a trial juror must take a position and help to deliver a verdict. Let the voter who is without opinions cast a blank ballot if he wishes, but make him go to the polls; if the state exerts compulsion to that extent, it can afford to leave the rest to conscience. In the country in which compulsory suffrage was first successfully established, the casting of blank ballots is distinctly recognized by the laws.

But if every citizen is required to go to the polls there will be few cases of such utter indifference that no choice will exist and the voter will cast a blank ballot. Nothing vanquishes indifference so quickly as the necessity for action; the knowledge that he must go to the polls, whether or no, would induce many a man to take an interest in politics who now feels none, and as soon as interest begins opinion commences to form.

Indifference Cause of Light Vote.

But what are the facts with regard to neglect of the duty of voting? Our citizens vote fairly well at times, as, for example, at presidential elections, or when there is a hotly contested state or county election in which strong feeling has been aroused, and sometimes in city elections when corruption has been exposed and a new reform movement has been launched. But even under these circumstances it requires a great beating of drums, a large expenditure of money by candidates and committees, and more or less personal solicitation to bring out the vote. On the other side is the record of elections which come and go without sensational incident and in which not even the beating of the drums and the flying of party banners can get out anything like a full vote. Sometimes the poll represents two-thirds of a full vote, and not infrequently only a half. At primaries, which are apt to be the most important elections of all, the vote is usually so light as to give the advantage to the programmers, whose army, made up of mercenaries or gentlemen adventurers in politics, acts under orders and votes with the regularity which the good citizen ought to imitate but does not. When there is a half vote the boss is most likely to win; when there is a two-thirds vote his chances are diminished; but when there is a full vote he has little room for hope.

Habit will reconcile the mind to pretty nearly anything, and we have ceased to be shocked when elections go wrong because a quarter or a half of the voters remain away from the polls, but in truth this is an evil of greater magnitude than some others which occasion outcries of dismay and anger. We have good government intermittently, because citizens do wake up now and then and vote for it; we will have good government all the time when they vote for it all the time, and no sooner. When it is possible to get a full vote without creating a great excitement, the conditions will be more favorable to good government than they are now. No one else realizes quite so keenly how much a full vote would do to make elections go right as the men who are chiefly interested in making elections go wrong—that is to say, the professional politicians. You never met one of those persons who was not ready to stop the mouth of complaint with the question, "How can people expect to get the right men in office so long as they will not turn out and vote for them at both the primary and the general election?"

San Francisco's Chronic Light Vote.

In the San Francisco primary election held last August, although the candidates were numerous, and though in both the Republican and Democratic parties there were faction fights to whet the interest, the number of votes polled was but 36,998 out of a registration of 84,571—less than 44 per cent. The general city election which followed in November was accounted a hard-fought one, and yet there were cast but about 67,500 votes out of a total on the register of 87,179—a record of 77 per cent. In the $18,000,000 bond election held not very long since in the same city the vote was 23,560 cast to 75,388 registered—31 per cent. And, finally, in the recent water bond election, involving a proposal to run in debt $58,000,000, and constituting by far the most important issue ever submitted to the citizens of San Francisco, the vote was no larger than that cast at the August primary.

A comparison of San Francisco general election figures for six years past shows that there has nearly always been a difference of about 20,000 between the vote registered and that cast. If we assume that half of this number represents voters who have removed from the city, or are temporarily away, or are sick, or have died, the other ten thousand, made up of inexcusable delinquents, still represent from 10 to 20 per cent of the entire electorate.

Changes a Full Vote Would Cause.

To answer the assertion that an increase in the vote cast would seldom change the result, it should be only necessary to point to the numerous candidates who scrape into office by a bare plurality and the numerous contests in court based thereon. In the late San Francisco city election six of the eighteen supervisors were returned by pluralities so small that their closest competitors went into court seeking to overturn the result through a recount which might happen to show trifling irregularities in a few precincts. It is quite generally believed that a few thousand more votes cast at the water bond election would have meant the purchase of the Spring Valley works instead of their rejection.

That the vote not cast is always, or even usually, the same in character as that which is cast is another assumption which cannot go unchallenged. The un-cast vote may be inferior to the other in point of interest in the result—though it must be remembered that many indifferent voters go to the polls simply because some one makes a business of getting them there—but, on the other hand, the un-cast vote must be held to include few persons who would have a mercenary interest in voting wrong. In every election, no matter how broad or deep the economic or political issue, there is sure to be a cross-fire of selfish, personal or class interests; in a certain sense this vote is mercenary, and usually a larger proportion of it is grouped on one side than on the other. The vote which is drawn to the polls by selfish interests is bound to be cast more fully than that which is disinterested, until we have compulsory suffrage.

Compulsory Voting a Tried Device.

But compulsory voting is not an untried experiment, a hare-brained theory of some excited thinker, but a working system in at least two countries of Europe.

In the first of these, Austria, it is not of universal application, and I have been able to find out but little about it. It is applied in the election of members of the Reichsrath, or national parliament, in six different provinces, including Lower Austria and Upper Austria. Every voter is required to present his electoral ticket, the penalty for failure being a fine of from one to fifty kronen. In Belgium the system has been in successful operation for more than sixteen years and it has been proved that it is not necessary to have drastic penalties to enforce compliance with the law.

In brief, the penal provisions consist of publicity—likely to be the most effective de-

terrent—a reprimand or fine for the first offense, a little larger fine for the second offense, for the third the same fine and a more severe dose of publicity, and for the fourth deprivation of the right to vote for a period of ten years. In no event is imprisonment imposed.

How has the plan worked? It was put in operation in 1893, and previous to that time approximately 16 per cent. of the electors failed to vote. Under the compulsory law the percentage of non-voters fell to 4 or 5 per cent. In 1898, out of 1,058,165 electors called to the polls, 5,551 failed to attend without giving previous notice of the reason and were summoned into court; of that relatively small number 2,621 were excused by the magistrates on such grounds as illness, age, or absence, and 2,930 were fined. I find these facts stated in a review of a book by Prof. Leon Dupriez of the University of Louvain.

Effective Penalties for Non-Voting.

A writer in the Annals of the American Academy of Political Science, discussing the effect of the penalties, and especially the deprivation of the right to vote, says: "To some it looked ridiculous to punish a man by taking from him a right precisely because he did not care to exercise it. But it is one thing to wilfully neglect a privilege under certain uninteresting circumstances, and another to be deprived of it altogether for ten years. The facts, as shown by the statistics, fully bore out the soundness of the confidence which the framers of the revised constitution of 1893 had put in the compulsory vote." (A. Nerincx, in Ann. of Am. Acad., Vol. 18, 1901.)

The outcome of the experiment in Belgium has been such as to make the difficulty of discovering an appropriate penalty for the wilful non-voter less of a bugaboo than it seemed to be. A scale of penalties modeled on the Belgian law might be framed for California without serious difficulty. It would be necessary, probably, to begin with the registration, and make that too, compulsory, in order to prevent a considerable number from ignoring or forgetting that essential preliminary. Perhaps the county assessor, whose duty it is to make up the military roll, composed of all citizens liable under the law to bear arms, should also be required to report a list of eligible voters, so that those neglecting to register by a certain date could be brought to book. Immediately following an election, the poll lists, showing who have voted, should be compared with the registers, and a list made up of those who did not vote. This list, arranged alphabetically, by precincts, might be advertised in a newspaper as part of an official notification of all named in the list to appear before a magistrate and present their excuses. Valid excuses, such as necessary absence from town, serious illness, removal of residence from the precinct, etc., should be specified in the law. For wilful failure to vote the punishment for the first offence should be a simple judicial reprimand, with, perhaps, a small fine if deemed advisable, and with each successive repetition of the offense the penalty should increase, as under the Belgian law, ultimately culminating in disqualification, to continue for some years. But from the very first offence there should be kept a correct record of all delinquencies, and it should be public, in order that unfaithful citizens might at all times know their sins of omission were written in the books and could be drawn upon them. Exclusion from public employment, even manual labor, after a second or third offense, and, of course, disqualification for holding office, would naturally go hand in hand with the other penalties. That this code would be generally upheld by public opinion and therefore enforceable, there is no reason to doubt.

It is not well to thrust upon the people too many novelties at one time. We now have the still undigested though promising direct primary law, and I should not favor the adoption of compulsory voting until the time is clearly ripe for it. But it cannot be discussed too soon or too often, and eventually it will be adopted, in the form of an amendment to the constitution, with the assent of an overwhelming majority of our citizens.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

Owing to the severe winter, coyotes have descended into the valleys of Tehama county and are doing much damage to sheep and other domestic stock.

Samuel Farley, a well and favorably known young man of Middletown, Lake county, committed suicide last week by blowing his head from his body with a stick of dynamite.

The Evening Star mine, located near Redding, has been sold to a German syndicate for $115,000.

Mrs. Catherine McGuire, a pioneer resident of Benicia, was burned to death in her home in that place recently.

Ten business houses in the town of Turlock were destroyed by fire last week Wednesday. The damage is estimated at $50,000.

The fruit-growers of the Sacramento valley met in Sacramento last week and organized the California Deciduous Fruit Protective League.

It is reported that a ledge of gold ore running $10,000 to the ton has been uncovered near Hurlton, Yuba county.

According to a census taken by the Women's Improvement Club the population of Willows now is 2,488.

In Healdsburg, a few days ago, the one-hundredth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Electa ("Grandma") Kennedy was celebrated by a large number of her relatives and friends.

A colony of Mennonites has purchased 3,200 acres of land near Dinuba and will settle on it. The price paid for the land was $272,000.

An East Side resident of foreign birth was taken before the magistrate in one of the police courts charged with a trivial offense. "Tell him he must not do it again. He is discharged," the magistrate said to the policeman on the bridge. "The judge says you dassent do it. Understand?" almost shouted the policeman to the prisoner. "Hold on, officer. I didn't dare him to break the law again. I said 'must not.'" "That's all right, your honor. He understands what I said better'n he would what you said," explained the policeman. And the prisoner seemed to think so, too.—New York Sun.

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BY

A. JUDSON

SCARCELY knew how I got there, the buffeting up the coast against a head wind, together with the tossing, had made so ill, and then, too, I had arrived in the ht and in a drizzling rain, but there I was. little tub of a steamer had only touched he wharf and had gone out over the bar n to face the deep sea. How it dared I nly knew, and, indeed, it did essay one trip many and now lies on the ocean bottom. h its cargo and most of its passengers, a dred fathoms deep for aught I know, but has nothing to do with this story.

My husband is from home, sir, and will not back until Friday." Humph! He had gone on the same steamer I came in on, and was only Tuesday morning.

he woman only half opened the door and evidently impatient at being detained at Her attitude plainly said: "Time is ney, sir." Time is money to all these ber folk, in the lumbering season, when it rive, drive, drive from morning to night, few interests reaching beyond a redwood When the weather shuts down on busi- it is different.

was in for a wait of three mortal days began to look about me. Three conical s tipped over on their sides, bases abutting inst the impenetrable redwood forest and xes converging upon a diminutive flat ply gashed by two gulches; a lazy bay that 'd and lapped a dreary mudflat; a rickety tle that had put to sea half a mile or more ind anchorage ground with water enough ccommodate small steamers and schooners ning there to load. Back and forth over trestle, from shore to wharf and wharf shore, sped a diminutive locomotive, aming at the top of its voice and dragging e cars now loaded and now empty, but ays rattling like the deacon's One Hoss y. Back up there in the woods some- re is a sawmill swarming with swearing, ving, swarthy men hard pressed in order the autocrat of the camp may, by and by, e worth a million, unless he gets jammed ome speculative deal into which he has tured because riches are not coming fast ugh even with all this struggle and stress converting time into money.

own on the flat is a little plaza and around re ranged shops and stores. Above them, back as far as the forest, helter skelter, perhaps, a hundred such houses as pro- n lumber cheap and paint dear. From to other run trails rather than streets, s flanked with endless brakes, wild black- ies and sumac out of which rise blackened ips with outstretched, pudgy arms, taking es of bears, goblins, ghouls, ugly enough righten children and horses night or day. here I am to spend three mortal days, ot four, merely waiting!

am made sensible as I walk of a peg in shoe that has just worked into the quick I cast my eyes about for a shoemaker's . Just beyond the little hotel where I put up I spy a sign bearing the legend, lliam Oden, Maker," but it is not the ventional shoemaker's sign. Instead of ng a single boot or boot and shoe, it s a pair of long legged boots looking for the world as though their owner were ding at a cross-country racing gait or d to his best by the thought that "time noney, and money is what we are all ." I note that there is character in those s. They are square-toed and square ed and their owner puts his foot down rely every time. I enter the little shop, not until I have noted a larger cottage on at the back surrounded with a garden owers, vegetables and fruits, with vineclad s and cotes for chickens and cooing doves er on. A rather extensive place to front main street even of so small a town, ply constructed but comfortable.

enter the shop to have that peg rasped . At work at his bench is a large, fleshy, risaged and half bald man no longer g, yet fresh looking and not unintelligent. ose boots of yours out there on that sign- d have character in them," I remarked. ir possessor is making time and conduct- himself on the square."

e shoemaker looked up at me with a ed smile. "Right you are, stranger. The who walks in those boots can stand alone. You see I run mine over. That's why I couldn't and why I'm here, but that does not interest you. What does?"

"Just a peg that is hurting."

"Sit down there and give it to me."

I did so and in a jiffy it was out. Then we fell to talking. His shop became my loafing place. We had much in common. My business brought me to the place many times in succeeding years and always I spent my spare time in the shop or home of William Oden, but somehow I could only get about so near to him. That he was a man with a history I felt sure, but I made no unmannerly advances and he held his peace. He lived alone, cooked his own meals and talked to himself, when there was no one to overhear, but his house was as neat as a pin and his garden the best kept in town. Nothing could tempt him to work in his shop more than six hours per day and if work was not pressing he worked only four. His bookkeeping comprised only two accounts, profit and loss. Whatever was paid out was set down as loss and whatever was paid in went to the profit side of the ledger. As long as that side was biggest he was content and he had kept it so much the biggest that he had paid for his place in the course of a dozen years or twenty and owned the little hotel next door, although he did not conduct it. The rent from it ought to keep him from the poorhouse, he thought, when he should become too old or too blind to work at his bench. He knew all the people in the settlement by their footwear and needed not to have any phrenologist tell him of their character by the bumps on their heads. A look at the shoes they had worn long enough to need repairing sufficed for him.

My last visit to him was early in March and I was stormbound several days, the little tub plying between there and San Francisco not daring to venture out over the bar. It was the hardest wind and rain storm of the year, a sort of wind-up of the heavy winter season. I sat with him in his little living room. The rain drifted against the window panes and the wind shook the fragile habitation as though it had been a tent. The roar of the forest amounted almost to a bellow and up on the higher ridges the lightnings flashed and thunders reverberated. William Oden was plainly ill at ease, and when a gust of wind came down the chimney and blew the ashes about the room I fancied that he turned almost white. He begged me not to leave him until the storm abated, declaring that he should be indescribably lonely if I did.

"You are too companionable a man, Mr. Oden," I ventured to say, "to have always lived a bachelor, and I wonder that you have."

"Nor have I," he said, with much trepidation, "though I let these people think I have. It saves embarrassing explanations, but, friend, you are young, you have not been long married and, I note, like your dram once in a while as well as anyone. Moreover, you are ambitious to be rich and to have a hand in large affairs. I see that these things make you less mindful of home and family than you should be and I am half a mind to let you learn a thing or two from my experience in life. When such storms as this one come I always feel like talking, but when they have passed I am always glad I did not. It blows particularly hard to-night, and if you have the patience to listen I'll talk."

I assured him I should be glad to know more of his life, but would not press it upon him.

Well, he said, it is soon told, it long in being experienced. I was born and brought up in a little Pennsylvania village half way between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. My father kept the only public house in the town and, until I was seventeen years old, I never knew any other surroundings. At that age I was apprenticed to Uriah Hapgood, the village shoemaker, who was to give me a kit of tools and a hundred dollars when I was twenty-one, which he did; but I worked for him a year longer as a journeyman, partly to earn enough with which to start a shop of my own somewhere, and partly because of Marguerite, his daughter, of whom I had grown tremendously fond, and she of me. We should have been married in another year but for the gold excitement in California. The fever reached me and, packing my kit and buying all the leather my slender means would allow, I took ship for Panama, bidding Marguerite be of good cheer for I should speedily be back with a fortune.

I did prosper. My kit paid me better than many a mine paid its owner and gave me a chance to learn the ways of the country. I bought an interest in a mine up in the edge of the timber belt, near by a crossroads and, with the help of Ellen Butler and her good-for-nothing husband, opened a little public house and a bar. It was in the midst of the best of fishing, hunting and mountain outing grounds and was much frequented, partly, too, because of mineral springs that got the reputation, whether deserved or not, of soaking the malaria out of those who came up from the valley. The business grew on us. The bar was a mine and, if Butler had not proceeded to kill himself with our own "forty-rod" it would have been a mint.

But the tall timber on the ridges above us had attractions for me and I made myself owner of as much of it as I could, longed for a sawmill and husbanded my resources to get one. Then, after a half dozen years since leaving home, I got a letter from Marguerite, one particular letter amid a score of others. It read, "William, dear, could you come for me pretty soon? I am not at all well and old Dr. Whitehorn says that up in the mountains where you are is just the place for me. You know I had pneumonia last winter."

I did not answer her letter. I just packed up and took the first steamer for Panama and the states, taking all the cash with me I could get together, leaving Ellen Butler and her good-for-nothing husband, but chiefly Ellen, in charge. Within a week after reaching home we were married. I had bought the machinery for a sawmill, had shipped it around the Horn and we were aboard steamer for California.

Why linger over the years? It strained my credit to the uttermost, getting that mill set up and to running, roads built and the business set to rights. It was drive, drive, drive from morning to night, but I got it going and then the money began to flow in in a bigger, broader, yellower stream than ever I had dreamed of. Shacks were rented as fast as I could put them up, no matter what the price charged, and the hotel was crowded. It was a lively camp, almost riotous, and not a pleasant place for delicate Marguerite, but Ellen was in her element. She was the life of the place and I don't see how I could ever have gotten on without her, for Marguerite had no liking for such surroundings. She did what she could to make things better than they were in the camp while Ellen and I were doing what we could to make them worse. Marguerite's efforts did not avail much. I was ambitious to be rich, money-mad as it seems to me now, and to keep up my strength while driving business almost day and night I braced up against my own bar more than I should, but I could not remember when a bar had not been as much a part of the home life of my father's family as a kitchen, and no thought of restraint occurred to me.

I knew in a vague way that Marguerite was not happy, that she and Ellen did not get on well together, that Ellen, with her push and vim and her ambition to get on, forestalled Marguerite at every turn and assumed, to be

mistress of the house, which she was, and of me, too, which she was not, although we advised together more than I with Marguerite. Yet I meant to be kind. When our little Eddie died, and for weeks after, I threw the business upon Ellen and devoted myself to Marguerite, but gradually I got back into the old way and things went on as before.

Then Ellen's good-for-nothing husband, in one of his sprees, accused her falsely, for which I thrashed him. He took a shot at her and missed, put the pistol to his own head and met with better success. But the tongues had started to wagging and I fought a desperate battle in the barroom one night in defense of Ellen's reputation and my own, in which my enemy came near to being my victim.

These things told upon Marguerite. I could not help seeing it, but it angered me rather than otherwise, for I knew that I had been true to her in thought and deed. The climax came at the close of one of those revels we sometimes had at the place where everybody drank and everybody danced and did not go home until morning. I had been drinking more during the day than was good for me, so that the festivities had not gone far that evening before I was first beside myself with gallantry and then dead to the world with drunken sleep. Sometime between midnight and morning somebody, I never found out who, led me off and put me to bed, God forgive me, in Ellen Butler's room. She was not there, but Marguerite did not know this and, when a chambermaid told her where I was, she got together such of her things as were indispensable, emptied the till at the bar and safe at the office (for I had at all times given her free access to my purse) and took the morning stage for Sacramento.

When I awoke the sun was blazing in through the window. It half blinded me, so that I could scarcely make out where I was, but when the truth broke through my befuddled brain I ran half clothed to Marguerite's room and mine only to find everything in disorder and Marguerite gone. I ran down the stairs calling at the top of my voice for Marguerite, for Ellen Butler, for the chambermaid, office boy, anybody, but neither Marguerite nor Ellen was to be found. The chambermaid came in answer to my call, demanding to know where on earth I had kept myself and saying that she had searched everywhere for me. The lying wench! She knew well enough. I ordered my team of bronchos harnessed to my light road wagon and hastened to finish dressing. In a quarter of an hour I was off in pursuit of the stage which had an hour's start of me.

But I had the fastest team on the mountains and believed that I could overtake the stage in a sixty-mile run for it before reaching Sacramento, even if the stage did have relays of horses while I had not. I got my thoughts collected together a little as I drove, and the horses, too, seemed to enter into the spirit of the race, for I never saw them more eager for the road. I saw, too, Ellen Butler's part in the escapade of the night before, although she was nowhere to be found, and I cursed her aloud at every turn of the road. If I could have gotten my hands upon her I believe I could have choked her life out without a qualm of conscience. And then I cursed myself for my stupidity, for my neglect of Marguerite, for my drinking and carousing, but most of all for my money-madness that had blinded me to all else. So, fuming and raging, I let the horses do their best in the hope of coming abreast of the stage somewhere in Rincon canyon where I might signal the driver to stop and await my coming. I knew him well and felt sure he would do it.

(To be Concluded.)

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("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

What They May Spend Senator Flint, Governor Gillett and a few other persons have been regretting the terrible expense of running for office under the direct primary law and saying they cannot assume such a burden. Governor Gillett set the minimum of his estimate at $10,000 for his own case, and Senator Flint thought that a candidate for senator could not make the primary contest for less than $25,000. In so saying they assume that the section of the primary law fixing a limit on what candidates may expend is going to be a nullity, for that limit is far below their estimates. Section thirty of the statute provides in specific and yet comprehensive terms that no candidate—candidates for the senate being included—shall spend more than a sum fixed as follows: "When the total vote within the same constituency at the last preceding general election did not exceed five thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars; for each one hundred voters over five thousand and under twenty-five thousand, two dollars; for each one hundred voters over twenty-five thousand and under fifty thousand, one dollar; and for each one hundred voters over fifty thousand, fifty cents." At the last general selection in California the vote was 386,000, and upon this basis the most that a candidate for the senate, the governorship or any other state office can spend is $2,580. No distinction is made between the largest and the smallest office; the candidate for governor can legally spend no more to get his nomination than can the candidate for clerk of the supreme court, the candidate for United States senator no more than the man who is running for superintendent of public instruction. The poverty of Senator Flint, for he is estimated to be worth only about $150,000, would be more touching if it were not for his expressed regret at being unable to expend nearly ten times as much as the law permits him to expend in making a campaign.

Voice of Labor Or Paper Dealer? Gossip of the hour is to the effect that W. W. Shannon, superintendent of state printing, will not succeed himself, although he desires to do so. There are other aspirants, and the ingenuous gentlemen who report (or make?) the political news for the daily papers have it that "labor, which always supported Shannon before," is not for him this time. (In the political sense "labor" is often spoken of not as an assemblage of individuals who may be of different minds, but as a sort of abstraction which exists in, say, the mind of Mayor McCarthy.) It is possibly true that some labor union members believe that they have been instrumental in picking out candidates for superintendent of state printing, but they are under a delusion, for that has been done by the unostentatious gentlemen who get contracts for selling paper to the state of California. With its school book and general printing, the state is a big buyer of paper; the state printer is the chief agency in its purchase, and the paper houses are not slow to perceive the advantage of having a man in the office who is under obligation to them. It may not be so in future, with the direct primary operative—it ought not to be so—but we advise the labor union voters, if they think they should have a voice in making this nomination, to watch out lest they be fooled as thoroughly as in the past.

A western business man walking down Broadway encountered a friend of former days. It was evident that times had dealt harshly with him. His clothes were frazzled and he bore every visible sign of failure and dejection. It was evident from his watery eyes and red nose that liquor had played no little part in his undoing. The business man, however, wanted to be cordial and asked him to have a drink. When the other gladly agreed the two stepped into a cafe, and the business man said to the bartender: "Two highballs, please." The derelict edged to the bar quickly and in a tremulous but eager voice said: "Give me the same!"—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAYO

Hon. P. H. McCarthy,
Mayor of the City and County of
San Francisco.

Sir:—It is your ambition to bring to S Francisco great material prosperity; to ha the term of your administration marked an advancement in the wealth and physi well-being of every citizen in the communi We are, each one of us, very humanly op to the appeal of wealth and ease. The qu tion arises, however, as to what we shall, our present state of ignorance, find at the e of this golden vista down which you are confidently inviting us to follow you.

You will recall that the basis of the co plaint of intelligent labor has been, that tho individuals possessing the power that is co ferred by wealth, have lacked the wisdo that would lead to a just administration that wealth. It is clear, by the example these individuals, that wisdom does not a company riches—that the sudden acquisiti of great prosperity does not necessarily mal a man wise. To set up before a people t ideal of prosperity and of prosperity alone prosperity attained at the sacrifice of tru things—more substantial good, is not the a of a wise man. Furthermore it is not, we b lieve, the essential ideal of the sober workir man, and you of all others should know wh is the essential ideal of the working man.

If the battle of labor has been fought up this question of adequate pay for a reasonab day's work—if that battle has been won, being successively won, by organized labo surely not one man of the hundreds of tho sands who have fought this great fight (u less he has become besotted with labor victories) has lost sight of the fact that bac of the question of dollars and cents, of pro perity, stood the great ideal of human justic Justice was offering, placing within the rea of the hands of men, for the first time history, not dollars and cents but their ju right in the opportunity for a full and reaso able life.

The question follows: "What is a full an reasonable life?" We believe that the sob working man's reply would be: "Opportuni to work; to do what I can to make myse a responsible citizen of the community which I live; to marry, to establish a prop home and to bring up my children to l decent and honorable men and women." Yo will not deny that this is the proper ideal worthy men in whatever walk of life you m find them, and that that ultimate wish, that man's children may be better and wiser th he is, is the true foundation of the futur Increasingly the wise leaders of labor are d recting the thoughts of their followers to th ideal of the child—the man of the futur whose presence gives us our hold upon th future.

Your administration of the affairs of th city has been in operation little more than on month's time. We, who are interested in th advancement of labor with all it means the American democracy, have followed you public utterances with the keenest curiosit and interest, and the question uppermost the minds of thinking men has been: "Is h perceiving his responsibility toward the futu of San Francisco; the future of labor—th future as embodied in his children and ours

In lieu of an answer to this question yo have replied: "Prosperity"; "The Paris America"; "All pleasures within the law."

Sober men will assure you that this is no the answer to the question. The serio members of the organization in which you ar a leader will assure you that this is not th answer to the question; that you have no perceived the higher ideal toward which labo is looking.

The child will speak as a man and assu his contemporaries that "Prosperity in a wid open town" was not, by the bitterness of hi own youthful experience, an answer to th question.

You are not necessarily committed as y to the policy you have outlined in the rash ness of an enthusiasm for prosperity, but yo are, all unwittingly, committed, and by th future itself, for an answer to our question.

BRUCE PORTER.

San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. HAMERSLAG, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased, to the editors of, and all persons having claims against, the d deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary achers within ten months after the first publication this notice to the said executor at the office of ohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter street, San Francisco, ich said office the undersigned selects as his place business in all matters connected with said estate A. Hamerslag, deceased.

FORTUNE AUREGUY,
Executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 27, 1910.
FROHMAN & JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter street, San Francisco. 2-4-5t.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

BIG CASINO GOLD MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California.

There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 8th day of December, 1909, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Names.	No. Cert.	No. Shares.	Amt.
Thos. A. Marriner	1104	5,000	$ 50.00
Thos. A. Marriner	1121	5,000	50.00
A. Dunston	611	100	1.00
Minie Lockman	612	200	2.00
Mary N. Priestly	608	335	3.35
W. Bingenheimer	244	1,000	5.00
W. Bingenheimer	457	2,500	12.50
W. Bingenheimer	740	1,500	7.50
Frank E. Hanscom	9	5,000	50.00
Hiram R. Toay	10	1,000	5.00
Joseph Stephenson	11	500	5.00
J. Penhallegan	12	1,000	10.00
Harry Kelley	598	400	4.00
Lewis Morris	15	500	5.00
G. Merrett	16	500	5.00
Mrs. W. G. Dycus	373	100	.50
Mrs. Sallie L. Sanders	394	1,000	5.00
Mary Compton	19	500	2.50
Mrs. E. M. Walker	20	500	5.00
Sam. Barringer	21	500	5.00
Sam. Barringer	208	100	1.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	1	20,000	200.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	2	20,000	200.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	3	20,000	200.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	4	10,000	100.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	5	10,000	100.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	6	10,000	100.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	7	5,000	50.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	8	5,000	50.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	264	5,000	50.00
Emil Allen, Jr.	265	5,000	50.00
Minie V. Johnson	321	7,500	37.50
Sarah Tyson	375	100	.50
Richard Tanell	372	200	1.00
Richard Tanell	653	100	.50
Lancelia S. Key	292	1,250	12.50
Lancelia S. Key	996	1,250	12.50
Lancelia S. Key	1066	3,000	30.00
Joseph Eich	40	1,000	5.00
Joseph Eich	778	120	.60
Joseph Eich	819	560	2.80
Ridehaugh Smith	371	300	1.50
E. Bernick	41	1,000	5.00
E. Bernick	779	120	.60
S. Krunick	368	100	.50
P. Krunick	369	100	.50
M. Nailing	366	100	.50
P. Mertes	44	250	1.25
P. Mertes	795	30	.15
J. Hanscom	51	5,000	25.00
J. Hanscom	52	5,000	25.00
J. Hanscom	53	1,000	5.00
J. Hanscom	54	1,000	5.00
J. Hanscom	55	1,000	5.00
J. Hanscom	56	2,000	10.00
S. Hurlburt	57	3,000	15.00
S. Hurlburt	58	2,000	10.00
G. Dycus	362	100	.50
Ruka	66	1,400	7.00
C. Oxman	67	500	5.00
A. Thompson	358	300	1.50
Mrs. L. Dawe	68	333	3.33
Mrs. H. Dawe	69	666	6.66
Mrs. H. Dawe	71	166	1.66
Mrs. H. Dawe	72	200	2.00
Mrs. H. Dawe	73	300	3.00
Mrs. H. Dawe	74	3,000	30.00
Mrs. H. Dawe	75	3,000	30.00
Mrs. H. Dawe	211	3,333	33.33
Mrs. H. Dawe	249	1,000	10.00
A. M. Sanders	355	1,000	5.00
R. Davies	81	7,500	37.50
R. Davies	427	500	2.50
G. Claud	350	2,000	20.00
A. Wm. Craig	348	500	5.00
A. Farabough	349	1,000	5.00
Griggs	347	1,000	5.00
Griggs	356	1,000	5.00
Griggs	365	1,000	5.00
F. Romdenne	89	500	2.50
F. Romdenne	993	60	.30
n O'Rowde	93	500	5.00
n O'Rowde	828	60	.60
A. Bingenheimer	95	5,000	25.00
A. Bingenheimer	407	1,000	5.00
A. Bingenheimer	456	2,500	12.50
s. P. Graham	331	400	2.00
s. P. Graham	383	200	1.00
F. Crum	101	250	2.50
e M. Hogle	103	100	1.50
y Jane Dawe	246	166	1.66
ren E. Hoyt	104	150	1.50
W. Roe	105	350	3.50
n Penrose	106	3,000	30.00
Dawe	107	333	3.33
cis W. Bleakley	112	6,666	66.66
G. Hales	113	500	5.00
G. Hales	114	500	5.00
G. Hales	212	500	5.00
G. Hales	226	500	5.00
V. Merrifield	119	337	1.68
Merrifield	120	700	3.50
Schlee	575	7,000	35.00
Schlee	580	12,500	62.50
J. Schleg	776	10,500	52.50
J. J. Schlee	843	5,000	25.00
O. A. Endle	573	3,000	15.00
O. A. Endle	621	2,000	10.00
O. A. Endle	840	600	3.00
E. C. Spooner	122	500	2.50
Geo. Kelley	123	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	124	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	248	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	334	2,000	20.00
J. J. Heathcock	636	4,000	40.00
W. K. Adams	135	500	5.00
Gus Kitzengun	499	500	5.00
Gus Kitzengun	890	100	1.00
N. M. Pitzen	438	500	5.00
Lillian A. Brown	138	500	5.00
Channey Rouse	439	100	1.00
Channey Rouse	790	12	.12
Abba M. Smith	429	300	3.00
Abba M. Smith	817	36	.36
John Reinhart	149	500	5.00
John Reinhart	781	60	.60
Theo. Zimmer	150	1,000	5.00
Theo. Zimmer	570	500	2.50
Theo. Zimmer	797	180	.90
Mrs. Annie Burke	415	1,500	7.50
Mrs. Annie Burke	419	1,000	5.00
Mrs. Annie Burke	421	3,000	15.00
Mrs. Annie Burke	532	2,500	12.50
Mrs. Annie Burke	833	960	4.80
Margaret Rhode	181	500	2.50
F. O. Brown	185	500	2.50
Margaret A. Cullen	186	500	5.00
Margaret A. Cullen	829	60	.60
J. E. Remington	412	100	1.00
J. E. Remington	763	12	.12
E. W. Dingley	495	1,000	5.00
E. W. Dingley	519	200	1.00
Geo. A. Young	496	1,000	10.00
Geo. A. Young	403	1,000	10.00
Geo. A. Young	503	400	4.00
C. P. Riley	206	500	2.50
C. P. Riley	207	500	2.50
E. P. McFetridge	210	500	5.00
J. L. Phillips	409	1,000	10.00
J. L. Phillips	774	120	1.20
H. H. Phillips	410	500	5.00
H. H. Phillips	764	60	.60
Ida B. Hiskins	218	250	1.25
William Savidge	488	1,000	10.00
William Savidge	897	200	2.00
E. B. Dana	481	250	1.25
H. F. Zieman	306	1,000	10.00
H. F. Zieman	830	120	1.20
Dr. H. O. Walker	475	2,000	10.00
Dr. H. O. Walker	900	400	2.00
Gertrude Woolly	203	500	2.50
M. M. Bordman	449	500	5.00
John J. Rowe	230	200	1.00
J. K. Flood	472	1,000	10.00
J. K. Flood	883	200	2.00
G. R. Willhoite	270	200	2.00
G. R. Willhoite	834	24	.24
A. A. Addison	273	1,000	10.00
Howell Woolly	448	500	2.50
Howell Woolly	461	1,200	6.00
Howell Woolly	712	1,667	8.33
Ida R. Bingenheimer	276	1,000	5.00
Ida R. Bingenheimer	836	120	.60
Wm. Mathews	1107	1,120	5.60
Wm. Mathews	1115	1,000	5.00
Wm. Mathews	1192	5,000	25.00
H. A. Gullifer	404	1,000	10.00
H. A. Gullifer	885	300	3.00
J. H. Morris	293	2,500	12.50
J. H. Morris	398	2,500	12.50
J. H. Morris	1029	600	3.00
H. Frieb	173	1,000	5.00
H. Frieb	758	120	.60
L. H. Norwood	184	500	2.50
J. C. McLaughlin	325	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	485	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	500	500	2.50
J. C. McLaughlin	501	1,000	5.00
J. C. McLaughlin	506	550	2.75
J. C. McLaughlin	507	250	1.25
J. C. McLaughlin	782	1,290	6.45
C. E. Stoddard	272	1,000	10.00
C. E. Stoddard	831	120	1.20
Lincoln Rodgers	323	1,000	5.00
Lincoln Rodgers	508	220	1.10
F. G. Williams	281	200	2.00
F. G. Williams	761	24	.24
E. A. Littlefield	283	1,000	10.00
E. A. Littlefield	1209	50	.50
H. L. Wagner	286	1,000	5.00
H. L. Wagner	841	120	.60
W. F. Fruen	296	2,500	12.50
W. F. Fruen	443	1,250	6.25
W. F. Fruen	741	1,750	8.75
W. F. Fruen	717	500	2.50
J. Ascherman	297	250	1.25
M. Parshelsky	300	500	2.50
M. Parshelsky	895	100	1.50
F. O. Gullifer	314	2,000	20.00
F. O. Gullifer	522	10,000	100.00
F. O. Gullifer	523	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	524	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	462	5,000	50.00
F. O. Gullifer	905	1,000	10.00
F. O. Gullifer	1240	2,000	20.00
F. O. Gullifer	1241	2,000	20.00
F. Belle Haywood	303	500	5.00
W. A. Baucher	304	1,000	10.00
W. A. Baucher	789	120	1.20
C. M. Kistler	309	1,000	5.00
C. M. Kistler	442	1,500	7.50
C. M. Kistler	716	500	2.50
C. A. Bayuton	316	1,000	10.00
C. A. Bayuton	822	120	1.20
John Liggett	692	500	5.00
John Liggett	682	1,000	10.00
H. C. Strong	618	200	2.00
Lester A. Ross	619	500	5.00
Geo. Bennett	631	200	1.00
Mrs. Mary E. Thomas	632	200	2.00
Frank Sandy	593	1,000	10.00
W. J. Walker	640	300	3.00
D. C. Warren	693	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	982	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1009	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1010	1,000	10.00
D. C. Warren	1011	1,000	10.00
B. J. Bennett	641	1,500	7.50
J. H. Witt	695	2,000	20.00
J. H. Witt	972	2,000	20.00
J. H. Witt	973	1,000	10.00
J. H. Witt	974	1,000	10.00
W. M. Witt	696	600	6.00
R. W. Witt	963	1,000	10.00
R. W. Witt	964	1,000	10.00
R. W. Witt	969	500	5.00
R. W. Witt	994	100	1.00
Fannie R. Tracey	647	90	.90
James W. Hoskins	649	200	2.00
Simon T. Hacker	651	600	6.00
Mary G. Hacker	652	600	6.00
Miss B. G. Sedberry	967	1,000	10.00
Miss B. G. Sedberry	968	1,000	10.00
John W. Hughes	655	2,000	20.00
Minnie C. Voorhees	586	400	4.00
Minnie C. Voorhees	1043	400	4.00
Minnie C. Voorhees	1045	200	2.00
L. S. Parks	988	1,000	10.00
L. S. Parks	1042	250	2.50
Clyde E. Bingenheimer	464	250	1.25
B. F. Nickles	989	1,000	5.00
W. T. Lamlin	990	1,000	5.00
S. M. Witt	1007	500	5.00
P. Schmoebach	505	100	.50
A. R. Dostal	704	200	1.00
A. R. Dostal	708	200	1.00
H. A. Beck	1041	250	2.50
Mrs. Emily B. Dana	810	200	1.00
Chas. A. Dostal	709	100	.50
B. J. Brown	713	1,500	7.50
B. J. Brown	835	180	.90
B. J. Brown	1019	320	1.60
B. J. Brown	1113	1,000	5.00
B. J. Brown	1114	1,000	5.00
B. J. Brown	1165	2,000	10.00
C. H. Dawson	1135	5,000	25.00
C. H. Dawson	1136	5,000	25.00
Felix De Marinel	397	3,500	17.50
Felix De Marinel	1166	114	.57
Felix De Marinel	1151	2,500	12.50
E. T. Richter	1086	2,000	10.00
E. T. Richter	1180	5,000	25.00
E. T. Richter	1130	4,000	20.00
E. T. Richter	1131	4,000	20.00
B. Weber	1091	600	3.00
B. Weber	1093	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1094	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1095	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1096	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1097	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1098	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1099	1,000	5.00
B. Weber	1100	1,000	5.00
Dr. J. F. C. Luhan	720	1,000	5.00
Nellie Rainey	1089	1,000	5.00
Richard Krausse	1169	500	2.50
Annie M. Stanton	1191	3,334	16.67
Annie M. Stanton, guardian	1189	3,333	16.67
W. A. Merralls	1172	4,000	40.00
Dora V. McCrea	1190	3,333	16.67
F. D. Garrett	1133	2,500	12.50
Dorothy R. West	847	1,000	10.00
M. M. Duncan	799	1,000	10.00
George Burness	1244	6,000	30.00
Duncan M. Carmichael	591	400	2.00
Duncan M. Carmichael	936	100	.50
A. J. Crawford	516	250	2.50
W. H. Johnston	858	1,000	10.00
Austin Farrell	859	1,000	5.00
Edith L. Allen	668	5,000	50.00
Chas. S. Saunders	861	2,000	20.00
Eli P. Smith	670	500	5.00
R. Solmone	862	150	1.50
James McLaughlin	870	1,000	10.00
E. C. Hall	674	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	675	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	676	1,000	10.00
M. E. C. Hall	677	1,000	10.00
J. P. Peterman	872	1,000	10.00
W. J. Galbraith	869	200	2.00
J. J. Le Tourneau	1187	5,000	25.00
D. J. Morawetz	874	1,000	5.00
Thos. H. Dawe	913	600	6.00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 8th day of December, 1909, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold, at the office of the company, at Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne county, California, on the 21st day of February, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

MATH JACOBS,
Secretary.

Office of Secretary, in the
Office of the Big Casino Gold Mining Co.,
Big Oak Flat, Tuolumne County, California.

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked, the more disgusted he became. "Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d—fool!" Later, the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school!" "Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."—Everybody's.

"Let's go to the theatre." "I've nothing to wear." "Then we'll go to the opera."—Lippincott's.

"Room and bath, sir," said the hotel clerk politely, "$2 a day." "I said room and bawth, young man," interrupted the pompous man. "Understand—bawth!" "Oh, room and bawth? Beg pardon, sir. Then the rates will be $5 a day."—Chicago News.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Why a Direct Primary Law At All?

(The purpose of this series of lessons on the new direct primary law in California is to answer every pertinent question that can be asked in relation to it for which there is an answer, with the view of facilitating the operation of that law in the election of 1910. If any point is not made perfectly clear questions relating to such points will be cheerfully answered if they can be by addressing The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery street, San Francisco.)

Our government is based upon the fundamental proposition that governments are instituted among men for the securing of certain unalienable human rights, among which, but by no means including them all, are the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, from which it follows that such powers as are not so derived are not just, and are to be resisted.

This word "consent" needs to be broadly interpreted. It must be taken to mean more than a failure to object in the event that a government proceeds to exercise a power that is not agreeable to the people. If the term "authority of the governed," had been used it would have come nearer expressing the intent. Our government, therefore, derives its just powers from the authority of the governed and not otherwise, and any act of government that has not the authority of public approval back of it constitutes a usurpation of power and should be resisted.

How the "consent" or "authority" of the governed is to be ascertained is a problem with which humanity has been wrestling ever since the dawn of human history and perhaps before that dawn, and it does not yet appear that the enactment of California's direct primary law is to prove a wholly satisfactory solution of that problem.

"Consent of the people," is, in our country, expressed in two principal ways, directly, as through a caucus or mass meeting which all may attend and indirectly by representatives whom the voters elect to attend to their governmental functions for them, in their name and with their authority.

Where the number of issues to be determined is not so great as to take too long to thresh them out, and the number of persons is not too great to be brought together in a single hall (so that what is said and done can be both seen and heard) no better instrumentality exists for ascertaining the "consent" or conferring the "authority" of the people than a caucus, mass convention or New England town meeting. At such convocations of the people the issues may be threshed out on the floor, a showing of hands taken and the subject matter settled then and there.

Where circumstances do not well admit of getting the voters together all at once, they may still directly determine the issues by coming to a polling place one at a time and voting on those issues. This is as much direct legislation as the town meeting plan, only that the discussion must take place elsewhere than at the polls. Usually, in such cases, the discussion is carried on in the public press and the voters make up their minds by themselves and at their leisure.

But of the multitude of issues that arise in the affairs of government only a few, and those ordinarily near at hand, can be determined directly by the electors under either of these systems of direct legislation. Some persons must be set apart and authorized and allowed to make public affairs their business as agents of the whole people. That is what we call representative government and, by the physical limitations of direct legislation, government must be mainly representative or not by authorization of the people at all. The choice, then, must be between representative government and government by some dictator, autocrat or king or, as with us, by some railroad or other corporation acting through a misrepresentation of popular "consent" or "authority" instead of representing it.

If all qualified electors were habituated to the discharge of their duties as citizens, or even if 75 per cent. of them were, instead of commonly twenty five, and if their chosen representatives were faithful to discharge their obligations to their constituencies, the representative form of government, under which we have been working in California for almost sixty years, would be the best imaginable, for issues would then be settled by carefully picked men. But the system broke down through want of interest upon the part of the people themselves and want of fidelity on the part of their representatives.

Despite their much to be lamented apathy in relation to their own affairs the people of California, in common with those of other states in the union, really want to govern themselves and do not wish the powers of government to be usurped by political bureaus of great corporations, and so, inspired by those among them who stand for Right Things, they demanded a direct nominating law to take the place of the representative, or convention, system of party government they had used so long. And they got such a law, the analysis of which will be the subject of these Lessons in Citizenship for a number of weeks.

SHEAR WIT.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man. "Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."—Washington Star.

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days NEVER had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, GO ON. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"—Old Favorite.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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One in Wholesale Firm, salary..... 50.00
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This Week: "MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN CALIFORNIA."

—By George D. Leslie.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY:

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To Attorney-General Webb, Greeting!

HERE IS REASON TO FEAR, General Webb, that the prosecution of the San Francisco grafters has fallen into the ds of a district attorney reluctant to prosecute. All the evice exists that has existed from the first, evidence that has conced the public beyond any doubt, reasonable or unreasonable, ept the presence of the lamentable Gallagher, and his deposii was taken in full for the express purpose of supplying the sing link in the event that he should take himself, or some l assassin should take him, off. The law makes it your duty uch cases to intervene on behalf of The People of the State California. Do it. At least sift the matter and let us know it you think can be done with the evidence in hand and avail-

Those "Copy-Cats."

ISS MARLATT, in charge of the domestic economics department of the University of Wisconsin, charges her sex being "copy-cats" in relation to styles and is trying to teach pupils the better way of dressing with an individualistic rd to what looks well on each daughter of Eve. A noble an engaged in a noble work! Success attend her efforts! ich reminds also that the edict has gone forth for all "copy-," to copy the styles that raged during 1830, or thereabouts, ing upon our great-grandmothers' era. Let us hope that ier the umbrella hat nor the "mop" obtained in those days. thing but those!

Langdon's Vindication.

O ONE DOUBTED that Mr. William H. Langdon would purge himself of all dereliction of duty in turning over to successor all documents and evidence that were at any time is possession in relation to the graft cases. Therefore it sioned no surprise that the grand jury exonerated him as as a hearing could be had. There have been insinuations vn out against Mr. Heney of a similar character, but they ar to have vanished even in advance of Mr. Heney's return an Francisco. Now it is Mr. William J. Burns with whom rict Attorney Fickert wishes to talk. No doubt Mr. Burns accommodate him with a conversation at the first opportunity no doubt also, Mr. Burns will be exonerated. These men are f the kind to foul their own reputations for the sake of afford-Mr. Fickert reasons why he should not prosecute men charged offenses against the state. They went out of office with hands and unsoiled linen, every one of them.

California's Baby.

R. J. C. STUBBS is a serious man, as chill blooded as a turtle, but he enjoys a bit of humor now and then, even on witness stand. In New York the other day he testified that Southern Pacific is California's baby. It pets that baby than anyone else and spanks it, too, sometimes." Will Mr. s kindly suggest when the last spanking took place? The ern Pacific has many spankings coming, good hard ones, et us hope, applied with a piece of fence board full of auger but history is voiceless as to when the last one was applied. nruly youngster has had the old folks terrified over since s born, and the further fact is that it was born in Kentucky, alifornia, and had a Kentucky devil in it from the start. But are indications that the issue of who is boss, California or entucky baby, may soon be tried out. When the spanking ninistered the kid will know that there is something doing e Pacific Coast.

Anxiety Over Ohio.

OF COURSE THE PRESIDENT does not wish again to lose his own state to the Democrats and few will blame him for commissioning Wade Ellis to go to Ohio to put the Republican fences in order, although it does not appear to be quite the right thing to give him a $7,000 roving commission at public cost to enable him to perform the service profitably. The main justification for this anxiety is that the issue has taken the form of Judson Harmon vs. "Slippery" Dick, who is as unfit to sit in the senate as any man Ohio has had there within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Even Foraker would be better, for, at least, he was of senatorial size, whereas Dick was not by nature so endowed. The President can do a better thing than to win Ohio for Dick. He could lose it to Judson Harmon, a bigger and better man from every point viewed. There has not appeared in the arena any Republican Ohioan fit to enter the lists against him.

Let the Women Say.

A BILL HAS BEEN INTRODUCED in the legislature of New York, which provides that, on the day previous to the next general election in that state, all election booths shall be set up and all election officers be in their places to receive, count and make returns of all the votes cast by all women twenty-one years of age and upward who desire to vote, the issue to be whether or not they wish to have the right of suffrage conferred upon them. This for the guidance of the legislature and the people in reference to that much discussed extension of the franchise. If the women of New York want the suffrage they will get it, but they are not likely to get it if they do not, there or elsewhere. Of course that is not treating them quite as the men are treated, for those of the men who wish to vote do vote and the others do not, but that is not likely much longer to be tolerated. We are moving toward a compulsory voting or disfranchising of the men and the sooner we get there the better for nation, state and city.

A Fall Out of Hughes.

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York is an able man, and he is able now and again to make a huge mistake. He did so when, in regard to the income tax amendment, he indulged in a "pernicious abstraction," as Lincoln would have called it, that the power to tax all income bonds might be used by congress to invade and cripple the power of the states to issue and sell their bonds. It is true that it might, just as the tail of a comet might poison the earth, but the likelihood of it is no greater in the case of this power than in the case of the tail of the comet. Governor Fort, of New Jersey, in a special message to the legislature urging the approval of the amendment, takes up the objections of Governor Hughes and "eats 'em alive." That dignified and carefully reasoned but absurd and inconsequential message of Governor Hughes' will plague him hereafter.

Did He Look Like a Guggenheim?

THERE ARE INDICATIONS that the effort believed to be making, to which The California Weekly was first to call public attention, to unload upon the United States government the Copper River railroad elephant, may come to naught. At least there will be such a delay in granting plenary powers to a commission for acting in such cases as will give time for public discussion, and that was all this paper was striving for. It appears that the President's Seattle speech, commending such a policy in general terms, without special regard to the Copper River enterprise of course, was made the pretext for bringing forward this scheme to unload. Wonder who gave the President that hunch to make that speech! Did the fellow look like a Guggenheim?

The President's Chart.

Notwithstanding the President's disinclination to take the public into his confidence that public is gradually making itself acquainted with its President, his aims and methods and a better mutuality of understanding and community of feeling are not unlikely to result. Of course everything, or nearly everything, will depend upon results. Nothing succeeds like success or fails like failure.

The chart by which the President proposes to sail the ship of state is the last Republican national platform. He is proceeding upon the hypothesis that that platform constitutes the latest mandate from the American people. So it does, technically, as a lawyer would look at it, and the Taft adminstration is an adminstration of and by, if not for, lawyers; but public sentiment speaks oftener than once in four years and does not speak in clearest tones through political platforms. It talks into the atmosphere, like a Marconi transmitter, and those ears only that are attuned to the voice catch the sound and its significance.

When an issue is raised the President takes down the Republican platform of 1908 to see if it be nominated in that document. If not he has little concern for it. If it is there he sends for the party leaders in Congress and says to them: "Redeem that pledge. I am depending on you." Those leaders are not in favor of the reforms promised in the last Republican platform. They threw the platform into the lumber room as soon as the fly season was over. The President retrieved it and made it his chart for his administration. Will that chart suffice? On that issue depends the success or failure of the Taft administration unless, after having tried it out, he gets a newer, better and more progressive mandate from The People.

Marriage and Divorce In California.

The family and not the individual is generally held to be the unit of society. Unmarried folks do not count. If this be accepted as true, then whatever befalls the family befalls society as a whole and is of first consequence to all who care for their kind. Thanks to the painstaking work of Mr. Geo. D. Leslie we are able to lay before our readers this week the best available statistical information in relation to marriage in California as compared with marriage in the United States as a whole. The article may not prove of thrilling interest to the superficial, but those who really care for God's greatest human institution, and for the fair name and fame of their state, will find the article deeply significant. Let it be remembered that the attitude of the United States as a whole toward the marriage relation constitutes one of our national humiliations. With this in mind the unfavorable comparison between California as a whole and the United States as a whole becomes of deep concern to us all. This is not saying that California, in respect to marriage and divorce, is the worst state in the Union. That undesireable preeminence is not ours, but we have need enough to take the issue in hand that we may see what, if anything, may be done to elevate the marriage relation to a higher plane. We have not, in our ideals, exalted the social unit in the measure of its deserts.

The Speculators' Opportunity.

If we take the quotations on Wall street of the entire listed stocks for the first week in February 1910 and compare them with the highest quoted prices of the same stocks at any time during 1909, we shall find that there has been a shrinkage of value amounting in the aggregate to fully a billion and half of dollars. That represents paper wealth to be sure, but it represents wealth none the less. For instance, whoever held shares in the Union Pacific railroad could have sold them at some time during 1909 for $219 each, whereas, during the first week of this month, he could have obtained no more than $181.50, a shrinkage of $37.50 per share.

Many guesses have been made in attempts to account for this tremendous shrinkage of paper values. Some think it wholly artificial and calculated to influence the President and congress against strengthening the anti-trust law or in favor of weakening it. It is thought that it may have been employed also as notice to the supreme court of the United States to go slow in handling the Standard Oil and National Tobacco cases. It may be that the general discredit into which high finance has fallen in the estimation of public opinion has something to do with it. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that there has, during the past twelve months been an enormous fluctuation in the stock market.

That the cause is artificial if not political is made evident by the fact that business has steadily improved right through this period of stock fluctuation. Labor has been more generally employed than at any time since the artificial and political panic of 1907. Anyhow, there is little in it for those who keep their fingers out of the speculative trap to worry about. It has not touched the man who has not gambled in stocks, although it has probably made millionaires out of some of the speculators and paupers out of hundreds of others.

One solacing reflection is that the ups and downs of Wall street have not disturbed the President. If the demonstration was meant for him it has failed of its purpose. He called their bluff splendidly and admonished them that if their business activities were not being conducted in harmony with the law they will do well to conform them to the law without delay inasmuch as the administration will do all in its power to enforce the law. The President's warning was splendidly spoken and, whatever the effect upon high finance, the effect upon the public mind will be salutary. In fine, when, in his Lincoln-day address, the President spoke of the antitrust law he scored a tally if not a home run.

Butting Against the Wall.

Kicking against the pricks is proverbially a painful and profitless diversion, but not more so than the President will find butting his head against the tariff wall which Aldrich and Cannon built up. His defense of that measure will convince few beside himself and it opens the door to the fear that when these astute gentlemen hand him other gold bricks he will be unable to detect their bogus character. That tariff bill was bogus and the powers that made it refused to have it anything else than bogus, and the best thing the President can do about it is to taboo the whole subject until the issue can be reopened. Every time he goes to its defense he only confounds himself and his party.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

These things are said without questioning the truth of the President's statement that the Aldrich tariff may be 2.94 per cent. ad valorem lower than the Dingley, but what is that? It is not what the country had its mouth made up for. It may also constitute a technical redemption of party pledges, but it does not constitute a practical. The party pledge has not only not been redeemed in good faith but congress refused to constitute a qualified commission of experts to make the needed investigations and gather data for applying the principles laid down in the Republican platform.

William Howard Taft blundered in that he did not swing the big stick early in the tariff campaign instead of ineffectually at its close, blundered when he signed the bill instead of returning it with his objections, blundered at Winona, Minnesota, when he at once defended the bill and apologized for it, and he blundered again in New York when, at the Lincoln memorial banquet, he returned to the defense of that iniquitous measure. The tariff issue will not be settled until it is settled right and that will be when schedules are revised as needed to meet changing conditions in all the markets of the world, and those conditions must be as certainly known to the tariff-making power as to commercial houses of the first class doing business in such markets. The present tariff was not the product of information but of log-rolling and bossism of the rankest order. The American people know these things to be true and nothing the President can say will make them unknow them.

Deadlock With the United Railroads.

The United Railroads has thrown down the gauntlet to San Francisco and it should be taken up with alacrity. It has served notice, in effect, that unless the city recedes from its purpose to construct the Geary street line no more extensions of the United Railroads system will be made except where immediately profitable, no improvements will be inaugurated in the service and the Sutter street line will not be operated to the ferry except under guarantee of exclusive possession of lower Market street.

It will be well for the city to "call that bluff." And this should be done notwithstanding the fact that prudent citizens are disinclined to enter upon a general system of municipal ownership. That burden ought not to be thrown upon government, but bourbonism will apparently be satisfied with nothing else. Its scoundrelism bids fair to make socialists of us all in our own despite lest a worse thing come upon us. The present great national unrest, the fruition of which no man can foresee, has no other cause than such as Mr. Calhoun is exemplifying here in San Francisco.

But it will be objected that the constitutional limitation upon voting bonds precludes such extension of the Geary street system as to make it a railroad system for San Francisco. Amend the constitution. San Francisco is not the only city that has reached the constitutional limit and is looking for a way to get over or around it. New York and Chicago are both considering whether or not municipal investments in income-producing properties should be included in the constitutional prohibition. It is proper that there should be a constitutional limitation upon expense, but why upon investment? If a bank will lend on the property of a person up to within 60 per cent. of its valuation, why not upon the property of a city? If upon a class "A" building belonging to a corporation, why not upon a street railroad or electric lighting plant belonging to a city? If Mr. Calhoun can bond his street railroad system for all it is worth why should San Francisco be denied the same privilege? Why should there be anything that a private corporation may do

that a public corporation may not if it wants to?

The California Weekly willingly admits that a private corporation CAN handle such enterprise more cheaply and efficiently than a public corporation, but suppose it WON'T? What will a city of free-born American citizens do? Submit? Not if there be any real manhood in men.

Fortunately there is nothing in the nature of an investment safer or more permanent than a street car system in a growing and prosperous city. There is nothing else in the nature of a public utility where the risk is so slight and the profit so certain.

The Men of California will be generous in so amending the constitution of the state as to permit San Francisco to exceed its 15 per cent. limitation for the purpose of owning a municipal car system. They know how this city has been debauched by the United Railroads influence, how justice has been crushed and the laws flouted, and they know that there is no deliverance for the city except in its emancipation from corporate control. The issue may be put up to the manhood of this state without danger of a rebuff.

Dividends or Burial Permits.

Last week we spoke of a fear entertained that, when the casualty statistics for the last year came in from the railroads, they would be found to be very serious. There is further evidence at hand to the same effect. During July, August and September, in train accidents alone, the railroads of this country killed 193 persons and wounded 3,752. Other than train accidents added to those just given bring the total up to 852 killed and 19,241 injured. There is little doubt that when the figures for October, November and December come to hand they will make a still more serious showing. A great part of this killing and maiming is to be charged to scrimping the maintenance-of-way and the repair shops in order that dividends not rightfully earned might be paid. For no railroad that does not first put its track in order and its motive department in ship shape has any moral right to pay a dividend. Every dividend declared without such moral sanction has its equation expressed in burial permits, hospital charges, endurance of pain, loss of life or limb and, fortunately, in damage suits. Whoever knowingly votes to declare such a dividend is guilty of manslaughter and, sometime, somewhere, will answer to that charge. It is the pitilessness of greed that makes right-minded men hate it so. Nor were dividends of more than secondary consideration. That which went before dividends was the sustaining of the market quotations of railroad shares. Government cannot regulate all such details. Something apparently must be left to the consciences of men who haven't any.

Not Thrown Off On Heney.

Certain enemies of Francis J. Heney and of the public good are trying to make it appear that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican league, and progressive Republicans generally, have "thrown off on him," because they are not intending to make him their candidate for governor this time. It is no such thing. There is no other man in California whom progressive Republicans, in common with progressive Democrats, love so sincerely or would support so heartily as Francis J. Heney. But there is no other man in the state who serves so well at their hands; but this does not imply that they must all join John-the-Baptist Boke in trying to force his nomination whether or no. Mr. Heney has been consulted in relation to the matter, not once but a hundred times, and his wishes have been referred to much against the preferences of many. It is recognized, as explained in these columns some time since, that Mr. Heney is entitled to a rest, entitled to recover from the strain of having fought the devil with fire for three straight years, entitled to recoup his fortunes which he seriously impaired in years of public service without one farthing of recompense, entitled to make the people of the nation as well acquainted with him as the people of California are, that they may love him as well for the work he has done and for the enemies he has made. There has been no throwing off on Heney, but there has been a taking counsel with reason and judgment, justice and fair play with the result that Mr. Heney's wishes have been acceded to in great love and good faith. That's all.

Do These Things First.

Before raising the rate on second class matter the government should concern itself with what it is paying for the transportation of the mails. It is understood that the government pays the railroads from three to five times, and in some instances eight times, as much as the express companies are paying for the performance of essentially similar services under essentially similar conditions. If this be so, and the government can ascertain the fact, it is either because the express companies have more influence with the railroads than the government has or because the railroads have more influence with the government than the people have. Both of these alternatives may be well founded.

Pay the railroads what the express companies pay them for a similar service, abolish the franking privilege and suffer those who want public documents to advance the postage on them, permit the rural routes to do a parcels post business, suffer the government to pay its own postage as the states do and then, if there is a deficiency in postal receipts to meet postal expenses, The California Weekly will stand an increase in postage rates without complaint.

W. P. Lawlor.

Being neither a graven image nor a stone post, but a conscientious, justice loving judge, it must be hard for Judge W. P. Lawlor to witness from his high position the attempt to bring to naught all the efforts that have been made to fetch malefactors of great wealth to deserved punishment for their crimes. He has heard the evidence over and over, has looked into the faces of the witnesses day after day and, not being bereft of his senses, he knows that the accused are guilty, not only guilty of the crimes with which they are charged but guilty of the greater crime of crushing the law and of making the temple of justice a den of conspirators against the public welfare. But he can no more make a reluctant district attorney prosecute effectively than he can make a reluctant bird sing or an unthirsty horse drink. Except the attorney-general of the state intervene there seems to be nothing for it but to let the unconvicted felons go unwhipped of justice, save as they shall walk to their graves in the shadow of the condemnation of all right-thinking people. Verily, the position of Judge Lawlor is a trying one, but whatever transpires the public will hold him guiltless of any miscarriage of justice.

"We Shall Win."

In a letter to a friend in San Francisco Gifford Pinchot writes: "Now that the lines are being clearly drawn between the special interests and the rest of us in the fight for conservation and the square deal **we shall win,** for the people are on our side. What has happened to me is of no consequence except as it will help us to win." Gifford Pinchot may be what Joe Cannon recently declared him to be, an uncomfortable subordinate, but the American people take great comfort in the fact that he is to lead the forces for conservation and the square deal. It gives us all courage to believe with him that, "We shall win."

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

It was the Persian philosopher, Hafiz, living half a dozen centuries ago, who declared that, "On the neck of the young man there sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise." Without enterprise the world is dead or so inert as to move tardily, but the fire of enterprise, when once it has been kindled, well, nobody can foreknow in what the conflagration will result. It is a terrible passion to arouse in a man, and if he does not hold the impulse in leash it may lead him whither he would not go.

There is nothing that whets enterprise to so keen an edge as competition. From childhood to age we are all of us striving to excel someone else in something, or if we are not it is because we are so much dead timber, just human punk encumbering the earth. What is the spirit that enters into every game that ever was was played if it be not that of competition, rivalry, trying to beat someone else at doing something? Without that spirit there would be no such thing as play, and without play the child would never make a man.

And yet what a terrible thing this same competition is if it gets away from us, if it be left to do its unhindered worst! Within the past week a great suit at law has been argued at Chicago. The point at issue was the constitutionality of a law limiting to ten the hours which a wage-earning woman may work in a day. Without such a law many employers will force their woman workers to toil for twelve or fourteen hours a day, and their excuse for the barbarism is that competition forces it upon them, that they must exact that number of hours of toil because other employers do it. The women complain, too, that unless they are permitted to toil twelve or fourteen hours per day the pay they receive per hour will not furnish a livelihood.

This, then, is what the twin blessings of enterprise and competition, blessings without which the world would be dead and poverty universal, if they were suffered to do their unhindered worst, would mete out to the toiling mothers of the children of men. It is costing years of time and effort to so control these splendid forces as to prevent their injuring, if not destroying, the race, and yet the race would be as inevitably destroyed without them.

Over against these innate forces, these fundamental impulses of our nature, God-given, every one of them, we must learn to set in wholesome check certain other God-given forces and impulses to see that the first do not carry us too far. The doctrine that we must suffer these fundamental forces to work out their unhindered wills is false doctrine. Above and beyond them all, master of them, if it cares to exercise its mastery, is the unconquerable soul of man. That soul is responsible to no force, to no impulse, to no innate tendency, but only to the God who made it, and that God will some day, somewhere, force that soul to give an account of its stewardship. For the hardships it has suffered to be inflicted upon the helpless, "competition" will afford a poor excuse and "enterprise" will serve no better.

Here, then, is a truth which we must all learn, as individuals, communities, states, nations—that the soul is indomitable, triumphant, that it can and must control all things for the common good. We can prevent an overreaching spirit of enterprise making us industrial slave drivers. We can prevent our competition driving some one else to destruction. We can prevent competition and enterprise forcing women to toil so many hours each day that they are no longer fit to become mothers of American citizens. And, too, we must prevent children being driven, by these same unrestrained impulses, to forfeit their childhood to become little, old pack animals. That obligation is upon us and our children forever. No excuse can divest us of that responsibility.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Cost of That "Object Lesson."

Report, which bears considerable semblance of truth, has it that the recent panic in Wall street was manipulated by "the interests" as an object lesson to President Taft, so as to give him an understanding of what might happen to the country if the affairs and methods of the higher-ups were in any way disturbed. Supposing this to be the case, it is of interest to note just what was the cost of this little object lesson. This may be done by comparing the prices of leading stocks during the panic with the higher recent prices of the same stocks. For example, the shrinkage in prices of United States steel common was, in round numbers, $86,000,000; in Union Pacific common, $81,000,000; in Pennsylvania railroad, $82,000,000, or a fall of about a quarter of a billion dollars in just three stocks. In thirty-two railroads and twenty-nine industrial stocks there was a slump of $1,307,800,000, and this latter loss, every cent of which was stood by some people somewhere, was what the object lesson cost. It is to be hoped that President Taft appreciated the lesson, and it is even more to be hoped that its moral was clear to him, for it certainly is this: There is no man, or set of men, in whose hands should be placed such power to make or unmake the welfare of the people of this or any other nation.

Wages and Cost of Living in Germany.

The Germany Journal of Social Science, in an attempt to demonstrate the benefit of the protective tariff to working men presents some statistics which might be looked upon with disfavor by an ardent protectionist as not attaining the end desired. But, however one may look upon them, here they are: The Journal contends that wages in general have been largely advanced during the last fifteen years, and cites, as representative instances, the increase in wages of bricklayers from eight to thirteen cents an hour, or 62½ per cent.; in woodworkers' wages from $4.50 to $6.10 a week, or 35½ per cent.; in printers' wages from $5 to $6 a week, or 20 per cent. In these and many other trades there has been an average increase of perhaps 40 or 50 per cent., and there has been more or less of a reduction in the number of hours of labor, which, of course, does not increase the income. All of the foregoing must sound gratifying to any working man, but the Journal kills this effect of it later by admitting that in the same time the cost of household necessities has increased by 100 to 127 per cent. So it appears that the workman's salary lacks from 50 to 87 per cent. of having kept pace with the cost of his living. Perhaps the Journal should try again; its first demonstration seems to prove too much.

And Still the Unwashed Come.

How much leaven does it require to leaven the whole lump? Or, if the lump is fortunate, is it probable that it will succeed in leavening the leaven? These questions become pertinent in view of certain facts relating to immigration, recently disclosed, which follow: During the seven years terminating June 30, 1909, 6,617,155 aliens came to this country, and more than 70 per cent. of these were from southern and eastern Europe and western Asia, principally consisting of southern Italians, Greeks, Hungarians, Roumanians, Slavs, Bulgarians, Turks, Armenians and Syrians. About 4,500,000 of our immigrants came from these countries during these seven years, or fully a third more than would be required to populate the three great Pacific states of California, Oregon and Washington as densely as they now are populated. Now, saying nothing about the quality of this leaven, the original questions recur, and Americans who care for their country will do very well to consider them.

Low Rate of Birth in France.

Charles Turquot, writing in Je Sais Tout, a Parisian journal, predicts that at the present low rate of increase of population France will occupy in 1950 the lowest place among the greater powers, adding that Von Moltke spoke but the truth when he said, "the French lose a battle every day." According to the statistics of the last five years, says Turquot, the population of France has increased but 330,000, while that of Germany has increased by 4,000,000, or in a ratio of seven to one. Again, he calls attention to the fact that while the military forces of France in 1870 were just about equal to those of Germany, the latter nation at the present time could put in the field twice as many men as could France. The low birth rate is responsible for this condition. For example, in the Cote d'Or department, during the last six months of last year, there were 2,843 births and 3,959 deaths, and in the department of Yonne there were 2,382 births and 3,627 deaths. So it will be seen that in the contest between Life and Death in these two rich departments the grim spirit has about 46 per cent. the better of it, and in varying degrees the rule is the same throughout France. Turquot suggests no remedy unless one be implied in his contention that French parents are too desirous to provide well financially for their progeny, so desirous, indeed, that they limit the number of them too closely.

Chicago to Vote on Saloon Question.

Something of a phenomenon in a political way will be witnessed in Chicago next April when the electors of that city vote on the question of putting the saloons of that city out of business, for this perhaps will be the first time in the history of mankind that so great a city has taken such a step. The situation is due to the initiative clause of the charter, under the terms of which a petition signed by 61,000 voters necessitates an election. The antagonists of the saloons have secured a petition with 74,805 signatures, and from this time the war will go merrily on. As the first step in such a war the liquor men's organization is about to investigate every signature in the hope that enough illegal ones may be found to invalidate the petition. As they would have to throw out about one-fifth of the entire number, however, it is not probable that this step will be successful. In the event that it is not, President Knude of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association promises to "put up a campaign that will help to demonstrate that Chicago will forever have saloons," and he adds, "The drys will be beaten at least three to one at the polls." If the election is a fair one, it is probable that neither side will be defeated by any such majority as he suggests, but neither is there any probability that Chicago will go dry.

A Potpourri of Diamond Information.

As most people know, the most important diamond fields of the world are found in South Africa, Brazil having lost that distinction many years ago. Less people know that the entire annual output of the South African mines is but about a half of a ton annually, or, say, as much as the old family horse could easily carry away in a "democrat" wagon. As the half ton, however, would be worth about $15,000,000, it would be a very interesting haul for the old horse, or its owner. It is now claimed that another diamond field, possibly to rival that of South Africa, may be developed in Liberia, quite a number of fine gems having been found in the blue clay of that country. By the way, speaking of diamonds, it may be mentioned that the proper way to wear them during Lent, as the most recherche authorities inform us, is as a diamond cross set in platinum. The most pious length for the cross is three or four inches, and any other setting than platinum might cast a doubt upon the religion of the wearer. At least, thus our fashionable authority appears to view the matter, and what a travesty of genuine religion it is!

The Guinea Is "Gentleman's Money."

A British guinea is twenty-one shillings, a pound is twenty shillings. This distinction, amounting to about what would be a two-bit piece in California, is not wide, but the distinction that the Briton makes between the two is wider. In his usage the guinea is "gentleman's money," while the pound is "common people's money." To illustrate, professional men are paid in guineas, trades people and laborers in pounds. An artist must be paid in guineas, but the man who sells him his paints is paid in pounds. A barrister is paid in guineas, and so is a physician; so also is a dentist, unless he is a particularly bad dentist.

Students at German Universities.

There were matriculated at the universities of Germany this season 52,456 students, and of this number 1,856 were women. This does not look like much of a showing for the women, but when it is considered that it is a gain of 748 since last year, it is evident that our German sisters are preparing to join in the worldwide forward movement of their sex.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

Poe's Tales and Poems.

A too-impassioned spirit housed in a sickly and inadequate body—such was Edgar Allan Poe. His naturally vigorous imagination, like his body, was always ill, and so it produced, instead of visions of symmetry and beauty, monstrous shapes of decaying loveliness, trembling on the verge of death.

But, weird and unwholesome as these visions are, they glow darkly with the smouldering fire of genius. Poe's stories are the pathological phenomena of invalidism translated into narrative and verse. They are moods and pains personified in characters and songs. And the complete success of this translation and this personification is the triumph of his genius, for the successful translation of moods into words that exactly reproduce those moods in the reader's spirit is one of the most difficult feats of literary art.

Poe has done this, with what power every one realizes who has begun one of his stories, followed it against his own will, shaken by its horror, to the startling and crushing climax, and laid it down, to find himself still enveloped in the weird, unearthly atmosphere of his sickly dream. No matter that the story is unreal, improbable, impossible—the illusion is complete, and whether you will or no you are swallowed up in its mazes and rush on with him through the dank meadows where clouds lower and bats' wings brush your face and sad eyes peer at you from the thickening gloom, toward the sullen glow of the dying sun that will sink and leave you lost, terror-stricken, to sink in the mire of horror he has led you to.

The poems are the same moods, set to music. Pain, disease, the decay that mutilates all beauty and violates all love, the horrors of approaching dissolution, the sweat of the death agony, the sultry flame that flickers in the eyes of the dying—these are the subjects of his songs. And their power lies here, that he who writes of these things finds them more terrible because he loves their victims with all the force of all his passionate heart: the loveliness of feminine beauty and character—how loveable, and how terrible that worms shall feed upon it; the godlike powers of the human mind—how sublime, and how horrible to know that death shall triumph over it; sweet music and how it lifts the soul, and how desolating to know that it must cease and that the soul must fail at last to vibrate in harmony with it!

Wonderful genius! Yet how supremely tragic that it had no philosophy profound enough to give it hope. Think what Poe might have written—the master of moods and music in words—if his spirit could have found the "balm in Gilead" which it prayed for in "The Raven."

STORIES OF PRESIDENT ELIOT.

Press an old Harvard man for some striking characteristic of former President Eliot, and he is likely to tell you it's polar coldness, says the New York Sun. Never in his long career at the head of Harvard was he known to approach anything in the least resembling personal relations with a student, or even with members of the faculty. He took things in the abstract. To illustrate this characteristic, let the Old Harvard Man tell a yarn or two.

It chanced some years ago that Harvard had what was admittedly the better football team as compared with her time-honored rival, Yale. But in spite of this physical superiority, "Yale luck" won the annual game. As the throng rolled out of Soldiers' Field an Old Harvard Man happened to fall in with the then President Eliot.

"A most disappointing contest," remarked the Old Harvard Man.

"Oh, not at all," replied Dr. Eliot. "The winning or losing of the game is of little consequence. The important point is the fact that it was a clean game."

Another year and Harvard triumphed over her old foe, and great was the rejoicing. Headed by a brass band, every loyal Harvard man in Cambridge fell in line and marched, singing the old songs and howling their triumph. When the head of the procession reached the residence of President Eliot a halt was called, and loud shouts proclaimed the demand of a speech from him.

Presently he appeared on his piazza and gave utterance to about these words:

"Much as we are to be congratulated on the victory of to-day, young gentlemen, I can't see any occasion for unusual celebration. The fact is, the most remarkable thing about the game was the splendid rally Yale made at the close."

The brass band silently departed and the 3,000 celebrants melted into the night.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE LOST DAWN.

By Virna Woods.

Miss Virna Woods, the writer of this poem, was a teacher in Sacramento, where she died several years since. She was the author of several plays which were staged, but her best known work was a dramatic poem, The Amazons, which received a high encomium from no less a person than William E. Gladstone.

We look to-day in the olden places
Of storied woodlands, and find no traces
Of all the mystical, dreamful races,
Of lovely nymphs and the bacchanal brood;
The streams that slip to the ocean glisten
As fair as then, but we vainly listen
For a naiad-voice in the solitude.

No more from thicket and leafy hollow
The merry satyrs and dryads follow
The sweet-stringed lyre of the glad Apollo,
Or Pan who pipes on a tuneful reed;
No oreads sport on the sun-lit mountains,
Nor naiads peep from the bubbling fountains,
While fauns through the rustling forests speed.

The empty altars in temples olden,
The crumbling and unwreathed statues golden,
The niches where silence and dust embolden
The spider to weave her fragile thread;
Are the only symbols of haunts forsaken,
Where the struggling beams of the morning waken
No happy sound from the centuries dead.

The light of the sun at mid-day scorches
The faded vine in the crumbling porches,
Where of old, at even, the marriage torches
Blazed fitfully on the marble walls;
And yonder temple is but a ruin
For modern lovers to sigh and woo in,
'Neath figures of dancing bacchanals.

For foreign hatred and inner malice
Have spilled the wine from the altar chalice,
And dimmed the splendor of hall and palace,
And stilled the hymns that were loud and sweet;
The night of doom on the hill-tops darkens,
The Roman Forum no longer hearkens
The joyous measures of conquering feet.

Time with his hapless soul unshriven,
By lightning led and by wild winds driven,
Travels the path by the stern Fates given,
As a barefoot pilgrim in the night.
Only old tales with the breath of roses,
Only the years' faint lamp discloses,
In glimpses and flashes his shadowy flight.

Slumber the gods in the old Pantheon;
Silent the prayer and hushed the paean;
Furled the sails of the fleet Aegean;
Spent the arrows and broken the shields.
Greece has perished and Rome has fallen;
Only the dust of their mighty pollen
Falls on the blossoms of fresher fields.

OF VERSATILE ENJOYMENTS.

Two people reading the same book may enjoy it for very different reasons. A cowboy, for instance, would enjoy Owen Wister's "Virginian" for its shrewd depiction of scenes familiar to him, while a New Yorker enjoys it for its suggestive picture of something pleasingly unfamiliar to him.

This versatility of enjoyments in reading may be described according to other orders, however. Readers of different ages enjoy the same book for different reasons, the young reader for the exciting plot and incidents, the old reader for the accuracy of character drawing and for the marks of experience in life. Another order of varying enjoyments is according to tastes. A student of history finds Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" to his liking because it presents a vivid picture of the social conditions of a historical epoch, while a psychologist finds it a document in evidence for his theories of insanity and of mob action.

And this versatility of enjoyment is one of the tests of greatness in literature. Shakespeare is supreme partly because his works are suggestive to more types of mind and taste and interest than the works of any other writer. He has history for the historian, pathology for the doctor, games for the athlete, music for the musician, botany for the naturalist, morals for the clergymen, metaphysics for the philosopher, and many things for many others. And, for all readers, of all tastes, he has always an absorbing story, simple enough for the simplest mind to grasp and become interested in, and profound enough to test the intellectual capacity of the most learned and the most nimble-witted. Ruskin once said that the intellectual measure of every man since Shakespeare may be taken exactly by his comprehension of Shakespeare.

And, as one grows older, these refinements of enjoyment in reading become increasingly necessary to the habitual reader. After one has taken his fill of enjoyment in the mere unfolding of a fiction and has come to realize that new plots are few, he falls back upon an appreciation of skill in character drawing. After a time, this resource partly fails. He begins to recognize a common source of human nature, certain general classifications of human types, as the basis of nearly all characters. Then comes a search for other sources of enjoyment. These are many: skill in the choice of words, sonorous rounding of phrases, full of charm as well as sense, musical cadences, aptness of epigram, relations of truth to truth. Few of us, men at least, have the abounding spirit of youth, persisting to old age, such as the late Senator Hoar had, who enjoyed dime novels to his dying hour.

But the most copious reader is never without further resources of enjoyment. If he exhaust one literature, there are ten others; if he drain the pleasures of one period, there are other ages, written of in other veins; if the pleasures of emotion be dry, there are pleasures of the intellect. Such are the inexhaustible variety of the riches of books that no man need ever feel ennui or too much plenty in their company.

But the wise reader will conserve his own resources of spirit for enjoyment in books. Too much fiction deadens the springs of emotion. Too much dry reading deadens the resiliency of the mind. Mix the two. When poetry cloys, read Bacon's Essays. When Mill's Logic wearies, read the Waverly novels. Take water with the bread, wine with the water, meat with the wine. All the courses of a full meal are enjoyable. And a little rest between meals does no harm. Blessed books! guides to living, relief from life, monuments to truth and beauty, friends and intimate companions!

Miss Bateman-Hunter, of the New Theatre, New York, is probably the youngest woman to play the part of Olivia in any production. Although she is only seventeen, she has played equally important roles, having appeared in London as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal."

MAKING BETTER DOCTORS

AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROLONG THOUSANDS OF HUMAN LIVES

The old-fashioned doctor was a grand old man, and he did the best he knew and served his generation nobly. But he realized always that his education was seamed with great gulfs of ignorance and cramped by inadequate facilities for learning even the best that was then known in the science. He dreamed of the knowledge that is possessed by the modern doctor and of the facilities that are opened to modern students, and would have given his heart to have enjoyed them.

Recall how the old-fashioned doctor learned his profession. The only medical schools in existence were those owned and operated privately by groups of practicing physicians who each took an hour or two a day from his arduous professional duties to lecture to the young men on anatomy, physiology and therapeutics. These colleges were money-making institutions, supported by and making a profit from the tuition fees of the students. They graduated men who knew the theory of anatomy and physiology well enough, and so much of practical surgery and medicine as could be illustrated in the clinics. But of the practical treatment of that miscellaneous aggregation of diseases and problems that make up a doctor's routine work they had only the vaguest notion. It was a familiar sensation for a newly graduated doctor to approach his first maternity case, for instance, in a state of panic because, while he knew the theory of this relatively simple case perfectly well and had passed brilliant examinations on it, he had never seen a case actually handled and would have been abashed in the presence of an experienced midwife who could not tell the difference between a cancer and a bunion.

In one sense, however, these colleges served their day fairly well because, to tell the truth, there was not a vast deal of exact medical knowledge in existence. These colleges were competent to teach what was known, and their most serious deficiency lay in the lack of facilities for studying actual cases under hospital conditions.

But a great revolution was suddenly wrought in the science of medicine. A scientist, who was not a doctor at all, made some studies of crystallization that led him into researches into the causes of fermentation. In the course of these studies he came upon the explanation of the phenomenon of immunity in contagious diseases, and Louis Pasteur became the father of the anti-toxin, or serum, treatment of such infective diseases as rabies. But, more, his scientific explanation of the reason for the success of the serum treatment opened up a long avenue of future applications of his method, resulting in such discoveries as the diphtheria anti-toxin by Behring, and the anti-toxin for meningitis by Flexner. And, still more, it brought about the evolution of a new type of scientific medical research, prosecuted by scientists who were quite independent of medical practice for their livelihood, whose whole time was devoted to laboratory experiments for the sole purpose of increasing the store of exact knowledge of the human body and its ailments. It is from the work of these men that the knowledge of the modern doctor is drawn for his increasingly efficient warfare against disease.

This revolution in medicine threw the old-fashioned medical schools completely out of joint with the times. They had been technical schools with the sole purpose of turning out skilled practitioners. The new science of medicine made it necessary that a doctor should be more than a mere skilled mechanic: he must be a man with a broad culture and with a profound foundation in the philosophy of medical research. He must know chemistry, he must know physics, he must understand the mental processes that Pasteur used in his researches, he must have laboratories and microscopes, he must have access to hundreds of patients, so that he might understand the refinements of diagnosis that have grown up with completer knowledge of disease.

Here the old-fashioned college failed for two reasons. These things cost money, lots of money. Dr. Simon Flexner's researches, which resulted in the discovery of a treatment for meningitis that has reduced the mortality rate from 75 per cent. to less than 30 per cent., required laboratory equipment costing a million dollars and the whole time of several high-priced men for several years. Of course this laboratory equipment will not soon have to be duplicated, but its maintenance and the salaries of investigators are a heavy charge—far too heavy to be borne by private, money-making institutions.

The other reason for the failure of the old-fashioned college is this: that part of instruction which depends upon the study of actual cases at the bedside could not be given by it. The doctors of the faculty could not take their students with them from house to house; the public hospitals were open to them, but not in a way to give the instructors full charge of the patients; a money-making college could not afford to run a private hospital for the instruction of the pupils.

Then, in America at least, a university made a pioneer movement in the education of doctors. Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, put its medical department on exactly the same footing with other departments. Instead of retaining the services of active practitioners for a few hours a week, it got eminent men of medicine as instructors at salaries that commanded their entire time. Thus, the man in charge of the study of anatomy was a distinguished anatomist, who not only lectured and demonstrated at the clinics, but directed consecutive anatomical research work that constantly widened the horizon of knowledge in his specialty. The same was true of the study of physiology, of pathology, of bacteriology, and so on throughout the co-ordinate branches of medical science. In other words, Johns Hopkins put the instruction of medical students on a thoroughly sound basis of craftsmanship and added to that an inspiring atmosphere of scientific speculation and experimentation and research which resulted in the graduation of physicians who were scientists as well.

It did another thing. It added, as a part of its equipment—just as it would add a laboratory—a hospital where the advanced students had every facility for studying disease in the patient as well as in a book, and for carrying on constructive research in disease as well as practical therapeutics. This was possible for Johns Hopkins, with its vast financial resources, where it was impossible for the private medical schools.

The example of Johns Hopkins was soon followed by the better universities. And the wise private colleges promptly sought the protecting wing of affiliation with universities, to which they turned over their whole equipment.

This evolution by affiliation was worked out in the case of the old Toland Medical School, of San Francisco, which affiliated with the University of California a good many years ago. At first the regents of the University of California were slow to realize the tendency of the time in medical education, with the result that the "Affiliated" is still inadequately equipped in some respects.

But—and here is the point toward which this article has tended—the regents do now appreciate the necessity for a great improvement in its equipment, and the first steps in that improvement have been taken.

The two first years, of preparatory work, have been moved from San Francisco to the university at Berkeley, where the beginners are grounded in the foundation sciences of chemistry, physics, pathology, bacteriology, and the like, under the instruction of such men as Professor Jacques Loeb—soon to go to New York—who is eminent in biological research, who is in charge of the work in physiology; Dr. Alonzo Engelbert Taylor, in charge of the pathological work; and of assistant professor Robert O. Moody, in charge of the anatomical work. The instruction given by these men and their assistants makes possible the graduation, not only of modern physicians grounded in the philosophy of scientific medicine, but also of men who are trained to carry on research work independent of actual medical practice.

The development of the remaining side of the college's deficiencies is also in process. This is the hospital equipment. The California Hospital has about seventy-five beds, but only eleven of these are endowed so that cases can be accepted solely for their scientific interest and not mainly because of their pecuniary return. What is needed is to have all of the seventy-five beds endowed so that the whole number could be used for demonstration purposes by the professors in the actual handling of patients, and, more important, for that research work which vastly increases the power of the whole profession for all future time. This would entail too large an expense to be borne by the university, for the maintenance of every bed represents the interest upon about $10,000. So the endowment of these beds must be achieved by private gifts. The eleven free beds have been thus endowed. The endowment of the remainder offers a magnificent opportunity for the exercise of a noble and most useful philanthropy.

Such a hospital would mean that, after the students had been grounded in the theory of medicine and in medical research under the instruction of state-paid scientists and in state-maintained laboratories, they could round out their course under practical conditions that would double their efficiency.

And to the state of California this would mean that her doctors would have a training equal to the best offered in the East; that thousands of lives would be saved; that millions of dollars now lost in human efficiency would be saved; that specialists would be developed from whom to draw sanitary engineers for the protection of the public health by the prevention of disease; that California would, in time, make a name in the scientific world through its research workers. This is the alluring goal toward which the faculty of the California State College of Medicine is working, and to realize which is needed the aid of wealthy patrons of the sciences. Here is an opportunity for a Californian—or for several Californians—to perform a service that will carry their names down to grateful future generations, for this is an opportunity to widen the horizon of medical knowledge in a way that will aid forever to prevent disease, to alleviate suffering, and to wipe out from the world some of the worst enemies of human happiness.

PERSONALIA.

Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Jack London, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, John Fox, Jr., Owen Wister, and Mrs. Burnett each receive $1,000 apiece for short stories.

The New York newspapers are almost unanimous in the opinion that the new play, "Just a Wife," by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," is not up to his earlier standard.

A monument to Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," is to be placed in Vienna. It will be in the form of a pergola, in the center of which will be a statue of heroic size, representing Strauss with his violin.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the famous Shakespearean scholar, founder of numerous literary societies, antiquarian of repute, and athlete of some note, who recently completed his eighty-fifth year, took part the other day in a rowing match over a thirteen-mile course.

Elbert Hubbard has found his appropriate level at last. The "Fra," so Manager Martin Beck announces, is to enter vaudeville at the Majestic theater in Chicago on Monday, March 14. He will appear twice daily in what he calls "Heart to Heart Talks," which will be changed from time to time.

A course in writing poetry is to be given at the university of Missouri. It will be under the direction of Dr. R. H. Miller of the English department, it is announced. A prize of $100 for the best poem has been offered for several years at the university but no poem regarded as of sufficient merit to win the prize has been submitted by a student.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Dig, You Duffer, Dig!

It is dig, you duffer, dig!
There is nothing fine or big
That a mortal e'er accomplished just by idly sitting round,
And the chap who wins the prize
Is the one that really tries,
Not the loafer on the corner, as you've noticed, I'll be bound.

Dig, you duffer! Life's a race
Where the steadfast set the pace,
And the one who stops to dawdle is the one who's left behind.
Genius, talent, wit and might,
I have seen them distanced quite,
ust because they lacked persistence of the upward-plodding kind.

Dig, you duffer! Never mind
If you note you're far behind.
ust keep plodding, plodding ever, and it's certain you will gain,
Gain upon the ones who "buck,"
Or who trust their fate to luck,
or 'tis but by constant climbing that the summit men attain.

It is dig, you duffer, dig!
Play the game, and don't renig;
'lay your deuces like the aces, never wincing as they fall.
Play, and play your very best,
Knowing well that here's the test:
e was often heavy-hearted, but he faltered not at all.

* * *

You—

Are the exact center of your universe;
About that center, which is you, swings
ery star, circles every planet, and wanders
ery comet in the limitless realms of space;
You can make that center a place of happi-
ss,
Or a cave of gloom;
A home of joy,
Or a haunt of misery;
A haven of love,
Or a den of hate.
In brief, my brother and sister, it is up to
You,
And all that you are and that you ever will
is determined by
You.
Wherefore, whatever you may attain in the
d, the praise or the blame for it belongs to
You.
And whether the foregoing is, or is not, en-
raging to
You
Depends on
You.

* * *

A Disturbed Dream.

I dreamed a dream," said the sad-eyed
ionary.
You did?" said I.
You bet I did!" was his somewhat crude
ponse. "It was the Taylor administration,
everything was a credit to the Beaux
s. I was especially delighted by the
nicipal band, the entrancing melodies of
ch were calculated to make Real Art sit
and take notice. Charmed and fascinated,
would listen to its silvery strains by the
ir. Alas! the McCarthy administration
ie in."
Why do you say 'alas'?" I inquired.
Why, McCarthy dismissed the bass-drum-
ter and the trombone-player, and it in-
cred with the harmony."
Why did he do it?"
Well, all I know is that he said they
ldn't be needed now that he is in office.
at do you suppose he meant?"
You'd better ask the school board," said I.
Which one?" said he.
nd, not having heard from court that
ning, how could I answer him intelligently?

The Opinions of Rufus.

Take all good of all religions, Elnathan, an' you'll find that a man who long ago had not where to lay his head biled it down in jest three words, "Love one another."

Some people ought to ricollect that they's sech a thing es a dog's barkin' so much es to make it not worth a dern fer a watchdog.

Melissy Briggs said she'd like well 'nough to move in high s'ciety ef 'twan't that she's so fond of Jabez that she'd kind o' hate to git a divorce frum him.

Ever stop to reflect that prob'ly the main reason you condemn Mohammedanism is 'cause you wan't born in Turkey or Arabia?

Prob'ly you b'lieve in singin', but don't you feel a yearnin' impulse to draw a line when you can't tell whether it's your neighbor's daughter or his cat?

Es I understand it, a fashionable church is a place where sinful saints meet to praise, worship an' wear their best clothes.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but it's no special credit to it, for so do burglars.

Some patryotic Californian ought to tell our women that wear furs on top an' gauze stockin's below that our glorious climate is s'posed to extend more'n two feet frum the ground.

The world's trophy of success too gener'ly is jest gilded to 'low it to average very valu'ble.

I reckon the heaviest load a man can carry in this world is a perpetual grouch.

Asa Peebles says he'd like to see if a sunrise is es pretty es poets say, but that he reely hates to set up all night to do it.

* * *

Don't Overwork the Child's Mind.

In a latter recently addressed to the educators of California by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt, he urges that home studying should be discouraged, as it tends to overwork a child's mind.

This is by way of an amen to that utterance. It does, indeed, seem strange—to me, at least—that intelligent educators should so have yielded to the cram-it-in system of instruction that such an utterance is necessary, but it is not the less necessary on that account. Dullard or "infant prodigy," just so much education must every child receive in a given time, and if the child be mentally slow, so that he must work eight or ten hours in a day to secure his slice off the educational loaf, so much the worse for the child—the cram-it-in system must be followed, anyway.

Within the walls of our public schools a pupil performs six hours of almost unbroken mental labor daily, this while his mind is in the formative stage and his body requires much exercise for its proper development. These six hours are enough; if any of you whose minds are formed doubt it, select some pleasant day, put in six hours at hard mental work, and see if you will not feel that you have another guess coming. The daily limit for good mental work does not overreach six hours, at any rate.

Seven, eight or ten hours of hard mental toil in a day does not kill all children, but there is none of us who does not know that it kills some. It does not destroy all intellects, but it destroys some, and I am not at all certain that it does not in some degree injure all. Superintendent Hyatt's word was well spoken, and it should be heeded, but the advocates of the cram-it-in system are hard to budge.

* * *

Get Somethin', Anyway.

Get somethin', anyway,
For every load you heft,
For when you get nothin' else
You're certain to get left.

The Stubbins Family and Economy.

In these piping times of holding companies when the price of nearly everything has gone up, the Stubbins family feels the necessity of economy, but it has not yet begun to economize, because it struck a rock in the very inception of the idea. In the first place Mrs. Stubbins had a happy idea, which is woman's prerogative.

"I will tell you, William," she said, "you know how much I love you, how dear you are to me, yet I feel that in these strenuous times we should be glad to make any sacrifice, to exercise any economy, for the welfare of our family. I am sure that you agree with me, and so—so—that is, how do you think it would do for us—you know how fondly I suggest it, William—for us to give up your smoking?"

"Mary," said Mr. Stubbins, "I appreciate your thoughtful consideration for the family, and you know how fully your tender love for me is returned. Like you, my darling, I feel that we should economize. In this matter, we must stand together, sacrifice together, Mary, and so let us resolutely make up our minds that we will—yes, though it hurts us, my dear—we will give up your new spring hat and gown."

So the matter still stands. Mr. Stubbins says that he might endure it for himself, but that he cannot bear to see his wife give up his smoking for her, and Mrs. Stubbins says she would sacrifice almost anything for William, but that she cannot bring herself to permit him to give up her new spring gown and hat for him. Each admits that he loves the other too well to permit him thus to sacrifice.

Such is marital devotion, and unless the loving couple can decide on some manner in which the children can economize, I am afraid that their era of economy will not soon arrive.

* * *

The Poet Is Heard From.

The pale, cadaverous man who came into the office admitted that he was a poet. "I can't help it," he added, "for Fate often is unkind, but we must heed her fiat."

After he had wept a few moments, he continued, "I felt impelled to dash off the little thing which I will read to you."

I attempted to dash off, myself, but he headed me off with the following:

The American eagle soared on high.
As is the eagle's fashion.
Says he, "I'm monarch of the sky.
Which you can place your cash on:"
But then the eagle wept, you bet.
For price of food flew higher yet.
And left the eagle in a pet,
A really shocking passion.

"That's a good one," said I, "and its chief beauty is its brev—"

"The second verse goes like this," said the Poet.

Great Georgie cut his father's tree.
His father got his number.
And shouted, "George, explain to me
Why limbs the ground encumber!"
Great Georgie wept. "How could I ken,
Since trusts are yet unknown to men,
How high, in Nineteen Hundred Ten
Would be the price of lumber?"

I could see that he was about to spring another verse, and so, in order to prevent it, I appealed to his poetic longings.

"Let's go down stairs and take something," said I.

Thus was the day saved.

* * *

In the Swing.

When you're high up in the swing,
Down you go!
When you're low you upward spring,
Joy-aglow!
Up and down, and to and fro,
All the while,
So the swing of life doth go—
That's its style.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Yes, I am very much pleased with The California Weekly and am delighted to see it improving all the time.

Yours truly,
ALLEN H. SUGGETT.
San Francisco.

If our readers knew of the things that The Staff have in mind for making The California Weekly better than it is, and how impatient they are to begin with them, they might become impatient also. It is something akin to the impatience with which an eighteen-year-old youth longs to be one-and-twenty and his own boss, but papers, like boys, have to grow and if the right minded public will stay with The California Weekly it will by and by become something of which the whole Pacific Coast may be proud.

The California Weekly.
Enclosed find check for ten copies of Graft Report. Just finished reading your last issue and think it the best yet. It gets better each issue. We value it more than any other periodical we have.
E. A. GAMMON.
Courtland, Cal.

As Collier's Weekly affirms, there is no estimating the good that a wide circulation of the Taylor Committee Report on the "Causes of Corruption in San Francisco" might result in and if all our readers would follow Mr. Gammon's example and order ten copies sent to ten thoughtful, influential persons somewhere in the United States, it does not matter much where, the essential facts of a great and significant event would become fixed in the public mind. That of itself would tend toward the purification of the municipal life of all cities, for human nature is not different in San Francisco from what it is in other cities. We mail these reports to addresses anywhere in the world on receipt of ten cents each, and nearly every one can afford to send five or ten copies.

I had not examined The California Weekly since shortly after its beginning. I read a copy to-day. Subscribing for it became at once a pleasurable civic duty.
E. O. JAMES.
Berkeley, Cal.

There is a moral obligation resting upon good citizenship to help to sustain, so far as one can, periodicals that stand for Right Things. Satan has a fat check book and an inexhaustible credit for sustaining the other kind of periodicals for the reason that wrongness is immediately financially profitable while rightness endures dividends long deferred but, we hope, cumulative. Therefore, sustaining The California Weekly should become a "pleasurable civic duty," to at least 10,000 persons in the bay district of California alone and to as many more elsewhere in the state.

The California Weekly.
Gentlemen:—Yours of recent date inclosing statement of my account with the Weekly, is at hand, and as I cannot do without that valuable newspaper, I am inclosing my check for $2.00 with which to renew my subscription.
I am a Democrat, but the attitude of the Weekly on all political questions in which the people of California are interested, is so nearly like democratic doctrine that I am glad to encourage the dissemination of such doctrines, even though they are advocated by a republican journal, which, after the nominations have been made by the Republican party for state officers, will, whether the nominees be in accord with the Weekly or not, fall into line and support those nominated, no matter if they be named by railroad influences or not. If the Weekly would "stick to its guns," after the nominations are made, and if the nominees are railroad candidates, give support to the nominees of the Democratic party, if those nominees are not railroad candidates, I would feel much more cheerful in the support of your paper.
Very truly yours,
FRANK H. FARRAR.
Merced, Cal., February 10, 1910.

The California Weekly recognizes the truth that, in a republic government must be mainly by party and that, in the less essential affairs, personal preference must give way to party preference. The only alternative is government by faction and that means unstable government and a government that is unstable must be weak. The irreconcilable is a public menace. But there are issues which transcend party obligation. The emancipation of California from corporation rule is such an issue and The California Weekly does not intend, knowingly, to support any candidate for office named by, and under obligations to, the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company, be he Republican or Democrat. The right to scratch a ticket is divine and should be freely exercised when there is cause. The danger is that if corporate influence succeeds in naming a candidate of one party it will succeed also in naming the opposing candidate of the other party, for that influence does not wish that issue drawn if it can be avoided. It prefers the application of the "heads I win, tails you lose," principle. No, a free Democrat will look good to The California Weekly next fall if we find him opposed to a Republican under bond to the allied infamies and there are tens of thousands of voters to whom he will look equally good, if he be any good.

I think that all of your readers appreciate the fight you are making against the associated criminals on the coast.
Very respectfully,
GEO. F. McNOBLE.
Stockton, Cal.

We think so, too, but there are some tens of thousands of good people in California who should entertain a similar appreciation but who do not yet, and it is in interesting them that we want all our friends to help. Half a dozen right words said at the right time by a disinterested person go farther in the right direction than a whole chapter sent from this office to a stranger.

A. J. Pillsbury
and the Editorial Staff.
The paper is improving right along. The last number is great. Where all is so excellent it is not easy to choose the best, but I have particularly enjoyed "Serving God," "A Fable," "Political Table Talk," especially "State Controller Who Ought to Stay," and "The Legislative Record," etc. Where else can the people look for such a record? I talk about The California Weekly everywhere, and try to get subscribers. I hope the paper will be taken up by the people. It surely will be in time. I hope President Taft sees it. I wrote Senator Bristow that he ought to take it.
Yours truly,
EDW. P. FLINT.
Oakland, February 8, 1910.

The kind of work that Mr. Flint is doing for The California Weekly is the kind that counts. It costs nothing but a little effort, and remembering to put forth that effort at the psychological moment. In that way the human lump can be leavenened in time, but the element of time is important to the enterprise. Therefore do it now, please, everybody.

Editor The California Weekly,
San Francisco, Cal.
Dear Sir:—Anent your recent editorial, "Let the People Guess Again," and Bishop Bell's letter of January 28th, with your comments thereon, I find the following quoted in "The Homiletic Review" for the current month, page 128, from President A. T. Hadley, of Yale College:
"The private property in the United States, in spite of all the dangers of unintelligent legislation, is constitutionally in a stronger position, as against the government and the government authority, than is the case in any country of Europe. . . . This is partly because the governmental means provided for the control or limitation of private property are weaker in America than elsewhere, **but chiefly because the rights of property are more forcibly established in the constitution itself.**" (The bold face is mine.)
Surely a change is coming when the power of "vested pecuniary interests," controlled by corporations dictating to and directing the policies of government, will be dethroned and "the Rights of Man" will be enthroned. Your paper is nobly working towards that end.
JAMES N. WILLIAMS.
Pacific Grove, Cal., February 9, 1910.

The truth brought out in the discussion above referred to is not as firmly fixed in the public mind as it should be. Our government was founded upon the inviolability of property. It was felt that if property were made secure human rights could not be overthrown, but the hypothesis lacks verification, just as we have seen the right of freedom of contract result in the virtual subjugation of the weak by the rapacious. Property rights must be made and kept secure, but we need to elevate the Rights of Man to at least an equality with the rights of property and with the right of private contract. Society as a whole, out of the plenitude of its power, may fix a wage rate below which no one will be allowed to work, hours of labor which may not

(Concluded on Page 202.)

For Breakfast

Germea

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

ohnson or Veinstock The inability of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League readily o come to an agreement in relation to a andidate for governor is not because of any isagreement, any irreconcilable differences etween the members. Judgments differ but artisanship scarcely exists. There are two ssues involved: one of sound judgment and he other of the willingness of candidates to erve. By a process of elimination, self or by ommon consent, the preference field at the our of going to press appears to have been arrowed down to a choice between Hiram ohnson and Harris Weinstock, each one deiring the other to run. Mr. Johnson feels iat, out of consideration for his family, he ught not. Running for office of any kind has ever entered into the calculations of Mr. Veinstock, who has retired from active busiess and, surrounded by his friends and his ooks, prefers his leisure and the opportunity hich that leisure may afford him to lend a and wherever the common good can be adintaged by it to holding any office. There ie issue seems likely to rest until Saturday hen the committee meets again to consult. neither of these gentlemen will accept oice is likely to be made between Belshaw id Mott, both able men who carry good ibernatorial timber under their hats.

Backhanded Compliment o Southern Intelligence It is announced occasionally in newspapers hich obtain most of their political informaon from the Burkes, Hattons and Lynches at "Los Angeles will claim the nomination r controller," to which is added the explanaon that the reason for this is that the south nts two members of the State Board of qualization and can only have them by sering the controller, who is a member exicio, in addition to the member for the disct. This valuable pointer on the interests the south and the way to serve them has en given out so regularly from the head arters of the Southern Pacific machine that thoughtful reader will begin to ask what machine's interest is in the matter. If one uld imagine a truthful answer being rened to that question, it would run like this: ontroller Nye? We don't want him, because is not our kind, but we would prefer not have it known that we are opposing him dily. It is a good deal better to go against obliquely. So we will put up a man from south who is entirely satisfactory to us then persuade the south that it ought to e for him on local grounds. Watch us ce the sentiment which will assure the cess of this scheme." Although the maie is a good deal bothered by the new ct primary law, it has by no means lost cunning.

road tricts From 1879 to 1909 California marked time in railroad legislation. For twenty-nine straight 's the statutes were unencumbered by anyg in the way of railroad legislation that railroads themselves did not approve, and the reason that the railroad political inice so controlled the legislatures that ing not to the railroad mind could get er in or out of any California legislature. the political atmosphere has a different to it now and it is within the possibilities a few new chapters may be written into laws regarding the railroads of California. latest addition, the Wright law, was a ulization. It was a bluff and nothing more. ie reader desires to get hold of this sub from the right end let him orient himself what district he is in and then prepare ke a hand in the fight for the right kind commission. To begin with, then, the district embraces all that part of California lying north of San Francisco bay, exng Marin county, and north of the north of San Joaquin, Tuolumne and Mono ties. The third district takes in all of California lying south of San Francisco and the county lines above mentioned, except San Mateo county. The second district includes San Francisco, San Mateo and Marin counties and nothing more. Now you know what district you are in.

Eshleman Talked Of John M. Eshleman is being talked of as a candidate to be brought before the Republicans of the third district for nomination. Down south they get awake to these things quicker than we do up north, but we ought not to let them beat us much. It is important to get busy. John M. Eshleman began at the bottom rung of the ladder without health, wealth or education, but he came to California and went to work on a section gang where he got back his health and got enough money to start in at the State University for securing an education. Afterward he alternated between railroading and the university until he graduated from both with good rank in both. Then he studied law and Governor Pardee made him Deputy State Labor Commissioner, an office which he filled with credit to himself and honor to the administration that appointed him. He enforced the laws governing the employment of children with zeal and efficiency. He was elected to the assembly from Berkeley and, in 1907, made a brave and efficient fight for the anti-racetrack bill that became a law two years later. The session's work and bad weather nearly cost him his health again and he went to Imperial county to recover it, and did so. He took a hand in forming the new county and was elected district attorney. There he is now and may be found if the people call him. He is an all-right man.

A Good Man Whoever Wins The Democrats of Southern California likewise are preparing to put an unusually strong man in the field for the office of railroad commissioner from the third district. Sentiment in that party appears to have crystallized on Joseph H. Call, one of the strongest attorneys at the Los Angeles bar. "Joe" Call, as he is familiarly known, doubtless knows more about the transportation business than any other man in the West. For the past twenty years he has represented the United States government in the prosecution of land cases, and in that time has never lost a case. In many of these cases railroads were found to have special interests that needed protection, and as the result of his investigations Mr. Call possessed himself of information that would be of tremendous value in the administration of the affairs of the state railroad commission. He would be a hard man for even the best Republican to beat in the finals. One thing is certain: If Call should win out at the Democratic primaries the Republicans could not hope to defeat him unless they should succeed in securing the nomination of some man of the Eshleman type.

Theodore Summerland Would Like to Hold On Theodore Summerland is the present commissioner from the third district. This may be news to some for he has been so modest in office that little has been heard from him and, besides, Walter Parker is responsible for him anyhow, having procured his nomination at the odoriferous Santa Cruz convention never to be forgotten. Mr. Summerland likes his job, notwithstanding that he feels that he is rather overworked and under appreciated. He will probably be the "organization" candidate before the Republicans of the district for renomination. Mr. Summerland feels that the fault is with the people rather than the commission, that people do not take the commission seriously or realize what it tries to do for them. But if he will stop to figure up what the people have paid to sustain that commission since its organization he will conclude that the people have taken the commission very seriously. If the commissioners had been anything more than chattels of the railroads they would have been knocking at the door of every legislature since 1879 asking for the legislation they needed, and showing why they wanted it, and they would not have gone away empty handed. That commission could have drawn the issue any time they wanted to and aroused the people to their support. Mr. Summerland has had his chance and should give place to another.

Walter Mallard The Likely Man The southern part of the state will insist likewise upon the nomination of a capable, honest and efficient candidate for member of the State Board of Equalization for the fourth district, which includes all that portion of the state south of and including the counties of Mono, Mariposa, Stanislaus, Santa Clara and San Mateo. The man most generally mentioned in connection with this office by the anti-machine element in the Republican party is Walter Mallard, now entering upon his second term as city assessor of Los Angeles. Mr. Mallard is highly qualified for the post. He served as a deputy under the late Ben Ward, the best and most conscientious county assessor Los Angeles county ever had, and during his incumbency of these two offices he learned about all that is necessary to be known regarding the methods adopted by the railroads and allied corporations to reduce their assessments to a ridiculous minimum. In his campaign for reelection as city assessor last year he met with no serious opposition. It would have been impossible to beat him, regardless of the character of the man put forward by the machine. Mallard is an authority on land values and everything connected with the work of equalization, and there is no doubt that his services to the state would be on a par, at least, with those for the city and county. Even if the Southern Pacific should happen to gain control of the next board, so far as numbers are concerned, the presence of men like Controller Nye and Mr. Mallard in that body would be of tremendous value.

Anderson No Softy No doubt Alden Anderson is, as reported, being subjected to a good deal of pressure to induce him to become an "organization" candidate for governor of California, but it is to be doubted if he can be screwed up to the sticking point of going before the people. It is true that he would be strong where Curry is strong and so be able to divide Curry's support, but what good would that do either Anderson or Curry? It would insure the nomination of the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate and the "organization" would suffer anything to come to pass rather than that, unless, indeed, the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau can name the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate, too, but that is extremely unlikely. Curry is, apparently, not to be frightened out of the race, Anderson is not to be made a living sacrifice to help defeat Curry and so it is likely that Mr. Herrin will make a virtue of necessity and stand behind Charles F. Curry for governor. He knows Curry for an "organization" man through and through and is merely afraid that Curry may become big enough to try to supplant Herrin himself as boss and so would prefer a less nervy politician for a candidate, but he mistakes his man if he thinks that he can use Alden Anderson for a stop-gap. Besides, Alden Anderson has a mighty good job right now. If he does not conclude to stay with that and let the gubernatorial job alone we miss our guess.

Held vs. Sanford There is some talk that W. D. L. Held, of Mendocino, may try conclusions with J. B. Sanford for election to the state senate, but that eventuality may be looked upon as still suspended in the atmosphere. Senator Sanford is something of an insurgent among Democrats while Held would find it hard to divest himself of the "organization" taint as a Republican. This

would give Sanford odds in his district even if the odds were not in his favor on the score of normal Democratic majority. The fourth district comprises Colusa (about the most hopelessly Democratic spot on earth), together with Glenn, Colusa and Lake, all of the same persuasion. In fact, when the state was districted these four Democratic strongholds were lumped off to keep each other company as the best way to be rid of them. Sanford's majority four years ago was nearly 900. As against any Republican who cannot purge himself of "organization" taint the race against Sanford would be well nigh hopeless. Doubtless the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau would rejoice to see Sanford left at home. He has been troublesome in recent years, but no one not a straight-out Lincoln-Roosevelter can perform that service this year.

Frank L. Caughey Found Him a Job Frank L. Caughey is clerk of the supreme court. The office is elective, but ought not to be. The supreme court should select its own clerk and the ballot should not be burdened with that office. Caughey has lived nearly all his life at the public crib. If he were shut off from it he would lose his appetite and perhaps die. This is not saying that he is not a good officer for he has made good wherever he has been tried, especially in bringing Mendocino county into the Herrin camp as a quid pro quo for Caughey's present $3,000 job. Nobody can beat Caughey for anything he wants in Mendocino county and, to get him a good job, the Republicans of his county have heretofore been willing to vote for railroad government, government by the higher-ups or anybody else and ask no questions. There isn't a thing in the world the matter with Caughey except that, for sake of an office, he will be all things to all men and most anything to the Devil, except being dishonest, for Caughey is square. He has even shut John McNab out of being talked of for governor, which was very agreeable and elevating to John, although it had no deeper significance than talk, all through fear that talking McNab might hurt Caughey's chances to hold down his present $3,000 job. Mr. Caughey's latest favor to the "organization" was in finding a place as deputy clerk for one Dave Williamson. David is a relict of the lamentable Calkinses who taught the Union Trust company and the Hellmans the value of a stiff breeze as security for money. He has been writing lavender editorials for the Sacramento Union, but has come to town where Caughey has installed him as scribe to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau for sending out "organization dope" to the interior press. The Southern Pacific's Political Bureau should be much obliged to Mr. Caughey and doubtless is. The general public should remember him also, anyhow until August.

A Good One On Stanton For many years Alice L. Armour has published the Orange Post and cultivated her memory and when a woman wants to dig up old personalities she always knows right where to go to look for them. The following is told on the authority of the Post. It was away back in 1896, on May 12th, that a Republican State Convention was held at Sacramento. P. A. Stanton lived in Orange then and was one of the eight delegates from that county. Stanton wanted to be state committeeman from that county and persuaded the delegation to select him, which it did, but Stanton was politically a little off-color in those days, as he has been at times since then, and the delegation rescinded its action and selected in his place H. W. Chynoweth of Anaheim. This made Phil hot all the way through and he not only read the riot act to the delegation but informed them that "We'll see that you get nothing in the future." On being asked whom he meant by "we" he retorted, "Why, the railroad that furnished you transportation to bring you here; now you may get home the best way you can." They did. The walking wasn't real bad down through the valley then because it was yet early and not very hot. Nevertheless the incident has not been forgotten in Orange county where the joke speedily leaked out. It appears to have been, too, all the lesson Orange needed, for it has been "organization" ever since, and Stanton and his "We, the railroad," have been doing business off and on from that day to this. Will Mrs. Armour kindly dig up some more old recollections? They are both interesting and illuminating.

Gage Is the Man to Make the Issue Plain If by any possibility Henry T. Gage should succeed Frank P. Flint in the United States senate it would be a case of King Stork following King Log. Flint was made senator by the Southern Pacific company, and such a thing as that he might at any time become entirely independent of his creator was, of course, unthinkable; still Flint did not go about boasting of his railroad connections, and occasionally he assumed some appearance of independence. Gage, on the other hand, is a man who would not think of denying or concealing his association with the railroad machine; he would be more likely to make it a merit and boast of it, for he would see nothing wrong in it. During the 1906 campaign, when the state ticket, nominated at Santa Cruz, was under fire, Gage made a speech lauding Herrin and calling him a great and good man. He was perfectly willing to have it known who his leader was and that he followed him joyously. Now it is being suggested that Gage is the right person to be the "organization" candidate for United States senator, and with that opinion The California Weekly is in hearty accord. He is "organization" to the backbone, and he has plenty of backbone; he would frankly acknowledge the dependence of the "organization" on the Southern Pacific; he is not the sort of sneak who would pledge himself to the railroad in secret; he would be ready to tell it from the house-tops. Why not have a campaign in the open? If an organization with the Southern Pacific company for its core is a good thing, or a necessary thing, or even an inevitable thing (and one or the other of these propositions is maintained by all who follow the organization), why not make a campaign on that plain issue? Governor Gage would be entirely willing to do it. Moreover, he would make the issue so clear that every citizen could stand up and be counted on the side of it on which he would wish to be reckoned. Yes, Governor Gage is the logical candidate for the Herrin people.

("Little Talks"—Concluded.)

be exceeded and, by income and inheritance taxes, society may take for the common good private property without making any other compensation than that of uplifting the race. The same tendency that would have made Man for the Sabbath, instead of the Sabbath for Man, would make Man for property instead of property for Man, and that **must not be.**

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:— In days of yore, spoilers lit false lights upon dangerous headlands to mislead mariners. Modern spoilers hire journals to mislead the public. In the one case, as in the other, the misguided are spoliated. A truthful journal of this day is as important to the public welfare as was a fixed, true lighthouse in those days to our sailors and, alas! almost as rare. The California Weekly is now shedding a brilliant light, a guide and a warning. Let me assist to trim the lamp.

Respectfully, JOHN T. DARE.

2472 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.,
February 12, 1919.

The Staff very gladly avails itself of Mr. Dare's kindly offices. A state paper in whose integrity the people can repose full confidence, even though a weekly, can become a great power for good throughout a commonwealth. It is not given to any editor or staff of editors to be at all times right. It was Emerson who said that even the wise are wise only on great and unusual occasions and say a hundred foolish things to one well grounded in wisdom. How impossible then for an editor to be a fit leader for a people! Fortunately he does not need to be a leader of their thought or their action. If he will only gather the data for them, get the facts they need and lay them before his readers, they will do their own leading, but if there be a shadow of doubt of the sincerity of any writer on the part of any reader the influence of that writer upon that reader is at an end. This we try to keep always in mind.

Miss Elizabeth Moore, a Vassar graduate, has entered the agricultural department of the University of Missouri at Columbia and has announced her intention of becoming an expert farmer. She is a member of several clubs in St. Louis.

A forgotten Homer Martin was found recently in an unused room at the Knoedler galleries on Fifth avenue, New York city. It is a landscape at Port Henry, Lake Champlain (according to Edward Gay, a friend of Martin)—a beautiful work of generous dimensions (30 by 50 inches), and it would be cheap at $7,500, as one would judge by the way Homer Martins are now held. Mr. Knoedler was so much interested in finding a masterpiece of this great individual painter that he proposes to pay Martin's wife half the price the painting may bring,—at least $5000 it will be welcome to Mrs. Martin, who dwells with a son at Ocean Park, Cal., and is not too well off.

"THE HASTINGS"

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MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN CALIFORNIA

STATE AND NATIONAL STATISTICS COMPARED FOR THE PERIOD OF 1887 TO 1906.

By GEORGE D. LESLIE.

A twenty years' review of marriage and divorce in California is afforded by recent publications of the Federal Census Bureau covering an investigation for the United States in 1887 to 1906. The destruction of San Francisco records by fire in 1906 does not affect comparisons particularly, because scattering counties had to be omitted likewise for other states besides California.

The number of marriages in California was 22,229 in 1887 and 17,720 in 1906, the state total almost tripling when the annual total for the United States hardly doubled (483,069 in 1887 against 853,290 in 1906). Even more significant are the totals for successive five-year periods, as follows:

5-year period	Total	California Marriages: Increase. Number	Per Cent.	Per Cent. for U. S.
1902 to 1906	70,524	25,785	57.6	20.3
1897 to 1901	44,739	4,877	12.2	12.4
1892 to 1896	39,862	5,448	15.8	11.9
1887 to 1891	34,414	.....	...	...

The above figures show that this state surpassed the nation in the **relative increase** of marriages especially in the last five-year period as compared with the one before.

However, the marriage **rate** is much lower for California than for the United States, as appears from the following figures for number of marriages in proportion to the population classified as total, total adult, and unmarried adult:

Marriages Annual Average per 10,000 Population.

Class of Population.	California.	U. S.
Total population.		
1900	84	93
1890	80	91
1900:		
Total at least 15	114	141
Unmarried at least 15	228	321

For both this state and the whole country the marriage rate was higher in 1900 than in 1890. For 1900 the annual average number of marriages per 10,000 unmarried adult population (including all the single, widowed and divorced at least 15 years of age) was only 228 for California against 321 for the United States. In fact, this marriage rate for the marriageable population was lower for California (228) than for any other state, the next lowest states being Connecticut, 232, Delaware, 236, Montana, 246, Massachusetts, 248, and Wyoming, 249. However, the lack of figures for San Francisco may account for the low standing of California in this respect. Divorce figures are available for the forty years from 1867 to 1906. The divorce total for California was 200 in 1867, 630 in 1877, 1,313 in 1887, 1,484 in 1897, and 1,813 in 1906, while the corresponding numbers for the United States were, respectively, 9,937 in 1867, 19,337 in 1877, 27,919 in 1887, 44,699 in 1897, and 72,062 in 1906. The grand total for California in 1867 to 1886 was 12,118 and in 1887 to 1906 was no less than 25,170. Similarly, the aggregate for the United States was 370,716 in 1867 to 1886 and as many as 625,625 in 1887 to 1906. The divorce figures for successive five-year periods are as follows:

5-year period.	Total.	California Divorces. Increase. Number.	Per Cent.	Per Cent. for U. S.
1902 to 1906	6,784	998*	12.8*	27.6
1897 to 1901	7,782	1,997	34.5	33.7
1892 to 1896	5,785	966	20.0	23.9
1887 to 1891	4,819	58*	1.2*	34.1
1882 to 1886	4,877	1,477	43.4	31.4
1877 to 1881	3,400	847	33.2	30.3
1872 to 1876	2,553	1,265	98.2	27.9
1867 to 1871	1,288	....	...	...

*Decrease.

Except for two five-year periods showing slight decreases, the successive divorce totals for California have increased at about the same rate as those for the United States. The decrease of divorces in California for the 1887 to 1906 as compared with the preceding five-year period is evidently due to the enactment of the interlocutory decree legislation at the session of 1903, which caused a temporary diminution in the divorce totals for this state. Thus, the number of final decrees of divorce in California fell from 1,733 in 1902 to 862 in 1903 and 716 in 1904, but then rose to 1,660 for 1905 and 1,813 for 1906.

Morever, the divorce rate, or proportion of divorces to either the total or married population, has invariably been higher for California than for the United States, as shown below:

Divorces, Annual Average per 100,000 Population.

Class of Population.	California.	U. S.
Total population:		
1900	108	73
1890	84	53
1880	84	38
1870	52	29
Married population:		
1900	297	200
1890	247	148

The proportion of divorces to total or married population has increased steadily in both California and the United States, the proportion for this state being much higher in each case than for the whole country. However, there are several states with relatively more divorces than California. Thus, while the annual average number of divorces per 100,000 married population in 1900 was 297 for California, it was no less than 315 for Nevada, 326 for Indian Territory, 344 for Arizona, 346 for Oklahoma, 347 for Idaho, 355 for Indiana, 361 for Wyoming, 368 for Oregon, 391 for Texas, 399 for Arkansas, 409 for Colorado, 497 for Montana, and 513 for Washington.

Of the 25,170 divorces in California in 1887 to 1906 only 6,409 or 25.5 per cent. were granted to husbands as compared with 18,761 or 74.5 per cent. granted to wives. For the United States in the same period the divorces granted to husbands were 33.4 per cent. and to wives 66.6 per cent. About three-fourths of the marriages in California alone were granted to wives, against a proportion of two-thirds for the whole United States.

The following table shows the per cent. distribution, by cause, of divorces granted to the husband and to the wife, respectively, in both California and the United States in 1887 to 1906.

Cause.	Divorces Granted: To Husband. California.	U. S.	To Wife. California.	U. S.
Total.	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Adultery	13.0	28.7	3.1	10.0
Cruelty	11.5	10.5	26.4	27.5
Desertion	70.4	49.4	34.2	33.6
Drunkenness	2.2	1.1	4.1	5.3
Neg. to provide..	..	...	19.9	5.5
Comb'n of preceding causes, etc..	2.3	4.5	10.6	11.8
All other specified causes	0.1	5.1	1.3	4.5
Cause unknown....	0.6	2.6	0.4	1.9

The great bulk of the divorces granted to husbands were for desertion (70.4 per cent. in California and 49.4 per cent. in the United States). Next in order are adultery (13.0 per cent. for this state and 28.7 for the whole country) and cruelty (11.5 for the state and 10.5 per cent. for the nation.)

The divorces granted to wives were mainly for desertion (34.2 per cent. in California and 33.6 per cent for the United States) with cruelty a close second (26.4 per cent. in this state and 27.5 per cent. in the whole country). Neglect to provide is also an important ground for divorce in California, being the cause for 19.9 per cent. of the divorces granted to wives here as compared with only 5.5 per cent. for the entire United States.

The table below gives for the principal causes, the per cent. of divorces granted to husbands and wives in California and the United States in 1887 to 1906:

Cause.	California. Per Cent granted to Husband.	Wife.	United States. Per cent granted to Husband.	Wife.
Total	25.5	74.5	33.4	66.6
Adultery	59.1	40.9	59.1	40.9
Cruelty	12.9	87.1	16.1	83.9
Desertion	41.3	58.7	42.5	57.5
Neg. to provide..	...	100.0	...	100.0
All other causes...	9.7	90.3	19.5	80.5

In both state and nation the divorces for neglect to provide were invariably granted to wives, while the bulk of the divorces for cruelty were also granted to wives (87.1 per cent. in California and 83.9 per cent. in the United States). Similarly, most of the divorces for desertion (58.7 per cent. in this state and 57.5 per cent. in the whole nation) were granted to wives. On the other hand, most of the divorces for adultery were granted to husbands, the per cent. being exactly the same (59.1) for California as for the United States.

The great bulk of the divorces for drunkenness and miscellaneous causes or combinations of causes were granted to wives.

Intemperance was a direct or indirect cause in 6.4 per cent. of all divorces granted to husbands in California in 1887 to 1906, as compared with 6.1 per cent. for the United States in the same twenty-year period. For divorces granted to wives, intemperance was directly or indirectly the cause in 17.9 per cent. of all cases in California, as compared with no less than 26.3 per cent. in the United States.

The average number of years from marriage to divorce was 10.4 for California, against only 9.9 for the United States. Similarly, the average number of years from marriage to separation was 7.6 for this state, as compared with merely 6.7 for the whole country. However, the average number of years from separation to divorce was only 3.0 for California alone, against 3.2 for the United States as a whole.

For California in 1887 to 1906, 69.7 per cent. of the divorces were granted to couples who were married in this state, 26.9 per cent. to couples married in other states, and only 3.4 per cent. to couples married in foreign countries. The corresponding per cent. for the United States were 76.3 for divorces granted to couples married in the state where divorced, 20.9 for divorces to couples married in other states, and merely 2.8 per cent. for divorces to couples married in foreign countries.

The following table gives the facts as to children, for divorces granted to husbands and wives in California, 1887 to 1906, together with corresponding per cent. for the United States.

	California Divorces. Number.	Per Cent.	Per Cent. for U. S.
Granted to husband	6,409	100.0	100.0
Reporting children	2,157	33.7	26.0
Reporting no children	3,458	54.0	47.0
Not reporting as to children	794	12.4	27.0
Granted to wife	18,761	100.0	100.0
Reporting children	9,828	52.4	46.8
Reporting no children	7,377	39.3	36.9
Not reporting as to children	1,556	8.3	16.3

There were no dependent children reported at the time the divorce was granted in about half the divorces granted to husbands (54.0 per cent. for California and 47.0 per cent. for the United States) and in about two-fifths of the divorces granted to wives (39.3 per cent. for this state and 36.9 for the whole nation). This indicates that the presence of children in a family is a factor deterrent to divorce, especially at the instance of the father who would probably be separated from his young children by the court's assigning them to the care of the mother. For divorces in which the number of children is known (in California 11,161 divorces with 21,674 children) the average number of children in each divorced family was only 1.9, this figure being exactly the same for California as for the United States.

Data on the residents of the libellee in divorce suits and on the form in which notice was served are as follows:

	California Divorces. Number.	Per Cent.	Per Cent for U. S.
Total	25,170	100.0	100.0
Libellee resided			
In same state	19,786	78.6	66.8
In other states	5,057	20.1	20.6
Notices served personally	357	1.4	4.4
Notices served by publication	4,683	18.6	16.1
Service unknown	17	0.1	*
Residence of libellee unknown	327	1.3	12.6

* Less than one-tenth of 1 per cent.

The per cent. of divorces where the libellee

resided in another state was 20.1 for California, as compared with an average of 20.6 per cent. for the United States as a whole. Notice was served by publication in 18.6 per cent. of all the divorces in this state, against only 16.1 per cent. for the entire country.

Further information is available about the residence of the libellee for divorces granted to husbands and wives, respectively, as follows:

	California Divorces		Per Cent. for U.S.
	Number.	Per Cent.	
Granted to husband	6,409	100.0	100.0
Residence of libellee—			
In same state	4,890	76.3	68.2
Outside the state	1,457	22.7	20.9
Unknown	62	1.0	10.9
Granted to wife	18,761	100.0	100.0
Residence of libellee—			
In same state	14,896	79.4	66.1
Outside the state	3,600	19.2	20.4
Unknown	265	1.4	13.5

This table shows that in divorces granted to husbands, the wives resided in another state in 22.7 per cent. of all cases in California, against an average of only 20.9 per cent. for the United States. In divorces granted to wives, however, the husbands resided in another state in only 19.2 per cent. of all cases in this state, as compared with 20.4 per cent. of all cases in the whole country. In other words, more than the average proportion of husbands living in California have been divorced here from wives residing in other states while, on the contrary, less than the average proportion of wives living here have used our courts to obtain divorces from husbands residing outside the Golden State.

The following table presents data on the contesting of divorces and the asking and granting of alimony in divorces granted to husbands and wives, respectively:

	California Divorces.		Per Cent. for U.S.
	Number.	Per Cent.	
Granted to husband	6,409	100.0	100.0
Contested	1,274	19.9	14.8
Alimony asked	138	2.2	2.8
Alimony granted	74	1.2	2.0
Granted to wife	18,761	100.0	100.0
Contested	3,538	18.9	15.7
Alimony asked	3,842	20.5	18.4
Alimony granted	2,283	12.2	12.7

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Of divorces granted to husbands, no less than 19.9 per cent. were contested in California, against only 14.8 per cent. for the United States. Similarly, 18.9 per cent. of the divorces granted to wives in this state were contested, as compared with 15.7 per cent. for the whole country. Divorces were contested relatively more in California than in the entire United States, especially in cases where decrees were awarded to husbands.

Hardly any husbands asked or obtained alimony in divorce suits, the per cent. of husbands even asking alimony being only 2.2 in California and 2.8 in the United States and the per cent. granted alimony being merely 1.2 in this state and 2.0 in the entire country. Wives, however, asked for alimony in no less than 20.5 per cent. of the divorces granted them in California and in 18.4 per cent. of the divorces granted them in the whole United States. Similarly, wives were granted alimony with the divorce in 12.2 per cent. of all cases in this state and in 12.7 per cent. of all cases in the entire country.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

T. K. Beard has offered to give to the Woman's Improvement Club of Modesto a tract of land consisting of one block and a fraction of another in that city, to be used as a park. The gift is conditioned that the club expend $2,500 in improving the land within the next four years.

The Democratic central committee of Butte county having indorsed George W. Cartwright as a candidate for governor, a Democratic mass meeting was called, which requested the committee to rescind its action—not because of opposition to Cartwright, but because of opposition to any indorsement at this time.

The United States torpedo-boat flotilla on this coast now devotes considerable time to proving and adjusting torpedoes in San Pedro harbor.

T. C. Hocking, manager of the Modesto Herald, has had W. J. Bryan, business manager of the Modesto News, arrested on a charge of criminal libel.

Hughson, Stanislaus county, now is the proud possessor of a newspaper, the Citizen, of which W. C. Stone is the editor.

A lone and unmasked robber "held up" the bank of Highland last Friday, and secured a tray of gold containing $1,000.

Fowler soon will have a second newspaper, to be known as the Independent, of which T. B. Starling will be the editor.

Reports, which may be exaggerated, announce that fully one-third of the orange crop of Southern California has been damaged by recent frosts.

The Sacramento postoffice building is to be remodeled and enlarged to double its present capacity.

Last year the orange-growers of Butte county made about $400 net from each acre of ground planted to the trees.

SHEAR WIT.

"Bull con," a slang phrase which means to flatter, to praise with ulterior motives, had its origin in the West years ago. When the gold brick game was started the bunco men sprang a fine, high sounding combination of words upon the simple farmers. They called it an investment in "bullion consolidated." Years after the words were cut down to "bull con," and came to mean any graft that depended upon the gift of gab. Still later it was used to describe the method of flattery. —New York Sun.

Sometime since a farmer stopped in the cross-roads store to get some horse liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a sick cow, and two or three days later he came back with a life-sized kick. "Look here, Abner," he complainingly remarked, "I wish ye would be a leetle mite more keerful how ye throw yerself back o' thet counter. T'other day ye give me cologne instead o' hoss liniment, and gosh-dast if I didn't put it on thet sick cow afore I found out what it was." "It didn't hurt her any, did it?" broke in the groceryman. "Can't say that it did," answered the farmer, "but ever sence she has had thet sweet smellin' stuff on her she hasn't done a derned thing but jes' look at her reflection in the duck pond an' sigh."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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(Concluded.)

BY

A. JUDSON

HAD not far miscalculated. The road went down one side of the canyon for three miles, crossed it and went back up the other side nearly opposite the entrance to it on my de. As I turned into the canyon's mouth ie stage was just turning out of it on the ther side. I brought my team to a stand. low plainly I could hear the chuck, chuck, uck of the stage hubs against the shoulders the axles! I even heard the crack of the ng lash as the last pull was being topped. yelled at the top of my voice. My horses linged. I yelled again and again. I saw ie back of the stage sway and swing as it ssed the last rise of ground. It was scarce- more than a quarter of a mile away. I uld see the forms of the outside passengers lhouetted against the skyline, could even see ie long whiplash as the driver swung it ear. It seemed as though he must hear. esperate, at the last instant, I drew my re- olver and discharged a ball into the air, not membering that, do all that I could, I never id been able to make my off horse stand the und of a gun. That was the last I knew r many days. My off broncho must have me crazy and crowded the other off the ade, for when I was found I was among the cks far down the canyon side and my team, th horses dead, was piled in a heap hun- eds of feet below.

There was a broken leg and shoulder and ull fractured at the base. It was long be- re I regained consciousness, many weeks fore I came to myself sufficiently to recall at had transpired and months before I was le to travel. As soon as I could gather my ts together I cursed Ellen Butler afresh rough the medium of the doctor) warned r never to let me see her face again, and do not know for certain that I ever did, t to hasten to Marguerite with all possible ed that she might tell her the truth and plore her to come back to me or, anyhow, be of good cheer until I could come to . I believe that she did her best to do I bade, but the steamer she was on was otured by a Confederate cruiser, for the il War was then at its fiercest stage, was into a southern port and she did not ch Marguerite's home until long after I I come and gone.

t was not until toward the last of Febru- . 1863, that I was able to travel. I had tten many letters to Marguerite explaining and imploring forgiveness for all, although aid nothing of what had happened to me ough fear of causing her anxiety over the sequences of her going away from me as had gone. I attributed my tardiness in ting to pique and press of business. In urn I heard nothing whatever from her. r childish old father, wishing to keep Mar- rite all to himself, now that he was very and his wife was dead, had kept her let- and mine. They were all found among effects, hers unmailed and mine unopened. took what money there was available, in and in bank at Sacramento, and gave my erintendent power of attorney to transact my business while I was gone. I knew to be weak and feared that he might be onest, but had to trust somebody and e seemed to be no other way.

he ocean voyage was uneventful, save that we neared the Carolinas my impatience cely suffered me to rest and drove me on c before daybreak. I remember one such ning as though it were yesterday. The osphere was wonderfully soft, but rain threatened and now and again great drops upon the deck and splattered as though deck had been spat upon. The engines ied to be breathing hard and the wreaths moke from the funnels fell upon the stern lay low upon the waters. Was it a voice king in heavy whisper or was it the ex- t from the steampipe into the funnels? ly know that I heard, as plainly as I ever d anything in my life, in a hoarse, heavy per: "Too late! too late! too late!" e times I heard it and no more, and my t sank within me.

reached Philadelphia on one of those tiful April days which we commonly k of as "weather breeders" because the from serenity is likely to be both sud- and sharp, and by the time I reached my home town, the day was drawing to a close and clouds were lowering. I sent my luggage to the hotel by the porter and made a bee line for Uriah Hapgood's cottage where I had lived for five years and, although he worked me hard, had known more happiness than I have known in all the rest of my life.

The doors of the cottage were wide open and I ran up the steps with the eagerness of a boy, mentally noting as I hurried through the gate that the lilacs my Marguerite loved so well were in full bloom, save that many had been cut away leaving parts of the bushes denuded of blossoms. I stopped neither for knocking nor for ceremony, but, calling, "Marguerite! Marguerite!," hastened on through the house from room to room, calling her name again and again, and so on out into the back yard and around the house to the front again.

There was no response and I was about to spring up the steps a second time when a whining, tremulous voice came to me from somewhere out in the yard, saying: "Why don't you call louder, you fool, you don't expect she can hear you whispering like that, do you? Call louder, I say, louder."

I turned in the direction from which the voice came and beheld old Uriah Hapgood, sitting on a bench beside the gate, his long staff in hand, leering at me with as imbecile an expression as ever the face of idiot wore, and yet there was a look of malignancy in it that made him appear more like devil than man.

"Where is Marguerite?" I demanded, not unkindly I am sure, and yet with an impatience I should have striven in vain to conceal.

"Where should she be if not by the side of her mother's grave?" he replied. "She has gone there with flowers, lots of flowers, all the flowers, pretty much, there were in town. If you hasten to the cemetery you may find her there, but you'd better hurry. She may be gone."

"At the cemetery!" I ejaculated. "Why, she must not be there. Can't you see that there is a storm arising? She'll catch her death a' cold."

"So she will! So she will!" the old man muttered maunderingly. "Yes, she'll catch her death, she'll surely catch her death. You'd better hurry. Call to her, call to her. If she don't answer directly call louder. Don't whisper the way you did here. In a wind like this coming up, and the forest roaring, how can she hear you when you whisper like that? Hurry! I'll get a rain coat and come after you as fast as I can," and he started tottering toward the house.

I scarcely waited until he had finished speaking before hastening at the top of my speed toward the old cemetery just at the edge of the village and, in a few moments, had reached it. I ran up the stile that spanned the wall and down the other side. I knew where the family burial plot was, for a sister and a brother of Marguerite had been buried there years and years before, and was no time in finding it, although the trees and shrubbery had grown amazingly since my last visit. As I approached the spot I called lustily, as the old man had suggested, for the wind was roaring through the treetops, as it is now doing out on the ridges yonder, and the rain was already beginning to fall. "Marguerite!" I called, "Marguerite!" but there was no answer. Parting the branches of the hedge by which the plot was surrounded I saw there, not Marguerite, but a wealth of half wilted lilacs wreathed about a newly raised headboard bearing the inscription: "Marguerite Hapgood, born October 8, 1830, died April 24, 1863, aged 32 years, 6 months and 16 days." She had gone to her grave not even bearing my name, or so it seemed from that headboard. And the day of her death was the selfsame one upon which I heard the hoarsely whispered words, "too late," on the steamer's deck off the Carolinas. We had been detained by bad weather. I had been forced to go to New York and so had reached her grave side on All Fool's Day.

The blow staggered me. I fell upon my knees clasping her wreathed headboard in my arms and groaned aloud. The storm broke in all its fury. The old man, his long white hair and beard streaming in the wind and rain, parted the branches and looked in upon me. His visage, well nigh as white as hair or beard, seemed half demoniacal, half imbecile. "Why don't you call to her?" he cried. "Call, and she'll answer you. Don't be moaning and groaning there like a fool," and he cursed me with great, round oaths such as I have heard else only along a skid road in a lumbering camp.

"Oh! that I could wring your heart for you," he screamed into my ear, "as you have wrung hers. Oh! that I could make you see the look of pain and longing upon her face as I saw it the morning she died! By the eternal, you shall see it! It shall be my curse upon you that you see that look as I saw it, that the earth betwixt her and you shall become as transparent as air, her coffin be like polished glass, that you may see her as I saw her in her shroud, heartbroken, wasted, dead. May that vision never leave you night nor day while you live!" Then, lifting his hands in attitude of prayer, "Almighty God," he pleaded, "grant me this revenge upon him ere I die."

There was a flash, a crash, a stunning roar. The next I knew I was in bed in the little old chamber in our tavern home where my brother and I slept during all our boyhood, and my aged mother was sitting by my bedside. A shaft of lightning had struck a pine in the cemetery and a riven limb had fallen where Uriah Hapgood stood, crushing his fragile body into a shapeless mass and rendering me insensible. They buried him by the side of Marguerite.

The rest is soon told. I remained at home until after Uriah Hapgood's funeral, made my will for the benefit of my father's family, and turned over to them what means I had save enough to take me to the front, where I enlisted in the first regiment that would take me, which, chanced to be the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, Col. Griswold, whom I saw fall in his tracks when Sorrel charged. I, who longed for death, escaped unscathed until Spottsylvania where I received a pistol bullet through the chest, was carried to the rear to die and afterward invalided home to the same end.

It was while I was at home, so far convalescing from this wound as to be able daily to visit Marguerite's grave, that the old man's curse began to be verified. Perhaps it was owing to weakness, but the earth separated between us and I saw her in her shroud as plainly as I had ever seen her sleeping by my side, but, oh, the pain in her face! The heartbreak written there! I would be walking along when, upon the instant, her grave would yawn at my feet and I would stop short lest I tumble into it, and there at the bottom she lay as though graven in marble. Then I saw the old man with hair and whiskers flowing, holding his hands up in supplication for this, his revenge upon me. I thought it would drive me mad and, to be rid of the vision, I reported for duty before I was able, went to the front, was wounded in the knee, fell into the hands of the Confederates and was sent south where I remained in prison until the war ended.

As for Ellen Butler, Marguerite and I have forgiven her, Marguerite first and I long afterward, but I have not seen her or heard of her since my sister told me of finding her at Marguerite's grave, after I had gone to the war. She had prostrated herself at Marguerite's feet and, sobbing aloud, was

calling upon God, not for forgiveness nor yet for mercy, but for opportunity here upon earth to expiate her fault through as much suffering as she had inflicted. She followed me to the front, my sister declared, to serve as army nurse, but what befel her I know not. I have learned to look upon her with some charity. It was evidently as hard for her to be good as it would have been for my Marguerite to be anything but good, and I have left her case in the hands of her maker without protest from me.

Released from prison, I made my way back to California where I found my brother trying to get hold of my estate by probating my will, I having been reported as killed in battle. Meantime my superintendent, with the aid of a knavish lawyer and a complaisant judge, had been trying to loot my estate under my power of attorney. I tried to get things into shape again, but the current had set the other way and, my hallucination still besetting me, I transferred all my equities to my brother, retrieved my kit from the garret, invested a few hundred dollars in leather and other supplies, and came off up here where I was wholly unknown to begin life anew. I began it by stopping my drinking, how I may tell you some other time, but that is another story, quenching at the same time any remaining hunger for money I may have had, and going to work. Gradually the hallucination left me, save on such occasions as this tonight, when, if I am left alone, it is not unlikely to come back upon me with all its terror of former years. I feel the presence of Marguerite ever near me when I am good and clean and fit for her companionship, and I am devoting my life to trying to be fit for her company when this life has ended.

The storm has now abated and I'll not detain you longer, but, three times during its height, that grave back in Pennsylvania opened not three feet from my feet, yawning wide, and at its bottom, marble white, I saw my Marguerite with her strained, pained face and sightless eyes as plainly as I saw her in the summer of '63. Not roar of battle, greed of gain or a night's debauch could blot the awful spectre out, but only tranquility of spirit and the strength of being clean. Good night.

The next afternoon, being about to take my departure, I stepped into William Oden's front yard to say good by. He was snipping the dead blossoms from one of the many marguerites with which his garden was plentifully supplied. It was evident that he had not seen me for he was talking to himself. Or was he? This is what he was saying: "There, how do you like that, Marguerite? Aren't they splendid after the rain? There isn't a dead blossom in the whole garden. I made sure it would please you to have them all cleaned up to-day."

Stepping softly upon the moist path I retraced my steps without disturbing him, and so took my final leave of "William Oden, Maker."

H. B. Irving appeared two weeks ago in London in Comyns Carr's dramatic version of Stevenson's story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." A cable dispatch to the New York Tribune says: "H. B. Irving's success in impersonating strongly contrasted characters in "The Lyons Mail" has been followed by a similar triumph in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He has not used the dramatic version of Robert Louis Stevenson's story, in which Richard Mansfield appeared in America, but a superior one, provided by Comyns Carr.

At last the seagoing theater is a fact. When Charles Frohman announced some time ago that plays at sea would be his next theatrical innovation, some said no transatlantic circuit would be practical, but Mr. Frohman has arranged to inaugurate the custom this week on board the Mauretania, of the Cunard line, during her run from New York to Liverpool. He has arranged with the Cunard steamship company to present Miss Marie Doro in "The Climax" in the saloon of the Mauretania when the liner is two days out from New York and in the general vicinity of mid-ocean. He is sending the company to London for an engagement in the Globe theater, beginning the 21st.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHILD DEVELOPMENT.

By John L. Murray.

Eighteen years ago the whirligig of politics landed me in the office of state superintendent of public instruction in the state of Colorado. I had not been a school worker, and immediately upon my election I began a thorough study of the workings of our public schools. Very early in my investigations I came to the conclusion that all human weaknesses and wickedness existed, or rather failed of eradication from our natures, because of our treatment of children. I, Sancho Panza like, hastened to remodel the entire school system. I received much favorable comment from the state press as well as from many educational journals of national reputation. But I learned this, to reform conditions in republics you must reform public opinion and to reform public opinion you must reform men, and to reform men you must go to the cradles of the nation. So lasting reforms only come after a generation of propaganda.

I am now in a position to once again get a hearing, but I am not going to be so dogmatic in my assertions, yet I appeal to the teachers and the preachers of California to read what I have to say and if you approve or have any suggestions to make, kindly write me.

Few acts are unpremeditated. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. How very necessary, then, that we give children an atmosphere that will produce proper thought.

As half-baked bread will give the individual dyspepsia, so will half-developed children give free government dyspepsia.

If individually we are mental and moral pigmies, government cannot be a mental and moral giant.

Children are innocent at birth. If they early become criminals are we not to blame? And shall we not have to pay the penalty of our neglect?

Never have human activities been wholly just. Nations have risen and fallen, civilizations have come and gone: yet the cry of despair is ever, "Man's inhumanity to man." What change is necessary in our rearing of the child, in directing its every thought and shaping its character, that one may be worthy to hold high place and great responsibility while the many go on quietly about their daily task? All doing as they would be done by. Each giving according to his ability and receiving according to his needs.

All are united in acknowledging that human affairs are awry; we do not get the best out of life nor do we make the most of our opportunities. Yet when it comes to suggestions for remedial legislation we scatter like chaff before the wind. Still it is the duty of thinking men and women to endeavor to create a thought center which will attract all lovers of truth and justice; against which corruption and ignorance may rage and dash in vain.

Shortcomings of Our School System.

I early learned from the records of our then National Commissioner of Education, W. T. Harris, that there were over forty million children in our government. Of these over twenty-three millions are of school age. Sixteen million are enrolled in our schools, while but few over eleven million is the average daily attendance, about one hundred days in the year. These figures tell their own tale.

We act like the retired merchant who purchased a fruit farm. Finding thereon thousands of young, straight, thrifty trees, and a few old gnarly trunks, he spent his time in a vain endeavor to straighten out the old hulks. At fruit-picking time he found most of his young trees with bodies bent and broken, with limbs twisted and misshapen, and all because of his neglect or misapplied effort.

We have developed brains and boodlers, literature and license, privilege and poverty, palaces and penitentiaries.

"Oh ye blind and selfish freemen, boasting of your land and time
While the children soak and blacken soul and sense in filth and crime."

The children are the state's greatest undeveloped resources. Their development contains all the questions of human activities. Drinking, gambling, divorce, greed, would be abolished or minimized if we gave the child full development. I would that I could attract the attention of every minister of the gospel, every editor, every political reformer, then would I say to them, why spend your talents and time upon conditions instead of causes, why apply the pound of cure when the ounce of prevention would avail?

A fundamental error in our present school system is our separation of labor and letter. The child is reared in the belief that the two do not harmonize. The premise is false and it follows that our civilization is false. To put a child at work for gain dwarfs its conception of life's duties, to allow the child to spend its time in idleness and vicious company is sowing the seed of sloth and crime.

An Ideal School System.

The child needs loving home influences as much as a plant needs sunshine and dew. Teachers are handicapped by politics, hence our schools should have a home atmosphere and teaching be made a profession, a life work.

It is impossible to keep from grading classes in our present system. Grading means that bright pupils are held back, not needing to give much thought to their studies they become careless and mischievous. Dull pupils are hurried through their studies so rapidly that they fail to grasp the meaning thereof and are thus made shallow reasoners and superficial thinkers.

The first natural law of childhood is activity. The foundation of our present system is inactivity. Keep the child close to nature.

Nature calls to men and women, "Marry." The school law says, "No." Again I say obey Nature.

The first thing for us to do is to fit our girls to be heads of households and then give them to understand that the farmer's wife is the real "first lady" of the land, and that the mechanic's wife is her sister.

Select as a school site a patch of ground from ten acres to a quarter section, according to the use and productiveness of the soil. Have two teachers marry and make this their home (home in every sense), the parents of the district being the only power to remove. Every orphan in every school district to have a home in the schoolhouse. Each school home and ground to be as beautiful and comfortable as the grounds and homes of our millionaires.

These would be workshops where the boys would be grounded in the art of iron, wood or leather work. Each boy must become a master mechanic in at least one of these useful branches of industry. The boys being competent to erect the needed buildings, there would be cottages, conservatory, gymnasium, auditorium, library, music room.

The farm lessons would give enough outdoor work to keep the physical side of the boys in perfect condition. The person who lives an out-of-door life is the perfect man. His blood rushes through his veins with such force that disease flees before it; his brain is clear and his stomach strong as rubber. How different is the city man, weak stomach, sluggish blood, general debility.

Here the girls who get no real home training would learn the true art of homemaking which is the foundation of all life's successes. How can our daughters make home happy and comfortable for their husbands and children if they have neither knowledge nor desire to create a home atmosphere, and are compelled to depend upon the caprice or ignorance of servants?

Our Moral Forces as Ropes of Sand.

We have so environed our children that they are becoming criminals in childhood. Rotten before ripe. We have no moral stamina. Corruption runs riot in high and low places.

On our school farm the children would grow to manhood pure, healthful and steadfast, then, when they entered the business vocations of life, they would be more strong and numerous enough to remodel life's activities. Just to grow, free from care, in pure and loving surroundings, is the thing most needed by children.

Our schools must become the living, the vitalizing soul of every community. They are as a great mill into which we pour every kind and condition of people and expect the

perior grist, an American citizen. How ried, how far-reaching and steadfast must be : influence to accomplish this great work; iat fullness of time is required.

An Ideal Uplifting Influence.

Think of the uplifting influence of such a iool home. Every child neatly and com-tably dressed, tucked into bed each night th a smile and a kiss. Too many go to bed der present conditions dirty and hungry, th a curse and a kick as their benediction.

Here an education would mean the com-test development of the individual. A wider owledge, a broader culture, a stronger iracter, a higher standard of morals.

We are not fitting our girls for a beautiful otherhood when we force them in childhood o our factories and workshops, keeping m there long hours, often all night, sur-inded by misery and vice. Such treatment bitters them against restraint, against gov-ment.

Each district would have a pumping plant l an electrical power plant. How easy and ural for the school district to furnish water, it and power to the farmers of the district. Each teacher should be commissionel a post-ster. The rural mail carrier, instead of dging around from house to house could e up to the school house in his automobile, id the incoming mail to the teacher, get outgoing mail, then speed away to the next ool house. In the evening the teacher uld hand out the mail to the children as y started for home.

chool district bonds should be taken by the ional government as security and school es issued thereon on the same terms as na-al banks get bank notes. If a school dis-t bonds itself at 6 per cent. for twenty rs, it pays more to the money lender than loes to benefit the children. Let the na-nal government see to it that when bonds issued for school purposes the children the full benefit, dollar for dollar.

The pearl of greatest price is at your feet. k it up.

Hold Your Own.

farmer said, as he talked one day:
te way to succeed in the earthly fray,
way to win out in the struggle dread"—
farmer thus to the young man said—
to hold your own with your full might's
store;
grip it, and hold it, and e'er add more.
the way to give failure the lasting slip
o hold your own in a mighty grip."

y the farmer he had a daughter fair,
the young man found he had business
there.
ll, the business kept him quite late one
night,
the farmer came in (he was impolite).
ere are other chairs in this room," he
cried;
u might have found two had you really
tried!"
the youth: "I follow the light you've
shown,
I'm pleased to announce I'm holding my
own."

le holding your own e'er unto it add—
as the farmer's rule, and 'twas not so bad.
the evidence hints that the youth and
maid
the farmer's words have deference paid:
y are married now, and he holds his own
never he pleases, his knee her throne,
now they have added—they have, begad—
tiny editions of ma and dad.

---

iss Martha Berry, head of a school for white boys near Rome, Ga., has just eeded in raising the $50,000 necessary to re an equal sum from Mrs. Russell Sage Andrew Carnegie. This school grew out little Sunday school that Miss Berry ed in the mountains of Georgia about ten s ago. The school now owns a thousand s of land, a large part of which is under vation, and several good buildings. It 150 pupils and fifteen teachers. The 000 will be used as an endowment fund.

SHEAR WIT

"What is the price of your wine?" "A quarter a pint." "Neither. I want a gallon." —St. Louis Star.

Little Lola, accompanied by her mother, was enjoying her first ride in a sleeping car. "Mamma," she queried, "who occupies the flat above us?"

"Billy Sunday proclaims that dancing is merely hugging set to music," says the Philosopher of Folly, "so I suppose we moral people will have to cut out the music,"—Cleveland Leader.

"If you could have one wish, what would it be?" "That my wife would sometimes tell me to my face some of the fine things she says about me to her friends."—Chicago Record-Herald.

William Pruette, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a telegram saying her mother was sick. "Certainly you may go," said Mrs. Pruette, "only don't stay longer than is necessary, as we need you." A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note, which read: "Dear Miss Pruette I will be back next week an plese kep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can."

Little Willie had been very much impressed with his Sunday school lessons, the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" especially taking his fancy, says the Baltimore American. The first Sunday after Christmas he was playing with a box of tin soldiers he had been given, when his mother, who was rather strict in her views, saw and reproved him. "Willie," she said, "do you think it is right to play with your soldiers on Sunday?" "Oh, but mamma," replied Willie, quickly, "these are Christian soldiers."

A Durham farmer was traveling to London to consult a lawyer, when the fear struck him that he had left certain important papers behind. He made a hurried search of his bag, says Tit-Bits. "If I did leave those papers," he remarked, "I'm a fool!" The search proceeded, and a moment later he said: "I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!" Just as he was examining the last bundle of papers he exclaimed: "Well, I'll bet I'm a fool." A man on the other side of the compartment lowered his newspaper for a moment and said, slowly and deliberately: "Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me"

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my stepmother. My father's wife, i. e. my step-daughter, had also a son; he was, of course, my brother and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."—Old Favorite.

Miss Pearl A. Billings is said to be the youngest hotel woman in Chicago, perhaps in this country. Several years ago she inherited from a cousin the lease, furnishings and good will of the Newberry Hotel. By good management Miss Billings has made it a success without a bar, a thing which the hotel men of Chicago told her would be impossible. Of her fifty employees less than one dozen are men. Miss Nell Billings, her cousin, is the manager, and there are women bookkeepers and clerks.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. HAMERSLAG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. Hamerslag, deceased.

FORTUNE AUREGUY,
Executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 27, 1910.
FROHMAN & JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executor.
110 Sutter street, San Francisco. 2-4-5t.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to the written consent of the owners of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of Park Investment Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said state, on the 14th day of February, 1910, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors, duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 14th day of February, 1910, at which meeting more than a quorum of the directors of said corporation were present,

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will be immediately changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, at No. 1723 Nineteenth Avenue, East Oakland, after which date, the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said City of Oakland, at said address therein.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said Park Investment Company.

Dated February 14th, 1910.

ELIZABETH A. SCHNEPFE,
Secretary of Park Investment Company.
2-18-3t

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Members of The California Bible Society, a religious corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 729 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees of said corporation to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 3rd, A. D. 1910.

By Order of the President.
J. E. SQUIRES, Secretary.
2-18-3t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street,; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Part that Political Parties Play.

The new direct primary law was approved by Governor James N. Gillett March 24, 1909, but it did not take effect until June 1st of that year. Its title reads thus: "An act to provide for and regulate primary elections, and providing the method whereby electors of political parties may express their choice at such primary elections for United States Senator."

It is seen at the outset that a voter who does not belong to any political party has no part in the direct primary law. The man without a party must select his candidates, to be voted for at a general election, under the law that provides for going on the ballot by petition. That law, entirely separate from the one under discussion, will be explained in these lessons at the proper time.

It should be understood at the outset that our laws contemplate two kinds of elections, first a primary, or preliminary election, in which the voters within each political party name, or "nominate," their candidates to be voted for at the general election, and then the general election in which all electors may participate whether they belong to a political party or not. Before these voters at the general election is spread out, on what we commonly call a "blanket" ballot, because it is so big, all the nominees of all the political parties and all the names of persons who become candidates by petition. There the issues are settled, not always on party lines, because we are coming to have a great deal of independent voting and the candidate believed by the largest number of voters to be the best man for the place is not unlikely to secure the election no matter how nominated, especially if there be a full vote.

What is a political party, and how does the direct primary law recognize its existence?

The old-time theory of political parties was that men similarly minded in regard to certain issues or candidates would come together and work together for the success of their candidates and the issues in which they believed, and so they did. But it has happened that men so brought together have remained together and worked together long after they had ceased to be of one mind either as to measures or men. In effect they became an association, almost a corporation, for carrying on the business of conducting government and it has been held little short of treasonable for a man to desert the party he had acted with for the purpose of joining another.

Nevertheless, there are splits in all parties. If the discontented element is small it is called a "faction." If it is large the party is said to be divided into two wings, as in the case of the "regulars" and "insurgents" in the Republican party at this time. These factions, or wings, generally fight out their differences in the preliminary elections and then stand together in the general election unless the division of sentiment is very deep and strong, in which case the party ticket is generally "scratched" in the general election (by voting for the candidate of the opposite party) or else a new political party is formed, which does not often happen in this country. The Democratic party has been in existence since 1801 and the Republican since 1856.

Under the laws of California in order to be recognized as a political party a political organization must have cast, at the last presidential election, at least 3 per cent. of the total vote cast, as estimated by the candidate for presidential elector of such party who received the highest vote. If the party did not have a presidential nominee at the last presidential election then it may have a place on the ballot if any one of its candidates at the last general election received 3 per cent. of the total vote cast. Otherwise the party must go on the ballot by petitions signed for all its candidates.

Every elector must be registered on the great register of his county before he can vote at any election, a matter that will be explained at some convenient time, and every voter who wishes to vote at a primary election must declare, upon oath, when he applies to have his name inscribed upon a great register, with what political party he expects to affiliate at the next primary election. If he declines to state what party he expects to affiliate with that fact is recorded and he cannot be given the ballot of any party at any primary election as long as that state of affairs exists. But if an elector, at any time prior to the closing of the registration before an election is to be held, which must be at least twenty days before a primary, concludes to affiliate with some political party, or to change his party affiliation, he may go before the county clerk and, without cost to himself, make affidavit to the fact and so qualify himself to vote at the next primary.

Unless members of a political party will stay on their own side of the party fence in a primary election and let the internal affairs of other parties severely alone a primary election becomes a farce and a fraud. Honest men will stay where they belong, but dishonest men will register their affiliations with the party their boss wishes them to, as many Union Labor Party men did in San Francisco, in the fall of 1909. The success of primary elections is absolutely dependent upon fidelity in this particular, and the penalty for a general lack of good faith will be the destruction of political parties in our political life.

A couple from a Central Kansas farm went to the Shirley hotel for dinner last night. They looked like bride and groom, says the Denver Post. Their meal included some sliced tomatoes for the young man. He ate them with a relish. When the tomatoes were gone he discovered a queer-looking dish, containing a queer-looking fluid, on the table. He called the young woman's attention to it. "What's that for, Lulu?" he asked. The waitress was standing near. She overheard the question. "That's for the tomatoes," she said. "It's dressing that is put on tomatoes." "Oh, pshaw, Lulu!" said the young man. "I've already eat my tomatoes. I can't put this dressin' on 'em now." "Yes, you kin," she replied. "Drink it." And he did.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "HIRAM W. JOHNSON, THE MAN."

—By E. French Strother.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: FEBRUARY 25: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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What It Is All About.

E CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE is in the hands of a nob. The occasion is a strike of car men. The cause is the arge of men because they belonged to a union that waged a i· a year ago. By agreement the men were to return with- rejudice. They have been weeded out ever since in the sts of "loyal" men, meaning non-union, discharged for the l of the service." Public sympathy would have been with trikers but for the violence done. Rioting is as stupid as it ital, but we should remember in charity that it is not long Protestant and Catholic, those who stood for freeing the and those who did not, enacted just such scenes as are now g place in Philadelphia. It is the price that society pays for ing private warfare to determine an issue that should be mined by a lawful hearing and determining.

Chief Bluffer.

NY FRIENDS OF HOME RULE for Ireland are con- cerned through fear that John Redmond may become so in- ated with his new-found power that he will go too far and nd so much as to provoke a revolt of British sentiment st the whole Irish program. There is some danger of it, he chances are that John is now merely bluffing for home mption and that he will content himself with what he can nd fall into line with the Liberals in organizing a stable nment.

The League of Justice.

ONFERENCE OF MEMBERS of the League of Justice is to be held this (Thursday) evening. The League should no loss of spirit. The idea for which it stands is eternally The movement deserves to be national in scope. The ad- tration of the criminal law is a reproach to the national life. organization must make the remedying of this evil the one it will do, and the League of Justice may as well undertake service as any other organization. The California Weekly rs its best services and most heartily.

Glavis.

E DISPATCHES EMPHASIZE only the sensational fea- ures of the testimony taken in the Ballinger investigation. makes it difficult to form a correct idea of what is being plished, but The California Weekly gathers that Mr. Glavis, stepped down from the grill this week, acquitted himself ably. He told the whole truth instead of so much of it as the purposes of Mr. Ballinger's attorney. This became me to some members of the committee who evinced more to hurry on than to get to the bottom of the case, but s came out of the ordeal unshaken.

A Man of Sorrows.

E PREFACE to President Taft's Newark, New Jersey, ddress touches the heart. He feels sore all through at a that has handled him, not untenderly, yet with a familiarity as bred contempt on his part. No one pretends that the lent has not done the best he could. His devotion is not questioned, but there is doubt as to his capacity as an tive of a great nation. Perhaps he would do well, as he lf intimated, to begin all over and, next time, appeal to his s instead of to his enemies to help him through with his es and, above all, appeal to the American people instead of machinery of his party. It is not enough that a president s best. He must do the best thing to be done.

They Out-Roosevelt Roosevelt.

A POSSIBLE REASON why Theodore Roosevelt prefers to return by way of New York instead of San Francisco is that California has developed a few Roosevelters that so out-Roosevelt Roosevelt as to make him a small toad in the reform puddle. Alden Anderson has lately become a terrific Roosevelter, but it was different in the winter of 1907 when he was trying to hold the banks of Sacramento together because of what was then called the "Roosevelt" panic. And Charley Curry, too! What a come-outer he has become! Beside that glowing orb of reform the Roosevelt policies merely twinkle.

A Wide Open-and-Shut Town.

IT WILL BE GOOD NEWS to those who like it that many persons in San Francisco are availing themselves of Mayor McCarthy's proffered opportunity to "touch elbows" and "exchange ideas," always "within the law." Some forty-odd clubs have been licensed and more are in process of evolution. To be sure, the expectation is that "elbows" will mainly be "touched" over card tables, that the "exchanges of ideas" will be effected by means of red, white or blue "chips" and that to be behind barred doors will be to be "within the law." If these suspicions be less than well founded then are many gentlemen investing good money to small purpose.

Got Flint To Wobbling.

MR JUSTICE HENSHAW and Mr. Walter F. X. Parker have been in Washington seeking to get Senator Flint to withdraw his withdrawal from the senatorial race and Justice Henshaw has declared that they "Got Flint to wobbling." Perhaps they made it clear to him that the matter of expense of making the campaign need not stand in his way. As for the part which Mr. Walter F. X. Parker plays in these negotiations no exceptions may be taken. He is a proper potentiary to send upon such an errand, but when did it become any part of the duty of a justice of the supreme court of California to make even Frank Flint "wobbly"? Justice may be tempered to advantage by mercy, but never by politics.

Cryptogramania.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY does not know what the cryptogramic hullabaloo the Chronicle has kicked up amounts to. It should be laid before the grand jury without delay, but the circumstance of publication is attended with suspicion. It was the Chronicle that "played it up." Mr. Calhoun is greatly shocked. It is made public, after months of delay, on the eve of the alleged retrial of Mr. Calhoun. These three facts taken together wear a mighty ominous look.

Spoiling for a Fight.

IT IS EVIDENT that the United Railroads do not propose to see the Geary municipal line inaugurated without a struggle. The management of that corporation appears to be spoiling for a fight with the city. Perhaps it will never find San Francisco less adequately prepared for such a contest than now when its government is in the hands of men whom the head of the United Railroads was instrumental in electing. But two years soon roll around, and San Francisco will be here two hundred years from now, while Patrick Calhoun will not. There is no hurry. Any gauge of battle the United Railroads throws down should be taken up. If, as Mr. Mullally affirms, San Francisco has no constitutional right to enter upon municipal railroad enterprises the state can be induced to confer that right. A traction system resting upon bribery and fraud can not be looked to for an adequate, safe and just system of transportation.

IS THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRAM PETERING OUT?

The President began his administration with as fine an assortment of reform measures in hand as his heart could wish. It would have been unreasonable to expect them all to be accomplished within the first year of his administration. He will do well if they are written into the statutes during the four years for which he has been elected, but the public mind is beginning to wonder whether or not he is going to secure the adoption of any of his recommendations at this session.

It goes without saying that the people are looking to the President rather than to Congress for legislation, partly for the reason that the people feel that they have the President with them while they are not so sure about Congress. So far as the organizations of Senate and House are concerned the popular belief is that the interests have them so securely that the people's champion, the President, may not be able to extort anything from them worth while. Nevertheless, the test of Presidential prowess is and must be his ability to get from Congress the legislation that the public good requires. If he succeeds he will, in the public mind, be a success, and if he fails he will be a failure.

But let us first give him credit for what he has achieved. He got the income tax amendment to the constitution of the United States submitted to the states and he got a national incorporation tax law enacted. He did not get the tariff revised downward far enough to count for anything and his tariff commission, upon whose labors he builds such great hopes, is merely a vestige of what the good of the service so urgently requires.

In an off-hand way the Taft program, at the assembling of Congress in December last, may be outlined as follows: The appointment of a commission to revise the procedure of the United States courts; legislation restraining the abuse of the power of injunction in labor disputes, a ship subsidy bill; the wiping out of the postal deficiency; the issuance of bonds in aid of the Reclamation Service; postal savings banks; statutory power to withdraw from entry public lands for reservation purposes; the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as states; a National incorporation law; National control of water power privileges on government lands; the establishment of a central transportation court; the strengthening of the Interstate Commerce law.

Here are twelve measures of greater or less importance. Of these the appointment of a commission to reform the procedures of United States courts appears to have been forgotten; the ship subsidy bill has gone overboard; the postal deficiency is being allowed to take care of itself; the issuance of bonds for the relief of the Reclamation Service, to overcome a technical objection raised by Ballinger, slumbers in a state of unconsciousness; National control of water power privileges totters on the verge of failure.

Arizona and New Mexico seem likely to be admitted as states. It were better that they waited a decade longer. They are not yet fit. An illiterate Mexican people makes up too large a percentage of the population, and some very poor legislative timber is almost certain to be sent from these states to Senate and House, or they will open the way for the political advancement of some more Guggenheims.

It is doubtful if any national incorporation law will be enacted at this session. The interests are afraid of it and some of the states are hostile. It is too good a thing to be adopted without first being made to fit the views of the interests, by which time it will be too bad a thing to be made the law of the land.

The postal savings banks bill may come through in some form; a central transportation court may be created and the Interstate Commerce commission somewhat strengthened. It is probable that the President's power to withdraw public lands from entry, a power that has been exercised by many Presidents, and was never brought into question until the advent of the unfortunate Ballinger, will be confirmed.

Cancelling out the measures that are not of great importance to the country, measures that do not make for efficient control of those interests that are threatening the destruction of free institutions, about all that is left of the President's ambitious program is the strengthening of the interstate commerce law, and it remains to be seen what that will amount to. Those measures have not yet taken their final form and therefore can not yet be judged.

It looks at this distance as if the President's legislative program might be "petering out."

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WAKE UP, YOUNG MAN!

Wake up, young man! No era in the world's history has had greater need for such as you than the present era. These are not piping times of peace. They are times of struggle, of stress, of strenuous endeavor. A great revolution is now in progress and the demand is for you to bear a man's part in it. Will you do it? Take a thought as to the meaning of it and then answer.

The Civil War marked the end of one great struggle for human rights and the solidarity of this nation. With peace came the need for rehabilitating the fortunes of the American people, north and south. A great, new continent lay open inviting hazards of new fortunes. The Civil War had given American manhood a lesson in power. The value of railroads had come to be understood. Here was an escape valve for the surplus energies of a buoyant and enterprising people. The winning of the West, the building of railroads, the enhanced consuming power of the nation and a protective tariff fostered manufacture and production. Every wheel turned and spindle hummed. The waste of the war was soon made good. The fortunes of the people were speedily rehabilitated.

But enterprise did not stop there. In the work of rehabilitation of impaired fortunes money-making came to be the supreme passion of great men. They saw nothing else worthy of any man's endeavor. They were swept off their feet. They lost their bearings with relation to the stars in their courses. In their greed of gain they scrupled not to coin into money the blood of countless thousands of their faithful workers so that industry became more destructive of life than war. Every effort made by society and government to mitigate the risks of labor was resisted and is still being resisted to the uttermost. Womanhood was drafted into service because cheaper than manhood and worked longer hours to the impairment of motherhood. Even now an ef fort to limit by law the hours of a day's labo for women to ten is being resisted with al the power that legal talent can afford. Littl children were dragged into the shops, deprive of their childhood, their health and their op portunities for education merely that the might augment the swollen fortunes of per sons already rich beyond human need.

Nor is the foregoing more than a part c the indictment against that passion for money making that for nearly half a century has rule our American life like a madness. Our for ests have been slaughtered, our mines spoi ated and our soil mined rather than cultivate The men of this generation have robbed th heritage of their own children. So thoroughl do men see this that the word "conservation is now on every tongue.

Nor are these the gravest wrongs that hav been inflicted. That rapacity which has rule our commerce and industry has ruled our gov ernment. By hiring men of astute minds an crippled consciences to devote their whol time and thought to methods of subvertin free government, that end has been attaine until congresses, legislatures, executive office courts of justice and political parties hav come to be the bond servants of as unscrupu lous a plutocracy as ever cursed humanity.

Here, then, young American manhood, your task cut out for you. It is to undo wha your fathers have been doing during the las five-and-forty years. The denuded mountain and hillsides have got to be reforested; th filled-up rivers dredged, jettied, rectified an commerce restored to them; the mines hav got to be so supervised as to guarantee tha all the wealth, not merely that most accessibl and profitable, shall be extracted; the ex hausted soils, which a single generation ha bereaved of their virgin fertility, have got t have their fecundity restored to them that the may feed the children of men to the end o time.

To these ends government must be restore to the people from whom it has been filche statesmanship must be revived and made a honorable profession as it was in the days o your great-grandfathers; agriculture must b come a learned profession and a premiu must be put upon expert knowledge in all th walks of life. Somehow the common goo must, in the minds of men, become the su preme good and the common earnings of hundred million people must be distribute among a hundred millions and not among hundred thousand, to the end that fortunes, colossal as to stagger the imaginations of me may not be vested in a few patrician fam ilies to their eventual destruction and to th deprivation of those who toil all through li only to become dependents in age. You are set higher, more intelligent and juster stan ards by which American manhood may ord its life. Wealth is desirable if it be right gained. There must be no limitation upo honorable enterprise, but what does it pro a man or a nation to gain wealth at the co of all that is finest in life and truth an patriotism?

AN UNFORTUNATE PARAGRAPH.

In referring to the efforts of the Executi Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Repu lican League to make up and lay before th Republicans of California a state ticket f their adoption or rejection at the August pr maries the Santa Cruz News has this to sa

"All this is foreign to the very spirit of th new primary law, which contemplates th there shall be no conventions, no secret poli cal meetings, no indorsements, but that a men shall have equal chance to win a par nomination and subsequent election. It becomes the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republic League, at the very inception of the cam paign, to subvert the very letter and spirit this law, and to resort to the very devic

vhich it condemns in the older party organi-ations."

No man possessing less ability than Editor Devlin could put into eighty-three words a arger number of mis-statements or make them nore glaring than he has done in the fore-oing paragraph. He defies competition. It .ill take many more words to set him right, ut it is important that the public understand he spirit and purpose of the direct primary .w. This is our excuse for a somewhat ex-nded analysis of Editor Devlin's unfortunate aragraph.

According to the view of the Santa Cruz ews the new direct primary law pre-supposes at only those persons who volunteer their ervices to the public are to be voted for at direct primary, for there are to be no con-entions, no political meetings, no endorse-ients, nothing but the nomination papers.

What is to be done, then, where the office seeking the man rather than the man the ffice? Are all to do as Mr. Curry has done, onstruct a machine and spend years in laying ires to attain an entirely personal ambition? s that the spirit of the new direct primary w?

The spirit of the direct primary law relies n associated initiative, on the expectation at patriotic citizens will come together for onsultation, for canvassing the field with the ew of picking the best man for each place id, having reached a consensus of opinion as that man, go after that man and draft him to the public service, even at a considerable crifice on his part. This is exactly what the incoln-Roosevelt Republican League has ne and is doing through its executive com-ittee.

The need for this power of associated initi-ive is all the greater in California for the ason that, for more than a generation, candi-ates have been brought forward, or bought er a convention bargain counter, by the olitical Bureau of the Southern Pacific Com-ny. There has been no other avenue open state office and, with here and there an ception, self-respecting men, men fit to be office, have turned their faces against public e rather than humiliate themselves by ac-pting preferment at that price. Hence we ve been governed mainly by second, third fourth-class men. The direct primary gives portunity to bring out men of first-class libre and it is men of this class for whom e League is seeking.

It has been said that if everybody knew at everybody said about everybody there uld not be two friends in the world. What nse would there be, then, in holding with en doors and newspaper men present, heart heart talks over candidates, discussing them one side and down the other, to have all at any man said about any other man spread fore the breakfast tables of the entire state e next morning? Does Mr. Herrin call in e reporters when he confers with Mr. Lynch Mr. Parker, Mr. Burke or Mayor Mc-rthy? He would not long remain outside state hospital if he were to do so.

The acts of the Executive Committee of e Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League are blic, and so are most of its conferences, but ien it takes up the consideration of candi-tes, to be discussed frankly and fully pro d con, it very properly and necessarily goes o executive session. And so will the mem-rs of every other pre-primary conference ld in this state! If any such conference as-mes the proportions of a convention the ecutive conferences will have been held in vance of the convention, for it is a rule in ery convention that an advocate may say at he wishes to in favor of, but nothing ainst, any candidate.

This process is not inconsistent with a free ance for all to win a nomination before the ople. The ticket presented to Republican voters by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will have nothing to commend it except, first, the characters of the men composing that ticket and, second, the characters of the men who made up the ticket and offered it to Republican voters with their commendation. The presumption is not violent that the ticket so presented will be esteemed by the people to be a better ticket than the one to be offered by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company; also that the characters of the men who make up the League ticket will rank higher than the characters of the men who compose the Southern Pacific Political Bureau.

Instead of condemning the process of evolving a Republican primary ticket followed by the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, when followed by others, that method is commended to all interests, factions, groups, or handfuls of men desirous of presenting candidates to be voted for at the August primary as the very best and fairest one that has yet been devised. And the field is wide open. Fortunate will the state be if the devices resorted to by the "organization" shall be as void of offense!

The Issue In Plain Terms.

Word has gone out to papers under the domination of the "organization" element in the Republican party giving the cue to "play up" the need for a state ticket composed of conservative men instead of such radicals as the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is likely to name. They would make the issue conservative vs. radical.

But the central issue is not a question of being conservative or being radical. It is an issue between domination by the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau and government by the free suffrages of an unpurchased manhood. It is not radicalism to stand for free government. It is not conservatism to acquiesce in corporation domination. The one is patriotism, the other is treason, and nothing else can be made of it. That is the true issue and by the records of the respective candidates and the records of their sponsors, not by what they say, shall they be known. No candidate ever talked more bravely than did James N. Gillett four years ago and no Governor was ever more subservient to corporate influence than he has been. Those who bite again at the old bait will richly deserve to be hooked.

We Move to Reconsider.

We do not know how much foundation there is for the report that a number of the McCarthy supervisors, on returning from an inspection of the Spring Valley plant, expressed themselves as of the opinion that McCarthy had made a mistake in opposing the Spring Valley purchase, but that he did make such a mistake should become more and more apparent as the subject is considered.

It is not of Spring Valley that we are thinking. It has no claim upon consideration. It has been an enemy to the civic life of San Francisco for more than one generation.

But that system is not only necessary to a municipal water system but stands in the way of obtaining such a system. As explained before in these columns, the American congress is extremely tender of rights of property and any public enterprise that contemplates the confiscation or destruction of a corporately owned system in which many millions are invested will affect congress and the national administration most unfavorably. In fine, it will block the whole Hetch Hetchy enterprise unless that objection is removed.

Mayor McCarthy should reconsider his action and the people of San Francisco should reconsider the vote whereby they turned the Spring Valley proposal down. The vote stands square across the road to a Sierra Water system.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Those of us who were brought up in what we may call a Puritan atmosphere will remember with what abhorrence we, in our childhood, should have regarded going hunting on Sunday. Fishing was thought to be quite wicked enough on that day, but to shoot, to make a big noise, why that put the guilty person beyond the pale of civilization. To our minds he was an outlaw from that day forth, abhorred by all proper persons.

The purpose of this chapter is neither to approve nor to condemn the change of our institutions which has gone on with the decay of Puritanism and the adaptation, if not adoption, of continental European standards to American life. Our purpose is to speak of the capacity to abhor.

The writer of this meets men, almost daily, and now and again a woman, who appear to have lost that capacity. Perceiving some good in a bad man they qualify his badness by his goodness, usually a form of goodness that is temperamental rather than grounded in character, such as courage or generosity, or money-honesty, until the badness seems no longer to be very bad no matter how seriously it may have debauched those with whom it came in contact. Can we afford to lose the power to abhor? Can we afford to have our children enter into adult life without ever having acquired that power?

In a southern city Madam Vincent took over her husband's saloon when he died and conducted it successfully. As she prospered she extended her financial operations to the ownership and operation of a house of ill repute, which she tore down and built greater until, with its gardens and its architectural excellence, it came near to being one of the show spots of the city. If a band played in the streets there was, in a moment, a bedizened female at each one of the multitudinous windows. When the yellow fever came she sent her inmates all to places of safety, converted the great building into a hospital for the homeless stricken in the streets, herself took charge of it, sickened and died. She almost came to be canonized as a heroine. Brave she was and generous, too, but not in all that city lived there a more abhorrent creature than she, yet people generally forgot that it was so. Courage and generosity, the two flowers that so often thrive in the muck of human depravity, seem to be all the more beautiful because of, but do not atone for, the muck. They should not move us to abhor the muck much the less for their blooming. The balancing of the equation of good and evil in each one we must leave to God. It is our business to hate evil and to teach our children so to do.

There are people who have so cultivated the quality of impartiality as to be no longer able to render a decision. They part their hair and their minds with a scratch-awl and as truly as a meridian line. They are incapable of jury service because they can reach no verdict. They love nothing with zeal, hate nothing to the degree of abhorrence and are wonderfully inconsequential, but in so far as they do count for anything it is for breaking down the barriers betwixt good and evil, barriers that can never be too strong or too high.

There is room for difference of opinion as to how far the life of a child should be sheltered and how far it should be permitted to know evil, and the consequences of evil, that the child may be made strong to resist, but of one thing we may be sure, no child will be strong to resist an evil that he has not been taught to abhor. The mind of the child can entertain no fine discriminations. If it hate not evil it will love it. The child paints all its ideals in yellows and reds, blacks and whites. It is not until the hair begins to silver that men and women can grow tolerant of evil with safety, that they can venture to tone down their ideals of good and evil with tints and shades and a mellow running of one color into another. And it is not always safe even then.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Our Multi-Millionaire Senators.

That property interests in the United States are not likely to be over-looked or neglected in the United States Senate is quite generally understood. If, however, there were any doubt of it probably the following facts would remove it: There are 92 Senators, and of these the following (almost one-fourth of the entire number) are multi-millionaires, each being estimated to be worth the number of millions published in connection with his name: Guggenheim of Colorado, $50,000,000; Elkins of West Virginia, $25,000,000; Stephenson of Wisconsin, $20,000,000; Warren of Wyoming, $15,000,000; Nixon of Nevada, $15,000,000; Oliver of Pennsylvania, $15,000,000; Crane of Massachusetts, $10,000,000; Aldrich of Rhode Island, $10,000,000; Wetmore of Rhode Island, $10,000,000; Dupont of Delaware, $8,000,000; Depew of New York, $5,000,000; Hughes of Colorado, $5,000,000; Kean of New Jersey, $5,000,000; Newlands of Nevada, $5,000,000; Lodge of Massachusetts, $5,000,000; Smoot of Utah, $5,000,000; Hale of Maine, $3,000,000; Root of New York, $3,000,000; Brandegee of Connecticut, $3,000,000. Besides these, there are some eight or ten others who are estimated to be worth a million or more each, and those who have less than a quarter of a million or so almost could be counted on the fingers of one's two hands. Yes, there is at least a strong probability that there will be no neglect of property interests, and also that other interests will be looked after, if they do not conflict. And, by the way, considering that list, will somebody name anything that a United States Senatorship guarantees concerning its possessor, save that he probably has money?

Order Your Aeroplane Now.

The aeroplane, which last year was an experiment, this year is an accomplished reality, and it becomes more and more evident that henceforth the atmosphere is to be added to man's navigable domain. Already, this year, more than 600 of the machines, of various types, have been ordered, to be delivered by the opening of the spring season, and the demand so far outruns the supply that speculators are making money by insuring immediate delivery at considerable advances on list prices. It is estimated that more than $300,000,000 will be spent this year for aeroplanes, and this estimate does not include the price of housing the machines, transportation, maintenance, etc. All these things included, it is probable that $600,000,000 would no more than cover the entire cost, which sum, judiciously invested, by the way, might insure comfort throughout the year for every poverty-stricken man, woman and child in the country. The prices of various machines, of course, differ greatly, running from the cheap Demoiselle, which was invented by Santos Dumont, listed at $1,000, up to the costly Antoinette monoplane, which is listed at $10,000. Among the nations France now leads in aeroplane manufacture, but the indications are that the day is not far distant when America will overtake her. There seems to be a fair prospect that it will not be long until the sight of an aeroplane will be nearly or quite as common as that of an automobile.

Automobile Industry Also Booming.

From consideration of aeroplanes to that of automobiles is a natural and easy step, and it may as well be taken. In 1903 about 11,000 automobiles were sold. Six years later, or in 1909, the output increased to about 115,000 of the machines. That is to say, in this brief time the output increased nearly 1,000 per cent. It is respectfully submitted that this was "going some," and yet the speed is to be accelerated in the immediate future, for it is estimated that 150,000 machines will be manufactured and sold during the present year, an increase of fully 30 per cent over last year. Presuming that the purchase price of the machines will average about $2,000 each, the total amount paid for them this year will be about $300,000,000. Last year the value of our exports was $6,890,000, which was about double that of our imports. Manufacturers everywhere are enlarging the capacity of their plants, and it appears evident that this is to be the automobile age—at any rate, until the aeroplane comes in.

The Growth of Galveston.

The growth of Galveston, Texas, in commercial importance is among the phenomenal business developments of this age of business. About ten and one-half years ago the city was practically obliterated by the great storm and ocean waves which swept over it. Hardly more than a decade has passed, and last year the value of its exports exceeded those of any other city in the United States, with the sole exception of New York. They were one-third greater than those of New Orleans, the other great Southern seaport city, and were about one-half greater than those of such cities as Boston and Baltimore. Moreover, Galveston's $189,464,335 of exports were greater than those of all the Pacific Coast ports combined, a fact more gratifying to a Texan than to a Californian. Of course the export of cotton has much to do with this phenomenal record, but the southwestern railroads are making the city a center for exports of all kinds. Galveston still is a comparatively small city, but it cannot remain so if such a condition of affairs continues, as it appears likely to do.

Value and Progress of Irrigation.

Up to two years ago, it is estimated that 11,000,000 acres of land had been placed under irrigation in this country by governmental or private enterprise, and the work has progressed faster since that time than at any time theretofore. It is believed that eventually the area of irrigated land will amount to fully 30,000,000 acres which will support one million families of, say, five persons each, or a total of five million individuals. Moreover, as is generally understood, this irrigated land will be, in its productive capacity, the most valuable in the country. How valuable it will be is indicated by the fact that it is estimated that land reached by the Salt River irrigation project, in Arizona, will be worth from $100 to $750 an acre; that under the Uncompahgre, Colorado, project from $75 to $500 an acre, while estimates place the value of that under the Okanagan and Yakima projects, in Washington, as high as $1,500 to $2,500 an acre. Many millions of dollars have gone into these enterprises, but the expenditure will be abundantly justified in giving to the generations to come a rich asset in productive land.

What We Pay for War's Equipment.

In connection with the subject of irrigation, but bearing indirectly upon it, some facts to which Secretary of Agriculture Wilson calls attention in a recent article are fairly apropos. It costs the United States government $55,000 to make a 12-inch gun, and this sum would reclaim 1,571 acres of land, which would provide homes for 196 people. The value of 196 homes paid to provide but one gun of the equipment of a navy! When all the guns of our fleet have been fired once the salute has cost the government $150,000, or sufficient to reclaim 4,000 acres as homes for 500 people. And these, mark you, are but trivial costs as compared with the total of those of our navy and army. On the whole, can anybody doubt that we pay tremendously high for the privilege of carrying a chip on our shoulder or seeing that our neighbor does not? And is it not time for good citizens to resolve to do their little toward creating the sentiment which eventually will put an end to this mad folly with which our "Christian civilization" burdens itself?

Changed Names Made Illustrious.

In a decision recently handed down by Judge Irving G. Vann of the New York Court of Appeals, in which he decided that any man may change his name without legal formalities, he called attention to names which have been changed by those who made the alias illustrious. Here are a few of them: Melancthon was born to the name of Schwartzerde, but, not liking it, he changed it to the name he made famous. Rembrandt was a Gerretz, and himself changed the name to Van Rhyn. The rightful name of Honore de Balzac was Guez, but one of his ancestors, who also was a writer, changed it to that the great novelist bore. The names of Voltaire, Moliere, Dante, Petrarch, Richelieu, Loyola, Erasmus and Linnaeus were assumed. The Duke of Wellington's grandfather was a Colley who assumed the name of Wesley, which later was expanded to the name England's great general bore. These are a few of the illustrations given by Judge Vann.

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SAN FRANCISCO

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"As You Like It."

"Life as we live it is a pretty crude, harsh, ontrary, disappointing thing," said Shakes- are to himself one day, "so, to amuse you id make you happy for an hour I will write ou a play in which man will be the arbiter destiny, everything turn out well, and life ill be 'As You Like It.'"

So said—we may imagine it so, at least—so ne. And how beautifully done! Who more insome than Rosalind, more feminine than lia, more noble than the banished Duke, here a more manly youth than Orlando, a ore delightful, saturnine disciple of gentle elancholy than Jacques, a more endearing pe of loyalty than Adam? And where a more ticing spot than the forest or Arden, where ooks so musical, vistas more inviting? here and who, in short, is and are a more s you like it" land of day dreams come true d characters such as we would be and ow?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," but how eeter to enter this ideal land of lightly rne misfortunes where the guilty repent in- ad of forcing the hand of retribution, and iere the innocent suffer but mildly to win e great reward. Admirable is Shakespeare tragedy, moving and just, but, before tread- g the terrible paths of Macbeth and Lear d Hamlet, learn first to love the gentle bard ile life was still to him only a joyous pa- ant warmed by a summer sun and echoing th happy laughter.

EDMOND ROSTAND, THE MAN.

Next after Edmond Rostand's love for the ater, comes his deep attachment for his ely home at Cambo, in the south of France, ites Edith Heyer in the Springfield Repub- an. On this house he has spent a small for- ne. He has had one garden made exactly e that at le Petit Trianon, and he has a cial gardener to care for it. In another t of his grounds he has a complete Eng- n garden. His possessions at Cambo are a hill, and he has had a clear, limpid spring there from afar. This French poet has rked marvels at Cambo. It is truly an ideal nch home.

Rostand, like De Musset, Balzac and George nd, is a night owl, and works at his desk o the small hours. Victor Hugo was al- ys up working at his desk at dawn of day, l prided himself on making 50 verses be- e he took his morning walk. Hugo loved go to bed early, he was considered a good rgeois in that respect.

Edmond Rostand goes to bed very late and s very late. At Cambo he comes down to akfast about 1 o'clock. As soon as he is ted at table he interests himself about his sts, if there happen to be any present; n reads the news and discusses the ques- ns of the day. After the meal he holds g conversations over his coffee and cigar. en he walks about the grounds and finally s back to his study and settles down to k. Every one knows of Rostand's con- sational powers. Coquelin has said a thou- d times that the author of "Cyrano," if had wished, could have been an excellent or, perhaps even greater than as an author. ttering offers have been made Rostand to on the stage.

nce at Marseilles, where Rostand was ged himself to interpret the principal part 'Les Romanesques," at the end of the per- nance, when his compatriots were wildly lauding, an English impresario presented self to Rostand in his box and said: "Mon- ir, I have come to offer you 200 francs night for a series of performances in Lon- ." The Englishman was quite ignorant to om he was speaking.

ostand said: "But I am the poet himself." , is that so!" said the phlegmatic English- , "you are Edmond Rostand. Very well. , I will make it 400 francs a night!" One nders what this Briton would offer the t today.

Rostand has two sons who are astonish- ingly precocious. Maurice, the elder, has a bent for literature, and is quite an original youthful poet; Jean, the younger, is a born naturalist. At Cambo he monopolizes all the empty boxes in which to put his classified in- sects. He has set up a regular scientific little laboratory, and his tutor predicts for Jean a brilliant career as a scientist.

Edmond Rostand speaks of his own life thus: "Well! when I was 20 years old I knew no one in Paris, not a single artist or literary man. I lived in the most bourgeois surround- ings. I amused myself making verses, with- out the least idea that I should ever become a poet. Then I acted comedies with a young lady, who finally became my wife. One day when we had no play to act, the idea came to me to write one myself—a dialogue in verse. My wife, who was then studying diction, read it with enthusiasm, as has happened frequently since. I carried the play off to Jules Claretie, who thought it charming and said it must be acted. I was for form's sake to read it to the committee. I was delighted. Just fancy it! A work of mine to be acted in 'Maison de Moliere'! I said to my wife: 'When we grow old we shall tell our children that actually one of my plays has been given at the house of Moliere, la Comedie Francaise.' The play was turned down by the committee. This was the beginning of my schooling in patience."

Not long since it was my good fortune to be at St. Jeane-de-Luz, not far from Cambo, so I know that section of France well. Ros- tand's house at Cambo is situated where the river Nive rapidly and noisily runs toward the river Adour and the little stream called Ar- naga. The villa stands on the hill command- ing a sweep of the whole beautiful country about. The house is suggestive of an old Basque homestead. It is spacious, light and filled with a sense of joyousness. It seems to laugh from the hilltop at the oaks and ferns below, and the old ivy clings lovingly about the tree stumps as if to deck them in verdant beauty. The Villa Arnaga is easily reached in three-quarters of an hour in an automobile from St. Jean-de-Luz.

Mme. Rostand is a fine-looking, gracious woman, and a good poetess herself. They are an ideal couple, being thoroughly in touch with each other. She is Rostand's good in- tellectual comrade.

Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme court, is the author of four books, two of which are on religious sub- jects. Justice Brewer is a native of Smyrna, Asia Minor, the son of a missionary. He is also a trustee of a great life insurance com- pany.

Californian Poets' Corner

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(The University of California Hymn.)

By Charles Mills Gayley.

Father of lights, with whom no change
Nor shadow of return
Hath been, or ever star could range
Or sun begin to burn.

O Thou, from whom all power proceeds
To bless Thy worlds with birth,
Bestow on us the Light that leads
To fuller life on earth.

The truth that maketh not ashamed,
The love that maketh one,
The will to lift Thy weak and maimed—
So shall Thy will be done!

And all the praise to Thee be given
For all Thy gifts to us.
Let there be Light in earth as heaven.
O Light most glorious.

OF THE DRESS OF BOOKS.

It is a lofty contemplation of books that can ignore the dress in which we handle them and think only of the thoughts contained in them. And any true lover of books may easily im- agine these exaltations.

But, for all that, we feel toward books as toward our wives, we would that they should be set off as well in dress as may be, and feel, when we see them so, not that we love them better, but that we have shown our love to- ward them the better by providing the carnal trappings. So we would have our best be- loved books becomingly arrayed. I can con- ceive admiring Bacon's splendid prose and subtle wisdom in the type and binding of a Nick Carter detective tale, but I should feel, if I bought him in such guise, except out of dire necessity, that I had put an unbearable indignity upon a great and worthy friend.

In a word, books have each a style of dress appropriate to themselves. I have a fondness for the new feather-weight paper on which many English editions are now printed, and a like fondness for the moderate-size, easy faces of type, but I should not care to have those same Bacon's Essays so dressed in my book case. A weighty man, Bacon, for all his clearness and grace and wit. Give him to me on strong, heavy paper, with rather square type, and bound substantially in sober colors with some leather at the back. I shall then feel that my minister, judge, philosopher and logician comes to me in proper robes and doublet, not like some modern pantalooned varlet in a waiter's undress, with a stained shirt bosom.

For Charles Lamb, give me quite another guise. Here is a nimble-wit, a punster, a lover of "whim-whams," skipping from green-room to old china and thence to the South Sea house, full of pranks and fun. Dress him gaily, margin him with Punches and pig-tails and actors' masks, print him in a skipping face of type, give him large room and light paper, and bind him in joyous colors. Heaven forbid we should prison his books as they prisoned his body, in that dingy clerk's office on a high stool.

Give me "The Ancient Mariner" in a dull red binding, with some richness of paper, and those ghastly Dore illustrations. Never mind what Ruskin said about Dore; that was true enough, but the same is true of Coleridge, and the two are from the same strange unreal world and belong together.

So with all my books. "Tom Sawyer," in the old original blue covers and with Kemble's drawings was a perfect combination. Perdi- tion capture these modern "uniform editions," blighting the blessed individuality of books under a dolorous sand-stone-front, sepulchral sameness of binding, and washing all the character and life out of the pictures with their vile "wash-drawings"—admirably sug- gestive of "washed-out." The insolence of the modern publisher and the presumption of the new illustrator is here as intolerable as in those base attempts to replace the loveable atrocities with which Thackeray illuminated his own manuscripts.

Here is the weakness of the otherwise ad- mirable and laudable "Everyman's Library" —laudable because it does bring the classics in at least respectable dress to every man's door, however humble—that it takes no thought of this correspondence between the substance of books and the dress of them. The binding they have chosen is good, but the gilt titles, with a lot of gaudy, pirouetting design of scrolls and tracery, the same for the sombre "Opium Eater" as for the lilt and passion of Burns, is a grotesque affront to the taste of a sensitive lover of books.

But let that pass. The thing to say is that print and paper and binding, subsidiary though they are to true afflatus of the author's soul, do yet subtly react upon the reader, as much as illustrations do, and should be chosen with no less care for books one cares to live with.

ORGANIZING CHARITABLE WORK

THE AGGRESSIVE WORK OF THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

The Associated Charities of San Francisco performs a double function. This organization is the clearing house of charitable work, the place where a record is kept of practically all the people to whom aid has been extended at any time by any of the leading charitable organizations. This is a most useful service, for it prevents duplications of aid, and it guards the various organizations against fraud and against that class of indigents whom one application of charity makes paupers and who seek thereafter to live upon the good will of the public. Before aid is granted or before applicants are recommended to affiliated bodies for relief, the applicant's name is looked up in the files, and the facts determined about his previous appeals.

Another branch of the police function—if the term may be used—is the investigation by the Associated Charities of the various charitable organizations themselves on behalf of the contributing public. For many years fake charitable institutions were organized by sharpers, who maintained enough unfortunates to make a showing of results, and who, on the strength of the slim work, obtained large subscriptions from merchants and the general public, the greater part of which they pocketed themselves. Another form of spurious charity was the fake "home-finding" society for orphan and abandoned children. The genuine home-finding societies are among the noblest and most useful of charitable organizations, but some of their fake imitators perpetrated unbelievable outrages aginst helpless children, such, for instance, as selling children committed to their care into actual slavery amongst the Chinese. The promoters of these agencies obtained money from the public on the plea of their good works, and other money from the people to whom they sold the children as virtual slaves—white people buy children in this way, too—thus making double money by "playing both ends against the middle," the middle being, in these cases, the most helpless and pitiable of all objects of charity.

The exposure of these various fraudulent bodies led to co-operation between the Merchants' Association and the Associated Charities, the two together investigating all organizations appealing to the public for funds, and issuing annually a bulletin of endorsed charities—that is, of charities directed by people who are of undoubted sincerity and good intentions, and managed upon lines that indicate a fair return in good works upon the money handled.

But these are rather the negative purposes and functions of the Associated Charities. These are not enough to give vitality to the organization—and to become convinced of its vitality, one has only to walk through the building at Larkin and Jackson street, where a group of highly skilled charity workers are straining every nerve in an intense conflict with poverty and distress and suffering.

This kind of vitality comes from a positive and aggressive ideal of constructive work. It is more than a desire to prevent fraud and to weed out beggars. It is an earnest wish to go out into the city and find the needy that they may be succored, to find the sick that they may be healed, to find the distressed that they may be relieved of their present necessities and put upon a self-respecting footing of self-support and economic efficiency in society.

Such an ideal finds expression in various forms, and the Associated Charities has turned its energies with great effect into many of these channels. The Associated Charities is an old organization, as age goes in the West, and it was reorganized as an efficient public servant before the great fire. Following that disaster, it was natural that its skilled training should be utilized by the Committee of Relief and Rehabilitation. This was done, and to the great satisfaction of the Red Cross, as is indicated by the following letter, written August 28, 1909, by F. W. Dohrmann, vice-president of the San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds (a corporation):

"In the beginning of the work of rehabilitation undertaken by the San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds it was found necessary to have a force of visitors who would report upon the needs and merits of applicants according to uniform methods and standards. For this purpose the staff of trained workers of the Associated Charities, to which were added experienced visitors from other sources, was made a part of the Department of Relief and Rehabilitation. In this capacity the society rendered faithful and excellent service.

"When the bulk of the relief work was finished and the various bureaus were closed and the departments of Rehabilitation and of Camps began to wind up their affairs, there was still considerable work which could not be left undone without causing great suffering. The details of this were entrusted to the Associated Charities and were executed to the entire satisfaction of the Relief Corporation.

"From the point of view of the latter body the most important work of the Associated Charities during the second period has been the very valuable assistance given in clearing the relief cottages from the public parks and squares. Without such co-operation hundreds of indigent families would have been sent wandering aimlessly about, a menace to the health of the community and a hindrance to their neighbors, while their final rehabilitation would have been prevented or at least long delayed. By careful planning for these families, by helping them to move and remodel their cottages, by advising them and requiring them to observe the sanitary regulations, and thus at small cost preventing unhealthy congestion of certain quarters, the society has done praiseworthy service, not only to the victims of the fire but also to the city at large.

"Another branch of the relief work which had to be continued, if great suffering was not to result, was the care of the sick who were sufferers from the calamity.

"The work of the former Hospital Bureau has been well carried on by the Associated Charities. This has been made unusually difficult by the lack of adequate municipal accommodation for the indigent sick and by the entire lack throughout the city of proper accommodation for tuberculosis patients, who constitute a large part of the applicants for medical relief."

Since July 1907 the Associated Charities has not been directly connected with the Relief Committee, but the major part of its funds are still drawn from that source. These funds are as follows: $1,500 a month for cash relief of worthy applicants; $1,500 a month for the purchase of supplies for applicants; $1,200 a month for administration expenses. Besides these monthly allowances, the Red Cross maintains a cash balance in local banks, subject to the order of the Associated Charities, of $3,000 for the payment of grants to applicants in sums of $50 and over; and of $500 for grants for the purpose of housing the homeless. The Associated Charities expended in 1909, on the first of these accounts, $21,900, and on the other, $2,750. Another standing balance of $500 has been available only since the first of this month for the relief of the unemployed (the method is explained below), of which $368 has been expended.

So much for the finances of the Associated Charities. Some of its varied activities cannot be better summarized in brief than by quoting from a report on its work since the fire: The Associated Charities is the Central Agency for the charities of San Francisco. Its chief activities may be enumerated as follows:

Application and Investigation Bureau.—Societies and individuals may send to this department those who ask for assistance. Through experienced agents, careful study of the circumstances of each case is made. Whether assistance is really needed is determined; and if needed, how it can be most effectively rendered so as to restore the person or family to self-support. In carrying out this plan, the Associated Charities calls into service the particular agencies whose help is needed, thus bringing to the assistance of any case the charitable resources of our community.

Civic Relief Bureau.—When adequate relief cannot be procured through other sources the need is met direct.

Children's Agency.—This department finds homes for dependent children. It also "boards them out," paying $12.50 per month for the board of each child, and, in addition, supplies clothing and medical care. Eleven dollars of this amount is allowed by the county for each committed child. There are at present two hundred children under the supervision of this department.

Registration Bureau.—For the use of those engaged in charitable work, the Associated Charities keeps a record of all cases applying to its office or reported by any co-operating society.

Department of Legislation and Law.—This department, established in 1902, is in charge of a special committee of the Central Council. Its purpose is to keep in touch with the charitable situation of California, so as to be ready to work in favor of needed legislation and to oppose the passage of ill-advised or vicious measures.

Financial.—Since the fire the Associated Charities has made no direct appeal to the public for financial support. During this period it has been the agent of the Relief Corporation and has been directly supplied with funds to meet necessary expenses and the general needs for relief. This support, however will be materially reduced during the coming year, and the Associated Charities must depend for $15,000, or at least a third of its income, upon the general public. In fact, the Relief Committee has made its own contribution to the Associated Charities conditional upon the raising of $16,000 from volunteer contributions. This policy has been adopted in order to make the Relief Funds last longer and to give the Associated Charities an opportunity to educate the public to the cost of adequate relief in San Francisco.

It is the purpose of the California Weekly to devote other articles later to more extended reviews of some of these several phases of the Associated Charities' activities, notably to the work of the Children's Agency. It is sufficient for the present, therefore, simply to recapitulate those activities as above.

But it is pertinent in this article to point out a few facts about some of these phases.

For instance, the money expended for the relief of the unemployed is used only to aid married men who are honestly seeking to support their families. After investigation, the satisfactory applicants are given work at the City and County Hospital, where three days' work is remunerated by an order for $4.50 worth of groceries—enough to carry the man's family through the week. This not only relieves the man's necessity but it allows him the four remaining days of the week in which to search for permanent employment.

This relief is independent of the employment agency maintained by the Associated Charities. This agency uses every means to secure employment from business houses and families for worthy men and women. During the last year it has filled permanent positions with applicants to the number of about 500 and it has secured "day work"—odd jobs and housework by the day—for nearly 300 men and more than 700 women.

The Associated Charities has investigated and kept a record of 7,776 families that have applied for relief since July 1907. These records are permanent and are invaluable for future reference. In approximately two-thirds of the cases the distress was found to be real and the families worthy, and aid was extended.

This article takes no account of the district nursing, the nursing of children, the clinical treatment of applicants, nor of the hospital relief given by the Associated Charities, but these subjects, as well as the work of the Children's Agency, will form the matter for articles to be published later in these columns.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

The Ships at Sea.

here'er your ships have floated, dear;
Where'er they sail to-day,
er ripples bright or breakers drear,
Or near or far away,
y to your heart, while yet they roam:
ome day, some day they shall come home."

ıe was the Ship of Splendid Dreams,
The dreams of sun-lit dawn.
ou trod its deck o'er golden streams,
\nd then—the ship was gone.
ll by the bar you watch and yearn—
me day, some day it shall return.

ıe bore a freight of love you knew
When Life and you were young.
ıe ship from out the harbor drew,
Love's song one-half unsung.
me day, returning o'er the sea,
ve's anthem shall completed be.

e two, dearheart, have ships we lost
n sea-mists gray and chill;
e know not on what waters tossed,
Yet we await them still,
r well we know, no faith we lack,
me day of days they shall come back.

* * *

Class in Sociology, Please Rise.

The Teacher—What is the worst feature of
me under our laws?
Bright Pupil—Getting caught at it.
There is some justification for the answer,
some authorities uphold it, but—well, is
re any other answer?"
\nother Bright Pupil—Not having money
pay an able lawyer if you are caught.
This will do, young ladies and gentlemen,
s will do. Authorities differ concerning
ich is the better answer to my question,
there is no question that the one or the
er is right. The class is dismissed."

* * *

Keep Your Eye on the Chico Normal.

With bravery almost amounting to heroism,
sident Van Liew of the state normal
ool at Chico has issued his fiat that dress
ony" henceforth must be unknown in that
titution. With his dictum in force, it will
avaunt the turned-up trouser so dear to the
llie-boy and a bas the mushroom hat, the
ddening accumulation of hair and the multi-
e of other beautifications or monstrosities
dear to the feminine heart.
Dr. Van Liew's order may "go" with the
s, but if it has noticeable effect on the
s, a million men will rise up, not so much
call him blessed as to ask him how he
it. For he is striking at the gaunt specter
ch brings anguish to the hearts of num-
less law-abiding American citizens who
nbly and brokenly question: If any man
in any way influence any woman con-
ning her apparel, how in thunder is it to
done?
Henrietta," says the alleged head of the
ily, "as you love me, I beg of you, I im-
e you, I beseech you, never to wear one
these disfiguring mushroom hats. I am
ng, Henrietta, but I feel that I could not
ure it. And, my dear, I respectfully pray,
ambly petition, that you will content your-
without any wildly-waving hirsute
rnments from China, Patagonia or else-
re."
's a moving address, and it might wring
s from a heart of stone, but the next
e he meets Henrietta on the street she
ngs to the animated-toadstool, mop-of-
branch of society. I do not exaggerate;
isands of broken-hearted and crushed men
ld be willing to testify that it is impossible
lo so.
his is why I am interested in Dr. Van
w's experiment. If he can induce his
imine pupils not to make of themselves the
shaped wonders of a once shapely Eden, I
n to know how he does it. But does any-
y desire to bet anything that he suc-
ls?

The Opinions of Rufus.

I don't reckon anybody's case is reely hope-less, 'less it is the feller that can't see where he needs any improvement.

I don't blame swearin' men es much es I would ef I hadn't noticed that lots of them can't express themselves in any other way.

Some men are so oily-good that I can't help a feelin' that they'd 'pear better in society ef they wus wrung out.

Josh Bings says that the Almighty made women so beautiful that even modern fashions can only 'bout half undo the job.

The worst thing, es I see it, 'bout these 2 a. m. millionaires is that so often they can't find anybody that's willin' to take a chance on bailin' them out in the mornin'.

Speakin' 'bout the higher education of women interferin' with marriage, my observation is that ef the right man comes 'long they don't gener'ly hunt up their diplomas to see ef there's anything in the Latin to the contrary.

Say, what's the use of payin' juries to try 'leged criminals when the newspapers are patriotic'ly ready to try 'em an' find them guilty without chargin' a dern cent for their generous conduct?

I read the other day that the intention an' the execution ought to count es 'bout the same, but I s'pose the feller that wrote the words hadn't ever seen a woman throw a stone at a neighbor's hen in her garden.

I hope nobody 'll have 'casion to feel es sorry fer me es I feel for the folks that died 'fore this era set in. They're losin' a good many interestin' developments.

Most lives are largely made up of lost chances, an' there's mighty few days when we don't add one or two to the number.

* * *

Striking Prosperity.

"These are times of striking prosperity," the well-fed orator announced.

He paused a moment for oratorical effect, and then continued:

"Yes, these are indeed times of striking prosperity. Look at the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Carnegies, the Ryans, and others who are only less successful. When and where else in the history of mankind has business acumen witnessed such proud results? I repeat, then, that we are living in an age of striking prosperity."

The pale, emaciated little man in the back of the hall suddenly sprung to his feet.

"I see it, I see it!" he shouted. "This is a time of striking prosperity—thoughtfully divided. The Rockefellers and Morgans do the prosperity act, while we do the striking for living wages, don't we, boys?"

The roar, "You bet we do!" which came from the back seats indicated that "the boys" thought the pale, emaciated little man had struck to the heart of the "striking prosperity" situation.

* * *

Patriot, and Partisan.

Here is the distinction, son:

You believe in a certain political party (perhaps on logical grounds, perhaps because you were taught in childhood to do so) and because you believe in it, you vote for it when you know it is wrong.

You are a good partisan, but a mighty poor patriot.

You believe in your party, but you believe more in your country and the God of Right, and accordingly you vote against it when you know it is wrong.

You are a poor partisan, but a splendidly good patriot.

There are very few elections, son, when you are not given the opportunity to be the one or the other.

It is up to you, son. Which shall it be?

Go, Break the News to Garcia.

(Now comes the news that Fra Elbert Hubbard is to appear in vaudeville in what he terms "Heart to heart talks.")

Oh, carry the news to Garcia, although it make him sad,
That vaudeville now has captured his literary dad;
Yes, break unto him tenderly, but do the deed at once,
That soon the Fra will wag his mane in histrionic stunts,
Will wag his mane, and eke his tongue, in new Roycroftie style,
Which is not done in vellum, but stray shekels may beguile.
Oh, carry the news to Garcia, but break it mild, my son,
That queer things are in vaudeville seen when no one has a gun.

Go, carry the news to Garcia, and say the program reads:
"The Armless Wonder and the Toes With Which He Drinks and Feeds.
The Fair Equestrienne Who Thrills as She with Danger Flirts,
Her Bravery Only Equaled by the Briefness of her Skirts.
The Tongueless Marvel, Little Mae, Who Talks with Pa and Ma.
A Heart to Heart Emulsion That's Administered by Fra.
The Handcuff—" Let's the program drop. The news to Garcia take,
But tell it to him gently, for I fear his heart will break.

* * *

Thoughtful Man on Curry.

"'Twas the wireless," said the Thoughtful Man, "that was the first instrument in giving a peerless leader to the G. O. P."

"Meaning the Grand Old Party, of course?" I remarked.

"Aw, wake up, man!" he responded. "You're too long ago; you're not up with the times—meaning, of course, the Gilded Organized Plutocracy. Well, Charley Curry was sweetly dreaming of the love of the dear people and what it ought to be quoted at in the market reports, when there came a low, sibilant whisper.

"'S-s-sh,' it said, 'are you there, Charley?'

"'I am,' says Curry. 'Who is it at the other end of the atmosphere?'

"'Not being interested in politics,' says the wireless, 'I'll not inform you, but—are you good at acrostics? If ye are, guess this one:

"'Hurl
Every
Republican
Reformer
Into
Nitro-glycerine.

"'Can you guess it?'

"'I can,' says Charley; 'the beauty of the sentiment alone would reveal it.'

"'Tis well,' says the wireless. 'I hear you're a candidate for governor.'

"'I didn't know it,' says Charley.

"'Well, you are. You may take it from me, for I have it from an authentic source. You are a candidate, but you must be careful not to let the Organization know it, for 'tis a tender plant, with feelings easily hurt, and it cannot endure much shock.'

"'Twas enough for Curry, for he is a great believer in the wireless, and so he got out at once. 'Whist,' he says to his friends, 'keep it dark. For goodness' sake, don't let the Organization know it, for it might object.'

"'So you don't believe in the Organization?' I says to him.

"'Very little,' he replied, 'but I have much faith in acrostics.' It's a noble and independent campaign he's making—and the Organization never once has suspected what he is doing. It's slow, the Organization is."

"How about Alden Anderson," I asked, "hasn't he received a wireless acrostic, too?"

"There's suspicion," the Thoughtful Man replied, "that it is an adoublecrostic."

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor California Weekly:
In your issue of the 18th instant I note Speaker Cannon's classification of Gifford Pinchot as an "uncomfortable subordinate." How our superior officers love a **comfortable** subordinate. How useful is the **comfortable** subordinate to corporate control. Harriman, Rockefeller, Aldrich, Ballinger, etc., all love and cherish the **comfortable** subordinate, who sees not, hears not, talks not; but promptly draws his pay and lauds the powers that insure his tenure of office, heartily subscribing to that Vanderbiltism "The people be d——d." The hope of the people is in Pinchotism i. e. devotion to the public welfare, though they render it uncomfortable for their superiors in office.

JOHN T. DARE.

San Francisco, Feb. 21, 1910. 517 Mills Bldg.

The comfortable subordinate is likely to prove a cowardly subordinate and any subordinate who knows his superior to be false to the public interest, in essential particulars, and does not expose him as Glavis exposed Ballinger, is not fit to be an American citizen. There are times when insubordination becomes perfectly splendid, an act of high patriotism. Such insubordination may cost one his job but if he has right and justice on his side, and acts with eyes single to the common welfare, he will have preserved his manhood and that alone will be worth all it costs. The insubordination of Pinchot and Glavis may profit them little, but it is likely to profit their country by tens of millions, a very comforting consolation to carry into seclusion if seclusion awaits such valuable public servants.

Editor The California Weekly.
You are absolutely right in your conservation fight, and The California Weekly seems to me gaining in breadth, coherence and definite purpose. I begin to think that you can make it stick. It is merely a question of time; one and one make two; two and one make three, and so on forever. I believe that more and more I see plainly in these days, as I grow older, that the first great thing is to be willing to burn your own fingers for the thing that is worth doing. You must not complain about it, nor think yourself a martyr; simply burn them, and then put in the other hand without looking around to observe whether anybody is following your example. In the course of time you will find that the thing in which you are interested has become rooted, and that the Almighty is pouring sun and showers over it.

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES H. SHINN,
Forest Supervisor.

Northfork, Cal., February 21, 1910.

There are few things richly worth while that are easy to do and establishing a weekly journal, free and independent, is not one of the easy things. There is no objection to having fingers burned. The only issue is as to whether fingers for purpose of incineration can be had in sufficient supply to last through the crucial stage. We have faith to believe that they can be had. Thanks for Mr. Shinn's words of encouragement. He knows how it feels himself and is not at all afraid of the fire even yet.

Editor California Weekly,
Dear sir:
About a month ago in an editorial about votes for women you suggested that school suffrage be tried for women first, and then one could learn how it worked. You can hardly understand how this proposition looks to me. You probably think it a wise and generous proposal. But it shows a very conservative attitude. School suffrage is no longer an experiment. It is at work now in 29 states and a unanimous verdict in its favor. Besides how do you think it would look to you if you were extremely hungry, if someone should offer you one crumb and say wait till digestion was complete? Women want to vote without waiting years longer. The ballot is withheld from them by men like you who mean to be just and generous, but are conservative. If it is right for women to vote at all, it is right for them to vote now on equal terms with men.
Probably you have not thought long and often about equal suffrage, and one advances step by step. Pray give it serious thought and step forward. Women are voting now in four states and in several foreign countries, and it has proved an advantage that no state or country having it would now forego.
How deeply I wish that California would enfranchise its women, I cannot put into words.

Very respectfully,
ELLEN C. SARGENT.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 21, 1910.

The California Weekly is not out of sympathy with Mrs. Sargent in her zeal for woman suffrage and the subject is not new to the editor of this paper. His introduction to the subject came with the campaign in Kansas, waged soon after the Civil War closed, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone Blackwell and others. The writer well remembers just how Mrs. Stanton looked and, as for Susan B. Anthony, she was not only many times a visitor at our father's home, but the writer of this has visited her in her late home at Rochester. Furthermore, the editor of this paper has supported woman suffrage every time it has been an issue and has voted for it, and would probably vote for it again, but, somehow, some of his enthusiasm for it, right off, has oozed out in recent years. He has come to look at suffrage as an obligation and not a right, and he does not wish to see the suffrage conferred upon a great class of persons only a small fraction of which wants the suffrage or takes any interest in it. We are not in as big a hurry as we were. To our mind the electorate is now loaded down with dead timber enough and it is not going to help it to add more. Therefore, we should begin with school suffrage for women which California has not, add to it municipal suffrage and full suffrage as soon as women have grown into the use of the ballot so that they will make general use of it. And this we advocate, not as an enemy to suffrage, but **as the best and quickest way to get it for women,** and it is not likely to come to them in California in any other way. The men simply will not vote to give it to them.

The California Weekly,
Gentlemen: In the columns of Collier's Weekly I note that you have published the report of the committee of citizens who investigated recent political conditions in your city, and that copies are to be had upon application. The evils which have beset your community during the past few years in an acute form are substantially the same that many another city labors under, perhaps in a milder form, and the lessons of your civic defilement and purgation will be of great value to every one interested in higher standards of municipal service. Your public spirit in making this report accessible to interested persons the country over is to be commended, and I should be greatly obliged if you would send me a copy. I enclose stamp for postage.
Thanking you in advance,

Very truly yours,
DON C. D. MOORE,
29 Wendell street, Cambridge, Mass.

In a way it is comforting to know that "there are others," other cities whose public service corporations scruple not to debauch public officials, other cities whose big men feel that if they can not get what they want without bribery they are justified in employing bribery, and yet the more we are assured of the wide prevalence of this condition the greater the danger to our national life. If this malady affected San Francisco alone of American cities we would have little need for being concerned about the nation, but where all, or nearly all, American cities suffer from the same malady we can not avoid being concerned for the future of the Great Republic. The Denman Report is destined to do a great deal of good wherever it goes for it makes the nature of the malady plain, but we hope that those who tell others about this report will kindly tell also that it costs ten cents, not an unimportant item where so many hundreds are wanted.

The California Weekly,
Gentlemen: Your very interesting edition of February 11th received. I was especially interested in the article by the Honorable A. B. Nye, "More Light on Compulsory Voting," a matter which should give Good Government supporters food for thought.
It occurred to me that if a tax were levied on all citizens qualified to vote, and a credit given to those who did vote, we would find a very small percentage of the citizens who would not reach the polls. For example, we will say a tax of $3 were to be levied on all citizens qualified to vote. Voters registering would be entitled to a credit of $1; voters casting ballot at the primaries would receive a credit of $1; voters casting ballot at the general election would receive a credit of $1. As a voter registers or votes, he would receive a certificate certifying that he had registered or voted. Such contingencies as blank ballots, absentees and sickness should be provided for. All funds to go toward election expenses. Have the collection of tax on somewhat the same principal as the poll tax.
Of course, this is a very crude example, but the principle might be used to good advantage.

Very truly yours,
E. J. HOOPER.

San Francisco, Feb. 18, 1910.

The more attention given this subject the more will the need for compulsory voting be borne in upon thoughtful minds. The suggestion made in the above letter may not be the best possible, but in default of a better it would serve the purpose. The main thing is to talk up the idea until everybody gets to thinking about it. That will bring a solution of all difficulties in due season.

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ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Hiram Johnson For Governor In accepting the task of making a campaign before the Republicans of California for governor Hiram Johnson has made a greater personal sacrifice than the general public will ever understand. It may involve an entire change of the plans of a lifetime. Nothing short of the spirit of 1776 and 1861 could have brought him to undergo the ordeal, but without question he is the man of the hour. Other good and true men there were to select from, but among them all there was no other who so well represented just the things for which the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican movement stands. Mr. Heney would have pleased many very much, but Mr. Heney has done so much that he could not now be asked to do more. Mr. Davis or Mr. Rowell would have drawn the line to which the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans propose to hew as clearly and as straight, but by accepting the presidency of the League, which required Mr. Rowell to name the executive committee, it is obvious that that committee could not with propriety name him for the head of the ticket. Messrs. Mott and Belshaw are both excellent men with excellent records, but, in both of their cases, it would not have been as easy to make it perfectly clear to all voters that the line of battle was irrevocably drawn, with no quarter asked or given, as with Mr. Johnson. The issue is: "Shall California be governed by the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau and allied iniquities or by the manhood of California?" On that issue Hiram Johnson will lead a splendid and, it is to be hoped, a winning fight. If, happily, he shall be nominated in August, and elected in November, California will have a governor who will know how to so amend the laws and procedures as to make it possible to establish justice in this commonwealth, even in the cases of malefactors of great wealth. Hurrah for Hiram Johnson! Had not Johnson been elected Mr. Weinstock very likely might have been, but he refused to allow his name to be used as long as Johnson was a possibility.

Acquitted Itself Most Admirably The Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has acquitted itself most admirably. It has not been narrow or partizan, as it will not be in the future. Assured where a candidate stands on the main issue it will ask only that he be fit for the place. The man who has made good in office, and has placed the public welfare above private and corporate interest, will have little to fear at the hands of the League. Endorsing Judge Sloss without any advances having made on his part signifies the League's mind for a nonpartisan judiciary. The failure to endorse the candidacy of Judge Melvin is equally significant to the same end. The supreme bench is no place for a man who, throughout his judicial career, has been head over ears in politics. The endorsements of the candidacies of State Controller A. B. Nye and State Treasurer William R. Williams to succeed themselves was, of course, splendidly deserved and if the "organization" has any regard for the decencies of political life, and for the public interests, it will endorse these candidacies as heartily, but that consummation is not likely. There is much more to be done before the state ticket can be made ready for submission to a reform public sentiment for approval, but the task will be finished as it has been begun—in sincerity and truth.

The Cases of Webb and of Kingsbury The cases of Attorney-General Webb and Surveyor-General Kingsbury, organization men, both of them, so far as their past history goes, deserve and will receive the careful consideration of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, but there is much evidence to show that they have been efficient in office and not subservient to the interests that put them there. This had not been noticeable in the case of General Webb until within the last two or three years. General Kingsbury has been in office only during the present administration, but there is no question that, so far as the conduct of his office is concerned, he has made good in every particular. In fact he has redeemed the office from a standing disgrace of complicity with speculative interests to the cost of the state and the injury of purchasers from the state. The charges against him are that he allowed Walter Parker to choose his subordinates in office and has allowed at least one of these subordinates to devote time and effort, as a lieutenant of Parker's, to fighting the good government forces in Los Angeles. This is a serious charge and deserves to be investigated, as it will be. General Webb's staff is regarded as of his own selection and loyal to his policy. The issue is, "Bond or Free," and however good an official a man may be he is not good enough unless he will throw the influence of his office into the scale for making California a free state not under bond to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau. By that test must every candidate stand up to be measured.

Will Democrats Take Warning? If gentlemen of Democratic proclivities are, any of them, laying plans with regard to which way "the cat is likely to jump," they will have to be more astute than most of them have proven heretofore if they do not themselves land in the middle of the morass. With Hiram Johnson at the head of one state ticket, and Theodore Bell at the head of the other, there will be relatively little to fight over so far as the heads of the tickets are concerned. That is, they will both stand for making California free. If Charles F. Curry or Alden Anderson were to win the Republican nomination in August (not very likely by the way) and Bell were to be the Democratic candidate the issue of "bond or free," would be sharply drawn and freemen would know on which side to stand. But if Hiram Johnson should be nominated by the Republicans it would become immensely important for the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company to have a change of horses handy. Just here lies the great Democratic temptation and the state's danger. If Mr. Herrin can beat Bell before the Democrats in this state with some conservative, untarnished but complaisant Democrat he will surely do it. Look out for tricks! Party lines are going to sit lightly. All the votes McCarthy can control, and all the votes that the Royal Arch can muster, all the human off-scouring of the male sex from the red-light districts of all the cities and towns in the state, will be registered where they can do the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau the most good. Watch where they register. Lulled into a security that Bell cannot be beaten at the primaries it may look different on the morning of the third Wednesday in August.

Re-register Right Away Too late for The California Weekly to announce the fact last week the supreme court rendered a decision that the old great registers are dead, except for certain municipal purposes specifically provided for, and the new one must be used for all things appertaining to the August primary. It is important that the August primary should be the biggest ever known. It will be the first state-wide application of the direct primary principle. The law is defective, purposely rendered so by persons and interests inimical to the direct primary idea. It is evident, too, that influences are at work with the express purpose of rendering the direct primary law so odious as to lead to its repeal and the going back to the convention system, which the politicians attached to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau so well understand how to manipulate. It is immensely important, therefore, to make the first application of the direct primary law as complete a success as the defective character of the law will allow. By decision of the highest court in our state all petitioners on all the nomination papers of all candidates to be voted for on the third Tuesday in August must have re-registered before they go on the nomination papers. The first duty in hand, then, is to register. Every voter who has not registered since the first of January must re-register before he can have any part in the direct primary election. The best time to do it is now. Go by and attend to it before you forget it. Tell your friends to do the same. Neglect is dangerous. When you re-register you must give your party affiliations or you cannot vote at the primary. Don't register as a Lincoln-Roosevelter. There is no such party. Register as Republican, Democrat or whatever you are as a party man.

A Policy of Rank Political Faking The Chronicle continues to talk about what "the Republicans" will do when they call the State Central Committee together and about "Republican candidates" as distinguished from Lincoln-Roosevelt candidates. Of course it is the purpose of the organization to arrogate to itself the right to be the Republican party and to claim that the ticket which it will presently put up is the Republican ticket, although everybody must know that the Republican ticket will be nominated when the primary is held next August and not before. Some of the scribblers doing the organization's work go so far as to talk about "the three parties, the Republicans, Democrats and Lincoln-Roosevelt League." These persons are always careful to leave out the "Republican" when they write about the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. It seems a childish attempt to mislead and to prejudice, but such as it is the most will be made of it during the coming months. It will be a more serious offense if, when the Republican State Central Committee is called together, that official governing board of the party shall let the organization misuse its official title in pursuance of this same attempt to deceive voters. It is so elementary that it should be unnecessary to say it, but in view of what is taking place it probably needs to be said, that at the present time any Republicans who choose to do so—Mr. Herrin and his friends as well as others— have the right to endorse tickets of candidates; all of these tickets will be Republican tickets, but the Republican ticket cannot be named until the voters of the party go to the polls and do it next August. Meantime the claim of the organization to name the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle Republican party ticket is a piece of rank political faking.

Free Men Have Free Minds; Cattle Follow the Boss Before the last meeting of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Executive Committee there was a good deal of merriment in the organization newspapers over the supposed inability of the reformers to agree upon a candidate for governor, and assertions were freely made that the League was about to break up. All this came to a sudden stop when Hiram W. Johnson was nominated and accepted the nomination. It did not seem to occur to the humorists of the organization press that the differences of opinion over the choice of a candidate which existed for a time in the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican ranks and the agreement which ensued when the right man was found, were the best of evidence that the selection was made by free and independent men. How much difference of opinion will there be on the other side when that invisible and intangible thing—intangible except so far as it is solidly apparent in the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau—known as the "organization" has decided who shall be the candidate for governor? There is no difficulty in securing an agreement when there is but one will to be consulted, but where

there are independent minds there will usually be different opinions. No one need be ashamed of the manner in which the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League reached an agreement upon a candidate for governor. Who is now making the choice of an opposition candidate and how is it being done?

Two Strong Democratic Judicial Candidates There are at least two men talked of for judicial preferment through Democratic initiative who are going to impress their voting constituencies favorably and, despite the fact that the influence of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau defeated the non-partisan judicial reform measure in the last legislature, party is going to cut little force in voting for judges at the coming election. One of the candidacies spoken of is that of Judge W. P. Lawlor for the supreme bench. His steadfastness, uprightness, and intimate knowledge of the criminal law are going to speak powerfully in his behalf. And, too, it will mean a good deal to the bench to bring into it a man fresh from the hurly-burly of criminal trials, a man who knows criminal jurisprudence for what it is as a fact rather than as a speculative philosophy. He is a tremendously useful man where he is, but he might be even more useful higher up. The other candidacy, virtually settled upon we suppose, is that of Judge Maurice Dooling of San Benito for the appellate bench to succeed Justice Cooper. He was beaten by Judge Kerrigan four years ago by 806 votes, and it is not impossible that a straight count of the votes might have brought him much nearer the goal. There was at least some ground for suspecting that all was not right in the Santa Clara count, although nothing tangible was gotten hold of beyond a long holding back of the returns from that county. These are both strong men and will make short work of weaker men if Republicans put them up.

The Call of the Sixth For Senator Boynton It is unfortunate that public service so often entails personal sacrifice, but it does, particularly when the man wanted by an office is especially valuable to an office. This is the case with State Senator A. E. Boynton of the sixth senatorial district, comprising the counties of Butte, Sutter, Yolo, and Yuba, splendid counties, all of them, counties that know a good man when they get him in a place where he fits. Of all men in the legislature in the sessions of 1907 and 1909 none made better records than Senator Boynton and he now knows the legislative ropes so thoroughly that he is in a position to be doubly useful to the state. In fact the progressive, honest, free and independent element of his party does not see how it is going to get on well without him. He knows right from wrong no matter how disguised, will do the right and will not do the wrong, and everybody who has had anything to do with legislation knows that this is so. Of course the "organization" has little use for him, but the people will take care of that if he will consent to go back for four years more. He is a rising man, has his profession to look out for and feels disinclined to make the sacrifice, but it is to be believed that the splendid example set him by Hiram Johnson will not be lost on A. E. Boynton. With enough such men in the next legislature, and no effort will be spared to land them there, California will make a legislative record next winter that will be heard of from ocean to ocean if not around the world.

Iroquois Pow-Wow The Iroquois League of Democratic clubs held a session in San Francisco this week. It was a good pow-wow and did nothing to be ashamed of. It resolved that democracy is not dead and proceeded to prove it by promulgating a platform. Nothing is quite dead that can do that. It also rejected with disdain a proposal (certainly not emanating from the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League) to endorse the League candidate for governor and not put up any. In this it did right. California needs a good, strong, Democratic party with a zeal for the faith that is in it. The platform was some good and some bad. The things that were good were a graduated national income tax, laws for the the elevation of labor, for the Hetch-Hetchy water system, national eight-hour law, national child labor law, emancipation of California from corporation control, the simplification and perfection of the direct primary law, a non-partizanly elected judiciary, removal of party circle from the ballot, initiative, referendum and recall, prevention of acquisition of water power sites for speculative purposes. In fact these planks are all very good and it will be difficult to get up a contest with progressive Republicans on any of them. The planks that are at least doubtful, if not bad, are those demanding that the tariff be re-revised, that all trust-made articles be put on the free list, that imports coming in American bottoms shall cut the duty in half. Only the wool schedule should have immediate revision. Many trust-made articles are also made by independent concerns and cutting import duties in half, if imported in American bottoms, would overdo the business awfully. Keep the old party alive, gentlemen, and keep going.

Scraps of Real News And Political Gossip The Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will hold another session on Saturday of next week. It would be impossible for any convention to do the painstaking work this committee is doing.

There is some talk that Lee C. Gates may be the running mate of Hiram W. Johnson. If so the people will hear the welkin ring from Shasta to Tia Juana. There are not better orators in the state. The Southern Californians will probably settle that issue, but the most likely candidate appears to be W. D. Stephens, former mayor of Los Angeles and a very strong man.

Alden Anderson seems to be clearly in the fight for the "organization" support for governor, although it is freely predicted that he will come out third in the August race if he goes into it. This will probably force Phil Stanton out of it or into the railroad candidacy for lieutenant governor.

Charles F. Curry is playing a lone hand with great confidence, based, no doubt, on the belief that his strength comes from that constituency that always votes and especially at a primary. He is more to be reckoned with without the backing of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company than Alden Anderson is with it, notwithstanding the fact that Anderson is vastly better.

HELPLESS ANYWAY.

"You've heard about the man that married his hired girl so as to keep her, haven't you?"

"Of course. Everybody has."

"Poor fellow!"

"What's the matter?"

"She got a divorce last week."

WHAT THE DAISY TAUGHT.

A daisy grew in a lonely spot,
In a vale secluded a daisy grew,
And the eye of mortal had seen it not
Where it bravely smiled to the dome of blue.

But the daisy said: "No whit I care
That the vale is lonely and none is near,
For to live is sweet, and the world is fair,
And I know it is brighter because I am here."

A lesson, my bonnie, for you and for me:
In ourselves is the spirit which gives to us cheer;
If our way is obscure, as it haply may be,
Let's make it the brighter because we are here.

PREVOST AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

Marcel Prevost, the distinguished French fictionist and man of letters, declares of the American woman, in the current Harper's Bazaar, that curiosity is her chief intellectual characteristic. "When I sit down at table beside an American woman of Paris she immediately asks me: 'Have you seen such and such a play? Have you been to such and such an art exhibition? What do you think of this novel or of that philosophical or historical book recently published? * * * And I am forced to admit that I have not seen the latest play, that for more than ten years I have not set my foot inside the annual 'salons'; that I read slowly and carefully and am therefore forced to read but few books. And I know my American neighbor feels great disdain for my unculture. * * * Still, I have infinite sympathy for her charming and universal intellectual curiosity; only long experience has taught me that man's head can not contain too many ideas at once. There is, consequently, an abyss between the way most American women I have met conceive intellectual culture and my own way. Far from me to pretend that I am right. And I give thanks to heaven which sends us, in the American women of Paris, the most wonderful public for books or theaters or lectures."

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HIRAM W. JOHNSON, THE MAN

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

By E. FRENCH STROTHER.

When William H. Langdon made his campaign for reelection as district attorney of San Francisco, in 1907, one of his most ardent supporters was Hiram W. Johnson. In the first speech which Johnson made in that campaign for Langdon he said, in substance:

"I have been employed in the graft prosecution from the first, and I have finished my work. The expenses of these prosecutions have been paid by a private citizen. My conscience does not permit me to take a public part in a political campaign while I am in the employ of a private citizen who is one of the issues of this campaign. I therefore here, now, and publicly discharge myself from all future employment in these cases, and as a disinterested citizen urge my fellow citizens to support William H. Langdon for district attorney."

Several months later, Mr. Johnson sat in his private office listening to the appeal of Matt I. Sullivan that he come back to the prosecution. Mr. Sullivan was speaking as the representative of the League of Justice, which had authorized him to offer Mr. Johnson a handsome retainer and an assuring per diem compensation for his services. Mr. Johnson was obdurate.

"Don't you see, Matt," he said, "I simply can't do it. Leaving the loss of other practice out of the question, there's my public word that I have forever discharged myself from the cases."

Mr. Sullivan approached the subject from a new angle.

"But Heney is tired out, and he is cruelly overworked. You must not leave him in the lurch."

Mr. Johnson was still unmoved.

"There's my word; I won't go back on it."

Just then the door to the outer office burst open and one of Mr. Johnson's assistants rushed in, crying:

"Heney is shot!"

Mr. Johnson would not believe it. The sheriff's office was called by telephone and the reply was: "Yes, shot in the courtroom; not expected to live."

Johnson and Sullivan stood, facing one another with tears in their eyes. Controlling himself, Johnson spoke:

"We'll finish his work, Matt."

And they shook hands on it, in silence.

That night, at Dreamland Rink, before a frenzied mob of ten thousand people, who were shouting for vengeance, Hiram Johnson pleaded the passions with words of prudent wisdom and then pledged himself and Sullivan to complete Heney's work without compensation and as a public duty. He kept his word, and his presentation of the case to the jury a few weeks later brought about the conviction of Ruef.

This is the Hiram Johnson who is the choice of the executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League for the Republican nomination for governor of California.

Hiram W. Johnson was born in Sacramento, September 2, 1866. He was educated in the public schools of Sacramento, and graduated from high school at seventeen. During the following year he learned shorthand and acted as stenographer and law clerk in the office of his father, Grove L. Johnson. At eighteen he entered the University of California in the class of '88.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

From the day he entered college young Johnson was recognized as a leader. Former district attorney Seymour, of Sacramento, remarked a few days ago that it was common talk in Berkeley in those days that "a freshman is boss of the whole university." That freshman was "Jack" Johnson, as he was nicknamed. He was lazy physically but extraordinarily alert mentally, and his personal magnetism won him the commanding position which he held throughout his college career. He had then, as now, a pair of piercing dark eyes, a most winning smile, and a voice that vibrated as it ranged the whole gamut of emotions.

Johnson was reared in a home atmosphere charged with politics, so much that to this day he recalls with vivid recollection the Hayes-Tilden campaign and the state campaigns of his earliest boyhood. In college, he plunged at once into a native element of interclass politics of which he was soon leader. The selection of class officers, the management of the college rushes, and the direction of the junior annual were all in turn referred to him. But even at this age the idea of office seeking was so repugnant that he refused to engage in any of these activities except on behalf of others, and he then made himself the promise that never in his life, except in response to an overwhelming call of duty, would he undertake to attain public office. He was elected editor of the "Blue and Gold" in his junior year, but left college to marry and enter the law before he took up the work.

Which recalls an incident told by a room-mate at college, that illustrates the magnetism of his personality. Every Sunday morning Johnson would stretch out on a sofa, with a newspaper or book and cigar, and ask his room-mate to go down to the postoffice and "see if there is any mail."

"And," adds the room-mate, who is now a distinguished lawyer in San Francisco, "he always put it in such a winning way that I never failed to go, though I knew perfectly well I wouldn't get a letter and that the only mail I would find would be a letter for Jack from his best girl."

The "best girl" was Miss McNeal, daughter of Archibald McNeal, a pioneer of Sacramento. She and Mr. Johnson had been engaged for some time, and when she graduated from Mills College in 1886, Johnson, though only twenty years old, threw up his college course and went back to Sacramento where they were married at once. They have two sons, Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., and Archibald McNeal Johnson, both of whom are members of the same fraternity—Chi Phi—at Berkeley, to which their father belonged in the eighties. Hiram Johnson, Sr., was pitcher of the college nine in his day, and Hiram Johnson, Jr., was catcher of the same nine a couple of years ago.

After his marriage, Hiram Johnson entered his father's law office, where his older brother, Albert M., had preceded him, the father and sons forming the firm of Johnson, Johnson & Johnson. As Hiram junior recently put it, this proved to be "too much Johnson," for the firm was dissolved and the brothers set up for

themselves in a separate office. This was the beginning of the long-since complete separation of Hiram Johnson from Grove L. Johnson, brought about by the wide divergence of political ideals between the father and son.

Hiram Johnson quickly gained a local reputation in Sacramento as an able lawyer and as a sincere political reformer. His practice rapidly increased, and his influence in local politics became increasingly strong. He was a delegate to nearly every city and county Republican convention and to most of the Republican state conventions. Twice at state conventions he split the Sacramento delegation on the issue of railroad domination, once against a notorious railroad congressman and once in favor of a candidate for supreme court justice who was independent of railroad control.

But the most interesting and spectacular political feat performed by Johnson was his support of George H. Clark for mayor of Sacramento. At that time, all kinds of gambling games, prohibited by statute, were run openly in Sacramento, with only such sporadic raids as the bosses authorized for the purpose of making a showing of enforcing the law. These games were so profitable that the proprietors of them became the political bosses of Sacramento, controlling elections so that they might control the city administrations, appointing their choice chief of police and seeing to it that a friendly board of trustees was elected, secretly pledged to pass no ordinances dangerous to gambling. These local bosses were, as is usual, in league with the Southern Pacific state bosses, delivering the city delegates to conventions in return for favorable consideration in the legislature.

Clark was an undertaker, and had been coroner for several terms. He was a good "mixer" and nothing in his record disturbed the local bosses when he wanted to run for mayor, so there was little opposition to him, and he was elected. After his election he sent for Johnson and told him he wanted to make his administration a credit to himself and asked Johnson to become corporation counsel. This is an employment in an advisory capacity, not a public office, and Johnson accepted. Johnson told him his chief of police was the key to the situation. When the bosses came to Clark and told him whom to appoint chief of police, Clark replied that he already had a man in mind. The bosses stormed and threatened to hold up all Clark's appointments in the board of trustees. They went the threat one better, and contested Clark's own election. Johnson fought the case to the supreme court and seated Clark. Then, when the threat about confirmations was repeated, Clark replied by sending in only one appointment, that of police chief, and announcing that no other appointments would be made until that was confirmed. The bosses yielded, and the new chief at once closed down the gambling houses and kept them shut tight for the next two years.

The bosses and the papers and a part of the public turned on Clark with extreme bitterness. Clark's private history was dug up and distorted, his wife was harassed with anonymous letters, and every kind of threat was used. He sat tight. Gradually the power of the bosses was broken by the loss of their incomes from gambling, but the public clamor grew louder. Johnson was reproached for having killed Clark politically, and was warned that the next election would bury him forever. Johnson retorted that he knew better and added, by way of reply, that Clark would be reelected with an increased majority. At his advice Clark forced the reluctant trustees to pass an ordinance stopping pool-selling as well as the games prohibited by statute, and had the chief of police put on the lid there as well.

When the next election drew near Johnson undertook to make good his promise to Clark. The bosses nominated both the Republican and Democratic candidate. Johnson had Clark nominated by petition as an independent. The bosses got all the newspapers to fight Clark, and they got hold of every hall where public speeches could be made. Johnson started a little paper, The Independent, which he wrote and published twice a week. He also bought a circus tent and some chairs, and made the first "tent-campaign" ever made in this country. The tent was pitched every night on a different lot, and Hiram Johnson and his brother Albert carried their message straight to the people.

The result was an overwhelming victory. Clark received more votes than the other two candidates combined, and he made good by continuing his former policy throughout his second term.

Soon after this campaign, about 1902, Hiram and Albert Johnson moved to San Francisco and practiced together under the firm name of Johnson & Johnson. A year or so later this firm was dissolved. Albert Johnson died soon after, and Hiram Johnson has since been in practice alone, with offices in the Mills Building.

In San Francisco he soon made a reputation as a great "trial lawyer," almost invincible before a jury. He convicted the astute and slippery George D. Collins, and has carried a dozen other famous cases to successful issue. But his ability as a skilled court lawyer does not blind his professional colleagues to his solid foundation in law and his intense application to the arduous preliminary office work that precedes his brilliant appearances before judges and juries. He is a scholarly lawyer as well as a brilliant and magnetic speaker.

Hiram Johnson's recent record needs slight review. He gave the public some of his best work in the graft prosecutions in San Francisco, where his skill convicted Ruef. His speech to the jury in this case has rarely been rivalled in California. His political ideals are insurgent Republican, with Roosevelt as his pattern and guide. He has never sought nor held public office, and only consented to be considered a candidate for governor after resisting for weeks an amount of state-wide pressure inconceivable to a person not familiar with the inside facts. He was loth to interrupt the ideal quiet of his home life, for he is and has always been a home man. He was reluctant to give up his books. History especially occupies much of his leisure time, and Napoleon and Lincoln are his historical heroes. He felt strongly the anxiety for the

(Concluded on Page 222.)

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AN AUTOMOBILE EPISODE

BY

CARLOTTA ELIZABETH HOOPER

WHEN Sylvia Grant married Ward Remington, she had attained the rather mature age of twenty-five ears and, having been always a serious and houghtful girl, she had evolved many theories rom her study of the problems of life, particuirly in regard to marriage. In her own home here had been no friction; her father and nother had lived together nearly forty years n the ideal relationship which is the lot of o few in this life whatever may be the solu-on of the problem in the next.

She had, however, two intimate friends, one f whom was divorced after but a few years f vain effort at endurance; the other was ill struggling for happiness in the face of the ids so strong against her that Sylvia knew hat the inevitable result would be.

From her intimate knowledge of their diffi-ılties and from observation of many others her acquaintances she had decided that not ithout the greatest care and deliberation ould she enter the state which Shakespeare ys may be "An age of discord and con-ued strife, or a pattern of celestial peace." efore love she placed faith which "builds bridge across the gulf of death," for with-t absolute confidence in each other how uld a man and woman dare to face the ture with all its struggles, its trials, its artaches and days of despair, when bound gether by an enduring tie which is often :some and galling?

Thus argued Sylvia, thinking herself wiser ın so many thousands who had gone before r and failed. But with all her calm and :cerning outlook upon life, when she met ard Remington and the love which had been ıg delayed surged through her heart and rly lifted her from earthly things to heights ereon she believed no other woman had r trod, she forgot her theories, threw care l discernment to the winds and went the y which should be the joy of all woman-od to go, hand in hand with the man of her oice into the untried future, without one ıbt or misgiving.

wo years passed most delightfully to them h, for they were undoubtedly congenial in tes and temperament. Sylvia's only dull sad days were caused by the enforced ence of her husband from home on busi-s trips; for he, being the junior member of arge corporation, found that to his share the traveling which had been done by the er men years before. So, when one day announced a business transaction which uld take him to a distant city for a few ks, she seemed so distressed that he sug-ted for her a visit to her father and her during his absence. "I'd take you ı me," he said, "only I could not do any-g to amuse you. I shall be busy every ute, day and night, and I am sure nothing ld be so dull for you as to be shut up ie in a strange hotel, in the very uninter-ıg city to which I am going." So Sylvia graphed to her parents of her intended and she and her husband decided to t on the same day, he by the nine a. m. n, she a little later, about eleven o'clock.

n the morning of his departure, when he saying goodbye to her and she was trying uppress the tears which would come into eyes at the thought of a month's separa-he said suddenly, "Where is my automo-coat, Sylvia? I brought it home last t intending to telephone for a tailor to d it, then I forgot all about it."

ou'll not need the coat now," she said.

Vell, I'll take it to the office as I go. e one there may need it."

she went for the coat while he did the strapping to his suit case and dispatched runk by the carrier.

Sylvia placed the garment on his arm noticed a large stain of green paint on it she said: "Where did you get all that paint? High up on the shoulders, too, e it shows so plainly."

replied, "Why, I don't know. I am I never saw that paint before, and I 't been near any that I know of."

th housewifely care she examined it ly, and said, "It is all dry, too; it will come off I am sure."

only answered, "It is time for me to ow, dear, it is getting late and I must at the office before train time."

So he hurried away and Sylvia, feeling lonely and depressed, started to prepare for her own departure a little later. Then the postman came bringing her a letter from her brother, saying that her father and mother were away on a little pleasure trip and that they would not return for several days. The writer ended by saying that while he should be delighted to have her come immediately he could only be at home in the evening and he thought she might prefer to stay in the city for a day or two rather than face the dullness of a country place without companions.

"Oh, I'll go," said Sylvia, "and surprise father and mother when they come home."

Just then she was summoned to the telephone. Her very good friend Bessie Bradford said, in a troubled voice, "Oh, Sylvia, my dear, can you go in our auto car to-day out to Lakeside? I promised to take my visitor, Miss Gray, but my little Anita is not well. I dare not leave her, and I don't want Miss Gray to miss the trip. She goes so soon, you know. Luncheon for two has been ordered out there and I shall be delighted if you will take my place."

Sylvia hesitated a moment and then explained matters to her friend, but it was finally decided that she should remain another day and go with Miss Gray.

"I'll send the car for you at eleven o'clock," said her friend, "luncheon will be served at one, then you can come home after you hear the band play for an hour or two. I am sure you will enjoy it, our chauffeur is absolutely reliable and Miss Gray is a delightful companion."

So Sylvia went, and in the pleasure of the rapid driving over a perfect road she forgot her loneliness and felt that the world was good after all. Miss Gray, a mature woman of the advanced type, meanwhile was talking earnestly and unceasingly, elucidating her theories in regard to various occult things. Finally Sylvia, whose thoughts were with her husband, heard her say, "There is no doubt about it, many of the happenings in our lives, indeed all, I might say, are from the beginning planned and worked out by fate, fortune or destiny, whichever you may choose to call it." Then suddenly she said, "What is your fortunate number?"

Her companion evidently did not understand, and she continued, "Let me explain. In my life everything goes by twos. If I have unexpected good fortune in one venture, I have it in another; if I have a sorrow, it comes hand in hand with another sorrow; if I see a strange or unusual sight, I am sure to see something else strange or unusual in a day or two. If I have one disappointment, I am sure to be disappointed again. Everything I do, or have, or know seems to be duplicated, and sooner or later I see the double, or feel it, or know it. I have an intimate friend who says seven is her number, but two is mine. Have you never noticed it?"

Then, without waiting for a reply, she seized her companion's arm, saying, "There, the last time I was out, also with a friend of Mrs. Bradford's (by the way, this is the second time Bessie could not go with me) I saw that man with the paint on his coat."

Sylvia looked at her companion in amazement, and found that she was intently regarding an automobile which had swung into the road, from a side street, just in front of them. Sylvia felt the blood rush to her face and then recede as she followed Miss Gray's gaze and saw her husband, Ward Remington, seated in his own car wearing his tan automobile coat with the identical smudge of green paint across the shoulders she had seen that morning. The other occupant of the car was a woman, evidently young, who wore over her hat a long mauve veil which effectually concealed her face.

Ward himself was wearing, beside the tell tale coat, goggles and a black cap drawn down closely about his ears. She remembered that she had often asked him why he wore a black cap with a tan coat, and had suggested that one of tan color would look better. The other car kept ahead, but Sylvia could distinctly see its familiar number. Besides, without question, it was her husband. She knew the set of his shoulders, the poise of his head. She said to herself bitterly, this very attitude, as he leaned toward the girl to listen to her words, was proof enough.

Meanwhile Miss Gray was explaining about the man with the green paint. "You see," she said, "I saw them first when we went to the pleasure gardens in the other part of the city. I don't remember the name of the place, and as I said before, Bessie could not go at the last moment, so Miss Reynes and I went together, and we were amused because the man and this same girl (I remember her mauve veil) were so devoted to each other that they did not seem to realize that any one else existed, and while we were all listening to the band, the girl called the man's attention to the green paint which he had just gotten on his coat from the newly painted garden chairs in which they were sitting; the man, in turn, called some of the attendants and berated them soundly for using the chairs before they were dry. This, of course, was what attracted our attention particularly to the man and the girl, for they were sitting directly in front of us," went on Miss Gray volubly, "and now I see them again, as I might have known I should, for two things always happen alike with me. Now you can understand what I have been telling you about, how our lives go on in cycles of time ever revolving and returning."

But Sylvia, who had been listening intently and thinking deeply, presently interrupted the never ending flow of talk. "How long ago was it you saw them before?"

"Oh, it must have been a day or two. Isn't it odd about the magic of numbers in our lives?"

Sylvia merely nodded, she could not control herself enough to talk, but thereafter she heard nothing of the dissertation on destiny and occult influences.

Sylvia urged the chauffeur to hurry a little, she wanted to pass the other car if possible and see its occupants more distinctly, but Miss Gray protested. "I am terrified to go fast," she said, so the poor girl beside her sat in silent misery until they reached the popular resort known as Lakeside. There she looked in vain for her husband and his companion, although the automobile itself stood in plain sight, and Sylvia verified her almost absolute knowledge that it was her husband's car.

At luncheon she could not eat and looked so pale and strained that her companion suggested they should not wait for the music, but go home immediately. Sylvia was only too glad to do so, and felt devoutly thankful when at last she could shut herself in her own room and give way to her feelings. She tried to believe in her husband's faithfulness in spite of the strong evidence against him. The fact that he had expected her to be out of town that day and that he had undoubtedly lied to her when he disclaimed all knowledge of the paint on his coat; and that, according to Miss Gray, he and the same lady had been out together before—all shook her faith so completely that she sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Ward; if I could only have died before I knew these things! If I could only believe in you in spite of them all, but I cannot be mistaken, I have seen you with my own eyes."

No sleep came to her that night, and once, when she lost herself for a minute, a huge car seemed to be bearing down upon her, she trying in vain to evade it. She tried to call out to stop it, but the great machine still

plunged toward her bearing Ward and the girl whose mauve veil seemed to finally encircle them all in a dense mist, and, struggling for breath, she awoke to sleep no more.

(To Be Concluded.)

(Continued from Page 220.)

future of his family that must suffer with him in the neglect of his private affairs. Mr. Johnson is not a man of fortune, in spite of his lucrative practice. He has twice lost the savings of years in the pursuit of his ideals, and he needs very much to have an uninterrupted opportunity to put his financial affairs upon a solid foundation.

But, now that he has realized that he is the choice of the progressive Republican sentiment of the state, he has cast his own inclination and interests to the rear and has come out with a ringing declaration of his life-long political creed, and he purposes to make a hot personal fight for the cause in which he believes. That creed is the destruction of the power of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau and the emancipation of the state from corporate control. To the success of a state ticket pledged to that reform he will give the best powers of his mature and brilliant mind, his remarkable and winsome personality, and the profoundly sincere and serious idealism of his nature.

RICH AND POOR SENATORS.

Senator Cullom of Illinois, who has been in Washington holding down his job ever since the oldest inhabitant was a kid, is undoubtedly poor, says the New York Times. If he has anything besides the clothes on his back nobody knows it and nobody would believe it if you told him so. Even the most violent enemies of Senator Cummins of Iowa will admit that he is pretty nearly broke, and those who are acquainted with the home life of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin assert that he barely makes both ends meet.

La Follette probably earns $30,000 or $40,000 a year on the Chautauqua and regular lecture platforms. But he has to spend every cent he can scrape together on the sinews of war in his state. At his last election he turned in an expense account, as required by law, showing that his Senatorial race cost him about $125,000. Much of this was furnished by his colleague, Senator Stephenson, the Wisconsin lumber king. As La Follette and Stephenson have had a falling out, Mr. La Follette will look elsewhere for financial help next campaign. Many of the Senators, as well as the Representatives, eke out an honest living by spellbinding to bevies of interested school teachers in the summer time. They will average about $150 and expenses a lecture. La Follette is supposed to collect $350 for each talk he delivers, and Dolliver of Iowa, another popular orator on the same platform, is said to get $200.

The richest man in the Senate, Simon Guggenheim of Denver, Col., is one of the seven brothers of the name, who dominate the smelting business of the country if not of the world. Probably they do not know what they are worth, for like all colossal fortunes the ups and downs of the market changes their millions this way or that every twenty-four hours. Probably their Montana smelters grinding out silver and copper, their mines of gold and coal in Alaska, their silver and copper properties in British Columbia, Mexico, Peru, and Nevada, and their tremendous real estate holdings in half a dozen of the big cities of the country would sell, if placed on the market, for $500,000,000. The Colorado Senator is supposed to be one of the equal partners in the mammoth family combination.

Senator Elkins' principal holdings are in railroads and mines in West Virginia, although he owns a tidy safe full of railroad assorted securities and commercial paper from various parts of the country. Mr. Elkins married a daughter of venerable ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia, and by that happy means was "let in" on the ground floor. Mr. Davis was associated with the late Senators Blaine and Brice and Richard Kerens of St. Louis (now Ambassador to Austria-Hungary) in many business ventures of large calibre. These included railroads and mines in the West as well as in Mr. Davis' own state.

Senator Warren of Wyoming has several million sheep working for him and owns miles and miles of territory in Wyoming. Nixon of Nevada made his in silver and gold. Newlands of the same state married most of his. Depew of New York owns large blocks of railroad stock and much valuable real estate. Mr. Oliver of Pennsylvania is one of the Pittsburg steel kings. Crane of Massachusetts is a paper-made millionaire. His concern supplies the Government with all the paper that it uses in the manufacture of its money. That is the reason why Mr. Crane was not able, early in the Roosevelt administration, to accept the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island is heavily interested in many big New England corporations. His daughter married John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Wetmore of Rhode Island inherited his millions. DuPont made his in gunpowder. Hughes of Colorado got rich in mines. Kean of New Jersey belongs to a very wealthy family and inherited the bulk of his fortune.

Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts also was born with a fine large silver spoon in his mouth. The Cabots, on his mother's side, grew wealthy by making cotton cloth and collecting a subsidy from the state for the "infant industry." After the state quit paying the subsidy the Government began it in the shape of a protective tariff. Mr. Scott of West Virginia is commonly supposed to have made most of his money in glass. Mr. Bourne of Oregon owns cotton mills in Massachusetts that he inherited from his father and lumber mills in Oregon that he bought or started himself. He is a bachelor. Smoot of Utah is one of the Apostles of the great Mormon church, which is a very large and wealthy business organization. Mr. Root of New York made his in fees from big corporations So did Senator Owen of Oklahoma, who, by the way, is part Indian. One fee alone, which he collected for settling up a land case with the Government on behalf of his red brethren, netted him $750,000.

Perkins of California, who is chairman of the Senate Naval committee, is interested in the Pacific coastwise shipping trade. Mr. Bailey of Texas has been very fortunate in collecting handsome legal fees. Some of these have made him trouble with his constituents, but he has always been able to prove to their satisfaction that he was entitled to all he got.

MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman is above average height, very slight of figure, with kind, frank eyes, and a smile that is far more than a mere widening of the lips.

"She belongs to the type of 'home women,'" says a writer in the American Magazine, "and one's first thought of her is in her own house, before her own fire—in the big American room of the old house in Arden, surrounded by her children and her children's friends.

"In time doubtless the new palace built on the mountaintop at Arden will become associated with Mrs. Harriman (or Mrs. Harriman will become associated with it), but the old house—a low, rambling farmhouse with additions and outbuildings that were added as they were needed—was far more in keeping with Mrs. Harriman's personality.

"She is old fashioned in her supervision of household and family. She brought her children up in Spartan simplicity. They were put on ponies as soon as they could toddle. They were taught all open air sports and given the freedom of farmers' children. They ran perfectly wild outdoors; in fact they were brought up exactly as the average well-to-do farmer's children might be if the latter were given all the advantages of education.

"Aside from the fact of horses innumerable and land almost without end, there was no evidence of wealth. They kept open house, with really Southern hospitality, but it was all done in the simplest way. Mr. and Mrs. Harriman were examples of utmost domesticity, and both of them took the keenest interest in everything concerning the children. In their games or competitions Mrs. Harriman took quite as much interest as if she were riding or driving or playing herself.

"The big American room was the living room at Arden. Everything in it was American—wood, irons, glass, rugs, furniture and skins. There was one piece in it that came from Hololulu, but Mrs. Harriman said that she would not have had it in that room before the annexation of Hawaii to the United States.

"Mrs. Harriman was the only person in the world supposed to be entirely in Mr. Harriman's confidence. That a great master of complicated finance like Mr. Harriman should have turned his whole fortune over to his wife seemed to the public a curious thing. It had been quite naturally supposed by business men that the will would disclose the property lodged for administration in the hands of trustees.

"Such guesses, however, were evidently made without adequate knowledge of Mrs. Harriman's qualities, one of which is remarkable personal simplicity as contrasted with the extravagance of most New York society women. She impresses one as being independent of footman and lady's maid alike—naturalness and simplicity are her chief notes. Her children were brought up without ever suspecting that their father was even a moderately rich man. In the house now Mrs. Harriman wears white always. Mr. Harriman disliked black."

BERNARD SHAW'S NEWEST PLAY.

George Bernard Shaw, the playwright, in a characteristic interview talked in London last week, according to a dispatch to the New York Sun, of his new play, "Misalliance," which is soon to be produced at Charles Frohman's Repertory theater here. He said: "'Misalliance' in its action is just like getting married, only more so—much more so. I have carefuly cherished, repeated and exaggerated every feature that the critics have denounced in my other plays. In the present instance there is no division into acts, no change of scene, no silly plot, not a scrap in fact of what the critics are pleased to call action. To sum it all up, there is nothing if you please but Shaw and some very good acting. I shall be sorry indeed to see my old colleagues leaving the theater angry, broken and tearful, but it will do them good and as they will spend the rest of the year scandalously advertising me as the most brilliant of beings I shall bear no malice whatever."

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

In the state insectary in Sacramento now are 30,000,000 ladybugs which will be sent out to ranchers who may desire to use them in eliminating insect pests from the fruit-trees.

The Anzar ranch, near San Juan, San Benito county, consisting of 3,440 acres, has been sold to a syndicate, and will be set out to eucalyptus trees. The purchase price of the ranch was about $125,000.

The Esperanza Oil & Gas Company has sold a 12-year lease of 170 acres of land in the Coalinga oil field to J. Hayes Hammond for $400,000. This is one of the largest cash deals ever made in this district.

It is reported that the Santa Fe will build a branch from its main line near Solita to the Devil's Den oil field.

One hundred and ten dollars in currency recently was stolen from the safe of a poor room in Modesto. It is believed that the crime was committed by some patron of the institution.

The Southern Pacific Company has secured rights of way for a railroad to be constructed from Porterville to Springville. It is said that an electric line also will be constructed between the two points.

It is said that funds have been fully secured for the construction of an electric line between Sacramento and Vallejo.

Citizens of Orland soon will vote on a proposition to issue $150,000 worth of bonds to be used for local improvements.

Passenger boats between San Francisco and Sacramento soon will be run in the daytime instead of in the night as they now are run.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress will for a time desert the legitimate stage for vaudeville. She appeared lately at the Colonial Theatre, New York, in "A Russian Tragedy," based upon the play of Adolf Glass, which met with success in Paris.

PERSONALIA

Maxine Elliott's maiden name was Dermot. Her first husband's name was George A. McDermott.

Mary Mannering has recently made a success in a new play, "A Man's World," by Rachel Crothers, who wrote the delightful "The Three of Us."

Miriam Michelson, the well-known California novelist, is a native of Calaveras. Her mother's maiden name was Prbslubski, which probably accounts for the pronounced brunette type to which Miss Michelson belongs.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton was born in San Francisco, daughter of Thomas L. Horn, but declines to give the date of the event. Mrs. Atherton's first novel, "The Doomswoman," was published eighteen years ago. Nearly all her writing is done at the tavern on Mt. Tamalpais, though she spends most of her time in Europe. Her first play is now in process of incubation, and will probably be produced next year.

Eleanor Robson, whose engagement to August Belmont has been announced, is of English parentage but life-long American residence. Her first stage appearance was at the old California Theatre, in San Francisco, as Margery Knox in "Men and Women." Her mother is Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who is famous for her inpersonation of Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Sir Herbert Tree has added another to his long list of vividly-portrayed character parts, as a London correspondent of the New York Herald. This time it is the rollicking, penniless, romantic, fearless drunken Irish soldier of fortune, "The O'Flynn," not Lord O'Flynn, or Mr. O'Flynn, but "The O'Flynn." He is a cross between D'Artnagan and Charles O'Malley, in fact, a sort of Irish Cyrano De Bergerac. The play is by Justin Huntley McCarthy, who wrote "If I Were King," in which Tree made a great hit.

Baroness von Hutton has entered upon a dramatic career. She made her first appearance on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre in London in the revival of the Christmas play, "Pinky and the Fairies." The part which the Baroness took was one which Miss Ellen Terry played last year. Baroness von Hutton is noted for her cleverness and wit. Herbohm Tree thinks there is the making of a great actress in her, although she enters the profession somewhat late. Before her marriage to the Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, she was Miss Riddle of Erie, Pa.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is preparing for the production of three plays in New York during the month after Easter. These will be Heindrik Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele" and Arthur Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo." "Pillars of Society" will be the fourth play of the Norwegian dramatist in which Mrs. Fiske will have appeared. "Hannele" is a fantastic "dream poem" and "The Green Cockatoo" a one act play of comedy and tragedy. When Mrs. Fiske leaves New York she will start on a tour across the continent which will occupy her time until next October.

Sarah Bernhardt will tour America again this season, appearing in the following roles: "Aiglon," by Edmond Rostand; "Jeanne d'Arc," by Emile Moreau; "Les Bouffons," by Miguel Zamacois; "Sapho," by Alphonse Daudet; "La Sorciere," by Victorien Sardou; "Denise," "La Beffa," which Bernhardt produced this month in Paris; "Adrienne Lecouvreur," by herself; "Phedre, La Rampe," by Rostand; "La Tosca," by Victorien Sardou; "Le Coeur D'Homme," by herself; "Le Duc," by G. de Porto-Riche, and "Faust." Mme. Bernhardt will leave France with her company at the end of October, and will open in New York in November. Mme. Bernhardt is also anxious to continue her tour through Mexico, Chili and most of the South American countries on the Pacific coast.

SHEAR WIT

Teacher—"I want to impress upon your young minds never to strike the first blow." Jimmie—"In dat case I don't see how we are ever goin' to have any scraps."—Boston Herald.

"We are never completely happy," said the ready-made philosopher. "Of course not," said the practical person. "A boy wishes he were a man so that he could have all the mince pie he wants and a man wishes he were a boy so that he could digest it."—Washington Star.

"No, sir," said the recruiting officer; "I'm sorry to say your boy won't do at all for the navy." "Why not?" asked the lad's father. "He's cross-eyed." "Yes, I know that, but his eyes are crossed at such a peculiar angle that I thought you might be able to use him as a range finder."—Chicago Tribune.

A white man and a negro got drunk together at a hotel, and were put into separate beds by a practical joker, who took occasion to blacken the white man's face. When the latter was awakened in the morning, as per instructions, he caught sight of his face in the glass. "Why, they've waked the nigger instead of me!" was his exclamation as he rolled back into bed.—New York Times.

A deaf but pious English lady, visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the service, and wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered, "One toot, and ye're oot!"—Human Life.

Henry E. Dixey, at a dinner at the Lambs, said of an actor who failed in a new part: "His idea of the part was so confused and wrong that it reminded me of Ferguson. Ferguson, you know, awoke one morning after a studio supper—you know what studio suppers are—and groaned and muttered: 'Dear me, what a headache.' He screwed up his lips in disgust. The taste in his mouth was horrible. He thought he'd have a look at his tongue, and, reaching out for the handglass, he took up by mistake a silverbacked hairbrush. He stared at the bristles a long while, then he shook his head and said: 'Fergy, my boy, you certainly do need a shave.'"

An officer who was going ashore from the United States steamship Albatross against a high wind, noticing that the gig made little progress, turned to his colored servant and asked him if he could row. The boy replied that he could not. "What," exclaimed his master; "you have been on board ship a year and can't row?" "Deed, sah, I's nevah rowed in my life." "Then it's time you learned. Pick up those oars and try to row, at least." A light broke over the darky's face, and as he scrambled over the seats to his place he chuckled: "Ef dis is what yo' mean, ob co'se I kin row. I was reckonin' as yo' meant fo' me to ro' like a lion."—Harper's Magazine.

The multimillionaire Astors, Colonel John Jacob Astor and his cousin, Willian Waldorf Astor, are both authors. John Jacob Astor wrote a book called "A Journey in Other Worlds," which he lists as co-ordinate with such other achievements as building a costly hotel and presenting a $100,000 mountain battery to the United States Government for use in the Spanish war. William Waldorf Astor is the author of two historical novels. "Valentine, a Story of Rome," and "Sforza, an Historical Romance of the 16th Century in Italy," these being diversions from the care of managing the Astor estate, of which he is the head, and his personal fortune, which is estimated at $100,000,000. William Waldorf also owns the Pall Mall Gazette and the Pall Mall Magazine, of London.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. HAMERSLAG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. Hamerslag, deceased.

FORTUNE AUREGUY,
Executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 27, 1910.

FROHMAN & JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter street, San Francisco. 2-4-5t.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to the written consent of the owners of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of Park Investment Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said state, on the 14th day of February, 1910, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors, duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 14th day of February, 1910, at which meeting more than a quorum of the directors of said corporation were present.

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will be immediately changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, at No. 1723 Nineteenth Avenue, East Oakland, after which date, the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said City of Oakland, at said address therein.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said Park Investment Company.

Dated February 14th, 1910.

ELIZABETH A. SCHNEPFE,
Secretary of Park Investment Company.
2-18-3t

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Members of The California Bible Society, a religious corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 729 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees of said corporation to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 3rd, A. D. 1910.

By Order of the President.
J. E. SQUIRES, Secretary.
2-18-3t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street, running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, 2-18-10t.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

When the Direct Primary Law Applies.

There are certain words and phrases used throughout the Direct Primary law that must be understood in order to know what the law is talking about. For instance, the term, "Primary Election" refers to any and every election held for nominating candidates. The term, "August Primary" refers to the primary election held every four years for the nomination of candidates to be voted for in the succeeding November, at what we call the "general election" at which we elect state and county officers.

It was thought best by our constitution makers to separate the presidential election from the state and county general election so as not to confuse the issues in the minds of voters, and also to prevent that trading of votes among voters which sometimes results in subordinating the interests of the nation to the interests of a county or township fight, for there are persons who care more who is constable in their township than who is president of the United States. For a similar reason it has been found better to hold city elections apart from either general or presidential elections. The voting public votes most intelligently when it does not have too many issues to determine at one time.

With this interpretation of the terms used in the Act we may proceed to consider to what elections the law applies and to what it does not. Or, perhaps it will be easier to specify to what elections the Direct Primary law does not apply. After excluding these we may know that it applies to all other elections.

The Direct Primary law does not apply to elections to fill vacancies caused by death or resignation or from any other cause, but under our laws there are few such elections held anyway. Vacancies are usually filled by appointment of the governor, the board of supervisors or other executive body. In the case of a vacancy in an assembly or senatorial district a special election is ordered by the governor, in which cases candidates will go on the ballot by petition.

The Direct Primary does not apply to cities whose charters provide a separate system of nominating officers. We have two excellent examples of the different methods employed in our two leading cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles. San Francisco provides in its charter for the use of the state system of nomination, no matter how often or how radically the state primary law may be changed. The charter of Los Angeles, on the contrary, provides a separate system which the state law has nothing to do with. Under the San Francisco system nominations have to be made on party lines while in Los Angeles party lines are purposely obliterated and all candidates go on the primary ballot by petition. Berkeley has a system of its own, too, which we shall some time make the subject of one of these lessons.

The Direct Primary law has nothing to do with elections in districts that are not in the nature of municipalities, such as irrigation, sanitary or drainage districts. The law does not apply to the nomination of school trustees in cities of the sixth class, nor to school district officers, except in those districts where a school district is all or partly within the boundaries of a municipality to which the Direct Primary law does apply.

Of course there are many special elections held for voting bonds or deciding other issues, but at which no officers are elected, with which the Direct Primary has nothing to do.

With the exceptions noted, "all candidates for elective public offices shall be nominated as provided in the Direct Primary law," with the further exception that certain candidates for office at certain times and under certain conditions may be nominated by petition, as will hereafter be explained.

For long years there has been objection to a general primary law for all the state, coming mainly from the smaller cities and country districts where fraud is seldom practiced and the caucus and convention system, as a general thing, worked excellently well. The country districts dreaded the expense and bother and so the old primary law, which was not direct but representative, applied only to certain prescribed cities and counties; but the preservation of the state from the trickery and rascality practiced in the larger cities, in state affairs, made it necessary to make the Direct Primary law state-wide in its application. The new system is complicated and costly, as we shall see as our investigation proceeds, but it is less costly than permitting free government to be supplanted by an incorporated plutocracy governing with high hand and in purely selfish interests.

When the country delegations went to the state conventions with their favorite son candidates for office they found the big city delegations banded together in the hands of crafty manipulators and ready to trade a hundred votes for half a dozen for the nomination of candidates acceptable to the big corporation that essayed to govern the state instead of being governed by the state that had created it. In no other way could a country candidate for a state office be nominated except by trading with the boss or bosses of the city delegations. If the bosses of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento and Oakland could get together, and they generally could for the reason that they were all in the employ or under control of the Big Boss of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, they could come very near to having votes enough to nominate whom they would. If they lacked any number of votes they could trade with some interior county, perhaps with one in the north and another in the south, and so make a combination that could not be broken.

The result of all this, not at all an unnatural tendency among men who care more for office than for free government, was that government mainly got into the hands of second grade, if not low grade, men who conducted it in special rather than the public interest. Hence the demand for a direct primary law and the abolishment of the badly abused convention system.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "WRIGHT LAW AND WEBB BILL COMPARED"

—By Arthur J. Pillsbury.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MARCH 4 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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"For Cause."

O ONE NOT A SPOILSMAN could have entertained the idea that "for cause," as ground for removal from office, ld imply anything other than culpable neglect or gross in-acity. Any other construction would constitute a felonious ult upon the dictionary. P. H. McCarthy's elevation to the oralty does not constitute "for cause," nor is the mayor ified in taking his own "vox" to be "vox populi." His election consummated through the indispensable aid of the associated inies of San Francisco. He lacked 3,882 votes of having re-ed a majority of the votes cast, and no candidate so lacking a right to feel that he is the state or the city over whose ortunes he presides.

Knocks for Knox.

IE TAFT CABINET has been so much under fire that there appears to be a disposition to hit it every time a head ap-s above the parapets. This is undiscriminating and unwise. triving to neutralize the Manchurian railway investments etary Knox was working in good faith to carry out the John program of maintaining the integrity of China and the open . His effort more recently made to elevate the international court at The Hague into an international court of general ature was splendidly directed and it militates nothing against at Great Britain is not for it. France appears to be for it there is reason to hope that the combined influence of France America may win other nations to a similar way of thinking. Philander his due.

Why Doesn't He Do It?

NATOR NELSON A. ALDRICH has been quoted as say-ng that, if he were given a free hand, he could so order the s of this nation as to save from its expenditures $300,000,000 r. Why does he not do it, then? If he has not a free hand a lone hand, too) who has? Between himself and the Presi-the most amicable relations appear to exist, he is boss of uling house of congress and if the judiciary be not in athy with his point of view it has not given recent evidence ained relations. More than anyone else the public mind is ng him responsible for results. Why, then, does he not urate his policy of saving? But, Senator Aldrich, whose 000,000 will that be when it shall have been saved?

The Awful Avalanche.

E CASUALTIES that have befallen towns and express rains in our mountain canyons have been awful. Are they cts of God or do they owe their existence to want of human ght and bad engineering? Have these eventualities been rly considered or has passion for dividends prompted trans-ion companies to take chances that need not be taken? are railroad commissions and interstate commerce commis-for if not to make inquiry in such matters?

Beware How You Register.

T YOUR NAME on the Great Register of your county and lo it now, but beware how you do it. The clerk will ask bout your party affiliations. If you answer that you are a ln-Roosevelter he will register you as such, but, inasmuch re is no such political party, there will be no ticket for you te at the August primary. Do not state that you are an ndent. The independents do not constitute a political and, if you register as such, you will have no vote at the August primary. Therefore affiliate with the party that lies nearest to your way of thinking and take a hand in making up a ticket that will be a good one for honest men to vote at the November election. By failing to appreciate the need for this care some of the best men in California are being self-disfranchised and self-deceived as to their duties as citizens.

Power of a Moral Purpose.

CHARLES F. CURRY makes his appeal for the suffrages of men because he wants to be governor, and for no other reason. P. A. Stanton adds to the reason which Curry advances the argument that the candidate ought to come from south of Tehachapi this time. Alden Anderson offers himself on the altar of sacrifice in the belief that the material interests of the state need to be promoted. These justifications for candidacy have their value. But how different in the case of Hiram Johnson! His purpose is the emancipation of a commonwealth from the political domination of a great, grasping and unscrupulous affiliation of predatory corporations, the reestablishment of free government, the simplification and perfecting of the machinery for establishing justice among men. A great and splendid moral purpose! There is no estimating the power there is in such a purpose, but California is likely to afford an object lesson in the potency of that power when the ballots for the August primary have been counted, that is, if there be a God in Israel.

Adamantine Implacability.

THERE IS SOMETHING SPLENDID in the stern, unflinching resolution of a stalwart character. Men admire the will that does not weaken, the determination immovable, but when these high qualities degenerate into an adamantine implacability, as in the cases of the managers of the street railway system of Philadelphia, admiration gives place to scorn. No matter what justice or injustice there may have been in the original cause of dispute between the car company and the men, the present attitude of the car company is unjustifiable. Their declaration is, in substance: "We will not arbitrate; we shall **rule**; our wills shall be unquestioned; what the controversy may cost others is not our concern; we shall establish our authority at every **hazard**." Unless the wheels of human progress revolve backward instead of forward, that attitude of mind cannot be sanctioned. Autocracy, in government or industry, is not to be endured. Men must agree mutually or some power outside of themselves must judge between them. Their differences must be heard, arbitrated, determined and compliance enforced. Any other policy leads to slavery or anarchy.

Some Interesting Relationships.

WITHOUT THE AID of a detective agency, with a William J. Burns at its head, the public can only know of relationships sustained in public life by putting this and that together and then drawing keen-witted conclusions. Many men are asking if the history made by the Schmitz-Ruef regime is to be repeated forthwith. The query is pertinent. Elsewhere in this paper some interesting relationships are developed . The agency that collects the city's rents is brother-in-law to Tirey L. Ford, and the active factor of that agency is president of the Sutter Street railroad, one of the Calhoun properties. Add to this the known fact that every Calhoun supporter was a supporter of McCarthy and the least that may be said is that the Men of San Francisco will do well to keep their eyes peeled.

Just Across the Line.

No amount of argument, whether advanced by President or precinct boss, can convince a citizen of Detroit that a high tariff does not mean high prices. The little Canadian city of Windsor, just across the river, is a standing refutation of the argument. Prices of such commodities as enter into consumption in ordinary family life range at Windsor from 25 to 40 per cent. below the price level on this side of the river. Yet Canada is a protectionist country and has all the protection the infant industries require. If our country were to enter into a tariff agreement with Canada, by which a mutual schedule could be adopted, and then have free trade across the line, we should be doing something worth while and should be laying the foundation for that "ocean-bound" republic that, one day, might prove to be the greatest single fact in the family of nations. Nothing has crippled us more than the narrow horizons of our American statesmanship. Few of our alleged statesmen have been able to see beyond where the earth and sky seemingly touched. It should be borne in mind, too, that the increase in the world's supply of gold has had the same effect upon prices on the other side of the Canadian line as on this side of it. "All the protection that is needed, but not a dollar for monopolies," is the correct doctrine.

Can Pinchot Make His Case?

When Gifford Pinchot made his opening statement before the Ballinger investigation committee he told in plain English what he believed to be true. But can he make the committee believe it? Can he convince the American people of the truth of his allegations? The burden of proof is on him, and it is no easy thing to prove that a man intended to steal a horse if he did not steal it.

The position of Pinchot is beset with difficulties. Ballinger is cunning. He knows how to cover his tracks. He has committed few overt acts. Pinchot could not wait until Ballinger had admitted the coal lands to patent in order to "catch him with the goods on him." That would have been to lose those lands to the nation, and it was vastly more important to save those lands than to convict Ballinger of being disloyal to the conservation policy.

It is to be hoped that the country will bear in mind the difficulties of Mr. Pinchot's position and judge him accordingly. Becoming convinced of the disloyalty of Ballinger there was only one thing for him to do and that was to head Ballinger off before he could do much mischief, and this he did. All honor to him for doing it!

Nor is it necessary for him to convict Ballinger beyond a reasonable doubt. Ballinger must exculpate himself beyond a reasonable doubt or stand before the country a questionable official, and no questionable man should be allowed to hold such a position. In fact the President can not rid himself of Ballinger any too soon for the credit of his administration and, while he is about it, he would do well to rid himself of Hitchcock, who was responsible for Ballinger and is responsible for much of the public distrust of the President's administration.

Not Surprising.

That Secretary Ballinger should call upon San Francisco to show cause why the Hetch Hetchy permit should not be revoked need surprise no one. It was to be anticipated. Whatever the pretext a fundamental cause will, some day, prove to have been the failure to purchase the Spring Valley system. It can not be too clearly fixed in the mind that neither congress, this administration nor any other, nor yet the courts, will look with favor upon a municipal water system being placed

THE STAFF
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in competition with a corporate system to the eventual annihilation of a great private investment. The inviolability of property is too well established in the official mind to leave any doubt on that score. If a city would have equity it must be ready to do equity. San Francisco had a chance to do equity in the recent election but failed to make the most of its opportunity, although by a narrow margin. For that miscarriage Mayor McCarthy was responsible, and for Mayor McCarthy the associated villainies are as clearly responsible. Not until free government has been re-established can we hope for better things.

The Menace of Morganization.

Not only is the "Morganization" of American industrial, commercial and financial affairs coming to be of great concern to thoughtful Americans but to the financial interests of Europe as well. A German publicist of note lately declared it to be a menace to the human race.

The California Weekly, some time since, gave some figures tending to show the magnitude of these associated interests, but they were incomplete. More recent investigations have well nigh doubled them. They are divided into five principal groups: the railways, with a capitalization of $4,723,453,945; the industrial and commercial group, with a capitalization of $2,313,099,000; the insurance group, with assets aggregating $1,029,626,178; the banking group, with assets amounting to $671,322,500; the trust company group, $438,806,800, or a total for the five groups of $9,176,308,423.

But this includes only the American interests and not those in England and France where the House of Morgan has vast investments and connections. It is believed that the total capitalization of financial enterprises combined in the Morgan sytem at home and abroad will round out $12,000,000,000 of productive wealth. The railroads in this country alone, which were either financed in the first instance or partly owned by the Morgan interests, total 71,000 miles and have an earning power of one-third of all the railroads in the United States.

A centralization that places in the hands of one man, for guidance if not for sole ownership, one-ninth of the wealth of this nation and one-tenth of the banking power is too great a centralization to be safe. To be sure, J. Pierpont Morgan will not live always, that is, in this world of grab, but neither did Meyer Anselm Rothschild, but for nearly a century and three-quarters the house he founded has grown more opulent and more powerful until now only the American houses of Rockefeller and Morgan are greater.

That human development requires such vast centralizations of productive wealth is more than questionable. It is a menace rather than a benefaction. It has been accomplished by the breaking down of competition and by the erection of an insurmountable tariff wall. Against this thing American manhood must set its face or the commonwealth will cease to be a common property and plutocracy and proletairiat will be as characteristic of America as of Asia.

Portable Schools.

Kansas has entered upon a new phase of the policy of carrying the school to the boy and girl as well as sending the boy and girl to school. The agricultural college of that state has organized teaching staffs for a cooking school, a sewing school, a school for dairying and another for horticulture. Each school has a trained teacher and one or two graduate assistants and goes to any place where wanted to remain a week. The community inviting the school must furnish the necessary equipments, except such as may easily be transported, and must entertain the instructors while there. Classes are formed, regular hours devoted to study, recitation and demonstration and, when the week has ended, the pupils have had a new light break in upon their intelligences and a thirst planted for more knowledge on the subject. The college pays the teachers' salaries and their traveling expenses. California should be able to maintain a dozen or twenty such schools to advantage as part of the university extension work. They should leaven a good deal of self-satisfied but unprosperous humanity.

A Matter of Mastery.

The completion of the Panama canal is barely five years away. The transcontinental railroads are preparing for that event. And the people? If the railroads make preparation for it and the people do not the Panama canal that will have cost the nation so many hundreds of millions, will profit the public not at all, except as incident to the national defense. By controlling transportation by water as well as by land the railroads can make the Panama canal as though it did not exist.

The gospel of railroad control is being preached throughout the land. The President is a convert to it. Nearly all the states of the union are wrestling with the problem. Congress is tugging away at it now. California re-opened the subject, after thirty years of inaction, during the last session of the legislature, with what results we have clearly set forth elsewhere in this issue.

California has been so long governed by the railroads that a whole generation has grown up that never knew any other form of government. It is small wonder that so many accept it as matter-of-course and are loth to attempt to throw off the yoke of bondage. It is trite to say that the people must rule the railroads or the railroads will rule the people, but it is so. And not only will the railroads rule the people in a political sense, but in material as well. With the railroads in control of government it will be idle to discuss whether rates should be fixed with regard to either the "cost" or the "value" of the service. They will be so fixed as to take from productive industry the net results of that industry, and they will be so fixed as to build up the interior states and municipalities rather than the coast cities and commonwealths, for in that direction lie the railroad interests. They must fetch and carry everything the interior can raise or produce.

The issue of railroad control and regulation was not settled by the legislature of 1909. The analysis elsewhere given of the Webb and the Wright bills makes this evident. The difference between the two measures is too wide and too fundamental to admit of the case being closed. A legislature should be elected with a purpose to supplant the Wright law with the Webb bill, improved as much

t can be, as the Webb bill was supplanted by he Wright law. The issue is one of mastery. Which is the bigger, the more powerful, the nore just, the fittest to govern, the Manhood r the railroads of California?

The struggle of the people is for justice. 'he struggle of the Railroads is for dividends. Vith justice triumphant the railroads can not e wronged. With the railroads triumphant istice can not escape being outraged. It is matter of mastery. Let that never be lost ght of. If the people of California sleep on ieir rights they will never know, in any actical way, that such a thing as the Pana- a canal was ever in contemplation.

One Year of Taft.

It is not time to judge President Taft by sults accomplished. That time will not me for three years, but he has been long ough in the presidential chair to enable us judge of his tendencies, and these are to determined by his significant acts. What ve they been?

He refused to use his influence with mem- rs of the House of Representatives for the bstitution of a house committee on com- ttees to supplant those autocratic methods constituting committees popularly known "Cannonism," and by so doing continued it system in injurious operation.

Ie made Postmaster General Hitchock the orge Hatton of his adminstration with the ult that the power of patronage has been ployed to reward and punish rather than h an eye single to the good of the public vice.

Ie made an injurious compromise on the ff issue and has ever since been trying to vince the public that they have no cause complain of the tariff, whereas the consen- of opinion, outside of New England and ll street, is that the bill should have been ed.

Ie made a bad order when he commanded : no subordinate official should give out rmation to members of congress or citi- s except through the heads of the depart- its, an order that makes against a health- publicity and which goaded Gifford Pinch- o a splendid insubordination which cost Forest Service one of the most valuable this country has produced.

e has unduly exalted party solidarity and as a result of so doing, sought to coerce pendent minded men into "taking pro- n" from that portion of the Republican y which is peculiarly under the domina- of corporate interests.

e has, through adherence to party meth- sought to accomplish his purposes ugh the aid of those who are in fact sed to his policies instead of by the aid ose who have been for his policies from beginning, reinforced by a sound and ly interested public sentiment.

: has done all of these things from the st motives, in the spirit of the most un- ving fidelity to the Roosevelt policies h he was elected to crystalize into stat-

If he shall yet succeed in so crystaliz- them he will put his critics all in the r g; but if he does not he will reach the of his administration discredited and un- and will invite such a demand for eturn of Theodore Roosevelt to the exec- office as will sweep all opposition from e it.

president ever went into office with a ier good will from all sources than Wil- Howard Taft and no president ever l his first year of administration amid a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the ncies it has manifested.

l yet the good intentions and sincerity president were ever less seriously ques- l than in the case of President Taft. ssue is one of method in getting results. elieves in its efficiency. Few others do.

What Will Roosevelt Say?

Nothing that anybody says that Theodore Roosevelt has said is to be given any credence. Whatever he has to say he will say himself in so public a way as to make it authoritative.

Meantime, one man's guess as to what he will say is as good as another's. We'll venture ours.

He will affirm his unshaken confidence in William Howard Taft and the sincerity of his purpose to carry the Roosevelt policies into execution. That confidence is shared by the American people and is not greatly shaken even now.

He will appeal to the American people to stand by the President in his efforts to secure legislation favorable to his policies, an appeal which President Taft has not made, probably because he does not know how to make it.

Then he will wade into the representatives of the interests in control of the Republican organization in a way that they will despise. He will arraign them at the bar of public opinion for having given the President a stone when he asked, as prettily as he knew how, for bread.

In short, he will strive to supplement the judicial poise and sound discretion of Taft with the love of combat of Roosevelt, with the result that the session of congress opening in December, 1910, will prove mighty interesting.

That's our guess.

What May a City Do?

Let it be said at the outset that no city ought to undertake to do anything that it can get anybody else to do for it equally well, at a fair compensation and with clean hands. The indispensible obligations of government are onerous enough, let a city confine its activities as it may.

But what may a city do when its public service agents perform their duties badly, make their charges extortionate and plunge their hands into municipal corruption to the elbows at every opportunity?

The answer is that a city, under such circumstances, should be constitutionally free to do any and all things that any person, firm or private corporation may undertake to do, and if our constitution or our charter are not broad enough to admit of this, then a campaign to so broaden them should be launched forthwith.

A city is a collection of individuals and should have power to do any of the things which an individual may do under the law. If the bake shops of San Francisco were to form a conspiracy to extort an undue recompense for bread, and there existed no other way of breaking up the combination, then the city should have the power to establish municipal bakeries in defense of the citizens.

Let us keep municipal trading reduced to the lowest terms consistent with justice and efficiency of administration and, that such activities may be so reduced and so maintained, let us have no limit to the power of a city to do anything that the public welfare needs to have done.

A Significant Nose-Counting.

That a great city like Chicago, with saloons on every corner and deadfalls in the middle of every block, is to vote on the saloon or no saloon issue should have a significant value to persons most concerned. It is important, within itself, that 75,000 voters could be found in Chicago to sign petitions demanding a referendum vote on such an issue.

It is not likely that Chicago will vote "dry," in the April city election, but there will be so heavy a "dry" vote cast as to make the "wet" interests put their thinking caps on, unless they are so hopelessly Bourbon in their instincts as to be incapable of discerning the signs of the times.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Years ago the writer of this saw on the streets of the town in which he lived an old gentleman who, in former years, had been a merchant and, as such, had paid the writer many a dollar for advertising, but the merchant had failed in business and, as our western saying is, was "down on his luck." The impulse was to go and hand him five dollars with the suggestion that he might be able to make better use of it than the writer. The impulse was not followed, partly through fear of giving offense, partly because the five-dollar piece felt comfortable in the writer's own pocket, a pocket not in the habit of containing too many of them. Afterward he overheard the merchant, once again upon his feet, tell of having gone hungry in that town and the thought has ever since haunted the writer that it was very likely on that day when that generous impulse came into his mind and was not acted upon. He will not rid himself of that thought this side of the grave.

A good impulse is not worth shucks unless it is acted upon. The world is full of people whose impulses are of the best, but little of real benefit to others ever comes of them. Such persons think good thoughts, the heart inspires the brain with noble intentions, but these good impulses are in the plight of the paralytic at the pool. When the angel troubles the waters self love steps in between the good intention and its accomplishment and brings the purpose to naught.

We do not know where these good impulses come from. We all have them, but our paths through life are not marked by monuments erected to their achievements. On the contrary they are strewn with the wreckage of good intentions unfulfilled. Literature and folk lore are full of "premonitions," "hunches," and subtle suggestions that come up out of the mysterious depths of being, and so is the life experience of every man and woman. Some say that these things come to us from the influence of those of our friends and relatives whom we have lost a while, some that we are each of us equipped with a guardian angel to whisper good thoughts into our listening minds, some that the Christ lives and can make his influence felt in the depths of our souls, some that Almighty God walks with us and will speak if we will listen and that these good impulses come from him. Frankly the writer does not know where they come from, but come they do and from no origin of which we need be ashamed. It is not impossible that, when they come, we are, like Moses before the burning bush, standing on holy ground.

In our gardens if we find a flower peeping up through the ground, beset with mustard or tarweed, we instinctively stoop down and weed away from it the enemies that would stifle it. Our good impulses, those "hunches" to do a kindly act, need just as careful cultivation. They are easily choked out. They are not very tenacious of life. They are quite delicate at the first, just as we ourselves, at the first, need the mother's bosom, the crooning song, the love inexpressible to keep the breath of life in us; but there is reason to believe that if these good impulses are cherished, these impulses that come, from where we no more know than we know where we ourselves derive our own souls,—yes, there is reason to believe that if we cherish these impulses they will, by and by, develop into robust purposes, possibly into ruling passions. They may not only be germs of fruitful life but germs of future life, for what can be more grand in this world or the next than a robust, purposeful character ever inspired by impulses to do good in this world or any other?

So, when one of these good impulses comes, though we know not how or whence, let us not cast it aside with a toss of the head. For aught one may know he may be in a celestial presence. For aught one may know there may be One knocking at the innermost door of the soul's being. For, be it remembered while living in one world we stand on the threshold of two more, behind and before.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Non-Graduate as Man of Affairs.

Let the facts go for what they are worth, and let the individual reader form his own conclusion concerning their significance, and, regardless of the nature of this conclusion, it must be admitted that the truths revealed by a recent investigation of the business standing of Yale University's graduates and non-graduates are both striking and interesting. The investigation, conducted by Dr. Charles Brown of the secretary's office of Yale, disclosed the fact that the total of the university's graduates is about 23,000, while the number of students who entered the university, but did not graduate, is 6,872, or about three and one-third graduates to each non-graduate. Yet, vastly outnumbered as the non-graduates are, they outnumbered the graduates in the following professions or callings: Art, architecture and music, governmental affairs, journalism and letters, manufacturing, mercantile business, the ministry, transportation, and farming. In educational affairs, finance, medicine, and science, they ran the graduates a close race, while in engineering and law they were left entirely behind. To sum up, there were eight leading vocations in which they (with a proportion of much more than three to one against them) outnumbered the graduates, four in which they fell but little behind, and but two in which they were largely outnumbered. So stand the facts as announced by the secretary's office of Yale. As for the conclusions to be based upon them, as has been said, the readers may form them for themselves, and there will not be many less shades of them than there are readers.

Strap-hangers Should Look Pleased.

The Public Service Commission of New York has issued an order which, in its operation or non-operation, should be observed with a good deal of interest by strap-hangers, whether east, west, north or south. The order runs to the effect that, in the cars run in the subways, there must at all times be seats sufficient for all passengers. Sounds good, doesn't it? For if such an edict can be enforced in the subways, why not on surface cars as well? Truly, the order looks like a beacon of hope shining in a night of strap-hanging gloom. There is one condition, however, which gives the rejoicing pause: No passenger must be kept waiting for a seat more than a half hour. If the railroad company cannot hang trouble for the public on that peg; if it cannot and does not keep almost everybody waiting, in order to demonstrate that the order is injurious, then does it differ from some railroads that some people have known, say, west of the Rockies. However, the effect of the edict will be observed with deep interest out here.

What Sort of Music Does She Like?

A professor of the University of Berlin not long ago delivered a presumably profound lecture on the subject, "The Influence of Music on Women." He arrived at the conclusion, which he imparted to his hearers, that a woman's character may be judged by the kind of music she prefers. Possibly the same rule might apply to men, but the professor did not say so, and consequently we are left in the dark concerning this phase of the subject. Getting down to the specific, the learned professor revealed the rules by which one may discover the lady of one's choice: Admirers of Saint-Saens' music are well balanced (unless their hats overbalance them presumably), those who are fond of Massenet are timid, admirers of Wagner tend toward megalomania (see Webster, or somebody), vulgarity prefers Flotow, the romantic choose Gounod, Listz's lovers are ambitious, Beethoven's clientele are vain, and those who adore Strauss are mentally and spiritually shallow. Unfortunately the sage professor did not say what are the characteristics of those who display a preference for rag-time or something of that sort. Then, too, suppose that She does not care particularly for music in any form, what —But the waters are becoming too deep and troubled for safe sailing.

Looking for Bodies Forty Years Dead.

On the sixth day of September, 1870, H. Randall, of Boston, and his five guides perished in a terrible snowstorm which raged on the Bossons glacier near the summit of Mont Blanc. That was almost forty years ago, and in much less than that time all that is mortal of the man who has passed away generally has joined the elements which gave it birth. Yet now constant watch is being kept for the bodies of these men, and it is expected that when found they will be as perfect in form as on they day when their lives went out. Through all these tens of thousands of days their tomb of ice in a frozen river has been creeping toward the place where it shall give their bodies up to whomsoever will care for them, and Science informs us that that point now may be reached on any day. Through four decades the mighty glacier, crawling inch by inch upon its tortuous way, may hold its dead in icy chains, but then it must give them up. There may be a delay of even a year or two before a body is caught in the slow-grinding sweep of that remorseless current, but sooner or later it must be, and then the time when it shall be discarded, with rocks, trees and other refuse, at the mouth of the frozen flood is measured and known. So it is that scientists say that the bodies of these men should be set free from their forty-year bondage either this year, or, at any rate, very soon.

Uncle Sam Helps Out Senator Depew.

Uncle Sam lately expressed his belief that magazines and periodicals should pay higher rates of postage. From this serious fact let us lightly turn to consideration of Senator Depew, a gentleman who always richly rewards consideration. The honorable gentleman recently made a speech in the senate, or, in any event, the Congressional Record said that he did, in which he painted a rare, sunset-tinted verbal picture of the glorious sun of prosperity which now beams benignantly upon this people. In considering that speech, Mr. Depew concluded that it was a vote-winner, so, as he wishes, quite regardless of his hard-earned reputation, to be returned to the senate, he decided to send copies of that speech out to voters. He did so—150,000 copies, and every one of them franked. Now, speaking of the necessity of increasing the receipts of the postoffice department, let us reason together a bit. If postage at regular rates had been paid on each of these 150,000 copies it would have amounted to $1,500 at least, possibly to twice that sum. Of course Senator Depew's frank did the business all right, but why should a department that is in need of funds stand the expense of helping to herd the honorable gentleman's voters into his pen? There are 92 senators, and practically all of them have political aspirations of their own. Suppose that each one of them got as busy as did Mr. Depew, it would cost this government $138,000 for its gift of postage for them. And this, mark you, at just one round-up. One shrinks from considering what it might cost in the course of a lively campaign. But it is respectfully suggested that the government might consider this franking privilege, its uses and abuses, before it decides to make it harder for a magazine-publisher to live.

Irish Immigration to America.

By far the greater number of Irish immigrants who come to America land at the port of New York, so the statistics relating to that immigration give a fair idea of the proportions of the total. During 1909 the number that landed in New York was 21,716, a small number as compared with the immigration from southern Europe of far inferior average quality. Of the number that came 11,240 were men and 10,496 were women, which is fairly indicative that the men brought their wives and families. These immigrants brought with them $558,771, an average of $25.73 apiece, which at the present price of meat and other supplies is none too much. Seventy-seven were returned as unable to support themselves. It will be seen that these immigrants are some distance from being wealthy but what would our police forces do without them?

Russia Still Exiling Jews.

The Jewish Chronicle, published in London announces that there soon will be a large emigration of Jews from Russia to the United States and Canada. This will be due to the fact that the Russian police are persecuting the Jews in all ways that lie within their power. They propose to drive all descendants of Abraham within the pale of settlement in the cities and to many thousands this practically means banishment, while large numbers already have been exiled.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

Hawthorne's Tales.

awthorne is Poe's greatest American rival supremacy in the art of short story writ

He has not the wonderful, the inimitable e of Poe, but his mind wanders through a m of thought as distinctly his own, in ch he is wholly at home and into which he vs the reader irresistibly, until incredulity hesitation are gone and we yield ourves to the grip of the story and the fastion of the strange scenes into which he led us. Whoever has read "Dr. Heidig's Experiment" has felt the sensation of plete surrender to the story teller's art, ne has slipped unconsciously into acceptof its impossible miracle and tasted the le irony with which Hawthorne saw the of life embittered.

ne sweeps us into a world that never was will be, and compels us to believe in its alities and to see the murky glory of his sitory dream. Hawthorne leads us quietly he hand into a world half real and half hadows, where impossible things happen matter of course, and whence we return asy stages through growing probabilities ne real again. Poe tells a tale for its own for its dramatic appeal, for its sensuous ty, because his own fierce passions must outlet in artistic form. Hawthorne s from a moral impulse; he fashions s and characters to make vivid moral s and personifications of tempted humanis stories teach the evanescent character fe, the grandeur of moral courage, the ty of moral truth, the punishment of l degradation.

Hawthorne had been less of a Puritan list and more of an artist, his stories l be greater. To be a moral writer is to t life a little, that a lesson may be t. To be an artist is to depict life, not sarily as in a mirror, but always with the ve values of nature, and, this done, truth vs inevitably—and the moralist reader draw the moral if he will.

, in spite of his defects, Hawthorne's s stand in a solitary niche of fame, not mely high, but full of interest and sugn to all sensitive readers.

A ROMANTIC REVIVAL.

nch literary journals are making much change in the public taste for books. note a waning tendency in the popular- the realistic novels of the Zola type f all those kinds of fiction that rely inally upon similitude to current facts. ublic appetite is clamoring for a return mysterious, a revival of that style of that admits some play of fancy or even ntasy.

is the old human cry for something to e human heart out of the ceaseless conion of the actual into the pleasant unes which are of the texture of our hopes reams. The only wonder is that the has so long tolerated the photographic of writing. Heaven knows we hear n of life as it is—and should not be—newspapers and by word of mouth, t adding to our weariness by reading n the mimic world of books.

French journals mentioned predict that nin degree of realism will persist in new writers: that the coming fashion e pseudo-scientific tales and detective We believe our French prophets are nid. Our own prediction is that this tion will witness a great revival of tearted romanticism, such as Victor ed years ago, that will once more peoworld of books with heroic and adfigures, too good to be true, but ang to the cry of humanity's heart

Fanny Bullock Workman, famous for ploits in the Himalayas, who recently l in Paris, Marseilles, Nantes, and Alrites from the last-named city that she eived from the Geographical Society of in recognition of her explorations the medal and diploma in its gift.

"METALLURGY OF COMMON METALS"

A very considerable portion of the people of California are directly or indirectly interested in mining, and whoever is interested in mining is naturally interested in metallurgy. Even those who have no direct investment interest in mining have a certain modicum of interest in the metallurgy of the common metals in order that they may understand so much of the news of the day as has to do with mining and the mining interests which play so large a part in our national welfare.

To all such persons The California Weekly cordially commends, "The Metallurgy of the Common Metals," by Leonard S. Austin, the second edition of which, rewritten and brought up to date in all respects, has lately been brought out by the Mining and Scientific Press.

The book deals with the metallurgy of gold, silver, iron, copper, lead and zinc and in its 500 pages, with the aid of nearly 200 illustrations makes plain even to the non-technical reader the processes by which these metals are taken from the various kinds of ore bodies in which they are found and reduced to such a separate and unalloyed state as makes them available for the service of men.

In no department of human endeavor has genius found a more attractive and trying field of activity than in reducing refractory ores to metals of commercial value, and the processes described and illustrated in this work are immensely interesting just as a matter of general information. To those engaged in mining enterprises the book will prove invaluable. It has already been adopted as a text book in a number of schools of mines and well deserves a place in any library of the mechanic arts or as a reference book in any private library or office.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $4, by the Mining and Scientific Press, 667 Howard Street, San Francisco, California.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

By Robert Whitaker.

The Father's house is everywhere,
The "many mansions" rise
Wherever worlds are swung in air,
Under our own blue skies,
Or in far spaces none hath known
Save God alone.

He buildeth always, room on room,
Nor knoweth new, nor old;
Under His hand, as blossoms bloom,
So do the worlds unfold:
With neither noise nor strain of strength
From length to length.

His substance doth not fail, nor spoil,
No over-brooding curse
Lieth upon His tireless toil
Who builds the Universe;
He knows not heaviness, nor haste,
Nor want, nor waste.

How beautiful He buildeth all
The heavens and earth recite,
Though slow as creeps through crannied wall
The unreluctant light
Our hearts let in, as 'twere distress,
Life's loveliness.

He hath no lack for any child,
Nor here, nor anywhere;
Who seems to lack hath been beguiled
Far from the gates of prayer:
Where all may enter without stealth
Into God's wealth.

We have but glimpsed a hallway here;
Yon tapestry of Death,
Though wrought with curious forms of fear
Is lifted with a breath.
And lo! His parlors stretch away
For aye, for aye.

OF OLD TALES AND NEW.

It may not be denied that age sweetens literature as it mellows wine. For one thing, the earlier generations of readers stand between us and the books as a series of connoisseurs stand between us and the choice of wines; they have tasted all, and those that were too dry or too sweet, those without enough "body," those that were muddied with lees—all the bad, in short, have been drunk off or thrown in the gutter, leaving us only the choicest vintages. Of these—such is the gracious property of books—we may drink inexhaustibly and at our pleasure.

For another thing, time also softens the memories of men's failings, and as the book and its author are indissoluble, feeling more kindly toward the author (whose asperities of temper, fopperies of vanity, and like thousand irritations to the public have been glozed over by many years' forgetfulness), we feel more kindly toward his book also. Who knows what petty frailties gentle Chaucer may have had that made his contemporaries sniff a little at his books? What acid humor may Shakespeare not have shown toward Greene, that called out his bitter gibes about stolen plots? But, again, who now cares? And, still again, why should we care? By their best men must be judged by posterity; their contemporaries punish them for their worst, and Heaven claims title to all vengeance after death. All we know, and all we care is that, when we would lift up our spirits in assonance with beauty, we have only to take down Chaucer or Shakespeare and invade a world of men who lived and loved and fought and found things good or bad upon a scale majestic as compared with ours, upon whose passions and whose fate we may muse with disinterested enjoyment or quiet pity.

But, as we come down the generation of books and approach our own time, we feel the extraneous element of partisanship. This author's life is still a subject of disputation, that author fought the creed of things in which our hopes are set. We may not longer read his books with an eye single to the emotions he means to evoke; partly we read as critics, weighing each page, and balancing his truth against his error.

Of authors of our own day we are worse beguiled. Some of us think Elbert Hubbard should be exiled as a fraud, and find it hard to enjoy even irrefutable truth in his writings, phrased, it may be, in deathless words. Jack London is a Socialist; can we forget it while we sink consciousness in the enjoyment of "The Sea Wolf."

But the reader of current literature has one opportunity for pleasure that is denied to those who will have none but tried and proven books. This is the joy of discovery. We know a man who himself has done worthy things in writing and grown old in books, whose first pride is the recollection of his scent for greatness in having declared, upon reading a newspaper column years ago signed "R. L. S.," that this man would make a great figure in the world of bookmen. Honest pride, too, for who would not be proud to have recognized the stamp of genius in Robert Louis Stevenson before Stevenson himself dared sign his full name to his work?

Another enjoyment of contemporaneous reading is open to the judicious. Times change, customs change, to paraphrase Cicero, and nothing quite so sharply reflects these changes as the conglomerate mass of current literature. The slang of today—much of it—will be the classic usage of next century, and in this we may watch the growth of language. The moral tone of the day will make the Puritan or the profligate civilization of tomorrow, and here we may study the tendency of our times. The ideals of today are expressed in the heroes of our current admiration, and these heroes make the history of tomorrow; here we may judge the present and forecast the future.

To round it all: old books are for pleasure and for lofty contemplation; new books are for information, for study, and for the livel; enjoyment of the hour.

HOMES FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN

THE GREAT SERVICE OF THE CHILDREN'S AGENCY.

Dozens of motherly women are crowding the assembly room in the building of the Associated Charities of San Francisco, each one leading one or more small children or holding a baby in her arms, comparing her charge with her neighbor's and exhibiting a fond pride in the hearty appearance of her own. A nurse and a doctor are moving from group to group, inspecting the children, asking questions about them, and prescribing their diet for the following weeks. No group of mothers could be more volubly enthusiastic about their offspring or more eagerly solicitous for their well-being.

And here is the charm—and the pathos—of the scene. For these women are not the mothers of the babes and children in whom their whole lives are centered: these children are orphans, and children of loveless households, cast upon charity, and children of illicit loves that contained no thought of home and its responsibilities—children of misfortune, in short, rescued by organized charity and restored to a chance for love and home training by the nobility of character of women other than their own mothers.

This is the charm of the scene: that there are women who will rear nameless children as their own, and that waifs, who might expect nothing, in the course of nature, but destitution and unlovely lives, are here in the protecting arms of pure women and under the shadow of a motherly, if not maternal, love. The pathos of the scene is this: that over these women, who care for these children as their own and around whose hearts the little fingers weave an unbreakable chain of affection, is the ever-present fear that one day a drunken or dissolute mother will come back, in a moment of passing emotion, and invoke the letter of the law which permits her to take back into her own debauched society the innocent being to whose care she has forfeited all moral claim. The hearts of enough good women have been this way bruised in this work to make a man wonder that they dare to jeopardize them even for so large an opportunity to serve the helpless.

There have long been many societies in San Francisco for the rescue of abandoned and homeless children, and many institutions for their care. But several years ago a feeling got abroad amongst charity workers that the institutional life is an inadequate provision for the homeless child. It is better than the provision to which chance would consign them—infinitely better—but not the best. That best is a place in a home where a child is always welcome, where the child's spirit is fed with personal affection and where its character is formed by those constant, individual attentions to personal conduct that can only be given in the home.

This feeling took concrete form in the co-operation of the Boys and Girls' Aid Society and the Associated Charities, when those two organizations, in September, 1903, appropriated sufficient funds to maintain for one year a Children's Agency, which should find homes for homeless children.

The year's work was successful, and it has been continued until today the Children's Agency is one of the principal activities of the Associated Charities—undoubtedly the activity closest to the hearts of the managers of that organization. Miss Katherine C. Felton, the general secretary of the Associated Charities, gives this work her most enthusiastic support, and Miss Theresa Earles McCarthy, who has immediate charge of it, has made it her life's work. Today, the Children's Agency is the home-finding organization for the following societies and institutions: San Francisco Foundling Asylum, Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, Sacramento Children's Home, West Oakland Home, California Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Juvenile Court of San Francisco, the Juvenile Court of Alameda County, Infant Shelter, Florence Crittenton Home, Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, Fred Finch Orphanage, Associated Charities of Oakland, Associated Charities of San Francisco, San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, Ladies' Relief of Oakland, and the Armitage Orphanage.

The work has two district branches: that which attends to the "placing out" of children, and that which attends to the "boarding out" of children. These terms are explained directly hereafter.

"Placing Out" Children.

Children who are "placed out" are of two classes: very young children who are placed in homes where the people want a child to adopt; and older children who are placed in families that are willing and able to give them a public school education and the proper moral surroundings, and who expect to receive, in return, the amount of household services that would be expected in any family of an own child of the same age and sex.

Children placed out for adoption are necessarily infants or less than six years old, because people who want to adopt children and make them their heirs naturally want a child who will have no recollection of a former home or of other parents to come between them and the child's complete affection. These infants are also, necessarily, either whole orphans, or abandoned children to whom the parent or parents have given legal sanction for adoption, or those foundlings who were born of illegitimate unions. These last-named, by the way, generally prove to be the best children for adoption, for they are usually the offspring of better mating than those children who were not wanted by lawful parents and who were hence abandoned.

In the six and a half years of the Children's Agency's work, about 800 "placements" have been made, though that figure does not mean 800 children, for sometimes, for one reason or another, a child has been re-placed. At the present time the Agency is responsible for 185 children that are placed out. One hundred and fourteen of these are now in the homes of families who want to adopt them but who will not be allowed to acquire legal control of the children until they have had them on probation for a year, to the satisfaction of the Agency. The remainder of these children have been placed in "free homes"—that is, in homes where they are treated as members of the family but in which they may not acquire legal status.

Mrs. L. C. Fay is in charge of the placing out department of the Agency. She investigates every "free home" that is offered and every applicant for a child for adoption, visits the family itself and makes inquiries of its neighbors, and satisfies herself—or otherwise—of the moral fitness, the financial responsibility, and the temperamental qualifications of the applicants. Her report must be an approving one before any charge of the Agency is allowed to be taken away. Mrs. Fay also makes periodical visits of inspection to the homes of adoption until the legal status of the child is vested in the family, to see that it is properly treated, properly nourished, and altogether suited. Similar visits are made to the free homes until the children are old enough to care for themselves.

A notable addition to the efficiency of the placing-out department was recently made by the co-operation of the orders of the Native Daughters and the Native Sons of the Golden West, but as this was described at length in a previous article on this page, it need not be dwelt on now.

The "Boarding Out" Work.

Sometime after the fire—in July, 1907, to be exact—one deficiency in the Agency work was supplied by the institution of a department to attend to the "boarding out" of children. The wholly abandoned infants were cared for by the finding of parents to adopt them; the older, but only partially abandoned (in a legal sense, only) children were taken care of by the free homes. But those infants who were only partially abandoned in the legal sense were not provided for in an ideal way. These are the children whose indifferent or debauched or financially incompetent parents put them upon the charity of the public and the disinterested affection of strangers but whom the law permits to come back and drag down again to their own lower level their more fortunate children.

These children, whose legal status is a bar to adoption, had been kept in foundling asylums, cared for to the best of the ability of such institutions. But this best was poor enough. Infants nursed and fed in the mass are poorly nursed and fed. Babies sleeping twenty in a room are a constant menace to the health of one another. The mortality rate in infant asylums was frightful.

The boarding out plan has changed all this. The Agency sought for homes in which a babe is welcome for its own sake: sometimes such a home is childless, and the woman longs for the touch of baby fingers and the sound of a baby's prattle; sometimes it is a home where the children are all grown and the mother instinct persists in its desire for a baby in the house. Usually it is the home of a family in moderate circumstances. The Agency never utilizes a home where the money it pays for the care of the child is an absolute necessity of the family income: that makes the charge a temptation to make more money by skimping its care.

But, whenever a fully satisfactory home is found, a baby is placed there, and the family is paid the $11 which the Agency is allowed by the county for the care of a committed child. To this the Associated Charities adds another dollar and a half and, besides, provides the child's clothing and medical attendance. Once a month the foster mothers are required to bring their charges to the office of the Associated Charites, where the doctor and nurse examine them as described in the first paragraph. The Collegiate Alumni pays the difference in cost between ordinary milk and certified milk for these babies, so that they all have the best possible food. The results of this better feeding and the better care under this individual method of home rearing are strikingly illustrated in the quick improvement made by the babies. They grow strong and fat and lusty, and lose that appearance of listless indifference that is characteristic of the institutional child. And, most striking proof of the method, the mortality rate has dropped to practically zero, for of the more than 60 infants boarded out in the last six months only one has died.

It is well, at this point, to make note of the fact that the Children's Agency has no quarrel with institutions for the care of children. They do a great and humane and necessary work. Many children, for a variety of reasons, can not be handled at all except in institutions. The aim of the Agency is to work in co-operation with the institutions, supplementing their work wherever possible with the better remedy of homes for children.

Besides the inspection of the children made at the office, Mrs. Laura Reyfisch, in charge of the boarding out department, whose principal work is the investigation of the homes of applicants for children; makes house to house inspections, assisted by Miss Ida McCune, the trained nurse, and by an assistant who gives half her time to the work. They pay especial attention to the treatment of the child by its foster parents.

But in most instances this precaution, except as a necessary safeguard against sporadic cases of neglect, is really superfluous. It is astounding to learn of the quickness with which these helpless babes weave a protecting web of love about themselves and bind themselves so firmly in the affections of their foster parents that they cannot bear to give them up. Pathetic stories are told of the occasional instances in which the real parent has returned to claim a child boarded out in this way, to whom the baby was far less an object of devotion than to the woman who had to give her up.

One story in particular, though it concerns a case of legal adoption instead of a boarding out case, is especially appealing. This is the story of the first child placed for adoption through the co-operation of the Native Daughters. A miner and his wife, in one of the mountain counties, grew lonely as the

(Concluded on Page 239.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Percy Pawkins-Jones.

Dear little Percy Pawkins-Jones was trained,
when he was small,
By a mama who was anxious that he shouldn't
sin at all.
He didn't play with other boys, for they are
rude, you know,
And often lead a guileless kid in paths he
shouldn't go.
He didn't dream of carnal ways or gross and
shameful facts;
His mama fed his childish mind on Liftem-
higher Tracts.
Oh, he was isolated from the merest hint of
vice,
And only played with little girls, for they are
always nice.

Oh, there is not a question that, kept free of
every taint,
Dear little Percy Pawkins-Jones was sure to
be a saint.

How time was swift with Percy dear, as is
time's wont to be,
While he wore his hair in curls that mama
loved to see,
And all the mamas said, "My, my! He's such
a perfect lad,"
While all the boys yelled, "Sissy Jones!"
which made poor Percy mad.
He never fought, for if he did 'twould spoil
his clothing spick,
And, oh, he was the sweetest thing that ever
made men sick.
And thus he grew, and still he grew, a perfect
mama-boy,
Who never knew a thoughtlet tinged with
evil's sad alloy.

I see that he was wisely reared I'm sure
you cannot fail,
But Percy now is fully grown—and also he's
in jail.

* * *

Recipe for Lamb Curry and Rice.

(Taken from the Organization Cook-Book.)

Select the same old Lamb from the Popular
Sepfold, as it is used to being sacrificed and
'll not mind it. (In doing so, look out for
the Reform Ram. It butts.)
Roast over a hot fire. (It must be very hot,
or the Lamb will not notice it, as it is so
used to being roasted.)
Add a slight sprinkling of Anderson Salt
(a mere suggestion of McNab Pepper.
These will serve to disguise and slightly
modify the overwhelming flavor of Curry
when it is added.)
Now do the Popular Lamb to a beautiful
brown. The browner the Lamb is done, the
better it likes it. (For proof of this, see Cali-
fornia Political Cook-book.)
Now add Curry ad libitum. (In doing this,
take care that the Organization Cook knows
nothing about it, as he is deaf, dumb and
blind, and it would hurt his feelings if he
detected what you were doing.)
Never mind about the rice.
When the dish is ready for the table, swal-
low it in accordance with the plan advocated
by the Santa Cruz Convention of Political
Cooks. Never mind if it makes you sick, re-
membering that you have been sick before
and have lived through it.

* * *

A Premature Flood of Tears.

Senator Sanford is getting nervous as the
time for election approaches. If he announces
that governor he knows that he has not the
ghost of a chance for election, and if he comes
out for the senate again he knows that former
Assemblyman Held will wipe him off the
map. Really his is a sad ending for a politi-
cal career."—Ukiah Republican-Press.

That's right; shed your tears of brotherly
sympathy in advance, thus insuring moisture.
We have heard of cases—and this is not un-
likely to be one of them—in which a "sad end-
ing" concluded not to end.

The Opinions of Rufus.

A thing of beauty may be a joy forever, but I know a feller that married one of them, an' he says it ain't so.

Man puts in his hull life buildin' a reputa-shun, an' lots of times it's mighty discouragin' to look at the result.

Some folks' releegion reminds me of some women's complexions—don't wear well in bad weather.

It's easy to aim too high in this world, but I've noticed that I never seen a feller shoot high by aimin' low.

Among the fascinatin' joys of life that I s'pose I won't ever reclize is that of list'nin' to a heart to heart talk 'tween Binger Hermann an' Patrick Calhoun.

I s'pose the greatest wonder some women ever know is why in thunder they married him—an' like es not he's doin' some wonderin', too.

The main objection to the old plan of scarin' releegion into folks was they were likely to get over their scare an' their releegion 'bout the same time.

Let your child see that you suspect him, an' I'll bet you fifteen cents that he'll give you a reason to do it.

I look on conscience es more or less of a fraud. So fer es I've saw, it gener'ly yells the loudest to them that need it the least.

I tell you, son, I'm glad that I can cut out all the parts of all man's creeds that stick out over the edges of the very simple creed the Nazarene give to the world.

The sayin', "Make virtue of necessity," reads better the other end to, "Make necessity of virtue."

Experience is a dear teacher, and, even at the price she asks, she can't learn some people anything.

* * *

The Consecrated Millions.

The consecrated millions of a Rockefeller
kind,
The consecrated millions, and the shackles
that they bind
On the poor man at his labor, on the childish
slave of greed,
On the women who are broken as a tempest-
shattered reed,
They are blinded to the sorrow of the weary
pauper brood,
They are deafened to the voices that are clam-
oring for food,
Till I think the devil chuckles, being neither
deaf nor blind,
O'er the consecrated millions of a Rockefeller
kind.

The consecrated millions! See their holders
in the church—
Rockefeller, or a Morgan, whom the eye of
God shall search—
Note the pious genuflexions—Still the sob-
bing voices call
From His little ones who hunger, and they
heed them not at all.
Still the East Side neighbors rudely with the
Wall Street Mammon knows,
But he looks upon it coldly, lest its mire be on
his clothes.
Ring, ye bells upon the temples, while old
Satan's joy-inclined
O'er the consecrated millions of a Rockefeller
kind.

Oh, the consecrated millions! If the Christ
should come again
With a lash for money-changers who have
made his house a den;
If that heart, attuned to pity, now were
warmed within his clay
By the sob of stricken thousands, while the
money-changers pray,
How these "consecrated millions" might be
consecrated then
To the service of the needy and the better-
ment of men,
And no more would Satan chuckle, being
neither deaf nor blind,
O'er such consecrated millions as a Rocke-
feller kind.

Day From Diary of a Busy Mayor.

6:13 a. m.—Waked by a horrible dream that Paris had "got religion" and lost its high standing.

6:48 a. m.—Read in the Chronicle that Isidor Jacobs has been talking about me. Unscrupulous cuss, that Jacobs! He would talk about the Almighty, and yet he doesn't belong to our union.

7:01 a. m.—Telephoned the Chronicle to find out if its report is true or was paid for.

7:02 a. m.—Chronicle says the report is true. Note this as the only circumstance at all in Jacobs' favor.

7:10 to 8:47 a. m.—Considered various unassailable reasons why the Geary street railroad, instead of beginning with sale of bonds, should commence at the other end.

8:50 a. m.—Directed my secretary to tell Jacobs that he is a suppositious liar and a non-union man and that I shall challenge him as soon as I have fairly introduced the Parisian duelling code.

9:05 to 10:11 a. m.—Practiced on my voice. Find it improved by wear and tear.

10:28 a. m.—Received an explanation from Jacobs. He is a noble man, and I instructed my secretary to tell him that I love him.

11:23 a. m.—Received delegation of voters who wanted to know what is being done about the Geary street railroad. Explained that operations on the rear end of the job soon would begin. Introduced a few graceful allusions to the treachery and falsifying habit of Isidor Jacobs.

12:46 to 1:53 p. m.—Practiced on my voice.

2:18 p. m.—Telephone message from my unnamed financial backers in late campaign saying that Heney has been talking about me. Heney is a liar! He is a———liar!

2:27 to 3:19 p. m.—Practiced my voice saying what I think about Heney. Great practice!

3:46 to 4:13 p. m.—Read religious tract entitled, "Pat Calhoun and McCarthy, or, Little Hands Were Never Made to Scratch Each Other's Eyes." Great stuff!

4:15 to 4:37 p. m.—Voice culture on Heney.

5:09 p. m.—Heney is dead. I hated to do it, but felt that I must.

5:34 p. m.—Why doesn't somebody bury him?

5:53 p. m.—Feel that it is a reflection on my administration to have a corpse lying around in this way.

6:10 p. m.—Heney showed symptoms of reviving, and I had to do it again.

6:34 p. m.—A rumor that I may have to do it frequently is afloat.

7:04 to 7:31 p. m.—As mayor of city, studied cryptograms. Clearly justify non-prosecution of grafters.

7:35 to 8:09 p. m.—Practiced on my voice. (Moral for the young: Make the best of your best qualifications).

8:36 p. m.—Going to a banquet. Good thing, for I find that in the stress of my hurried hours I have forgotten to eat anything.

* * *

It May Pay to Take Time.

I know a man, Henry, who says he "can't afford to monkey with reform"; says he "hasn't time to spare for that sort of thing."

There was a time, in England, when many people desired reforms, but Charles the First and his advisers "didn't have time for that sort of thing."

Ever read the history of Charles the First, Henry? Yes?

He would have done well to have taken time, would he not?

There was a time, in France, when the people demanded reforms, but Louis XVI and his nobles "didn't have time for that sort of thing."

Have you read the history of Louis XVI, Henry? Something happened to him, you remember.

Don't you think that he and his nobles would have shown good judgment if they had taken time?

PAYING McCARTHY'S POLITICAL DEBTS?

A CURIOUS TRAIN OF FAMILY AND BUSINESS RELATIONSHIPS.

The San Francisco daily papers, on the morning of February 27th, told of a complaint made against the action of Mayor McCarthy in turning over the collection of rents due the city to a private real estate firm. The Southern Pacific company, one of the city's tenants, refused to pay this firm because it was afraid the payment of city money to a private concern would not be recognized as a legal settlement by the courts.

The complaint above mentioned was referred to City Attorney Long, who returned an opinion that the collection of public moneys was a function vested solely in public officials and could not be delegated to private individuals. To emphasize his certainty as to the illegality of this action, he compared it to the hateful custom of "farming out" the collection of taxes, a custom still practiced in Turkey and Russia.

Mayor McCarthy retorted that he was satisfied with the legality of his actions, and explained that his private secretary, E. C. Leffingwell, was too busy and too important a personage to be running around collecting bills. (Harry McKannay, ex-Mayor Taylor's secretary—who did "run around" on this errand for two years—may take envious notice.) Undoubtedly, also, Mayor McCarthy had the legal advice of his counsel, Cleveland Dam, ex-tailor, who recently attempted to teach some phases of "elemental" law, as he phrased it, to the Hon. Curtis Lindley, the scholarly president of the California State Bar Association.

At any rate, the act of the mayor stands, and Trevor & Sloan are collecting the rents and deducting their commission for doing it.

These are the facts known to the public. What follow are the facts that are not known to the public.

Until the first of February, the firm of Trevor & Sloan was composed of the following named, whose then respective interests in the firm are indicated by the percentages appended to their names:

Henry Trevor .....33 per cent.
James R. Sloan.....33 " "
Fred Boeckmann .....33 " "
L. F. Byington..... 1 " "

That was a month ago. The firm of Trevor & Sloan was then reorganized (for reasons explained at length below), and the relative interests were—and are—as follows:

Fred Boeckmann .....66 per cent.
Henry Trevor .....33 " "
L. F. Byington..... 1 " "

The firm name now is Trevor & Co., in spite of the fact that Boeckmann owns two-thirds of its stock. Who is Fred Boeckmann?

Fred Boeckmann is the president of the Sutter Street Railroad, the most important subsidiary company of the United Railroads.

Fred Boeckmann is the brother-in-law of Tirey L. Ford, chief counsel of the United Railroads.

But who is L. F. Byington?

L. F. Byington is also the brother-in-law of Tirey L. Ford. To be exact, Fred Boeckmann and Tirey L. Ford married L. F. Byington's sisters.

L. F. Byington is one of the lawyers who defended Tirey L. Ford on the charge of bribing the Ruef supervisors.

L. F. Byington is one of the lawyers who defended Patrick Calhoun on the charge of bribing the Ruef supervisors.

But who is Henry Trevor?

Henry Trevor is the name on the door of the new city rent collecting agency—Trevor & Co.

Henry Trevor is also the man who, immediately after Mayor McCarthy's election, besieged Mayor McCarthy's eminent personal counsel, Cleveland Dam, to secure the work of collecting the rents due the city. Whether Henry Trevor is the man who originated the idea of getting this work is a question.

Now as to the old firm and the new as a whole. It was well-known in real estate circles as long ago as last summer that James R. Sloan had lost interest in the firm and was anxious to retire. Some people attributed this loss of interest to differences of opinion as to methods of doing business. Bearing in mind the fact that Boeckmann and Byington —brothers-in-law—between them controlled 1 per cent. over a third of the stock, it is conceivable that Sloan was occasionally outvoted on matters of policy. Bearing in mind the fact that Trevor is a member of the firm since Sloan's withdrawal, it is conceivable that Trevor did not throw his vote with Sloan.

Other people close to the firm attributed its reorganization to the settled differences of political faith amongst its members. In the mayoralty campaign last fall the poll of the firm was as follows: **For McCarthy,** Boeckmann, Byington, Trevor; **for Crocker,** Sloan. Mr. Sloan was evidently playing the lonesome part. Mr. Sloan's office is now in the Merchants' Exchange building, while Trevor & Co. continue to abide at No. 32 Montgomery street, where rents due the city will hereafter be collected.

The public continues to believe that Patrick Calhoun paid a large share of Mayor McCarthy's campaign expenses.

Tirey L. Ford continues to be general counsel to the United Railroads and brother-in-law to Fred Boeckmann.

Fred Boeckmann continues to be the president of the Sutter Street Railroad company, brother-in-law to L. F. Byington, and chief stockholder of Trevor & Sloan, now Trevor & Co.

Mayor McCarthy continues to be mayor, and to insist that eminent personal counsel, Cleveland Dam, is more eminent than City Attorney Long, and to insist that Trevor & Co. may collect rents due the city and deduct their usual commission.

As we remarked above, this leaves the whole matter still a question. Is Mayor McCarthy paying his political debt to the United Railroads by way of the real estate firm of Trevor & Sloan? The facts recited seem to point to that conclusion. They also strengthen the already general belief that Mayor McCarthy owed his election directly to the interested zeal of Patrick Calhoun. And this by a chain of remarkably related facts.

H. J. Grayson, a self-taught mechanician, is a member of the staff of the University of London. He is the only man of our day who can do certain things, of the greatest use in exact scientific investigation, that call for special manipulative skill. He does them with a machine of his own design and construction. With this he can rule five parallel lines on metal and glass at even intervals, yet so close together that as many as 120,000 go to the inch. This is an immense advance on anything of the kind before achieved. There was a time, not so very long ago, when 4,000 lines to the inch was considered wonderful, and until recently about 15,000 was the highest number obtained.

Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, wife of the inventor, lost her hearing and what little baby speech she possessed at so early an age that she has no recollection of ever having spoken or heard, and thus occupies the position of one congenitally deaf. At that time the art of reading the lips was but little known or practised, but fortunately her mother instinctively adopted the best possible method of teaching her mute child. She was brought up with her two younger hearing sisters; they all received the same viva voce instruction; signs were never used by herself or others nor did she ever have any inclination to employ them in communicating with those around her. To a passionate love of reading, which her mother saw was fully gratified, she ascribes most of the facility she afterward gained in speech reading. This she considers an intellectual process and the function performed by the eye or by the finger (in case of deafness and blindness combined, as with Helen Keller) in tracing the movements of the lips, though necessary, as entirely subsidiary.

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

Alden Anderson The Sacrifice The Watchman has been loth to believe that Bank Commissioner Alden Anderson could be marked for sacrifice as the putative "organization" candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of California. We believed him too astute a politician to get caught in that trap, to place himself betwixt the upper and nether millstones, so to speak; but he is in it and in it all over. The fate of William Crocker in San Francisco meant less to Alden Anderson than those who know him well had a right to expect that it would. He is no novice in politics and, above all else, he is prudent. He speaks softly and steps lightly and his trail has never been easy to follow, and certainly never has been followed in the direction of the firing line. He has always sought political shelter and found it. Personally clean and reputable, he has kept his political reputation as clean and as reputable. James N. Gillett made a reputation as "long hair" and, with that as political capital, became governor by the grace of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. Mr. Anderson has no such capitalization to go into the fight on. His attitude has been a statu quo, neither for nor against. His letter to the public is more interesting for what it does not contain than for what it does, and yet it is fairly typical of the man. We give it in full in the next paragraph that Mr. Anderson may speak for himself to the readers of The California Weekly.

Anderson's Letter To Republicans To the Republicans of the state of California—Gentlemen: I have received petitions, communications and personal requests urging me to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of California, and after giving the matter serious consideration I have determined to submit my name for such candidacy.

I am a loyal Californian and I know this state. I have and shall always stand for progress, improvement and development along proper lines. Compared with other states California is a new state. It must be apparent to everybody that we are entering upon an era of great development. The many great public undertakings along the lines of irrigation, reclamation, harbor improvement, navigation and good roads call for a business administration of the state government. An active life of twenty-five years, the labors of which have taken me to all parts of the state, and some experience in public affairs have given me opportunities for observation and an education that should be helpful in the executive office at this time. If nominated and elected I shall endeavor to the best of my powers to give that I have not been neglectful of the opportunities I have had.

In submitting myself as a candidate I believe that I can do so as a representative Republican. I have never been elected to office as a nominee of that party, but in addition thereto was twice unanimously elected President of the State League of Republican Clubs in the time when they had the largest membership in their history, and as nothing has occurred to alter my fidelity to the principles and policies of the party, I believe, as I have said before, that I have the right to consider myself a fairly representative member of that party.

The selection of party candidates for Governor will be determined by the people at the direct primary election in August. I have always had faith in the judgment of a majority of the people if permitted to act freely on any matter of general public interest, and am entirely willing to leave my candidacy to such arbitrament. It is contrary to the spirit and intention of the primary law that a candidate spend money except for minor purposes, and I will be guided, and I ask my friends likewise to be guided, by such spirit in the conduct of the campaign.

I stand as an advocate of law and order, and of economy and honesty in the administration of public affairs, and for a "square deal to all." I shall go into and through the campaign without promise or pledge except these.

Hoping my candidacy will meet with general approval in the rank and file of the party, and asking that this letter be regarded as a reply to the numerous communications I have received on the subject, I am, very truly,

ALDEN ANDERSON.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 26, 1910.

Anderson Ideal Clearly Outlined Knowing Mr. Anderson well The Watchman wishes to say for him that his every utterance in the foregoing letter is to be accepted in good faith. He did not "dash it off." He wrote it with care and whatever was put into it was put in with deliberation, whatever was left out of it was left out advisedly, for, above all things else, Mr. Anderson is prudent. His right hand knows what his left hand is up to all the time.

Mr. Anderson's voice is for a "booster" campaign, for "progress," "improvement" and "development," all three of them, including a "business man's" administration with the ($) as the bright particular star to light his path by day and by night. No merely moral issues cloud his horizon.

He will stand for economy and honesty in administering the state's business and for the square deal, provided the "square deal" does not imply changing conditions as they are, for Anderson is no reformer. With him whatever is is best just as it is. "Progress" to his mind has an entirely material signification.

"He has given no form of pledge." That is a perfectly true statement. A pledge in the case of Alden Anderson would be superfluous. His whole political life has been a pledge. His type of mind is a pledge that he will, as governor, let things run as they have been running, in the direction of least resistance, except that he will be honest—money honest—in the routine administration of the state's business.

Things Anderson Has Not Heard Of Alden Anderson has not heard of any uprising among the people of California against corporation domination or, if he has heard of it, it has appealed to him as being entirely unimportant, a mere troubling of the waters, a squall that will soon blow over. His letter is silent as to any such issue.

Confronted with the issue as to whether or not he thinks that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company should govern California he would say "No," with some emphasis, but the history of his political life will nowhere be found to have said "no" in any emphatic, out and out act that could put him in opposition to that bureau.

Mr. Anderson has seen justice crushed in San Francisco and the laws of his state ridden over and ridden down, but his letter contains no word of opinion that our criminal procedure needs to be reformed, that our bench needs to be non-partisanly nominated and elected.

He has seen the railroads of the state manage the legislatures of California in their interest, but it has not occurred to him to protest that it has not been a good thing, and any idea of putting the government back where it belongs, in the hands of the people, is far from him. He sees need for irrigation, reclamation and good roads, and there are such needs; but for a political regeneration of California, for any reform carrying a moral value,—there is not one word in his letter, or in his career, to signify that such consideration ever entered his mind, as they probably have not in more than the most casual and inconsequential way. Mr. Anderson's letter is typical of the man; what it does not contain he does not.

The Organization Against Judge Sloss The new deputy of Supreme Court Clerk Caughey is doing the work of the organization for which he was put into office. As the political correspondent of the Sacramento Union he (D. E. Williamson) writes over his own name, and he says such things as this: "The judicial candidacies have cleared to a large extent. The indorsement of Sloss by the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, of course, ends his chances, as this is a case when the 125,000 votes will be for two. The south will be behind James for one thing, and will support Melvin for another. There have been persistent rumors that Sloss would not be a candidate, after all, but it has been impossible to trace these to their source or to get a definite statement from the judge. Those who have tried are said to have met with rebuffs."

There is more of the same in the letter, but this will answer as a sample. It is sufficient to show where the organization stands on the re-election of Judge Sloss, and likewise on that of Judge Melvin. A tavern signboard could not read plainer than this bulletin posted to show the route which the machine is traveling and in which it expects all good "regular" Republicans to follow it. It is understood that George Hatton censors the political "dope" sent out to interior journals by the Caughey-office news bureau and, if so, the information is to be accepted as strictly inside.

Standpat Gage or Wobbly Flint? The two most important items of news from the organization camp in Los Angeles and Southern California are that Stanton is very much in earnest in his campaign for Governor and that the effort to induce ex-Governor Gage to come out as a candidate for United States Senator is still on. So far as known Mr. Gage has not indicated whether he will or will not consent, and as he has recently met with a bereavement in the death of a son who had long been an invalid, he may withhold his answer for some time to come. Possibly, too, he is disposed to wait long enough to learn whether Senator Frank Flint decides to reconsider his declination to run. The California Weekly said recently that as Governor Gage represents so clearly the pro-railroad side of the pending issue in California there would be an especial fitness in the selection if the "organization" should make him its candidate, and this assertion we repeat. With Gage up as the machine representative, and some able and independent Southern California Republican to oppose him, we would have as direct a test as it would be possible to make of the respective merits of railroad Republicansm and independent Republicanism. Of course a great deal of dust would be thrown even then, and all manner of false issues would be introduced, but there would be less danger of misleading the voters than under most conditions. Governor Gage is able and he is personally a man of integrity; but he is an out-and-out railroad organization Republican, a fact of which he is proud. So, we say again, let the organization run him, and then let us see how square we can make the issue.

A Lightning Change Act In Herrinization Policy A good commander is he who can turn the rear of his army into a front without delay when such a movement is necessary, and this maneuver is sometimes as convenient in politics as in war. An illustration is at hand in the reported determination of the "organization" not to call the Republican State Central Committee together to nominate or endorse a ticket, although that was the very thing which all of the "regular" newspapers and politicians have been counting on to give the stamp of authority to the machine candidates. The announcement at this writing is unofficial, and there may be another change of program; therefore we can't be certain about it, but all the indications are that the grand scheme to round up the candidates and put a Herrin brand upon them has been abandoned. Something is said to the effect that when noses were counted in the committee it was found that there were too many Lincoln-Roosevelt men among them to make the plan a promising one, and this has an element of truth in it, because a State Central Committee endorsement given by a majority vote in the teeth of a loudly protesting minority would be of doubtful value to a candidate; but the greatest objection to the proceeding was that the leaders finally came to see that such an endorsement would fasten on the candidate receiving it the charge which he would be most anxious to deny, viz: that he was the nominee of the political bureau of the S. P. Consequently there are to be no officially endorsed candidates—if the present plan is adhered to—despite the reiterated advice of the Chronicle and other organs to wait and see what "the Republicans" would do when they met. And now they are not going to meet at all, and the present scheme is to denounce the Lincoln-Roosevelt people for meeting and endorsing and thereby "violating the spirit of the primary law." This is the lightning change act of politics, and although it shows the resourcefulness of Mr. Herrin, it

leaves the Chronicle and the other organs looking rather silly.

State Senator Birdsall For Secretary of State The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is on the lookout for a big-enough man to make an acceptable candidate for Secretary of State, and the suggestion that Senator Birdsall of Placer county be that man meets with a good deal of favor, without knowing how the idea strikes him. He is a hold-over senator from the third district and there is a strong disinclination to lose him from a place where he has proven so true-blue on every test that has been applied to him, but a district that sent so good a man to the senate can send another as good, and certainly the counties of Plumas, Sierra, Nevada or Placer ought to be able to fill his place acceptably. For instance there is former Assemblyman J. W. Finney, of Downieville, who would make a very acceptable state senator, as he did assemblyman. Of the candidates so far suggested for Secretary of State not one is a big enough man to fill the place, and some of them are positively unfit for any form of public employment outside of an institution for the reformation of persons who need reformation. Birdsall is big enough and, when it comes to a question of fidelity to a public trust, he has proven a rock. If he were to resign from the senate to make the race the Governor would have to issue a writ ordering an election to fill the vacancy and, if a good man were elected in his stead, no serious harm would be done by his resigning. Of course this office is, or may well be, seeking this man. Birdsall himself is not after it.

Was It Madam Gillett Who Decided After All? Around the corridors of the State Capitol there are mutterings of discontent because Governor Gillett "threw the organization down," at the last moment. The organization crowd likes Anderson well enough, and feels certain enough that Gillett will throw what strength he can to Anderson, but he can not throw as much strength to any other candidate as he could have utilized in advancing his own candidacy, and the only thing that the organization fellows care a fig for is winning out. The gossips say that, on the Thursday previous to announcing his determination not to make the race for re-election, at a conference held in San Francisco, Governor Gillett virtually promised the "bunch" to stand for reelection, but, on Saturday of that very same week, issued his announcement of retirement. The explanation is that when he got home and told the wife of his bosom what he had done she made him undo the mischief forthwith. No more Sacramento for her! While, as stated above, the "organization" crowd likes Anderson well enough they are a bit fearful that, not being a very positive character, he might, under great pressure, venture to do some really independent and highly creditable thing, a risk that has not been a source of worriment to them during the Gillett administration.

Some Political Probabilities The executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will hold another meeting at its rooms in this city on Saturday of this week. There is no certain fore-knowing what the results of the conference will be, but there are some probabilities that are fairly definite.

One of these is that Lee C. Gates will be offered to Republican voters as a suitable running mate for Hiram Johnson, as lieutenant governor. The amending of the state constitution made the lieutenant governor of the state much more than a figure head. He has now become a very important factor in state affairs. Mr. Gates is well equipped for fulfilling the duties of the office, and he is especially well equipped for making a telling campaign with Mr. Hiram Johnson, the League candidate for governor. In fact there are not two better speakers, clearer thinkers or more sincere men in California, and the only boss that either of them will acknowledge allegiance to is that "still small voice," that speaks to them out of the innermost recesses of their souls and commands them to do what is right and forbids their doing what is wrong. Together they will prove invincible.

Wallace or Works For Flint's Place The Lincoln-Roosevelt league group of public men in Southern California constitute a particularly happy family. There is not a self-seeker among them and they are all heartily for the cause of emancipation of California from corporation control. Therefore the executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has carte blanche, or near it, to put almost any of them where it thinks they can do the cause the most good. There was talk of Stoddard Jess for the United States senate, but the latest development seems to have narrowed the choice to either A. J. Wallace or Judge John D. Works. Both are tried and true men and to take either of them as candidate for that high office would be no mistake. Of course, after the committe shall have threshed the whole subject over again, some other candidate may be decided on, but these two, not in any sense rivals for the honor, appear to be the most available. Judge Works is now president of the city council of Los Angeles and A. J. Wallace made a splendid reputation in the same body. Each of these men comes from a walk in life to which many belong who would think it beneath them to be a member of the governing body of a city, but they have taken their turns like good citizens and have not cast aside for "personal reasons" duties which their fellow citizens sought to impose upon them. They were recognized as big men in small places, a much greater honor, by the way, than to be a small man in a big place.

Either Wilbur or Works For Supreme Justice Judge Works is also talked of as a possible candidate for supreme justice to succeed Judge Melvin, whom the "good of the service," as they say in corporations, requires to be succeeded by somebody. Now this is not saying that Judge Works is a candidate. He simply says to those who are trying to make up Southern California's share of the League state ticket, "Put me where you want me if you want me. I have enlisted for the war," not to quote him literally but only figuratively. Judge Works sat on the supreme bench for upwards of four years in the early nineties and made a good record. Judge Wilbur is now the presiding judge of the superior court of Los Angeles county, a very popular judge. Both gentlemen are in the hands of—not their friends exactly, but of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. No mistake will be made in either case, no matter which of these is chosen for the place.

Webb and Kingsbury Are Likely to Be Endorsed Animated by a liberal rather than a narrow and partisan spirit, and wishing for good government as well as for free, it seems likely that the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League may endorse the candidacies of Attorney General U. S. Webb and Surveyor General W. S. Kingsbury on the ground that they have "stood up," and made good in their respective offices and are not likely to prove subservient to corporation control. Nor is this because there is no fit timber in the Lincoln-Roosevelt ranks out of which to make an attorney general or surveyor general. There is a wealth of it, but the League is putting the good of the service before partisanship and it feels that it is important to reward, with a continuance in office, every public official who stands up and stands out for what is right rather than for what is program. These cases will be well considered at the League conference to-morrow and, unless there be newly discovered evidence to warrant a change in plans, it seems likely that these two will be endorsed.

For Railroad Commissioners There is gossip afloat that the "organization" is going to turn its back on Commissioner Irwin again this year, as it did four years ago, only more positively. It has nothing against Irwin this year, as it had nothing against him four years ago, but he has been serviceable to the railroad interests so long that he has ceased to be serviceable, that is, he has worn himself to a political frazzle. Four years ago Mr. Herrin permitted Irwin, and one Johnson, to fight the issue out, well knowing that he would win whichever won. Johnson hugged close to Sacramento where the railroad influence was very strong, while Irwin legged it for the back country, saw all the boys and, when the Santa Cruz convention convened, there wasn't much Johnson in that race. Irwin may try the same plan this time and may poll a good many votes at the primary. He is a good fellow, but, having been cradled, suckled and brought up in a railroad world he cannot, for the life of him, see why railroads should not have everything they want merely because they want it, and, no matter what Mr. Herrin does to him, Irwin will love him still.

(Concluded on Page 239.)

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WRIGHT LAW AND WEBB BILL COMPARED

THE STONE THE BUILDERS REJECTED SHOULD BECOME THE HEAD OF THE CORNER.

By ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY.

One of the inspiring causes of the new constitution was a desire on the part of the People of California to regulate the railroads. The railroads did not desire to be regulated and fought the new constitution tooth and claw. Nevertheless the new constitution was adopted and the contest was transferred from the state at large to the legislature. Here the railroads fared better. They fared so well, in fact, that they concluded to regulate the State of California and they have been doing it from that day to this.

The new constitution provided a state railroad commission, elected by the people, to which commission the people delegated much power for regulating the railroads, fixing rates, hearing complaints and adjusting differences between the railroads and shippers and passengers over such railroads or other means of public conveyance.

Through political manipulation the railroads speedily reduced this railroad commission to possession and for nearly thirty years it did not render the state a service the equivalent of the postage account or janitor's salary in maintaining the office of the commission. From 1880 to 1909 no remedial legislation in relation to the railroad was placed upon the statute books of California and no legislation of any kind was placed there of which the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company did not approve. It so held possession of access to and exit from the legislative halls of this state that no legislation restrictive of its authority could get in or out of a California legislature. To make assurance doubly sure this bureau so far possessed itself of our courts as to make them, if not subservient to, at least not as independent of, railroad political power as the requirements of justice demand.

And so the people of California slept on, bearing the burdens which the railroad autocrats felt minded to put upon them, until Theodore Roosevelt and his policies began to take hold upon the minds and hearts of the American people and the practice of rebating began to be interfered with by the Department of Justice of the United States government. Some reaction from this influence began to be felt throughout California and a dangerous political insurrection began to manifest itself against railroad domination in public affairs.

Railroad's Show of Regulating.

The railroad now began to feel that some show of regulating must be made, in order to appease the people. The railroad thought it better to do this regulating through its own friends rather than through the representatives of the people. Therefore the State Railroad Commission, at all times safe and sane and wedded to the railroad interest, began to do some investigating in 1908. Finding the constitutional provision relating to the commission too deep for them they sought the advice of the Attorney General of the State, U. S. Webb, who, like nearly all other state officers, was beholden to the Railroad Political Bureau for whatever political preferment he had enjoyed. It never occurred to the railroad mind that it could be indiscreet to consult General Webb. The consultation was had in fullest confidence that the Attorney General would advise the commission that it had no lawful power to do any good thing on behalf of the public. Much to the surprise and chagrin of the Railroad Commission, and the railroad's Political Bureau, the Attorney General advised that rebating was unlawful and that the commission was in law and honor bound to make investigation and apply remedies in the public interest.

While making this investigation into the facts as they stood Attorney General Webb became interested in the subject in hand and carried his investigations further. It had generally been assumed that no legislation of value looking toward regulation of the state's common carriers could be had without first amending the constitution of the state. General Webb concluded, after investigation, that this was not so and, after calling to his aid a number of gentlemen whose advice and counsel were deemed of value, he and his assistant, Mr. Benjamin, drafted a railroad regulation bill and placed it in the hands of Senator Stetson and Assemblyman Hewitt, good men, both of them, to be put through the legislature of 1909.

Before doing this the bill was submitted to Governor Gillett and by him approved as a reasonable, regulative measure and he promised his full co-operation and support in securing its enactment into law.

Wright Bill Mysteriously Substituted.

It looked for a time as though the bill might pass both houses and become a law, but suddenly, without a word of warning, Leroy Wright, state senator from San Diego, well known to be friendly to and conformable with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, came forward with a substitute for the Webb bill, now known as the "Stetson" bill for the reason that Senator Stetson had charge of it in the senate.

There was abroad no lisp to the effect that Leroy Wright was engaged in drafting such a measure and it is not regarded as likely that he had anything to do with drafting it. The bill is popularly believed to have been drawn in the Southern Pacific offices in San Francisco and handed to Leroy Wright, ready made, with the request that he father it and secure its adoption in place of the Stetson bill. His bill became a law.

In the coming campaign we shall hear a great deal of the value of the Wright Railroad Regulation law. Already newspapers that should have known better have affirmed it of equal value with the Stetson bill. Mr. Van Smith, in the Call, declared that it differed from the Stetson bill in only one particular. The issue betwen these two measures is an important one because railroad regulation is important to the people of California. Therefore we submit to the people of California the result of a careful analysis of the two measures. Those who read this article will know without being told which of the measures was truly regulative and which was, and is, very far short of regulating, in the public interest, a great and lawless instrument indispensable to modern society. It is a better law than no law, but not as good a law as California might easily have secured had enough legislators stood up.

There are many particulars in which the Wright law does not conform to the Webb bill, but space will permit reference to only a few of them, comparatively speaking, and those the more important. They are mainly as follows:

Comparison of the Bills.

1. The Wright law does not provide for a valuation of railroad properties as a basis for rate fixing. While it is true that a valuation of the properties can not in all cases be taken as a conclusive guide to rate fixing, yet it must ever be accepted as the basis of computation. A reasonable rate of income upon a reasonable valuation of the investment, after making adequate allowances for maintenance of the property and the final amortization of the investment, is all that any public service corporation has any moral right to lay claim to for serving the public, and no claim should be legalized that is not founded in justice and morality. The absence of a provision requiring a valuation of the railroad properties to be made is a serious defect in the Wright law.

2. The Webb bill gave the railroad commission power to employ trained experts to assist in the performance of its duties where needed. It would be futile to enter upon the valuation of railroad properties, for instance, without the aid of men acquainted with the value of railroad properties, and there are many other particulars in which the service of trained engineers, accountants and traffic managers will prove as important to the proper regulation of rates and the making of rules and regulations as lawyers are needful for conducting cases in court. It is improbable that California will ever have a commission competent within itself to perform all the functions required at the hands of an efficient railroad commission. In this particular the Wright law is almost fatally defective.

3. The main difference between the two measures is that the Webb bill provided for an absolute fixing of rates while the Wright law provides only for fixing maximum rates above which the railroads may not go in charging. There was a good deal of confusion of thought over this provision in the Webb bill and advantage was taken of it by the astute Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company to frighten some rather timid legislators, who meant thoroughly well, into abandoning their support of the Webb bill. While no one is warranted in saying in advance just what the supreme court of the state would hold in such a case yet there is no obvious reason why the court should not confirm the power of the commission to fix rates absolutely as well as maximum rates only. The advantages of absolute rates were sufficiently great to warrant the risk at any rate.

Differences in Theory of Rate Fixing.

The theory of the two measures as to rate fixing is not the same. The Wright law contemplates that the railroads shall fix their rates as they please and that they shall not be disturbed in applying them unless the commission, or some injured shipper, makes complaint. The Webb bill provides that the railroads must report all their rates to the commission forthwith and that the commission shall make a careful study of the rate sheets and correct and amend or make new as the well-being of the public and the railroads may require. This affords the railroads all the latitude they need but recognizes the railroad commission as the rightful rate-making power. As rate making involves the power of taxation no one not constituted a part of the power of government can have any logical right to fix rates. This is just as true of rate making on railroads as it is of making a tariff schedule or a schedule of internal imposts. "What the traffic will bear," must at all times enter into rate making, and whenever it does so one industry is taxed more or less for the benefit of another, as under a customs duty. It is only when "what the traffic will bear" is construed to justify "all that the traffic will bear," that shippers have any just grounds for complaint. In this particular, as in others, the Wright law proceeds on a false basis.

Differences in Punishments.

4. In providing punishments for infractions of the law, no matter how flagrant, the Wright law imposes no imprisonments. The Webb bill gives the court power in nearly every instance to choose between fine and imprisonment, or inflict both fine and imprisonment. In the efforts that have been made to bring lawless corporations to observe a wholesome respect for the law fines have been found of little value unless made confiscatory and when so made, as in the famous $29,000,000 case, the courts have not had the nerve to apply the remedy. In the case of hardened offenders, like the Standard Oil Company and many of the railroads, the alternative of confiscation of property or the obeying of the law must be presented to them unless imprisonment can be inflicted. Imprisonment is a real punishment in all cases, while fines easily degenerate, as in some prohibition states and communities, into a recognized system of licensing an evil. In no particular is the Wright law more defective than in this: that, no matter what the offense, it provides for no imprisonments.

5. The Wright law does not provide that the commission shall furnish the transportation companies properly designed blanks for eliciting such information, upon oath, as the commission must be in posession of if it is

to discharge the duties of its office efficiently. The Webb bill covers this requirement fully and makes it easy for corporations to make just such reports as the commission requires and upon oath with heavy penalties for either failing to make such reports or for making them falsely. It is an open secret that reports heretofore have been "doctored" as needful to make a favorable showing.

6. The Webb bill empowers the commission to make temporary rates, rules and regulations with the view of preventing railroad wars within the state. To the superficial observer it appears that, where railroads get to fighting, the public seems to reap a material and unwonted advantage, but, as a matter of almost universal experience, it has been found that the advantage gained was short lived, resulted in the bankruptcy of one railroad or the other, with consolidation and a recouping from the public of all advantage gained, with interest. No, the general welfare demands reasonable rates and those made stable, so that in all dealings the element of cost expressed in freights may be as certain as possible. The Wright bill is defective here also.

Classification of Freight.

7. The Wright law does not provide for classification of freight. In no particular has rate making been made more confusing than in that of classification. By this means rate sheets have been made into enigmas that no one not a trained rate expert can pretend to understand. Courts have been fairly stumped by such rate sheets and juries confused beyond hope of redemption. Rates have been changed through changes of classification in open defiance of law when there had been pretense of making no change whatever in rates, but, all the same, the shipper found that he had to pay more for the same service. If any railroad commission is to do anything at all with reference to rates it should be particularly in the function of making simple, fair and intelligable classifications of freight to be shipped. The Wright law does not do it, while the Webb bill provided for it.

8. The Wright law does not make adequate provision for collecting fines imposed or for initiating prosecutions where offenses have been committed. The Wright law vests the entire power of bringing suits in the Attorney General of the state. If the railroad people can succeed in electing a friendly attorney general they will have little to fear from suits brought to punish for infractions of the railroad regulation law. The Webb bill confers equal authority to bring actions upon district attorneys throughout the state, so that if an offense be committed someone is pretty likely to begin proceedings for the enforcement of the law or the punishment of the delinquent corporation.

9. The Wright law forbids the giving of intrastate passes to none but public officers, permitting them to be given to all others upon whom a corporation is minded to bestow its favors. There are few greater evils than this. If all who travel had to pay fares at regular rates it would be possible for the railroads to make material reductions in the fares charged and it nearly always happens that those who ride free are the very ones who are best able to pay. In contrast to the Wright law, in this respect, the Webb bill specifically mentions twenty-two classes of persons to whom passes may properly be given, such as to officers and employees of the companies themselves, or the officers or employees of other companies, to indigent persons and persons engaged in professional charity work, etc. All others must pay their fares at regular rates, remain at home or walk. This is exactly as it should be. Free riding is akin to smuggling and is an injustice to every person who pays his fare.

10. The Wright law contains no provision against the giving of testimony working immunity to the road giving it against being prosecuted for offences committed. The Webb bill would have closed that avenue of escape.

11. Section 32 of the Webb bill gave the railroad commission power to make rules and regulations governing demurrage, loading and unloading instead of leaving the same to inflexible statutes. The Wright law fails to cover this important function.

12. The Wright law contains no provision against a railroad company advancing its rates or changing its classifications without first applying to the commission for permission, and requiring the commission also to notify interested parties and hold a hearing before allowing such an advance or change to be made. This is entirely safeguarded in the Webb bill.

13. In the event of a railroad disobeying a rate or rule of the commission the Wright law compels the commission or injured shipper to become the plaintiff and throws the burden of proof upon the commission or shipper. Per contra the Webb bill provided that the railroad company had to be the plaintiff if it felt aggrieved because of any rate or rule and the burden of proof was upon it to show why and how a wrong had been inflicted. As the evidence is in the keeping of the railroad this difference of position in a suit may become very important.

Wherein Wright Law Is Better.

There are many other, but less important particulars, in which the Wright law falls short of the Webb bill in comprehensiveness and vigor, but it is only fair to say that there are a few points in which the Wright law has the advantage over the Webb bill. These are in the main:

1. The Wright law requires the Railroad Commission to hold stated meetings in certain cities of the state to hear complaints if there are any, while the Webb bill does not.

2. The Wright law requires the commission to investigate all accidents attended with loss of life or destruction of public property, a very valuable service if rightly performed and publicity given to the findings.

3. The Wright law also requires the commission to file complaints with the interstate commerce commission whenever California shippers have just grounds for complaint, a very good provision if obeyed, as it has not been so far. The Webb bill does not contain this provision.

4. The Wright law requires the state commission to co-operate with the interstate commerce commission in all proper ways, a very good requirement save that a fit commission

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AN AUTOMOBILE EPISODE

(Concluded.)

BY

CARLOTTA ELIZABETH HOOPER

SHE went home the next day and fortunately her parents returned a few hours later, and in the pleasure of their meeting she tried to be herself and make them happy in her come coming. Her mother was not deceived, however, but wisely waited for Sylvia to tell her trouble, which she did, tearless and restrained, showing a bitterness contrary to her usual nature.

Her mother said, "My dear, it is so easy to be mistaken."

"I saw him, myself," said Sylvia. "I am not mistaken in that."

"Then there must be some good reason for his conduct."

The girl shook her head. "If it were an innocent transaction he would have mentioned it to me, especially as he had been out before with the same lady. What business could he have which would exclude me so entirely! Besides Miss Gray noticed their devotion to each other and was amused by it."

"Miss Gray seems to have been very observing," said Mrs. Grant. "If you are sure it was your husband, why not write and ask him to explain?"

"I shall ask for no explanations," said the girl. "If I could bring him back to me tomorrow, I would not, knowing that like a wandering animal he must be watched and guarded, and kept in leash to secure his devotion. I want no such love as that."

"But, my dear," answered the older woman, "It is such rank injustice to condemn a man unheard. It is the undeniable right of every one to justify himself if it can be done. Write to him, tell him what you have seen, demand an explanation, and then act as seems best to you. Believe me, my dear, you are most unjust and sadly lacking in good faith yourself."

"I—why, Mother!"—

"Yes, you, Silvia. Your vows at the altar were just as binding as his. You also promised your love and devotion until death you should part, and now, at the first rough place in your pathway you stumble and halt and refuse to go on. My dear, my dear, you have so much to learn."

Sylvia turned abruptly from her mother and went swiftly out into the orchard to the rustic seat under the old apple tree where she had played and dreamed and planned when she was a girl. She did not move until the sun descended and the chill of the autumn evening forced her return to the house. Then she wrote to her husband as her mother had advised. In the meantime letters had been coming from him, but she would not open them, fearing perhaps that his expressions of love might dispel her just anger.

One day the answer came.

"My dear Sylvia," her husband wrote, "About six months or more after we were married I had expected, one day, to take luncheon with a friend at Bertrand's. You know the place on Grove street. I awaited him there, but for some reason which I now forget, he did not come. If you have ever been there you will remember that the lunch room is on the first floor above the street, and that large plate glass windows give a view of Grove street and the park opposite, and a very pretty view it is. I remember I thought so that day. I remember, too, that I was a very happy and satisfied man, thinking that there was not one cloud to darken either my domestic or financial life. We do mix up love and business sometimes, my dear, and I was thinking of both, when I happened to glance out of the window and saw a fine new auto car, one I did not know at all, but it seemed so perfect in all its appointments that I was interested immediately. While I was lost in admiration, it stopped (the best of them will do that you know) and no effort of the driver seemed to be able to move it. A gentleman and lady occupied the front seat, but I was not interested in them particularly. I said to some one near: 'Whose car is that?' He answered, 'Dicky Embery's; do you know him?' I answered, 'not personally,' for of course, I had heard of Dicky Embery, his unsavory reputation has spread to the far ends of the earth I am sure.

"Just then the man jumped to the ground and went around to the far side of the machine and I saw the lady who sat on the other side of him. To my great surprise, it was you. I knew your long brown coat, your brown veil. 'The set of your shoulders and the poise of your head,' to quote from your letter, my dear.

"I was so absolutely certain of your identity, I would have staked my life upon it. I was so stunned that for a moment I did not move, and the man to whom I had spoken said, 'I wonder who the lady is?' I simply shook my head and he continued, 'Well, whoever she is, it is safe to say she ought not to be there; that's Dicky, you know.'

"I could have throttled him where he stood, but I still had sense enough to control myself. I reached for my hat and hurriedly left the room. By this time I felt the blood surging into my head and ringing in my ears, I could hardly see and I could not speak. I was insane, absolutely crazed with jealous anger, I knew nothing, felt nothing, but the mad desire to kill Embery, to seize him by the throat and choke his worthless life out. My only fear was that the machine might go on before I could reach him. It was there when I gained the street, however, and I, only intent upon punishing the man, ran around the front of the car to reach him. In doing so I looked full into the woman's face. Thank God, Sylvia, it was not you. I must have carried the look of an avenger in my eyes, for she seemed frightened, as well as amazed at my rudeness. I had only just sense enough left to raise my hat and mutter an apology. I don't really know what I said, or did, for some minutes, but I reached the sidewalk and returned to the cafe where I paid for my lunch, then took a passing car for the office.

"Ever since that day I have shuddered to think what would have happened had the car not remained where it was first stalled, for I should have followed the thing up and probably killed Embery on sight without asking or giving any explanation. I have read of homicidal mania, and now I know what it is, and I pray God I may never feel again the blind insanity for killing I felt that day.

"Do you remember once when I came home very early and we went out for a long drive on the lake road? I told you I was not well and could not remain at the office. Well, that was the day, dear. I shall never forget it and I would rather die than see another like it. This is the first part of my story, Sylvia; its meaning and moral are obvious.

"Now for the second part. I think you do not know Charley Englis, although I have often spoken of him to you. He is one of the best men I ever met, but shy and reserved as a girl. I never could coax him even to our house, he dislikes so much to meet strangers, you know. Well, Charley has been financially embarrassed of late. Luck has been against him and I am sure his business is in a bad way. He sold his car months ago, because he could not afford to keep it, so I have been lending him mine. (But I am getting along too fast). Englis is engaged to a charming girl who lives in the suburban part of our city called the Raymond addition. Owing to Charley's misfortunes, her people will not consent to their marriage, and he cannot even visit her, so they only meet when Miss Winters (Elise is her first name) comes to the city to shop.

"On several occasions Charley has had my car with all the rest of the outfit and taken the girl for a ride of an hour or so that they might be alone to talk over their plans for the future. I have not said much about Charley's affairs even to you just because I am sure he would not wish me to.

"On the morning of my departure for this city I met Charley who looked more cheerful than he has for a long time. He said that Miss Winters had decided to marry him immediately and the ceremony would take place that day as soon as she should arrive. He was on his way to meet her then. I congratulated him most heartily, and said, 'I'm going away for a month and Mrs. Remington will be away too. So you take my machine every day, if you have leisure, and enjoy yourselves all you can.' For you see, Sylvia, they had to cut out the big church wedding, the bridesmaids, the favors, the gifts and all the thousand and one things most girls desire.

"I still held my coat and as I handed it to him the spot of paint loomed up grandly, and Charley, full of remorse, said, 'By the way, Ward, I got that paint on your coat the last time I wore it and then I forgot all about it.'

"I was excited by that time and I said, 'Oh, damn the paint!' then I rushed off to catch my train.

"So, my dear, it was Charley Englis you saw with his poor little bride by his side, taking their forlorn little wedding trip in a borrowed car, cap, goggles, overcoat, paint and all. Charley and I are about the same size, but you'd best be thankful that I am not so handsome as he is, or there'd be no living with me and we've got to live together, little girl, for many and many a long year, please God.

"When I come back we'll buy them a good, sensible, wedding present. I think a patent porcelain-lined refrigerator would about fill the bill and be suitable to their circumstances, and about express the sympathy and consideration they will probably receive from everybody. Charley's outlook is cold and circumscribed, but he'll win out and the girl will help him, and if you'll forgive them the consternation they have caused you we'll say no more about it for 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.'

"Ever yours most faithfully,

"WARD REMINGTON."

Sylvia sat very still for some minutes, after she had read her husband's letter. There was a flush on her cheeks, some bright tears in her eyes. Then she said, "I wish, for a time, we could go back to the good old days of wife beating."

The End.

("Wright Law"—Concluded.)

would inevitably do exactly that thing without any such requirement as readily as with one.

However, these four provisions of the Wright law, approvingly commented upon above, were not in the bill as introduced by Senator Wright but were added by amendments by the friends of the Webb bill on the day when the Wright act was adopted after a running fight on the floor of the Senate. Whatever credit attaches to the Wright law on account of these provisions of right belongs to the proponents of the Webb bill.

While the Wright law is an advance upon anything California has had on its statute books in the way of a railroad regulation measure, and should be of service to the state, a careful comparison of the two measures will convince anyone of the splendid superiority of the Webb bill over the Wright law, and it should be easily seen from this comparison why it was that the railroad "push" at the last legislature worked so hard to have the Wright bill substituted for the one drawn in the office of Attorney General Webb.

There is no good reason why the railroads of California should be a law unto themselves, or why the laws which they are to obey should all be drafted in their own offices or put through the legislature by men notoriously subservient to them. There is no purpose to make war upon railroads in the mind of any reformer known to the present forward movement, but there is and should be a purpose to bring all transportation companies under just, exact and clearly defined and adequate regulation laws, and perhaps no better thing can be done by the next legislature than to amend the Webb bill in two or three particulars and then substitute it for the Wright measure as the Wright measure was substituted for it in the legislature of 1909.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CONGRESSMEN.

Members of congress, while always well known "back home," are seldom known to any extent by the nation at large, says the New York Times. These little sketches are not intended to take on the character of biographies; they are merely designed to throw lights here and there among the members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Neuralgia has made Senator Money of Mississippi one of the earliest risers in official life. For fourteen years he has been awakened at 5 a. m. daily by a sharp pain in his jaw, which continues, in spite of all remedies, for two or three hours. To forget the pain, the Senator has acquired the habit of going over his official correspondence before breakfast, and as a result the Senator's secretary has made his work hours coincide with Mr. Money's, and he is through his day's work at about the time most of the Washington stenographers are beginning theirs.

"The inventor of universal peace" is the way Representative Bartholdt of Missouri is referred to by his friends of the House. Mr. Bartholdt, who was editor of a German newspaper in St. Louis before he nailed down the southern end of the city and put upon it his tag, is the principal American mover in the Interparliamentary Union that has set about the task of ending the world's bloodshed.

Representative Kustermann of Wisconsin has the broadest German accent in the House. Mr. Goldfogle of New York is a good second, and when either arises to speak the official stenographer, who must take down the remarks, groans aloud. "When Kustermann talks I can shut my eyes and imagine that I am listening to Joe Weber," remarked Representative Longworth one day.

Representative Lafean of Pennsylvania is known as the "Caramel King." He has a string of candy factories extending from coast to coast.

The richest man in the House is said to be Mr. McKinley of Illinois. He owns several hundred miles of interurban street railways in the "Sucker State" and is just now building a bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis. His wealth is estimated at $35,000,000, and among the humorists at the Capitol he is known as the "Human Christmas Tree," because of his generosity in financing rail and river junkets for his brother members. Representative Huff of Greensburg, Penn., who owns many hundreds of coal cars laden with black diamonds, is said to be "just about as rich as McKinley."

"I move that the House do now adjourn." It is dollars to small doughnuts that the remark comes from Representative Payne of New York, no matter when you hear it. As the Republican floor leader, he claims it as his rules-given privilege to adjourn the House every day, and when any mean-spirited member gets in the motion first he is miffled about it for two days.

Whenever you hear a member mention Magna Charta and the plain of Runnymede, especially if that member happens to wear a dress suit in the daytime, you may be sure that it is Representative (General) Keifer of Ohio.

Representative Alexander of New York, now chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, entered the army when he was fifteen years old and served throughout the civil war.

His short stature has been a life-long cross to Representative Boutelle of Illinois. He is one of the best orators on the Republican side, and the one chosen to make the heavy campaign speeches this session. His lack of inches detracts from his value on the stump.

Senator Smoot is a practical woolen mill manager. Before he became a Senator he conducted a mill and several banks in Utah.

Butler of Pennsylvania and Cocks of New York are the Quaker members of the House. Mr. Butler is something of a humorist in spite of his sedate religious training. A few days ago after he had tried ineffectually to bring up some bill, he exclaimed, "I apologize to the House for trying to get something done."

Macon of Arkansas, or "Point-of-Order Macon," as he is known for a heartless manner in which he pounds away at items in the appropriations bills, looks like Dr. Mary Walker.

Senator Stewart of Nevada, who died last April, and Senator Shoup of Idaho, who passed away several years ago, were the last Indian fighters in the Senate.

Senator Jones of Washington was a ploughboy.

Representative Kinkaid of Nebraska, who comes from a very arid region and is a tall, lean, lank gentleman of very sober mien, is known as the "Sand Hill Crane." The name was given him by President Taft when the latter visited Nebraska last Fall.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is the only doctor in the Senate.

If the Mississippi Senatorial deadlock is never broken Senator Gordon can bear up under it. He is holding down the seat made vacant by the late Senator McLaurin by virtue of an appointment by Governor Noel. General Gordon says he likes his job, and as he is a very popular addition to the elder coterie of statesmen, everybody would be satisfied if they never agreed on a candidate at the Mississippi capital.

Representative Tener of Pennsylvania was a professional baseball player from 1885 to 1890. Representative Fitzgerald of New York was a famous college pitcher. Representative McCredie of Washington is the owner of the Vancouver team in the Pacific Coast League, and is now negotiating to buy the Washington American franchise.

FROHMAN'S LONDON PLANS.

The opening of Mr. Frohman's repertory theatre season on February 20 at the Duke of York's Theatre is the talk of the London theatrical world, says the New York Sun. And small wonder, for never before has a manager put forth such a program, and never before, it has been said, has a commercial manager gathered around him enough artists and plays to run a repertory theater on a money making basis, if the public wants it.

Last year Herbert Trench started his tenancy of the Haymarket theater with the idea of running a repertory theater. His program was sufficiently varied and interesting, and one wealthy peer alone is said to have backed the idea with 30,000 pounds. After one artistic failure the second piece caught on, and when it had to make way for the production of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" it was only moved to another theater, and is still running today, while the "Blue Bird" shows no signs of weakening in its flight.

Frohman, however, is going to see if the public really wants repertory. His list contains a dozen new plays and fifteen revivals, all to be seen within the short period of five months, for the preliminary announcement speaks only of the period from February 21 till the end of the summer.

Of the fifteen revivals only three were originally presented by Mr. Frohman, namely, the plays by J. M. Barrie, "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows" and "The Admirable Crichton." With one exception the other plays are all modern English works, the exception being Dr. Gilbert Murray's translation of "Iphigenia in Aulis." Of Pinero there will be "The Amazons," "Trelawny of the Wells" and "Iris"; of Bernard Shaw, "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara" and "The Doctor's Dilemma"; of Granville Barker, "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Prunella"; of John Galsworthy, "The Silver Box" and "Strife"; one by Haddon Chambers, "The Tyrrany of Tears," and one by John Masefield, "The Tragedy of Nan." These plays, it will be noticed, included the pick of the old Court Theater plays, with several of the best of the last ten years.

Of the new plays that which rouses most interest and curiosity is "The Sentimentalists," a comedy by George Meredith. The play is unfinished but will be played as the author left it in manuscript. The fragment, which was intended perhaps for the first act of the play, is in two scenes, and is so complete in itself as to justify its production as a one act play. Other new plays are "The Outcry," by Henry James; "Justice" and "The Eldest Son," by Galsworthy; "Misalliance," by Bernard Shaw; "The Madras House," by Granville Barker, and "Chains," by Elizabeth Baker. There will also be new plays by Somerset Maugham and two new one act plays by Barrie.

BOOKS USED BY SHAKESPEARE.

Two rare old English works, out of which Shakespeare got considerable material for some of his best-known plays, turned up at auction in Anderson's a few days ago. One of these rarities was a copy of the first edition of Thomas North's celebrated translation, entitled, "The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer Plutarke of Chaeronea," a thick, small folio, London, 1575. No less than six of Shakespeare's plays can be traced to this work, viz., "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Pericles," "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," and "Antony and Cleopatra.' Wharton, in his "History of English Poetry," calls North's translation "Shakespeare's storehouse of learning." It was translated from Greek into French by Bishop James Amyot of Auxerre, and from French into English by North. It is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the most popular works of her time. In Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" whole speeches have been transferred bodily from North's "Plutarch," and in "Antony and Cleopatra" North's diction, which is vivid and robust, has been closely followed. The copy sold for $150.

The other item was William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," two small volumes, London, 1569-80. The title page of Volume I. reads: "The Palace of Pleasure Beautified, adorned and well furnished with Pleasaunt Historyes, and excellent Novelles, selected out of divers good and commendable Authours. By William Painter, Clerke of the Ordinaunce and Armarie, 1569. Imprinted at London in Flete Streate, neare to S. Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe." Volume II. is entitled, "The Second Tome of the Palace of Pleasure, contayning store of goodlye Histories, Tragical Matters & other morall arguments, very requisite for delight and profyte. Chose and selected out of divers good and commendable authors and now once agayne corrected and encreased. By William Painter," etc.

"The Palace of Pleasure" is the first translation into English of the novels of Boccaccio, Bandillo, Queen Margaret of Navarre, and other French, Italian, and Spanish novelists, with other stories from Greek and Latin authors. Shakespeare, it is said, was indebted to it for Romeo and Juliet, and made use of it also in his "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," and "All's Well that Ends Well." The influence of Painter's book may also be traced in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi"; "The Widow,' by Ben Jonson, and others. It sold for $360.

Geraldine Bonner, author of "Rich Men's Sons," etc., has written a novel called "The Emigrant Trail," which will be published this spring by Messrs. Duffield & Co. The book is a remarkable tour de force in that it relates entirely to the experiences of a small band of overland travelers in 1849 on their progress over "the emigrant trail," so called to distinguish it from the Santa Fe trail further to the south. Within this scope there is a remarkable variety of types and adventures.

THE GRAFT CASES.

The trial of Patrick Calhoun, in Judge Lawlor's court, which was set for the 25th instant, is not likely to begin on that date, as, in addition to the disappearance of former Supervisor Gallagher, Mr. Calhoun himself has taken a trip East, without the permission of the court, and it is understood that he will not return till some weeks later than the 25th.

In Judge Dunne's court, last Saturday, the case against T. V. Halsey, charged with bribery, was continued until March 5th. The cases against Luther Brown, J. W. Coffroth, E. Graney, and E. E. Schmitz, for bribery; Abraham Ruef and Jerry Dinan, for conspiracy; Luther G. Brown, for perjury, and M. W. Coffey, for receiving a bribe, have been continued until March 26th.

In Judge Lawlor's court, last Saturday, former Supervisor George D. Duffy pleaded not guilty to receiving bribes in behalf of the Home Telephone company, the United Railroads, and for his vote on the ordinance fixing light, heat and power rates. The cases against him were continued till March 29th, when a date for their trial will be set.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

The California Weekly.
Please find two ($2) dollars as subscription for your paper. I consider it by all odds the ablest and clearest cut in all its discussions and most loyal to the people's welfare of any paper in the state.
Yours truly,
Dr. CARL MURRAY.
Sacramento, Cal., February 28, 1910.

The foregoing is the kind of compliment that The California Weekly appreciates. As for its measure of ability, well, give God the glory, for we are as heaven has endowed us and not one among us all has much cause for self-gratulation on that score; but in real loyalty to the public welfare we do take a, perhaps, pardonable pride. Yet there are those who, because we decline to attempt to overturn all things, attempt to rub out the record the world has been many thousand years in making, think we are doing less than our duty to the public. Our aim is to fight the battles of the common man. He needs to have his cause championed. The uncommon man can take care of his interests uncommonly well wherever fortune may find him.

The California Weekly,
Gentlemen: Enclosed find my check for one year's subscription to the Weekly. In these days of pernicious daily papers it is a decided relief to peruse the ably written pages of your truthful journal. It seems strange that a sane people should so popularize the lying, sensational papers. Wishing you much success,
Truly yours,
F. H. McNAIR.
Berkeley, Cal., Feb. 22, 1910.

A trouble with the daily press is that it is daily, that it is hastily written to be hastily read, but another trouble is that, since the publication of daily papers has come to be a species of manufacturing, journalism is looked upon as a gainful pursuit and not a profession to be practiced wholly in the public interest. Finally, many large dailies are practically refined, as attorneys are, by special interests opposed to public interests. The California Weekly was planned on entirely different lines and for it to be anything less than independent and truthful would forfeit its right to exist.

The California Weekly.
Gentlemen:—I enclose herewith check to your order for $2.00, in payment of my subscription for the current year.
Even the few days I have delayed in sending this to you makes me feel a little guilty because your paper certainly deserves every bit of support which it can secure. It is wishing a great deal for you, but I hope that in time you may be able to occupy the position which the Argonaut of old held for so many years.
Yours very truly,
CLINTON FOLGER.
San Francisco, February 23, 1910.

The Argonaut of old has come to be a tradition and, like wine, that tradition has improved with age. It is in this respect much like the position of the old Sacramento Union which every old Forty-niner still swears by being the best paper that ever was printed on this coast; but take down from the shelf a volume of the Sacramento Union of old and compare it with present day papers and there are a hundred better ones in California. Nearly every county has one, and yet the old Union and the old Argonaut were powers in their days, the Union because of its sincerity and courage and the Argonaut because of the genius of Frank Pixley. His repertoire of subjects was narrow, lamentably narrow and undisciplined, but he could write like chainlightning, and everybody read his paper every week, a thing that has not happened since he left that tripod. To become, in point of interest, what the Argonaut of old was to California is certainly setting a high enough standard for The California Weekly.

Walter Pulitzer, while in Vienna recently, with his wife, formerly Lilian Hearne of San Francisco, to assist in settling the estate of her father, Albert Pulitzer, told The New York Times correspondent that upon his return to America he would take up the memoirs of his father where he left off, and complete them with the aid of numerous papers, documents, and photographs left by him. The memoirs, when completed, will reveal a new and interesting phase of American journalism.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

It is not quite so with H. G. Loveland, Governor Gillett's "corking good" commissioner. He helped to frame the Webb Railroad Regulation bill and, unlike our "corking" governor, stuck to it and stayed with it until it went down to defeat. Furthermore, it is known that there has been feeling in the board between Loveland and the other two "stand pat" commissioners. They feel that it was his fault that they went to Attorney General Webb to find out that they could not do anything under the law to earn their salaries only to find out that they could; and they feel that he has sought to put them in an unfavorable light before the public as being dependent while he is independent. These whisperings raise the suspicion that, after all, Governor Gillett's "corking good" commissioner may have proven a better selection than the governor supposed or intended. It might be well for the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League to look up this man's official record more thoroughly, the more especially as it is reported that Edward Aigeltinger is to be the "organization" candidate to succeed Loveland. He is already in the field with his petition.

("Homes for Children"—Concluded.)

sons and daughters grew up, drifted away, married and made homes of their own. The loneliness of the family fireside was too much for them; they appealed to the Native Daughters, who recommended them to the Children's Agency. The Agency's report was favorable, and a few days ago the representative of the Agency traveled a day and night by train and then sixty miles in a sleigh through the white fastnesses of the Sierra, back to this mining town, bearing a little infant in her arms who should make glad the hearts of two old people, and restore to them the love and sweetness of youth.

This and its kind are the glory and the recompense of the work of the Children's Agency. This child and hundreds of others are growing up, because of it, to have a name and a place in society who elsewise would grow up loveless and adrift, with only the cold cheer of institutional routine to stand between them and the worst evils of society.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
No. 27636.
ELIZABETH WATTS LLOYD, Plaintiff,
vs.
ALBAN W. LLOYD; ENID LLOYD and ALL PERSONS unknown who have or claim any interest in, or lien upon, the whole, or any part, of the real property described in the complaint herein.
Defendants.

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an interlocutory decree in partition and order of sale, duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day of February, 1910, in the above entitled action, I, the undersigned duly appointed, qualified and acting referee in said action, am commanded to sell all those certain lands situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described in the complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Polk Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Ellis Street; running thence northerly along said line of Polk Street twenty (20) feet more or less to Olive Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along the southerly line of Olive Avenue parallel with Ellis Street eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles southerly parallel with Polk Street twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles westerly parallel with Ellis street eighty-five (85) feet to Polk Street, the point of commencement.

Said described premises being a part of 50 Vara lot Number Three (3) in Block Number Nine (9) of the Western Addition as laid down on the official map of said City and County of San Francisco.

And public notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 26th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of that day at the street entrance to the office of the sheriff of said City and County at No. 122 McAllister Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and interlocutory decree in partition, sell the above described property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States Gold Coin, ten (10) per cent thereof to be paid as a deposit on the day of sale, the balance upon confirmation of the sale by the Court and the delivery of a conveyance. Ten (10) days allowed before confirmation for examination of title. Objection to title, if any, must be made before confirmation. If after the confirmation the purchaser neglects or refuses to immediately comply with the terms of the sale, a re-sale will be made of the property purchased. If the amount realized on such re-sale does not amount to the former bid and the expenses of the previous sale, such purchaser shall be liable for the deficiency and the said referee will retain such deficiency from the deposit. All checks presented by purchasers must be certified.

CHARLES HAYDEN, Referee.
San Francisco, California, February 26th, 1910.
Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys for Referee, 1029 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 3-4-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of A. HAMERSLAG, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Frohman & Jacobs, 110 Sutter street, San Francisco, which said office he the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. Hamerslag, deceased.
FORTUNE ALREGUY,
Executor of the last will of A. Hamerslag, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 27, 1910.
FROHMAN & JACOBS,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter street, San Francisco. 2-4-5t.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to the written consent of the owners of more than two-thirds of the issued capital stock of Park Investment Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, which consent has been duly filed in the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, said state, on the 14th day of February, 1910, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a meeting of said Board of Directors, duly called and held at the office of said corporation on the 14th day of February, 1910, at which meeting more than a quorum of the directors of said corporation were present.

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said corporation will be immediately changed and removed from the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, at No. 1723 Nineteenth Avenue, East Oakland, after which date, the principal place of business of said corporation will be the said City of Oakland, at said address thereon.

This notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said Park Investment Company.

Dated February 14th, 1910.
ELIZABETH A. SCHNEPPE,
Secretary of Park Investment Company.
2-18-3t

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Members of The California Bible Society, a religious corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 729 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the 7th day of March, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees of said corporation to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 3rd, A. D. 1910.

By Order of the President.
J. E. SQUIRES, Secretary.
2-18-3t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE E. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George E. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-3t.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Procedure In Primary Elections.

We shall deal in this article with the steps to be taken for holding the state-wide primary which, as heretofore explained, is to be held on the third Tuesday in August every two years for the nomination of all candidates to be voted for at the November election following. Beginning with August, 1910, and every four years following, these primary elections will be held for the nomination of full sets of state and county officers. On the even numbered years midway between these four year terms, there will be nominated candidates for congress, for state senate and assembly.

The first official step taken must be by the Secretary of State who, at least sixty days prior to the third Tuesday in August, must prepare and transmit to the county clerk of each county, and the registrar of voters of each city and county (which now means San Francisco alone) a notice in writing designating the offices for which candidates are to be nominated at the primary election.

The next step is taken by the county clerk in each county, and also by the registrar of voters in San Francisco. Within ten days of the time of receiving the notice from the Secretary of State, referred to above, each such county clerk must cause to be published once each week for six successive weeks, in not more than two papers published in the county, so much of the notice received from the Secretary of State as applies to his county.

The next step is to prepare the nomination papers in order to get the names to be voted for on the ballot to be used at the primary election. This must be done, and all lists filed with the county clerks, at least thirty days prior to holding the primary election. As this nomination paper is a formidable affair, and the regulations concerning it are numerous, it will be made the subject of a special lesson.

Within ten days after the filing of nomination papers the county clerks must forward to the Secretary of State such of them as have to do with assemblymen, state senators and all other officers to be voted for in more than one county, if there are such positions to be filled, other than those explained in the next paragraph.

Candidates for state offices file their nominating petitions directly with the Secretary of State, as do candidates for all district offices, such as member of board of equalization, railroad commission, member of appellate court, etc. Also candidates for United States senate. All of them at least 30 days before the primary election is to be held.

Twenty-five days before the date for the August Primary the Secretary of State must have prepared a certified list of the candidates for state and district offices entitled to be voted for in each county and must forward that list to each of the county clerks in the state, and to the registrar of voters in San Francisco. The list must be certified to as correct and no name not so certified to can have a place on the printed ballot.

Immediately upon receipt of this certified list of candidates from the Secretary of State each county clerk in the state must publish, under the proper party designation, the title of each office, the names and addresses of all persons for whom nomination papers have been filed, the date of the primary election, the hours during which the polls will be open, and the polling places in each precinct. The publication must be for two successive weeks in not more than two papers published in the county and one of these must represent the political party that cast the highest number of votes at the last preceding general election. This list of candidates will include not merely those certified from the Secretary of State but also such as had filed nomination papers in the county clerk's office for county and district offices.

At least twenty days before the August primary each county clerk must prepare his official, primary, sample ballot and have it printed, but inasmuch as the regulations concerning the ballot are very elaborate a lesson will have to be devoted to the ballot alone. Copies of these sample ballots must be mailed to all candidates whose names appear thereon and the clerk submits copies to the chairmen of each party county committee and posts a copy in his own office, but he is not required to mail copies to the voters. He must, however, publish the ballot twice in not more than two newspapers and at least 10 days before the primary election is to be held.

In the event that an error appears in the ballot as prepared the aggrieved person can bring an action forthwith in either a superior, appellate or supreme court and so secure a summary hearing and an order to correct any error that the court may determine to exist. Anyone failing to obey the court order will be liable to punishment for contempt of court.

Any neglect in filing any of the nomination papers entrusted to the charge of any public official is punishable with severity, but the pains and penalties attending the holding of a primary election deserve separate treatment.

The polling places must be open from six in the morning until six in the evening. If there are voters standing in line when six o'clock arrives they must be permitted to vote before closing the polls, but no voter arriving after six o'clock shall be permitted to vote.

At the polling places there will not be separate ballot boxes for each political party, but there will be separate tickets for each such party. The voter will ask for the ticket of his party, step into the booth and stamp it and deposit it in the general ballot box with the others, but in counting the ballots those of each party are required to be separated from the others and strung on a string before being counted, except to see that the whole number of ballots in the box equals the number recorded as having voted.

The qualifications for voters will require a separate lesson.

N Poulsen, a well-known business man of Copenhagen, has presented to the Scandinavian-American Society $100,000 to promote the interchange of professors between American and Danish universities.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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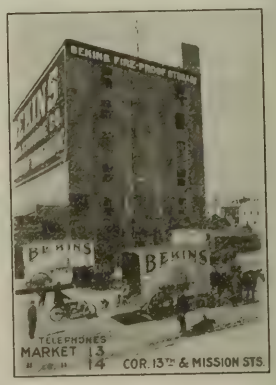

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This Week: "THE SYMPATHETIC STRIKE"

—By Harris Weinstock

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MARCH 11 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

l. II Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal. GOOD FAITH·GOOD COURAGE·GOOD HUMOR Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00. In Advance. No. 16.

Sportsmanship

'HILE THE POLO PLAYERS of Blingum belong to the order of lepidoptera, and are of small consequence to per- whose lives are worth while, their squabbles may illustrate difference between the American and the English spirit of tsmanship. The Briton is brought up to love sport for its sake, the American only for the winning of the game, by means is of as little concern to him as with his father in ng the money that spoiled the son. The brigandage by h the opulent inconsequentiality of the British sportsman's s sustained occurred so long ago as to have lost its grosser acteristics, and the grandchildren of our newly rich may be- either gentlemen or paupers.

To Make Enemies by Wholesale

E PENNSYLVANIA FEDERATION OF LABOR, at Newcastle, virtually whereased that, inasmuch as the hand ery employer is not yet arrayed against union labor, there- Resolved, that it ought to be and that the best way to effect l be to plunge all the industries of the country, innocent and y, friends and foes, into industrial chaos through a nation- sympathetic strike. That convention acted with suicidal t.

Hiram Johnson's Foreword

LOW WILL BE FOUND Hiram Johnson's Foreword to Republicans of California. There is no dodging the issue esents. Anderson cannot sidestep it, Curry cannot circum- it, Stanton cannot ride it down. The issue is, Bond or Free, rnment by the People or by the Political Bureau of the ern Pacific company. Line up, Men of California! Under n banner?

"If Southern California Wants Me?"

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA wants him Governor Gillett ll be the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau's candidate for omination for United States Senator. How is he going to ut if Southern California wants him? At the August pri- ? Of forty senatorial districts Southern California has nine. f eighty assembly districts sixteen. At the August primary may everyone say, "Nay, nay, Governor, we don't want and yet get him. It will be as the rest of the state may or, this time, by "organization" manipulation, a majority of ative districts has the say.

Miserable Women

DOMESTIC INFELICITY is not often of concern to The California Weekly, but recent events sanction the conviction that of all miserable beings born, miserable themselves and calculated to make others miserable, there is none who can excel the selfish, self-centered, morbid, sentimental, stage-struck wife and mother with time to kill and money to burn. She were better off at the wash tub and with the wolf at her door.

None Too Big for the Place

CALIFORNIA HAS NO MAN so great, so honored, so rich, so gifted, that it is going to be beneath him to represent his state in the next legislature, and no man fitted for the commission, sound in body and not pursued by poverty, has any right to reject an invitation to stand for election to the legislature if his fellow citizens think he ought. Let us have one legislature of which California may justly be proud, a legislature not made up of ingenuous but inexperienced youths, but of mature men, men of such character that never after will the title "Hon." be looked upon as an epithet.

Fight It Out On That Line

THE SUTTER STREET CARS should go down the inside Market street tracks to the ferry or stay where they are. Let the issue be fought out on that line. The outside tracks will be wanted for a municipal system to be developed with Geary street for a main stem. If the city's right to the outside tracks cannot be had otherwise then let it be had by condemnation and payment. If the laws need to be changed before that can be done fight to change them, if the constitution, then fight to change that. Let there be no compromise, no weakness. If any supervisor votes otherwise start petitions to recall him. He is an enemy to his city.

Michael Coffey

WHAT A TRAVESTY upon justice would it prove if Michael Coffey should be the only grafter of them all to serve a term in the penitentiary! To have that man in stripes, and all the other rascals free, the bribers and the bribed, would be a disgrace to the state. Almost may we wish that the supreme court may find a flaw upon which to set him at liberty also. If they look real sharp may they not? There runs a notion that they find what they look for. It need not be as deep as a well or wide as a barn door to serve.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON'S FOREWORD TO REPUBLICANS

his is a campaign of principle, with but one main issue. issue is, Shall the People of California take to themselves overnment of the state or shall the Southern Pacific Rail- e continued in sovereign power? We appeal to the Re- ans of California to depose the Political Bureau of the ern Pacific company from its usurped control of the party zation and the state government and to restore that con- the people. Until this is accomplished, no other important is possible. We propose to proclaim this issue until it can ger be evaded. With the issue clear, we will wrest from and his machine California's government, which for forty has been merely an asset of the Southern Pacific and its interests.

ur Republicanism is that of Theodore Roosevelt; a Republicanism that means equal opportunity for all, and demands common honesty in business and politics alike.

"This year the direct primary law gives the first opportunity to appeal directly to the voters, and Republicans are at last enabled to protest against party usurpation by a corrupt political machine. This movement is the appeal and the protest and it will continue until the fight is won. It is a fight in which persons are only important as they represent principles, and from the principle involved neither vituperation nor villification nor mendacity shall swerve us.

"On these lines, this fight will be made. It will be a long battle and a hard one, but it will be won. And then a free people again will have their own.

"HIRAM W. JOHNSON."

More Radical Than the President

Judging from press dispatches, the House of Representatives, at least, is more radical than the President in relation to railroad regulation, but it might be that and still fall short of taking drastic action. The President has been fearful lest he ask for too much and so has created a disagreeable situation between himself and the lower house of Congress.

If it is opposed to a sound public policy for railroads to own stock in other railroads a stop should be put to it, affording only a reasonable time for holders of such stocks to dispose of their holdings. In amending the pending measure in conformity with this view the House committee has improved on the preparatory work done by the administration.

If it is opposed to a sound public policy for a railroad company to own stock in a competing steam railroad, it is as certainly opposed to such policy to have a railroad own stock in a competing electric railroad, and the sooner a stop is put to that the better. Only a reasonable time in which to dispose of such stock should be allowed before making the prohibition effective. In this particular also the House committee has improved the administration measure.

Of course not too much can be predicated upon the action of the House committee. There yet remain the House itself and the Senate, but it is encouraging to note that the spirit of compromise does not pervade all parts of all departments of government, that there is at least now and again a committee that will stand for the unqualified good

Panama and Its Responsibilities

Human history is a record of getting out of trouble, and seldom of steering clear of it, but it ought not to be so. So stupendous an event as the opening of the Panama canal should not escape prearrangement. There is more to be considered than the mere celebration of the event.

The opening of the canal will bring great opportunity to the Central American countries, and to those along the northern coasts of South America. They will be rediscovered by the commercial world. Shall they have a chance to profit by their opportunity or shall the selfish ambitions of their dictators stand between them and their common good? It will be for the United States to say. The rest of the world will not rest content to see misgovernment prevent their development and the Monroe doctrine will not permit us to allow European countries to do such spanking as may be found necessary to be done.

And what about the yellow fever? Shall vessels bound for the Orient be permitted, through lax sanitary methods peculiar to Spanish-American peoples, to carry germ-infected mosquitos to the densely peopled coasts of southern Asia to decimate their populations?

Finally, shall our trans-continental railroads, by dominating transportation by sea and land, be permitted to nullify the great good the Panama canal should do us all? These are all going to be live issues some day. Why not today, in order that some other and more troublous day may be forestalled and its hardships prevented? The event is only five years away. We should be preparing for it.

A Demise Long Delayed

If ever any man lagged superfluous upon the stage of action it was Thomas Collier Platt. He should have gone to his place, wherever it is, when Roscoe Conkling went to his, if not previously. In his private life he was licentious, but not more so than in his public, where he represented what was worst in American politics. He was cunning, unscrupulous, in his way masterful, and he made the $ the standard of his political economy. Conkling was a spoilsman, but there was something robust and leonine in his stalwart disregard

THE STAFF
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A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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for the higher ideals of political life. Platt was a cringing, crawling "me, too," using cunning and duplicity, the weapons of weakness, for gaining his ends. What a wonder it is that he gained them! But he did and for a third of a century, held the Empire state in the hollow of his withered, trembling hand. He did it through wielding the power of patronage with the liberal aid of great corporations that desired to be protected in the enjoyment of special privileges they never should have possessed. It was an unenviable pre-eminence which he achieved and, outside of his immediate sphere of influence, there is little sorrow because of his taking-off.

Canada Not Worrying

For each dollar that Uncle Sam sends over his northern border for products our Lady of the Snows send two dollars back. This is why Canada is not worrying over whether or not, on the last day of the present month, our President, by proclamation, subjects her commodities to the maximum duty to be imposed under our new tariff law upon the productions of those countries that discriminate against the United States. Canada's only discrimination is in exportations of wood pulp from the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and it is some question whether these export taxes are real discriminations under the law. In our tariff policy we have never been more fatefully suicidal than in our treatment of Canada, where our watchword should have been "reciprocity" and our attitude one of conciliation. Our northern border should be the Arctic, and it is a misfortune to humanity that it is not. The concept of an "ocean-bound" republic should have been held ever before our faces in our cradles, but, as it was not, we should make amends for this defect in our education by drilling the idea into our children as though it were part of their catechism. But Canada is to be courted, not conquered. If our markets are not opened to her products those of Europe are where her competition with our commodities is as keen and as injurious as it could be in our country, even if her products were admitted duty free. It is to be hoped that the President will find a way of avoiding the infliction upon Canada of our maximum tariff rate. It would be a gross discourtesy.

All There Is in It

Those San Francisco lot owners who are striving to overthrow the beneficent building laws now on the ordinance books fancy that they merely want "all there is in" their landed investments, but they do not. There is a great deal in the issue that they do not want. There are sallow complexions and lack-lustre eyes, anemic bodies and dulled brains, hacking coughs and tuberculosis, impoverished lives and early deaths, for there is nothing truer in the world than that good health can not be maintained shut away from sunshine and air. What these protesting landlords want is all the money that can be wrung from their hol ings, leaving whatever else is in it to the unfortunate tenants. God made this worl this peninsula, this environment, big enoug to afford every household unlimited air spac about its home and, now and again, a chanc at the sunshine. Greed should not be pe mitted to take these things away. The should be an unalienable inheritance of ever human being.

Where Do You Belong?

In San Francisco last summer thousands Union Labor party voters registered as R publicans, that they might help the associate villainies beat Mauzy with Crocker, and the in November, they voted their own part ticket, with the associated villainies helpin them, to beat Crocker with McCarthy. In d ing this these men were false to the "spirit the primary," false to party integrity, false t their own manhood and were guilty of fals swearing if not of perjury.

It is open and notorious that the compa entered into between the McCarthy party an the associated villainies for the election i San Francisco last fall ran to the state elec tion of 1910. That is, the McCarthyites wer to be registered as Republicans in order t vote for the "organization" candidates for R publican nominations in August and for th "organization" candidates, whether Republ cans or Democrats, in the general election i November. What is to be done about it?

Family integrity is no more necessary t civilized life than party integrity is to goveri ment by party. Unless voters will stay o their own sides of party fences there will soo be no party fences and no political partie They can not exist unless party preference can be settled without the intervention persons who do not belong within the re spective parties.

This is the situation in several of the south ern states of our Union. There there is bu one party, the equivalent of no party, fo everybody votes at the primary and the onl real contest is at the primary election. Th general election is only a formal and perfun tory ratification of the results of the primar election. How much does the situation diffe from this in California this year? The grea contest of the year is to be fought on the issu of the emancipation of the Republican part from corporation control with Hiram Johnso leading the cohorts of emancipators and, prob ably, at the final scratch, Charles F. Curr leading the "organization" crowd.

What are good Democrats to do in this case Are they to stand to one side and see goo Republicans fight an unaided battle with th hosts of the associated villainies, whether R publican, Democratic or McCarthyite, who they are as much interested in an emancipate commonwealth as any Republican can be?

It is a lamentable truth that, in political lif the voter with an easy civic conscience-has th advantage, while the voter with no conscien at all has what, in the vernacular of politic is called the "mortal cinch," on the poor fello whose conscience shadows him all day an sleeps with him all night.

Unequivocally, no honorable man can regi ter as a Republican when he fully intends t vote the Democratic ticket next fall, but su pose that he does not intend to do that? Su pose that he intends to vote for the best me nominated by whomever nominated, wh then? What party issue is there that serve at this time, to constitute a party fence? Ar we anything more than traditional Republican or traditional Democrats? Should traditio separate like minded men when nothing el does? The opportunity of the associated v lainies is that they are able to divide, on son fake issue, the element that is characterized l civic conscience and then, by a mobilization that element that is without civic conscienc

near it, hold the balance of power and the
s of government.
hese reflections are brought forward to be
ught on. Party affiliation, as provided for
he code, is for the next election, not for
time or for next year or the year after.
important thing is for those who believe
free government to vote together at the
ust primary. Those who do not are going
ote together **to a man.** The occasion does
call for finical distinctions in civic casuis-
but for getting into the fray and doing the
g that is bluntly, effectively right. What
at thing? Where, liberty-loving, clean and
itable Democratic voter, does your vote
ng this time, at primary **and** final election?
h which political party ought you to affil-
in this election? The California Weekly
ot seeking to answer this question for you.
s merely putting it up to you in black and
te.

The Case of Loveland

ast week this paper recommended to the
cutive Committee of the Lincoln-Roose-
Republican League the advisability of tak-
up the career of Railroad Commissioner H.
Loveland and making a thorough search of
o see whether or not it would be a good
g to indorse his candidacy on the score
is having made good. We still think it ad-
ble that this investigation be made. There
rima facie evidence that he took hold of his
k sincerely and has done it effectively and
he is not so biased, schooled and nurtured
the railroad side of the railroad problem
o be incapable of doing good service to the
e. We say that there is prima facie evi-
ce to this effect, but the League can not
on prima facie evidence. It must satisfy
f beyond a reasonable doubt. It is not
cient that the "organization" is seemingly
for Loveland and is for that glad hand
t, Edward Aigeltinger. The case of Love-
deserves to be sifted to the bottom.

A Need for Sound Advice

here is no knowing in what the great car
e at Philadelphia may culminate. To per-
an organization of employers to crush
nism among laborers would be to crush
anity. To permit the mob spirit to be tri-
hant would mean anarchy as a result of
y labor dispute of large proportions. Such
gs must not be and such things could not
we had, in this country, more of states-
ship and less of politics. The kind of poli-
that has dominated Pennsylvania for
-fourths of a century is the kind of poli-
that has dominated California for half as
. There is no statesmanship in it. It is
ics and only politcs, politics on a low
and for the basest of purposes, politics
makes leaders of Herrins and Penroses,
s and Quays—politics abominable.
alizing the need for sound advice at this
The California Weekly invited Colonel
is Weinstock to contribute such an arti-
s would be germane to the issue raised in
delphia. He has done so and we recom-
l it to the thoughtful consideration of
citizen worthy of the title, "citizen." It
the marks of statesmanship, not dema-
. It offers a plan of campaign to make
occurrences as are now taking place in
delphia, such as took place in San Fran-
a short time ago, if not impossible, at
improbable. California may well follow
dvice Colonel Weinstock has given. It
well lead the states of the Union toward
telligent and practical safeguarding of
ights and advantages of unionism, to be
available to both capital and labor, safe-
ling also the right of the public to be
cted against anarchy and against the
s inflicted upon the innocent through the
g of private wars.
can not now determine which of the two
nding parties at Philadelphia has the pre-
ponderance of right and of wrong upon its
side. The refusal of the car company to arbi
trate was a flagrant disregard of the popular
welfare. The outrageous conduct of the
strikers and their hoodlum sympathizers is de-
serving of severe punishment. Let those
nearer at hand judge between them, but let
us, here in California, strive to do some sane
thing to prevent such disasters visiting our
state and our principal cities. We can do it
if we set our minds and hearts to the work.
Harris Weinstock has finely outlined a plan
of campaign.

The State's Wards

The daily papers lately told of a little col-
ored boy, clad in burlap and sleeping with the
chickens, found in the possession of a family
that had taken him from an orphanage to be
reared, not to be mistreated, but being mis-
treated and not reared. Human frailty is not
above reducing helpless infancy to slavery.
There are hundreds of homes that would treat
a dog better than a dependent child and it is
hardly to be doubted that there are many such
children being now so treated.

And yet if home-finding be not developed
and insisted upon a superfluity of orphanages,
fattening upon what they feed on, are certain
to arise to curse their charges with institution-
alism. It is not an easy problem to deal with.
California has taken the direction of least re-
sistance in caring for its dependent children
with results not creditable to the state or to
its statesmanship.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found an
interesting article on child placing from the
pen of Mr. Herbert Lewis, not unknown to the
charitably inclined of San Francisco and other
portions of the state. The association which
he superintends in this state has much to its
credit, yet the field is not to be left to it alone.
Even that organization had become a refuge
for broken down clergymen, having the best
intentions in the world, but neither the sound-
est judgment nor the most adequate knowl-
edge of human nature. Mr. Lewis has put new
life into the association and given it a new
claim upon public confidence and public be-
nevolence.

But, after all, the state is the ultimate
guardian of every child in the state and,
through its State Board of Charities and Cor-
rections, it should exercise a supervisory rela-
tion over every child placed in a home not its
own until that child has reached its majority.
Again, more of statesmanship and less of poli-
tics would stand California in good stead. The
problem of the dependent child will not down.
It will come up for consideration until it is
fully considered, considered in all its phases
and provided for humanely and adequately. It
is no subject for politicians to handle. Politi-
cians will do politics with children as readily
as with pigs, and to about the same effect.
The problem is one for the manhood and
womanhood of California to deal with and
that it has not been so dealt with is one of the
derelictions of our state.

Why These Old Personalities?

Nothing in recent years has more unprofi-
tably occupied type and space than the wordy
war between John P. Irish and John Daggett
concerning the distribution of Democratic pa-
tronage in California, when there was Demo-
cratic patronage in California. President
Cleveland is dead, John P. Irish is functus
officio and John Daggett is but an unaided
human recollection. It is not a public service
to drag the late Stephen J. Field forth from
oblivion, for never was there a more malevo-
lent spirit in our public life than his. He had
brain and spleen in surpassing quantities and
was thereby doubly endowed, but it is debate-
able if he was more admired for the one than
detested for the other attribute. Gentlemen,
be at peace!

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

What preparation is the reader making for
the evening of life? Or isn't it in sight yet?
Every normal life should have its twilight and,
in this latitude, that twilight should be pro-
longed. It should begin, for men, as early as
sixty years and for women a year or two ear-
lier, if possible, and it should last for a fourth
of the span of life. A third of a century of
hard tugging should be sufficient for pulling
one's own weight all the way through, squar-
ing the account for a normal childhood and
preparatory work and leaving a good balance
to ease one down to the night that cometh
when no man can work.

But what preparation are you making for
the enjoyment of this twilight zone? Do you
expect to carry your load like a packhorse
until you drop dead in the trail? Or do you
expect to trudge on until you break down
under the load of toil and care and then drag
yourself on into the night in the pain of a
hopeless invalidism? The writer of this has
faith to believe that God meant his children
to be happy in this life, to have a joyous,
exuberant childhood and an old age serene,
content and of itself worth while, a season of
quiet, restful thankfulness to be alive and to
have been permitted to live, but provision
must be made for that season if the most is to
be made of it. There are not two ways about
that. What plans has the reader made?

The old work horse turned out to pasture
is content with an abundance of green grass
and a sunny place in which to lie down and
stretch himself at full length, but even an old
horse will neigh for company. Nothing can
be more stupid for an old man or woman than
just to eat and sleep and sit around. To de-
pend wholly upon others to furnish diversion
is to become a burden and to kill time is mur-
der in the first degree, punishable with gall and
wormwood if not with hemlock.

Therefore that age that would be serene
must have resources within itself, and to have
such resources it must lay by a plenteous store
during the heydey of life. It must keep some
green spots in its inner garden all through the
dry season of struggle for existence and to
get on, spots that a little cultivation will cause
to spring up and yield a fall harvest.

A man may be a money-grubber and still
have a little time for fostering a love for roses,
for music, for poetry, for literature, history,
art, some branch of science, for the cultiva-
tion of some oasis in the desert of being. A
mother may, through all her years of bring-
ing her family into being, rearing it, and
marketing the product, take now and again
an hour for broadening her interests beyond
the family boundary, beyond criticism and
curiosity in the lives of those who come within
her horizon.

There are personalities that grow like the
roots of a tree in a pot, around and around,
intertwined and snarled. What hope is there
of such a life if the pot be not broken and
the interests be not given a chance to shoot
down and spread out? A noted practitioner
in mental disorders declared that he felt hope-
less of any case brought to him in advanced
years if no hobby had been cherished. To be
a fancier of horses, dogs or poultry has proven
a safe refuge to many a mind that, otherwise,
had turned upon itself like an in-growing toe-
nail, to fester, torment and pain.

All through life those of us who are prudent
strive for a competency to tide over the
evening of our days, and it is well that we do,
but that only cares for our corporealities. It
only makes such provision as a state hospital
or a county poorhouse may make for us if we
fail of making provision for ourselves. The
well ordered life, the life that is worth the
living, requires more than food and raiment
and a place to sleep. It requires a chance to
live, and live abundantly, even through the
twilight zone. What provision is the reader
making for that? If nothing else has been
done for heaven's sake learn how to play cro-
quet or dominoes.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A Blow for Our Art Connoisseurs

Lord Clanricarde, who is recognized as high authority in matters of art, in a recently published interview asserts that two-thirds of the "genuine old masters" in America are fakes. This is a heavy blow for all of that considerable class of American connoisseurs who entertain no doubt that a picture or statue is the highest of high art if it was purchased for the highest of high prices. "It cost fifty thousand dollars!" these critics say, "ah, what a glory of art it certainly is!" A cruel blow, but Lord Clanricarde added to the crushing force of it by the following language concerning J. Pierpont Morgan, our own art-adorer: "Mr. Morgan had more fancy for art than taste when he began collecting. He was a babe lost in the woods. He has now a number of good things, but also a great many very bad ones." Our own J. Pierpont "a babe lost in the woods" of art! Perish the thought, and the hook for the traducer! Why, Mr. Morgan has the money to pay anything he pleases for a work of art, and if that does not prove that he is a connoisseur of rarest fineness of perception— But why suggest such a thing? There can be no doubt of it. Is it not generally conceded in America that the superiority of a work of art increases in exact proportion to its cost? And nothing should be permitted to interfere with this popular and sacred belief. Let the Clanricarde rage, we will not be discomfited. Mr. Morgan has the coin to buy any picture or statue he pleases; it follows that he is an art critic of rarest perception.

A Chinese Industrial Exposition

Charley Ah Sing still adorns his head with a cue deftly woven of human hair, horse hair and silk, and the cambric trousers and malformed feet of Mamie Ah Sing yet are displayed in public places, but, although these things belong to China's two thousand years of sleep, it must not be believed that the Flowery Kingdom is showing no indications of a disposition to rub its eyes open and "take notice." Many, indeed, are such indications, and some of them are most significant; but here is one which, perhaps, is as striking as any: At Nanking, on May 9, will be opened a national industrial exposition which will continue during six months. Does this not sound like the modern way of doing things in the modern world? Presumably this is the first time in all of China's drowsy aeons in which such an exposition has been held, but it is to be an event of twentieth century dimensions. It will cost $700,000, which is a good deal of money in China; the grounds will cover 150 acres, 22 Chinese provinces will be represented in the exhibition, and 5,000 square feet each have been allotted to American, British, German and Japanese exhibits. In short, China is to show what China does in an industrial way and to compare it with those things which other nations do, and the enterprise will be worth the seeing. The Mongolian kingdom really is waking from a slumber compared with which the hundred-years' sleep of the princess in the fairy tale was a mere nap, and when it once thoroughly is aroused, and standing side by side with Japan, then, perhaps, the problem of White versus Yellow will be on in deadly earnest.

Something About the "Hello Girl"

Not long ago the federal bureau of labor submitted to the United States senate a report dealing with its investigation of conditions prevailing in telephone exchanges throughout this country. The investigation was not absolutely complete, but as it related to 26 companies doing business in 27 states it may be considered fairly typical. These companies employed 17,210 girls at their switchboards, and their educational qualification in general was embodied in insistence that they must have passed the sixth or seventh grade in a grammar school. This should make it fairly clear why, in the good old days when the telephone girls answered back more than they now do, the grammar of the pleasing young person at the other end of the line so frequently contained such surprising expressions as "they was" and "I ain't saw." But if "Central" is not overeducated, neither is she overpaid. The report shows that her wage runs from its high tide of $36.96 a month in New York City to its low tide of $22.40 in Nashville, Tennessee, an average of about $30 a month or a dollar a day. So it is evident that if "Central" wears diamonds it must be on something other than her salary. In truth, it might be said that these telephone girls are victims of wage slavery were it not that there are many other instances of such slavery compared with which theirs seems trivial.

Why Not Import African Wild Animals?

Major Frederic R. Burnham, the well-known traveler, suggests the importation of African game animals to inhabit the desert or semi-desert parts of the United States and Mexico, and he makes the following claim for them in an article published in the Independent: "Most of the desirable African animals would multiply where our own domestic animals cannot live. Vast tracts of our lonely deserts could be teeming with life; interesting, harmless, useful for food and leather, displacing not a single head of our cattle, and offering a grand hunting ground." He mentions as comparatively peaceful animals which would thrive in our desert places, the bushbuck, a species of deer; the oribe, of the gazelle family; the gemsbok or oryx, a deer of considerable size; the sesipe, the swiftest of all antelope; the springbok, also of the antelope family; the giraffe, the eland, the zebra, and numbers of birds. All of these animals, Major Burnham asserts, would do well on our desert lands, and would be valuable not only as game but for leather and other purposes. His suggestion appears to be worthy of the consideration of sportsmen, if none other.

Some Suggestive Figures

Various eastern railroads recently united in issuing a pamphlet intended to show why these railroads could not afford to pay an increase of wages to their employees. Its argument is long and sometimes complicated, but, in an effort to demonstrate that railroad employees are particularly fortunate in the compensation they receive, the pamphlet presents some figures which are entitled to serious consideration. In the first place, it asserts that the average railway employee's salary is $641 a year. It may safely be taken for granted that these figures do not err on the side of underestimation, and it is not improbable that a considerable difference might be made in them by the subtraction of a few $10,000, $25,000 or $50,000 salaries; but, letting these suggestions pass, it should remain quite evident that, while present prices are maintained, men with families must know much of the "pinch of poverty" on salaries of $53.42 a month. The pamphlet then proceeds to show by comparison how fortunate are the railway employees, giving the yearly salaries paid other workmen as follows: On machines and machinery, $613.12; metals and metallic goods, $569.39; boots and shoes, $564.30; leather, $520.32; paper, $497.22; woolen goods, $463.95; carpeting, $457.69; cotton goods, $442.32; "seventy other industries," $378.83. Here, then, are ten classifications of pay, running from $53.42 a month for railroad men to $31.57 a month for seventy unnamed industries, the general average being $42.90 a month. Now, regardless of what the railroads may have proved in their own behalf, is anything more than the figures they present needed to demonstrate that the workmen whom they call as witnesses are underpaid? With edibles higher than they ever were before, and with clothing and other necessities of life running them an even race, what show has a man to live comfortably on either $53.42 or $31.57 a month, especially if he has a family on his hands, as a man should have? The eastern railroads' pamphlet "doth protest too much" and prove too much.

The Slaughter of the Animals.

An unreasoning blood-lust has been upo many Americans, and they have hunted an killed until many species of our wild an mals either are extinct or are rapidly pas ing. Witness the following: Less than hundred of the bison that once dotted ou great central plains now remain, all but mere handful of our elk have been shot out o existence, of the hundreds of thousands o antelope that were here but a few years ag it is estimated that scarcely 5,000 remain, th bighorn mountain-sheep is almost extinct, an the mountain goat is rapidly passing that way

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES.

OF AN AUTHOR TAKING SIDES.

M. Taine, the French critic, objects to a at deal of English literature—most of it ce Shakespeare, in fact—because the au- rs were so much more intent upon point- a moral than upon adorning a tale. He kes his point, for undoubtedly Milton and pe and Addison and Carlyle and Dickens l Thackeray were all moralists who used rature as a sword for hewing at the un- hteousness of society. Equally beyond ubt is it that Shakespeare looked upon the rld much more as a passing show, to be en- ed or commiserated but not to be regen- ted.

And the modern French ideal of fiction is t in which the author attempts consciously assume that state of mind that Shakespeare oluntarily enjoyed, to be a spectator of the ma, selecting from it the significant charac- s and scenes and reproducing them because y are typical of current truth and not be- se they illustrate any moral principle. Bal- reached such an altitude. But he reached solely with his head; his heart was never ected, as Shakespeare's was, so that it vi- ted to every breath of emotion that blew oss its strings. Balzac deliberately sup- ssed his emotion to give his intelligence ater sweep, and his novels show it by their tained interest and power and by the ab- ce of joy from them. No analyst knows human soul better as a part of the mechan- of life; any school boy knows it better as ersonal experience of life.

This, then, is the deficiency of the kind of rature for which M. Taine pleaded—pleaded France, at least, for he found much to ad- e in English authors for their passionate ntness upon their subjects. He yielded, as English races always have, to the emo- al power of books that were designed to y upon the emotions rather than upon the llect, that were written with an eye to ving masses of men in a certain direction ier than to delighting individual students heir libraries.

or this work of regenerating society the glish authors have chosen characters that ount practically to personifications of the ues and the vices. These personifications placed in the stratum of society whose re- eration is desired, and their ups and downs strate the glory of the shining model and fate of the horrible example.

nd, for the purpose of driving deeper the al lesson, the authors take sides with the d characters against the bad characters. y employ the resources of their literary to make admirable the shining model; tax the limits of their vocabulary to make c and abominable the horrible example. sidered calmly, it is sometimes unpleasant ee Dickens and Thackeray turn aside from main stream of their narrative in order that may chase some hapless villain of their creation round and round an eddy of e, pricking him with opprobrious epithets throwing black slime of words over him ake him more hideous and more inharmo- s when he re-emerges into the pure com- y of the other characters in mid-stream. ll fairness it does seem only justice that should let the poor devil's own words and ns damn him, without hurling billingsgate im for good measure.

it, as Taine admits, what is lost to art and l humor is added to intensity and effect. ens invented Scrooge that we should hate kind, and he succeeds in making us hate. espeare depicted Shylock, as bad a man as oge, but who hates Shylock? Do we not er pity the man that he is so unfortunate ot to know the joys of a generous nature? ackeray invented Becky Sharp to make ate feminine chicanery and faithlessness, he nearly succeeds in making us hate her t quite—for Rawdon's sake. Shakespeare cted Cleopatra, as bad and as faithless as cy, but who does not admire Cleopatra?

the question of an author taking sides his character comes back to an essential rence between two kinds of writing: Do want art, and so much emotion as Nature gives to most of us, and life reflected in just- ness of relative values? Or do you want a sermon in the guise of fiction, so emotional as to drive you to a certain course of action, and life so much distorted as is necessary to de velop that emotion?

If you wish for the former, Shakespeare is your man. He will show you all manners of men and women, all passions, all hopes, all conflicts of emotions. But he will not judge. He will not urge you to judge.

If you wish for the latter, any writer, almost, after Shakespeare, will do. These will show you mimic scenes, tremendous emotions out of focus, results of evil out of perspective with life, results of virtue too good to be true.

SOME MAGAZINE CHANGES

We learn from private sources that a note- worthy change in the relative prosperity of various New York magazines has taken place in the last two years. For instance, McClure's Magazine, since the departure of the staff members who now edit the American—Miss Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker—has declined gradually in circulation and advertising patronage. The American Magazine, on the contrary, under its present management, has leaped from 100,000 circu- lation to 325,000, and today carries more ad- vertising than McClure's, which claims 400,000 circulation.

Everybody's Magazine has never regained the huge circulation it enjoyed during the run of Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" articles, when the copies issued ran as high as 700,000 a month. Everybody's now has about 500,000 circulation, which it holds.

Munsey's Magazine, though it improved the quality of the magazine article when it started, and quickly achieved 400,000 circulation, does not continue to grow, and remains about sta- tionary at that figure. It, in turn, is being outgrown by others more in the spirit of the day.

The bulk of the great increases in circula- tion amongst periodicals has gone to the weeklies, notably The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's.

Californian Poets' Corner

SUNRISE SKIES ABLAZE WITH GLORY

Wilson Ralph Ellis

Sunrise skies ablaze with glory!
Rosy dreams of valiant youth!
All thy phantom glories vanish,
While the Ages flame with Truth.

Pearls that caves of ocean treasure!
Starry gems that deck the night!
Priceless jewels cluster only
In the royal crown of Right.

Softly, minstrel mountain breezes,
'Wake the pines upon the peaks!
Sweeter strains are floating starward
When approving Conscience speaks.

Sprite of beauty art thou, lily!
Breath of fragrance art thou, rose!
Yet the babe's untaught affection
Is the fairest bloom that blows.

Sleep, ye linnet's downy fledgling,
Cradled in thy leaf-hid nest.
Sweeter peace beyond thy sensing
Keeps the heart that trusts the best.

Tides and winds! Ye drifting vagrants!
Lightning's crash and lurid strife!
Nicer than the beams that weigh thee,
Law supernal weighs each life.

Vaunted greatness of the Empire!
Pomp of power and boast of blood!
Hark ye! There's no earthly greatness
Save in simply doing good.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF

"Baron Munchausen"

We have spoken before of the comic relief and the vagrant mood in one's choice of books. We interrupt our series again, here, with this idea in mind. If "a little nonsense now and then" hurts no one, where better shall we look for it?

And yet the Baron is immortal. He is the apotheosis of a type, with hardly more than one rival in literature though with—heaven only knows how many——myriads of them in real life. Tartarin of Tarascon is, beside him, a timid and overnice liar; he lacks the aban- don and superb callousness to incredulity which make Munchausen so inspiring. We know that Tartarin, trapped, would shrivel into a pitiable wreck: Munchausen, questioned, being born of a hardier age, would crush our impudence with a more prodigious fabrication.

And, in a sense, the Baron is more than a braggart and a liar: he is someting, too, of a man and a poet. He has seen the things that loom enormous to all of us at moments of distorted vision, and declared them real, and stuck his stories out for truth. He has taken the things that stir the imaginations of poets, and, where they refine and idealize, he grossly takes the symbol literally and sprawls it out on the page for fact.

But these considerations do not enter into our enjoyment of him. We enjoy him as children, grown but unforgetting. Also, we enjoy him as men grown, for the sheer audac- ity of his dazzling mendacity and for the grotesque topsy-turvydom he creates for us. And, after all, we feel that Munchausen really was a good fellow, who would grace a camp- fire circle now to our very great delight.

WILL IRWIN HOME

Will Irwin needs no introduction to Cali- fornians. Though he was born in Oneida, New York, and graduated from High School in Denver, California is home to him. Ever since he left Stanford, eleven years ago, he has been intimately associated with the San Francisco literary atmosphere. He was as sistant editor of the Wave under Jack O'Hara Cosgrave, who is now the editor of Every- body's Magazine. He then succeeded Cos- grave as editor of the Wave, and from that became a reporter and special writer for the San Francisco papers. On the Wave he re- ceived the literary impulse from the same source that inspired Frank Norris, Gelett Bur- gess and many other well-known western writers.

For two years Irwin was Sunday editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. From this he jumped to New York, where he won instant recognition as a reporter and became the star man on the Sun. The "story" of San Fran- cisco which he wrote for the Sun after the earthquake, under the title of "The City That Was," is a classic in the craft. In 1906-7 Irwin was the managing editor of McClure's. For the last three years he has been staff writer for Collier's Weekly.

He is West now, home again in San Fran- cisco, home even though his stay is but for a few weeks. He is preparing a series of articles for Collier's on "The American News- paper." It is not a muck-raking story, but an attempt to analyze the actual moral and intellectual status of the newspapers of Amer- ica, the reasons for the changes in newspaper style that are now obviously taking place, and the relation of the business office and the advertisers to the editorial policy of news- papers.

Personally, Irwin has more to commend him to the public than his keen intelligence and his reportorial skill: he is wholly un- spoiled by success, a frank overgrown-boy type of man, who is full of the vitality of youth and the joy of living. The spectacles and the quizzical, humorous wrinkles at the corner of the eyes, that show in his photo- graphs, are present in the flesh, and, what the photographs do not show, a broad smile of good humor usually lightens his face. He is a pleasant man to meet.

HOMES FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN

Second Article: THE CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA

By H. W. LEWIS, State Superintendent

I have sought permission to present to the readers of The California Weekly some account of the work of the Children's Home Society of California, for the reason that the particular thing which that society is prepared to do and has been doing for the past eighteen years is one of the most encouraging, the most helpful, the most economical undertakings in the whole great round of charity and reform.

To rescue little children from poverty, exposure, abuse and immoral surroundings and place them in asylums, is itself a great work; but to add to their rescue the blessings of **home,** of father and mother, to secure their legal adoption into families where there is peace and plenty, and orderly and righteous living, to settle all their relations to the home, the school, the church, the village or the neighborhood in natural and harmonious lines, is the greatest social work yet undertaken. It is, moreover, a work which has received too little attention. The need for care of homeless children is apparently very great in California, and it has been met by a great system of orphan asylums supported in part by the State and often richly endowed by private benevolence.

Too Many Orphan Asylums

It has long been believed by students of the subject that there is an enormous overgrowth of asylum care of children in this State, and it has been freely asserted that the asylum system, as it operates here, tends to foster and increase the very thing it is supposed to relieve. Certainly the assumption that this is true furnishes the only reasonable explanation of the fact that California has a proportion of dependent children ten times as great as has Illinois and thirty-three times as great as has Michigan. There are no climatic or industrial or sociological or political conditions other than those which are related to the asylum system which can account for the enormous disproportion of homeless children in this State.

It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that a society which stands primarily for home life for dependent children, and which devotes all its energies and resources to the work of securing approved family homes for them, should be given widespread public approval and support; for every homeless child provided with the right kind of foster parents at once ceases to be dependent and is absorbed into the general body of the population. But of greater consequence than this economic gain is the good effect of those comforting and uplifting relations, found only in the family, which are the natural right of every child, and without which all attempted preparations for the duties and responsibilities of home makers must be futile.

Home Training Essential

We believe that domestic and civic virtues decay in proportion to the decadence of the right kind of home and family life; and that a system of charity which deprives thousands of children of their right to a father's protection and teaching and a mother's loving and compelling influence is a mistaken and injurious system.

There are about seven thousand children in orphan asylums in this state. Not one in fifteen of them is a full orphan.

Their care costs the people of the State in public and private charity not much short of a million dollars per year.

It is a perfectly safe guess that one-half of this goes for the support of those whose parents might care for and support their own, and should be compelled to do so.

Beginning eighteen years ago, the Children's Home Society has ever since been at work demonstrating its theory that acceptable homes and foster parents can be found for children.

Large Number of Children Placed

Up to February 25, 1910, one thousand three hundred and thirty-one children have been received by this society and slightly more than eleven hundred of them have been successfully located in family homes.

The work of the society has gradually grown, and during the twelve months ending December 31, 1909, two hundred and six children were received and one hundred and ninety-three were successfully placed. This is exclusive of all returns and replacements.

During the same period, four hundred and six formal applications for children were filed with the society, and some hundreds of other inquiries were received which did not develop into formal applications, for the reason that there was no prospect of securing children of the age and description wanted.

Eagerness to Adopt Children

The demand for both boys and girls from one to seven years of age has been far greater than the supply, and one of the saddest necessities pertaining to the whole work has been the turning away unsupplied of the hundreds of splendid men and women who have come longing to take children into their homes as objects of affection. One can well understand their refusal to take those over seven or eight years of age, for it is altogether reasonable that those who wish to take children as their own sons and daughters should be reluctant to begin the training of a child in the middle of the habit-forming period, and when the tendency toward fixedness of character is already far advanced.

No home is approved until after it has been thoroughly investigated, and the abundance of homes offered has enabled the society to demand a high standard of excellence in those which it has accepted.

State Districts of the Work

For the purposes of the society, the State is divided into seven districts, each under care of a district superintendent whose sole time is devoted to the work of the reception, placing and supervision of children and the collection of money for the support of the society. They co-operate with the juvenile courts, the churches and the local charities everywhere, but the two things which make up the burden of their responsibilities are the investigation of the homes offered for children in their districts and the proper supervision of the children whom they have placed out.

This society entertains no delusions about this home finding method for the cure of child dependency. It knows full well that to sit still and accept only such homes as want children as servants would be to violate every precept of scientific charity and sell children into slavery. But it knows equally well that by the exercise of care, skill and industry, it can provide more than two hundred children per year with permanent family homes, can give proper supervision of all children which it has placed out, can correct its own mistakes before they have grown great, and can fill many a lonely home with the joy and new interest in life which come with the advent of a child.

Economy of Plan

If the society had now on hand the two hundred and six children which it received during the year 1909, and proposed to treat them according to the asylum system, it would need for their support during the ensuing year an investment of not less than one hundred thousand dollars in lands and buildings and a current income of not less than thirty-seven thousand dollars.

Its actual investment at its office and receiving and distributing center is twelve thousand dollars, and its current expenses during the time it was occupied in removing these two hundred and six children from the ranks of the dependent were almost exactly half what it would have cost to have maintained them in an asylum for one year.

Tested by Results

But there is one question which in importance overshadows all others. It is this: What is the result of this system of ch care?

It would be easy to prove it good by t citation of instances in which it has attain notable successes in the lives of young m and women brought up under it. There a not wanting those who would condemn it similar evidence of its failures. What need is a larger body of evidence, a broad outlook, authentic history, and the judgme of experience in other states.

The New York Children's Aid Society f lows this plan: Its income, mainly giv spontaneously by the people of New York, from year to year about three-quarters of million dollars. It has recently received n tice of a single anonymous gift of four hu dred and twenty-two thousand dollars. Th shows what the people of New York thi of the placing-out system. It has been t official system of the State of Michigan f thirty-five years; and Michigan, with a pop lation about the same as that of Californ spends about one-tenth as much for the su port of delinquent children. Six thousand h hundred children have been placed out und the supervision of that State, and ninety-tv per cent of them have done well.

Home Societies Growing in Favor

Children's Home Societies are organized twenty-eight states. They have placed ov thirty thousand children. They have be given endowments running far up among t hundreds of thousands. They are everywhe growing and increasing in usefulness and pu lic favor.

The California Society has completed an i quiry by mail as to the present condition a progress of all the children placed out und its supervision prior to the year 1900. T replies present an absolutely unbroken reco of success.

Its agents visited last year all those resi ing with foster parents and not yet adopte Of over four hundred visited, one-fourth one per cent were withdrawn from the hom selected for them for some dissatisfaction wi the home.

Children Well Treated

The state and district superintendents of t society are unanimous in the belief that t other group of children of like numbers a ages could be selected at random from amor the school children of the state whose avera home life would be better, or whose prospec for honor and usefulness would be bright than those of these once homeless boys a girls.

This society has tendered to the State Boa of Charities the fullest access to all its re ords and a list of the names and addresses all the persons in the State in whose hom its children are residing. It is confident the high quality of its work and it believes the good sense, ability and fairness of t State Board of Charities, and that that Boa is the proper medium through which the pe ple of the State might learn more than th now know about this great question of t best method of care of our dependent ch dren.

The officers of the society are: Julius Brown, President; Col. J. W. Eddy, Dr. B. Kellogg, Vice-Presidents; T. M. Stewa Attorney; G. F. Whitty, Secretary; James Woods, Treasurer.

The State Board of Directors consists the following: Julius A. Brown, Chairma J. W. Eddy, F. B. Kellogg, James H. Wooc T. M. Stewart, Z. L. Parmelee, Executi Committee; and Rev. I. N. McCash, Hon. A bert E. Merrill, Fairfax H. Wheelan.

The Superintendents are: Herbert W. Le is, State Superintendent; Rev. A. H. Gunne Santa Barbara district; J. Waldo Ellis, Rive side district; J. M. Tennison, Northern di trict; Rev. N. F. Hoffpauir, Fresno district.

The general office and receiving home the society is 2414 Griffith Avenue, Los Ang les.

John Luther Long, who wrote the nov from which Puccini's beautiful opera, "Mad Butterfly," was adapted, is a Philadelphia la yer. He has an unusual gift for choosing luring book titles, his other novels bei "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo," "The F Woman," "The Prince of Illusion," "Naugh Nan," "Heinrich," "Billy Boy," and "The W of the Gods."

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE.

The One Great Creed

hen all of our man-made creeds are past,
As shadows that dance and flee;
hen, into the gulf of oblivion cast,
Man is of their chains set free;
hen dogma and doctrine and ism and cult
Are myths of a long-dead day,
hat matter though faith in such wreckage
result,
Since liveth, and liveth alway,

The one great creed,
And the one white creed,
The creed of the hosts above;
Though the worlds decay,
It shall live for aye,
And 'tis writ in the one word, "Love."

e stand in the darkness and stoutly cry,
"With me in the mists is God,
id I know His thought, and His seer am I,
And thus is His pathway trod."
ien our brother cries, "Not so, not so!
For mine is the God of might."
foolish ones who do little know!
O, folk of the purblind sight!

But the one great creed,
And the one white creed,
It liveth for great and small;
Though our dogmas pass
Like the mist on glass,
Its "Love" is the all in all.

* * *

More Infernal Cryptograms

Prefatory Note—The following first ared in the want-ad. columns of the Daily tinguisher. Mr. Solon Lycurgus Doolittle, eminent criminologist of Squaw Flat, at ce detected their felonious and incendiary ture. Bringing his gigantic intellect fully bear upon them, and reading only the first ters of the words, their damnable meaning once was revealed to him. At present he uses to disclose what he discovered in all foul atrocity, but there is no knowing at he will do later. When will these maous conspirators cease to conspire? When l these cryptogramic attacks on society minate? When will the moral felon no iger leave his slimy trail in the want-ad. umns at twenty cents a line? When—I l that we have run out of "whens," and the Extinguisher's cryptograms are subtted without further comment. They fol-c.)

Nov. 31—Firm in conviction known enemies her tired—every legal effort crushed ough enough dollars—zealous interests proted by our own money, all happy—People. ttle.

February 29—Ride enemy laws yeomanly—it nothing—Find I can knock every reform hnically—here ends sorrow—prison escaped calaboose humiliated—Straps and franse ever!—Have everybody now enduring se—graft our noblest endeavor.—Pious oitalist.

February 30—Splendid lawyers, and nothing ng except rubbish—loot and wealth lumie our record.—Tell our orphans:—honesty y never earns striking treasure—Haven in hnicality—treat Hiram as traitor—kindly orse nothing decent—am safe—under surllance, usually almighty loose.—Paid. Cash. t is hoped and believed that Mr. Doolittle ntually will give to an anxious public his ret relating to reading only the first letters the words, but at present he refuses to do Enough is enough, however, and somees it is too much. Let the public, then, the zenry of this cryptogramic era, arrive at own conclusions, merely rising with deep ciety to inquire, When—but I forgot that had run out of "whens."

* * *

Boost and Knock.

Boost, the saying that is trite,
I would vary in my song:
Boost, but boost the thing that's right;
Knock, but knock the thing that's wrong.

The Opinions of Rufus

One diff'rence 'tween human bein's an' hogs is that the porkers never unite in honorin' the one that butts in an' gits 'bout all there is in the trough.

It's true, Hiram, that this is a age of wonderful achievements, es you remarked, an' we consekently have a right to swell 'round an' brag 'bout it. By the way, which one of the achievements did you give to the world?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Did you ever know a afflicted grass widow that wan't willin' to take another chance?

Here's a painful diff'rence I've noticed: The good book says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," but gener'ly you don't have to knock to git into the devil's places of entertainment.

Zabe Boggs says he's heered that John D. Rockefeller's biography 'll be published in a book called, It Can Be Did, or, A Camel Easy Can Go Through the Eye of a Needle if It's Well Oiled. (See S. O. Agents.)

The motto, "God Bless Our Home," looks nice in some houses, but I've seen it where it seemed like askin' too much of the Almighty.

Keep speakin' kind words; one or two ain't enough. Would a feather or two make a comfortable feather-bed?

It's said that right wrongs no man, but it's understood that the political "organization" in this state don't want to take any chances on it.

I hope the news that Charles F. Curry is runnin' fer governor 'll be broke to the "machine" gently. It ought to be spared es much of the pain an' shock es possible.

Don't kick the yellow dog too hard. Sometimes it turns out that he's the one that saves the sheep.

I don't b'lieve any girl can play a pianner sweet 'nough to offset a tune played by her mother on a washboard in the kitchen.

* * *

When Uncle Ezry Was Immersed

When Uncle Ezry was immersed, he'd shockin' wicked been,
An' the preacher says, "A river won't no more than cleanse his sin,"
An' the month it was October, in Wisconsin, if you please,
When the little strayin' zephyrs softly whisper, "Dern you, freeze!"
Then the preacher led my uncle in the water to his neck,
Softly chatterin', "Bub-bub-brother, do you heh-heh-hell reject?"
But my uncle hesitated; shiverin', he says, "Great Scott!
Ain't I he-he-heered that sheol is a pup-pup-place that's hot?"
"Bub-bub-brother," says the preacher, "ragin' fuf-fuf-flames are there,
And the heat vi-bub-bub-brations pup-pup-permeate the air,
And the heated fuf-fuf-furnace—" Says my uncle, "Let me go!
Ruther chance a ro-ro-roastin' than fuf-freezin' here below.
Git the ice-tongs. I'm cuh-comin'." "Hold him!" yells the preacher then,
"Ho-ho-hold him! He's sus-slidin' to his sih-sih-sins again."
"No, I ain't," my uncle shouted as he landed on the shore,
"But I'm seekin' a cuk-country that is he-he-heated more."

I have told this simple story with a pain I can't conceal,
For the fam'ly's saddened by it an' they've been disgraced they feel,
An' the moral is misleadin', for the fact it can't be hid
That the preacher got pneumony, but my uncle never did;
And the people of the Corners, bein' shocked by uncle's deed,
Held a public mass convention, an' they then an' there agreed,
For the safety of the public, which the Corners always seek,
That they'd disinfect the river—an' they did the same that week.

What the Little Row Doesn't Prove

You are sound in what you say, Elnathan. It is regrettable that the women of the Bay Federation of Mothers' Clubs differed in opinion and expressed that difference with noticeable volubility; finally, indeed, agreeing to disagree, or disagreeing to agree, or something of the sort. As you also remarked, this is proof irrefutable that women never, never, never should be permitted to vote. Far better to tax them without representation, for they are physically weak and can do nothing about it. We men look with scorn on such conduct, we cannot approve of it, we consider it undignified and unworthy, we would not be thus guilty, we—

Hold on, Elnathan! Do you remember a certain convention in Stockton years ago? It was a convention of men, and compared with it, the women's recent powwow was a love feast, a festival of peace, a paradise of tranquil delight. Do you remember, and can you still smell, the Santa Cruz convention of 1906? Men composed the membership of that convention—not a woman in it—and compared with that convention, hades would—no, I will not say that, but I don't know which would smell the stronger of brimstone. And these were men! That is, they looked like men, but they acted like the—we do not speak the word now in polite society.

Come to think about it, Elnathan, let's back down. Let's do it as gracefully as possible, but let's do it, anyway. Women may become over-excited at times, but never yet did they make of any convention so much of Beelzebub's own as men too frequently have done. No, a deplorable convention row does not prove that women are unfit to vote; not unless we also admit that men largely should be disfranchised, and in a government of, by and for the people somebody must vote, you know.

* * *

Roosevelt's Unfumigated Admirers

"I am sorry," said the Thoughtful Man, "that Curry and Anderson got the start of us."

"Got the start of you in what respect?" I asked.

"The start of us in tossing a beautiful verbal bouquet at Theodore Roosevelt, announcing their admiration of his character and their determination to out-Roosevelt himself if given a half of a chance. Sir, the time has arrived when there are none so poor, and few so rich, that they do not do Mr. Roosevelt reverence. 'Here's to Theodore Roosevelt, damn him!' is a popular toast in the Highest Circles.

"Recognizing this fact, a limited but select number of us have organized the Unfumigated Association of Roosevelt-Admirers. Of course, Curry and Anderson are charter members, but other great and good men who cannot restrain their enthusiastic regard for Teddy also belong. A few names will convince you: Patrick Calhoun, W. F. Herrin, P. H. McCarthy (he joined on condition that the association should be Parisian in its style), Abraham Ruef, Eugene E. Schmitz—oh, they all are good men, and the public safely may leave the continuance of the Roosevelt policies to them. Is it not wonderful to realize that such men are Theodore's earnest supporters? Where is such another instance recorded in history?"

"I don't know," said I, "but don't you remember that Judas Iscariot was one of the twelve disciples?"

* * *

"Go Up Higher"

It is not too late, I trust, for congratulations to Adna A. Denison, who has been elected secretary of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. For more than a quarter of a century he has been in the editorial harness, plodding with the rest of us on the newspaper treadmill, and if that does not entitle a man to a change, and a promotion as well, I know of nothing that would, unless it were more years on that treadmill, and from that may a pitying heaven preserve most men. Denison will have a change, the Oakland Chamber of Commerce will have a capable and faithful secretary, and so all is as it should be.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor California Weekly:

Dear Sir: You will find inclosed 10 cents in stamps, due you from me for copy of graft report. You can also send me Hichborn's Story in book form.

Well, sir, your report of committee on municipal graft is all O. K., but I don't see in your report that it has done any good, as far as I can read. Had any one of the grafters been sent "over the road?" I did read where one man killed himself in jail, but outside of that I failed to read where any of the others have been found guilty and sent to the penitentiary. But I did read about the voters of San Francisco beating Mr. Heney at the polls. Well, that is the way of the world. A man tries to be square to the people, by acting square, and walking on the square, but they throw him down just the same.

Heney, in my estimation, is a grand man, and the people of Frisco are an ungrateful set. Still, I am glad to note from the tone of your letter that there are a few left in Frisco who have not sold out body and soul to the greedy grafters.

Well, sir, as long as you and I vote for men on the judges' benches who do not hesitate in sending a man or woman to the penitentiary for stealing a loaf of bread or a sack of coal, and holding up their hands in horror whenever a rich grafter comes before them and the people ask for his conviction, or a man who has looted a bank, robbing all the poor depositors out of their hard-earned savings, of years of toil (all I can say is damn such courts). No wonder there are so many anarchists in this the land of the free.

I was born in the City of Brotherly Love, and when I read the doings going on in that city (read The Man of the Hour), I feel like taking the Liberty bell and throwing it in the Delaware river. This city just passed through a traction fight of which I can not say too much on paper, for the people won out. Now there is another one coming up, another franchise being asked.

Well, sir, I presume you are heartily sick of this kind of a letter, but these are my sentiments to a T.

Remaining yours,

C. O'BRIEN,
Chief of Fire Department.

Shreveport, La., March 2, 1910.

We beg to assure our interested Louisiana friend that, so far as the trial court is concerned, the spirit of justice had no cause of complaint in the graft trials of San Francisco. The appellate courts were, however, more questionable in their attitude. And there is no gainsaying that the results of the effort made to bring rich malefactors to justice are at least partially disappointing. The opposition proved its ability to crush justice where it can command money enough to do it, and, worse than this, to confuse if not corrupt the minds and hearts of the people themselves. But let not our friend fancy that because none of the great malefactors are behind prison bars therefore none of them have been punished. On the contrary, all of them would give half they are worth for their reinstatement in the good opinions of men whose good opinion is worth possessing; but, no matter how long they may live, that will never come to one of them, no, not one. As they go along the street people will nudge their companions and say, "That's one of 'em," and that unenviable notoriety will follow them until the earth closes over them, and they will know that it is following them, and it will be a burden almost too heavy to be borne. No, the effort to vindicate the law has not failed. For long years it will make men who have reputations to lose cautious about dealing corruptly with misrepresentatives of the people.

Editors California Weekly:

Gentlemen: We are to have a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League meeting next week and I want to call the attention of our people to The California Weekly. It is meeting a long-felt want and deserves to be boosted by all the friends of good government. Send me a lot of sample copies for distribution.

Very truly yours,

W. A. SLOANE.

This is the sort of work that the California Weekly wants done everywhere, for the good of the cause as well as for the good of the paper itself. While The California Weekly is not an "organ" of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, or any other organization, it is doing the work that the League, and many another organization making for better conditions, is doing, and wants a chance to help. It can help just in proportion to the number of readers it can reach. Our thanks to Judge Sloane for the interest he has taken, and we commend his example to others who feel like lending a hand but do not know exactly how. It is simple enough. Just hammer The California Weekly into people's minds until they know all about it.

Brentwood, Cal., March 5, 1910.

Editor California Weekly:

I have just read the editorial in Weekly on "Good Impulses," and here are $2 for another year's subscription. My daily is costing me only $3, but guess I will "cut it out" and give more time to your paper. I believe The California Weekly is as clean a paper—perhaps the cleanest—printed in California.

Your friend,

W. C. HOWARD,
Pastor M. E. Church

Brentwood, Cal., March 5, 1910.

We are not purists in any finical sense, but we do not intend to have anything appear in the columns of The California Weekly that a thirteen year old school girl may not read without harm. It is a paper for the home, a paper to stimulate thought, to inspire action in the hope of making things better than they are, and yet it is not without ambition merely to entertain, and to entertain is not so very "mere" after all. It has been found worthy of the highest genius and the most painstaking art. Nevertheless, **Making Things Better Than They Are** must rank first. The Staff of this paper is not ready to concede that no paper can be made to succeed that does not make entertainment its primary purpose, resting content if, as an incident to amusing, a good thought or a sound fact may be surreptitiously introduced into the minds of readers "unbeknownst." If we are to have robust thinking and acting we must have a robust journalism, a journalism that no more mistakes sensation for strength in expression than rant is to be mistaken for power on the stage. Nor is Mr. Howard the only person who turns from his daily to The California Weekly with a grateful sense of relief.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of Orange county recently adopted a resolution in opposition to Representative S. C. Smith's bill to transfer water power sites from the federal to the state government.

Frank Carpenter, living near Orland, committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a shotgun.

The J. C. Smith estate, consisting of 2,200 acres lying just north of Stockton, has been sold to Los Angeles capitalists for $300,000.

Arthur Dewsnup, a boy, shot and seriously wounded Willis Johnson, another boy, near Gridley the other day. Young Dewsnup "didn't know it was loaded."

Marion Gleason, an eighteen-year-old student in the Chico high school, is insane from over-study, and has been committed to the Stockton asylum.

The Tracy Press has entered upon its fourteenth year of publication. It has been greatly improved within recent years.

H. E. Hyde, the Democratic nominee for mayor of Marysville, has been discharged from his position as agent of the Southern Pacific company because he aspired to the office without asking the consent of the company.

It is announced that the Western Pacific shops in Sacramento will be in operation by the end of the coming summer.

The Western Pacific has announced that its regular passenger service will begin on June fifth.

A factory for the manufacture of alfalfa meal is to be established at Gridley.

The Salinas lodge of Foresters of America is about to build an $18,000 home for itself in that city.

Henry White, until recently news editor of the Sacramento Bee, has taken the editorial management of the Sacramento Weekly.

Mrs. A. L. Story, of Cloverdale, attempted to start a fire with coal oil and was burned to death by the explosion that resulted.

Mrs. A. E. K. Bidwell has donated two acres of land to the Chico state normal school. It will be used for experimental agricultural work.

While plowing on his place near Kingsburg, C. J. Stone plowed up a surveyor's stake on which was carved the inscription, "J. C. Fremont—1854."

The old Pyramid mine, near Placerville, from which much rich gold ore was taken years ago, is about to be reopened and operated.

C. T. Webb has started the Siskiyou Independent at Greenview, Siskiyou county, in the interest of the anti-saloon league.

At Vallejo, the wife of Carl Browne, the notorious and spectacular agitator, is suing him for divorce on the ground of cruelty.

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

¶ When you want furniture you want good furniture at lowest living prices.
WE HAVE IT
OAKLAND FURNITURE COMPANY
532-534 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Telephones Oakland 5239 and Home A 2239

THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for **50 cents.**

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. **San Francisco**

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN.

ossible For Convention How completely the direct primary law has revolutionized political procedures will be realized until the morning after the ust primary election has been held. As who have attended conventions know, a vention affords no opportunity for an oto hunt a man. It is a place to which men e who are hunting offices. Now the Exive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt ublican League has been devoting weeks to ting the right men for public offices and probably expend other weeks in the same avor before a complete ticket will be ofl to Republican voters. It is not that men not be had in abundance, or that there are men anxious for the League's endorset, for there are, but it is to find the right for the place, and the right man must e from the right place, too. It will not do ave a ticket made up wholly of men from t the bay district, or preponderingly from hern California. The ticket must not only omposed of the right men, but it must be anced ticket, a ticket representative of the ublicanism of the state. Heretofore the ical bureau of the Southern Pacific Com has done all this preparatory work igh the machinery of the party control when the convention came to be held, it very few changes in the slate that was up. Its business was mainly to ratify the executive committee of the Republi state committee had done. It will be a deal so now with every ticket submitted e party voters except that, so far as the oln-Roosevelt Republican League candiis concerned, the Southern Pacific's Po Bureau will have no hand in making ip. And there is another important difce between the convention and the pri plan. Instead of putting any slate gh under the party whip, and under the and enthusiasm of an audience of sevundred men, all more or less under exnt, every slate made will have to be d out to the voters to look over for s, to talk over with their friends, to over in their quiet hours, to pray over ir closets, beyond the crack of any whip ver to prod with any picked stick. The that the Executive Committee of the n-Roosevelt Republican League is doing spensable within itself and impossible in ention.

ce J. O'Brien, ıry of State Take the case of Florence J. O'Brien, endorsed by the Ex Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt ican League for Secretary of State. A efore he received that endorsement he more idea of being a candidate for a ffice than of being minister plenipotenthe court of Bangkok, but to make the icket well balanced it was needful to candidate from north central Califord so the straight-up and straight-out that valley were looked over, unknown iselves, for the right kind of man, and Brien was selected. Could any convenve performed such a service? Mr. is a blue-bellied Irish Yankee, with all d qualities of a Celtic ancestry and a ngland education and early environ Among his strong points he has a nderstanding, a robust will and a New conscience. He is well educated, ome-loving and liberty-loving. This y strikes him at a bad time for hime knows that. He has been an adverıan, for two terms president of the Coast League of Advertising Men, and made publicity a study. With econ saved money and a year or two ago Chico and bought a principal interest hico Enterprise, to the building up of has given his best efforts. If he conhis personal welfare alone he would h that task, but he believes that Cali hould be a self-governing commonnd is willing to do his full share in helping to make it so. He is thoroughly competent to undertake the duties of that most important office and is perhaps the only candidate whose name has so far been suggested who is [illegible]. All the others a half dozen of them anyhow, are out hustling for this office. In the case of Florence J. O'Brien the office had to hustle for the man and it found one, or will find one if Republican voters approve the League's choice. They ought to.

Endorsement Of Kingsbury The liberal character of the purposes and policies of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League can not be better exemplified than in the case of Surveyor General W. S. Kingsbury. If we are correctly informed he never [illegible] or its executive committee, but he had made good in office. It has not been possible during his incumbency of that important office for any favorite to get inside information that other people could not obtain, and it has not been possible for any speculator to get advance information as to any tract of land being applied for by an actual purchaser in time to slip in an application dated a day or two ahead of him and so force the bona fide applicant to buy at an advanced price for the benefit of the speculator rather than of the state. Under Kingsbury's management of the office the first who applied has been the first served and land has brought into the treasury of the state its full purchase price and not a minimum. It will be expected of Mr. Kingsbury that, inasmuch as he has not used his office for the advantage of speculators, so he will not use his political power and influence for the perpetuation of control of the Republican party and the state by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. It will suffice, no doubt, if he keeps his office out of politics and attends to the state's land business. Having proven himself a free man it is assumed that he will stand for free government. No pledges have, as we understand it, been exacted from him.

Endorsement of Atty. Gen. Webb General U. S. Webb went before the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League on Saturday last and had a frank interchange of sentiments. He was invited to do so. The Watchman was not present and can only tell from hearsay what took place, but the conference was satisfactory. General Webb expressed regret that, under the regime that has obtained in past years, it has been impossible to obtain political advancement without "organization" recognition and he admitted that it was by that route that his political advancement came about; but he declared that he had not made his office subservient to corporation interests and, as all readers of The California Weekly know, when the hour of trial came, when it became necessary to "stand in" or "stand out," General Webb stood out. It was because he had done so that he received the endorsement of the League's executive committee. His actions, within the past three years, anyhow, have spoken louder than many words and leave no room for doubt. He spent some 18 years in the free state of Kansas and is in favor of making California a Free State. That is the task in hand.

Friend Richardson For State Printer This is another case where the nomination for the office hunted the man and not the man the office. Mr. Richardson is editor and owner of the Berkeley Gazette, an original Lincoln-Roosevelter, a practical printer and a good business man and no paper house had anything to do with his selection. He was talked of by the interior press for candidate for governor, but the League had other ideas in that respect and he was never, himself, a candidate for that office. If nominated and elected we can safely count on more efficient service in the state printing shop than we have had in past years and somewhat less of the partisan politics that have cursed it. It is not real certain who Mr. Richardson's opponent for State Printer will be before the primaries. W. W. Shannon, the present incumbent, has sort of gotten wonted to the office, and the salary, and will be a candidate, probably of the paper trust. He expects considerable backing, too, from the labor union influence in his fight for the job, and salary. Then there is Secretary Thorpe, of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. He spent several years in the state printing office in a subordinate capacity, not entirely unconnected with the political end of it, and afterward held the office of county statistician of Sacramento county while chairman of the Republican county committee. He has served the "organization" with great fidelity and may be backed by it for the office of state printer, as he desires to be. Mr. Richardson is better known throughout the state than either of these men and should be able to beat the two [illegible]

Waiting on the Southern End If the reader will bear in mind that the Direct Primary is nothing more nor less than the "Crawford County Plan," enlarged in its scope and regulated in detail, he will be able to understand the necessity for making up a well-balanced ticket. Ten years or so ago, perhaps it was longer, the Democrats of Stanislaus county adopted the Crawford plan of nomination. There wasn't any committee to frame up a ticket to offer the people and so all the court house fellows got out and hustled votes with the result that, when the votes were counted, every nominee on the ticket lived in Modesto. The Republicans got together and made up a ticket that gave every portion of the county a fair representation and, despite the fact that the county was normally Democratic by a majority of 600 or more, the Republicans made a clean sweep of the court house when the November election was held. A state ticket, not well represented as to locality, might easily suffer a similar fate, and so discredit the direct primary plan of nomination. Hence it behooves all those who make up tickets to offer the voters at the primary to balance their tickets well and give a due and proper regard to the element of local representation. Now a certain number of nominations are properly assignable to Southern California, and Southern California has not agreed in its own mind as to which man it wants in which place. There is no such need for haste as there is for doing the right thing when it is done, and that is why a candidate for Lieutenant Governor was not selected on Saturday last.

Too Good To Be True Those who cherish the hope that Hiram Johnson will be confronted at the August primaries by three "organization" candidates will be awakened some fine morning betwixt now and the ides of August to find their hope shattered, that is, unless the right hand of Mr. Herrin has lost its cunning and his left hand has lost its ambidexterity. Neither of these deprivations is probable. Mr. Curry is in the fight to stay—unless a secure federal position such, for instance, as fell to Marion de Vries, opens out before him on a silver tray, or enough hard cash is stacked up on his counter to make him independent of politics; but the chances are that he will remain in the fight for the reason that he is, and from the first has been, the "organization" candidate and has only been making an anti-organization reputation for the occasion. He has committed his friends too far [illegible] what may be styled the plunger bankers. The conservative bankers [illegible] with him and Mr. Anderson will prove too worldly wise to go to the [illegible] of any forlorn hope. Once satisfied that the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau is not for him, and that the fate of Crocker will be his fate, he will probably retire from the contest as modestly

as he entered it, not unconscious of having been an easy mark.

Phil Stanton may stay in the fight to the finish. He is bull headed and the expectation of Mr. Herrin may be that if Stanton can hold Southern Californians pretty generally in line for a southern man, making the most of local pride, he may be able to keep enough votes away from Johnson to land Curry with the aid of the saloon, redlight and McCarthy party votes from North and South. The "organization" is neither without money nor generalship, and it is reasonably safe to conclude that whatever it may appear to be doing it is not doing. Another pointer: Grove L. Johnson has been reported as declaring that Charley Curry is not the "organization" candidate. That raises a reasonable presumption that he is.

Be Careful Not to Awaken That Baby The soft pedal is to be on all that the "organization" does betwixt now and the August primaries, that is, unless there happens another change of attitude in the meantime. The stentorian tones of Tom Dozier are not to reverberate from Siskiyou nor yet from San Diego, from neither Sierras nor sea, and the eloquence of John McNab shall not ring by day or night. Hands are to be upheld and eyebrows elevated whenever Hiram Johnson goes before the people with the cause he advocates. The Spirit of the Primary is to be hushed with lullabies, not aroused with orations, and conservative statesmanship will piously deprecate all interruptions of voters in their cogitations over making up their free, own, and untrammeled tickets to be nominated. But all this time the stealthy, still-hunt of the "organization" will be gumshoeing it over the state. There will be no speeches, no assemblages, just heart to heart and hand to hand talks with the people, aided, it may be, by little gatherings in the dark of the moon in back rooms of saloons to which admission will be by grips, signs and passwords. A proper proceeding! And yet the people will do well to beware of the still-hunt. Whatsoever shuns publicity loves Herrinism rather than light.

Southern Democrats Are Cleaning House Albert M. Norton, chairman of the Los Angeles County Democratic Central committee, predicts that the Democratic state convention which will meet in Los Angeles April 13th will declare practically unanimously for Theodore Bell for Governor. Others high in the councils of the Southern Democracy freely express themselves as of the same mind. To one who closely observes the progress of the pre-primary campaign it seems to be all Bell, so far as the Southern California Democrats are concerned. The Los Angeles County committee has been very active lately. It has held several meetings, the primary object of which has been to weed out those Democrats who in past years have been recognized as Southern Pacific henchmen, and put in their places simon-pure anti-organization men. The task has not been one of the easiest in the world, but it has been accomplished. The Los Angeles County Democratic Central committee as it stands today is made up of very creditable material, its membership having been drawn from the leading citizens of Democratic affiliations, almost without exception. It is doubtful if any other county in the state can point to a cleaner and more vigilant set of party officials and workers. That they are united for Bell is apparent to everybody.

The Los Angeles Democrats are in a very hopeful frame of mind. They are going to aid Bell materially in the county by offering to the voters a high-grade set of candidates for the various offices. They hope to receive the indorsement of the Los Angeles County Good Government organization for a number of their candidates.

A Los Angeles Storm Center Our advices from the south are that one of the most interesting contests in Los Angeles county this year will be over the office of District Attorney—a very important office, by the way. The incumbent, John D. Fredericks, is regarded as a machine politician whose office is filled with Southern Pacific time servers, and he made himself unpopular by his conduct of the municipal graft charges prior to the recall of Mayor Harper last year. Among all the present county officials, he is deemed by the good government forces to be the most objectionable. The feeling against him is so intense, throughout the country districts, as well as in the city, that should he secure the Republican nomination at the primaries thousands of Republicans undoubtedly would support his opponent, should the latter be a man of reasonably high qualifications and standing. Fredericks doubtless will have the active support of the organization forces in his efforts to be renominated. Opposed to him, and supported by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, is likely to be E. J. Fleming, who is recognized as an able and conscientious prosecutor, formerly connected with the district attorney's office. More recently he has been a member of the prominent law firm of Hunsaker, Britt & Fleming. The Democratic nominee will be Thomas Lee Woolwine, the young man who dared to defy the authority of his superior, Fredericks, when, as a deputy district attorney, he began an inquiry into the conditions which led up to the recall of Mayor Harper and the downfall of a number of his political associates in public office. Woolwine is a "man who dares." He fears nobody, and during the recent city campaign developed great strength among the masses of voters by his exposure of the methods employed by the machine. He will have no opposition in the Democratic party and whatever campaigning he does will still further strengthen him in the post-primary fight.

Friend W. Richardson Strikes Them Favorably Southern California appears to be greatly pleased with the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League's indorsement of Friend W. Richardson for state printer. Richardson resided in the southern part of the state for more than twenty years and is looked upon as a Southern California product. He has edited newspapers in various cities and towns of the south, including the San Bernardino Index, and has an army of friends there who are anxious to take off their jackets and boost him into the state printing office. South of Tehachapi he is distinctly in the hands of his friends.

Southern Candidates Not Taken Seriously Southern Californians generally are much dissatisfied with all the Southern California aspirants for nomination as Secretary of State, and are far from pleased or flattered over the character of the men posing as southern candidates for that nomination. Wagner of San Bernardino, at present secretary of the do-nothing railroad commission, is recognized as a machine politician, ready to do the wishes of the organization bosses in matters political. He has few, if any, qualities to commend him to the voters in the south end of the state. The candidacy of Mouser, who claims to hail from several centers of population—and votes—south of the Tehachapi, never has been taken seriously. Florence J. O'Brien is well and favorably known among the country newspaper editors, and they are already taking steps to make their readers familiar with the qualifications of so clean and strong a candidate.

Sloss and Wilbur Will Aid Each Other The friends of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles are engaged in a vigorous campaign to elevate him to the supreme bench. So far as the South is concerned, the line-up for Supreme Court Judge is clear and distinct. Go among the organization crowd and the talk is for Judge James. Go among the anti-organization crowd, and the talk is for Judge Sloss and Judge Wilbur. Judge Wilbur is one of the most popular men on the superior bench in Los Angeles county, and his campaign will greatly strengthen Judge Sloss' candidacy in the South. The latter himself has never been much of a "mixer," and is not very well known in Southern California; consequently Wilbur's personal popularity can not fail to strengthen him in the lower part of the state. On the other hand the name of Judge Sloss will naturally add to Wilbur's strength in the North where Judge Wilbur is better known by reputation than personally.

Controller Nye's Position Strong Great interest is being taken in the fight over the State Controllership by the voters of the South. Down there both Democrats and Republicans regard State Controller Nye with the highest favor. The Democrats are even seriously considering writing his name on their primary ballot to insure his selection without opposition. It is figured that if Fran Mattison, whom Mr. Herrin apparently has selected to oppose Nye, is to get any votes for the nomination, they will have to come from north of the Tehachapi, excepting a few sporadic ballots. In the south end of the state Mr. Nye is looked upon as an exceptionally able, fearless and conscientious official, and has won and holds the confidence and respect of all, regardless of political affiliation. His eminently fair treatment of Southern California in the matter of the equalization of taxes about a year ago has tended to strengthen his position greatly in the Southland.

The South Will Stand For Wm. R. Williams Another state official who will poll a heavy vote in the South is State Treasurer Williams. His indorsement by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League was received with high favor in practically every quarter of the region south of the line. While Mr. Williams is not personally so well known

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THE SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

ITS JUSTIFICATION AND ABUSE, AND A REMEDY

By HARRIS WEINSTOCK

Someone asked Prince Bismarck, the great German Chancellor, how soon in his opinion abor was likely to be satisfied with the demands it was constantly making upon capital. He answered in his characteristic way that hen capital would be satisfied with its thousnds a year, then, and not before then, could be expected that labor would be satisfied ith its hundreds a year.

Capital and Labor Must Be Organized

Capital justifies itself for organizing and ombining for its common profit and common rotection. It can therefore find no fault ith labor for simply bettering its example nd likewise combining for its common betrment. Nor can capital find fault with labor r exercising its legal right to strike sympaetically for its common protection, so long capital reserves the right to make use of e collective lockout.

So long as trade unions organized merely cording to crafts they found their organitions more or less feeble. It was only nen they followed the example of capital d federated, and pledged themselves to nd by each other and to make sacrifices r each other, that their organization beme effective.

A Just Industrial Peace

It is in the interest of society that there all be industrial peace. Not the industrial ace that one finds in Russia or in Turkey in India, where the worker is ground to earth and permitted to earn barely enough exist and to reproduce himself, but an lustrial peace where the worker shall be abled to earn by his labor "enough money cessary to satisfy the normal needs of an rage worker regarded as a human being a civilized community."

To insure this enlightened industrial peace is essential that labor shall be strongly effectively organized and that capital shall wise be so organized. It is essential that h shall be organized, but organized for ce rather than for war. It is essential t these two camps shall be friendly and hostile in spirit toward each other.

Organization on both sides makes for colive bargaining and for long contracts, all which is conducive to the highest industrial ce. Collective bargaining is better for the ker because as a body he can secure better ns and working conditions than he can as individual at the mercy often of an exting employer. Collective bargaining is better for the fair employer, because it bles him to compete successfully with his ir neighbor, who under individual barning would squeeze labor and thus be end to underbid the fair wage payer.

Strikes Just Under Certain Conditions

he worker realizes his helplessness under stem of individual bargaining. His fight, efore, is for the recognition of his organon so as to make collective bargaining ible. When he fights for the recognition is organization he is, therefore, fighting what, to him, is a vital principle. His iness to make sacrifices for this principle he direct strike, and his readiness to make greater sacrifices by declaring a sympac strike, when not directly interested in labor dispute at issue, especially when sympathetic strike often means not only ring and hunger for himself, but also for nearest and dearest, must command for the respect and admiration of his fellows. is respect and admiration, as a rule, are so long as he does not forfeit them by ing sympathetically in the face of a conpreviously entered into in good faith een him and his employer.

ie world has no respect for contract kers, and when organized labor breaks ontracts by going on a direct or sympac strike it gives itself a deadly blow and es its own worst enemy, by destroying confidence on the part of the public and by making it possible for hostile employers to point out the uselessness of collective bargaining and contract making with labor organizations who do not respect their own word.

The labor unionist further loses public respect and admiration for his self-sacrificing spirit in going out on a direct or sympathetic strike for what he believes to be a vital principle, when, to enforce his demands, he resorts to force and to the violation of the law.

In resorting to these unfortunate methods he places himself at once in the category of the capitalist who to gain **his** ends becomes a law breaker by corrupting public officials.

Where Capital and Labor Err

The use of the brickbat and the cobblestone in a strike is incipient civil war, which only needs to be taken up on a large enough scale to become actual civil war. On the other hand, the persistent use of the capitalistic corruption fund is surely and steadily making for the destruction of good government. Both, therefore, are destructive of civil liberty and both should be treated with an iron hand. Of the two the corrupting capitalist has the weaker defense to offer because, as a rule, his aim is simply to pile wealth upon wealth, whereas with the worker it is, as a rule, a bread and butter fight.

As already stated, it is in the interest of capital and labor that both should be strongly organized, but organized for peace and not for war. It is in the interest of both capital and labor that a feeling of mutual friendliness and cordiality should exist between them, such as may be found in many parts of England, where organized capital and organized labor recognize and respect each other, where they get together for collective bargaining and where long contracts are entered into that are mutually respected and carried out in good faith.

It must be evident to the student of the labor question that in this country we are about where England was twenty years ago. Labor in our midst often looks with fear on the organization of capital—and not unfrequently with good cause—and capital, as a rule, refuses to recognize organized labor.

So long as organized capital refuses to recognize organized labor the latter is justified, as a matter of self protection, in resorting to the strike and if need be to the sympathetic strike to secure what it regards as a fair reward for its labor. How else can labor command a hearing?

The Interest of the Public

Meanwhile, especially when strikes take place in public service undertakings, the general public is made the greatest sufferer and in the end must foot the greater part of the loss sustained, by these seemingly unavoidable destructive industrial wars. There was a time when these losses were comparatively small because of the comparative smallness of the contending camps. But as organized labor and organized capital continue to grow these labor conflicts are getting to be colossal in their proportions. If another civil war should overtake this nation it is destined to be a war between capital and labor, that for bitterness and desperation will surpass any in modern history.

As a student of the labor question who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities in a world tour and world investigations of this most vexed labor problem, I have found that where, through an unwillingness on the part of capital to recognize organized labor, so often the case in this country and which makes voluntary arbitration impossible, the public has but one remedy and that is state intervention.

State Intervention the Only Remedy

In the interest of industrial peace and for the general welfare, the state **can** intervene, at least in labor disputes arising in public service undertakings, and the state **should** intervene.

There are two different kinds of state intervention. There is the state intervention as practiced in New Zealand, where a strike or a lockout is illegal and punishable by fine, and where the parties to a labor dispute must submit their difference to an industrial court, which by life tenure is made independent and whose decisions are enforced by the state.

Then there is state intervention as practiced in Canada where a strike or a lockout in public service undertakings is illegal until there has been a public enquiry and an award made by the Board of Enquiry, which award, however, the parties to the dispute need not accept and which cannot be enforced.

New Zealand Method Inapplicable

To my mind, the New Zealand method of compulsory arbitration is the preferred method in the interest of the employer, the worker and the public; but under our system of elective judges it is not practicable, for an elected judge in our country to render labor decisions in favor of employers is to lay himself open to the charge on the part of labor that he has been bought by the power of capital, and to render decisions in favor of the workers is to lay the court open to the charge that it is toadying to labor and seeking votes for the next election, thus destroying that mutual confidence in the Industrial Court imperative to the success of compulsory arbitration.

There remains, however, the plan of public enquiry as practiced in Canada. This system does not absolutely prevent strikes or lockouts, but minimizes them so that they become an insignificant factor.

During the two years in which a public enquiry act has been in force in Canada, ninety-seven per cent of the industrial disputes in public service undertakings, submitted to a public enquiry, have been peacefully settled, without an hour's loss of work to labor, or one dollar's loss to capital, or a moment's inconvenience to the public.

Canadian Method the Solution

Had such a public enquiry act been in force at this time in the State of Pennsylvania the great sympathetic street car strike now disturbing that great city would in all likelihood have been obviated, millions of dollars would have been saved, much injury to limb and loss of human life averted, and the great consequent suffering to countless numbers of innocent women and children stayed.

In my recent report to Gov. James N. Gillett as Special Labor Commissioner appointed to investigate the labor laws and labor conditions of foreign countries, I recommended the following as a basis for a public enquiry act to lessen strikes and lockouts.

"A Basis for a Proposed Legislative Act

"Whereas labor can be divided into two distinct classes—

"(a) That employed in private enterprise.

"(b) That employed in public utilities — a public utility being understood to be any undertaking patronized by the general public, for which a public franchise has been granted by the state or by the municipality;

"And whereas, the general public is much concerned in the continuous and uninterrupted service of said public utilities, and in the event of a strike or lockout, is collectively a greater sufferer than the employees of such public utility and their employers combined;

". . . the following legislation is therefore recommended to the law-making power for enactment, with the view of bringing about peaceful settlements of labor disputes arising between employers and employees engaged in said public utilities, in order to prevent strikes and lockouts:

"1. It is hereby enacted that any public utility corporation or any corporation or contractors doing contract work for any city, county, or for the State, which shall have had a dispute with their employees which can not be settled **may**, or that shall have de-

cided to lockout its or their employees, must before declaring such lockout, furnish the state labor commissioner with a written statement to the effect that it has or they have found it impossible to have a conference with its or their employees or their representatives, or, having had a conference with said employees or their representatives, an agreement has been found impossible. Said statement must also set forth the points of existing differences to be settled and agreed upon. Any body of workmen employed by a public utility corporation, or by any company or contractors doing contract work for any city or county, or for the State, which shall have a dispute with their employers which can not be settled, **may,** or **having** voted to go on a strike, **shall,** before declaring such strike, furnish the state labor commissioner with a written statement to the effect that they have been unable to hold a conference with their employers, or, having had a conference, it has been found impossible to agree. Said statement shall also set forth the points of existing differences to be settled and agreed upon.

"2. Immediately on receipt of such notice, the said labor commissioner shall interview the parties to the dispute, separately, or in his discretion, collectively, as mediator and conciliator, with the view of bringing about an agreement between them. Failing in this, within three days he shall notify both sides to the dispute each to submit to him in writing, within three days, the name of a representative who is or has been engaged in the industry, and who is willing and ready to act on a board of inquiry. These names are to be placed forthwith by the said labor commissioner in the hands of the governor, who shall appoint said nominees.

"3. In the event of a failure on the part of either or both parties to the dispute to conform to the above provision within the specified time, the labor commission shall notify the governor of such failure, whereupon the governor shall appoint within three days a representative or representatives of his own choice, for said party or parties, who has or have been engaged in the industry.

"4. These two representatives of the parties to the dispute shall meet immediately after their appointment, and shall proceed to elect a third party as chairman of said board of inquiry. Having chosen a chairman, such party shall be appointed chairman of the board of inquiry by the governor. In the event of the two representatives being unable to agree upon a third party as chairman within three days, they shall notify the governor to that effect, who shall within three days after such notification himself select and appoint a chairman.

"5. Said board of inquiry shall have power to summon the parties to the dispute to appear before it, and in its discretion may talk with each of the parties separately and privately in the hope of finding common ground for agreement, and shall have such other powers in the summoning and examining of witnesses, books, and documents as are vested in the superior courts of the state in the trial of civil cases. The members of the board must, before proceeding to the examination of said books or documents, make oath that any information gained from said books or documents shall be confidential and shall not be used for any purpose other than the inquiry. The board shall endeavor to effect a settlement of the differences between the parties, and if successful, shall in writing report the terms of such settlement to the labor commissioner. Failing to effect such settlement, the board shall draw up a findings or report setting forth what, in the light of the evidence adduced, would in its opinion be a fair and equitable basis of settlement of all the matters in dispute.

"6. A certified copy of the findings of the majority of the board, together with a certified copy of the minority report, should there be one, provided that the minority report is signed within forty-eight hours after the majority report is signed, shall be delivered to the state labor commissioner, who in turn shall immediately deliver copies thereof to each of the parties to the dispute.

"7. Such findings shall not be binding on either party unless signed by both parties or by their representatives, or the award may be used as a basis for an agreement and may contain such penalties for violation by either party as may be mutually agreed upon. In the event of a settlement being reached between the parties the terms thereof shall not be made public if either party objects to such publication.

"8. In the event of the employers declaring a lockout before complying with the foregoing provisions, or prior to the receipt of the findings of the board of inquiry transmitted by the labor commissioner, said employers shall be liable to a fine of $25 for each employee locked out for each day during which said lockout continues, said fine in no event to be less than $1,000. Said fine shall become a lien against the property of said employers and shall be collectible as are other court judgments.

"9. In the event of workmen employed by public utility corporations, or by corporations or others doing public or contract work for cities, or counties, or for the State, going out on strike without complying with the foregoing provisions or prior to the receipt of the findings of the board of inquiry transmitted to the labor commissioner, said workmen shall be liable to a fine of $1,000. In the event of said workmen having no common funds, then, and in that event, in lieu of the foregoing penalty, every workman going out on strike shall be liable to a penalty of $25, said fine to be a lien against the property or the wages of said workman anywhere within the State at any time within twelve months and shall be collectible as are other court judgments. Violations of the foregoing provisions to be dealt with summarily by the superior court.

"10. Attorneys or any other counsel or advocates are to be barred from taking part in the proceedings before the board of inquiry.

"11. The inquiry may, in the discretion of the board, be held in public.

"12. At the request of either party to the dispute, the board may be reconvened at any time during the life of the agreement to which there has been mutual assent, to interpret the

(Continued on Page 254)

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: a man doesn't work, why we drills 'im
an' teachers 'im 'ow to behave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im
an' rattles 'im off to 'is grave."
—Barrack-Room Ballad.

t was a heart-breaking, soul-trying day
t lay before them—one of those days that
topographers look back upon and curse,
en, in later years, disease or premature old
jeopardizes their efficiency.
painful arising from clammy, fog-saturated
nkets, a cheerless breakfast, eight miles
ough the sticky California mud, then—that
tilential, partially reclaimed island; there
uld be dredger cuts to wade through,
dger" holes to fall into and ten-foot tules
flounder among. Incidentally, so far as
boss was concerned, there were the elu-
meanderings of a minus contour to be
owed and an impossible piece of shore
to be mapped.

his was but a repetition of the twenty
s preceding. For three solid weeks the
ty had toiled without a break in an en-
vor to finish mapping the island before the
ter rains would finally drive them out.
rom the springless tail of the buckboard,
an wearing a Greek-letter fraternity pin,
plained to his companion: "Why don't
y put extra seats in these buckboards? It
s the life out of one sitting and a man
't stand up all the time—there's too much
ng at the other end." But the red-haired
man was unsympathetic. "Perhaps it's to
ulate the ambition," he replied, grinning.
ose who have the buying of extra seats
't have to sit behind any more, so they
us fellows sit here to get even for the
e when they did. Thank the Lord," he
ed, "I've only got a month more of it.
going to record when Harvey is trans-
ed."

hat was poor consolation, and the Greek-
r man relapsed into moody silence.
nkly, the United States Geological Survey
been a disappointment to him, and as
buckboard lurched on through the abom-
le mud, his mind reverted bitterly to the
when fate had first thrown him into
act with that highly efficient but little
wn branch of the Department of the In-
or.

was at a mountain resort that he had
ced upon a party of them, who, while the
ssary "office" work was being done, rested
ically after a strenuous three months in
high Sierras. They were young, their
ts buoyant, their complexions were fine;
how immaculate they had looked in their
flannel shirts and their freshly ironed
i trousers. Good fellows they had proved
ed. They were fertile with reminiscence,
their careless mention of geographical
ities had at once appealed to the Greek-
r man's susceptibilities. "When we were
laska," one would say. "Yes, but it was
undering sight worse on the Canadian
dary," another would chime in, and so
nt. Their experiences ranged from Mex-
o the Arctic circle, and there were even
present who could put in a word for
far-distant lands as China, or the Philip-
.

at was life. On the spot the Greek-
man resolved to suspend his studies for
r and, since the visiting geographer ate
e same table on terms of social equality
the teamster, apply for a subordinate
ion in one of the camps.

is not specially difficult to get a job on
Geological Survey. Almost any young
if he be of average intelligence, active,
persistent in effort, will, within a rea-
le length of time, be taken on and
his chance. Promotion is less easy, for
are two rodmen and a recorder to one
ument man, and many instrument men
e geographer—but that is another mat-
The Greek-letter man possessed the nec-
y intelligence, and, since he was very
tent in the effort, it was not an unnat-
consequence that autumn found him in-
d as rodman in one of the Sacramento
camps, where most of the "rookies"
tried out.

somehow the living of romance proved
ttractive than the idea of romance. The
might blow down, bedding and clothes

THE DRIVER OF MEN

BY

PERCY TURNER

might be soaked by a driving rain, and sleep lost, but the work went on. The government had an insatiable appetite for square miles of topography, but, as the red-haired rodman put it, excuses sat uncertainly on its stomach.

The party had worked Thanksgiving, because the Powers that Ruled, or at least one of them with whiskers, strongly approved of working holidays to make up in a measure for days lost on account of bad weather. Sundays were optional with the boss, and because this was Sunday, the third Sunday, in fact, the Greek-letter man felt a bitter resentment toward the stocky, square-jawed man, who, with his recorder, sat on the comfortable seat in front.

A spatter of rain roused him from his reverie and caused him to glance toward the thickening sky with sudden hope. If it would only rain before they reached the ferry, there might be no work after all. Beyond that, however, there would be no turning back, even though they spent the day huddled miserably under some deserted sheep shed. As the drops came faster, the Greek-letter man's soul was warmed by the prospect of a blessed day's rest and a perusal of the unread magazine his folks had sent him. At the ferry it was pouring. The boss noted the studied unconcern of his helpers, pushed the precious "sheet" more securely under the canvas and spat out unexpurgated opinions of the country. Then he thought of a dark-eyed girl whose future happiness depended upon his ability to turn in square miles, looked hopefully at a light spot in the east and signalled the ferryman.

The older hands, being disciplined, accepted the inevitable, with a shrug and a sheepish grin, but the Greek-letter man had not yet learned to renounce so easily. As the journey was resumed he sat bolt upright, taking the ruts with tense, defiant muscles. Tears of disappointment peeped from his eyes. He no longer shivered. He was both warmed and stimulated by a blind, unreasoning anger toward the boss—a boss who worked his men like dogs, worked them Sundays and holidays, that he might turn in a few more square miles and thereby gain credit for himself — the swine! The Greek-letter man would show him. The limit was reached and the dog would have his day.

When they reached the place where they had left off work the day before, the shower had passed. A leaden mist still hung over them, but a light spot in the heavens told that the sun was boring through on the other side.

Without a word the Greek-letter man threw off his coat, seized his stadia rod and made for his "turn." The boss, setting up his plane table, noted out of the tail of his eye that there was something threatening and purposeful in his rodman's manner.

Throughout the remainder of the forenoon they worked with feverish energy. With curses and blood-sweating the shoreline was "put in", and the tule area was nearly finished. After that, two hours of clean running would see them past the danger line, provided, of course, that the line "checked." In other words, the elevation must not vary over one-tenth of a foot when they "tied onto" the known starting point.

Shortly before noon the Greek-letter man's opportunity came. The red-haired rodman had been sent back after the team and the boss signaled that he would "swing his position" on the one rod. It was for this opportunity that the Greek-letter man had bided his time. Selecting a place where the grass would hide his action, he placed his rod upon a stump some nine-tenths of a foot above the ground. His elevation was carefully taken and the position pricked in on the map. Then the instrument was picked up and carried some nine hundred feet beyond for the new station. While the line was still "in the air", the rodman slipped his rod to the ground and held it there till the new height of instrument was taken, thus causing an error of nine-tenths in the recorded elevation.

It was the unpardonable sin. A survey man may steal, he may slander a woman, he may make a serious blunder and be discharged; but to deliberately throw the line out—that is to be excommunicated, to die accursed and unforgiven. It is a sin that cannot be lived down as other sins are lived down; its ghost remains always, to be dragged forth from its skeleton closet that it may hear the story of its shame retold wherever khaki men gather round the evening campfire.

Scarcely was the deed done when the Greek-letter man suddenly discovered that the anger had gone out of him, and in its place there came, presently, the first vague stirrings of uneasiness. The sun was shining warmly now and a launch coughed its way gaily over the glistening surface of the bay. Over on the mud line, the red-haired rodman sang happily:

"Oh, I eat when I'm hungry
An' I drink when I'm dry,
An' if whisky don't kill me
I'll live till I die."

But neither the sunshine nor the song brought its accustomed cheer.

At lunch the Greek-letter man ate less than usual. The red-haired rodman and the recorder, however, seemed in unnecessarily high spirits. The recorder was telling his hobo story:

"An' the feller he falls out of an orange tree forty feet high, an' he breaks both arms, one leg an' two ribs. By an' by, 'long comes the Englishman to where the poor feller lay groanin' an' he looks at the feller an' he looks at the tree, an' he says: 'Too bahd, too bahd, you've broken a brawnch.'"

The boss did not join in the complimentary laugh which followed, but lay on his back, eyes half closed, one leg thrown over the other. The boss, however, is supposed to have a great many things on his mind, and only the Greek-letter man noticed. His uneasiness was growing in spite of himself, and he found himself strangely alert to the boss's slightest gesture or expression.

The work was resumed, and, as the afternoon wore on, the Greek-letter man knew what it was to slowly shrivel before a consuming fire of suspense.

When, finally, the known starting point was reached, there was the usual hushed expectancy as the last reading was taken. The Greek-letter man was powerless to stop the trembling of his knees and he could hear his heart beat as the recorder, instead of calling out the closing error, scratched his head, bit his pencil and began to go over his figures.

But the boss cut in. "How much is it off?" he demanded.

"Foot," answered the assistant, ruefully.

"We'll run back to the turn that—" here he indicated the Greek-letter man with a jerk of his thumb—"made just before lunch."

A slow pallor overspread the rodman's face as he felt but could not meet, the boss's gaze.

All the backward march was a torment. The world had suddenly divided itself into two classes, the guilty and the guiltless. He thought of his home folks as do those who have sinned and feel the clutch tightening about them. He thought of his fraternity. What if the matter came to It's notice? There were civil engineers among its graduate members, who, should their advice be sought, would appreciate his offense in its entire ugliness. The verdict was too painfully obvious. The Greek-letter man looked wistfully at the red-haired rodman, who, a hundred feet to his right, chewed tobacco and cursed the evil luck with an untroubled conscience.

The last set-up came. The Greek-letter man dodged as from a blow, when, in passing the instrument, the boss held up his hand.

"You hold on a stump or something over there, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Then hold on the stump again," said the boss with the faintest emphasis on the "on."

With shaking knees and a prickling skin, the Greek-letter man obeyed. He caught his breath as in sudden pain when the last reading was taken and a howl from the red-haired rodman and the recorder told that the error was discovered.

The day's work was finished and the ordinary procedure would have been for him to join the others; but the boss, using only the slightest gesture, gave him the "sit down" signal. The boss's manner had all the cold-blooded deliberation of an execution. He motioned the recorder to pack the instrument and the red-haired rodman to go after the team; then, wheeling about and looking neither to the right nor to the left, he bore down on the Greek-letter man. He impaled the luckless rodman with a glance and for ten interminable seconds the culprit's immortal soul seared and withered under the merciless gaze.

Then spoke the driver of men, and his voice was gentle as a woman's: "You're only a green boy, and I fancy you're unaccustomed to this sort of thing—" here he indicated with a sweep of his hand the island, where, for so many days they had worked under impossible difficulties and unbearable discomfort. "I don't believe you ever earned a dollar before in your life, did you?—I thought not. Well, I'm not going to let you queer yourself on your first break. I'm going to let you off—but don't you ever do it again as long as you live, or—or by God, if you do, I'll come across the continent to bear witness against you."

("The Sympathetic Strike"—Continued)

meaning of any disputed point in said agreement.

"13. It shall be unlawful to strike or to lockout until seven days after the board of award and the objections thereto of either party have been filed with the labor commissioner. In the event of a strike or a lockout taking place after said seven days the labor commissioner shall on demand furnish to the press and to others copies of the said findings.

"I herewith give a statement of reasons which should appeal to capital, to labor, and to the general public, for supporting the creation of the proposed board of public inquiry.

"Reasons Why Employers Should Favor Act

"1. It will restrain the unfair among labor men from making unfair demands.

"2. It will tend to prevent labor from resorting to force to secure unreasonable demands, where labor is unwisely led.

"3. It will ward off the tendency to establish compulsory arbitration, which is likely to follow if no other means of relief are afforded the public to protect itself against the loss caused it by what are often reckless and needless strikes and lockouts in connection with public utilities. Compulsory arbitration would mean that a court would fix for the employer wages and conditions of labor.

"4. It will tend to ensure continuous service with all that this means in respect to contracts.

"5. It will tend to reveal to the owners the efficiency or inefficiency of company officials.

"6. It will tend to avert all the evils of a strike.

"Reasons Why Labor Should Favor Act

"1. By diminishing strikes and lockouts it will prevent needless waste of the workers' time, money and energy, and tend to obtain justice for labor without loss of income.

"2. It will gain for labor intelligent public sympathy, by affording it an opportunity to present its grievances before a public tribunal whose object is to get at the facts.

"3. It will afford labor the opportunity to make good its oft repeated claim that because of the uniform reasonableness and justice of its demands it courts public investigation.

"4. It will tend to prevent prejudgment of the merits of labor disputes on the part of an interested and possibly hostile press.

"5. It will compel unfair or unwilling employers who usually take the position that they have nothing to arbitrate, to get together with and to meet their men, and will force them to talk about the merits of the dispute and to listen to the claims of the other side.

"6. It will tend to prevent unfair or unreasonable employers from acting in a way which must of necessity mean suffering and loss to other people who are not to blame.

"7. When an investigation is made, it will not be possible to keep back anything that is likely to prove helpful to the cause of labor.

"8. The many little things that sometimes crop up and cause serious trouble, by an impartial investigation, are likely to be adjusted and settled.

"9. Organized labor stands committed to the doctrine that it does not want to strike in order to enforce its demands, if the consideration of them can be attained without recourse to that drastic remedy. A board of inquiry will afford the remedy.

"10. Organized labor is not blind to the fact that in every great industrial struggle, in connection especially with public utilities, the public has a large interest as well in the result as in the means adopted to reach that result. The board of inquiry would assure a hearing under the fairest possible conditions and bring out the facts.

"11. The creation of a public board of inquiry is calculated to postpone hasty action in the direction of strikes and lockouts and will tend to the settlement of disputes as the result of reason rather than as the result of passion or feeling.

"12. It will not take away the final right to strike.

"Why the General Public Should Favor Act

"1. In all great strikes, especially in connection with public utilities, the public has more at stake than both the disputants combined.

The board of inquiry will represent the public equally with the other parties in interest, which will thus be given the voice in the matter to which it is entitled.

"2. It will make for reason and equity, for law and order taking the place of heat and passion, disorder and violence in the settlement of labor disputes.

"3. It will make for labor disputes being peacefully settled before a tribunal without interruption to public service.

"4. In the event of either party to a labor dispute refusing to abide by the findings of the board of inquiry, the publication of such findings will present the facts and enable the public intelligently to give its support to the party having the right on its side.

"5. It will tend to reduce to a minimum strikes and lockouts with their consequent tremendous loss and injury to the public."

It is to be regretted that in the opinion of many legal authorities whom I have consulted such an act under our constitution cannot be made to apply legally to any but public service undertakings. If such legislation is enacted it will, however, make most improbable within our commonwealth such unfortunate and **demoralizing** strikes as in recent years occurred in San Francisco in connection with the street car service and such a street railway strike as is at this writing paralyzing the great metropolis of Philadelphia. It would thus make for a higher degree of industrial peace than hitherto enjoyed and would pave the way for still further legislation and constitutional amendments which would make it possible to apply state intervention to all important private as well as public labor disputes.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

in the South as is Mr. Nye, voters have kept an eye on him and are familiar with his work in the service of the state. They like him and will work for him next August.

Eshleman Hustling, Summerland Serene The candidacy of John M. Eshleman of Imperial county for the office of Railroad Commissioner from the third district is being vigorously forwarded by his friends. He has developed surprising strength. People have not forgotten the Eshleman anti-racetrack gambling bill. He is an aggressive campaigner and is as well known by reputation in one corner of his district as in the other. There seems to be little room for doubt that he will win ou at the primaries, although Theodore Summerland, the present railroad commissioner fron the third district, is busy laying his wires, an confidently asserts that he will beat Eshleman to the tape in the race for the nomina tion. But voters are remembering Summerland's record as they are remembering Eshleman's, and there is too much contrast betwee the two to encourage Summerland's apparentl oversanguine hope.

Cogswell Is Talked of For Speaker of Assembly Southern Califor nia may have a candidate fo Speaker of the next State Assembly in th person of Prescott F. Cogswell of El Monte who has represented the sixty-eighth dis trict in the lower house of the state legisla ture for two terms. He is a man of excep tionally high character and standing, and hi ability has been proven. During his two term of service in the assembly he has made a splendid record. According to Hichborn's Story of the Legislature of 1909, he vote right on every issue upon which action wa taken when he was present in the assembl chamber—and his absence on one importan occasion was due to an important committe meeting. Hichborn places him among the em inently desirable men in the last body. A speaker he would be an immeasurable im provement over most of his predecessors. Mil ton Schmitt of San Francisco is seeking re election from his district and is hoping to b the organization candidate for speaker. As semblyman A. H. Hewitt of Yuba City is als talked of in connection with this office. He i a fine legislator, and his record in the last tw sessions has been among the best.

League Campaign Will Be Pushed Hiram Johnson is openin the campaign for the Lin coln-Roosevelt Republica League in Southern California this week an Max Kuhl, State Organizer, has entered upo his work. He expects to reach Red Bluff o Thursday, March 17th, to be in Redding o Friday and at Kennet on Saturday. He wi spend Sunday at Dunsmuir and will reac Sisson on Monday, but will leave there at p. m. and go to Yreka and stay there Tuesda reaching Hornbrook Tuesday evening and e pects to get back to San Francisco by th 24th. These dates may have to be change some to meet unforeseen contingencies. H expectation is to get the ball to rolling, mo help to be sent later. The likelihood is th every voter in California will know what is all about long before August 16th.

Some Indications As to the Wind As often explained, "straight tips" are give out by the Southe Pacific's Political Bureau to the public a very little is passed "down the line" until t night before election. This makes it necessa to "put this and that together," in order divine what that bureau is up to. We give couple of pointers which indicate the directi the Southern Pacific's political breeze, no freshening up, is taking. County Clerk Coo of Alameda, is "organization," through an through. He is abroad in the county registe ing voters. It comes to us that he leav his office late in the day by automobile a makes shift to reach interior points after t farmers have gone home, but in season round up the men about town, the loafers a such others as constitute the "push" co tingent. These he registers and these an associate who habitually goes with him, induc to sign Charles F. Curry's nomination pape The county clerk of San Francisco coun was a "doodle-dee" and Union Labor can date and was elected. He is registering vote with rapidity, and especially Union Lab party voters as Republicans. We have it the authority of one who says he saw, t County Clerk Mulcrevy also has Charl Curry's nomination papers very handy rig under the counter ready to receive the nam of the right men as soon as they ha registered. Union Labor and Republic "organization" officials both working Curry! If that does not mean that Curry the "organization" candidate, away down de what does it mean? Of course this mea too, that Anderson is to be "Crockered."

SHEAR WIT

You say you are calling on Miss Femme
evening?" "Yes, she joined a secret so-
y last night and I want to go around and
her a chance to tell me its secrets."—
ston Post.

scum—I see there's some talk upon the
stion of abolishing capital punishment.
uld you vote to abolish it? Logie—No,
capital punishment was good enough for
ancestors and it's good enough for me.—
sbyterian Standard.

awyer—So you want a divorce from your
because she throws things at you, eh?
nt—Nothing of the kind. She's too smart
throw things at me. Lawyer—But I
ught— Client (interrupting)—She invar-
y throws things at the dog, but she al-
s manages to hit me.—Chicago Daily
vs.

I want you," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "to
w that this law is unconstitutional. Do
think you can manage it?" Easily," an-
red the attorney. "Well, go ahead and get
iliar with the case." "I'm already at home
t. I know my ground perfectly. It's the
e law you had me prove was constitutional
years ago."—Washington Star.

he men in the Pullman smoker were argu-
as to who was the greatest inventor. One
Stephenson, who invented the locomotive
made fast travel possible. Another de-
ed it was the man who invented the com-
, which enabled men to navigate the seas.
ther contended for Edison. Still another
the Wrights.
inally one of them turned to a little man
had remained silent:
Whom do you think?"
Well," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the
who invented interest was no slouch."—
incott's.

ere is a story that is being enjoyed around
Wyandotte county courthouse, says the
sas City Star.
county assessor was making a canvass for
onal tax assessments. He called at the
e of the widow in the second ward, and
polite way said:
Madam, I am the personal tax assessor.
t have you got?"
ve got two children and the rheumatism,"
the widow, and she slammed the door in
ace.

Waiter, ask the orchestra to play some-
different."
ny particular selection, sir?"
mething slower. I can't chew my food
erly in waltz time."—Washington Herald.

e story is told by Allen Aynesworth, the
sh dramatist, of how a well-known peer
was the prey of match-making mammas
long time and who was imprudent enough
ow more than ordinary attention escaped
nsibility, says O'Connor's Weekly. One
he mother of the young lady in question,
ing she had a trump to play, met his
hip and observed:
ople are talking a good deal about your
tions to my daughter, and are asking
your engagement is to be announced.
can I say?"
uthorize you to say, madam," replied his
ip, "that I asked you for your daughter's
and that you refused it!"

conversation had languished for a mo-
or two.
ve you heard of the Civil Service exam-
n for Ambassadors?" inquired the man
the fur on his overcoat collar.
," replied the man next the car window.
ven't heard of it. Are they examining
ow?"
s. They ask 'em just one question."
ly one question? What's that?"
re you a multimillionaire and a free
er?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ANSWER

By Joseph K. Hutchinson
(For The California Weekly)

Listless leaves that sunless
Hours yield,
Flit with the tragic autumn
Across the field.

Wind in the tattered branches,
Wistful, slow,
Calls to the last faint scarlet
To fade and go.

What ho! Why weep at winter?
Have blazing cheer!
Greet in the deepened embers
The new-come year!

Sadness? Ah yes, we crave it,
Fitful we;
But think of the leaping anthem
Of spring to be!

ABOUT SOME MAGAZINES

Of the regular monthly magazines, Everybody's, McClure's, the American, and Munsey's head the list. After these come the Review of Reviews and the World's Work, probably in the 150,000 circulation class. Harper's and the Century are stationary at about 175,000, but showing signs of slow decay. Scribner's has probably a little less circulation and is very conservative of change in its familiar characteristics. These three last-named retain the character impressed upon them by their common type of origin, namely, to be "feeders" of fiction to a regular book-publishing business and to be mediums of announcing to the public the publications of those houses. The more rapidly growing magazines and weeklies have no relation to book publishing and exist solely for their own merit and chances of success. This is a significant difference, and its significance is further illustrated by the fact that S. S. McClure found it impossible to direct a great magazine and a great book-publishing house at the same time, and so, when John S. Phillips, who had managed the book end of the business, left him to direct the American Magazine, McClure was compelled to sell his book business to Doubleday, Page & Co.

A pupil in one of the grades at Brownell school startled his teacher the other morning by inquiring: "What is a feebly?"

"A feebly!" repeated the teacher. "Feebly is an adverb, not a noun. Where did you ever see that?"

"Right here in this book," replied the pupil. "It tells here about a guy that had one of them growin' on his chin." He pointed to a passage describing the appearance of a young man in the story.

The sentence read: "He had a feebly growing down on his chin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In the Superior Court of Yolo County, State of California:

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Henry Gross, Herbert Gross and Melvin Gross, minors.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court above named, dated January 24th, A. D. 1910, and made in the above entitled matter, the undersigned guardian of Melvin Gross, minor (said Henry Gross and Herbert Gross having attained their majority, respectively, before the date of the said order), will sell, on or after Monday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1910, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said minor, Melvin Gross, to-wit: an undivided 1-36 interest in all those tracts of land situate in Colusa county, state of California, and described as Sections numbered respectively 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 and 32, and fractional Sections numbered, respectively, 19, 30 and 31, and the N. ½ of the SW. ¼ of Section 33, and the S. ½ of Section 29, and the E. ½ of the E. ½ of the NE. ¼ of Section 29—all situated in township 13, N., range 2, W., Mt. D. B. & M., and aggregating about 6,173 acres.

Also a like undivided one thirty-sixth (1-36) interest in that lot of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California, described as Lot 35 in Block 12 of the "Flint Tract Homestead Association."

Bids in writing may be left at the store of S. Rumelsburg, in the City of Colusa, state of California, or at No. 1352 McAllister street, San Francisco, California, the residence of the undersigned guardian. Properties may be sold all together or separately, to suit purchasers.

ROSA HYMAN,
Guardian of Melvin Gross, a Minor.
HURST & HURST,
Attorneys for Guardian. 3-11-3t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 27636.

ELIZABETH WATTS LLOYD, Plaintiff,
vs.
ALBAN W. LLOYD; ENID LLOYD and ALL PERSONS unknown who have or claim any interest in, or lien upon, the whole, or any part, of the real property described in the complaint herein.
Defendants.

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an interlocutory decree in partition and order of sale, duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day of February, 1910, in the above entitled action, I, the undersigned duly appointed, qualified and acting referee in said action, am commanded to sell all those certain lands situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described in the complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Polk Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Ellis Street; running thence northerly along said line of Polk Street twenty (20) feet more or less to Olive Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along the southerly line of Olive Avenue parallel with Ellis Street eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles southerly parallel with Polk Street twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles westerly parallel with Ellis street eighty-five (85) feet to Polk Street, the point of commencement.

Said described premises being a part of 50 Vara lot Number Three (3) in Block Number Nine (9) of the Western Addition as laid down on the official map of said City and County of San Francisco.

And public notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 26th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of that day at the street entrance to the office of the sheriff of said City and County at No. 122 McAllister Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and interlocutory decree in partition, sell the above described property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States Cold Coin, ten (10) per cent thereof to be paid as a deposit on the day of sale, the balance upon confirmation of the sale by the Court and the delivery of a conveyance. Ten (10) days allowed before confirmation for examination of title. Objection to title, if any, must be made before confirmation. If after the confirmation the purchaser neglects or refuses to immediately comply with the terms of the sale a re-sale will be made of the property purchased. If the amount realized on such re-sale does not amount to the former bid and the expenses of the previous sale, such purchaser shall be liable for the deficiency and the said referee will retain such deficiency from the deposit. All checks presented by purchasers must be certified.

CHARLES HAYDEN, Referee.

San Francisco, California, February 26th, 1910.
Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys for Referee, 1029 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 3-4-4t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

What the Candidate Must Do

Few changes in government have taken place more profound than that of passing from the convention system to the direct primary plan and, in relation to what a candidate must do in order to be nominated for an office outside his own residential sphere of influence, it is revolutionary. For local offices in small communities the difference will not prove so important, but for offices representative of a state or a district constituency, it is decided. In this lesson we shall have to do mainly with candidates for state or district offices and what they must do.

The first thing a candidate for a state or district office must do is to get a reputation, and a good one at that. In a city with a tendency to wide-openness a bad reputation may prove as effective, but probably not in the state at large, although it has not yet been demonstrated what an organized and federated "push," including all the cities, may be able to do. If the manhood of a state will vote as generally at a primary as at a general election nothing is to be feared from the organized "push" vote, but inasmuch as that is the vote that always votes at a primary election, and amounts to about 25 per cent. of the total vote, it will be seen that it may become formidable if concentrated on bad candidates at a time when the manhood vote is much split up or stays at home on primary election day. However this unknown factor may turn out it remains practically true that the first thing a candidate for a state office must do is to get a state reputation. The direct primary affords little opportunity for "dark horses" or for going to a boss, paying him a lot of money or promising him a lot of patronage, and so fixing it up with him. Nor can nominations by bargain-counter methods be effected. Most every tub will have to stand on its own bottom.

After having gotten a reputation, and decided to enter the field for nomination to a state or district office, the candidate must first get up and file his "nomination paper," or petition to have his name appear on the primary ballot of his party, if he have a party. If he have not then he has nothing to do with the primary election and must get on the general election ticket by petition, the method of which is to be explained at another time. This nomination paper will also be the subject of a special lesson.

It is provided also in the Direct Primary Act that no one can be a candidate of a political party upon his own initiative unless he affiliated with that party at the preceding election. That is, a candidate can not get out nomination papers petitioning to have his name go on the ballot of any party unless he acted with that party at the last election; but this does not, as the courts have held, prevent a party, of its own volition, endorsing such a candidacy and putting such candidate's name on the ballot to be used at the general election by petition. If the name of a candidate who had not affiliated with a political party at the last election should get on a general election ballot otherwise than by petition the election boards would be estopped from counting votes for him or his election could be successfully contested if he were declared elected.

Having gotten his nomination papers ready, as in the act provided, the candidate must file them and pay a fee for so doing. If the candidate be for the senate of the United States, or any state office, or for any district embracing more than one county, the nomination papers must be filed with, and fee paid to, the Secretary of State. In the case of a candidate for the United States senate or a state office the fee is $50. For a representative in congress or district office, other than state senate or assembly, the fee is $25. Candidates for senate or assembly must pay a fee of $10.

These fees are all paid into the state treasury in the first instance, but the Secretary of State must apportion to the different counties in the state equally all fees received from candidates for state offices, and between the counties comprising the several districts within the state, equally, all fees received from candidates for district offices, and the State Controller must draw his warrant in favor of each county for its allotted portion.

But the filing fee is a small part of the expense to which the Direct Primary law subjects a candidate for nomination, although the law seeks strictly to limit that expenditure. It allows him to spend money only for these purposes: Filing fee, circulating nomination papers, personal traveling expenses, rent for headquarters, and halls for meetings, payment of speakers and musicians and their traveling expenses, printing, challengers at the polls, making canvasses of voters, clerk hire, conveying infirm or disabled voters to and from the polls. Of course these expenditures might run up very high in a state campaign and so give the rich man a great advantage over a poor one, were it not that the law steps in and strictly limits the amount which each candidate may lawfully expend for any or all of these purposes.

Section 3d limits the total expenditure as follows: Where the total vote in the last preceding general election in the district in which the candidate is running [illegible] does not exceed 5,000, such candidate may expend $250 in securing his nomination. To this he may add two dollars for each 100 voters in the district over 5,000 and under 25,000; for each hundred voters over 25,000 and under 50,000 he may add another dollar to his expenditures, and for each hundred voters over 50,000 he may add another fifty cents. It has been figured out that, this year, in California, under this law, a candidate may expend $2,580 to make the race for nomination for a state office or for United States senator, and he can not, under the law, expend a dollar more either directly or indirectly. Each candidate must file with the officer whose duty it is to issue a certificate of nomination a certified and itemized statement of all moneys expended by him, or by any person or association of persons in his behalf, and must do it within 28 days after the primary election has been held. No certificate of nomination is to be issued until such statement has been filed.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "THE FEDERAL CORPORATION TAX LAW"

—By James S. Spillman

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MARCH 18 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Will Try Not To Make More

IT WAS CONSIDERATE of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to declare that he will try not to make any more money while he lives. Having gotten together some hundreds of millions that he does not know how to get rid of without doing more harm than good he will graciously leave something to be made by others. It is sad of him, but, do his best, he cannot prevent his money making more money while he isn't looking and, if it could keep at it, it would in time take to itself all that the Rockefellers and Morgans have not get. His situation is bad at its best. His forbearance is to date by two decades.

Johnson and Wallace

THESE NAMES ARE HONORABLE. They stand for that which means something to humanity. They are not bondsmen to any corporation, clique or combination. They do not even issue bulking huge as Shasta to blinkingly declare that it is not there. An inspiration to ingenuous youth and an example to virile manhood, they constitute the best that California has to offer California for the service of California, and if California be wedded to its Southern Pacific idols it will accept the offer.

The Modern Missionary

THE MODERN MISSIONARY is not a lank and hungry man who carries a hymnal habitually under his arm and is solely bent on souls. Wherever he goes he carries with him all that is best in our civilization, as well as his religion. He is an advance agent of prosperity, industrial, commercial and sanitary as well as ethical. It is a person of little faith who cares not to share his faith with someone who has it not.

Smiles Ironed Out

THE NEW YORK TIMES, in a recent Sunday supplement, told a pathetic story in reproducing pictures of the President. One was taken when he was about to receive the formal notification of his nomination, and the second just before the inauguration. Contrasted with these, which are all smiles, are three others of recent date. In these the smiles have been ironed out and in their place has come a look of seriousness, such a look as one might wear who was knowingly confronting the first serious failure of a hitherto eventful life. The California Weekly hopes to see that look of melancholy give place to one of triumph and victory, but that will be when he has shaken the fist of defiance at the Aldriches, the Cannons, and all that they represent and, backed by a public sentiment that is impatiently waiting, has made the insurgent cause his own. He has gone at Right Things in the wrong way. He has placed his trust in the wrong people.

Let the Act Speak

MAYOR TIREY L. FORD denies that the appointment by Mayor Taylor of McCarthy of the Trevor-Sloan company to collect the city's rents was done either to please him or, through him, to please the United Railroads. Very likely, but whether the perquisite was passed out through Mr. Ford, or however it arrived, it is understood to have displeased Mr. Calhoun or to have branded Mayor McCarthy as an ingrate in his estimation. Let the act speak for itself.

Therefore, be it remembered that Mayor McCarthy gave the city's rent collecting perquisite to a real estate firm 66 per cent of whose capitalization is owned by the president of the United Street Railroad company, a corporation subordinate to and owned by the United Railroads.

Why Delay His Passports?

IF THE EVIDENCE of Chief Engineer Davis, of the Reclamation Service, is to be believed, Mr. Ballinger's passports should be handed him without delay. If he told the President that he restored lands to entry because of the recommendation of the Reclamation Service, when it was he, himself, who commanded that recommendation to be made, he has been guilty of double-dealing with President and people and is no longer fit to sit in the company of such gentlemen as should make up the cabinet of a president.

The Rueful Ripley

EVERY TIME THE PRIVATE CAR of President Ripley of the Santa Fe is sidetracked at Santa Barbara a wail goes out over the state that should bring tears to the eyes of darning needles. This time it is because railroads, alone of all gainful enterprises, are not permitted to increase their charges in order to cover increases in wages or cost of maintenance-of-way. However, when it comes to maintenance of dividends the case is different, as President Ripley cannot deny. In view of the recent mulct to the tune of $10,000,000 a year the commercial interests of California will bear eager testimony to this truth at any time and place.

Somewhat Serious

ATTORNEYS FOR STANDARD OIL, in the great case just heard in the Supreme Court of the United States, contended that if their client was at fault it was merely in the incident of combining affiliated corporations into one corporation and, at the worst, that was only a mistake. A mistake that brought great railroads to their knees before it, that killed off 90 per cent. of competition with it and, in twenty-four years, paid a thousand million dollars in dividends on a capitalization of sixty-nine millions, was a mistake of so serious a nature as to suggest culpable carelessness.

Big Men of the West

IT WAS A SPLENDID TRIBUTE which Jim Hill's son paid to the Big Men of the West when he expressed his preference for putting the conservation of all our western resources into their hands for untrammelled exploitation rather than into the hands of visionary New Englanders with their heads full of the common welfare. Opportunity for enterprise there will be, Mr. Hill, for bigger men than the biggest the West has yet produced, but the hope is coming to be cherished that enterprise will no longer be confounded with spoliation or developing the country with stripping a continent naked to the bone.

Wanted

INFORMATION AS TO the whereabouts of the late beef boycott. When last heard from it was taking the country by storm, but the storm appears to have abated. Nevertheless, it is a substantial grievance which the consuming public has against the great packers, just as the people of San Francisco have a grievance against the fish combination that starves a market in the midst of abundance, and commits culpable waste, that this may be done. What is true of the fish dealers is true of dealers in fruits and vegetables. They stand between hungry mouths and a bounteous supply. Four-fifths of the complained of excess in prices is artificial and lawless and should be punishable with imprisonment, the only kind of punishment that really punishes. Are we become a nation of extortioners rather than business men?

A Task for Stanford University

Scientific research and experimentation are among the functions of great universities, and there are circumstances under which they become duties. There was a strong suggestion of this a few years ago when the milk supply of Palo Alto became contaminated and many Stanford students were taken ill with typhoid fever. People said then that under the walls of a great university was the last place in which an incident of this kind should have occurred.

An occasional contributor to The California Weekly calls attention to what he thinks is another instance of university duty not yet performed. Up in Butte county there is a ranch known as the Stanford ranch, owned by the university of that name, which consists of about 17,000 acres of adobe land, on which once grew plentiful crops of wheat, but which is now condemned to use for pasturage, because wheat can no longer be grown profitably. The university receives little revenue from this large property, and the county assessor has reduced the assessment from thirty dollars per acre to seventeen, even the latter being high in proportion to income.

In the best of times this land was never first class for wheat growing, because adobe land, as every farmer knows, will drown out in years of heavy rainfall; and yet it is a body of land which is naturally fertile and ought to be producing heavy crops of some kind. It is like a great deal of other land which is found in the Sacramento valley; it now represents a vast waste of natural resources, because science has not come to the aid of practical agriculture to show how the problem in the case can be solved. Most persons who have thought about it seriously believe that a properly constructed system of drainage would go far toward solving the adobe land question. If this is so there could not be a better field anywhere for experiment on a large scale than on the Stanford ranch, and seemingly there could be no owner better qualified than the university, with its large resources of money and its staff of scientific men, to undertake it. If drainage alone will not cure the evil, then so much the more reason for study and research to find out what will.

Of course the solution of this question for the Stanford ranch would be its solution for the whole Sacramento valley, a half of which, probably, consists of adobe land. So long as the question how to bring this land up to its greatest usefulness goes unsolved the prosperity of the valley will be retarded. By solving it the university could double, treble or quadruple the value of this part of its property, and exert the same effect on the property of hundreds of owners. This seems to be a case where, if our correspondent is right in his facts, the duty of the property-owner goes hand in hand with the duty of science.

On the Right Line at Last

The McCarthy party members of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco should not allow themselves to be over sensitive if, when called upon to take action in relation to anything in which the interests of the United Railroads conflict with the public interests, press and public view their acts with suspicion. It is notoriously true that the influence of the United Railroads was thrown into the scale for the election of McCarthy and his associates and, since the election, when the Mayor had a nice little perquisite to give, in the shape of rent-collecting for the city, he gave it to a real estate firm sixty-six per cent of whose capitalization is owned by the president of the Sutter Street railroad, a property that belongs to the United Railroads.

Nevertheless, the press and public will do the Board of Supervisors justice when commendation is deserved. It was a good day's work that it did on Monday when it resolved to ask permission of the Attorney General of the state to test, in the courts, the legality of the Sutter street franchise in lower Market street, as well as to adhere to all claims to rights in Geary street. The next step should be the enactment of the Bancroft ordinance requiring the United Railroads to operate its cars down the inside tracks to the ferry. Let us find just what the rights and powers of the city are in the premises.

Enough is known of the United Railroads and its methods to make it certain that decent treatment of the public can not be had except by the compelling power of municipal opposition, either actual or imminent, and, for this reason if for no other, the cars of the city system must go unvexed down Market street to the ferry.

The supervisors have done well thus far, but they may as well understand now as later that their every movement will be watched with keenest interest, and the most exacting standards will be held up for them to follow. They will have to prove their right to be trusted before being trusted out of the light.

THE STAFF
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A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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A Fetish of Party

The direct primary has come to stay. The voting public will never consent to return to the convention system, as we have known it, although it is likely that a regular system of pre-primary conventions may grow out of the direct plan and come to have recognition under the law.

But the direct primary is going to play havoc with political parties as we, of this generation, have known them. All signs point to this truth. Party voters can not be kept on their own sides of party fences and this alone will break party fences down. The rivalries generated in the pre-primary campaigns will be carried into the elections through independent voting upon a scale never known before. Good men will vote for good candidates in whatever political party they find them and bad men will vote for bad candidates in whatever party they find them.

What of it? Where will be the harm if the direct primary results in making party allegiance somewhat less obligatory than allegiance to state and country? What if men shall hereafter be moved to ally with party because of choice rather than because of inherited association? What if political parties shall be reformed from campaign to campaign, as new issues arise, instead of perpetuating themselves, as they have been doing, right across the paths of great issues almost without breaking the party alignment? Will not government be the gainer thereby? Today, progressive Republicans and progressive Democrats are much nearer together than progressive Republicans and the "organization" members of that party. The same is true with regard to progressive Democrats and the conservative wing of that party, allied as the latter is at a hundred points with those "interests" that now hold the machinery of the Republican party in their grasp. Why should good men make a fetish of party when bad men do not? The "interests" are neither cramped, cribbed nor confined by party lines. Why should the hands of free men be bound while the hands of scalawags are left free?

We are on the eve of profound changes in the main currents of political life. Our cities are becoming non-partisan and our states and our nation will follow in their train. Issues will divide men so that they will stay divided, and respect each other's party lines and nothing else will. In the pending contest all who believe in free government should, at the August primary, vote for Hiram Johnson and a government of, by and for the people. All those who distrust the ability of the people to govern, and who prefer to trust their personal rights, the establishment of justice and the safety of their property to government by the associated corporations of this commonwealth, should vote for Charles F. Curry as the best representative of "organization" methods as applied to our political life. Unfortunately for this practice of voting the honest sentiments of all the people, party as a political institution, party as a fetish, bars the way to a free expression of principle and preference. It will not always do so, and the sooner that barrier is broken down the better. Party is for the use of men, not men for the use of party.

Amend the Charter

It is not perfectly certain that the Galvesto plan would best suit the governmental requirements of San Francisco, but there can not b two honest opinions in relation to the advantages of the non-party system of holding city elections. The last election furnished convincing proof of the folly of allowing partyism to split the reputable vote into two nearly equal parts while that vote which plays most easily into the hands of grafters and grabbers is plumped. The initiative, referendum and recall also should have their uses so facilitated that the people may use them whenever they wish to for whatever purpose they wish to. If, then, with home rule, and a direct participation of the people in their government, San Francisco can not keep its devoted nose above the waves let her sink, but this paper is of opinion that the woes of San Francisco have not been due to popular government, rather, to the want of it. Therefore amend the charter in the interests of a freer and more direct participation in governmen by the citizen, and do it now.

The Men at the Head

Mr. Carnegie was probably right in stating that the great executive managers of our big financial and industrial enterprises are less concerned for becoming multi-millionaires than for efficiently safeguarding the interests of the stockholders of their respective corporations, but are there not obligations which these men owe to the common welfare which transcend their obligations to their shareholders, and of which they are frequently oblivious? We think there are.

It may have been to the financial interest of the stockholders in our great railroads to practice rebating, but the men who were guilty of it should have been clapped into jail for excess of zeal.

It probably has been to the financial interests of the shareholders in the Southern Pacific company to have certain officers of that company conduct the government of California in the interests of such shareholders instead of in the public interest, but those men have had to prove themselves traitors to California, and enemies to human society, in order to serve their employers. No honorable man can be hired to oppose, or even to be blinded

, the common welfare in the interests of any ombination of shareholders, even though they "widows and orphans."

It ill befits Mr. Carnegie to say aught which nds to obscure the public vision or make it fficult for the public to judge betwixt good id evil at a glance. Whoever serves king company to the detriment of state or coun- y is a criminal.

Should Give Their Time to It

In looking for candidates for the State oard of Railroad Commissioners the Execu- e Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Re- iblican League will do well to find men who ll give their whole time to the duties of at commission. The proper safeguarding of e public interests in relation to transporta- n may well occupy the undivided attention three able men, and a salary of $6,000 per ar, and expenses, is not wholly inadequate r that service, although the right men for e places might easily be worth more. Here- fore our railroad commissioners have not t it inconsistent with their duties to ite to busy themselves with other gainful cupations while drawing the salaries of com- ssioners, but they were waiting for some- ing to turn up, not turning up something it needed to be inquired into. The new law es the commissioners a considerable initia- e. It is likely that the next legislature will e them more. He who is to double-business und will neglect the state's end of it, if not th.

What Else Can the Poor Man Do?

John Temple Graves, and the Hearst news- pers, are concerned lest the public cold oulder turned to John D. Rockefeller induce n to take his wealth with him when he ves the world or else so entail his estate to sequester and augment his huge fortune til, in the hands of his heirs, it becomes so ossal as to devour the earth. The danger not great. John D. Rockefeller has a just d to face ere long. Let him look to that. sides, neither philanthropy nor statesman- p can so clearly foresee the relation between nts and their causes as to venture to tie up st estates, even in the name of charity, for great lapse of time. What may now be ked upon as a wise charity time may prove curse to posterity. Let not the scrawny id of a Rockefeller reach up out of his ve to direct the destiny of his many mil- ns long after his death. Two lives in being l twenty-one years is quite long enough for benevolence to be unchangeably directed any man's foresight. Let those who live each generation be trusted to deal with nevolences for each generation. His wealth ckefeller can not take with him. If he ves it to his descendants he will ruin the one of them. Therefore let him unload best he may, but in such a way that when is dead he will have done with it.

It Won't Do This Time

The Kern Echo, Hon. S. C. Smith's paper, l support the candidacy of Hiram Johnson. far so good. But it is not doing it for the it reason. Therefore we pick a quarrel h it, if we can, here and now. It is sup- ting Hiram Johnson because it believes him best man for the place. Ordinarily that son would be superb, but it does not suf- this time. Hiram W. Johnson is the best n suggested for governor of California, but re is another reason for nominating and ting him for governor that transcends his erior fitness as Mount Shasta looms above rysville Buttes. That issue is the emancipa- n of California, and the Republican party California, from corporation domination. If ood governor were all that need be looked Alden Anderson would make one, so would l Stanton, as good as Gillett has made, way, and there is not a man in the state who understands the state's business better than Charley Curry, although his political ideals are so objectionable that it would not be safe to elect him. The California Weekly is glad to have the Kern Echo support Johnson, but it wants the Echo to do it for the right reason. Johnson has a finer mentality than any of his competitors, and his enthusiasms are finer, but he stands for a cause transcendent in its importance, and it is exasperating to find the Echo professing an inability to see in the sunlight what should be obvious at noonday to owl or bat. The issue is greater than any man.

A Doomed Administration Measure

Our "backbone" article for this week, on the Federal Corporation Tax Law, will be read with interest and approval by holders of shares in corporations. We look for the higher courts to follow the line of reasoning in this paper laid down and that expectation is grounded not on the irrefragable character of the reasoning so much as upon the manifest truth that the financial interests are all against it. Whatever the financial interests of this country unitedly oppose will be beaten. These interests are not opposed to the tax because of the arguments urged against it, but the arguments are urged against the tax because they are opposed to it. This without reflecting upon the single mindedness of the author of our very instructive leading article.

Nevertheless, the artificial person, with neither body to be kicked nor soul to be damned, never should have been sought to be given all the rights and immunities which attach to a person having both body and soul. Practically every corporation does an interstate business and every act of chartering a corporation by a state is a practical invasion of what should be a Federal authority. Every tax imposed works some injustice, and the Federal corporation tax affords no exception to that limitation, but under a system of taxation that throws the whole burden of supporting government upon the consuming power of individuals, without regard to their ability to pay, we need not strain at a few gnats while swallowing camels by the herd.

The Federal Corporation Tax was imposed, confessedly, to prevent the imposition of an income tax, a form of taxation less objectionable and more just. Now the very powers that gave us the corporation tax, lest a better thing come upon us, are striving to ward that off, too, and they will succeed. Only a great war or the overthrow of the "interests" in congress and courts will restore the national income tax to its rightful place in our polity.

The principal argument in favor of, and reason for opposing, the Federal Corporation tax is found in that, at present ineffectual, provision providing for publicity in the transaction of the business of corporations. The greater part of the business of this country, and of the civilized world, is and must be done through corporations, and corporations should not be needlessly harrassed or hindered, but, inasmuch as flesh can not be made of one corporation and fowl of another, the conduct of all corporations must be an open book. Not a financial evil of which there is now public complaint but owes its being to the star-chamber methods of great corporations. That the innocent may suffer through publicity is to be regretted, but there can not be effective corporate regulation without full cognizance, on the part of officers of the law, of what corporations are doing and how they are doing it. The evil that an individual may do in his sole capacity is limitable. That which a Harriman, a Rockefeller, or a Morgan may do, under cover of half a hundred affiliated corporations, oversteps the farthest bounds which the imagination may set. The Federal Corporation tax ought not to be nullified, but it will be. The President has been cuchered.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

She was what everyone would call a dear, sweet woman and she had lost her only child, a baby boy, and was bereft indeed. She wanted so much to do some great thing in honor of his memory. She wished that she had the wealth of a Stanford that she might found a great university and name it after him. Anyhow, she did wish that her husband were financially able to build a sweet little cottage for the foundling asylum half a dozen blocks away that it might bear the lost baby's name over the door where everyone going by on the street could read the sign and reflect upon the beauty of the benefaction.

But when it was modestly suggested that, if she could not do that, perhaps she might take her empty perambulator out to the asylum on pleasant days and take the foundling babies out into the air and sunshine, that she might take them into her motherly arms, rock them and sing to them as she had done to her own, that she might afford them the natural right of every baby born into the world to be caressed and talked to, taught to "patty-cake" and made to laugh, the suggestion met with small favor and nothing was done except to go about sad-eyed all day and at night get out the little garments her baby had worn and weep over them.

How very natural this all was, and yet how self-indulgent, if not selfish, and how inconsequential as a dedication to the love for the lost baby! There are moments which come to most of us when we positively long to make the great renunciation, but have no stomach for the thousand little ones we might make day by day, but do not, and yet the thousand little renunciations and not the one great one, that would set the world to talking, would have many times the greater influence in forming our characters and making us what we ought to become. The Venus de Milo was not made with an ax or at a single stroke. It was chiseled, carved, polished by many million separate operations of the sculptor's hand.

Back of the yearning for the great renunciation is a vaulting and a morbid ambition to be talked of, to be put in the papers, to have people come to weep at our graves or adorn them with flowers or, if our renunciation does not prove mortal, then to have people say: "That's the one. You heard about that! Wasn't it perfectly splendid?" Exactly the sentiment, the desire for notoriety, that nerves the arms of assassins, that inspires those awful atrocities that redden the pages of history! We should be ashamed to entertain such a thought for a moment.

But the little renunciations! The cups of cold water that might be handed out, but are not! The blind and aged that need to be read to; the waifs at all the foundling institutions in San Francisco and Oakland that have rolled around on the floor on a blanket, staring up at the ceilings, until the hair was all worn off the backs of their heads, waifs that might be taken into the open air, tossed up and down, played with and talked to; the ill who might be taken auto-riding, the growing boy that needs a friendly hand laid upon his shoulder and a few sane words whispered into the ear from someone beside a nagging mother and a berating father! What a lot of time these would all take! What renunciations on our part would they involve! And no one might ever hear of it or say a word about it and, worst of all, the beneficiaries themselves might forget to be grateful! No, those things are not for us. Give us one big renunciation or give us none, give us one worth while or trouble us not. We do not say these things in so many words. We only act them year in and year out without words and almost without thoughts.

We have no right to live heedlessly, to go unthinkingly through the world, to overlook the little things that beset us at every turn because our eyes are set upon the few Shasta peaks that stand out where all can see them. What were our minds given us for if not to order our steps sanely?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Why Not Learn to Spell?

Back in York county, Pennsylvania, a superintendent of schools, who is wise in his day and generation, has prepared a list of words in common use and proposes to conduct a series of old-fashioned spelling bees throughout the schools of the county—this in order that the pupils, with all their other getting, may get orthography. It is an excellent superintendent who has done this thing, for the pupils of today need such training. They are educated somewhat in certain sciences which were not included in their fathers' curriculum, but very frequently the old gentlemen could spell "all around them." The same remark might apply, too, to other basic studies, for pa's arithmetic is not unlikely to beat Percy's, and the chances are fair that he is the better reader of the two. Occasionally indeed, one almost might be forced to the treasonable conclusion that our schools of today sometimes regard very excellent frills to the neglect of essentials which are no less essential because they are old-fashioned. However, to return to our knit—that is, to our spelling, perhaps the hard times upon which it has fallen may best be indicated by a report, prepared by Professor Bailey, concerning the spelling of the students of Yale university, and certainly Yale students may be considered the very cream which rises to the top of the milk of our educational system. According to this report, then, one student in seven is an accurate speller; the other six make more or less of a failure of guessing. Is it not evident that there is something wrong with the educational system of gardening which produces that variety of blossom at Yale? The frills are all right; indeed, they are not frills, but real learning; but they should not be heeded to the neglect of "the three R's," or of spelling, either.

An Ancient Garden Again to Bloom

Time was when the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates "blossomed as the rose," but that was long centuries ago, and since then ancient man's irrigation systems have disappeared, the desert has crept in upon the wide-reaching garden, and a dreary, gray wilderness has painted its mirages where millions of men once dwelt. Now the process of decay is to be reversed, a navigable canal is to be built from Bagdad—scene of Scheherezade's tales of an impossible, but hardly less real, dreamland—to Caliphate, a distance of 75 miles, and through these regions, too, the Bagdad railroad is to pass. It is a most torrid land, the summer heat running from 115 to 122 above zero, but the soil is fertile, the mineral wealth considerable, and, with the introduction of water, much of the olden bloom and prosperity undoubtedly will return to it. So the thousand and one nights of Arabian enchantment are drawing unto the dawn of modern progress, and the day of development is advancing. This is an era when the New succeeds the Old most rapidly, but in all its myriad changes there perhaps will be none which will appeal more to the imagination than does this rebirth of the Bagdad of most puissant Haroun-al-Raschid.

Comparative Cost of a Battleship

Whether this nation builds one, two, or more mighty battleships in the immediate future, the cost of one, as indicated by comparisons made by the national peace society, should be of interest to everybody who helps to pay the price, whether in coin or something that is redder and dearer. Following are comparisons of cost made by the society: The cost of a battleship would build a first-class macadam road between New York and Chicago; it would build fifty large manual training schools and equip them with all essential tools and appliances; it would construct two such buildings as the Congressional Library in Washington, and it is the finest library building in the world; it would pay nearly half of the cost of making the proposed six-foot canal in the Mississippi river from St. Paul to the mouth of the Missouri river; three-fourths of the cost would pay for the construction of the Salt river valley (Arizona) irrigation system, which will open 240,000 acres of rich land to settlement; it would build and equip forty Young Men's Christian Association buildings of eight stories apiece. So run a few comparative costs. They make it fairly evident, do they not, that a battleship is a very costly piece of furniture in Uncle Sam's household equipment?

Condiments in the Menu All Right

The London Lancet, a medical journal of much repute, comes to the rescue of some of us who, after reading diatribes in certain "health journals," had begun to fear that salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, olive oil, etc., were to be banished from our bills of fare. Let us read the Lancet's own words in relation to the matter, and rejoice in them: "Mustard, pepper and salt, used of course in sensible amounts, assist the appetite, give a zest for food, and partly by reflex action as well as local action stimulate the flow of digestive juices and insure healthy assimilation. Even vinegar is known to have a softening effect on tough fibres, and hence its use is justified in so many instances. Lastly, the use of oil in a salad is a sound physiological procedure, for it supplies an aliment which is deficient in the salad vegetable, while as a vehicle for the uniform distribution of food materials in the body it does excellent service." If it chances that the reader likes a "sensible amount" of seasoning in his edibles, and at the same time is thrown much in contact with "food cranks," it may be well for him to cut this paragraph out and keep it somewhere where it will be convenient for reference.

The "Aerofahrplan" Is the Latest.

The "Aerofahrplan" is its name, and it is the first airship guide ever published. The place of its publication is Munich, Bavaria, and it gives the dates, hours and fares of an airship service which is to begin May 15, of this year, and terminate for the season on September 30. A brief glance at the fares will convince anybody that the service will not be generally patronized by all classes of people. For example, the ticket for a ride of three hours' duration costs $55, while the price of an all-day ride is $137.50. If one desires to be really exclusive and select, a special car may be hired for $1,375 a day, which ought to beat "joy riding" as a demonstration that one belongs to the higher circles. An airship station, which now is being constructed, will be 250 feet long, 130 feet wide and 83 feet high, and as this is but one item, it will be realized that there must be some income to match the expenditures.

RESIDENCE DISTRICT OPTION FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Beginning next Sunday (March 20th) with a women's mass meeting at Calvary Presbyterian church, there will be launched a four-weeks' campaign for "residence district option" in San Francisco. This is a movement to apply the local option principle to the cities, so that the saloons may be driven from the home sections and congregated in the business districts, where they can be watched.

Every Sunday, until and including April 17th, a mass-meeting will be held. Every weekday, except Saturdays, district meetings will be held. The first week will be devoted to Sunset and Richmond, the second week to South San Francisco and North Beach, the third week to the Mission, and the last week to the Western Addition.

The meetings will all be held by Miss Marie C. Brehm, of Chicago. Miss Brehm has been a traveling temperance lecturer for twelve years, and is an authority on the liquor question. She was one of the seven delegates sent by the United States Government to the International Congress on Alcoholism in London last July. She is now lecturer for the temperance committee of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church of America.

Residence district option is right, and should be allowed by law. Every good citizen who wants the saloon kept away from his children constant notice should attend these meetings when they are held in his district and join actively in the work of promoting the legislation sought by Miss Brehm. Her local work is under the auspices of a joint committee representing the churches, the Anti-Saloon League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Volunteers of America.

The first Edison medal, which is intended to rank in electrical science with the Nobel prizes, has been awarded to Prof. Elihu Thomson.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The fine old art of illustration has fallen on days with the rise of the cheap novel with saccharine heroine and the "happy" end- The idea of an illustration in these days a picture of a football hero in advertised ring suitings" with the shoulders over- ded and the trousers peg-topped, gazing iringly into the eyes of a Harrison Fisher clad in stunning raiment and a picture As Kipling says, "It's pretty, but is it Or, we would say, "It may be art, but s it illustrate?"

o be brutally frank, it does not. Trans- e the illustrations of "The Fashionable Ad- tures of Joshua Craig" into a copy of "The ite House," and the average reader would er know the difference. Joshua Craig, as artist depicts him, has already done service he hero of a dozen equally sloppy novels, the tall heroine has merely changed her ss and bought a new hat since she moved rom the last best seller.

ut recall Sir John Tenniel's illustrations "Alice in Wonderland" and note the dif- nce. Character is drawn into line of every sonage of the book, from Alice to the Mad ter and from the Turtle to the Cheshire Here is a wealth of imagination and er applied by the artist to an interpreta- of the book, and so subtly has he entered Carroll's whimsicalities that the drawings instantly accepted by the reader as being ghtful and adequate visualizations of the And for Peter Newell to venture, as he a few years ago, to attempt to replace niel's classic drawings with his grotesque ts was the last word in impertinence and

nother wholly successful example of illus- ng is the work of "Phiz" (Browne) on ens's "Pickwick Papers." How admirably caught the spirit of the book and how hically he presented, each in unmistak- character, the humorous Sam Weller, the ning Mr. Pickwick, the widow Bardell, gins, and the rest. No need here, as in ern illustrations, to wonder who is who he pictures. These illustrations really trate; they enforce and make vivid the ted description of the author.

rhaps one other point of difference be- n the older and the modern book draw- may help explain the greater effective- in the past. The older artists almost in- ably chose for the subjects of their illus- ons those moments in which the action of plot is most intense, when the physical es of the characters are grouped in their striking relations and when their facial essions are most effected by their situa- in the story. By this choice their pictures ys convey the impression of liveliness, of ment, of activity.

the other hand, modern illustrators se moments of quiescence, group their acters sitting or in a revery, and draw aits of thoughtful youths and maidens, pretty as portraits, but suggesting no n, no living movement. And the draw- themselves seem like photographs of a group when the actors "stand on the re," as the old stage managers used to in other words, pause for a moment, as tableau, in a striking attitude, which is enough as an attitude, but which, in a re, suggests a state of suddenly arrested ation.

en, too, the older artist had no fears t depicting violent gestures, extreme ex- ions of joy or sorrow, slightly exagger- effects of emotion. Quite otherwise his rn successor. His characters must be ect"—heavens, yes! perfectly "correct"— must have "poise" and "dignity," forsooth. the result is a "correctness" after the of the Kuppenheimer clothing ads. and e" after the character of Ladies' Home ial fashion models, and "dignity" of the of the corset "demonstrators" in a de- ient store.

other point (as long as we are after the of the modern illustrator we had as well t whole) is this: the older illustrators drew pictures, complete groups with their background of scenery or rooms. The modern illustrators draw "heads," with the body "suggested," as they say, and the background—well, we presume that is taken for granted. A smudge of black at the feet of the figures indicates a sustaining relation between earth and mortals which is some comfort, for the worst of them do not establish even this frail connection with mundane things.

Here we cease. Since Kemble ended his career as an illustrator we have seen but one genuine illustrator, Maxfield Parrish. Even he prefers the decorative and the ideal to a just, human interpretation of characters. But he at least preserves some of the good old traditions.

GOETHE MANUSCRIPTS FOUND

German literary circles are bubbling with joy over the discovery in Zurich of the original manuscripts of the first four volumes of Goethe's novel "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," well known to English and American readers in Carlyle's translation called "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," says the Times, of New York.

Goethe wrote six of the eight books of the work between 1777 and 1785, before his departure for Italy, and sent them on one occasion to his friend Barbara Schulthess at Zurich. Although the manuscripts just come to light have for a century been considered irrevocably lost, and are not in Goethe's own handwriting, their authenticity has been recognized by two eminent German historians, Profs. Richard Meyer and Erich Schmidt. They number 600 sheets, and will probably be acquired by the Goethe Museum archives at Weimar.

Californian Poets' Corner

DUM VIVIMUS VIGILAMUS

By C. H. Webb

Charles Henry Webb was the author of the Californian, the first literary weekly established in San Francisco. After some years Webb went to New York, where as a humorous writer he was a favorite contributor to some of the leading magazines. His death took place about two years since.

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed to-night.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is a bed.
Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung:
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all,—they died in bed.
In bed they died, and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
Go you who glad would buried be,
But not to-night a bed for me.

For me to-night no bed prepare,
But set me out my oaken chair,
And bid no other guests beside
The ghosts that shall around me glide;
In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
A fair and gentle company,
Though silent all, rare revellers they,
Who leave you not till break of day.
Go you who would not daylight see,
But not to-night a bed for me:
For I've been born and I've been wed—
All of man's peril comes from bed.

And I'll not seek—whate'er befall—
Him who unbidden comes to all.
A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight—
God send he do not come to-night!
But if he do, to claim his own,
He shall not find me lying prone;
But blithely, bravely, sitting up,
And raising high the stirrup-cup.
And if you find a pipe unfilled,
An empty chair, the brown ale spilled;
Well may you know, though nought be said,
That I've been borne away to bed.

OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF

Miss Alcott's Books

All the sweet memories of childhood float back to us at the sound of the name of Louisa May Alcott. To how many millions is she the literary mother, who had no children of her own. We once knew a man who had grown gruff and austere through long years at business who astonished us one day, when her name was mentioned, by bursting out into one of the most feeling and eloquent tributes of affection for her books that we ever heard.

Miss Alcott had the almost unique—perhaps it is more just simply to say unique—gift of remembering at maturity the exact emotional and mental capacities of early childhood, and of writing books which at once record those capacities for the elders and appeal to those capacities in the children. Such a gift is an endowment of genius. Only Mark Twain and Thomas Hughes have approached it, and they only in the psychology of boyhood. Miss Alcott, better than they, knew the state of mind of all children at the age of greatest ingenuousness and innocence.

Sweetness, wholesomeness, and motherliness are the great characteristics of her books. Man grown, when we re-read them, we feel a little that the sweetness is a touch too sweet. But to the children they will always be ideal, "the best stories ever."

DESCENDANT OF CONFUCIUS

The New York Times says that the only living lineal descendant of Confucius is expected to be one of the star attractions at this year's centennial jubilee of the University of Berlin. The proposal to have him represent China at the jubilee emanates from the accomplished Chinese minister at Berlin, Gen. Yinchang, who is trying to induce the Peking government to act on his suggestion.

The minister thinks that China, as the land of the oldest culture and literature, ought to be notably represented among the galaxy of intellectuals which the Berlin jubilee will bring together.

The present-day representative of the Confucius family, like his predecessors, has the title and rank of Duke and enjoys all the honors of royalty. The local university authorities sincerely hope that he may persuade himself to make this unique excursion into the Occident.

BJORNSON'S THOUGHTS

A Norwegian paper tells the following story about Bjornson, the national novelist, poet and dramatist: One day he was traveling through Valders and was going to cross Filefjild. His conveyance was a carriole, with a boy, as usual, perched behind. The road was very muddy, and the poet and the boy beguiled the slow journey with lively talk.

Presently there was a long silence. Bjornson was buried in thought. At last the boy said: "What are you thinking of now, Bjornson?"

"Oh," said the writer, "I was thinking how the big wheel of the carriole reminds me of the wheel of time, which whirls great men away from each other. Ibsen is in Germany, Jonas Lie in Paris, Christopher Jansen in America and here am I sitting rattling along in a carriole."

The boy made no answer, but in his turn seemed wrapped in thought. Coming to a flat stretch of road Bjornson whipped up the horse and the wheels of the carriole ran more quickly through the mud.

"What are you thinking of?" said Bjornson at last to the boy.

"Oh," was the answer, "I was only thinking of how that big wheel of the carriole throws one large piece of mud here and another there." Bjornson relapsed into silence and thought.

Owen Wister is the grandson of Fanny Kemble, the great actress, and a great grandnephew of Sarah Siddons.

HEALTH EFFICIENCY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

EFFECT OF CORRECTION OF DEFECTS ON MENTALITY AND DEPORTMENT

If your son or daughter comes home from school every month with a poor report upon his (or her) studies or with a black mark after the word "deportment", take him to the family physician. The chances are about three to one that the child has some physical defect that is easy to remedy once you find it.

So says Dr. N. K. Foster, director of the department of health development and sanitation in the public schools of Oakland. He has proved the theory to his satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the public in Oakland. And in stating the theory and giving his experience he is simply repeating the theory and the experience of the pioneers in the similar department of the public schools of New York. The theory has an addition, which is: two-thirds of the crime in the world is directly traceable to the neglect of physical defects in childhood. The wherefore of the whole theory follows.

Doctor Foster cites a case to illustrate the possible consequences of such neglect, and adds, "This is not an idle fairy tale: it is a statement of a really not uncommon experience."

There is, let us say, a boy in school who is notoriously dull and stupid. He never knows his lessons. The teacher does not know why, the boy does not know why, his classmates never think of wondering why, but take his stupidity for granted. The boy does know that whenever he looks at his book the words all dance about on the page and then run together. He does not know that this is what makes him tired when he tries to study, nor that this is the reason he never reads the lesson aright. But that is just what happens. Then the teacher asks him a question and he cannot answer. She gets angry and tells him to "read it aloud to the class." He tries to do so, but the words run together and he stumbles over a simple sentence. The other boys laugh. Humiliated, the boy becomes balky and refuses to try. The teacher coaxes, then thrashes him. The boy runs away from school. He is thrashed at home and the principal of the school expels him. The boy out of school drifts into bad company, is caught several times in mischief, is given up as incorrigible and is sent to the reform school. He graduates from the reform school and the companionship of criminals at the same time, and enters on a life of crime. He serves a term or two in prison. Between times he commits burglary, meets with resistance, and kills the resister. He goes to the gallows.

Now, it sounds too absurdly simple to say it, but it is the truth none the less, that this whole train of misfortune and crime and sorrow to his family and cost to the state arose from a mere defect of the boy's vision. He was near-sighted and nobody knew enough to find it out. Literally, the difference in that boy's destiny between usefulness as a citizen and viciousness as a desperate criminal lay in a $2 pair of glasses, bought at the proper time.

But it was nobody's business to find out that he needed them. That was the deficiency that Doctor Foster was appointed to fill in the Oakland schools. It is his business, in conjunction with the teacher, to examine all the pupils who show any visible signs of physical defects and to let the parents know that these defects exist and that the future welfare of their children depends upon prompt remedial measures. And already the results are astonishing, especially in view of the facts that Doctor Foster was appointed only last fall and that until the beginning of the present term of the school year he had no assistance except from the teachers.

Doctor Foster has tabulated the records of 1,300 pupils examined by him prior to February 1st, and finds that their cases were divided as to defects as follows:

Vision	485
Teeth	431
Disease of tonsils	424
Defective nasal breathing	251
Enlarged glands	246
Hearing	226
Adenoids	217
Malnutrition	66
Disease of skin	11
Orthopedic	8
Serious disease of lungs	7
Disease of nerves	7
Disease of heart	6
Palate	4

From the illustration used earlier in this article it appears how defective vision affects character and study. The relation of defective teeth is less clear until it is explained. Few parents realize that upon the care of the first teeth the quality of the second set depends. The result is that children's teeth are not properly attended to, and they decay. This decayed matter accumulates in their mouths to an unbelievable extent, so that every time the child swallows he washes down active poison into the stomach. This poison deteriorates the digestion and, which is worse, it impairs the absorptive power of the intestines, causing an impoverishment of the blood. At the same time the blood is poisoned by the absorption of the poison from the teeth. The effect of this impoverishment and poisoned blood upon the brain is that the brain, like the rest of the body, is undernourished, and the child becomes stupid.

The relation of defective nasal breathing, of disease of the palate, and of adenoids, to the development of character and brain is also dependent upon impoverished blood, but impoverishment from another source. All three of these defects reduce the quantity of air that may be taken into the lungs at each breath or they deteriorate its quality. In either case the effect is the same: the child does not get enough oxygen in his lungs to purify the blood properly, and, as the blood feeds the brain, the child's brain is fed with impure blood, and the child becomes stupid.

Enlarged glands are an evidence of lowered vitality. Certain diseases of the skin and the orthopedic defects produce a very depressing effect upon the nervous system which inevitably reacts upon the child's power to concentrate his mind upon his studies and reacts also upon his temperament.

Doctor Foster's tabulations showed another surprising fact: that more children had two defects than had only one. The exact figures are these:

With one defect	411
With two defects	492
With three defects	263
With four defects	45
With five defects	13
With six defects	6

In Doctor Foster's work, the co-operation of the teachers is most important. The selection of pupils for examination by the doctor was necessarily left to them, as it is physically impossible for one man to examine all the school children of Oakland. The teachers showed a varying quickness of apprehension of the idea of the work, though they unanimously and gladly aided it. One teacher detected 28 defective pupils out of 58. Another teacher, in a class of about the same size, declared that none of the pupils was defective. Doctor Foster's method in this case is illuminative. Sitting beside the teacher at her desk, and speaking in a low voice, he said:

"Do you see that boy in the third seat in the first row of desks nearest the window?"

"Yes."

"Don't you observe anything unusual about him?"

"No, I think not."

"But don't you see that his lips are apart and that he is breathing through his mouth instead of his nose?"

"Oh, that! Of course! But he has always done that."

"Certainly, but he should not breathe that way. He should breathe through his nose. How is he in his studies?"

"Dull."

"Precisely. Put him down on your blank form there as a 'mouth breather.' Now, d you see that girl in the tenth seat in th third row?"

"Yes. She is dull, too."

"But don't you see that she is holding he book right up against her eyes?"

"Yes, but she's always done that."

"She has to—she is nearsighted."

"I never thought of that."

"Exactly. Check off 'defective sight' o the form for her."

A similar casual examination, without leav ing his chair, disclosed a dozen pupils wit defects. By the time Doctor Foster left th room the teacher knew how to locate th more obvious of these defects at a glance.

The form referred to by Doctor Foster i made in duplicate and contains blanks fo the teacher to fill out answering the follow ing questions:

Pupil's name, age, address, father's nam and nationality, mother's name and nationa ity, is the pupil affected with defective hea ing, defective sight, nervousness, headach cough, offensive breath, decayed teeth, or is h a "mouth breather." Other questions relat to the child's physical activity, vicious habit mentality, conduct, proficiency, cleanlines age, weight and height.

Other spaces on the blank are to be filled i by the doctor when he examines the chil They indicate his diagnosis of the defect. On copy of the blank is filed by the teacher, th other is filed in Dr. Foster's office. From th blank a slip is made out for the child to carr home to his parents. This slip is a form note stating that the child is afflicted by certain defect (named in the slip) and sugges ing that the parents should immediately tak the child to the family physician for trea ment.

Of the pupils examined by Dr. Foster, an by him recommended to medical treatmen about 25 per cent promptly went to physician and were treated. The remainder delayed fo one cause or another, but the percentage o those failing to act on the advice will be ver small. Of those who have already bee treated, the invariable report of their teacher and parents is "better health and better scho arship." The improvement is almost alway immediately noticeable.

Of course there are families in straitene circumstances who find it inconvenient to com ply with the suggestions made by Dr. Foste But the recognition of the value of his wor bids fair to eliminate all sources of reluctanc on the score of financial embarrassment. Th opticians and oculists of Oakland have alread agreed to examine the eyes of any school chil free of charge, and to supply glasses to fi the prescriptions at a nominal rate. Dr. Fos ter has an ordinance before the supervisor which will probably pass, providing an annua appropriation to pay for glasses where the are needed.

The dental association of Oakland, also, i working on a plan by which all the dentist will unite to found a free dental clinic, at whic the care of the children's teeth will be entirel provided for in cases of inability to pay. An the free clinics at the hospitals take care o the operations for adenoids, tonsils, etc.

Dr. Foster's work has grown so rapidly an has proved so valuable that two nurses hav been added to his staff, relieving him of par of the growing burden of examinations, an adding to the usefulness of his office by pro viding a "follow-up" system for checking u the results of the work. These nurses visi the parents after the children have been sen to a physician, and make a record of the re sults of treatments. They visit the teacher and check up the results on classroom effi ciency.

But the work has already demonstrated it tremendous importance. It is humanitarian ism practiced at the preventive stage, headin off incipient evils, and adding health and intel ligent enjoyment of life to hundreds of chil dren. Every school board in the state should study the Oakland example, and apply it, i modified form, to local conditions.

Representative Julius Kahn, of San Fran cisco, is a native of the Grand Duchy o Baden. Before studying law he played heav tragedy roles with Edwin Booth, Tomass Salvini, Clara Morris and others.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Playin' Us for Green

(To the old tune.)

McCarthy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's goin' round?
'Tis said a mayor's words are queer
When they're of hoodlum sound.
A verbal threat to "smash his jaw"
Is safe with miles between,
But there should be a law agin'
This playin' us for green.

McCarthy, dear, 'tis whispered here
The Geary road's delayed
To help the cunnin' little game
United Railroads played;
'Tis said Spring Valley looks to you,
And winks, with hopeful mien,
And, faith, the rumor's goin' round
You're playin' us for green.

McCarthy, lad, 'tis said, bedad,
Graft stock is on the rise,
That Ruef and Schmitz are feelin' gay
And Pat Calhoun looks wise.
An' what it manes I wish you'd hint,
Yourself and me between,
For, oh, the rumor seems to grow
You're playin' us for green.

* * *

Little Political Fables

Organization Sharp and the Shell Game

A certain Organization Sharp who for years
d run a shell game in connection with the
olitical Circus thus addressed the people
out him:
'Between my thumb and my middle finger,
you will observe, gentlemen, I hold the
tle Nomination pea. Watch it carefully,
ntlemen, watch it carefully. Every move
make, you will perceive, is in plain sight.
othing is hidden, nothing is obscure. Watch
fingers, gentlemen; pay close attention
ile I move the Anderson shell—the Stan-
shell—the Curry shell. Every movement
visible, gentlemen, nothing is hidden. Now
n, under which shell did I place the little
mination pea? Talk right up, gentlemen,
not hesitate. Do your betting now."
Some guessed the Anderson shell, some the
nton shell, but a capper who stood in with
Organization Sharp removed the Curry
ll, and there was the little Nomination pea.
Moral:—The people may guess all they
ase concerning where the Organization
arp has placed his little Nomination pea,
all the time he knows right where it is,
s so does a certain tall, black-eyed indi-
ual of Sacramento.

* * *

The Little Red Demon of Self

is petty and wee, and we both agree
le is mean and contemptible, too,
t he shows us the earth where we had our
birth,
nd he says, "It should be for you;
don't mind the rest, but grab for the best
f boodle, applauses or pelf;
ther man's rue, it is nothing to you,"
ays the Little Red Demon of Self.

ur burden of care is sufficient to bear,"
ays the Little Red Demon, says he,
it's wiser to dwell in your own narrow
shell,
or be with your sympathy free.
pain of another, though haply a brother,
is better to lay on the shelf
te out of your view, for it's nothing to
you,"
ays the Little Red Demon of Self.

haps you opine that this jingle of mine
or you has no moral, and yet
re's one thing I know—or I think it is so—
his Little Red Demon you've met,
his voice you have heard, and your spirit
was stirred
y his whisper of glory or pelf.
w I know? Well, you see, he is boarding
with me,
s the Little Red Demon of Self.

The Opinions of Rufus

A good deal of the worry we worry is like a shadow—middlin' dark, but they's nothin' to it.

Regret is what some of us feel when we've done wrong; remorse is what we feel when we've been ketched at it.

Mirandy Tubbs' ma used to tell her to look high fer a husband. Well, the dern scrub she married is 6 foot an' 6 inches tall.

Uneasy lies the head that wears thirty or forty curl-papers scattered all over it.

On the hull I'd ruther take a chance on jedgin' a cocoanut by its shell than a man by his clothes.

'Fore you lift up your voice in praisin' energetic people make a few inquiries. It makes some diff'rence whether energy's devoted to upliftin' the race or bustin' into a bank.

The rollin' stone gathers no moss, but it gener'ly acquires a heap of polish.

Sometimes it seems ter me that the most lastin' an' peaceful peace is the kind that you have to lick somebody to git it.

I don't b'lieve much in Satan, but I'm free to admit that I can't guess who's tendin' to his office in his absence.

I s'pose it's so that Opportunity knocks at the door of every man, but I know some that he couldn't git to respond 'less he used an ax in doin' it.

Don't look fer perfection in this world, Ezry. Even in heaven, if you git there, you won't find much of it at its best. Kinder s'prised, hey? Well, don't you reckon the angels must be middlin' imperfect es compared with the Almighty?

I've known some black sheep that I'd expect to git more help frum if I wus in trouble than I would frum some of the white ones of the flock.

* * *

Ma, She's Busy

(As narrated by little Algernon.)

My pa, he just stays at his office, you see,
But ma, she's as busy as busy can be.

For Monday there's the Uplift Club,
That proves how woman's crushed by hub;
On Tuesday ma must rush away,
For Votes-for-Women meets that day;
The Mothers' Club on Wednesday meets,
An' I have fun upon the streets;
The Thursday Club, ma says, is just
To prove that woman's chains is bust;
On Friday ma must edit then,
"The Women's Plea to Tyrant Men;"
The Browning Club on Saturday
Seeks what he meant but didn't say;
An' Sunday course ma makes things hum
To go to church, if her suit's come.

Yes, my ma's busy, our folks owns,
But pa just hangs around an' groans.

* * *

A Good Man for High Place

It may easily be that the reader does not know F. J. O'Brien, whom the Lincoln-Roosevelt League honored (and thereby honored itself) with its indorsement of his candidacy for Secretary of State. I do know him; have known him more than three years, and during about a third of that time worked by his side in daily companionship. In that time, and under such circumstances, one learns something of a man, and this is what I learned of F. J. O'Brien: He is a man of excellent executive ability; he does things, without deeming it necessary to blow his own bugle over these accomplishments; he is loyal to his friends and any interest he represents; above all, he is honest, neither buyable nor sellable. This, briefly, is the man as I know him, and I take it that these are such attributes as the people need, and sometimes do not find, in their officials. No corporation can own such a man; as servant of the people he will serve them faithfully. Honest men to represent honest men are needed in California, and F. J. O'Brien will be that kind if he is elected, as he should be.

Scientific Causes of Increased Prices

When I arrived at home I found Eliza in tears.

"Why, Eliza," said I, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear!" she replied, "sometimes I almost feel that the privilege of living isn't worth the price that is demanded. The cost of everything has gone up, and we have no aeroplane to overtake it. To-day $30 goes no farther than did $20 ten years ago, and I doubt that it goes as far. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Such was the little domestic episode that caused me to investigate the prevailing high prices of articles of popular consumption, for, aside from the fact that money Eliza spends is earned by the sweat of my typewriting machine, I feel that it is the duty of every intelligent citizen to look into the causes of any phenomena of public interest. So I read the opinions of unprejudiced scientists, from "Jim" Hill downward, on this interesting topic. Right here I may remark in passing that I discovered that a number of these scientists maintain that prices have not increased, but, as I will not believe that Eliza is a liar, I dismissed this theory as untenable. Here are other theories that are maintained by various eminent authorities:

Theory 1—The earth is not producing food and clothing enough for its increasing population. This appears to involve a reflection upon the wisdom of the Almighty, but when one is compelled to make a choice between that and refusing to accept Scientific Authority what is one to do?

Theory 2—In this progresisve era people in general are too extravagant. How true this is! For example, Eliza wants a spring suit, and I want an occasional cigar. To be sure, we wanted similar things ten years ago, but they cost less then, and consequently we were not so extravagant.

Theory 3—The tariff does it. Of course, during many conditions of prices we have had practically the same old tariff, and although Aldrich recently monkeyed with it, savants hold it a moot question whether he raised or lowered it. Still, this fact should not affect us. It is all right to attribute anything to the tariff, for everybody does so.

Theory 4—Over-production of gold has boosted prices. I have been somewhat distressed to note that most of the sages who maintain this theory are the same parties who a few years ago eloquently maintained that gold was the one God-given medium of exchange which in its very nature is staple, reliable and unchangeable. However, this fact should not weigh very heavily, as even sages have the privilege of changing their minds.

Theory 5—Halley's comet is approaching, and another and unheralded one recently appeared and disappeared. If this does not account for high prices, what does?

Theory 6—I feel some hesitancy about mentioning it, but numerous low-brows contend that, in order that the Trusts may maintain their beneficent rule over the people, they must and do increase prices so as to be able to declare satisfactory dividends. Of course, such an opinion, maintained by such people, is unworthy of any intelligent man's consideration.

The more I investigate the situation the more I feel incompetent to console Eliza. She may, indeed, have to go without her spring suit, and I should go without my cigars if I were not so fond of them.

* * *

"Dreamed that Morgan and Rockefeller died, the same day, and went to heaven."

"Yes? What happened then?"

"Don't know. Waked up before the angels had caught their breath again."

* * *

Chawley—Percy's awfully extravagant, y' know.

Gussie—What makes you think so, deah boy?

"Haw! Saw him eat a complete mutton chop, don't y' know, at one meal."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

A. J. Wallace, Choice For Lieutenant-Governor

The indorsement, by unanimous vote of the Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League last Saturday, of the candidacy of A. J. Wallace of Los Angeles for nomination as Lieutenant-Governor of California, has given Hiram W. Johnson a strong running mate. A. J. Wallace is one of the most successful among the self-made business men of California. The combination of Johnson and Wallace is felicitous. Mr. Wallace did not seek the nomination, in fact he had completed arrangements for a European tour with his wife. Though a resident of Southern California, the League's candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship is closely identified with many other sections of the state. He has extensive oil interests in Kern county and elsewhere, and owns and operates considerable areas of farming land in the San Joaquin valley and in Contra Costa and Monterey counties. Fully four-fifths of his financial interests are situated north of Tehachapi mountain, and few business men in the state enjoy a wider personal acquaintance from the Mexican border to the Sacramento river. In Los Angeles, where he is best known, A. J. Wallace is known as a man of unimpeachable integrity. During the first non-partisan campaign in Los Angeles, in 1906, he was besought to sacrifice his business and run for the city council. He agreed to serve the city in the crisis that confronted it. He was the only candidate for councilman put forward by the new non-partisan organization who received the indorsement of the Republican city convention. After an interesting campaign, he was elected by a handsome majority, and upon the organization of the council was made chairman of the important finance committee. In this capacity he became known as the "watchdog of the treasury." Through his individual efforts, generally after hard fights, tens of thousands of dollars were saved annually to the taxpayers.

Wallace's Interest In Public Affairs

Mr. Wallace's interest in public affairs has been by no means confined to Los Angeles and her institutions. He was one of the first men in the state to urge the establishment of a federal line of steamships on the Pacific coast to be operated in competition with the vessels controlled by the railroad and steamship trust. He has also been actively identified with the promotion of modern ideas of popular government, such as direct legislation. Many of the leaders of the progressive movement urged him to announce his candidacy for the United States senate, but the majority favored his nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Wallace is about fifty years of age. He possesses all the fire and vigor of a man ten years younger. He is one of the ablest debaters in the state. On his feet he is a rapid thinker. He has the faculty of making quick decisions. Mr. Wallace is a brother of Senator Wallace of New York, the man who first publicly proposed the name of Theodore Roosevelt as a candidate for Governor of the Empire state.

State Campaign In Automobiles

Johnson and Wallace are planning a joint campaign which will be unique. In automobiles they will start shortly from the north end of the state, working their way southward. They will visit every center of population in every county of California, and will stop at as many of the less populous towns as they can possibly include in their itinerary. It is their idea to get closely in touch with the voters in every district. If their reception in Southern California is a fair criterion, their journey will be a triumphal tour without precedent in the annals of California.

Not "An," But "The"

Mr. Phil Stanton is reported by a friendly southern paper as having declared himself an "organization" man, justifying himself by going on to explain that there must be organization in politics or nothing can be accomplished. If correctly reported Mr. Stanton confuses the issue by confusing the terms. We all believe in "an" organization of Republicans, but it is to be hoped that the August primaries will disclose the truth that few Republicans believe in "the" organization as now applied to the Republican party in this state. "The" organization is something with which honest, liberty-loving Republicans have had little to do in forming. The organizing was done by and through the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. "The" organization is as obedient to that company as that company's maintenance-of-way, traffic, motive power or engineering departments, and it has at its head one of the vice-presidents of the Southern Pacific Company. When Republicans, through the direct primary law, get the machinery of their party into their own hands, and have an executive committee representative of them instead of a great association of corporations, we shall all be "organization" men, but not until the work of emancipation has been perfected. Mr. Stanton belongs, not to "an" organization, but to "the" organization. As to the truth of this the people of Southern California should not be of two opinions.

Phil A. Stanton A Likeable Man

The issue this year is not of men, although we want the best men nominated. There is at stake a principle vital to free government and, before that issue, the character of any candidate becomes of secondary importance. The Watchman knows Phil Stanton intimately. He is a fine fellow and ought to be doing better work than he is now doing. He is an "organization" man without at all times acting with the "organization" or taking orders from Mr. Herrin; but he is more erratic than independent, more likely to go off on a tangent than to be actuated by a high purpose. There are a good many Republican votes south of Tehachapi. If Phil Stanton could get them all and Republicans north of Tehachapi were to divide up between Johnson, Curry and Anderson, Stanton might secure the Republican nomination. If he falls short of a plurality of the votes cast in the state he may nevertheless hold so many Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans in line for himself as a Southern California candidate as to make it possible for Curry to beat Johnson north of Tehachapi. If Stanton were out of the race Johnson would probably get two out of every three Republican votes cast south of the mountain. Stanton is lending himself to this political maneuver. If either Stanton or Curry were to win the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau would find itself as safely in the saddle as though Anderson won. The generalship of the scheme is not bad and is probably Mr. Herrin's. Stanton's part in it is not creditable. Those who allow themselves to be tricked out of meeting the emancipation issue by this or any other political maneuver are not wise.

The Case of C. F. Curry

Mr. Curry and his friends are making his campaign, that part of it that is being made openly and aboveboard, on the claim that he is not the "organization," or Southern Pacific candidate and many are being deceived thereby. What of it? Does that go to prove that, if elected, Mr. Curry will oppose Southern Pacific domination of the politics of this state? Does it mean that he, and not Hiram Johnson, will be the emancipator of California? Not a bit of it. Mr. Curry is not built that way. He has been three times on the Herrin political slate and three times nominated and elected through the aid of the Southern Pacific's political bureau. Not once in all these years has he antagonized that bureau. On the contrary his influence in and about the corridors of the state capitol during legislative sessions has always been exerted on behalf of that side of the political fence. If the event should prove that Mr. Curry was not Mr. Herrin's first choice for the Republican nomination for governor that would not imply that he w not his second choice or that Mr. Curry wou not, if elected, work in harmony with t Southern Pacific Company. The politic friends of Mr. Herrin and the political frien of Mr. Curry are one and the same. They a McCarthy and his following, the Royal Arc and all the votes it can muster, the politic odd-jobs men all over the state and the vo they can hustle together. Why, then, shoul these two men be at outs? They are not, an even if they were at cross purposes, whoev can get together as strong a personal follow ing as Mr. Curry has can do political busine with Mr. Herrin, and will do it whenever the interests run along parallel lines, even if the were to hate each other like cats and dogs. any Republican wants to see California mad a free state, and the Republican party made free party, there is just one candidate for hi to vote for, and that is Hiram Johnson.

Frank McGowan

The candidacy of Hon. Frank M Gowan, son of Humboldt, f Attorney General of Californi has been launched. Away off up in one corn of the state, with only a trail leading ou Humboldt ought to have proven a good plac for the nurture of men of character and ind pendent spirit, men who love liberty and whos voices would always be lifted in the cause o free government. Indeed, they were so whe they were sent forth, but somehow the decei fulness of riches or the allurements of plac have proven too much for them and put then if not all then nearly all, upon the wrong sid of right causes. Frank McGowan is one o them. He started out brilliantly. In assem bly and senate he made reputations that h could take home with him without shame Then he went into political retirement for season, to emerge as candidate of the asso ciated villainies for district attorney of th city and county of San Francisco in opposition to William H. Langdon at the most crucia moment in the graft prosecutions. That wa a gratuitous and unpardonable offense agains public decency and, in the estimation of al right thinking persons, wrote "finis" to th public career of Hon. Frank McGowan o Humboldt. Naturally a fine fellow, having splendid mentality and an honorable ambition he showed in that campaign that there ar limitations to his power to resist evil in fluences. He fell, and very jarring was his im pact with mother earth, of which truth he wil be fully persuaded when the August votes hav been counted. The brand of the Sunset Rout shows too distinctly upon him not to be see by all men, no matter how he may arrange hi attire.

Is There More to It Than Has Yet come to Light?

Some strange se lections are mad when men ar chosen to be made martyrs of. On the face o the matter Robert T. Devlin, United State attorney for this district, is a martyr, becaus he is likely to lose his office for having don his duty. He prosecuted and convicted Ben son and Perrin, the land speculators, of viola tion of the United States laws, and Benson is in prison, while in Perrin's case the conviction was set aside by the appellate court. Perrin has fought hard to prevent the United States senate from confirming Devlin's reappointment, and now the judiciary committee has reported the nomination unfavorably. Devlin says his only fault in this business is that of doing his duty where a wealthy man was ac cused of wronging the government, and it looks as though such is the fact. Assuming it to be so, Devlin is a martyr. And yet he is a strange candidate for the crown—a man who has been a chronic seeker for offices, a de voted servant of the political machine, long attorney for the Southern Pacific company, a person who would be expected to sacrifice anybody or anything rather than himself. The very peculiarity of the situation for a man such as Devlin has made many believe there must be something more in the affair than has come to public attention up to this time.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

)pportunities 'o Be Useful The supposed uncertainties of the direct primary law are exerting an influence this year in ıe direction of deterring candidates which is ot likely to prevail to anything like the same xtent in future years, when experience shall ıve made politicians more familiar with the :heme of things. A number of remunerative ffices are almost going begging. There are ıe three railroad commissionerships, which ıy six thousand dollars a year. While the resent commissioners would like to succeed emselves, and will make some attempt to do , every one knows that as to two of them is will be an impossibility if strong men in hom the people have confidence come out ainst them. But there is a scarcity of candates, and the Executive Committee of the ncoln-Roosevelt Republican League will have do some hunting if it is going to fill these aces acceptably at its next meeting. The me is true with regard to the State Board Equalization, the members of which are id four thousand dollars a year and do not any means work all the time, although the v says they shall. Here again the incumnts aspire to succeed themselves and appear most instances to lack competitors. These ices furnish first-class opportunities to be nuinely useful. They have been regarded the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau as ficiently important to justify almost unken ownership and control.

rrin for Curry re as Preaching It is unfortunate that Mr. W. F. Herrin does not see fit to take the public o his confidence and blurt right out whom is for for governor, honestly and unequivlly, but he does not and this forces his opıents to divine his purposes as best they y by "putting this and that together," as saying is. The following incident is ctly true, but, for reasons personal to our ormant, we are not able to give names and es as we should like to. Our information is t a sterling Lincoln-Roosevelter has a friend San Jose who is, or heretofore has been, an ganization" man, although he may be a bit bbly" by now. He has been talking Anon for governor. A few days since this ı met another "organization" friend of his the streets of San Jose and was astonished nd him working for Curry. Knowing that friend was closer to the heart of the ganization" head than he was himself, he ed the Curry man to one side and deded to know what he meant by it. "Isn't erson the 'straight dope?'" he wanted to w. "No," was the reply, "I saw Mr. Herday before yesterday and he told me that y is all right." Which goes to show that n Anderson has been put up to hold a ain reputable Republican vote from Hiram ison, but only to be "Crockered" twenty- to forty-eight hours before the August ary will be held. By the way, Mr. Anon's resignation as State Bank Commisr has not been tendered to the governor. would do well to hold to that office peradıre. One more pointer: It comes to us straight that Frank McGowan is for y as Curry was for Frank McGowan when as running for district attorney to beat don. Now W. F. Herrin is for Frank owan for attorney general. Doesn't that ı it?

cal Muddle ld Mendocino However party lines among the people may be drawn in Mendocino y they are drawn lightly enough among ourt house ring. The head men of both s get together in advance of the primaapportion so many offices to the Repub- and so many to the Democrats, put up ıies in opposition, or pool the controll- ote for the candidates of their combina- and so hold the court house against all s. Their plans went awry for the first two years ago, when Preston made a -cared race for the assembly and won plurality of 418 votes over the comon candidate, or a clear majority of 243 ll. That was an astonisher for Mendo- nd it opened the eyes of the people to future possibilities. The combination man for governor in that county is Charles F. Curry. His center of gravity is Ukiah, and it is not impossible that a good many "organization" Democrats in that stronghold of Democracy may register as Republicans in order to give Curry a boost in August. Doubtless the Royal Arch has a hand in this. Per contra, on the coast side of the county the Republican sentiment is strong for Johnson and the emancipation of state and county from "organization" control. It will be a pretty fight. John McNab, who concluded after his late visit to San Francisco that he would not be running for governor this time, is expected to swing the county "organization" in August, but he'll have his hands full. The faces of the people seem to be set toward better things than bargaining away their liberty for a petty state office, like clerk of the supreme court, that ought not to be a state office anyhow.

Mr. Johnson's Itinerary In Northern California Mr. Johnson returns to San Francisco Sunday, the 20th. The first few days of next week will be devoted to his law practice, but the entire month of April he will devote to a series of meetings with the people of Northern and Interior California for the purpose of getting acquainted. Subject only to unavoidable alterations, his meetings will be as follows: April 1st, San Jose; 2nd, Palo Alto; 4th, Yreka; 5th, Sisson; 6th, Dunsmuir; 7th, Redding; 8th, Red Bluff; 9th, Chico; 11th, Oroville; 12th, Marysville; 13th, Nevada City; 14th, Grass Valley; 15th, Auburn; 16th, Sacramento. A tentative schedule for the rest

TOO MANY TO HATCH ANY

of the month is as follows: April 18th, Woodland; 19th, Colusa; 21st, Suisun; 22nd, Benicia; 23rd, Vallejo; 25th, Calistoga; 26th, St. Helena; 27th, Napa; 28th, San Francisco.

Johnson's Plan of A State Campaign The plan for Mr. Johnson's campaign is this: The present tour of Southern California and the tour of Northern California outlined above, are preliminary and for the purpose of meeting the public informally. The last three months of the campaign before the primary election will be devoted to a thorough, systematic canvass of the entire state, beginning at the north and going clear through to the Mexican border, visiting every nook and corner of the state, including those previously visited, meeting the entire electorate of the state and personally putting before them the vital issue of Government by the People vs. Government by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company. If Mr. Johnson's earnestness and sincerity, as well as the personal magnetism of his address, do not sweep the state we miss our guess.

Straws to Show How Wind Blows Max J. Kuhl, state organizer for the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, was in San Francisco a few days this week between trips to the northern counties. He reports enthusiastic support of Johnson's candidacy in Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg and the coast towns of Mendocino county. Healdsburg was a surprise, as this is the home town of Lou Norton, chief deputy to Charlie Curry. Another Curry camp was found in Ukiah, but as this is normally Democratic, it did not loom disastrous. The Republican part of Mendocino county, the coast lumber country, is strong for Johnson. Another straw to show how the wind blows, learned from another source, is that the men who are supposed to be working for Alden Anderson in San Jose are found, when sounded, to be hot for prompt organization of Johnson clubs for them to join and use to make Johnson's campaign in Santa Clara of the whirlwind variety.

The Berkeley Plank That Melvin Rejected When the Republicans of Alameda held their last county convention the Berkeley delegation went in for Right Things with an earnestness that accomplished much, but the delegation was not completely successful. Judge Melvin was candidate to succeed himself on the superior bench. The worst blunder the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League made was in not fighting him to the finish as being a judge head over ears in politics. It would have been notice to the state as to the political proclivities of the man and would have beaten him for the supreme bench. The Berkeley plank that was rejected read thus: "We urge the enactment of laws that will secure the non-partisan nomination and election of the judges of the superior courts, of the district courts of appeal and of the supreme court. To this end we recommend that candidates for such judgeships be nominated by non-partisan direct primary elections, or by petition, and that the names of nominees be placed on the ballot in a column by themselves and without any designation on the ballot indicative of the source of nomination or support." This plank did not commend itself to the friends of Judge Melvin on the platform committee and for that reason was not incorporated in the platform. Judge Melvin was responsible for that failure.

Some Final News Notes Lee C. Gates has concluded that he cannot afford to make the race for United States senator. Well, then, he should go to the state senate or assembly. He is too valuable a man to be left out altogether at a time like this.

The progress of Hiram W. Johnson through the southern part of the state has been little short of an ovation. He seems likely to sweep the state no matter how many, or how few, candidates the Political Bureau has against him.

Senator Flint has ceased wobbling and reaffirmed his affirmation that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself. This makes former Governor Gage the natural Southern Pacific candidate, unless "Southern California wants me" Gillett.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican endorsement for United States senator is reported as lying between Willis Booth and Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, good men but not much known outside of Southern California. It were better to back Chester H. Rowell, who is known and known to be of senatorial size, and near enough to Southern California to serve all reasonable requirements. His being president of the League naturally interferes with such candidacy, in fact prevents his aspiring at all, but the state has not so much senatorial timber, free or bond, Republican or Democratic, that it can afford to waste any

"How did you attain your eminent position?" asked the scientist. "Natural selection," said Senator Sorghum. "You mean that you are specially fitted by your ancestry?" "No. Nothing like that. I just naturally selected the offices I wanted and went after them."—Washington Star.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find check for subscription. The way that you tackle prevailing evils in public affairs in California is certain to result to the public good. Your treatment of these matters cannot be too highly commended.

Yours truly,
BARCLAY HENLEY.

San Francisco, Cal., March 9, 1910.

Time was when the daily press was as free to take the right side of public issues as The California Weekly is now, but that was before advertising, the function of being a traveling bulletin board, came to be its chief reason for existing. By the performance of this function the price of papers to the public has been so cheapened that no paper can exist without carrying advertising, and the advertisers, and not the readers, have come to dominate the policies of most papers. The big advertisers are, as a rule, less interested in having public evils exploited than they are in having them covered up and so, in their interests, the daily press of the country, as a whole, with here and there notable exceptions, either color or cover up news important for the public to know and editorial expression, in the main, becomes an article of merchandise and news scarcely less so. No philanthropist has yet seen fit to endow a really independent daily newspaper, and it is not easy to see how such a newspaper could be so endowed as to make it permanently independent. There are a few independent weeklies, as there are some independent magazines, but they are not dependent upon department stores or gas companies for their advertising patronage. They depend upon general advertising and general advertising is as yet not so injuriously organized as to be in a position to dominate the editorial and news policies of the periodicals in which the advertisements appear. If the people of California really want an independent weekly they can have it by supporting this one and by talking it up among their friends.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—I enclose herewith ten cents in stamps, payment for the "Report on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco." I read the report with much interest and, I trust, some profit. I thank you for sending it to me. You are doing a great work. I trust some day the forces for good will be as well organized and as aggressive as are now the forces for evil.

Very truly yours,
B. M. CHISWELL.

Washington, D. C., March 9, 1910.

It is easy for the sources of evil to organize for their own advantage for the reason that there is "something in it" for them payable at once. On the contrary the forces that make for good have "something out" at the very start and the compensatory good is to be had, if at all, in the ultimate and not the proximate, in the life to come more certainly than in the life that is. That gives the forces of evil the underhold and there is no way of reversing the relative positions of these interests, bad and good. The bad is the bird in the hand. The good is the bird in the bush. The way to the inward swinging double door of sheol is broad, finely paved and down hill all the way, and so inviting that whole troops of people are traveling it gaily without a thought as to their destination; but it has pleased providence to make the path to rightness, to better things for governments and people, up-hill, toilsome and the recompense meagre this side of the goal which, faith helps us to believe, will be adequate when it is reached. It is the life-giving, arm-nerving power which that hope imparts to which we are indebted for every forward step made in human history and it suffices to keep the human family on the move toward better things in a thousand healthful forms.

Editor The California Weekly.

In large and populous political units, such as we have in this country, it is impossible that there should be, in any large proportion of the electorate, a spontaneous concurrence of opinion as to who should hold public office. Indeed it is improbable that any candidate will be well enough known for every voter to form, unadvised, an adequate opinion of his desirability for a given office. It is necessary, therefore, that the will of the people be directed by some agency.

The co-operation of those having the same politi beliefs and purposes is the evident solution. On t our political parties have been built, and have served useful purpose. The two great political parties, ho ever, now defeat their very purpose. Their elabor and permanent organization is too rigid. In the l presidential election we found those believing in reduction of the tariff divided along the party line to whether such reduction should be made for th retical or practical reasons. Also in the last San Fr cisco election we saw those desiring good governme as against class government, divided by the question to whether the work should be carried on by Croc or Leland, and principally because one was a Repu can and the other was a Democrat. Evidently so means must be devised to assure that the division on the live issue, even if it be not that of the histori basis of the parties.

The issues that can poll the votes are the ones t count. For years a mere plurality would carry th and, often, a large proportion of the electorate, in s porting what proved to be a minor issue, have lost t opportunity to express themselves on the issue up which the election turned. That a mere plurality sho rule has proved unfortunate. The first, or prim election, should decide between what two sets of can dates (and their principles) the decision should lie. T candidates securing the highest, and the second highe number of votes should alone appear on the seco ballot. The result would be a majority decision u the vital issue of the campaign.

Providing further that the first, as well as the seco election shall be nonfactional, i. e., permitting the vo to "split" his ticket, will assure that the best and m typical men will be put forward, as a man who r behind his ticket will probably not make a place the final ballot, and will assure to the whole electora a vote on the real issue in the campaign.

The two elections may follow one another as clos as possible. One campaign can inform the vot sufficiently.

From the foregoing you will understand that I ha no compunction at working and voting (at the prim election) for the best man on whatever ticket I fi him. In your School for Citizenship you teach th this is dishonest. It is that kind of teaching and th

(Continued on Page 271.)

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THE FEDERAL CORPORATION TAX LAW

WHY IT SHOULD BE HELD INVALID BY THE COURTS

By JAMES S. SPILLMAN

As a part of (or rider on) the act of con-ess of August 5, 1909, called by the Presi-nt the "Payne Tariff Act," but more gener-y known as the "Payne-Aldrich Revision ward," a "special excise tax" was levied on all corporations organized for profit. e text of the section imposing this tax is miliar to most members of the bar and to harassed officers and accountants of cor-rations, who in the last days of February nctioned only in terms of Form 638, net ome, depreciation, ordinary and necessary penses, rentals or franchise payments, and ses actually sustained.

Substance of the Law

But for the general reader, who has not had prepare or to criticise a return, and who is ncerned, not with the details, but with the nciple of the act, the substance of the sec-n imposing the tax is given:

"Section 38. That every corporation, joint ck company or association, organized for ofit and having a capital stock represented . shares, and every insurance company * * shall be subject to pay annually a cial excise tax with respect to the carry-on or doing business by such corporation c.) equivalent to one per centum upon the ire net income over and above five thous-l dollars received by it from all sources ring such year."

Labor, agricultural or horticultural organi-ions, fraternal beneficiary societies, orders associations, mutual benefit building and n associations, and religious, charitable and cational corporations and associations are mpted.

. method of ascertaining net income, mak-returns, payment of the tax, pains and alties for failure, is set forth with more il than clarity; but if the act be sustained valid exercise of the taxing power granted Congress by the Constitution, and if it be repealed, we shall in time, with the aid of rulings of the department and the de-ons of the courts, be able to advise with sonable certainty what the act means. iary powers of inquisition are granted to Commissioner of Internal Revenue, includ-the power to examine books and papers, jurisdiction granted to the federal courts id the inquisition by appropriate process. ut we are not now concerned with the utiae of this act, but with its fundamental ciples, its "deeper significance."

Constitutionality to Be Tested

s in nearly all cases where Congress has en new ground in legislation, the consti-nality of the act has been questioned, and remain in doubt until the point shall have decided by the Supreme Court.

hile the written Constitution of the United es is a short document consisting of but n original articles and fifteen amend-ts, the actual constitution is this short ment, plus the numerous decisions of the eme Court expounding it, which are d in the 214 volumes of the reports of court. Practically, the constitution is ever the Supreme Court says it is. This id in no flippant or critical spirit; for this judicial test of legislation is essential to rnment under a written constitution. e is no escape from the conclusion drawn hief Justice Marshall more than a hun-years ago, that an act of Congress re-ant to the constitution, or not authorized s terms, is void, and that it is the duty e court so to declare.

is article is not intended as a brief upon uestion of the constitutionality of the act. her or not the act is within the letter of onstitutional grant of power to lay and t taxes is a question upon which reams iefs have been and will be written and spent in oral argument, followed by a on not improbably by a divided court. a question upon which men of equal y and training may candidly differ, and each advocate find abundant reason and authority for his position.

Parallel of the Income Tax

In the great case of Pollock vs. Farmers Loan and Trust Company, in which the Supreme Court had under consideration the constitutionality of the income tax clause of the Wilson revenue act of 1894, the cause was argued orally and on briefs by no less than a dozen counsel, several of them stars of the first magnitude—Choate, Edmunds, Olney, Carter and others. But eight of the nine members of the court heard the first argument. Of these, six concurred in the opinion that the act was void in so far as it taxed the income of real property and the income derived from municipal bonds. Upon the questions, whether these void provisions invalidated the whole act, and whether as to the income from personal property as such, the act was unconstitutional as laying direct taxes without apportionment among the several states according to representation, the eight justices who heard the first argument were equally divided. Thereupon reargument was ordered before the whole court; and the final decision, holding the act unconstitutional in toto, was rendered by a division of five to four.

This brief sketch of the history of the case involving the income tax law (which greatly resembles in principle the act under discussion) is given to emphasize the folly of being hasty in reaching, or dogmatic in announcing, a conclusion upon such a question. It accounts for any little hesitancy that may be observed in the presentation of my own views, which might otherwise be mistaken for indecision or an affectation of modesty.

The final decision of the court in the Pollock case is summed up at the conclusion of Chief Justice Fuller's opinion (in which four other justices concurred) as follows:

Supreme Court on Direct Taxes

"First. We adhere to the opinion already announced that, taxes on real estate being indisputably direct taxes, taxes on the rents or income of real estate are equally direct taxes.

"Second. We are of opinion that taxes on personal property, or on the income of personal property, are likewise direct taxes.

"Third. The tax imposed by sections twenty-seven to thirty-seven, inclusive, of the act of 1894, so far as it falls on the income of real estate and of personal property, being a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution, and, therefore, unconstitutional and void because not apportioned according to representation, all those sections, constituting one entire scheme of taxation, are necessarily invalid."

That being the law, it would seem to follow that the tax on corporations must also fall. There is no exception of any source of income; on the contrary, the act says **ex industria,** "income * * * from all sources," which must of necessity include rents or income from real estate and the income of personal property. And if Congress is without authority to levy an unapportioned tax upon the income of **all persons,** derived from real or personal property, it would seem **a fortiori** that they have no power to single out a class of persons (corporations) and levy an unapportioned tax upon the income derived from their real and personal property.

When Is a Tax Not a Tax?

The author of the act must have had this point in mind, for he has endeavored to distinguish the cases, by calling the corporation tax a "special excise tax with respect to the carrying on or doing business by such corporation," "**equivalent** to one per centum" upon its income. And there is the point around which the contest will be waged most fiercely: Whether the definition of "excise" is to be enlarged so as not only to include impositions laid upon particular commodities or upon the conducting of certain lines of business, but also to include special impositions laid upon particular classes of persons carrying on any kind of business for profit; whether a tax "equivalent to one per centum" of one's income is any the less a tax upon that income by reason of that phraseology. It would seem that things that are equivalent to the same thing must be equivalent to each other, in law as in mathematics, and that a tax, however labeled, which is equivalent to a tax upon income must be a tax upon income. In the Pollock case, Chief Justice Fuller said:

"If by calling a tax indirect when it is essentially direct, the rule of protection could be frittered away, one of the great landmarks defining the boundary between the nation and the states of which it is composed, would have disappeared, and with it one of the bulwarks of private rights and private property."

And again:

"If it be true that by varying the form the substance may be changed, it is not easy to see that anything would remain of the limitations of the Constitution, or of the rule of taxation and representation, so carefully recognized and guarded in favor of the citizens of each state. But constitutional provisions cannot be thus evaded. It is the substance and not the form which controls."

Infringement of States Rights

But passing what might be termed the "technical" question of the constitutionality of the act, the deeper significance of this measure lies in its violation of the constitutional **principle** of the segregation of powers between the states and the General Government. Even if Congress have, by the letter of the Constitution, the power to levy this tax, they ought not to have done it, and the people ought to resent it and to make their resentment heard and felt by those that are responsible.

The seeming public indifference upon the subject of this tax is striking evidence of the gradual centralization of the Union and the decline of that jealous regard for the reserved powers of the states which characterized our earlier constitutional history. The time was when the proposal to pass such an act would have been met with such vigorous protest from the states that the point of testing its constitutionality in the courts would never have been reached. The people of the states would have said to Congress: "We, as states, created these corporations. Their powers are the power that we have given them; and the limitations on those powers, and the obligations resting upon them, are such as we have prescribed. Their members are our citizens. Upon terms fixed by ourselves, we have authorized them to organize, and as organizations to buy and sell, to mine, to build, to carry on any kind of business. In reliance upon our charters, they have invested their capital, and in competition with our individual citizens, are engaged in almost every conceivable enterprise. We reserve the right to regulate, control, even to destroy, these our creatures. But you shall not. We recognize your power to levy taxes. Under this power, you have the undoubted right to impose excises upon any commodity, or upon every commodity, upon any business, or upon every business, provided these excises be uniform throughout the United States. If you see fit to excise the business of dealing in lumber, or grain, or what you will, and lay the tax equally upon all who deal in those commodities, whether they be individuals or corporations, we have no complaint. But we deny that you have the right to select as the special objects of an excise tax associations of our citizens organized and acting under the powers that we have given them while exempting their individual competitors engaged in the same lines of business. And even though you may find in the text of the Constitution a construction that will warrant this violation of the spirit of the compact, we will, if you persist in this course, find other serv-

ants who will respect our reserved powers and heed the spirit as well as the letter of those that we have granted to the General Government."

Intrastate Corporations Unjustly Included

But it will be said that corporations are unpopular; that many of them are wicked and oppressive; that the people are glad to see them specially taxed and harassed and hampered in every way; that they enjoy special privileges and ought to pay for them. But the point is that the states grant those special privileges and do so for their own good ends; that the states, and the states only, have the right to tax, to regulate, to control, to destroy corporations of their own making. If the tax were laid upon such corporations only as are engaged in interstate commerce, a different problem would be presented. One would be hardy indeed, who should attempt to put a limitation upon the "constructions that will be found" to afford complete federal control of every corporation (or individual, for that matter) that may ship a sack of potatoes or a box of fruit across a state line.

But there are thousands of corporations—mining, manufacturing, contracting, banking, farming—whose operations are confined to the states of their creation. They are not trusts or monopolies; they are not law-breakers; they conduct their business honestly and deal fairly with their employees, their stockholders and with the public. Many of them are not even rich. Such corporations are a direct benefit to the public, and I believe they are a majority of all corporations. Instead of being the objects of suspicion and hostility, the "corporation for profit" should be regarded for what it is—the embodiment of the democratic principle in business. Through them, and through them only, is it possible for the thrifty man of small means to take part in the conduct of enterprises of any moment. This is true for the simple reason that common prudence would restrain the small investor from assuming the unlimited liability of a partner, and would also restrain the man of large means from accepting as partners any but those of sufficient financial strength fully to share with him the risks of the enterprise. But in a corporation, honestly conducted, each shareholder takes his proportionate share of the profits, as in a partnership, while in the event of disaster, his share of the liabilities is limited in the same proportion.

Possibilities in Discriminatory Legislation

And it must be borne in mind that if Congress can discriminate against corporations, they can discriminate against others. If associations of persons organized in pursuance of charters granted by the states, and owing their existence solely to these state-given charters, can be arbitrarily selected as a class for the imposition of a special federal tax from which their individual competitors, engaged in the same kinds of business, are exempt; if their books and papers can be subjected to inspection, from which the books and papers of their individual competitors are immune, it is difficult to conceive of any limitation to the power of classification and discrimination.

The remedy for the abuse of the corporate privilege lies in rigid regulation and control; but that regulation and control (at least as to corporations engaged in intra-state business only) is peculiarly the province of the state; and the states should resist, by every lawful means, a federal measure which if carried into effect would be an unjust discrimination and a violation of the principles, if not strictly of the letter, of the Constitution.

A WORLD EVANGEL

Is Christendom again upon the eve of a new, tremendous religious upheaval, as awe-inspiring as the epoch of the crusading spirit when all Europe rose en masse—more wonderful because more practically equipped and more shrewdly organized? The rapid spread of the world-wide laymen's missionary movement seems to indicate an affirmative answer.

For years the church has been falling upon days of lassitude. Failing spirituality, feminization, weakness in the pulpit, conflict of science and religion—all these have been cited as the reason for its decline.

But perhaps the greatest reason is that the church has ceased to appeal to the imagination of men. The laymen's missionary movement makes that appeal. It spreads out the vision of a triumphant crusade of organized effort for the evangelization of the world. It speaks in terms of millions, hundreds of millions, of sums of money comparable only to national debts, of sums of souls comparable only to the august roll call of the nations. To show that this appeal stirs the imagination and stirs it effectively, we reprint below parts of an address by J. Campbell White, of New York, one of the founders of the movement. Astonishing meetings have been held in interior cities of California, astonishing in their attendance and enthusiasm. The meeting in San Francisco is now open. It is part of a world movement tremendously significant. It may change the history of civilization.

From Mr. White's Address

"In addition to all the Christian work that needs to be done among ninety millions of people in this country, the churches of America have about six hundred millions of people dependent upon them in the non-Christian world. How shall we discharge our share of religious responsibility for mankind? This is the question being asked this winter in seventy-five leading cities of the United States.

"During the past ten years our country has come into a new consciousness of world-relationships and consequent world-responsibilities. What these responsibilities are depends largely upon our resources and our opportunities. From either of these viewpoints it is clear that this nation has the primary place among all the nations of the earth as an evangelizing and Christianizing force.

"Canada has set the inspiring example of a whole nation, defining and undertaking to discharge her missionary responsibility. After conventions had been held in all parts of the dominion to consider the matter, a national missionary congress was held in Toronto last spring, attended by over 4,000 men. They accepted 40,000,000 as their share of people to be reached in the non-Christian world—a number

(Continued on Page 270.)

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THE BREAKING OF A PROMOTER

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

SILAS SINGHAM first saw the light down on the Ohio river in one of the southern counties of the state of the same name, ut his father came from the Western Re-erve and all his antecedents and ideals were f the New England type. All the relatives hat he knew anything of lived up in the orthern part of the state, or else "back east," ut it was little enough that he knew of any f them. Until he was sixteen his world had een bounded on the north by Highland and ike counties, on the west by Brown, and on ie south by the Ohio river, and the only one these boundaries he had ever seen was the hio river, but with that he was on terms intimacy. He was either in it or on it as uch of the time as possible.

Nor could he remember when he and his ther were not under the necessity of being tremely careful of his tall, sickly mother, om his father had brought from across the er. She was never well, and by and by laid wn a burden too heavy to carry. Consump-n had been long in doing its work, but the d was never in doubt.

That was why his father was so careful of n, because, as everybody said, he "took er" his mother, was very tall, white of skin d flat chested, plainly and painfully com-serated with by all the members of his her's congregation, for his father was a nister, preached to a poor parish regularly i, at off times, supplied a congregation for mid-week meeting over the river on the ntucky side. It was by that means that the r's father and mother had met.

Neither could the boy remember when the very issue had not ranked, in the estima-n of his father, next to salvation. His ther was not quite so sure about it, having n accustomed to seeing slaves about her her life, but, like the dutiful wife she was, did not oppose what she could not feel ch zeal for so long as her husband did, and, en now and again a negro came to the se in the small hours of the morning, she nothing and knew nothing, as the boy taught not to. They always disappeared, hey had come, in the dead of night. After-d Silas knew that his father's home had n a way station for colored people on the l to Canada and freedom, but all that he w about it then was that he must not lisp ord.

ut there came a time when, upon one of supply trips across the river into Kentucky, father returned in the night, half clothed tar and feathers and with an old horse-ket wrapped about him, for he had been adrift on the river in that condition on a y and improvised raft. After that there no negroes at his house for a time, but father had as many night trips to make efore. The underground railroad was still peration.

l these things had not failed of their im-ion upon the boy's mind. He had solemn with his father, who admonished him, if en spared his life, to devote it to defend-he liberties of men, black men as well white, and red men as certainly as ; but when, with the breaking out of the the boy of sixteen wanted to execute the purposes his father had planted in his by enlisting it looked different to both r and son. The father thought the son ly too young and by all odds too feeble dure the hardships of a soldier, whereas on thought that a life was a life no mat-hether strong or weak, and to be given us cheerfully. The father went into the as chaplain of a regiment and the son romised by going to an uncle in northern and entering Oberlin college.

t wasn't a real good place to send a o get him out of the war atmosphere. berlin college had sent a great share of ale students into the army and anti-y sentiment amounted to a religion with hole faculty. Still, the lad was obedient hough he chafed and struggled at the he stuck to his books for two years ntil John H. Morgan entered upon his red raid. Then the boy bolted for the To his astonishment he did not die st time he slept out under the stars, nor st time he slept out when there were rs in sight, but rain, instead. On the ry it gave him an appetite like a horse and he gained in strength every day. This determined his action as to the rest of the war. He enlisted, and was at once the tallest and youngest man in his company. In half a year he was about the strongest, most athletic and the best soldier, too, for into the service he threw his whole heart. They were strenuous months, but a half year had made a man out of a boy and a soldier out of a man.

Silas Singham was a good shot, quick of movement, keen of eye and clear of perception. He was made first a corporal, then an orderly, and finally a scout, going through the Chattanooga campaign, the next year to Atlanta and around with Sherman to the sea and to Washington for the great parade, to be mustered out a licutenant and so home to find the grave of his father side by side with that of his mother on the oak-clad knoll of his native village.

Twenty-one, without ties to bind him to any place or person, thirsting for adventure and a chance to do a man's part in what was to be done, he gladly accepted an offer of his general to join in the organization of a construction gang to help build the Union Pacific railroad across the plains to the Pacific Coast.

For a little while he held a place in the office of the construction company which his brigade commander headed, but the confinement was not good for him and he was sent to the front, first to superintend a gang of graders, but, when the grass got good that spring and the Indians got bad he volunteered his services as scout for the protection of the camps and proved as good a plainsman as he had been woodsman in the Appalachian mountains during the Civil War.

Finally the old general relinquished construction work and entered upon railroad promotion enterprises in co-operation with the transcontinental company and invited Silas Singham to join him in a subordinate but responsible relation. The young man had developed a good capacity for getting on with other men, and the spirit of leadership. He was honest, had a boundless enthusiasm, a quick perception, a keen brain and a filial confidence in his commanding general.

The country to the west of the Missouri was, in those days, insanely anxious for railroads. They were land-aided by the government and bond-aided by counties, townships and towns. The Button Willow and Northern was their first enterprise, and it went through humming. Silas worked up the bond-voting enterprise from man to man, neighborhood to neighborhood, appointed public meetings and got the people out for the general to address. The general's empty sleeve and sabre scar spoke eloquently for him and he was no mean talker himself. The "company" took the bonds and built the road, treated the general "right," and Silas fared so well that he felt himself almost a capitalist. The people had been dealt with on the square and were ready to give a certificate of character to the old general and all his associates.

Then came the promotion of the Middle Branch Western, a more pretentious enterprise, for which the old general formed an independent corporation with himself as president and a directorate made up of selected politicians, small bankers and financiers of more notoriety than their financial rating would justify. Silas Singham was made chief field agent to work up the county and township-bonding propositions. He threw himself into it with all the zeal of which his enthusiastic temperament was capable.

There was a choice of two routes to the point of destination. Only one of them could be built upon, at least for the present. Silas was for the bee line and argued for it before the directorate, and with the general personally, with what he thought must be convincing effect; but to his surprise he was instructed to take the route up the valley of the Prairie Hen and inaugurate his bond promotion work. With misgivings he obeyed the command of his superiors and fell to work among the people. It was a hard bargain the directorate was seeking to drive with the people, but Silas did his best.

For a year he talked man to man, neighborhood to neighborhood, county to county, beating down opposition, bolstering up the personnel of the company and offering to whip anybody and everybody who called the fidelity of the old general into question. The company certainly would build the road if the bonds were voted. For what other purpose could the directorate keep him and his surveying parties in the field, he should like to know.

But all the while he was hearing of the efforts the people were making along the bee line to induce the road to come their way. The county seat papers along the bee line route openly boasted that the Prairie Hen people were being "played for suckers," and never would hear the locomotive whistle unless they heard it from over the Bluestem hills where the bee line lay. This made Silas uneasy, but he denounced these utterances as unfounded and, upon his honor as a gentleman, assured the Prairie Hen valley people that his company would keep faith with them. The bonds were voted by counties and the supplemental work of bonding particular townships for particular favors in making deviations in the line was just being entered upon when Silas was called to headquarters.

He went before the directorate.

"You have done admirably, Mr. Singham," declared the old general, rising from the big table and taking him cordially by the hand, "most admirably, and I hope you will not be greatly disappointed when I inform you that we have decided not to build up the valley of the Prairie Hen, at least not for the present."

"Not going to build?" demanded Silas. "Why, what does that mean? What have I been doing out there all these months. I should like to know?"

"My dear young man," broke in the New York member of the directorate, "you have been making the bee line people bid up to the limit of their ultimate farthing in order to outbid the valley of the Prairie Hen, and you have done it splendidly, splendidly, my boy. Nobody could have done it better."

The hot blood rushed to Silas' head and he seemed on the verge of an eruption. The general, cognizant of his rising anger, quietly observed, "You know, lieutenant, that down in Dixie we sometimes had to make feints in one direction that we might outflank our adversary in another."

"Yes, general, but that was in the enemy's country while you have sent me out to deceive our friends, men who have worked hard in our interests. How long since this change of policy was decided upon?"

"Ever since we first put pen to paper," said the New Yorker, in the blandest and most reassuring tones. "We keep nothing from you, Mr. Singham. Do you remember how irrefragable your own championship of the bee line was? There was no getting around it. The Prairie Hen people will get over their wrath and their disappointment in due season, and maybe we'll run a branch up their valley when we get around to it, but it is now for the bee line in quick time. The last township has come into our harbor."

"We have concluded to build the line ourselves this time, Silas," remarked the general, "instead of turning it over to The Company as we did before. We lost a very pretty thing by not building the Button Willow and Northern ourselves. Is there any good reason why we should not get all there is in it?"

"But have you the requisite capital?" Singham demanded to know.

"Oh, we have backers in abundance, young man," broke in the New York broker. "Leave

that to us. What we want of you is to superintend the construction."

"I'll not undertake it," was Silas Singham's unequivocal reply.

"I had hoped that you would, Silas," observed the general in a tone of disappointment. "You have been with me so long, and I know of no one else whom we can trust so implicitly. You see our hands will be full with the financing and getting materials to you, and I can no longer do as many days' work in one day as I used to before the war."

Silas ought to have adhered to his resolution to sever all relationship with the Middle Branch Western then and there, but he loved the old general like a father and, despite this bit of double dealing, which he felt was chargeable to the rest of the directorate rather than to the general, he had almost a child's faith in the general's integrity.

"Well, I'll undertake it," he said, reluctantly, "but I want it understood that there is to be no more double-dealing from this on."

They all assured him that, so far as his interests were concerned, there would be no further employment of "diplomacy" without his full knowledge and so the construction of the Middle Branch Western came under the direct supervision of Silas Singham, under the immediate direction of the chief engineer.

"We'll put you down for a nice block of stock in the company, Mr. Singham," declared the New York broker. "Your note for the first 25 per cent. of it will be perfectly good until convenient to pay it out of your salary, and that is all it will ever cost you. The rest will be clear gain and at par in less than a year after the road is completed. It will be like picking money up in the road." So Silas went in with the rest and became a railroad promotor and builder.

With corn at twenty cents per bushel money had been getting a bit scarce in the country and the farmers along the proposed line were eager enough to put their teams on the roadbed to do the grading and their sons to do the work. It was no length of time until Silas had the dirt flying right after the engineer and his field men; but he noticed that the roadbed as laid out was uncommonly narrow, the curves sharp and the grades steep, but his business was to build the road, not to engineer it. Besides, it was explained to him that it would be cheaper to perfect the way when construction trains could be employed to handle the dirt.

When it came to laying the ties there were not more than half as many as there should have been, but that would serve, the engineer said, until the construction trains could bring more to be slipped in between, and the work went on.

Under the terms upon which the people had voted bonds in aid of the enterprise the bonds became due and deliverable as fast as the roadbed was made and the ties laid down. What though the roadbed was little better than a brushed-out trail, the trestles flimsy and the ties as far again apart as they should have been? The terms of the contract with the counties and townships voting aid were met after a fashion, and a little political diplomacy on the part of the general and the New York broker sufficed to get the bonds into the hands of the company and the work went on.

Then the pay of the graders and suppliers of ties began to come irregularly and scantily. The company got in arrears, first thirty days, then sixty, and by and by ninety. One excuse was offered and then another, but Silas, placing implicit confidence in the general's assurances that all would come out right, upheld the honor of the company, lent to hard pushed sub-contractors not only all that he had saved out of his salary while paying off his note given for shares, but all that he had saved out of building the Button Willow and Northern, taking their notes in return.

With less courage and faith and hope than Silas Singham possessed, with less of confidence than the people along the line reposed in him, the task could not have been accomplished, but it was and, by and by, the road was somehow graded and somehow tied, just anyhow, to its destination, and the aid bonds were all signed and delivered; but what of the completed road and its operation?

Would the people, in view of the serious monetary stringency, vote to relinquish their first lien on the franchise, rights of way, roadbed and all, and take a second mortgage to enable the company to market its bonds and so purchase the rails and rolling stock? Silas Singham implored the directorate to make terms with the bigger corporation to carry the enterprise on to completion; but they talked him over and he threw himself into the campaign for releasing the people's first mortgage and taking a second. The strife was bitter and the criminations and recriminations keen, but, as had before happened, the doughty old general with his empty sleeve and sabre-scarred face claimed his measure of public sympathy and affection and the relinquishment carried in county after county, albeit by narrow margins, and the roadbeds, rights-of-way and franchises were mortgaged. What for? To buy iron and rolling stock? Neither iron nor rolling stock were bought, not then nor for ten years thereafter.

The proceeds of these bonds went to discharge the padded claims of the stockholders in the dummy construction company, made up of the directorate of the Middle Branch Western, that built the roadbed and laid the ties without having more than partially paid for either. The bonds the people had voted were hypothecated for what they would bring as security and, upon default in payment, were sold at auction for a song and so went into the hands of innocent purchasers for value and became a first lien upon every farm and household from end to end of the bee line.

Is it any wonder that desperate men along that line came by team and by stage to the initial point of the Middle Branch Western, where the company's offices were located, came by twos and fours, came with blood in their eyes and ropes in their hands bent on getting something for their money or wreaking vengeance if they were not to be accorded justice? It is a wonder that the old general, astute as he always had been, had not scented danger and was the only official in the office in the city when the rioters held the street, but there he was, the target of all their hate, defenseless and alone save for a few stenographers who were striving, with his aid, to wind up the company's affairs and make the wreckage yield a little something more to the directorate.

The courage that had stood him in stead when he led his brigade up Missionary Ridge did not fail him then. He faced the mob undaunted and openly declared to them that the bubble had burst; that he and his associates had undertaken a desperate gamble with the chances in their favor and might have won out for the Middle Branch Western, and the bee line people, had the suckers of the East and of Europe continued to bite at Western railroad securities as they had been doing until lately. Anyhow, the bee line people had themselves to thank for their predicament. The company had not asked them for a bond, but they of themselves, greedy to get away from the Prairie Hen valley what that valley had been asked to subscribe for, had walked into the trap of their own volition and with their eyes open. If they were looking for sympathy it was of no use to come to him. They had best return to their homes to learn wisdom from experience.

Thus reproached to their faces and goaded to desperation, the mob cared little for sympathy for their predicament, but much for revenge. Some one produced a rope, someone else threw a noose around the old general's neck, there was a rush toward the street and a lamppost, the old general fighting as best he could with his one arm and calling names at the top of his voice.

Then there was a commotion from the rear, a tall form drove into the midst of the infuriated crowd, a half dozen men were felled to the floor, a knife flashed, the rope around the old general's neck was cut, an arm was thrown about the body of the struggling old veteran and, still struggling, he was dragged from the hands of the mob, half hurled down a back stairway, thrust into a waiting hack and hurried to the railway station. Then the tall young man who had rescued him leaped back up those stairs three steps at a time and once again dashed into the midst of the mob.

"If you want to hang anybody, hang me," he yelled. "I am the only one of that rascally crew left in town and the faith I had in them has cost me every dollar I had in the world. I would have died for that man and I'd do yet. With shot and shell screaming throu the air and throwing the dirt all over us carried him off the battle field of Missiona Ridge, his arm hanging by a shred and pa of a shell buried in his hip, but not so mu as a groan escaped his lips during my mil struggle to a hospital with my colonel, whi he then was, on my back. A wonderful ma that! Brave as a lion, patriotic as a Lincol but, it seems, financially as crooked as cha lightning. I can't understand him, but I lo him like a father in spite of it all. Yet I nev want to set eyes on him again.

"Men, I have been here a week trying get to the bottom of this miserable busine There is no bottom to it. The bottom h fallen out. They all paid for their stock the company with their notes, as I paid f mine, but I took my note up in cash, and mi is the only note that was paid. Yet the crim nal law will not reach them. What they d was legal and by advice of their attorne They simply gambled with your money a mine, played a losing game and left the cons quences to us. Go home and forget it. am going to hunt a job that I may have supper to eat and a place to sleep.

"The last dollar I had I paid the hackm that carried the old general, my general, o of your reach. It took all the rest to pay the note I had given the company for r holding in its stock, but I was determined th no unpaid obligation of mine should be fou among that company's assets. But what want to know is what you fellows are going do with me. If you are not going to hang I want to know it so that I can go and lo for a job."

"Three cheers for Si. Singham," was t reply.

"Much obliged, men," Silas Singham turned. "I have been square with you, bu ought to have been smarter. Promotion ent prise is not for me. I am too green. I t you I had no money left, and I haven't, n so much as a 'scad,' but I have some of yo notes here. Here is one signed by Mar Gilligan for money I lent him on my faith the Middle Branch Western enterprise. H much am I offered for it? What, nothir Well then, here goes for that," and he tore into shreds and blew the fragments from hi He called out others in varying sums, all vanced to help pay their men while "the co pany" was holding back their pay and reading without interest. Every name y greeted with laughter, and every note was to to shreds in their presence.

"Men," Silas Singham exclaimed in a fi outburst, "some of the old general's associa were rascals because God made them so, some of them, including the old general h self and myself, were crazy to make big mo and it made rascals of them and a fool of m From this time on I'm a farmer. I'm smart enough to be anything else. Goodb Remember me to the folks at home and wh you think hard of the old general remem that, despite all his faults, I carried him the battle field at Missionary Ridge and th notwithstanding, he was up and at 'em at head of his brigade, empty sleeve flying, Kenesaw mountain."

Three months later Silas Singham wa ranch hand in the Sacramento valley, Cali nia. He had experienced the "making and breaking of a promoter" and had washed hands of high finance.

("A World Evangel"—Continued.)

equal to over six times the population of C ada itself.

"Unprecedented and phenomenal advan are being made by churches in all parts Canada, in the carrying out of this large pol of evangelization, which involves the quadr ling of their missionaries and missionary c tributions.

"Will America likewise undertake her h share of this world task? We also have n than six times as many people to evangeliz non-Christian lands as constitute our en population at home.

"The two things needed are intelligence a business method. The city of Toronto has creased its missionary offerings from $17(to $365,000, within a little more than a year the laymen of all churches taking hold as a cates and organizers. The Southern Presb

n church has increased its missionary offer-gs in three years from $223,000 to $412,000 r year.

To reach six hundred millions by the urches of North America would require a al of only 24,000 missionaries, which is one ssionary for 25,000 persons. At the present oment we have 7,476 missionaries from the ited States and Canada, of whom 2,270 are es of missionaries. Twenty-four thousand ssionaries from North America would be less n one out of 800 of our Protestant church mbers.

The cost of supporting this force of work- would not average over $2,000 per mission-, or a total of $48,000,000 a year. It should understood that the $2,000 covers not only salary of the missionary, but the support an average of about eight to ten native kers, the complete equipment of the work oad and the administration expense at ic.

Forty-eight million dollars from twenty mil-s of church members would be less than a ct car fare a week on the average, from n of them. The total is less than 20 per of the amount now spent annually for gious and benevolent work by the Protest-churches of the United States.

f we need to spend $300,000,000 a year for gious purposes in the United States and ada among a population of less than one dred millions, is it reasonable to suppose we can conduct an adequate Christian aganda among six hundred millions ad on less than twelve millions a year? is less than two million dollars a year to h one hundred millions of people abroad, ist three hundred millions of dollars on a tituency of this size at home, or a pro-on of 150 to 1.

y the adoption of a business-like method issionary finance in each congregation, and ie active co-operation of the laymen, it is ttirely practicable thing to lift the churches is country to four times their present of-gs toward world-evangelization. It has dy been done in so many hundreds of ches, that we speak with great confidence we declare that the financial problem in ons can be solved if the men of the church out their intelligent and persistent efforts the task.

en are beginning to do this in ever-increas-umbers. In one city recently eighty-two n spoke in eighty-two pulpits on the Sunday presenting the methods and spirit laymen's movement. This is but char-stic of the way in which laymen can be take hold of the active work of mission-lucation, as advocates and organizers.

ithin the next six months we hope to see venty-five leading cities of America adopt thy missionary policy and put it into im-te operation in their churches. **If this is it will shake the nation. If this nation it will move Christendom. And when endom moves it will shake the world."**

("Little Talks"—Continued.)

honesty that has kept the Southern Pacific and redatory powers, in control.

Yours very truly,

"BERKELEY."

regret that the timidity of the author of egoing prevents our attaching the name, me "unpleasantness" be encountered. eformer who is fearful of attaching a to so innocuous a document is unlikely the world aflame.

rtheless, the point raised is one upon conscientious persons will do well to er thinking. We know that the forces in this state, by the tens of thousands, gister their party affiliations with little to what they really are, but with the f casting their influence on the side it will work the largest injury to the welfare. Are the hands of honest men tied while those of dishonest are left do unneutralized evil?

n one registers he must designate the ith which he expects to affiliate during paign, and whose ticket he expects to November. Whoever registers as a can, with the expectation of voting the atic ticket in November, has registered d has sworn to it, whether he be sinner , and nothing else can be made of it. whoever registers as a Republican, or as a Democrat, with the expectation of scratching his ticket in November, if he then finds that he has to do so in order to vote for the best man for the place, is within his rights, morally and within the contemplation of the law. There is no presumption, express or implied, in the law which requires any voter to vote his ticket straight. To be specific: the writer of "Little Talks" has registered as a Republican with the full expectation of voting the Republican ticket in November, but if, unfortunately, Charles F. Curry should secure the Republican nomination for governor, he will not vote for Mr. Curry. He will vote for the Democratic candidate, if he be a good man, otherwise he will leave the governorship blank on his ticket and go on down the line, scratching as he thinks the public good requires. This because he believes Mr. Curry, notwithstanding his many admirable qualities of mind and heart, a dangerous man to place in the gubernatorial office.

The voting system which our timid reformer commends is not the system under which this election is to be held. It is the Berkeley system and, in our judgment, is a better system than that under which we are working. Whoever, at the August primary, secures a majority of all votes cast, should be thereby, then and there, elected. That system would bring out a full vote at every primary and whatever brings out a full vote makes for the advantage of the best men and the best government. Let us try to incorporate that reform in our direct primary law.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—Inclosed please find a list of names and addresses. In sending them sample copies of the Weekly you may send them a letter with the following statements:

Mr. Champlin referred them to you; is a subscriber to The California Weekly; believes in it; gives it his heartiest indorsement; gave you, unsolicited, the right to use his name in connection with it; believes that every church member should be actively interested in clean politics and should have a source of true, unbiased information as to facts—which The California Weekly gives; that he would like to see 50 subscriptions for it in his church.

Sincerely,

CHARLES C. CHAMPLIN.

Pastor Park Congregational Church, 1649 Hayes St., near Lyon, San Francisco, Cal. March 15th, 1910.

When we can send a letter like the foregoing to a good list of persons who should become interested in The California Weekly, some out of the number are sure to respond, and these are certain to interest others, giving us an ever widening constituency. It is the kind of help that helps.

Mrs. Theodosia Garrison has been writing for so many years that it must surprise most of her readers to know that she is still in the early thirties. She began publishing verse in her teens. All of her later work is tinged with pathos, as her beautiful face, despite its ever present smile, is marked with the fear of impending tragedy. Her husband, a young and prominent lawyer, is a victim of slow paralysis.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In the Superior Court of Yolo County, State of California:

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Henry Gross, Herbert Gross and Melvin Gross, minors.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court above named, dated January 24th, A. D. 1910, and made in the above entitled matter, the undersigned guardian of Melvin Gross, minor (said Henry Gross and Herbert Gross having attained their majority, respectively, before the date of the said order), will sell, on or after Monday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1910, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said minor, Melvin Gross, to-wit: an undivided 1-36 interest in all those tracts of land situate in Colusa county, state of California, and described as Sections numbered respectively 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 and 32, and fractional Sections numbered, respectively, 19, 30 and 31, and the N. ½ of the SW. ¼ of Section 33, and the S. ½ of Section 29, and the E. ½ of the E. ½ of the NE. ¼ of Section 29—all situated in township 13, N., range 2, W., Mt. D. B. & M., and aggregating about 6,173 acres.

Also a like undivided one thirty-sixth (1-36) interest in that lot of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California, described as Lot 35 in Block 12 of the "Flint Tract Homestead Association."

Bids in writing may be left at the store of S. Rumselsburg, in the City of Colusa, state of California, or at No. 1352 McAllister street, San Francisco, California, the residence of the undersigned guardian. Properties may be sold all together or separately, to suit purchasers.

ROSA HYMAN,

Guardian of Melvin Gross, a Minor.

HURST & HURST,

Attorneys for Guardian.

3-11-3t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 27636.

ELIZABETH WATTS LLOYD, Plaintiff,

vs.

ALBAN W. LLOYD; ENID LLOYD and ALL PERSONS unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon, the whole, or any part, of the real property described in the complaint herein,

Defendants.

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an interlocutory decree in partition and order of sale, duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day of February, 1910, in the above entitled action, I, the undersigned duly appointed, qualified and acting referee in said action, am commanded to sell all those certain lands situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described in the complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Polk Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Ellis Street; running thence northerly along said line of Polk Street twenty (20) feet more or less to Olive Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along the southerly line of Olive Avenue parallel with Ellis Street eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles southerly parallel with Polk Street twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles westerly parallel with Ellis street eighty-five (85) feet to Polk Street, the point of commencement.

Said described premises being a part of 50 Vara lot Number Three (3) in Block Number Nine (9) of the Western Addition as laid down on the official map of said City and County of San Francisco.

And public notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 26th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of that day at the street entrance to the office of the sheriff of said City and County at No. 122 McAllister Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and interlocutory decree in partition, sell the above described property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States Gold Coin, ten (10) per cent thereof to be paid as a deposit on the day of sale, the balance upon confirmation of the sale by the Court and the delivery of a conveyance. Ten (10) days allowed before confirmation for examination of title. Objection to title, if any, must be made before confirmation. If after the confirmation the purchaser neglects or refuses to immediately comply with the terms of the sale a re-sale will be made of the property purchased. If the amount realized on such re-sale does not amount to the former bid and the expenses of the previous sale, such purchaser shall be liable for the deficiency and the said referee will retain such deficiency from the deposit. All checks presented by purchasers must be certified.

CHARLES HAYDEN, Referee.

San Francisco, California, February 26th, 1910.

Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys for Referee, 1029 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 3-4-4t

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Nomination Papers

As heretofore explained, the Direct Primary law does not contemplate that voters will go into their booths and vote for just anybody they happen to think of without previous discussion or leadership. The expectation is that those who want office will offer themselves for office and that those who take an interest in the public welfare, or those who have political axes to grind, will set things in motion for making up primary tickets. Of course tickets will make provision for scratching the ticket, but, unless public apathy makes men altogether unconcerned for their political life, there will somehow be a ticket made up, printed and offered to voters.

To get on such a ticket a candidate must have some sort of backing, somebody to second the motion. This is what the "nomination paper," as it is called, is for. It must be substantially in this form:

State of California,
County of....., —ss.

I do solemnly swear that I am a qualified elector of.....precinct of....., the town of.....county, and a member of the.....political party, and I hereby nominate.....who resides in the town of.....county of..... as a candidate for the.....party nomination for the office.....to be voted for at the primary election to be held on the.....day of....., 1910, and I further declare that I intend to support for such nomination the candidate named herein.

Signed.....
Residence.....

Subscribed and sworn to before me this .....day of....., 1910.

.....

Any civil officer authorized by law to administer oaths may take the above acknowledgment, or the candidate may designate a special verification deputy who shall qualify for his function by filing an oath of office with the county clerk. In this oath he must affirm that he can read and write the English language, that he will, in the performance of his service, faithfully observe the election laws of the state, etc.

Before the nomination papers are filed they must be arranged and bound together by precincts and also alphabetically by the surnames of the signers and then numbered consecutively. They must then be bound together at their left edges with thread or staples, or in some other effective way. If the nomination papers are for candidates for state or district offices and the districts embrace more than one county, then the nomination papers for each candidate must first be assembled by precincts and then by counties, but such papers for more than one county must not be bound up together. Those for each county must be kept separate. This is because, before nomination papers for state or district offices can be filed with the Secretary of State, they must be taken to the county clerk of the county in which the signers live for the comparison with the great register of that county and certification by the county clerk.

It is made the duty of the county clerk to examine each nomination paper carefully. He must see to it that the name of each signer is on the great register of his county and, if not there, he must disregard that signer's paper. Furthermore the date of the registration of the signer must have been the same or previous to his going on the nomination paper. If not the clerk must disregard that signer.

Nomination papers for state and district offices, where the district includes more than one county, after being scrutinized and verified by the county clerk, must be forwarded to the Secretary of State for filing, together with the certificate of the county clerk that comparison of the names of the signers with the names on the great register had been made and giving the number of names that can be certified as correctly entitled to become signers of such nomination papers.

A candidate for the United States Senate, or for state office, must have signed to his nomination papers the names of at least 1 per cent. of the voters of his party in each of at least ten counties of his state and, in the aggregate, not less than 1 per cent. of the vote of his party in the entire state. He must have at least that number of signers, but, to avoid superfluous labor all around, he must not have more than 10 per cent. of the entire vote of his party in the state.

If the candidate be for a district office comprising more than two counties his nomination papers must be signed by at least 2 per cent. of the voters of his party in at least one-tenth of the election precincts in each of at least one-half of the counties comprising such district. In the aggregate he must have at least 2 per cent., and not more than 10, of the total vote of his party in such district.

If a candidate's district comprises just two counties then his nomination papers must be signed by at least 2 per cent. of the voters of his party in at least one-sixth of the election precincts in each of the counties and the aggregate must not be less than 2 or more than 10 per cent. of the total vote of his party in the district.

If the candidate be for a county office his nomination papers must be signed by at least 3 per cent. of the party vote in at least one-fourth of all the precincts in the county and, in the aggregate, not less than 3 per cent. or more than 10 of the entire vote of his party in his county.

The basis of estimating these percentages must be the vote received at the last presidential election by the party elector who received the largest number of votes cast. If any political party did not have a candidate for president at the last presidential election, but was otherwise represented on the ballot at that election, or at the last state general election, then a candidate of that party may be given a party ticket and a place on it if the candidate of that party at such last election received 3 per cent. of the total vote cast in that county. If fewer than 3 per cent. of the total vote was cast by any party, then that party cannot participate in a primary election and its candidates must get on the ballot of the general election by petition if at all.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "EIGHT MONTHS UNDER 'BERKELEY PLAN'"

—By Beverly L. Hodghead

THE CALIFORNIA-WEEKLY: MARCH 25 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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It Is Enough

.ST WEEK CHIEF ENGINEER DAVIS, of the Reclamation Service, testified that Secretary Ballinger first ordered service, over its protest, to recommend the restoration of c lands to entry and then restored them, avowedly because at recommendation. When Director Newell came upon the l he corroborrated the testimony of Davis to the full. Either of those men lied outright and outrageously or Secretary nger is a double-dealing pettifogger unfit to hold any office nolument or honor.

As Many As Can Live

LICE COMMISSIONER FLANNERY, of San Francisco, as become a convert to saloon restriction and limitation. : is somewhat of a gulf fixed between what he would regard oons enough and what would be so regarded by almost any person risen above the breech-clout stage of human dement, but progress is to be reported even in his case. He not want more saloons in any given neighborhood than can at an existence in that neighborhood without suffering the s of starvation. All right for you, Flannery! That tender of yours will enable the bars of San Francisco to cover a ude of shins.

The Strong Arm of Aldrich

E PRESIDENT NEVER OPENS his mouth but the heart peaks through it and that heart is aweary. No one who his addresses can doubt this or restrain sentiments of thy. How it must have encouraged him, at Providence, to ured that he had the strong arm of Aldrich to lean on in plexity and that practiced hand to guide him in the shaping administration! Not alone is Aldrich puissant and careful, is adroit and prayerful, having ever upon his lips the pious ation: "God help the rich. The poor can beg." Never-, it were better for the President, and more hopeful for his s, if he were not to appear upon the same platform with W. Aldrich. Aldrich looms a sinister figure more likely the President's administration than to make it.

The Only Way

RY TIME THE PRESIDENT justifies the Payne-Aldrich iff bill a Republican congressional district will go Demof opportunity offers, and yet the Democratic clean-sweeps sixth congressional district of Missouri and the fourteenth husetts do not imply that Republicans are becoming ats. They are using the only means at hand for protesting ely against "Cannonism" in the House and "Aldrichism" White House. The only way to save the next congress to ublican party east or west will be to nominate insurgent cans for congress east and west.

Why Leave San Francisco Out?

AGUE HAS BEEN FORMED in New York, of which nch organizations are to be formed in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Dayton shington, with the purpose of getting up a petition a thousand strong asking that executive clemency be l to Charles W. Morse, the plunger banker now serving -year sentence of residence at Atlanta at the Hotel de United States. Why is San Francisco ignored? In what other city will there be found more good men who believe that no rich man should be punished for any crime short of the murder of another rich man? Send that petition out here. Our lid is off. too.

Coming to Their Senses

WORKERS WHO WENT OUT on strike in sympathy with the Philadelphia car men, but without any grievance of their own, are going back to work with the full sanction of the American Federation of Labor and even of the leaders of the car strike itself. That is proper. They should not have gone out in the first place and, had not their advisers taken counsel of their passions rather than of their senses, they would not. The sympathetic strike and riotous conduct are organized labor's most implacable enemies, and yet they are ordinarily appealed to as friends. Greater blunder never was.

Gaiety Agley

THE LID IS OFF. The night life of San Francisco is as it was of old, thanks to the "liberality" of the McCarthy administration, the Flannery standard of public morals and the petitioning of a long string of San Francisco's business men. So be it. If the cafes thus thrown open are fit resorts for the sons and daughters of other men they are fit resorts for the sons and daughters of the petitioners and those sons and daughters may feel that the names of their fathers upon that petition sanction their entry into the life of gaiety thus afforded. No man not too good to sign that petition is too good to pay toll to the fast life. If the benefits of hell are to be made available that business may thrive those who share the profits should partake of the brimstone.

The Greater Service

THE SPECTACLE of a very rich man rendering service to his kind almost inspires one with a yearning to become very rich, and yet not one member of the United States Steel or Standard Oil groups of many-times millionaires will render the world a service so conspicuous as to be commensurate with the unseen service he might have rendered had he refrained from growing so rich through the methods by which his riches were gained. These men cannot, in the giving away of their fortunes, recompense for the evil standard of success they set up in heaping them together. It will still have been more profitable if they had not lived.

A Revel In Prospect

THE PUBLIC MIND may prepare itself for a season of sensational developments at Pittsburg. Whenever opulent criminality finds itself in a corner the worst of which human nature is capable is to be anticipated rather than that justice may be suffered. Murder, assassination, dynamiting, all these are held in light estimation if they may keep malefactors of great wealth from wearing stripes behind prison bars. And, through it all, being under indictment will be a sufficient passport to the alleged best society of Pittsburg and Hades. But, having eaten liberally of the fruit from the tree of knowlegde of good and evil, the American public will have its eyes opened so wide that, forever after, a scoundrel will be known by his works no matter how great his fortune or how smart the set with which he trains.

Executive Usurpation

The insurgents in congress will make the mistake of their lives if they cause the submission by the President of measures in concrete form to become a pretext for raising the cry of executive usurpation of, or encroachment upon, legislative prerogative. No measure coming, in form, from the executive department of government should be accorded other consideration than would be given such a measure coming from a legislative committee, and it should carry with it no obligation to be enacted into law without scrutiny or amendment, but President Taft has performed no other service of such value as that of submitting administrative measures frankly as such and in the form of specific bills. It is a movement in the direction of legislative efficiency and is to be hailed with satisfaction.

San Francisco or New Orleans?

The completion of the Panama canal will be a great event in the history of the world. It deserves to be celebrated as a world event, celebrated by occident and orient, celebrated by the eastern hemisphere and the western, by north and south. It should be an epoch-marking event.

The courage of San Diego in tackling the problem was splendid. Its discretion was not so marked. Doubtless it would have been a good thing for San Diego to have done its best in financing and preparing an exposition, such an exposition as it could finance and could prepare, but it is unreasonable to suppose that San Diego could finance and prepare such an exposition as would challenge the interest and admiration of the world and fittingly commemorate an event of such transcendent signification. The state could not be convinced of its ability, neither could the nation, and without co-operation of state and nation nothing worth while can be done.

There are two fitting candidates for this honor, San Francisco and New Orleans. Either of these cities can take the task in hand and put it through to realization, leaving nothing to be desired remaining unsupplied. The proximity of New Orleans to the canal is to its advantage, and it is accessible from Europe and all of the United States, from Mexico and the northern states of South America. San Francisco is more remote from those centers of population, but is at the open door that leads to the orient and it is with the orient that the Panama canal mainly has to do. A hundred invidious things may be said for or against either of these cities in connection with this great event, but it can not truthfully be said of either of them that the task is too big for them, that they can not make a success of the enterprise if they undertake it. Either of them can and either of them will make a success of it if selected. It will be one or other of these two, New Orleans or San Francisco. Which shall it be?

As Californians, from Shasta to Tia Juana, there can be but one answer. It must be San Francisco, if a united effort and a strong one can win the prize. It will be no child's play. Pitted against New Orleans, San Diego would not have a ghost's chance for its life. San Francisco has a fighting chance, and with that chance it should make the fight, invincible because all parts of the state stand by it one and inseparable.

Pittsburg's Predicament

Recent disclosures at Pittsburg serve to show the prevalence of that putridity of infection that permeates much of our national life. We may expect ulcers to break out anywhere as they have at San Francisco, at Denver and at Pittsburg, or wherever else a low standard of political ideals has prevailed. It is fitting that Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and the whole state of Pennsylvania, should share in this disgrace, for it was in that state that the infection was initiated. It is the result of a taint that comes down from the Camerons, through Quay and Penrose, to the robbers who looted the state capitol and the councilmen in Pittsburg who allowed their public policies to be shaped by the slipping of dollars into hand or pocket when they were not looking. For these miserable men, hurrying to save themselves through an immunity bath, only contempt can be cherished. They were cheap villains. There is some satisfaction in reflecting that, at least, our San Francisco scoundrels did not place upon themselves so despicable a valuation. The boodling bankers of Pittsburg will doubtless be able, through their financial and social affiliations, and the plentiful use of money, to break down the machinery of the law, as our higher-ups did here in San Francisco, and so escape imprisonment if not punishment. All this can be borne with fortitude, but the incidental corrupting of the public mind, such as made it impossible for men of San Francisco longer to make intelligent choice betwixt good and evil—that is to be deplored. It is the crown of thorns pressed upon the brow of righteousness until the blood streams forth. A bank is not only a repository for other people's money, but should be also for everybody's implicit confidence, and whenever a banker becomes a boodler he should suffer the extreme penalty of the law and without benefit of clergy.

THE STAFF

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EASTER

(Written for The California Weekly.)

And Easter dawn with dewy feet,
And breath of spice around her blown,
Still finds the empty tomb and, Lo!—
An angel sitting on the stone.

—Sarah Keppel Vickery.

Not High Enough to Hurt

The President has expressed his opinion that prices are not high enough to cause suffering. Perhaps not if the standard of suffering be the free soup kitchen, but is that the correct standard? In a great, free country like our own, and in a great, free state like California, there should be no poverty not the result of sin and no suffering not due to fortuitous circumstances; and yet the problem of poverty is a more difficult one for public control than the problem of criminality. We have not the suffering of involuntary idleness to deal with. There is prosperity if by that we mean work to do for nearly all who are willing to work, and yet the dependent child problem is an increasing one; the poor house problem grows; old age pensions are earnestly advocated because of the greater number of those who reach superannuation unprovided for; the poor we have with us more abundantly as the years go by. The joint earnings of American industry were perhaps never greater than now, but the distribution of those earnings was never more unequal and the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, which the President neglects no opportunity to extol, did little or nothing to equalize that distribution of common prof
While the metallurgist has been the princip
factor in the increased cost of living the tar
tinker has, next to the extortioner, been th
principal malefactor responsible for that u
happy incident to life. The suffering caus
by increase of prices may not be poignar
but it is widespread, and unless our giant i
dustries can be weaned they will suck t
nation dry as hay.

Give It to the Government

The incorporation of a self-perpetuating a
never dying corporation to administer the i
gotten millions of Rockefeller, in the name
charity, is still giving concern to thoughtf
minds. The senate committee has tentative
approved the plan, but that was to have be
anticipated. When the house comes to de
with the problem there may be greater d
versity of mind. To be sure the form of t
charter provides that the national gover
ment may annul it or modify it as time sh
furnish necessity for so doing, but abuses w
have become serious indeed before pub
opinion can compel congress to take actio
The evils anticipated will be too subtle to
obvious to the many and, in order to bolst
its power and permanency, the administrato
of that fund will raise up no end of ben
ficiaries more than willing that great abus
may continue in order that small person
benefits may accrue to them. Therefore suff
John D. Rockefeller to provide for his he
during his lifetime as he may, give away wh
he can with what wisdom he can employ wh
he lives and then make the general gover
ment his devisee without condition. Our go
ernment is doing a more beneficent wo
through its departments of research and i
vestigation, through the Smithsonian Instit
tion and the marine and army hospitals, th
all our philanthropists put together, and
can do more still if it have more to do wi
The adoption of this suggestion will be gi
ing to all of us that which was taken fr
all of us and will prove the fairest restitut
possible.

After Eight Months

For our leading article this week, thanks
the kindness of Mayor Beverly L. Hodghe
we are able to present a resume of the Berk
ley form of municipal government in the lig
of eight months of experience. Eight mont
is not eight years, and even that would be t
short a period to test, to a certainty, t
efficiency of the plan, but what of experien
there has been is full of promise for the futu
The men who now constitute the governi
body of Berkeley would furnish good go
ernment under any known system of municip
laws, so the last eight months has been mo
a test of men than of measures, and yet a
team will work better in a comfortal
harness than in one that misfits and it is n
too much to say that the Berkeley municip
harness has proven highly satisfactory to t
team. When the time comes, if it does, th
special deputies must be sent in pursuit
the citizens of Berkeley to induce them
register that they may be qualified to vo
and automobiles must be pressed into servi
to fetch them to the polls, that they m
vote, Berkeley may awake to find that
exemplary charter will not save it from m
administration of Berkeley affairs. Polit
has been driven out of politics in Berkel
and if it can be kept out all will be well a
it is not too much to say that the Berkel
system of elections, as explained in May
Hodghead's article, should keep politics
of Berkeley politics if anything can. T
problem of Democracy must be worked
in American cities and full credit is to
given to our university town for excell
work done toward the solution of that pr
lem.

All Barriers Broken Down

Candor compels the editor of this paper to nfess to having entertained, and expressed, misconception of the purport of the party iliation clause of the direct primary law. A econception of the philosophy of party had blinded him that when he read the statute failed to appreciate its significance. He l assumed that what was required of an nest man, in declaring his party affiliations, s, in effect, that he should declare whether not he was a Republican, a Democrat, a ion Labor party man, a Socialist partisan, whatever he conceived himself to be politi ly. A careful re-reading of the law con- ces us that the party affiliation declaration ntemplates nothing of the kind.

Section 17 of the direct primary law de- res that any elector who has qualified by istration, and by declaration of the political ty with which he intends to affiliate, as pro- ed by section 1366a of the Political Code, ll be entitled to vote at such primary. tion 1366a prescribes that, "Each elector ll declare the name of the political party n which he **intends to affiliate at the ensu- primary election or elections."**

nder a plain interpretation of the language l this declaration goes no farther than the **ing primary election.** The voter does not are that he is a Republican or a Demo . a McCarthy party man or a Socialist. only that he intends to affiliate **at that** **ary** with the party designated. Under interpretation of that clause every Demo- every Socialist, every McCarthy party in California is conscience-free to register ntentions to affiliate with the Republican y at the August primary this year (be- e that is where the fighting is going to be) n he fully intends, at the time of giving party affiliations, to vote his own party t straight from top to bottom at the ral election on the 8th of November.

erefore, when the McCarthy party men n we soundly berated for so doing, regis- as Republicans in San Francisco last that they might vote to defeat the nation of Byron Mauzy as Republican date for mayor, with the purpose of vot- or McCarthy that they might defeat cer in the election, they were within legal rights under section 1366a, and we gize to the rascals for having taken them k.

have said, and with truth, that the in- y of the family is no more essential to ivilization than is the integrity of party vernment by party, and we had assumed be true that the party affiliations clause primary law was placed there to main- he integrity of party, but we were in It will not do it. Party integrity is a of the past. All barriers are broken

s not the purpose of The California y to quarrel with the Direct Primary ecause of the manifest failure of this test. It is more inclined to rejoice be that failure is so manifest. An iron-clad f party allegiance would have bound men, but no political adventurer, -on or charlatan was ever yet held to n side of a party fence because of any f allegiance or declaration of affiliation. joice at a form and interpretation of tute that sets all men free. All bad ill wish to place their primary ballots, ust, where they will do the most harm, d men where they will do the most This they are both free to do under derstanding of the party affiliation of the direct primary law.

advantages, and only two, as it ap- to this paper, arise from the party n requirement. One is that the county may know how many of each kind of to print, the other that party affilia- tion cannot be changed and guerilla raids be made on twenty-four hours' notice from the head of the political bureau that has heretofore controlled the political actions of the men of this state. The gates are closed against swapping parties twenty days before the primary election is to be held.

The only safeguard, then, for integrity of party lines lies in this: The fear that voters may have that if they do not vote at home mischief may result in their own party nominations. Wherever the big fight is there will the big vote be cast and, as we understand it, with full sanction of the law as it stands.

Liberal But Not Gullible

There are two qualities of political material that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company occasionally rejects. One is that grade that has proven so serviceable for so long a time as to be out at the elbows and patched at the knees. This ilk, if the League will let them, will come to the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League en masse and take seats right up in the amen corner. The other is made up of a bit now and again that has proven refractory, self-willed, owing a higher allegiance than to the head of that bureau and a higher policy than to "take program." Such the League may rightfully invite into its ranks on the simple score of having made good.

But there is a higher issue even than that of making good in a public office. That issue is the making of California a free state. The League may not rightfully demand that its every candidate for election, or holder of office, shall enlist that office and all its attaches in active conflict against the common enemy. It may well exempt judges on the bench, superintendents of schools, members of the railroad commission and other judicial or semi-judicial officials, from the draft; but upon no account should the candidacy of any person be endorsed, no matter how certainly he may have made good in office, if he is going to continue to give aid and comfort to the common enemy—the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. Upon that issue, at least, there should never be compromise. The League can afford to be liberal and unpartisan, but not gullible.

Round Them Up

The movement now under way to round up the saloon business in San Francisco and drive it in from the residential districts toward the business centers where the business can be under better police and public surveillance is in the right direction and to be encouraged. At its best the American saloon is an abomination. At its worst it is an abomination of desolation and it is likely to be at its worst in a sparsely settled and inadequately policed residential locality. These places will generally be found to harbor foolish youths and wayward girls besides debauched men and worse women. They are wholly bad.

Little can be done under the present city administration. Its standards of propriety are lower if anything than those of the Ruef regime, although not as much of venality has developed; but this administration of the affairs of San Francisco will make itself so objectionable that, unless there comes to be a new lot of higher-ups to protect from the law, a revulsion of sentiment will, at the first opportunity, drive it out of power.

Therefore the time for rounding up the outside gin mills and preparing to drive them in upon the commercial districts, where all may see their evil propensities, is not unpropitious. It is not necessarily a temperance movement, and it would be unwise to make it so, but a movement for better police protection, which all good citizenship should favor.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

It was Dr. Tucker, for sixteen years president of Dartmouth College, who declared that as soon as a man is made to feel that he is capable of doing something worth while the temptations that surround him grow less.

So they do, and who ever saw any one amount to anything who was without confidence in his own ability to do something worth while—until he changed his mind. The hopelessness of a sense of inferiority! How it does weigh upon the human soul! It comes to testify of itself in the set of one's clothes. It causes a man to shamble instead of walk, to whine instead of talk, to take hold with a nerveless hand, to strike half a lick, to take habitually the direction of least resistance, to be contented to fail. It is an appalling thing to come upon a human being. It makes one half-brother to the dog that slinks off around the corner with tail between legs whenever confronted by a stranger dog.

Of course there are those who are born misfits, who never quite arrive, as the saying goes, and yet a training better adapted to their needs might have made their failure less confessed, their unfitness less obvious and discouraging. It is a matter to which those who are responsible for others, such as parents and teachers and good citizens generally, need to give no little concern.

They used to say that talent was to be looked for in a napkin and, if looked for searchingly, would surely be found. Sometimes it isn't there and, though the napkin be shaken from all four corners, nothing will, of course, result from the shaking, but those cases are as rare as genius. They will not number one in several hundred. Born failures, born criminals and born geniuses are about equally rare, but not so with failures that were developed, not born. They throng the foot of every ladder.

And one reason that they do is that they have never had the helping hand held out to them at the right time. From infancy they have been scolded for what they did not do, not praised for what they did. How hard a child will work for a little "taffy" spread on rather thick! This is so palpably true that the sense of being "worked" comes to many through that experience, and that also discourages. A child craves sincerity and truth at the hands of its elders. With this foundation many things are possible to the right kind of educator. It is the light that leads.

If, then, one knows of some one else who is downhearted help him to find the thing worth while that he can do well. It does not so much matter what it is. Digging a post-hole true to the plumb line will serve if nothing better can be found. A facile shingler has a useful life before him and a competent lather has himself to blame if he does not achieve a competence. So with a girl who can be taught to cook well, to make up beds with that touch of neatness that invites Morpheus. There is no telling how many men have been kicked out of society because, as boys, they were dropped out of school through inability to parse and analyze or "Bologna-sausage" the English language, as they used to do thirty or forty years ago, almost perfectly unimportant accomplishments. As likely as not manual training would have saved them.

The writer happens to call to mind a school fellow who went from the foot of his class well up into the middle of it, and so on finally to the head, or near it, because of having written a successful school composition on a mouse. It proved to sceptical teachers and fellow pupils that the lad really wasn't stupid. To be sure he left his wife and ran away with his servant girl years after, but there were extenuating circumstances, for his wife nagged at him, and he did not do it until he could provide well for both wife and servant girl. Whoever can show another that he can do something really worth while has made the best possible provision for that other's future.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Our Criminal Law and Our Murderers

It is a most forcible indictment of the method of administration of criminal law in the United States that is brought by Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell university and later our ambassador to Germany. Says Mr. White: "I will make you a prophecy. It is now January 28. I say, before the 28th of next January comes around 5,000 men and women in the United States will have been murdered. But for the maladministration of the criminal law in the United States, they would have escaped." Solemn prophecy, but the force of Mr. White's indictment is found in the facts he presents as the outcome of investigations he has conducted. Here they are: Twenty-five years ago there were about 1,500 homicides annually in this country; now there are about 8,000. In that time the population of the country has increased about 50 per cent.; our homicides have increased by 433 per cent. Murder's list grows nearly nine times as fast as does the population. It is a sorry story, and it grows worse by world-wide comparison, as the following figures demonstrate: Our record is 90 people murdered of every million of population. Just across an invisible line from us is Canada, with a record of three murders to every million of inhabitants—one to our thirty! In Germany there are five murders to the million of inhabitants, in Great Britain ten, in France fourteen, in Belgium sixteen. Belgium has no death penalty. In Canada seven-eighths of the men convicted of murder are executed; in this country one in 74 pays the death penalty. That is to say, a convicted Canadian murderer stands 65 times as much chance of paying the extreme penalty as does his red-handed brother in this country. What wonder that the record stands 30 to 1 against us? And all, as our wisest men have said, because of our "maladministration of the law." It is an unbearably evil condition which should be terminated.

The Center of Population

Now that another federal census is about to be taken there is a good chance to guess where the center of population will be found to be located. Steadily westward it has advanced since the first census was taken, and so it will continue to advance until it finds something approximating a stable location not far from the geographical center of the original United States, perhaps in Kansas. When the first census was taken the center of population was found to be about 23 miles east of Baltimore; in 1800 it had journeyed 31 miles westward, and was 18 miles west of the same city; in 1810 it had shifted slightly to the south, as well as west, and was 40 miles northwest by west of the city of Washington, traveling almost due west, it reached a point 16 miles north of Woodstock, Virginia, and not far from the present line of West Virginia, in 1820. By 1860, still traveling almost due west, it had crossed West Virginia and was so far over in Ohio as a point 20 miles south of Chillicothe. It took thirty years, or until 1890, to pass the eastern line of Indiana, and in 1900 it was less than half across the state, six miles southwest of Columbus. Judging by the past, it now should be found to be located in southwestern Indiana, but there has been a great migration westward within the last decade, and it need surprise no one if the Illinois boundary is crossed.

Glad Tidings for the Crippled

Dr. E. H. Bradford, of the Children's Hospital, in Boston, delivers a message of glad tidings for those who are halt, lame or otherwise crippled, and as about one person in every thousand is a cripple, those who are directly interested in his announcement are many. According to him, two-thirds of the crippling diseases which were regarded as incurable a half century ago now are recognized as curable. That is to say, where, under the unfledged surgical science of fifty years ago, three people must have gone deformed through life, two now may be relieved of their infirmity. Presuming this assertion to be true, as it doubtless is, one realizes how great is the credit that is due to the surgeons of today. Hip disease and club foot now are recognized as merely temporary infirmities, while 99 per cent of hunchbacks can be cured if their cases are taken in youth. In a great majority of instances if a child thus afflicted goes unrelieved, the fault is that of the parents if they are able to pay for surgical relief.

Municipal Expenses Are Increasing

Five years are not a long time even in the brief span of a human life, and this is the time, terminating with 1907, covered by a recent report of the United States census bureau concerning the cost of running the government of cities. The report deals with the affairs of 148 of our greatest cities. It shows that at the close of 1902 the average expense of running these cities was $13.36 per capita. As this means an average of $66.80 for every head of a family of five persons, it seems a heavy enough tax in all conscience. Yet five years later the per capita tax had increased to $15.91, or more than 19 per cent. Let this rate of increase be continued, and the per capita tax would double in little more than a quarter of a century. So stand the unprejudiced and unfeeling facts presented by the census bureau, and they serve to explain, in some degree, one of the great American questions relating to municipalities: What becomes of our money?

When to Look Out for Marital Squalls

The Royal Commission is a British body appointed to secure facts and submit conclusions relating to reform of the English divorce laws, and probably some of the facts it has secured may be considered fairly typical of facts relating to the same subject elsewhere. For example, in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, inclusive, it has ascertained that 9,603 divorce suits were instituted in England and Wales, and these were begun after marital experiences of the following duration: Eighty-five within less than a year from marriage, 263 after from one to two years, 1,270 between two and five years, 2,925 between five and ten years, 3,895 between ten and twenty years, and 1,161 after twenty years. It would seem—would it not?—that a married pair might adjust themselves to each other in less than ten, twenty, or more years, and yet look at those figures. Time considered, the greatest proportion of divorces are from five to ten years after marriage, while ten to twenty years is not so far behind, and the later years have no occasion to feel proud of the showing.

Heat and Light of the Sun

It is both hot and light in the vicinity of the sun. These are axiomatic assertions which do not call for proof, but some figures recently given by Professor Nordmann of the Paris observatory add a statistical point to them. The solar heat, according to the professor, stands on a day of average coolness at 6,482 degrees centigrade, a degree of heat that is expressible in figures, but not otherwise conceivable by men. Every square inch of the sun's surface gives out light equal to 1,994,000 candle power; figures again inconceivable, but some comparative idea of them may be formed when it is remembered that the most brilliant arc light has an illuminating power of but 20,000 candles. But, speaking in a comparative way, the sun is not so warm, after all. Sirius, for instance, is about thirty times as hot as our own luminary, while the polar star, being rather chilly among heavenly bodies, is but thirty per cent hotter than our sun. So it appears that our sun is not really so hot as we have imagined, although it serves our purpose very well.

MEETINGS FOR RESIDENCE OPTIC

Next Week: Sunday morning, the 27th, Ce tennial Christian Church, Castro and Twen fourth; evening, Trinity Presbyterian Chur Twenty-third and Capp; Monday afterno University Mound Presbyterian Chur Girard and Bacon; evening, Hamilton Squ Baptist Church, Post near Fillmore; Tuesd afternoon, reception at 1905 Broadway; ev ing, Memorial Presbyterian Church, Bay Vi and Railroad avenue; Wednesday afterno and evening, Green Street Congregatio Church, Green street near Montgomery a nue; Thursday afternoon, Potrero Method Church, Twentieth and Mississippi; eveni Olivet Presbyterian Church, Nineteenth a Mississippi; Friday afternoon and evening, Paul's Presbyterian Church, Forty-fifth aven and K street.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF.

"Rab and His Friends."

The best dog story in the English lan-
ge" is not too strong a phrase to use to
ribe "Rab and His Friends." The gentle
learned Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh
te a little cycle of stories and essays
ugh which runs a chain of pure gold of
anity and sympathy, and of these Rab is
best. Here is a short story that appeals
he manliest men's most manly interests,
who is man's closer friend than his faith-
log, and what more closely than the dog
back farther into the primitive life of
than this same brave and loyal friend?
story of the silent, strong cart driver and
love for his frail and patient wife runs
llel with the life story of Rab, the dog,
erful, deep breasted, grim and unafraid.
n Homeric laughter at the dog fight with
h the story opens, and at the defeat by
of the assailant of his mistress, on
igh sober joy at the picture of conjugal
fulness, the reader's emotions pass to the
ng up of unresisted tears when the cart-
wife bares her bosom modestly before
tudents of the clinic and with sweet res-
ion lies down to wait the fatal knife.
picture of the journey homeward, the
ess' body borne upon the cart driven by
trong man bowed down with grief and
ved by Rab, as grimly dumb in sorrow,
ough to shake the heart of any reader.
yet here is pathos that purifies while it
ns; these are tears that only wash from
yes the dust of mortal waverings that we
see heaven clear, leaving no smart be-
Brave, loyal Rab! sweet, patient
n! strong, manly carter! We turn from
ith hearts refreshed as a dry land after
and think again with gratitude of your
r, the gentle, wise and just John Brown
inburgh.

A LETTER BY DICKENS

etter written by Charles Dickens June
55, was recently sold at auction in New
It was addressed to Mrs. Maria Winter,
vas a Miss Maria Beadwell, and who
he original of Dora in "David Copper-

date, address, and signature are in
is' hand, but the body of the letter is
hand of some one else. It was written
ve days after the railway accident he
at Staplehurst. The carriage in which
left the rails, but did not, like the
fall over the viaduct. He suffered
and permanently from the shock.
dear Mrs. Winter:—Many thanks for
nd words of remembrance. This is not
ny own hand, because I am too much
to write many notes. Not by the beat-
l dragging of the carriage in which I
did not go over, but was caught on
n among the ruins of the bridge—but
work afterward to get out the dying
id, which was terrible.
"Very faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

NOTES

months ago a great grandson of Rob-
ns was discovered working as a maker
rns in a London factory. He is George
Pyrkes. His mother was Anne Burns,
ughter of the poet's eldest son, whose
e took place in London.
letter to Olga Nethersole, Edmond
says that he and Mme. Rostand will
turn to their estate at Cambo, where
resume work upon "Don Quixote," the
hat is to follow "Chanticler." While
is at work upon his next drama, which
t be produced for several years, his
urice Rostand, will work upon the
adaptation and translation of "La Sa-
e" for Nethersole's use for next sea-
ite in the summer the English actress
guest at the Rostand castle and will
the work with the poet, making final
ions for the premiere in London next

Californian Poets' Corner

LIBERTY'S BELL

(By Madge Morris Wagner.)

There's a legend told of a far-off land—
The land of a king—where the people planned
To build them a bell that never should ring
But to tell of the death or the birth of a king,
Or proclaim an event, with its swinging slow,
That should startle the nation to joy or woe.

It was not to be builded—this bell that they planned—
Of common ore dug from the breast of the land,
But of metal first moulded by skill of all arts—
Built of the treasures of fond human hearts.

And from all o'er the land, like pilgrims they came,
Each to cast in a burden, a mite in the flame
Of the furnace—his offering—to mingle and swell
In the curious mass of this wonderful bell.

Knights came in armor, and flung in the shields
That had warded off blows on the Saracen fields;
Freemen brought chains from the prisons afar—
Bonds that had fettered the captives of war;
And sabres were cast in the molten flood,
Stained with the crimson of heroes' blood;
Pledges of love, a bracelet, a ring,
A gem that had gleamed in the crown of a king;
The coins that had ransomed a maiden from death;
The words, hot with eloquence, caught from the breath
Of a sage, and a prayer from the lips of a slave
Were heard and recorded, and cast in the wave,
To be melted and moulded together, and tell
The tale of their wrongs in the tones of the bell.

It was finished at last, and, by artisan hand,
On its ponderous beams hung high over the land.
The slow years passed by, but no sound ever fell
On a listening ear from the tongue of the bell.
The brown spider wove her frail home on its walls,
And the dust settled deep in its cavernous halls.
Men laughed in derision, and scoffed at the pains
Of the builders; and harder and harder the chains
Of a tyrannous might on the people were laid;
More insatiate, more servile, the tribute they paid,
There was something they found far more cruel than death,
And something far sweeter than life's fleeting breath.

But hark! in the midst of the turbulent throng,
The moans of the weak and the groans of the strong,
There's a cry of alarm. Some invisible power
Is moving the long silent bell in the tower.
Forward, and backward, and forward it swung,
And Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! rung
From its wide brazen throat, over mountain and vale,
Till the seas caught the echo, and monarchs turned pale.

Our forefathers heard it—that wild, thrilling tone—
Ringing out to the world, and they claimed it their own.
And up from the valley, and down from the hill,
From the flame of the forge, from the field and the mill,
They paid with their lives the price of its due,
And left it a legacy, freemen, to you.
And ever when danger is menacing nigh,
The mighty bell swings in the belfry on high;
And men wake from their dreams, and grasp in affright
Their swords, when its warning sweeps out in the night.

It rang a wild paean o'er war's gory waves,
When the gyves were unloosed from our millions of slaves;
It started with horror and trembled a knell
From ocean to ocean when brave Lincoln fell;
And again its wild notes sent a thrill through the land
When Garfield was struck by a traitorous hand;
And once in each year, as time onward rolls,
Slowly, and muffled, and mournful it tolls
A dirge, while Columbia pauses to spread
A tribute of love on the graves of her dead.

While Washington's name is emblazoned in gold,
While the valor of Perry or Sherman is told,
While the patriots treasure the words of a Hayne,
The fiery drops from the pen of a Paine,
While dear is the name of child, mother or wife,
Or sweet to a soul is the measure of life,
America's sons will to battle prepare
When its tones of alarm ring aloud on the air;
For Liberty's goddess holds in her white hand
The cord of the bell that swings over our land.

PERSONALIA

Edgar Allen Poe recently argued a case before Oliver Wendell Holmes. This Poe is the grandnephew of the man who wrote "The Raven," and this Holmes is the son of the man who wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Miss Mary Montgomery, daughter of a Presbyterian missionary in Turkey, and Miss Elizabeth S. Colton of Easthampton, Mass., are said to be the greatest linguists of their sex in America. Miss Montgomery only a few years ago astonished the University of Berlin by editing a dictionary of Oriental languages, while Miss Colton is said to speak fifty-four languages.

As a token of his German colleagues' esteem a silver drinking cup, described as of prehistoric German origin, was presented to President Wheeler. As a further indication of German appreciation of President Wheeler's efforts the organization was announced of the "Wheeler Society" for studying foreign pedagogical systems in general and that of America in particular.

Under the direction of the Civic Forum Miss Ellen Terry will come to America next season for a lecture tour of ten weeks, her subject being "The Heroines of Shakespeare."

Mrs. Jefferson is going to sell the summer home of the late Joseph Jefferson on Buzzard's bay.

William R. George, founder of the George Junior Republic Association, is to visit the Pacific coast to look over the republic in California which bears his name. The George Junior republic at Freeville, N. Y., has been in successful operation since 1894, and there are also branches in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. There is talk of asking him to establish a republic in Portland, Or.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has just appeared at her theater in a new drama, "La Beffa" (The Jest), translated by Jean Richepin in sonorous verse from the Italian. The scene is laid in mediaeval Florence and the plot begins with the mutual hatred of two men over a woman. Upon one of these a barbarous and bloody jest, called a "Beffa," is played by the other and his brother. The rest of the piece marks the vengeance of the victim, who contrives so cleverly that one brother by mistake kills the other. The action and the situations are very strong. Bernhard's acting was superb.

DETECTIVE AND CHRISTIAN

THE INTERESTING CAREER AND IDEAS OF CAPAIN PETERSON, OF OAKLAND

A lean but athletic figure that moves with the lithe vigor of a panther, a long jaw smooth shaven, a large hooked nose, a big mouth that rapidly changes from the broadest smile of good humor to the grim clamp of a steel trap, frank, light eyes guarded by gold-rimmed spectacles, this is the first impression of W. J. Peterson, chief of detectives of Oakland. If you did not know his calling you would say he was a student, who relieved an exceptionally close attention to his books by plenty of outdoor exercise. The freshness of his personality and the wholesomeness of his appearance rather accentuate the thoughtful expression of the face and the clear whiteness of his long, strong hands.

Captain Peterson is a Christian on a police force, a church officer whose specialty is crime. His theory of criminology is vigorous and brief: "Catch 'em. If you can reform 'em afterwards, do it—but catch 'em." The abbreviations of "them" are not evidences of ill education, they are the explosive abbreviations of emphasis.

Captain Peterson's career has been varied and interesting. Born in New Jersey, all his early life was spent in Oakland. Here he attended the public schools. From these schools an adventurous spirit drove him as a boy. He ran away from home and shipped as a sailor to China. He liked the life and sailed many seas, but he liked one girl better and came back from the lure that makes Kipling's hero say,

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide,
It never done no good for me,
Yet I can't drop it if I tried."

Captain Peterson did drop it, and married. He became an independent sailor with a short run, so that he might enjoy the pleasures of domestic life which have always appealed to him above everything else. A sailing yacht which he rented and sailed for private parties from San Diego to San Clemente Island and on coastwise runs brought him a comfortable income. A plunge in San Diego real estate with the profits of the business ended this career when the boom collapsed.

He brought his family to Oakland then and took the civil service examination for postal clerk. He worked in the postal service for some time, until he saw an advertisement of an examination for candidates for the police force. Without much thought of really entering the service he took and passed this examination. Sometime afterward he was summoned to the office of the police commissioner.

"Look here," said that official, "you are next on the eligible list, and if you say so I'll have to appoint you, but you have a good job already and there are a dozen men on the list below you that need this worse than you do and deserve it more."

"All right, sir," replied Peterson, "don't you give me anything I don't deserve or need. If any other man on that list has a better right to the job than I have, you give it to that man."

"But he didn't," adds Captain Peterson today, with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye. "He sent for me just a few days later."

He patroled a beat only eighteen months, and was then promoted to be a sergeant. This is an exceptionally quick rise. Not long afterward he was promoted to a captaincy, and a little later still he was made chief of detectives. Ever since he has made good.

"Can a man stay a Christian and stay on the police force?" was the first question put to him by the writer.

"Yes. But it's harder than lots of other places. I believe no man has more temptations about him, more people trying to 'pull him down,' than a police officer. But he can keep his religion and stay here, too."

"Don't you have a good many temptations to profanity?"

"Yes, sir, and I swear sometimes, too. But I don't think my religion is any the worse for it. Sometimes it's better to swear and relieve the pressure than to keep anger bottled up where it will hurt."

"How about moral suasion, and the reformation of criminals?"

"We use that where we think it ought to be used. We are human beings in this office, just like other people, and we don't lose the common instincts of humanity just because we are police officers. Many a man we have brought in here who had yielded to temptation and committed his first crime for whom we have done everything we could to get a pardon and give him a chance. In many cases we have been successful, and of these most of the men we interceded for have lived exemplary lives ever since.

"On the other hand, we bring men in here who are hard and cynical, whose profession is crime and whose sole other business in life is to defeat us. With these we are just as rough as we have to be to handle them, and just as hard and cold as they are. Our business is to catch these men and to 'send them across,' and we do it the best we can."

"What is the most interesting thing about the profession of detective?"

"The chase. It's the old story of the bloodlust, in modern and civilized guise. Man loves a hunt, and no hunt is so absorbing or exciting as a man-hunt. It's this idea of the chase that keeps us keyed up with interest in our work, the pursuit of prey, the following of a scent, the discovery of a clew, the element of danger, the joy of capture. These things give our profession its most powerful and unfailing fascination.

"After these things, the most interesting phase of detective work is the solving of problems. A crime is committed and reported to us. We investigate it as searchingly as we can, and then assemble all the known facts, or clews, in the order of their apparent significance. Then, given these factors in the problem, we must try to find the correct answer to the criminal. First, we must look for a motive for the crime. This may suggest a dozen hypotheses about the crime and suggest a dozen directions for future investigation. These hypotheses must then be compared, rechecked with the evidence, and the more unlikely eliminated. So on, we narrow the field of investigation as far as we can. If we have time and good luck and have worked out the problem right, we get our man."

"What percentage of criminals do you detect and capture?"

"About half. Possibly even that is overstating it. We have this to contend with, however, which partly explains that percentage; we have about 300 cases reported to us every month, and we have a dozen detectives to run them down. That means that we sometimes have to abandon an old case that we do not feel hopeless about, because the people who report the new cases would make such a howl if we did not give them instant attention.

"But mark this, no crime is ever committed whose perpetrator is not one day known. It's as true as Holy Writ, that old saying, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' It may be only on a man's deathbed, it may be after death, but as sure as it was committed it is found out sometime."

"What about Conan Doyle as a practical detective? Do any of the Sherlock Holmes stories have any practical suggestions for real detective work?"

"By all means. Of course, you understand that in those stories Sherlock Holmes is allowed unlimited time and unlimited resources with which to work out his deductions to their last possibilities, things which, as I have just explained, the regular detective has not freedom to do. So the Holmes stories are stories of ideal detective work, with ideal equipment and ideal conditions.

"Nevertheless, Doyle's description of Sherlock Holmes' method is a distinct addition to detective theory. His process of elimination, by which Holmes removes from the field of his investigations, one after another, whol classes of humanity, whole trades and profes sions, whole groups of criminals as being cer tain not to have committed the given crime thus narrowing his search to a relatively smal group of people, and then, by the same pro cess, eliminating all individuals of that grou but the one individual who is guilty—this, say, is a theory of first importance in detect ive work. It can not always be utilized to it full value in everyday practice, but the detect ive who understands that theory, studies it possibilities for his own use and then applie it, is a better detective than the man who doe not."

All of this sounded very odd from a ma who, as he spoke, sat facing an open desk o which lay two huge revolvers—who, while h talked received the reports of several dept ties with a crisp, "What you got to say?" tha was not curt, but very businesslike—who ha been a runaway sailor, a postal clerk, a patro man on the beat. And yet it did harmoniz with the gold-rimmed spectacles, the though ful eyes, the long white hands of the studen Captain Peterson does not suggest Sherloc Holmes in appearance, but he does sugge in appearance and manner and surrounding and speech and antecedents, a very interestin character.

Captain Peterson has done some origin work in his line, too. In his office he has system of records of criminals that is prob ably as complete and as minute within it scope as any in the world. Not only are th Bertillon measurements of every criminal ev handled by his office filed away in the cab nets behind his chair, but also elaborate da of his own selection—distinguishing scars a marks of the most (seemingly only) trivi and minute kind, thumb prints, foot print every item of physical structure that cou conceivably be checked off at a future da against another examination of the same crim inal. There are also filed here all the phot graphs and descriptions of criminals who cases have been reported from other parts the country. And all this huge mass of intr cate data is elaborately indexed, cros indexed, subdivided, reclassified, sub-indexe and cross-sub-indexed, so that, from the mo meager description of a former criminal wh may be at large, the process of eliminatio may be used to reduce the search to th names of those few men who possess all the characteristic marks indicated in the d scription.

And, as we noted at the beginning of th article, Captain Peterson is an active Chris ian. An interesting figure, a combination Sherlock Holmes and a deacon. But it seer to work, without friction, both ways.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

Every effort is being made to make the ce tennial celebration of the development of S Bernardino valley, which is to be held in S Bernardino next May, the most striking fes ever given in Southern California.

The 1910 national convention of the Ame can Mining Congress will be held in Los A geles during the week beginning September

The citizens of Fresno have carried t proposition to bond the city in the su of $60,000 to establish playgrounds for childr throughout the city.

A recent escape of prisoners from the Chi jail was the second jail break from that ins tution within two months.

Thomas Salmon, a brakeman, fell from Southern Pacific freight train near Exe and received injuries which resulted in death.

Near Wheatland, Joseph M. Rutherford cidentally shot and killed himself. Too mu port wine is said to have been the cause.

It is expected that a citrus fair will be h in Visalia next December, and the constru tion of a large pavilion for it now is und consideration.

Steps are being taken preliminary to prep ing and submitting a new and modern char to popular vote in Modesto.

In various parts of the Sacramento val large tracts of land are being purchased, s divided and sold in lots of a few acres each

The people of Willows are to vote on question of annexing the suburbs to that lit city.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

It Is Dreadfully Hard

y wee little daughter quite naughty had been,
And I felt it my duty to chide,
) I lengthened my face, her attention to win,
As I summoned her unto my side,
id I said, "Can't you be just as sweet as you
should
) please the good angels on guard?"
it she whispered, "My papa, I want to be
dood,
But, oh, it's so dweadfully hard!"

ow I fancy that you, who are wiser than I,
Might have followed a different plan,
t all that I did was to kiss her, and sigh,
'Well, well, do the best that you can,"
r I knew how the years of my pilgrimage
stood,
By error and frailty marred.
:e you, little maid, I should like to be good,
But, oh, it's so dreadfully hard!

s dreadfully hard. The paths we have trod
Bear witness how often we strayed,
the great, loving Father, the infinite God,
He knoweth the creatures He made;
l perhaps He will say at the close of the
day:
The ages must ripen my plan;
re is hope for my children though sadly
they stray
they do but the best that they can."

* * *

The Organization Doctor and His Pills

"ere," said the Organization Doctor to his
lic Patient, "are some Anderson pills for
They are highly recommended, thor-
nly respectable and are guaranteed not to
e you any sicker than I have kept you for
last thirty years. Be sure to take them."
the Organization Doctor turned to go
to his office at the Railroad Headquarters
eckoned the Machine Nurse to his side
spoke to her in a low tone of voice.
"ere are the Curry pills," he said. "See
they are substituted for the Anderson
and that he takes liberal doses. He acts
he might be tired of the Curry pills,
know what I want him to have."
oral:—The Organization Doctor, with the
f the Machine Nurse, has his own methods
lministering his pills, but a rumor is out
the Public Patient is becoming "wise" to

* * *

ound His Rest, But 'Twas Overdone

said, "Today I am yearning for rest, for
eart beats slow in my time-worn breast,
long for a place that is calm and still,
e hustle is dead and business is nil, some
ful, deserted and lonely spot where the
's unfelt and the surge comes not. I
with a yearn that nothing can stun for
et place where nothing is done."
he hied him away, being old and wise,
store that never would advertise, and the
of the flies drowned his soft, "Tee-hee!
s a place for rest to the steenth degree."
he sat and dreamed, though the world
an, outside of that store, on its old, swift
and the tides of commerce swept to and
ut they touched him not—they couldn't,
now, for the merchant had said, "I don't
ise." Oh, the droning hum of the drowsy
as he said, with a heart that was full of
"As a place for rest there is nothing like

w him today. He had left the store, and
ack in the hustle and bustle once more.
I to get out,"—it was this he said—"for
ned for a rest, but not to be dead."

* * *

Must Have Happened in Pittsburg

true as steel," the mayor had said in
urse of his remarks.
representative of the steenth ward sat
l took notice.
y didn't you tell me about it?" he said.
out what?" the mayor inquired.
, you know," was the response.
is spelled with two e's," the mayor ex-
l. Here another official heart broke.

The Opinions of Rufus

Self-conceit's ojus, but I'm free to admit that I don't know any much more useless critter than the man that ain't got any of it.

If some men had to choose 'tween their church an' their political party I s'pose it would kind o' hurt their feelin's to have to treat the church that way.

The more I see of a few men an' women here an' there the more I feel there can't be any question 'bout immortality. I don't b'lieve the Creator could afford to throw that kind o' timber away.

"Make haste slowly," but not so blame slowly that you can't convince anybody that you're movin'.

"Why does selfishness hully govern all people?" says Josh Bings to me. "Why does bread allers fall with its buttered side down?" says I. "Dunno," says he. "Well," says I, "the answer in both cases is the same: It don't."

Seems ter me that the unsatisfyin' thing 'bout fame is that its owner has ter be dead a hundred years 'fore he knows whether he's got it or not.

Ezry Pennick says he don't b'lieve in kickin' men down. "Shucks!" he says, "all a feller orto do is just to hold 'em down 'nough so they can't interfere with what he wants to git."

Some folks idee of the millenyum is a glad an' happy time to come when there won't be anybody to interfere with their havin' things the way they want 'em to be.

A reely good man is one that is good even when it interferes with his doin' things he wants to do.

The poet said that the proper study of mankind is man, and he might have added that it frequently is the most discouragin'.

* * *

Concerning Being Unselfish

I heard you say, Luella, that you wished to lead a helpfully unselfish life, and I was glad to hear it. It is a fine thing to desire to lead that kind of a life, but it is subject to the little drawback that none of us attain the desire. In order to be wholly unselfish one would have to be born again, and born in another world than this at that, for the plant does not do well in the soil of this planet.

We say to ourselves—at least, we do if we are worthy of salvation—that we would like to remember our brother's or sister's needs quite as much as our own, and we are conscious of a warm feeling about our hearts at the thought that we are so good as to have such a desire. We still are feeling comfortably warm in that region when some question of personal interest confronts us. It is a case of My Brother vs. Me, and here is the opportunity to display our fine altruism. We are just about to display it, when up pops the little, plausible Imp of Self.

"Aw, to thunder with your brother!" he whispers. "He doesn't need this half as much as you do. You really need it, while he can get along without it just as well as not."

I'll leave it to you, Luella, if that isn't the way he talks, and I'll leave it to you, too, if you do not concede, in action, that his argument is sound very, very often. Oh, we mean to be unselfish, but it is so hard to resist the little demon's argument.

Nevertheless, Luella, I wish to make it clear to you that no man or woman can be worth very much to mankind unless he at least has the desire to be unselfish. Having that desire, the little Imp of Self will whisper hardly less, but sometimes we will resist his suggestions, and every time we do it the world is made a little better as a living place. To this extent the desire counts, and that is a great deal.

So hold to your pretty wish to be unselfish, Luella. You will come a long, long way from attaining it, but you will take some halting steps in the right direction, and that is infinitely better than to remain selfish, cold and callous in a world where a brother's hand outreached to brothers is needed on every side and in every day of the long catalogue of days.

Thoughtful Man on Noises You Hear

"I was going down the street," said the Thoughtful Man, "and the Salvation Army was out. The bass drum was booming, and the tambourines were jangling. 'I will stop and see what our honored mayor has to say,' said I to myself, but soon I realized that I hadn't heard Heney's name mentioned, and then I knew I had been mistaken.

"'Tis a militant mouth our distinguished mayor has," the Thoughtful Man continued. "It is night, and, notwithstanding the hard times, you are peacefully sleeping on your humble, mortgaged couch, when there comes a noise as of an Eastern thunder-storm and a midnight cat rolled up in one, and you wake with an idea that Gabriel has just blown his horn and you would better get a move on or you will be late for the debate. 'Tis merely our noble mayor ridding himself of his idea of City Attorney Long and his jaw. You haven't more than got to sleep again when you are aroused by what appears to be a tornado playing tag with a hurricane. In the morning you ascertain from the papers that our heroic mayor has been saying what he thought of Heney.

"The other day a report went out that San Francisco had been visited by an earthquake. The error was natural, but we who are here know that all that happened was that our heroic mayor was explaining why it was necessary to give the taking of the city's collections to the president of the Sutter Street Railway company in order to expedite the city's operation of the Geary street line.

"He has a great capacity for expression, has our revered mayor, don't you think so?" the Thoughtful Man inquired.

"Yes, but so has a fog-horn," said I.

* * *

Another Spring Pome

Now do the winds of March run to and fro,
And Nature's smiles are lost in fleeting
tears;
Now Spring essays her anthem sweet and low,
And blest is he who her faint music hears;
Now from some hidden place, or near or far,
O'er some obscure, undesignated track,
Unseen processions none may halt or bar,
The ants come back.

Lo, how the teasing zephyrs slyly toss
Myrtilla's hair, wherein the sunlight lies—
Her hair of gold untouched by lesser dross—
And filmy veils are drapery of the skies;
From Winter's sleep the tiny violet wakes,
The Columbine's wee watch-fires gleam and
burn,
And from some haunt where each itself betakes
The fleas return.

From scenes remote a phantom voice is heard,
"Come out, come out, and know the life supreme,
The life by worry and by care unstirred."
We hear the voice as in some sweetest
dream,
And we would go where happy songsters trill,
And Nature's balm for souls distempered find
Where days are fair and nights serene and
still,
Nor skeeters mind.

* * *

Baby Knew Where She Was

Baby was in her wonderful third year, and her doting mamma and papa had taken her out for a walk. As they neared home, on their return, it occurred to the mother that she would ascertain just how observant the little one was—did she recognize the vicinity of her home? So the test was made.

"Baby," said her mother, "do you know where we are?"

"Es," piped the wee voice.

Happy parents! How observant their tiny tad was!

"Where are we?" was the next question.

"Here!" was the shrill answer.

And as that was exactly where they were, there was nothing more to be said; but the parents knew that there never was such a baby as their baby, just as we all do

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

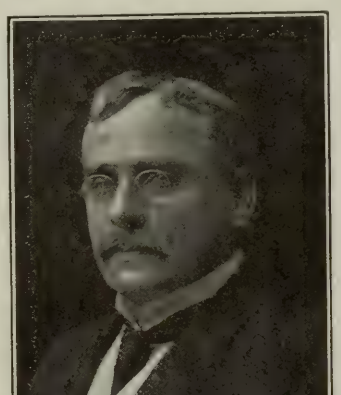
By THE WATCHMAN

The Event Of the Day There was something splendidly dramatic in the way that Old Joe Cannon on Saturday last faced the crisis in his political history. He did not lose his head until the fight was all over and the fact that, before the Illinois Society, he scolded like an old woman will hardly be long treasured against him. It was too much to expect that so much wrath could remain pent up indefinitely. The "Old Order Changeth," and Joe Cannon belongs to the old order. He can not be made to understand the new order that is to take its place. He has "done politics" all his life, and can conceive of no other way of running a government except by "doing politics" in the interests of those who furnish the sinews of war. There is no reason why the public should hate Uncle Joe Cannon, but there is every reason why the public should hate "Cannonism" and do all in its power to destroy it. Joseph Cannon belongs to the era of the rough-and-ready, the doing things by "main strength and awkwardness," guided by mother wit rather than exact knowledge and living and acting in the present instead of with an eye to the permanent good of the nation and the ultimate welfare of the human race. The rough-and-ready fitted a time when there was a raw continent to subdue instead of a skimmed continent to conserve, rehabilitate and fertilize and make fit to sustain our children's children, however numerous they may be. The old order changeth and with that change must go a change of men in high places and a change in the ideals of all men. That change in ideals has already taken place among the people. It is only among Bourbonistic upper class men that the signs of the times are not perceived.

What "Cannonism" Really Stood For The theory of the Old Order was this: That the people, in primary and caucus, elect delegates to conventions, that these local conventions elect delegates to other conventions and that these other conventions adopt political platforms and nominate candidates for office standing on those platforms and pledged to enact them into laws. When all parties had gone thus far came the general "try out" before the people and the party that found favor in the people's sight was placed in power to run the government, the minority party being on hand to watch every step to see that good faith was kept with the people and an account of stewardship given in each recurring campaign. That was a good theory and if practice conformed to theory the Old Order would not suffer change.

But great and selfish interests grew up, and they were non-partisan. They made use of the party that, in any given place or time, could be made most useful to them and they did this by supplying means for making campaigns, by giving retainers to legislators, by employing bright men to make politics their business and, when they had elevated one of these to office, he was expected to serve the interests of these selfish organizations rather than the public interests. Therefore the American Congress had come to be an institution for carrying into effect policies antagonistic to the common welfare, such as the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, and it became the function of Cannon, as speaker of the house, to reward those who "took program" and to punish those who would not. This he did through the power given him as presiding officer of the House of Representatives, to constitute all the committees, name their chairmen. Through a rules committee of his own construction he became dictator of the house and autocrat of all he surveyed. His plea has been loyalty to party. It has been loyal to the selfish interests that have usurped control of the party organization in the nation just as Herrinism has usurped control of party organization here in California.

Insurgency and The New Order Many will wish to understand what the new order has in mind to take the place of the old. It is not perfectly certain, as yet, what will result, but this much seems evident. Hereafter the Speaker of the House will be the presiding officer of the House and nothing more. He will preserve order, put motions and declare results, and little else. Party government will not be abolished, but it may be liberalized. The party caucus will succeed the speaker as autocrat. The committees will, by and by, be made up by a committee of which the presiding officer will not be a member, to the end that he may have no temptation to be partisan in his conduct of the deliberations of the House. In short we shall come near to the English system which makes the presiding officer of the House of Commons so non-partisan that he is not even a member of the house. The tendency will be also to encourage independent voting in the House. There is no reason why party lines should be drawn on the hook worm, on conservation, savings banks, the disposition of power sites or the reformation



MR. A. J. WALLACE
Candidate for Lieutenant-Governor

of the procedures of the United States courts. It will not be needful for issues to become party issues before they can become public issues. This reform will be to the House of Representatives a good deal what the direct primary is to become to the general public—a means of participating in the business that comes before the House instead of leaving such disposition practically to one man and that man more a representative of special than of public interests. Anyhow, the Speaker of the House will no longer be able to use the tremendous powers incident to the organization of the House chiefly that he may reward those who "take program" from the oligarchy to which he belongs and punish those who do not. The House of Representatives, on the nineteenth of March one thousand nine hundred and ten, did a good day's work.

California Delegation The question first to arise in the minds of Californians is, Where were our congressmen when the great insurgent fight was fought and won? The answer is easy. With the exception of E. A. Hayes they were on the side where the "Cannonization" was thickest. They "stood pat" and for so standing they will have to reckon with their constituents. Their justification will be that while crossing the stream was no time to swap horses. There is some merit in the contention. They will also claim that loyalty to the President and his policies prevented. The strength of that excuse will be determined by the result. But president and party had a chance to cross that stream before they got into it. It was one of the first proposals put up to the President when he had taken the oath of office, but he turned the proposal down and undertook to carry his policies through with the organization as it was, and it was better to swap horses in the middle of the stream than not to swap at all. The "organization" would not have agreed to swap at all without making a sound drubbing a condition precedent. If the House shall prove so irreconcilable as to be unable to do business from this time forward the public may conclude that the revolution was ill timed, in which case our stand-pat delegation may not be seriously injured when they come up for reelection, but if the revolutionists take hold loyally to enact the Taft policies into law the honors will be theirs. At present public sentiment is strongly with the revolutionists and if the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League does not get out candidates to contest for the nomination with the standpatters Democrats will be much encouraged to enter the fight. Our stand-patters in Congress are so mainly for the reason that that is the way to "get things" for their districts. That has been the truth.

How Getting Things Gets In the Way Our congressional delegation is made up of decent fellows. Needham has, until within three or four years been independent at home while clinging closely to the "organization" at Washington and for the reason that that has been the only way to "get things." Knowland started in as a "kicker," but Needham soon showed him the error of his ways. When Smith got back there he had rather a hard experience through being brought into antagonism with the administration. The attitude of our stand-patters is not as difficult to account for as the independent and courageous action of E. A. Hayes as an insurgent. That is much easier to commend than to understand, but he has done splendidly and should be given full credit for it. There is going to be a strong demand upon the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League to bring out and put up contestants at the August primaries for every seat except that of Hayes. The action of the League may depend on the history that is made at Washington during the next two weeks, by which time it is likely that recent events will have become more perfectly understood at home. The political atmosphere is heavily laden with the spirit of liberty, liberty in congress and liberty at home, and what that spirit demands it is likely to get even if California has to wipe off the entire political slate and begin new.

Anybody to Beat Leavitt The idea of "getting things" instead of righting wrongs finds much in human nature to sanction it, but it is detestable, the more especially when advocated by a worker in the cause of Right Things, such as the Oakland Enquirer. Frank W. Leavitt represents the sixteenth senatorial district in the state legislature. He is the most forceful legislator on the floor of the senate, and, if he were as good a man politically as he is efficient as a legislator he should be kept in the senate or sent to congress. But he is not. He spends three-fourths of his time doing wrong things instead of right. His political ideals are no better than those of Charley Curry. For years the existence of the racetrack iniquity at Emeryville was due to Frank Leavitt. He ought to be beaten by whomever can beat him. It may be that Young Tyrrell, Mayor Mott's private secretary, is not the man to try conclusions with Leavitt, but the argument urged against Tyrrell and on behalf of Leavitt by the Enquirer—that Leavitt can "get things" for Alameda county—is an argument not worth to be made in the columns of that paper. Somebody must have slipped that editorial in while the regular management wasn't looking. If the public character of Frank Leavi

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

re on a parity with his capacity he would one of the first men in this commonwealth, t it is not and he should be beaten by the n who can beat him, a thing not easy, for is hard to beat. There is no danger of ing a worse thing than to elect him. The teenth district owes it to the state to keep avitt at home.

mpleting a ate Ticket The executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League convened in San ancisco last Saturday and went as far as ssible toward completing a state ticket. e committee invited Mr. A. J. Wallace of s Angeles, to become the League's candi- e for lieutenant-governor, endorsed the ion of the Southern Californian delegation bringing forward Mr. Wallace's name, and dged him its hearty support in his race. e same action was taken with respect to candidacy of Judge John D. Works, of s Angeles, for United States senator. The mmittee also came to an understanding that candidacy of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, of s Angeles, for associate justice of the su me court of California, would be similarly lorsed as soon as the Southern delegation ok formal action in line with its tacit avowal Judge Wilbur as its choice. The com- ttee also asked Alexander Gordon, of Sac- nento, to be the League's candidate for lroad commissioner from the first district, succeed A. C. Irwin, the incumbent.

lge John D. Works for e United States Senate Judge John D. Works, who will make the race for United States senate, is one of the ablest most highly valued men in Southern Cali- nia. He served as Superior Court judge in Diego county in 1886-87, and was ap- nted to the Supreme Court of California in 8, by Governor Waterman, to succeed sha W. McKinstry, who had resigned. Six ks after his appointment he was regularly ninated and elected, serving to the end of Kinstry's term of twelve years, ending Jan- y 1, 1892. After his retirement from the reme bench, Judge Works enjoyed a lucra- practice in Los Angeles. When the crisis he city government of that city occurred year, Judge Works accepted a nomination n the Good Government forces for the city ncil, to which he was elected and of which became president. There his forceful per- ality helped raise the plane of city govern nt from its old ward politician hue to the l of a public service worthy the labor of best citizenship. He has already entered n a campaign in conjunction with Hiram nson and A. J. Wallace that promises to ep the state for the League ticket at the naries. Judge Works promptly put him- on record as a follower of Roosevelt, a be- r in the conservation policy, a sympa- r with the insurgent movement in Con- s, and unalterably opposed to the contin- e in power of the Political Bureau of the hern Pacific company.

e Wilbur For Supreme Bench Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, who will be the running mate of Justice Sloss on League ticket for the Supreme Court h, has already been described on this page. s clean, he is honest, and he is an able er. He has also an abounding humanity, ted by his work in the juvenile court of Angeles, that is a quality sorely needed bench now overloaded with judges whose ncy is to put the letter of the law above pirit, and who too often enforce the law an eye to its effect upon things rather with a thought to its effect upon men. s also aware of the necessity for greater licity and less delay in the administration stice. He is of the type of men most d to bring the Supreme Court of this into a living relation with living problems e lives of real people, and to get that out of its realm of aerial abstraction and ness from mankind.

Gordon, Ideal Man Railroad Commission Alexander Gordon, who will make the race for the railroad commission from the first district, is a "plain, blunt man," a rancher turned banker, a sturdy, shrewd Scotch-American, whose name is a household word from Bakersfield to Chico. Mr. Gordon made money and a reputation for rugged honesty as a vineyardist near Fresno. His shrewdness and his upstanding character caused the Savings Bank of Sacramento to ask him to handle its loans on real estate in the San Joaquin valley. His success in this work led to an offer from the bank to become its vice-president and manager of all its loans department with headquarters in Sacramento. Several years' work there has spread his reputation for vigor, character and ability throughout that district. He is now ready to retire from business life, still in the prime of mature manhood, and to round out his career he is willing to offer his experience to the service of the public. If he is elected he can be counted on to see that the railroad commission "does things" besides drawing a salary. Nothing Mr. Gordon has ever handled has been allowed to be other than a live business proposition, dealt with upon a basis of vigorous constructive action, and carried to success by sound judgment and square dealing.

J. W. Linscott Is Bound By Santa Cruz Charter The nomination for State Superintendent of Public Instruction could have been had by Mr. J. W. Linscott, of Santa Cruz, upon a statement by him that he would make the race. Mr. Linscott, however, feels himself morally bound by a probably illegal provision in the Santa Cruz charter which requires teachers in those schools to resign upon participating in politics as candidates for office. Mr. Linscott had, and has, the heartiest respect and good will of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, and the failure to procure his candidacy for the state office can only be recompensed by such a choice as, for instance, Mr. Francis of the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School, or Mr. Barker, of Santa Rosa and Oakland.

STARTING THE S. P. PINWHEEL

What the League's Principles Are The state executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has just issued the following statement of Cardinal Principles, or platform, of the League: "The immediate and essential purposes of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of California are:

"1.—(Foremost) The emancipation of the Republican party in California from domination by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad company and its allied interests.

"2.—(Executive) The nomination and election of a state administration free from control by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad company and its allied interests and pledged to a policy of efficiency and economy rather than to the maintenance of a political machine through the spoils of office.

"3.—(Legislative) The nomination and election to the Legislature of those candidates only who are recognized as capable and honest and who, while treating all persons and property interests fairly, are known to be absolutely free from any dictation by or obligation to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company or its allied interests.

"4.—(Judicial) The indorsement of the principle that the judiciary be removed as far as possible from the sphere of politics, believing that the dignity and usefulness of the bench will be best promoted by continuing in office judges known, not by their activity in partisan politics, but rather by ability and fidelity to duty proved by their judicial conduct and record on the bench.

"5.—(Reform of Laws) Such a revision and simplification of our system of laws and our criminal and civil procedure as shall result in the speedy and equal enforcement of justice.

"6.—(Election of United States Senators) The enactment by the next Legislature, and transmission to Congress, of an act or joint resolution favoring an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and, pending the adoption of this federal amendment, such a revision of the primary election law of our state as shall afford a statewide advisory vote as to the election of United States senators."

Hiram W. Johnson's Reception in Southern California Enthusiastic Johnson and Wallace wound up their week's tour of the South Saturday night at Ventura. Their reception wherever they appeared was remarkable in more ways than one. Never before in the political annals of California have two candidate for public office been so completely overwhelmed with expressions of good will and promises of active and hearty support five months in advance of the day of nomination. These two men have set the entire South aflame with enthusiasm. Men who have always hitherto been regarded as staunch supporters of the old organization—not a few, but many, in every county where these two candidates have spoken—have pledged their earnest efforts to aid them in their fight to free the state from the shackles bound upon it by the Southern Pacific. The sincerity and unselfishness of both men have appealed strongly to the hearts of thousands of voters who heretofore have not identified themselves with the progressive movement. Perhaps the dramatic incidents transpiring at the national capital during the past few days have awakened many of these to the necessity of entering heartily into the nation-wide fight to restore to the people their inherent rights, in state as well as nation; at any rate the reception accorded the field leaders of the struggle in California has transcended the highest hopes of the promoters of the movement to free the Republican party and the state from the incubus of machine control.

Southern Newspapers Believe It's Johnson A study of the editorial columns of the Southern California newspapers develops an edifying and hopeful situation, so far as the interests and aspirations of the forces at work for reform in state government are concerned. While it is true that Curry and Stanton have their supporters among the Republican editors of the South, they are found to be few in number and not of any particular influence. Many of the interior papers are claiming that Hiram W. Johnson will secure fully two-thirds of the Republican vote of the South at the primary election. The editorial utterances of these papers, with rare exceptions, show that the writers have kept closely in touch with sentiment within the party not only in their own communities, but throughout the state generally. They are expressing not their own opinions perhaps so much as reflecting the sentiments voiced by the majority of their exchanges. If the opinions to which these papers give expression are a criterion, Johnson's victory at the primary

(Continued on Page 284.)

For Breakfast

Germea

At Your Grocers

¶ When you want furniture you want good furniture at lowest living prices.
WE HAVE IT
OAKLAND FURNITURE COMPANY
532-534 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Telephones Oakland 5239 and Home A 2239

THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find stamps for your corruption report for which accept thanks. "The Beast and the Jungle" is also a good thing and we believe with Roosevelt that publicity is the surest and speediest way of minimizing corrupt legislation and business methods. The feeling of security from public censure and prosecution is a great incentive for greedy business men and legislators to gratify their instincts. When the Guggenheims have gobbled what is left of our public domain we will have Mars.

Yours truly,
W. A. ROGERS.

Kansas City Stock Yards, March 7, 1910.

There is little reason to doubt that if the "Denman Report On the Causes of Municipal Corruption In San Francisco" could be placed in the hands of every intelligent voter it would render the repetition of such another carnival of crime almost impossible in any city of this country and in any state in this union. And all that these reports cost is ten cents each! There are 9,000 school district officers in this state, all leading citizens of their respective neighborhoods. A copy of that report should be placed in the hands of each one of these. Who will contribute to that end? It is publicity that cures. These reports would be read and passed from neighbor to neighbor and so leaven the whole neighborhood and all the neighborhoods in the state.

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—I thank you for calling my attention to the price of the pamphlet on "Municipal Corruption" in your city. I received the pamphlet and was much interested in the contents.

I also thank you for calling my attention to Mr. Hichborn's book, and herein I inclose Chicago exchange for $1.50 to pay for a copy of the same. I want to see how corrupt the Southern Pacific is. I understand it does the legislating for the state. I am not interested in Pacific coast affairs, only as I am interested as a citizen of our common country in getting cleaner, purer, and wiser government. We are nearing a crisis, and whether our people will be wise enough to go through it peaceably I can not foresee.

I trust you and your associates may succeed in establishing clean and honest government on the Pacific coast.

Very truly yours,
R. A. SANKEY.

Wichita, Kan., Mar. 12th, 1910.

We are going to clean 'em up, Mr. Sankey, without any question except as to time, and we are going to do it peaceably. There is nobody to be licked. There is nobody upon whom to make war with force and arms. There are a few politicians who are cordially and deservedly detested, but their taking-off would be assassination, not war, and the forces of reform in California are not inclined to the Russian method of redressing wrongs. It is all a question of making the people of California know and realize that they are not, and for a generation have not been, the government in California, though they ought to be and can be without employing any weapon more sanguinary than the Australian ballot. Mr. Hichborn has done fine work to that end with his "Story of the California Legislature of 1909." The California Weekly is helping. You ought to read that, too.

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—I do not believe that it is a case of exaggerated sex consciousness that makes me wish so strongly to protest against your editorial called "Miserable Women."

It is so evidently born of some special case that it becomes at once an almost insulting generalization. And it inspires one to ask the pertinent question, What can any outsider, or even close friend, really know of the true causes of domestic infelicity?

I think it is a deplorable weakness in a paper which we have grown to expect to be rather free from them—to indulge in such an outburst.

Because a certain man here in Los Angeles has just divorced a confiding wife on the ground that he could do so if she did not bear him children—and rushed the thing through in order to hold a public office, would you approve of an editorial entitled "Miserable Men?"

I for one hope I should feel the same pang over it as I do now. If I am too warm in my expressions or discourteous pray pardon me.

Very sincerely yours,
DOROTHEA MOORE.

1649 Orange St., Los Angeles, Mar. 15th.

Our correspondent is neither discourteous nor too warm in her expressions of dissent. The offending paragraph was not written to fit a single case, but rather a considerable class of cases which our present day journalism loves to make the most of, a class sufficiently numerous to keep up interest in that kind of journalism from ocean to ocean. There are domestic infelicities that make the heart bleed. There are splendid women who go through life chained to the body of death, and there are women, and men, too, who have force of character so robust as to enable them to burst the bonds of that death and dare to live. To them all honor and glory, provided that innocent children suffer no wrong in consequence. Better death itself, yea, a living death, than the wrongs inflicted upon childhood through broken homes. Indeed, almost the entire problem of childish dependency and delinquency has the broken home for its foundation. And yet, if there be any one of the teachings of Jesus to which exceptions may be taken it was that which forbade divorcement except for one cause, not by any means the cruelest wrong that may be committed against the marriage relation.

Fire Record of the Forest Service

Last year the national forest service made an excellent record in fire fighting, as the following official announcement indicates: Almost eighty per cent of the forest fires were extinguished before as much as five acres had been burned; less than one and one-half acres to the square mile of national forest land was burned over, or scarcely more than one-fifth of one per cent; average damage to burned over areas amounted to but $1.26 an acre. In 1908, 230,000,000 board feet of timber was consumed, while in 1909 this very considerable total was reduced to 170,000,000 board feet, a reduction of more than one-fourth.

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EIGHT MONTHS UNDER "BERKELEY PLAN"

HOW THE NEW CHARTER WORKS OUT IN PRACTICE

By BEVERLY L. HODGHEAD, Mayor of Berkeley

A charter is only an aid to good govern-
ent. Municipal government is more a ques-
on of men than of constitutions or charters,
t that form of charter is to be preferred
ich provides the best method for the selec-
n of the officials and makes the wisest dis-
bution of its powers.

The Berkeley charter which has been in op-
ation since July 1, 1909, was framed along
e lines of the commission plan, but it em-
odies some original provisions. Its funda-
ental characteristics are its simplicity and
e concentration of authority and responsi-
ity.

The chief features of the Berkeley charter
e:

1st. The provision relating to elections.
2nd. The small council with large powers
d full responsibility.
3rd. The abolition of wards.
4th. The ultimate veto in the people.
5th. The co-ordination and unification of
e administrative departments of the city
vernment.

The Provision as to Elections

The aim of the freeholders who prepared
e Berkeley charter was, as far as possible,
place the power of selection of officials in
hands of the non-political or business ele-
nt of the community, and then offer an in-
cement to the apathetic or indifferent busi-
ss man which would encourage him to exer-
e his rights as a citizen. To accomplish
s, Berkeley originated and adopted the sys-
n of dual elections. It abolishes the party
mary, the party convention and all forms
party nominations, and provides that all
minations for office shall be made by peti-
n only, and that no party designation shall
pear on the ticket, nor anything indicating
course of the candidacy. The first elec-
n is a primary or a final election according
the votes which the respective candidates
eive. The first election is not a mere pri-
ry. To designate it a primary merely
uld only invite the indifference which is
ually displayed toward primaries by the
n-political element of the community. Here-
ore the business man has voted once, that
at the final election. The politician votes
ce, not only at the election, but also at the
mary, and the choice is frequently deter-
ned by the result of this first, or politi-
n's election. The remedy which the Berke-
charter proposes is to make the first elec-
n not a mere primary, but a conditional
tion. It does not restrict the first election
the mere nomination of candidates. It is
called a primary at all. It is called an
tion and **does result in an election should
candidate receive a majority of the votes
for that office.** The signatures of twenty-
qualified voters on any petition is suffi-
nt for nomination. There is no limitation
he number of candidates. Where any per-
may run for office without the sanction
political leaders, it is possible the candi-
s may be numerous, though the number
not be as great as might be assumed.
withstanding the number of candidates
the same office, if one should receive a
ority of all the votes cast, the people have
expressed a choice and a second election
eedless.

no candidate receives a majority of the
s at the first election, then that election
es as a primary and the two candidates
iving the highest number of votes become
nominees for office and the second elec-
is held.

Advantages of Dual Election Plan

ne obvious advantages of this plan are
ral. It requires in all cases a majority
to elect instead of a plurality. It not
enables but it induces the people to make
own nominations. It eliminates parties, it eliminates bosses, it eliminates conventions. The business man, who only votes at the election and never at the primary, turns out to vote because the first election is not a primary.

The effectiveness of these provisions to arouse an interest in the first election is illustrated by the results in Berkeley. The vote at the first election under its new charter in May last, which corresponds to the primary election, instead of representing an insignificant proportion of the registered vote was 25 per cent greater than the votes cast at the second election. That may be partly explained from other causes, but it is a significant fact that the number of votes cast at the primary for municipal offices two years before, when the population was about the same, was 631, whereas the vote cast at the first election under the new charter, corresponding to the primary election, was 5,025.

The Small Council

The first advantage of the small council is that it results in short ballots. Outside of the school directors, the only elective officers of the city are the mayor, auditor and four councilmen, and of the latter, but two are to be elected every two years. At each election therefore after the first, there will be but four municipal officers to elect. As the confusion of voters is to some extent proportionate to the length of the ballot, the small number of officers to be chosen makes the issue clear and distinct.

The council is composed of the mayor and four councilmen. The mayor has a vote but no veto. This council constitutes what is practically the board of directors to transact the business of the city. It appoints the officers, all of whom hold during its pleasure. It is directly and immediately responsible for everything to the people. A comparatively small part of the business of the city is legislative. It is nearly all executive and administrative. Most of the questions which arise require prompt action, and simply demand the application of sound business judgment and somebody to attend to them daily without waiting for the bi-monthly meetings of the city council. The members of the council assemble each day to deliberate on and dispose of such questions as arise. The administrative business of the city is divided into four departments and one councilman is assigned to the head of each department as commissioner thereof. Each commissioner with complete knowledge of the details of his department and of the officials under his direction, comes in daily conference with members of the council for consultation. The powers of the city are thus centralized in one body, the responsibility fixed and the fault easily located. The councilmen are not elected as commissioners of any particular department, but after election their assignment is made by the council or the mayor. As an illustration of the merits of this plan, the department of public supplies may be instanced. Were a particular councilman to be elected by the people to serve in that department, designing persons who sell large amounts of supplies to the city might become overzealous in the interests of some particular candidate.

Small Council More Efficient Than Large

The small council of capable business men meeting in daily conference, can in my judgment dispatch the city's business more satisfactorily and more expeditiously than a large council, which, though it possess the wisdom of numbers will be slower in action and less efficient in execution of the administrative details which comprise the great mass of the duties of the office. The weakness and inefficiency of the large council arises from the division of responsibility flowing from the division of official power and duty.

Abolition of Wards

I believe a council elected by the city at large can do more effective work than if the same individuals were elected each by separate wards. A man elected by the qualified electors of a single ward will, whether consciously or not, feel a natural allegiance to those who elected him and who may elect him again. Such loyalty to a particular section may be good for the section, but it is not good for the city.

Ultimate Veto in the People

This remedy lies in the provisions for the use of the initiative, referendum or the recall. No opinion based upon experience could be formed as to the merits of these provisions in the Berkeley charter, as the remedies have not been resorted to.

Co-ordination and Unification

The system which gives the council general supervision over all the departments of the municipal government, and makes it responsible for their work, tends to a greater unity of action and simplifies the remedy. The people understand where all complaints are to be made. The council has power to correct the evil, and failing to do so, the people have the power to correct the council. The centralization of power and responsibility in one body of men will tend to greater uniformity than the disjointed policy of independent action by each elective officer. Any council will take pride in the efficiency of the city government, but if it has no power to control the operations of the departments, it will be unable to accomplish results. There can be no consistent policy enforced throughout municipal government unless the power is given to one set of men.

Non-Partisan and Non-Political

The Berkeley charter has resulted in non-partisan elections and non-partisan and non-political administration. The councilmen have absolutely no restrictions upon the full and free exercise of their business judgment in all matters. They are not embarrassed by the importunities of office-seekers, nor of their friends. No one has set up the claim that he elected us. No one has asserted any claim to office or other favor as a reward for political support. We have had no balancing of the respective political strength of different factions, and in this way have escaped one of the greatest difficulties and obstacles in the way of successful municipal government. All the officers of the city are appointed by the council, except the auditor, and yet there is no more politics in making the appointments than in the ordinary employment of the foreman of a factory. I attribute this result largely to the charter.

Proceedings Unanimous

The proceedings of the council during the eight months since the charter has been in effect have been quite unanimous. This is due largely to the fact that we have not prejudged questions and the councilmen have not attempted to act independently of each other. But in all questions of policy our judgment has been deferred until after full investigation of the facts and full conference and interchange of views. I can see no more reason why under these conditions councilmen should not be able to agree as readily as the appellate courts agree upon the proper judgment to enter in any case.

Not Approved by Professional Politicians

The Berkeley charter has provoked considerable discussion and comment among the cities of the state. A great many applications have been received for copies of the charter and information concerning it, from various points in California and from most of the

(Continued on Page 287.)

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

polls is already assured. There are papers, of course, which are out for Curry—a few of them —and still fewer for Stanton; no Southern California paper, so far as the writer has been able to learn, has declared for Anderson. Recapitulating, sentiment in the South is overwhelmingly for Johnson, with Curry and Stanton sparring for second place, the chances being largely in favor of Curry for that position.

Beardslee Machine Choice For Lieutenant-Governor It begins to look as if the machine forces in the southern end of the state would be found lined up solidly behind "Bob" Beardslee of Stockton for nomination as Lieutenant-Governor. Beardslee is generally believed in the South to be too strongly intrenched in the good graces of the railroad push to be beaten in the contest for indorsement by that element. In Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside and other large towns of the South the feeling among the machine men is that Beardslee, having once relinquished his ambition to become speaker of the assembly, and having always been a faithful and obedient servant of the powers that were, should not be further humiliated. So what support the South has to give to a machine candidate for nomination as Curry's running mate at the primary undoubtedly will go to the Stockton man. Beardslee is not personally well known in the south end of the state, but his record as a "regular" puts him in the logical position for second place on the organization ticket next August.

Hans Stealing Otis' Thunder George J. Hans, of Fruitvale, Alameda county, who represented a transbay assembly district in the last legislature, is out against Frank Otis for the Republican nomination for senator from the 17th senatorial district. Otis also was in the assembly last session, representing the 47th district, and has been making his campaign for the senatorial nomination on the strength of his record in the assembly. He is especially claiming support because of his stand on the anti-racetrack gambling bill, on which he stood for the right. Now Otis is a little embarrassed by the fact that Hans is making a bid for the same nomination on exactly the same grounds. Hans' record on the racetrack bill is identical with Otis'. It would be more to the point if one of these gentlemen would come out squarely on this year's issue instead of on one phase of last year's issues, and say positively that he will fight for the overthrow of the Southern Pacific political machine. A third candidate, who will make this stand on this year's issue, seems the likely solution of the situation in the 17th senatorial district.

A Chance for Alameda Since Frank Otis has vacated the 47th assembly district fight to run for the state senate, one Sumner Crosby has entered the lists under the grooming of Joe Lanktree of Alameda. These auspices are more familiar than desirable. Those voters who wish to favor some one who is not favored by the machine boss of Alameda are notified that Alfred L. Morgenstern, Lincoln-Roosevelter and stanch fighter, is in the race against Crosby. The 47th assembly district comprises the city of Alameda, and should at last be taken clearly and decisively from the ranks of the machine's "rotten boroughs."

And the Sonoma Ass Made Bold to Speak This from the Sonoma Index-Tribune. It is beautiful. It is quite the best "organization" diatribe yet evolved. Clerk Caughey of the supreme court should send for Editor Granice and give him a deputyship that he may lend his genius to the cause of government by, of and for the Southern Pacific Railroad. During the forthcoming campaign nothing better will emanate from the other side of the house. The San Francisco Chronicle will not equal it and it will not be surpassed by the Oakland Tribune. The bray of no other ass will so resound. Tom Dozier is in eclipse. Don't fail to read this and scrap it. Great is Granice!

"An appeal has gone forth from the Lincoln-Roosevelt League to the interior press for its support in favor of Mr. Hiram Johnson, its candidate for governor in the forthcoming primary election.

"Personally, we have no objection to Mr. Johnson, who is one of the leading members of the San Francisco bar, but politically we have decided objections to his candidacy, backed up as it is by a convention of political soreheads and disappointed office-seekers, who long since have outlived their usefulness and in their political senility do not appear to realize that they are dead ones in so far as the Republican party in this state is concerned.

"Chagrined and sour-balled because they have been placed upon the shelf by the party that has honored them in the past to make way for better and more able men, they would now rule or ruin. These ungrateful insurgents bear the same ear marks of the 'Dolly Vardens' of over a decade ago, who tried to elect Morris M. Estee, of Napa, governor of California and made such a dismal failure of the whole business.

"Johnson, like Estee, has accepted the support of an insurgent band of Republicans, and by doing so has likewise 'burned his bridges behind him,' and having cut off all retreat, can never be the governor of California. He has been taken out of the private walks of life and interjected in this campaign by a band of political conspirators, who, failing to rule, would disrupt the Republican party, and like his prototype, Morris M. Estee, is doomed to inevitable defeat should his name ever be presented to the voters as the Republican nominee for governor of California."

Warning as to County Verification Deputies The appointment of verification deputies from one county to act in another should not be made until the law as to the legality of such action is reviewed. Such appointments have already been made in several instances, and some county clerks hold that it is legal, but others do not. Secretary of State Curry's office holds that it is not, and that a verification deputy

(Concluded on Facing Page.)

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THE COURAGE OF MARTHA

BY

IDA RAYNOR SPENCER

I'LL bring Elsa over this evening, Martha, although to tell you the truth, I feel a little nervous about having the child way from me at night, since burglars are olding high carnival in this town." John Bruce's forehead took on several furrows as e basked in the warmth of the grate fire preparatory to setting forth in the cold and now out doors.

Martha's knitting needles clicked ominously. "I am not six feet tall and correspondingly road, John Bruce, but I have yet to see the urglar I should be afraid of. Elsa shall leep in the room next to mine, and I'll deiver her to you safe and sound tomorrow." Martha's tone was sarcastic.

"I trust so, Martha. As Susie is away and must keep an engagement tonight, why, this s the safest place for the child. I would not eave her with the servants as guardians, and esides, Elsa has set her heart on coming. She is very fond of you, Martha."

"She should be, to match my fondness for ier," and a softened look came to Martha's ace in the fire-light.

"My car is coming, I'll see you tonight," nd catching up his hat and overcoat John Bruce ran from the room slamming the front oor behind him.

"What noisy creatures men are," commented Martha. "As for burglars, I believe I should ke to meet one; I'd show him—well—what ow, John?" as her brother returned, out of reath. "What's happened?"

"Nothing, Martha, except it occurred to me hat just now it would be safer if you took our diamonds down to the safe deposit vault efore night. Every one in town knows that ou inherited ten thousand dollars' worth of iamonds, and that you scorn to keep them i a safe place. Burglars know a good deal bout a residence before they start to loot ."

"You'd better see a doctor, John, your erves seem out of order. If that is all you ime back for you might have saved yourelf the trouble. My diamonds stay just here I've always kept them—at the bottom f the soiled clothes hamper, a very safe lace."

"Don't be foolish, Martha—you'll be sorry, ome day."

"You're the foolish one, John. Here's the ext car coming," and Martha dismissed her other and the subject.

Martha Bruce, spinster, aged forty-five, had ven her young life to her parents, loving iem and ruling them with an iron hand ntil their death. She was a bright and omely girl, and more than one man had dered her for a wife. To one man it had hurt r to say "No," but she had sternly refused e call of her own heart, and now in middle ge she had given her whole love to her niece, lsa. To those who said: "You are young ough to make some man happy," she relied, "I am too used to my own way—I could t stand a man's whims, and I do not need home—why should I deliberately jump into ouble?"

Then the very firm look would creep about iss Bruce's mouth and the well meaning estioner would subside.

Elsa Bruce was sleeping the sleep of healthl youth when Martha stole softly into the mly lighted room and stood by the bed.

"Bless her heart, her Aunt Martha will take re of her. Burglars? pooh!" and a look of rision mingled with the love on Martha's ce. No one but Elsa knew the tenderness Martha Bruce's heart, and even she did t comprehend the depth of her love. Prot Elsa! Martha's hands involuntarily nched as a feeling like that of a tigress proting her young pervaded her being.

Sleep did not come to the spinster's eyes quickly as usual that night. Against her ll her brother's words had affected her. She d paid unusual attention to the locking of house doors and fastenings of the winws, and instead of the customary darkness the room a faint light was allowed to burn.

o please John," Martha said.

'What a goose I am to lie here, actually tting nervous. There are times when John uce acts like a fool," and Martha turned er with much determination and settled wn to sleep.

Two hours later, when the little brass clock on the mantel was striking twelve, Martha awoke with a start. She generally slept through from 10 p. m. to 7 a. m. This was a very unusual proceeding; she did not like it. She lay quietly, and became aware of a persistent noise, and tried to locate it. Yes, it was those creaking stairs. She had always grumbled about the way those stairs had creaked, but now she was glad of it. Some one was in the house. Some one who had no right to be there, for the servants always used the back stairway, and she knew that both Betty the cook and Annie the housemaid had gone to bed at 9 o'clock that night. Well, she wasn't afraid. She would await developments. A stealthy hand on her doorknob, followed by the appearance of a masked man. Martha's hand reached up to the wall back of her bed, touched a button, and the room was flooded with light. With a bound the man was at her bedside, and a revolver was thrust within an inch of her face.

"If you scream you will be a dead woman," said the burglar. "I don't intend to scream, you coward," and anger, not fear, was the predominant note of Miss Bruce's voice. "But if you think I am afraid of you you are mistaken. What are you creeping into decent people's houses for, instead of earning an honest living, you great big, hulking man, you with no more modesty than to enter a lady's bedroom. What do you want?"

"See here, old lady, suppose you shut up and"——

"I shall not 'shut up,' as you call it, in my own house, and I'm not old."

The robber chuckled. "Well then, young lady, no nonsense, now, I'm in a hurry, so tell me where the sparklers are."

"The—the—what?"

"The sparklers, the diamonds. I know you keep them here, in the house, and I'm not going without them, so you'd best get it over with, quick; you don't seem to like me," here he chuckled again, "and I'll leave as soon as I get the jewels."

"You must think I'm a fool," replied Miss Bruce, energetically.

"Yes, ma'am, that's just what you'll be if you don't tell me pretty quick. Suppose you get up and find them for me, it will save time."

"Me! me!" exclaimed Martha, ungrammatically; "me get up in my night dress, and a man in the room!"

The burglar shoved the revolver unpleasantly near Miss Bruce's head.

"You hear me? You either tell me or show me where the jewels are. I know they are either in this room or the next. You get me the sparklers and I'll leave the silverware alone. If I have to search for myself I'll be likely to take a few other things. Hurry up, young lady, march before me into the next room and I'll search there first."

"No! no!," exclaimed Miss Bruce. "They are not there." Fear was tugging at her heart strings, fear that Elsa would wake and be terrified. It would be such a shock to the child; anything but that.

"Oh," said the burglar, "I think they are in the next room. March in, my lady, and get them," and he moved toward Elsa's room.

In her agony of mind, forgetful of her night-dress, Martha was on the floor, grasping the man's arm.

"You shall not go in there—the diamonds are not there—a child is sleeping in that room. I do not want her frightened; I beg you not to go," and Martha's knees grew weak and gave under her. She was kneeling as she begged the man to yield to her prayer.

"Hands up!" came a voice from the door leading to the hall. The robber wheeled to confront a revolver pointed directly at his head. His own weapon clattered to the floor. Martha's almost unbelieving eyes saw her brother's six feet of height filling the doorway, and she sat down, hugging her knees, laughing and sobbing.

"You get into bed, Martha; I'll see to this fellow," said John Bruce. "Here, you, march ahead of me down stairs. I'll gladly put a bullet through you if you start to run. I'll be back in half an hour, Martha."

When John Bruce returned he found his sister dressed, and a cold chicken and hot coffee supper awaiting him.

"I feel we both need something, John," was her greeting. "How did you happen to come just at the right moment?" asked Martha, as she poured the fragrant coffee.

"I felt anxious and thought I'd walk past the house on my way home. I saw the brilliant light in your room and found the hall door ajar, so I knew there was trouble up stairs. Fortunately, I had my revolver with me. But, Martha, Martha," said John Bruce, teasingly, "you don't know what a shock it gave me to see my brave sister on her knees before a burglar, and really, Martha, to see you so forgetful of your costume." John's eyes twinkled. Martha made a grimace. "To quote the robber's command, John, 'shut up.' I was not afraid of the pistol he thrust at me, but I would beg a burglar on my knees to keep out of my little darling's room. I could not have her frightened; she has slept through it all, the little dear!"

"You're a good woman and a brave one, my sister," said John Bruce, with a break in his voice. "Good night, dear," and he bent and kissed her—an unusual thing between these two. "I'll finish the night in your guest room."

Coming back a minute to say something he had forgotten to mention, John saw his sister kneeling at his little daughter's bedside, and tip-toed back to his own room.

Mrs. Maria C. Tailer has given $25,000 to the New York university to endow a free clinic in connection with Bellevue hospital medical college. This is the first gift received for the endowment of the free clinic, and it is hoped to increase the endowment to at least $100,000. The money given by Mrs. Tailer is to establish a memorial to the late William H. Tailer.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

is authorized to act only in the county of which he is a qualified elector. This interpretation seems to be borne out by subdivision 2 of section 5 of the primary law, which must be read in connection with section 1188 of the Political Code, which seems to limit the origin and activities of verification deputies to the territory within the legal limits of authority of the clerk with whom their affidavits are filed. Attorney-General Webb is now investigating this subject and will give his interpretation of the law within a few days. We would suggest that it would be well for candidates to take no chances on the question until they read his opinion.

Final Notes On Politics Douglas White, who is managing Curry's campaign for governor in Southern California, says that the Lincoln-Roosevelt organization in Los Angeles is about as nearly perfect as such an organization could be, and that it will carry Los Angeles county for Hiram Johnson. Of course, White adds that Curry will be second in the race there, but Stanton's friends speak otherwise.

Max Kuhl, state organizer, says that a personal investigation of conditions in Shasta county assures that county to Hiram Johnson in the primary election.

Eldorado county is strong for good government this year. All the Democratic sentiment there is for Bell, and all the Republicans for Hiram Johnson.

A NEARER VIEW

The Editor of The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—You're wrong about the Philadelphia strike where you ought to be very, very right. That is, it is one of those issues where of all our modern issues clear insight is the greatest demand of the hour, and it is not had where the strikers are pictured as violent participators in riots at the cost of public sympathy. The strike is tactical, not heated; it was deliberately foreseen on both sides for a year and the shrewdest generals both of plutocracy and of organized labor were on hand tactically preparing for it. The organization of the Keystone union was plutocracy's move; the service of C. O. Pratt who was constantly on the ground was the answer of labor. And the last thing that Pratt leads to is violence. Policing irresponsible boys from mischievous work is one thing. Deliberately sending out police to crack heads is another. Bringing in the plutocratic cossacks known as the Black Huzzars is still another, and that action is the one that will probably stir Philadelphia to whatever reaction in violence of a deliberate kind may finally result.

The men will win that strike for they are in league with the inevitable progress of the times. The one thing that made this strike possible was that organized plutocracy saw there a chance to utilize the government of Philadelphia as its agent to whip the carmen from their vantage won last year.

Behind Director of Public Safety Clay who may call all the waterworks and fire and police departments men to his service, stands Mayor Reyburn. Behind Reyburn, and responsible for him, stands Boss McNichol, and behind McNichol stands Penrose, and behind Penrose is all of the organized plutocracy of tariff-made Pennsylvania.

Behind the car men in this fight stands Pratt, a prophet turned strike leader, and a man whose leadership comes out of ten years in the white hot crucible of labor battles. Behind Pratt stand all the working men of Philadelphia, and behind them the workingmen of the world. And more than that the very essence of Pratt's generalship is his skill to pull the public with him. When he does move to violence, if such a situation is forced as a last resort, it will be with the people on his side, rest assured of that.

This fight won't be lost ultimately till the last ounce of power to fight has left all of Philadelphia's workingmen and all of Philadelphia's citizens who see it as having been brought about as an aggressive plutocratic move.

On a civic scale Philadelphia is fighting out what the nation will sooner or later have to fight out, if plutocracy's hold can be loosened in no other way.

It is not written of gold brick men that they do a successful second season business in the same town, and none of us have played a three pea game twice. Harriman got gluttonous laws from our Utah legislature once, but he couldn't do it twice. The fact is that in every game of exploitation there has been one ignorant party, and he always found he paid the bill. Ignorance is a diminishing quantity in every part of America to-day, especially that kind of ignorance that gave the exploiter his chief opportunities. And given laboring men who really see the issue, as they really see it in Philadelphia, and citizens who really join them in this view, who has the hardihood to hope that they won't really fight to ultimate exhaustion before giving in? If hope really is lost in courts and government, "riot" won't be the word for what will result, but it will be a "revolt" and it will involve on the side of the strikers all those who are informed and are not plutocratic in their affiliations.

Keep constantly before you in estimating the Philadelphia situation the significant fact that Philadelphia was the only city in the world that sent police to break up the Ferrer mass meetings, and clap those who tried to hold them into jail, and that Philadelphia was the only city in America that sent police to ride down the shirt waist girls when they tried to hold their first public strike meeting in the Arch Street Theater. Also that the government of Philadelphia is just as willing as the car company to bring about a condition of peace, and is not at liberty to go one inch farther than the company wishes it to.

You remember that union labor once won the elections in an Idaho county, and forthwith martial law was declared there, while an investigation held after the Steunenberg outrage, showed that the courts of both Idaho and Colorado had for years been wholly in the service of plutocrats and were no instrument whatever for the obtaining of the equal justice that is the safest guarantee that violence will not be resorted to.

In New York the shirt waist manufacturers had faith in their ability to have striking girls arrested and convicted. Came into office Mayor Gaynor who read the police a curtain lecture on their all too prevalent practice of making arrests on any provocation. Wilted at once the manufacturers. There is no Gaynor in Philadelphia. There is no force in the actual government of the city nor in the affiliations of the bosses behind it which will make that government become a real and disinterested government. There is no force there save the terrorizing force of widespread revolt which will pry the clutch of the car company loose from the reins of the administration. If it hadn't been for their certainty that they had the administration for their agents the car company officials never would have forced this strike. Remove this certainty and the welching of the company will be a matter of hours only. Never anywhere was the issue between the "system" and the exploited people more clearly drawn, and never was there such need that the people see clearly just what are the problems in dispute—not what dust throwing plutocratic agents say are the issues.

Yours truly,

ISAAC RUSSELL.

New York, March 4, 1910.

MORE ABOUT CONGRESSMEN.

(From the New York Times.)

The tariff on raisins put Representative Needham of California into Congress and has kept him there longer than any other coast member. When Mr. Needham smiles he looks like Billiken.

Politte Elvins, next to the youngest member of the house, hails from Elvins, Mo., a town named for his family. Charles G. Edwards, the youngest member, who votes in Savannah, Ga., has him beat by two months in the kindergarten race.

Speaker Cannon and Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania always wear pink carnations in their coat lapels.

The prettiest hair in the house is owned by Mr. Hughes of West Virginia. It is as white as country snow, and if he allowed it to grow would outshine and outdazzle Chief Justice Fuller's.

Session before last Representative Ellis wore a long, gray, spade-shaped beard. Last session he dyed it a brilliant black, and it looked like one of the famous Hessians' Shoe-blacking-tinted adornments that we read of in revolutionary history. This session the beard is neither gray nor black, for it isn't there at all. He now wears a smooth chin.

Two Maryland members, Mudd, Republican, and Gill, Democrat, are very ill. Neither has appeared in the house this session.

Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan was once a bootblack. He is now worth more than a million, made chiefly through promoting railroads through northern forests and buying judiciously along the lines of route.

Curtis of Kansas and Owen of Oklahoma are the realest American members of the senate. Curtis is part Kaw Indian and Owen part Cherokee.

Senator Crane of Massachusetts is known as the Human Smoothing Iron. Whenever any of his senatorial brethren fall out with themselves or with the President, Crane is always pressed into service to patch things up.

Senator Daniel of Virginia walks with crutches as the result of three wounds received in the cause of the Confederacy. He was wounded at the first battle of Manassas, when he was a member of the "Stonewall Brigade;" at Boonsboro, Md., and at the battle of the Wilderness, when he was General Jubal Early's chief of staff.

Senator Carroll Smalley Page of Vermont is a dealer in calfskins when he is at home at Hyde Park—Hyde Park, if the remark be permitted, being an appropriate place for a calskin dealer.

Every time Representative Adamson of Georgia gets into one of the elevators to descend to the subway that connects the capitol and office building he exclaims: "Take me down to the snake hole!"

Representative Lindbergh, the insurgent Minnesota member, is writing fifty letters daily to his home editors and influential business men for the purpose of educating them on the anti-Cannon fight in the house. He winds up each letter by asking his correspondent's advice on the subject. This is a very effective and diplomatic piece of flattery, as many members know. Many of them use it.

"Blacksmith, actor, statesman," is the way biographers will describe Representative Tawney of Minnesota. When he acted Mr. Tawney was a tragedian, and "Damon and Pythias" was his favorite play. He admits that he was a very good tragedian, too, and even better blacksmith.

The father-in-law of Representative Taylor of Ohio makes automobiles. Every one of the Ohio congressional delegation that can afford a buzz wagon has one of father-in-law's brand of cars.

Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, is only forty years old.

Representative Hollingsworth of Ohio has the most remarkable mustaches in the house. They are white, long, and smooth, and where they leave his face describe first an outward shoot, then a back curve which brings them far below and under his chin. The effect at a little distance is that of a very sedate and dignified appearing walrus.

Tulio Larrinaga, the Unionist commissioner to Congress from Porto Rico, built the first railroad on the island. Early in his professional career he left Porto Rico to work as a civil engineer in the United States, and while in New York helped build the Grand Central station. He speaks five languages, several of them better than English.

The two "Generals" of the Ohio delegation, Representatives Keifer and Sherwood, have very little regard for each other. Every once in a while one of them will arise on the floor to attack the military record of the other, and then before very long the General lambasted will leap to his feet to hurl heavy verbal ammunition right back.

Mr. Kronmiller of Maryland is the most inveterate gum chewer in the house.

Senator Carter is the most popular story teller in the chamber. He used to be a farmer and a school teacher in his younger days.

The unerring eye and strong arm that made Senator Aldrich a famous baseball player when he was at college may explain the accuracy with which he directs political and legislative shots in the senate.

Having passed his eighty-first mile-stone Representative Nehemiah Day Sperry of Connecticut has announced his retirement from Congress at the end of his present term. Mr. Sperry was the bondsman for the builder of the Monitor.

Senator Taliaferro of Florida pronounces his name as though it were spelled Tolliver.

Representative McDermott of Illinois is a telegraph operator by occupation, and when a youngster was one of the blue-coated messenger boys.

Butler Ames, the representative from the Fifth Massachusetts congressional district, is a grandson of the late Benjamin F. Butler, and was educated for war at West Point. He resigned from the army to take up civil engineering, and was a peaceful peaceable citizen until the outbreak of the Spanish war, when he enlisted and saw fighting in Cuba.

Sometimes congressmen's secretaries fall into the shoes made vacant by their chiefs. Representative Cassidy of Cleveland was secretary to Representative Burton before the latter was promoted to the senate, and Mr. Cox of Dayton once upon a time occupied the same position under Paul Sorg, the million-aire tobacco man, when he spent a little time in Congress.

Maye—Which would you rather marry—a rich bachelor or a rich widower? Joy—The widower. He will have learned to give up without a struggle.—Cleveland Leader.

("Berkeley Plan"—Continued.)

ther states in the Union. So far as I know, ie charter has not been received with favor y any persons who practice politics as a pro-ession. I prophesy that the provision for ual elections will be quite generally adopted future city charters, for I think it affords satisfactory solution of the problem of over-oming the prevalence of civic apathy and in ducing the people to make their own nomi-itions. The council is not especially desir-us of appearing in the role or attitude of reformers, but we have been trying, and the ople of Berkeley have been trying, to work me changes that will tend to place munici-l government upon a more stable and sat-factory and strictly business basis. Political form has two aspects: Reform in the ethod of transacting public business and form in the attitude of the people toward e government. The people of Berkeley ve been doing their part in this work. As whole they look with disfavor upon the pro-ssional politician or those who are attempt-g to exploit the city for their own private in.

Other Original Features

Two other features of the charter might be ferred to as original provisions. First, the tablishment of a department of public sup-ies, the commissioner of which is the pur-asing agent for the city. He signs all quisitions and contracts, makes every pur-ase of supplies which the city requires, om penholders to fire engines, and audits all ims before they come before the council r allowance. Second, the commissioner of ance and revenue is ex-officio member of the ard of education, with a vote in that body. ie board of education is charged with the penditure of all funds for the support of public schools of the city, but the duty of ying the tax to raise that portion of the ids which the city contributes for the main-iance of the schools is imposed upon the ancil. We have found it a very useful and ictical plan to have one of the members the council serve also as a member of the hool board.

Finally, I consider the chief merits of the rkeley charter lie in the provisions for elec-ns above explained, in the concentration of cial power and responsibility, and in the ieral plan of co-ordinating and unifying the ministrative departments of the govern-nt.

UNANIMOUS

Here the lecturer threw upon the screen portrait of a man well known in the finan-world. "This," he said, "is one of the at captains of finance. I do not need to ntion his name. His face is familiar to all you. Look at his corrugated brow, the row in his cheeks, the pouches under his s, the deep lines about his mouth. That , my friends, bears the unmistakable and faceable stamp of care. Anxiety has rked it indelibly. It shows the traces of pless nights, weary days, and bitterly ght campaigns, with millions of dollars at ce. Success brings such a man no happi-s. Look at him! How many of you, my nds, would change places with him? How ny of you would be willing to take his lth if compelled to assume the terrible bur-of responsibility that goes with it?" His rers rose en masse. "I would!" they uted in unison.—Chicago Tribune.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

tate of CHARLES H. CROWELL, deceased.
otice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, ased, to the creditors of and all persons having is against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after irst publication of this notice to the said Executor Executrix at the office of Thomas E. Haven, n 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market street, Francisco, California, which said office the under-d select as their place of business in all matters ected with said estate of Charles H. Crowell, de-d.

ROBINSON CROWELL,
ANNIE N. CROWELL,
utor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.
ted, San Francisco, March 25, 1910.
MAS E. HAVEN, 941 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., attorney for Executor and Execu-rix. 3-25-5t

NOTICE OF AUCTION SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the following described household goods, counters, shelving, trunks, personal effects, machinery, books, merchandise, etc., stored by or in the name of the following parties on which storage, freight, cartage, and other charges are delinquent, unless the same is paid before day of sale, will be sold at public auction at the warehouse of Bekins Van & Storage Co., 190 West Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., at 10 o'clock A. M., April 22, 1910:

Name.	Lot Number.	Amount.
Alma, Mrs. May	1505	$ 6.50
Atkinson, W. T.	302	18.00
Adams, Horace	1019	11.25
Allen, Mrs. Seth, or Ray, Mrs. H.	665	69.00
Bertrand, L.	546	14.75
Belasco, Sam	1204	51.39
Ballinger, Geo. T.	782	159.75
Buckley, J.	91	58.56
Boyd, J. L.	2103	14.25
Curtis, Jno. H.	1679	20.60
Crawford, Mr.	1339	16.25
Canfield, W. H.	407	32.00
Calun, F.	471	13.50
Coulliard, Mrs. L. E.	610	35.00
Cimboro, V.	850	30.83
Dart, Earl C.	740	44.00
Darval, Francis	959	11.25
Dooley, Mrs. A.	1417	26.75
Dechlesson, Mrs. A. N.	1148	104.75
Dupuy, E. J.	851	54.25
Doubley, Alvin S.	549	15.75
Drinkhouse, Fred	424	36.75
Duerey, Madame	700	26.00
Elizabeth St., No. 828	1629	52.25
Frederickson, J.	49	82.50
Foley, Mary	814	39.25
Green, R. S.	453	88.00
Harper, Thomas	1035	11.25
Herger, Martha	748	57.00
Hagans, Mrs. Marie	1182	26.00
Hubalek, Joseph	872	11.50
Hostetter, J. C.	899	18.24
Howard, Sam	957	10.75
Hendrickson, Wm., Jr.	1089	117.00
Hopkins	1161	11.50
Hobson, J. W.	1032	39.13
Jones, Arthur	97	13.75
Jensen, Andrew	1266	8.50
Jap, from Mrs. Fowle	1288	11.00
Jones, D. E.	763	10.50
Key, J. F.	629	13.75
Kaufman, Frank G.	2326	14.75
Larson, M.	2013	6.00
Leach, Charlotte W.	1333	9.95
Lowney, Mrs. J. E.	991	27.00
Lynch, Mrs. F. E.	1016	170.15
Morey, C. H.	187	48.75
McArthur, H.	501	4.25
McCann, John	1156	37.00
Miller, M. M.	513	31.00
Morand, P. L.	1017	16.75
Mulkey, J. K.	263	90.25
Noble, Miss	927	36.50
Newman, Chas. J.	510	106.00
O'Brien, Mrs. J. P.	987	27.00
Pride, Wheeler	324	4.75
Parsons, Wm.	1276	8.50
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.	233	116.75
Potter, J. T.	466	15.25
Polk, R. A.	1227	8.75
Rose, Mrs. J. E.	941	20.69
Ralson, J.	989	23.00
Roesch, C. E.	2038	38.25
Smith, Wm.	738	25.50
Schroeder, H. H.	1495	35.00
Shackelton, W. L.	689	30.75
Sanders, W. H.	93	15.13
Thorpe, Edward	454	15.25
Tobling Mrs.	143	60.70
Van Trees, Mrs. F. S.	1415	35.11
Walker, Helen	432	39.10
Womack, Robert R.	1473	28.50
Young, Agnes	1162	10.00

BEKINS VAN & STORAGE CO.
3-25-4t.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In the Superior Court of Yolo County, State of California:

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Henry Gross, Herbert Gross and Melvin Gross, minors.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court above named, dated January 24th, A. D. 1910, and made in the above entitled matter, the undersigned guardian of Melvin Gross, minor (said Henry Gross and Herbert Gross having attained their majority, respectively, before the date of the said order), will sell, on or after Monday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1910, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of said sale by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said minor, Melvin Gross, to-wit: an undivided 1-36 interest in all those tracts of land situate in Colusa county, state of California, and described as Sections numbered respectively 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 and 32, and fractional Sections numbered, respectively, 19, 30 and 31, and the N. ½ of the SW. ¼ of Section 33, and the S. ½ of Section 29, and the E. ½ of the E. ½ of the NE. ¼ of Section 29—all situated in township 13, N., range 2, W., Mt. D. B. & M., and aggregating about 6,173 acres.

Also a like undivided one thirty-sixth (1-36) interest in that lot of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California, described as Lot 35 in Block 12 of the "Flint Tract Homestead Association."

Bids in writing may be left at the store of S. Rummelsburg, in the City of Colusa, state of California, or at No. 1352 McAllister street, San Francisco, California, the residence of the undersigned guardian. Properties may be sold all together or separately, to suit purchasers.

ROSA HYMAN.
Guardian of Melvin Gross, a Minor.
HURST & HURST,
Attorneys for Guardian. 3-11-3t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 27636.

ELIZABETH WATTS LLOYD, Plaintiff,
vs.
ALBAN W. LLOYD; ENID LLOYD and ALL PERSONS unknown who have or claim any interest in, or lien upon, the whole, or any part, of the real property described in the complaint herein,
Defendants.

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an interlocutory decree in partition and order of sale, duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day of February, 1910, in the above entitled action, I, the undersigned duly appointed, qualified and acting referee in said action, am commanded to sell all those certain lands situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described in the complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Polk Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet northerly from the northerly line of Ellis Street; running thence northerly along said line of Polk Street twenty (20) feet more or less to Olive Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along the southerly line of Olive Avenue parallel with Ellis Street eighty-five (85) feet; thence at right angles southerly parallel with Polk Street twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles westerly parallel with Ellis street eighty-five (85) feet to Polk Street, the point of commencement.

Said described premises being a part of 50 Vara lot Number Three (3) in Block Number Nine (9) of the Western Addition as laid down on the official map of said City and County of San Francisco.

And public notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 26th day of March, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of that day at the street entrance to the office of the sheriff of said City and County at No. 122 McAllister Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and interlocutory decree in partition, sell the above described property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States Gold Coin, ten (10) per cent thereof to be paid as a deposit on the day of sale, the balance upon confirmation of the sale by the Court and the delivery of a conveyance. Ten (10) days allowed before confirmation for examination of title. Objection to title, if any, must be made before confirmation. If after the confirmation the purchaser neglects or refuses to immediately comply with the terms of the sale a re-sale will be made of the property purchased. If the amount realized on such re-sale does not amount to the former bid and the expenses of the previous sale, such purchaser shall be liable for the deficiency and the said referee will retain such deficiency from the deposit. All checks presented by purchasers must be certified.

CHARLES HAYDEN, Referee.

San Francisco, California, February 26th, 1910.
Messrs. Powell & Dow, Attorneys for Referee, 1029 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 3-4-4t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street,; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t.

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Ballots

All voting at the primary elections must be by ballot and the ballots must be prepared as the law directs, by whom the law directs, or they can not be received or counted. The provisions governing the form of ballot are strict and made in the interests of a free vote and a fair count.

Before the Australian ballot came into existence there were all sorts of ballots in use. Any one who wished to could have ballots printed and offered to voters. Of course voters did not have to vote them unless they wanted to, unless they worked for a corporation or individual employer who wanted to run things, in which case employees were often under the necessity of voting the ballot that was given them, as it was given them, or lose their jobs. At all times voters were under the necessity of scrutinizing their ballots as though they were dubious bills and might turn out to be counterfeit. A ballot might be just like the authorized ballot of the party with the exception of a single name substituted for another name in the hope that the fraud would not be detected. In short, experience has shown that human character is so unsafe that no honest election is possible without throwing around the ballot all the protection that laws and penalties can afford.

The law makes it the duty of the county clerk to prepare the ballots for the August primary, and the ballot must be printed on paper furnished by the Secretary of State known as "official" paper. This paper must be manufactured to order for the Secretary of State, must be of a tint prescribed by him and must bear a "water-mark" made in the paper itself from a design furnished by the Secretary of State, which design can not be repeated again for fourteen years. There must be new paper with a new design for water-mark, and a new tint, for each general election, though for primary elections the paper used at the last general election may be used. This is to prevent any counterfeiting of ballots.

For the August primary the ballot must be at least 12 inches wide and as long as needful to contain the names of all candidates for whom nomination papers have been properly prepared and filed within the specified time.

Across the top of the ballot must be printed in large, black, Gothic type, "Official Primary Election Ballot," so that the voter will know what he is voting. Below this, in type half the size, must be printed the name of the political party whose candidates this ballot bears, and there must be as many different kinds of ballots as there are political parties with tickets in the field. Then must follow, in still smaller type, but large enough to be seen, the name of the voting precinct where that particular ballot may be voted. Following this are the instructions to voters telling them how to stamp their ballots. These instructions read as follows:

"To vote for a person whose name appears on the ballot stamp a (X) in the square at the right of the name of the person for whom you desire to vote. To vote for a person whose name is not printed on the ballot, write his name in the blank space provided for that purpose." This space is provided right below the printed names of the candidates and there are as many such spaces after each printed list as there are offices to be filled.

It is hardly necessary to describe the whole ballot in detail, for its purport will be readily understood the moment the voter looks it over. Beginning at the upper left hand corner the candidates for state officers will be started, leading off with governor, lieutenant governor, justices of the supreme court (in which two vacancies are to be filled this year), secretary of state, controller, treasurer, attorney general, surveyor general, clerk of supreme court, superintendent of public instruction, and superintendent of state printing. This ends the state ticket and it will run over into the second column, each column being two and one-half inches wide.

Immediately following will be the district offices leading off with the district court of appeals, board of equalization and railroad commission, and judge of superior court, which will be followed by United States senate and house of representatives, state senate and assembly.

Then will come the county tickets, beginning at the top of the column with sheriff, but separated from the state and district ticket by a heavy black line, running from top to bottom. After the sheriff will come district attorney, county clerk, auditor, treasurer, assessor, tax collector, recorder, public administrator, superintendent of schools, coroner, surveyor, supervisors, winding up with the township officers and, at the end, delegates to the county convention, of which a lesson will be given later on.

For the election of 1910 there will have to be nominated, for state offices, twelve persons; for state district offices, three; for the congressional ticket one United States senator and one member of the House; in half the state senatorial districts a senator and one assemblyman in each of eighty districts.

The county ticket will have twelve offices to fill besides supervisor, justice of the peace and constables so that, all told, there will be from thirty to thirty-six persons to be voted for, state, district and county, but these may have to be picked out of two or three times as many candidates, perhaps four or five times as many as there are offices, so there is no telling how big the ticket will be, except that it must be anyhow twelve inches wide and is likely to be two or three feet long.

If California ever adopts what is called the "short ballot," it is likely that the offices of attorney general, surveyor general, clerk of the supreme court and superintendent of state printing will be cut off the state list and perhaps one or two off the county list, but that is not as likely. It is more than likely that the railroad commission would be eliminated. All such offices would then be filled by appointment. Few voters know "Who is Who" well enough to select so large a number of officers with a discriminating intelligence.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

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This Week: "NEEDED CHANGES IN THE CHARTER"

—By Allen G. Wright

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: APRIL 1 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Something Doing

O SOONER DID THEODORE ROOSEVELT reach the threshold of civilization than dry bones began to rattle, reso- ons to be passed for and against, amid shouts of approval and sion. No intellect is so dull that it is not quickened into ght by the burning "platitudes," as his enemies call those n, common sense truths that fall from the lips of the first en of the civilized world. Whether or not we like the strenu- life we shall have to live it while Theodore lives and, bottle self as he may, American affairs will be handled by him and out gloves. He does well to inform himself first, but, being med, he will speak to the people in a way to be heard. ty millions await his counsel with an intense, if not a sub- ive, interest.

The Law By Law Confounded

ISABELLA MARTIN be not a she-wolf then has there been uch ado about nothing. The appellate court has given her w trial because irrelevant testimony was admitted to the that found her guilty. Assuming that evidence of cruelty to John was irrelevant to the dynamiting of Judge Ogden's , what of it? Just this: the law says, in effect, that it shall e lawful to admit testimony necessary to the vindication e law. The law is by the law confounded. What was that for? If it was not capable of separating irrelevant testimony relevant, that which bore upon the fact from that which did hat which implied guilt from that which indicated innocency, hat good was it capable? Either juries should be treated mething less than imbecile or the jury system should be shed.

Reconstruct the Charter

ERE SAN FRANCISCO'S CHARTER to come down from heaven on tablets of stone it would not give San Francisco government with the powers of government reposed, as in hands least able to exercise such powers. Nevertheless it well to make the charter as perfect as human foresight can it. To this end attention is called to the thoughtful leading e in this issue of The California Weekly on charter revision r. Allen G. Wright. While this administration is reveling e shady spots of a shady quality of Parisian-American life good a time as any for thoughtful, reputable men to take the eing of their city to heart to the end that such a miscarriage vernment may not again occur and that government may be more efficient when again it gets into the hands of good and le men.

Be Just But Invincible

NKLY, CAN THE UNITED RAILROADS be blamed for ing all lawful means to retain its monopoly of lower Market ? Who, being in its position, would easily yield so important vantage? But that does not imply that the city and its gov- nt should not do all in their power to wrest from its grasp er it holds in contravention of public interests. If there ver enough in government, virtue enough in law, and money h in the common treasury to wrest that outside franchise the United Railroads it should be so wrested if it takes ears to do it. Meantime let there be no compromise and erance of any public official who plays into the hands of the adversary.

David Josiah Brewer

THE TRUTH BE TOLD. He was a kindly man and a od, but was not great, and he watched his political p's and his life as carefully as any politician in the state whence he came. General McDowell, for many years the Republican political boss of Leavenworth, was his good angel and McDowell, during all the years of his prosperity, and until he wore himself threadbare in their service, served those interests that were able to pay for his services. In short, Brewer's path to eminence was not differently blazed from that of most other jurists of his time and if, in his utterances and decisions, he held the rights of property superior to the Rights of Man it was because it was in that school that he was nurtured and through that influence that he was advanced. Yet he would not consciously have reasoned to a false conclusion. He merely leaned as a judge as he was inclined as a twig of the law.

The Stakeholder

THE SUPREME COURT has determined that the stakeholder who serves without compensation serves without criminal liability. It was never the intent of the anti-racetrack gambling law to penalize one man's betting with another with a mutual friend to hold the stakes, but it were better that stakeholding in any form be made a felony than that the racetrack iniquity be allowed to go on with its harvest of delinquents, defaulters and suicides. Where gentleman bets with gentleman a stakeholder is superfluous, for no welcher can lay claim to being a gentleman, and whatever betting takes place beyond that which gives zest to a sport, and does not make the winning of money the purpose of the game, is against public policy and should be against the law. The conclusion of the court has more to commend it than the process of reasoning by which it appears, from press reports, to have been reached.

A Malignant Suggestion

WHOEVER GAVE CURRENCY to the report that the President contemplates the appointment of Richard A. Ballinger to the supreme bench to succeed the late David J. Brewer must hate the President with virulence. William Howard Taft may not prove the effective statesman we had hoped he might, but he is neither a fool nor a madman that he should do such a thing. The most fitting tender of the appointment he could make, not being able to appoint himself, would be to one Charles E. Hughes.

Wages Rising

A WEEK OR TWO AGO arbiters at Chicago found in favor of an increase in the wages of certain locomotive firemen on the ground that investigation showed an increase in the cost of living amounting within two years to 25 per cent. In view of this finding the reported increase of 6 per cent. in the wages of railroad employes on a number of big eastern systems does not appear to have been recklessly generous even though the sum total does run up into the millions. The prevailing price current is still several lengths ahead of the wage scale and likely to keep its lead.

Miserable Men

OF ALL MISERABLE BEINGS there is none more deservedly miserable than the man who, having become suddenly rich or famous, and lured by thirst for social recognition, rids himself of the wife of his youth because she is plain in feature, unattractive in figure and unfelicitous in speech, that he may marry some social stunner as certainly attracted to him by his money as he to her by her style and superabundant animalism. He were happier driving a dray or swinging a sledge in the streets, to go home at night to a three-room cottage with a Bridget and childher awaiting at the gate.

The Strategy of the Enemy

We may look with confidence to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company for splendid specimens of strategy and generalship. It is not for nothing that the astute head of that bureau commands a salary befitting the revenues of a prince or that he is financed to hire the services of men of finesse and small scruples to execute his orders. It should be a part of the business of those opposed to the domination of that bureau to divine his strategies that his plans may be frustrated. With modesty The California Weekly begs to call attention to a few significant facts.

The strength of Charles F. Curry cannot be taken from him. It is beyond the domain of argument. To urge upon the Curry following that Alden Anderson is a better man, that Nat Ellery fought the cement trust, that the governorship ought to go south this time, would have no more effect upon it than shooting peas at a battleship. It is held together by the cohesive power of official patronage and petty plum pickings to be had if Charley gets in. It is made up, in the main, of the McCarthy crowd in San Francisco, the redlight districts of all the state and the Royal Arch. The most that Herrin could do, if bent upon the discomfiture of Curry, would be to share with Curry in that untoward element in our political life and that would be to give the nomination and election to Hiram Johnson. To presume that Herrin would prefer that to the nomination and election of Curry is to presume that he is a madman and a traitor to his great and greedy corporation. Such a presumption is untenable.

It follows, then, as night the day, that Charles F. Curry, by the logic of the situation if for no other reason, is and must be the "organization" candidate for governor of California. By his low political ideals and the quality of his personal following, he becomes the most dangerous factor in our political life.

Accepting these conclusions as true what becomes the most natural strategy for the commanding genius of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau to employ? Why, to divide the votes of the good men of California into as many fractions as possible while helping Curry to hold his rank and file in line of battle, and this is exactly what he is doing. The unbroken Curry contingent should number 25 to 30 per cent. of the total vote.

Alden Anderson is a good, clean man who has been so politically astute as to make no enemies. Not one of Curry's men will vote for Anderson and two out of every three votes Anderson gets would go to Johnson if Anderson were not in the field.

Phil Stanton is a good fellow according to his lights, and a capable man, too. He will not draw to himself a fraction of one per cent. of the Curry vote, but two out of every three votes he gets would go to Johnson if Stanton were out of the race.

And Nathaniel Ellery! He will not get more than a scattering vote at best. Not one of them will be a Curry supporter, and every vote he gets would go to Johnson if Ellery were out of the field.

Consciously or unconsciously these men are being used as stalking horses in the interests of Curry and, consciously or unconsciously, they are to be blamed for it, for no man in his senses has a right to be so stupid as to be so used.

But if these facts can be made plain to Republicans of California, as we believe they can be, Hiram W. Johnson will secure more votes at the August primary than all the others put together. That is the job cut out for the League—to make the voters see and know. Fortunately there are five months yet to the harvest and the outlook is most promising.

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The Spirit of the Conflict

In order to go into this campaign Hiram W. Johnson relinquished a future exactly to his liking. With a reputation at the bar thoroughly established, a splendidly lucrative practice at the threshold, a long desired opportunity to provide for his family clearly within his reach, he thrusts all aside to hazard new fortunes in untried fields because his friends, and his own conscience, join in thinking that he ought.

A. J. Wallace is a man of large affairs calling for his undivided attention. The salary of lieutenant-governor is nothing to him and the honor attached to the office cannot be great after it has been filled by a Warren Porter. The duties of the office will absorb a great part of his attention and he must leave his business to expend months in canvassing the state.

John D. Works has reached the time of life, and has achieved such circumstances, as entitle him to look forward to an unhurried afternoon and evening of life, yet he is going forth into this campaign, as he went a lad in his seventeenth year as a common soldier to fight the battles of his country.

Aside from those whose candidacies for office have been endorsed because they have made good in office there is scarcely a man on the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ticket who is in any sense an office seeker or who would not gladly have stood aside to give place to another had it not been made to appeal to him as a call to duty.

And yet there are those who refer to these men as an aggregation of soreheads! A more illfounded calumny was never uttered. Their hearts may be sore, but not one of these men has made a race for an office that he did not get. There is not a disappointed or disgruntled candidate on the ticket. The spirit that animates these men is the spirit of '76 and '61, and it is going to prove as contagious now as it did in those times that tried the souls of men. Only the tories and copperheads of our time will remain unmoved by their appeal. California is to be made a free state and the men who lead the hosts of liberty will live to see the day when there will be few not glad to do them honor.

Face the Truth

The Pasadena News takes this paper to task for venturing the opinion that the President's Corporation Tax measure will be nullified because the financial interests are unitedly opposed to it and that whatever they are unitedly opposed to they can defeat. That this sounds pessimistic is true. That it is more true than pessimistic is sound. The brave way is to face the truth, even at the risk of being charged with pessimism, for only by facing it and planning in accordance with it can reform work be made successful.

It was Benjamin Kidd, so far as the write knows, who first declared that history afford no instance where a united commonalty eve won an enduring victory over a united power holding class and, with us, the power holdin class is made up of the body of those who con trol the employment of active capital, other wise the financial interests.

When the income tax feature of the Wilso tariff bill was first sustained by a decision c the supreme court of the United States ther was jubilation in the ranks of those who ha taken issue with Benjamin Kidd, but their jo was short lived. That court, upon rehearing reversed its former decision and invalidated th law. The power-holding class was against th law and it was swept off the boards. The su preme court conformed and always has con formed to the views of the power-holding clas where that class was united, as it now is unite against the corporation tax law of the Pres dent.

What the reformers must do, then, if the would achieve victory over selfish financial in terests is, first, to divide those interests alon unselfish lines, that is, divide them on an issu of human rights, on an issue of conscienc When the power-holding class is so divide then a united commonalty may make comm cause with the righteous-minded element in th power-holding class against the other eleme and so achieve the victory. There is no oth way in the world among men whereby th class may be divided and progress made in th interest of the common good.

Fortunately, it is possible to make a divisio of the power holding class on issues of Rig Things. It was such a division that place Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan o the people's side of the graft prosecution in S Francisco. The trouble was that the divisio did not cut deep enough and the commonal was not held together for Right Things.

The President's corporation tax law has n received the vindication of good conscienc The still, small voice has not pronounced right as a tax, but only feasible as a meth of getting at the inner workings of corporatio in the interests of a public control of corpor tions. This advantage may prove a sufficie warrant for dividing the financial interests an issue of good conscience. If it does the l may stand, otherwise not. The income t stands on safer ground and will be vindicate soon or late, by being made a supplemen revenue raising policy. It is right that so part of the national revenues should be rais in proportion to ability to pay rather than at ity to consume, and many of those who ha ability to pay concede the justness of the come tax idea. That is why we shall some d have it.

It Wears a Wicked Look

It were better that the horse cars ran fro Sutter to the ferry until heaven and earth pa away than that any advantage should accrue the United Railroads through the enactment the Bancroft resolution requiring the Uni Railroads to route their cars over the ins track, but the reason attributed to the may and his advisers for opposing the Bancr resolution is not convincing. Evidently Cle land Dam has overruled the city attorn and great is Cleveland Dam, but San Francisco public will prefer that city attorney's advice be taken rat than that of Dam. However, it is a good s ject for the San Francisco bar association take in hand and sift to the bottom. T incident wears an evil look. It hath the aspe of a renewed assurance of gratitude on part of the mayor and his associates for election favors had and received at the han of the United Railroads crowd. If the sus cion be unmerited let those who suffer cause of it have greater regard hereafter the company they keep.

Law or Men?

It was Ballinger's attorney, Vertrees, who ramatically declared that, "On March 4, 1909, overnment by law in this country succeeded overnment by men." This utterance splendly voiced the sentiments of those interests at always looked upon the Roosevelt administration as lawless and the head of it as a igand.

The declaration of Vertrees was high sounding but lacks substance. Laws are mummies ntil they are placed in the hands of men to construed and executed, and what they are amount to then depends almost wholly upon ho is to construe and execute them. If given liberal interpretation they may mean human ogress and human advantage. If construed rrowly, technically and with a timid dread ey will have no more power of locomotion them than a foot-bound Chinese female.

Under the Roosevelt administration the laws the land were executed in a broad and liberal irit, with the view of advancing to the farthest limit the common good. So far under the ift administration the laws have been haltgly executed, executed in the fear that a isstep might prove fatal. The first policy gave y to the American heart and made the man sponsible for it the most striking figure in ntemporary human history at home or road. The man responsible for the policy hich Vertrees extols has so far proven the eatest disappointment of the new century, hough there are many of us who, recognizing s to be true, yet cherish the hope that the ming year, or the year after, may make winter of our discontent summer through change of policy and advisers at the White ouse in Washington.

Lead Not Into Temptation

Any business man who keeps his finances such loose ends as to make it easy for his ployees to steal from him is putting temptan in their way and is in part blameworthy if y steal. It is equally true of a city. No city s a right to conduct its affairs in such a slipd manner as to make it easy for city officials steal from it and escape detection. It is not t every official must be watched as though presumption were that he is a thief. That itself might make him a thief, but accounts uld be so checked, and the books so exted that detection is certain to follow defalion. Even a thief will be honest if he knows t his sin is sure to find him out.

Now one of the purposes of the Public Welre Fund in San Francisco is to establish and intain a Municipal Research Bureau, unoffi, yet representing the public interest. This eau will employ certified accountants to look and trace out every item of public expendie. It will ascertain what materials and sups are purchased and when and where they used. This is not a new and untried idea. has been tried elsewhere with splendid re s and not one result was of more public portance than that of not leading public offals into temptation through lax methods of inistration.

Help the Public Welfare Fund. It should e $100,000 a year.

Johnson, the Orator

We are sometimes told that oratory is a lost If so, Hiram W. Johnson found it, and ng the good results likely to flow from hing Johnson out into a participation in the er life of the state will be a stimulation of torical ambitions among those capable of rtaining such ambitions. Not only will Mr. nson's campaigning the state prove an ination to ingenuous youth, but a model for n to pattern after.

he voice of Hiram Johnson is good. It has the resonance of the voice of John P. Irish, for instance, or the yelling power of George A. Knight, but it is musical and carries splendidly. Nowhere off the theatrical stage will the hearer encounter such splendid enunciation. No word leaves his lips slurred or half formed. Each word is perfectly molded and ejected a finished product. To him language is too fine a thing to be delivered as from a planing machine. He neither sputters nor chatters. He talks and, best of all, he has something to say, a message to carry to the people.

And what a splendid message it is! A message of liberty, a gospel of glad tidings to the common man who is assured of his power and inspired to use it for the common good. Mr. Johnson's gestures are fine, his delivery appealing, his earnestness palpable and his sincerity unquestioned. He employs none of the tricks of the professional orator, who too often beguiles his hearers because he can, and sways their emotions that he may confuse their minds. Nor is he chargeable with that intellectual laziness that afflicts so many men having oratorical talent, inspiring them to make picturesque language take the place of conscientious thought. His argument is well knit and carries conviction.

The fame of Hiram W. Johnson will increase with every meeting he addresses. Before the campaign is half through there will be no halls big enough to hold those who will wish to hear him and, if his health continues good, he will sweep this state as certainly as election day rolls around. He ought to. He will have achieved success by right of conquest. Henceforth Hiram W. Johnson will be, perhaps, the most conspicuous personality in this commonwealth. A new star of the first magnitude has risen. California's orators of other days, Irish, Knight, Tom Fitch, Edgerton—their voices were virtually let for hire, were lifted on behalf of special interests. From Starr King till now the cause of liberty, the interests of the common man, have been able to call few silver tongues to their aid. It is different now. There has risen among us one who speaks almost with pentecostal power, even Hiram W. Johnson.

Redemption of the Great Valley

The foregoing is the title of a most interesting little pamphlet by A. D. Foote, a civil engineer, and suggests a plan for redeeming from overflow and sterility alike the great interior valley of California. The plan outlined is the basin system of catchment and storage of the flood waters, allowing the sediment to settle and the clarified water to escape back into the river when it has fallen far enough or into artificial channels through the trough of the valley to the bay.

It is not the purpose of this article to analyze or criticise the project of Mr. Foote, but rather to commend the pamphlet to the careful consideration of thoughtful persons. The interior valley of California could supply an enormous product and sustain an enormous population if its arid areas could be irrigated, its flooded areas lifted above the reach of overflow and its sterile areas covered over with the fructifying silt that comes down from the mountains, enormously rich in plant food and enormously injurious to the rivers and the bay when allowed to be precipitated in them.

The situation affords opportunity for a splendid statesmanship, but we are not likely to have such a statesmanship so long as the political affairs of the state are confined to a political bureau that can find no use for any man too big and too independent to "take orders" to do dirty work when commanded so to do. When we have emancipated the state from such low-browed domination there will be some incentive for men of capacity to enter public life and when such men do enter public life we may hope for the "Redemption of the Great Valley," but the redemption of the state must come first.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

It was left to Charles F. Dole, of Jamaica Plains, Mass., to take Jesus of Nazareth to task for having scourged the money changers out of the temple with a righteous indignation. According to the Dole philosophy all indignation is assumed by the indignant one to be righteous, whereas, in truth, indignation is never righteous even when yielded to by the Son of righteousness himself. Which reminds one of the good old Scotch mother who "thought nae better o' the Lord" for having plucked the heads of grain while passing through the fields on the Sabbath day.

For aught that the writer of this knows to the contrary this Dole may occupy a position so transcendentally elevated as to warrant him in taking the Nazarene to task for giving way to a wrathfulness heretofore regarded as righteous, but, as for the writer, when he finds one devoid of the power of indignation he finds it difficult not to harbor the thought that such an one, under extreme provocation, might suck eggs.

There is a namby-pambyism abroad in our land that is injurious. There is no form of human "cussedness" that has not its apologists. Good people, or those who rate themselves as good, fellowship with persons publicly known to have committed felonies, and men who publicly petition to have the lid taken off the fast life of a big city, that they may prosper more abundantly in their business, scarcely lose social standing by that act. Are these things become true because we, as a people, have lost the power to become indignant?

Righteousness, to be productive of results, needs to be robust. If we may not hate the sinner at any rate we are warranted in being indignant with the sinner so long as he persists in his villainous practices and manifests no contrition for his evil behavior, and we are at liberty to hate the sin to our heart's content.

When the tissues of the human body begin easily to break down, when the cellular walls no longer persist to resist encroachment, that body is in a bad way and soon will become food for those bacteria whose office it is to resolve flesh and bone into the dust and slime of the earth. So it is with us when our moral standards begin to decay, when licentiousness is only wild-oat sowing, when thievery has become irregularity, when being drunken is overstimulating, when being crooked is spoken of as being circuitous in method, when moral cowardice is referred to as being diplomatic, when marital faithlessness is only a peccadillo. We have indeed come a long journey from the eternal verities when a moral teacher ventures to take The Christ to task for driving thieving money-lusters out of a temple dedicated to the service of God.

It was none other than the Wall Street Journal, the greatest financial periodical of the country, that, not long ago, cried out that the greatest need of our time was a rejuvenation of the moral sense of the nation, such a revival of religion as would give men a renewed sense of the sinfulness of sin. The need is not for a doleful Dole, but for a modern John the Baptist to preach repentance and a preparing of the way for the Judge of all the earth.

It was the office of the serpent in the garden to break down moral standards and for that offense the serpent was condemned to crawl in the dust throughout all generations and, whether this be history or allegory, it is still true that those who break down moral standards are worthy of that condemnation. "I fear that we have done wrong," whimpered one who had taken her first false step. "Yes, we have," was the unhesitating reply of her companion. There was still too much of manhood in him to permit of his seeking to debauch the mind of his victim, for he who debauches the mind is a debauchee indeed, and yet that is precisely what has befallen us in recent years. To present-day folk the old-fashioned standards of rectitude seem as much out of place as powdered wigs and knee breeches.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Southern California Doing Business

The business transacted in the little harbor of San Pedro not unreasonably may be considered a species of gage of Southern California's industrial growth, and, judging by a report recently issued by the National Forest Service, that gage indicates a full head of steam. After calling attention to the fact that the gazeteers of but eight years ago gave San Pedro no other mention than as "a bay and inlet of the Pacific ocean, in California, 105 miles southeast of Santa Barbara, 33 degrees, 48 minutes north," the report says that San Pedro custom house figures last year showed receipts of over 500 million board feet of lumber. It requires comparison to make these figures appreciated, and here are statistics with which they may be compared: New York last year received less than 490,000,000 board feet of pine, Chicago less than 340,000,000 feet of all kinds of lumber except logs, North Tonawanda, N. Y., a little more than 170,000,000; Ludington, Mich., less than 80,000,000; Cleveland about 72,000,000, and Detroit little more than 66,000,000 feet. That is, the little harbor of San Pedro received more lumber than did any Eastern city, and it is unnecessary to call attention to the fact that the receipt of lumber in such quantity indicates that the building business is booming. The amount of lumber received in San Francisco bay was about 900,000,000 board feet, which is a showing that speaks for itself.

First Account of Noah's Flood

Never, perhaps, was a more interesting relic of long-ago generations of men discovered than was found, not long ago, in the ruins of Nineveh. The relic consists of a bit of stone about 2¾ by 2⅝ inches in dimensions. Professor Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania estimates its age at somewhat more than 4,000 years, so that, had it the gift of memory, it could recall a time when Bryan was not running for President. On this fragment of stone is engraved what doubtless is the first account of the great flood of many nations' fables that now is in man's keeping. Professor Hilprecht translates the writing on the fragment as follows: " . . . Thee . . . . (The confines of heaven and earth) I will loosen, (a deluge I will make and) it shall sweep away all men together; (but thou seek) life before the deluge cometh forth; (for over all living beings,) as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction, annihilation . . Build a great ship and . . . . . total height shall be its structure. It shall be a houseboat carrying what has been saved of life, with a strong deck over (it). (The ship) which thou shalt make (into it bring) the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven, (and the creping things, two of everything) instead of a number . . . . . Number . . . . and the family . . . and . . . ." Sounds considerably like an indorsement of Genesis 6 and 7, does it not?

Divorce in Switzerland

Switzerland does many things in its own way, and in doing so frequently improves upon methods in vogue in other countries. Its manner of dealing with what threaten to become divorce cases is decidedly unique. In each city of any importance is published a semi-official paper known as the Teuille d'Avis, in which are printed announcements reading about as follows: "Monsieur and Madame X, who are in instance of divorce, are requested to appear privately before the Judge, alone or with their lawyers, in order to come to a reconciliation if possible." This notice precedes divorce trial, and the parties may respond to it or not, as they please. Very often they meet before the judge, and it is said that his kindly semi-official offices result in reconciliation in at least 30 per cent of cases. It is understood that if either of the parties fails to attend this preliminary meeting the case will be fought to its conclusion. Swiss lawyers will not definitely take charge of a divorce case until this quasi-official attempt at reconciliation has been made.

Money in Our Savings Banks

Notwithstanding the high price of meat—not to mention other things which equally deserve mention in this respect, but receive less of it—the people of the United States have far and away more money, in proportion to numbers, deposited in savings banks than have any other people. A report of the secretary of the savings bank section of the American bankers' association shows that the total savings deposits of the world are $15,389,672,014, while the deposits in this country are $5,678,735,379. That is, with perhaps one-twentieth of the population of the world resident in the United States, well toward three-eighths of the savings-bank deposits are ours. An excellent showing, but bear in mind that it is due rather to rare opportunities than to economy. Of our total population one person in six has money in a savings bank, and his average deposit is $381.28; in the rest of the world the depositors number one to each eight of population, and the average deposit is $101.66. That is, again, we have one-third more depositors in proportion to population, and our average deposit nearly quadruples that of other depositors.

Are Radium Rays a New Form of Matter?

Prof. William H. Bragg of Adelaide University, Australia, promulgates the theory that the alpha rays, as they are termed, of radium, are neither solid, liquid nor gaseous, and yet are a form of matter hitherto unknown to mankind. These alpha rays unceasingly shoot forth from the radium at a velocity of 10,000 miles a second. As this would take a ray from the earth to the moon in about one-third of a minute, it must be classed as "going some." Mass for mass, the energy of these rays is about a quarter-million times as great as that of any other known atom. The rays travel in a perfectly straight line, passing through any substance they encounter without deviation from that line. Nothing known is so dense that it can alter their course or delay their progress, and there is no other atom through which they do not pass. It is because of these facts that Professor Bragg has decided that the radioactive particles are a form of matter hitherto as unknown to man as, say, the fourth dimension.

Italians in the United States

The Italian bureau of emigration is responsible for the estimate that 1,750,000 people of Italian birth were residing in the United States at the close of the first half of the year 1908. Further than that, it is estimated that the number of such immigrants residing here had increased by 1,007,803 since the census of 1900 was taken. That is, in eight years these immigrants multiplied their number by 136 per cent. It looks almost as if Italy had concluded to come over. The most of these people have settled in the East, it being estimated that the Italian population of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Rhode Island now numbers about 1,300,000, or nearly three-fourths of the entire number. They are coming fast, but it may as well be remembered that one and three-fourths millions is little more than two per cent of the population of this country at the present time.

Before Great Babylon Was Built

Because of various articles exhumed in excavating in Babylonia, Leonard King, assistant in the department of Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities in the British museum, has been enabled to evolve a very clear conception of the life of the Sumerians, the prehistoric people who inhabited southern Babylonia prior to the advent of those Babylonians of whom we possess some fragments of historic knowledge, probably about 3500 B. C. It appears that the Sumerians had some acquaintance with the ways of civilized life. They lived in cities, their houses being built of sun-burned brick and surrounded by mud walls. They had some knowledge of irrigation, raised water by means of wheels, and cultivated fields.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

BALZAC PLAY JUST PRODUCED

A rather curious feeling was produced ong students of literature and the theater en it was announced that a play by Balzac, tten seventy years ago, was to be acted at Odeon this week for the first time on any ge, says the New York Times. It seemed ost like a resurrection of the dead. The nt affords a test also of the present popular ue of Balzac. The result of the test, how- r, cannot be expected, in so peculiar a case, be known at the earliest representations. e piece exhibits Balzac's usual extrava- ces and excesses, but three of the five acts strong enough to invest the whole with nse interest.

L'Ecole des Menages"—such is the title— sents the violent love of a merchant, a ical Paris bourgeoise, for a young woman om he has taken into his household and has become the confidential supervisor of business. After some stormy scenes of ousy and heroic efforts by the wife to exile young woman, the resolute nature of her band's passion and the force of other cir- nstances convince the wife that it is best to rate the arrangement; but then another nber of the family, a mere child, moved by continued lamentations of her mother and ndmother, makes a stupid attempt to poison interloper. She succeeds in making the le family ill, but none dies except a favor- dog.

he merchant first, and afterward the nan go mad, and in the last act they seek ibly to recognize each other, but cannot. he interplay of motives among the dif- nt personages is marvelously revealed in piece, but the finest scene is that in which merchant, in trying to discover the author he crime, causes the doors of the house to ocked and calls all the members of the ly before him, examining each of them irn. When, by chance, the truth is made wn, the poignancy of the situation stands lly forth.

THOREAU'S ASCETICISM

R. L. Stevenson in Familiar Studies

t a man may be both coldly cruel in the uit of goodness, and morbid even in the uit of health. I cannot lay my hands on assage in which he explains his abstinence tea and coffee, but I am sure I have the ing correctly. It is this: He thought l economy and worthy of no true virtuoso oil the natural rapture of the morning such muddy stimulants; let him but see un rise, and he was already sufficiently red for the labors of the day. That may ason good enough to abstain from tea; when we go on to find the same man, on same or similar grounds, abstain from y everything that his neighbors inno- r and pleasurably use, and from the rubs rials of human society itself into the bar- we recognize that valetudinarian health- s which is more delicate than sickness We need have no respect for a state tificial training. True health is to be to do without it. Shakespeare, we can ne, might begin the day upon a quart , and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full ich as Thoreau, and commemorate his ment in vastly better verses. A man who separate himself from his neighbors' in order to be happy is in much the case with one who requires to take for the same purpose.

. Kendal, the great English comedienne, ut to retire from the stage. As Andrea rto was described as "the perfect paint- may Mrs. Kendal be termed the "per- ctress." Her art seems never at fault; ver she says or does the spectator feels he has discovered the one way to say it. She has learned the trick of acting nothing is left to say of the quality of t, except that this quality has its own Mrs. Kendal is essentially a come- , but, as she proved in "Diplomacy," she notional powers.

GREENE'S ATTACK ON SHAKESPEARE

There has just been added to the King's Library at the British Museum a unique example of the first edition of Robert Greene's "Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance," a book doubly valuable owing to its rarity and because it contains an extraordinary attack upon Shakespeare, says the Times, of New York.

"Hitherto it has been believed that no copy of the first edition existed," said one of the museum officials yesterday. "We have purchased this copy, dated 1592, from a bookseller. We do not know its previous history."

The attack upon Shakespeare is contained in the following paragraph:

"Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart —Crow, beautiful with our feathers, that with his 'tyger's hart wrapt in a Player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and beeing an absolute 'Johannes fac totum,' is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey."

Greene was himself an old, penniless, and worn-out playwright and poet, and his "Groats-worth" was a warning to his old associates, Marlowe, Peele, and Nash, to beware of the coming man, who, by imitating their plays, would drive them to penury.

THACKERAY HUMORIST, NOT WIT

Dean Hole is responsible for the remark about Thackeray's conversational powers that "he said so many good things—that they trod down and suffocated each other." His sense of humor was very keen and there are enough stories of his witty sayings to show that he said many more good things than ever came to be recorded.

Seeing in a window off the Strand the legend "Mutual Loan Fund Association" a friend with whom he was walking wondered what it meant. "Oh, it means," said the novelist, "that they have no money and lend it to each other."

Mere fun, mere farcial nonsense, he did not value highly. When he was asked if "Vanity Fair" would be funny he retorted that it would be humorous.

On March 12th a dinner was given to celebrate the completion of the twenty-fifth year of Walter Damrosch's career as an orchestral conductor. Twenty-five years ago they used to say that he could not conduct because he was too young, and now that he is old they say he will never learn. Others say that he can not conduct because his hair is too short and others declare that he is not even a musician. But he is still at it.

Californian Poets' Corner

LYRIC

(By Howard V. Sutherland.)

Pale lips that yearn for kisses,
Sad lips that ever grieve,
Red lips that know what bliss is
And taste of it at eve—
Bethink you how the flowers
Beneath the mould must lie:
They bloom a few short hours
And then they fade and die.

O blue eyes live with fire,
O black eyes lit with flame,
O eyes that wake desire
And eyes still soft with shame—
Bethink you time is flying
And love is passing, too;
At dawn you may be lying
Beneath the somber yew!

There rest the old-time lovers,
There sleep they, man and maid;
Too late each one discovers
The sunshine turns to shade.
Bethink you, you must follow,
As night-time follows day,
To where the hills are hollow
And love no more holds sway.

AMERICAN OPERATIC STAR

Discussing Americans who have succeeded in opera abroad, the New York Sun says:

Edward Lankow, who is a native of Tarrytown, N. Y., where he was born in 1883, has just been engaged to go to Vienna as the first bass in the Imperial Opera House, which is a remarkable post for a young man whose experience on the operatic stage has been so brief. He has spent the last two years in Frankfort after one season in Dresden. Last winter he went to Vienna to sing as guest with the idea of being engaged for the company, although it scarcely seemed probable that the post of first bass would be offered to such a young man. He was immediately engaged. He retires from the Frankfort Stadt Theater at the end of the present season and then goes to Vienna for the next five years.

Mr. Lankow was the adopted son and pupil of Mme. Anna Lankow, the singing teacher who recently died. Associated with him in the company as tenor will be William Miller, now at the Royal Opera in Dusseldorf. Of all the American singers abroad his career has been the most surprising and he is said to possess a voice of uncommon beauty. He is a native of Pittsburg, where he began life as a newsboy, and in his youth was sick from smallpox, which left him scarred from the disease. So he has no beauty to account for his great success. He studied in Berlin, and after singing for various agents was engaged for Dusseldorf. When Herman Gura gave his season last summer at the Royal Opera House he engaged young Miller to come there for several performances. So great was his success that Felix Weingartner of the Imperial Opera in Vienna immediately began to negotiate for his services to take the place of Leo Slezak, who had to come to America. Andreas Dippel, who was at that time in Berlin, hurried to persuade the American tenor to sign a contract for the Metropolitan Opera House. He demanded a sum, however, beyond what Mr. Dippel thought proper. Mr. Miller receives in Vienna $15,000 a year, which is a large sum to pay in a foreign opera house. Byford Ryan is another American tenor who has succeeded abroad. He is at the Komische Opera in Berlin and has been a successful feature of all the productions there.

William Wegener is a native of Wisconsin and went to Berlin in 1890 to study. He remained there for four years and then came back to Chicago and sang in a synagogue. Later he came to Brooklyn and remained there until 1904, singing for the following three years with the Savage English Opera Company until it was disbanded. Mr. Wegener then decided to go to Europe and was engaged at the opera house in Freiburg, where he has been for the last two years and a half. In that time he has acquired fifteen new operas, including, of course, the entire Wagner repertoire, in which he has the leading tenor role. Mr. Wegener has been engaged again for the new opera house in Freiburg, which was recently completed at a cost of a million and a half dollars and will be opened in September.

Putnam Griswold, who has been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House and may find his path just as difficult when he comes over here as Clarence Whitehill has, has been for the last three years in Berlin. He was born in Minneapolis in 1876 and from twelve to twenty-one pursued various business occupations, continuing casual study and practice of music. He thinks this talent was acquired from his mother, who is a direct descendant of Israel Putnam, the revolutionary general. While in St. Paul Dr. Rays-Herbert discovered that he had a voice worth cultivation and Mr. Griswold considers that he owes more to this teacher than any other.

George Broadhurst says he will write no more propaganda plays. He infers that he will return to the old emotional formulas, abandoning his effort to write dramas criticizing social, political and economic abuses, as shown in his "The Mark of the Hour" and "The Dollar Mark."

BETTER LAWS FOR DEPENDENT CHILD

A PROPOSED PLAN OF PROBATION FOR WAYWARD MOTHERS

The judges of our courts declare that no woman shall be deprived of the right to see her child, no matter how miserably she has failed in her maternal duty. A judge will take the child from the mother and commit it to an institution, but he will insist that the mother may have access to the child.

This position of the judges is simply a reflection of public sentiment. This public sentiment is a thoughtless reflection of one of the profoundest emotional attributes of humanity.

But it happens that here this emotion is misplaced. The general public is not acquainted with the facts in the long series of cases that pass through the hands of institutions and before their managers. The public does not know that most of these mothers are either drunkards or depraved or live the life of the underworld, and that their pernicious influence upon their children is so much greater than the beneficial influence of their maternal instinct that they are a curse instead of a blessing to their children. The public does not realize—what institutional workers and home-finding agents know—that the possibility of placing a child of such a mother in a home where it may be properly reared is effectually blocked by the attitude of the court, because it allows a drunken mother to create a scene at periodic intervals in the homes of the decent people to whom such a child is committed. The public does not realize that the only influence of moral suasion for making that mother a decent woman is the fear, enforced by law, of permanently losing the child, and that, with this fear non-existent, as it now is, the efforts to reform such a mother are foredoomed to failure.

Look a moment at a typical case. Here is a woman who has been married five or six years and has a daughter, say, four years old. The woman is fond of a gay life, she has moved to California from an Eastern community and the absence of old acquaintances removes the restraints of old days. Her husband is away from home a good deal, sometimes in the evenings. She gets acquainted with fast people, takes a drink now and then, drifts into worse associations, gets caught at the unforgivable sin and her husband gets a divorce. The chances are that the court will give her the child. The fast life now continues as a matter of course, the child is neglected or, even worse, is made to share in scenes that would disgust the coldest heart. The woman becomes an habitual drunkard, and, finally, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children hears of the case and the woman is arrested.

Now, the court will deprive the woman of the custody of the child and will commit it to the care of the Children's Agency, but with the proviso that the mother may see it. The mother visits the child every so often for a time, loses interest and drifts away. The agency could place the child out for adoption if the court would deprive the mother of its care, but this the court will not do. Then the mother turns up again and renews her visits to the child's new home. She brings it candy—it is the rarest thing in the world for her to bring clothing or shoes or money—candy and perhaps a toy, and she makes a great fuss over the youngster. The child thus sees in the mother only a lovely lady who brings her more candy than anyone else, she constantly keeps the mother in mind, she idealizes her.

Then the mother may want to take her back. She sobers up for a couple of weeks, dresses herself neatly, and goes into court, where she makes a plea that would melt one's heart, and the judge lets her have the child. That means that she goes back from decency and comfort into a chaotic world of alternate immorality, drunkenness and spasms of repentance and reform. The child sees and hears and learns things she ought never experience, she is neglected, gets no training and no moral guidance. The result is easy to see.

Or, if the mother does not get the child back the best that can be done for it is to continue to board it out, for no one will adopt a child who knows that a dissolute woman is to have the run of the place and that the adopted child will never be allowed to forget its mother and learn to substitute the foster mother in its affections.

In other words, in the present state of public opinion and of that public opinion as expressed in court orders, the process of helping the child is always incomplete, broken at exactly the point where really effective help could begin.

What is necessary is a change in public sentiment, a change in the point of view of the courts, and a change in the law. Here is the practical solution of the problem offered by Miss Katherine Felton, of the Associated Charities:

Make the mother in the typical case described above an offender against the laws. Establish a system of probation for such offenders, and make the agent of the child-placing agency the probation officer in charge of the case. Require the mother to report periodically to this probation officer, and warn her to mend her ways. Then present to her two alternatives: either she must earn the right to take back her child by decent living and productive industry, or have all legal claim upon the child removed by a final decree of the court. Give the woman a fair length of time—say one year—in which to stay on probation and prove her right to the child or to prove finally and conclusively her incapacity to rear it properly.

Now the practical operation and benefits of this plan are these:

It places the real offender, the mother, in the attitude she should justly be required to assume, that of a culprit and defendant at law. As the case now stands, the "heartless" agent of the home-finding society is on the defensive, and the mother has no burden of proof placed upon her to show that she is competent or worthy to have her child.

After the court has determined that the culprit is guilty of unworthiness to have the child, the mother is, by this plan, placed in the position of a prisoner on parole, under the surveillance of a probation officer, to be judged by her conduct for a stated probationary term. By such a process she is supplied with a powerful incentive to good behavior, not merely sporadic good behavior, but consistent good behavior. This is calculated to have a very sobering effect upon her ideas of life. The practice of self restraint through a long term of months is calculated to teach her the habit of right living. And, if she really has the love she professes for her child, she is given a fair chance to prove it and recover the child. Under the system—or lack of it—now in effect, no incentive at all is offered her, and she is rather apt to brazen it out, knowing that the agent in charge of her child is likely at any moment to lose her authority.

The effect of the proposed plan upon the child itself is salutary. In the first place, the child is at once and completely removed from the baneful influence of its mother. It can be boarded out under conditions that ensure its proper care until the mother's probationary term expires. If the mother profits by the probation and the child is restored to her, it is restored to a woman who has begun, at least, to live right and who is likely to continue to live so because she has had a chastening experience of the power of the law and the intention of the courts to compel her to live properly while the child is in her hands.

If the probationary term be a failure, the child is finally and forever removed from its mother's influence. It is now in a position where it stands a chance of adoption by decent people who will rear it properly, replace the mother in its memory and its affections, and see that it grows up to usefulness and morality and honor.

Such is the plan and such are its effects. It is based upon years of practical work in child study, it is the outgrowth of reflection upon years of experiences with wayward women and their unfortunate children. It is practical, it is sensible, it is just, and it is by all odds mo humane, both to the mother and the chil than the present indeterminate, ineffectual a often worse than useless method. It does violence to the sentiment of men for the i stinct of maternal solicitude, for every step the process is by judicial process in pub courts, and every act of the probation offic is subject to judicial review.

Miss Felton's suggestion should be debat in those bodies that are devoted to the d cussion of serious problems, and the details a coherent plan should be threshed out by t united efforts of charity workers, lawyers a legislators. Then some definite embodime of the plan should be made the law of Ca fornia.

But the first step is to educate the pub mind to the actual facts about depend childhood, so that public sentiment will ce to be purely public sentimentality, and so t the judges, who necessarily reflect public s timent, will appreciate the justice of such statute and enforce its provisions in practi

SHEAR WIT

"Gifford Pinchot walks slowly," says Des Moines Capital. Probably has a lumb ing gait.—New York Mail.

"What was the best after-dinner speech y ever heard?" "The other fellow said, 'Let settle with the waiter.'"—Cleveland Leade

After a brief conversation on conventio topics, the physician visiting the asylum sa "Why are you here?" "Simply a difference opinion," replied the patient. "I said all m were mad, and all men said I was mad—a the majority won!"—Lippincott's.

"You are not supposed to walk on the rugs," said the dealer. "You hang them the wall. They are works of art." "I s replied Mr. Cumrox. "I am just beginning understand that art is something which tra forms articles of natural utility into thi that get in the way."—Washington Star.

Life once published a picture which rep sented a lot of jolly gentlemen forming a clamorous semi-circle around the front do of a suburban house. A lady in a night-p has opened the window. The legend runs follows: "Dear Mrs. Shmith! Will you—! —come down and pick out Mr. Shmith? We rest of us want to go home."

The court-martial was in session. "Y are you so sure that Captain Blank was sc that evening?" the judge advocate asked witness. "Did he speak to you upon his return to his quarters?" "He did, sir." "Wh did he say?" "He tould me to be shure call him early in the mornin', sir." "And d the captain say why he wished to be cal early?" "Yis, sir, he did, sir. He said he is goin' to be Queen o' the May, sir," respond the orderly with convincing gravity.—Cosmopolitan.

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped at body to order. "We will now hear those w desire to speak on the new bill for the rest tion of immigration," he announced. Whe upon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, O'Lach lin, MacDougal, D'Eauvre, Schwartzenst, Spagaroni, Kumar Ghosh, and Navarrez ma eloquent talks in favor of putting up the imigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favor of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-Americ. The bill was favorably reported.—Lippincott's.

An Irishman over the age of fourscore and ten, who by strict economy had accumulated a modest fortune, and was about to die, called in the parish priest and the family lawyer to make his last will and testament. The preliminaries of the will having been concluded, it became necessary to inquire about the debts owing to the estate. "Now, then," said the lawyer, "state explicitly the amount owed to you by your friends." "Timothy Brown," replied the old man, "owes me £50. Jim Casey owes me £37, and—" "Good! Good!" ejaculated the prospective widow; "rational to the last!" "Luke Brown owes me £40," resumed the old man." "Rational to the last!" put in the widow old lady again. "To Michael Levy I owe £200." "Ah!" exclaimed the old lady, "can him rave!"

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Girls Who Have Helped Us Out

Seven times seven is forty-eight." The statement I made was bold,
nd the look that the teacher turned on me was searching and also cold,
ill a doubt crept in and I tried again, "Er—no—it is forty-two."
)h, the frozen look on that icy face as colder and colder it grew!
nd I felt my wee soul shrink and shrink till there came a whiper fine,
nd I straightway cried, "Why, I most forgot—of course it is forty-nine."
h, little wee maid of the seat next mine, wherever and e'er you be,
ere's a grateful thought for the whispered word and a health to the wraith of thee.

he lass who sat in the seat next mine was freckled, I now recall,
nd her hair was just of that sun-baked shade which isn't a shade at all,
nd her nose was snub, and her eyes were blue of a somewhat faded hue—
guess that the angels had washed them out and left them the ghost of blue—
id her skirts were scant—but it matters not; on many and many a day
ie whispered the word that I longed to hear and hustled my care away.
i, I know she's old, and perhaps she is thin, or wrinkled by worry and doubt,
it here's to the girl of the seat next mine, the lassie who helped me out.

e wasn't alone. All the way through life I've noticed, and notice still,
hen a man falls down there's a woman at hand to help him to climb the hill.
e may not be wise, nor strikingly good—when Eve passed the apple, you know,
e was foolish and bad, but the taste was so good she longed to give Adam a show;
d it's so with them all. They help if they can; if they can't they are willing to try,
d their whisper is heard when we're needing to hear, since we of life's learning are shy.
here is a pledge—we'll join in it, lads, with never a question or doubt—
health to the lassies we all have met, the girls who have helped us out!

* * *

Where the Boy Mayor Will Fall Down

t is to be feared that the boy mayor of San ncisco will not be able to maintain business he high standard which it recently has at-ed in the city. Thanks to the noble and oic exertions of some of our prominent iness men, the red-light district has been ming of late. Having been officially in-sed, Terpsichore has tripped her light, fan-ic toes to a particularly light, fantastic ht, and the primrose path has been almost ft of primroses, owing to the large demand cted by their official indorsement. Boys girls have been drunk who never were nk before, and everything has moved along as our good business men and wise officials red.

ith this much gained—and let us pause to congratulate ourselves that nothing d be better for business—with this much ed, I say, we must at any cost maintain ground thus won, and it is to be appre-led that a boy could not do it successfully ourse a "Paris of America" early educates outh along these delectable lines, yet it is e feared that no boy can maintain business ach lines up to the standard this adminis-on has set. The red-light dancing will inue, but it will languish without official nition.

ie boy mayor will do his best, and all of ill rejoice in the honor extended to him, he will not be able to live up to the stand-set by the administration whose mayor s down and out for a week. For a dreary n days the tenderloin will miss, at least in e degree, the hand of official encourage-t.

The Opinions of Rufus

We can talk a man's (or woman's) repytashun away, an' we sometimes do, but let's be grateful, brethren, that our affectin' comments can't touch his character, for prob'ly we'd knock that, too, if we could.

I reckon the most s'prisin' thing 'bout the Jedgment Day'll be the stupenjus drop in prices the world has set on some of its prominent citizens.

It's a good deal easier to forgive the same kind of fool es we are than it is to forgive the other kinds.

The poet writ of "love's eternal flame," an' I guess the flame is eternal, but frequently the candle it's burnin' on gits changed, es the grass widder said.

"Friendship is a sacred trust," an' it's 'bout the only trust I know of that is sacred.

Again, speakin' of friendship bein' a sacred trust, my observation is that you can't gener'lly work its trust fer more'n five or ten dollars at the outside.

Jabe Brower says he reckons some men perclaim their own merits on the principle that they ain't enough of 'em so they'd be noticed if they didn't.

Sister Brown says she loves her husband more'n she does the spring styles, an' greater love hath no woman than this.

Lots of women act as consciences to their husbands, 'cept es conscience is said to have a still, small voice.

I knew a man once that was so honest that he paid his doctor's bills without bein' dunned more'n once—but I don't know es I blame you fer claimin' they's sech a thing es bein' too partic'lar.

"I'm of respectable stock," said old man Simmons, weepin' bitterly, "of old New England stock," says he, "an' yit my daughter spells her name A-l-y-c-e!" an' then he bust forth cryin' again. An' what could I say to comfort the poor old man?

* * *

Life

A voyager, strangely puzzled,
Borne here from an unseen shore;
A voice in the hurly-burly
That never was heard before;
Little, wee hands a-flutter,
Feet that no-whither start.
And, registered up in heaven,
The prayer in a mother's heart.

Rollicking games and laughter;
Tears that are lost in smiles;
Romps on the sun-kissed meadows;
Childhood, and childhood's wiles;
Home when the even cometh,
In a mother's arms to lie
And list to the wondrous music
That croons in her lullaby.

Stress of the daily struggle;
Race that the feet must run,
Haply to gain a bauble,
Haply a height unwon;
Two who shall stand together
All of life's pathway along;
And years that crept in the morning
Now speed in a hurrying throng.

Tears by a low cot falling;
Sighs, and the last brief breath;
A coffin, with pallid tenant
Who looks on the face of Death.
Slowly the body passeth,
A garment worn out and frayed;
Finished the dream called living,
And all of its drama played.

L'ENVOI.

Father, our lore is nothing;
Ay, and our deeds are wee;
We walk in the mist, unseeing
The end that is clear to thee;
Still doth our faith assure us:
Knowledge shall yet be mine,
For a gate in the mists leads to it,
And death is its key divine.

An Important Announcement

It is pleasant to be able to announce that Mayor McCarthy, the board of supervisors and District Attorney Fickert, after careful consideration of the local situation, and being influenced by a deep realization of their moral responsibility to the people who elected them to office, have fully determined to use their great influence for the regeneration and social betterment of San Francisco. In doing this, they regretfully admit that for a short time they were unwittingly led astray by the blandishing allurements of the false sirens of evil, but that sorry day is past, and it is their fixed purpose now to give San Francisco an administration which will be a world-wide credit to it. To this end, they have pledged themselves.

First—To leave no stone unturned to secure the conviction of Patrick Calhoun and the other men whom the whole world knows to have been guilty of the crime of bribery;

Second—The saloons, being recognized factories of vice and crime, not to mention lesser grossness, will be confined closely within those limits which the law contemplates;

Third—Every step to the end that the people shall own the United Railroads, instead of the United Railroads owning the people, will be taken;

Fourth—Forgetting Spring Valley and its automobile rides, municipal waterworks will be hastened toward completion;

Fifth—Realizing that the true welfare of a people is based upon the maintenance of high standards and the spiritual altitude which——

April fool, you chump! You should have remembered that this is the first day of the fourth month of the year, and, more than that, you should have realized that, while it may be possible to be born again, it is deucedly improbable that a mayor, a board of supervisors and a district attorney would select the same day for that pleasing event. It's on you.

* * *

Easter—and It Rained!

It was Easter Sunday, and it rained; rained persistently or hesitantly; rained in great drops or small drops; rained methodically or spasmodically; but, anyway, it rained. And madam's new hat lay untouched in its gigantic box, and grief unutterable was in madam's heart, for, lo, the dreary day must pass, and the new hat and she could not display themselves in sacred places! Talk about woe, boiled-down and super-extra condensed, this is where you found it.

And yet, do you know, I have been wondering if nature's affront to the new hat and madam were not deliberate on the part of the Almighty. I have been wondering if in those High Councils which we comprehend not there may sometimes come a sense of weariness that that Resurrection Day which should be held holy, if it lie in the heart of man—or, particularly, woman—to esteem anything holy, is converted into a National Display Day. The chanticler bonnet, the vegetable-garden bonnet; pomp, gewgaws, baubles, painted and gilded nothings—all this, and a much-betinseled more, to commemorate the rising of one who had not where to lay his head because he was so busy doing good that he would not take time to find such resting place. His resurrection commemorated by bending supple knees to Goddess Fashion! Lips that faintly murmur, "Lord, be merciful to us, miserable offenders," while back of the prattled, pitiful words lies the old query, "Is my hat on straight?"

It was Easter Sunday, and it rained. Do you suppose that the Almighty, wearying of man's—or woman's—vanity of vanities, sent the dreaded downpour to compel Dame Fashion to stay at home on a national Show Day which every association should have maintained as sacred? Probably you will not agree with me, but, as I said, I have been wondering.

* * *

Let us, then, be up and eating,
With a heart for any stress;
If we can't afford a beefsteak,
Mush will take its place, I guess.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

A Laboricus Spontaneity Mr. Alden Anderson feels that he is called of the People of California to be their governor. He affirms that this call came to him in the form of innumerable letters from influential men asking him to make the race and he has it not in his heart to say "nay."

We wonder if Mr. Anderson was cognizant of a case of spontaneous combustion that occurred three years ago. If not he will find it suggestive. Senator Eddie Wolfe had gotten through the legislature a bill carrying a huge appropriation in aid of holding an exposition in San Francisco and it had gone to the governor. It was perfectly evident that the state's finances were in such shape that the governor could not sign the bill without becoming a candidate for incarceration in a state hospital and it was also reported at the time that Mr. Harriman had admonished him not to sign that bill. He would not, he could not, he did not.

Nevertheless telegrams poured in upon him from all parts of the state and from hundreds of men in and around San Francisco imploring him to sign that bill. The governor soon had a barrel full of them, but for every such telegram that went to Sacramento a "dead-head" telegram had previously gone out from the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company urging that an urgent telegram be sent to the governor with "rush" orders to please sign. These telegrams had but one result and were expected to have but one—a demonstration of the governor's independence of the influence of the power that made him governor, and yet the demand to sign that bill did seem at the time to be beautifully spontaneous.

Lacks Sufficient Provocation It goes without saying that Mr. Anderson is personally above any such method of working up a political spontaneity, but there are those who are not. He is more likely to be a victim of, than party to, any such attempt to pump political thunder out of a star-lit atmosphere; but if the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau stood in need of a candidate to be "Crockered" in the interests of Charles F. Curry nothing would be easier, or more natural, than to pass the word down the line that letters be written to Mr. Anderson begging him to make the race. If Mr. Anderson will take the trouble to trace each of his letters to its source he will find that, with striking unanimity, the inspiration for them came, somewhat circuitously, perhaps, from the vicinity of Powell and Market streets, in San Francisco. For, to be frank with Mr. Anderson, there is little in his past or present to prompt a great uprising in his favor at this time, little to designate him as the lone and only Winkelreid of the hour. To be sure he has been able to go through many hot campaigns unscathed and without being made conspicuous for the performance of valiant service for or against the "powers that be." In fact he has not known that there has been any fight on on behalf of free government in this state. He has not heard of any insurrection against the domination of the Republican party by the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau. He is a good man and a fine fellow and if he were chief executive of California he would drift right along with the tide in the same old way and never ruffle a feather. Meantime it would be well for him to look to the factor of spontaneity. It may have been forced.

The Richest Joke Perpetrated So Far Editor Prisk of the Grass Valley Union has long been known to be able, but it is only lately that he has blossomed out as a press humorist. Quite the richest joke of the campaign, so far, appeared in his paper, the Grass Valley Union, of the 25th ultimo. It was to the effect that if the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League finds itself unable to nominate Hiram W. Johnson over Alden Anderson it will throw its strength to Charles F. Curry as the next best exponent of an independent Republicanism and the surest man to bind up the wounds of the Republican party and so present a united front to the Democrats in November. Here is where the laugh comes in. W. F. Prisk is a Democrat and the Grass Valley Union is interested in having the Republicans nominate some one who would create a political revolution in California and thereby secure the election of the Democratic candidate. Naturally he picks Mr. Curry as the candidate most likely to force the better element in the Republican party to buck like bronchos and kick like bay steers. The idea of the Lincoln-Roosevelters espousing the cause of Curry under any conceivable condition of circumstances is hilarious.

And You, Too, Nat. Ellery It has been a fear that the direct primary might prove of little effect in heading off political rascality, for the reason that manipulators by urging out a multiplicity of favorite sons and other meritorious candidates might so divide up the vote of the honest citizenship that a mobilized and centralized "push" vote would carry the programme ticket as certainly in a direct primary as in a convention. Evidently the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company is going to test the feasibility of that plan of defeating the popular will at this election. Every man who can get a good man's vote, and so help to divide the good men of the state into such small factions that Curry will come out in the lead, will be encouraged to enter the lists for governor. Nathaniel Ellery is the latest candidate to enter the field. He is a good fellow. He fought the cement trust. To be sure he did not whip it, but he fought it. He comes from Humboldt and might get a few hundred votes up that way that otherwise would be cast for Hiram Johnson. Two out of every three votes cast for Phil Stanton would be cast for Johnson if Stanton were not in the race. Three out of every four votes cast for Anderson would be cast for Johnson if Anderson were not under the misapprehension that he is running, and all the votes cast for Nat Ellery would be cast for Johnson if Ellery's name were not on the direct primary ballot. Therefore all these men are virtual allies of Curry because Curry's vote is a known quantity. It constitutes the "push" of California, and not one of them all would go to Johnson under any conceivable condition. They are all against Right Things.

Anybody to Beat Bell From an independent standpoint the most unfortunate aspect of affairs political in California at this hour is the apparent cocksureness of Democrats that Theodore Bell can have the Democratic nomination for governor for the asking. He can't. He will have to fight for it if he gets it. The Democratic party in this state is being combed for a safe and sane candidate for governor to enter the lists against Bell, and that man will be found. The Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company is not going to rely wholly upon Charles F. Curry without having any Democratic anchor cast to windward. The latest man mentioned for the Democratic nomination is H. A. Jastro, of Bakersfield, the smartest if not the sweetest member of the Democratic party in California. Mr. Jastro is now in Europe trying to regain his health. No man would have the "interests" nearer the heart or would more fittingly represent the "interests" than H. A. Jastro. Who next?

The Near and Narrow View It is easy to underestimate the influence of a small country paper. It is often greater in the little field where it circulates than is the influence of any metropolitan paper in that community. Among these smaller papers in the smaller towns of the state the Anaheim Gazette ranks well, and it generally stands for Right Things. This time it does not. It is boosting the candidacy of P. A. Stanton and, strangely enough, because he "bears scars of his fight against the machine." There hav been occasions when Stanton has not acte with the Herrin "organization," as he did n at the Santa Cruz convention, but none of t knocks he ever got in any such fight ever mad a scar, whereas such scars as he has receive and of which he will never rid himself, he g for fighting in the ranks of the "organizatio and not against it. The reason Stanton w not made speaker of the assembly three yea ago is that Bob Beardslee was and Stanton ha to wait. There may have been a little som thing disciplinary in this and, if there was, worked a cure, for when Stanton becan speaker of the assembly of 1909 he was obedient to the Political Bureau in the makin up of his committees as Bob Beardslee ha been two years before, than which Mr. Herri would not have the assurance to ask mor But Mr. Stanton has his country residen over against Anaheim and Editor Kuchel fe called upon to sustain the ambitions of t home man rather than those of a stranger, a though that stranger be a bigger, a broad and a freer man. Stanton might not make bad governor, but he would not make an ant machine governor. He might be more ind pendent than Anderson or Curry, but he wou not be independent of Southern Pacific contr

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More Interesting Than Important There is a bit of politic gossip floating about among the newspaper fr ternity that has a spice of interest in it, if it not very important. It relates to the orig and reason for the talked-of candidacy Henry T. Gage for United States senator. A cording to this report, Mr. William Randol Hearst has been down in Mexico. The fa that Alfred Henry Lewis has been taking the Mexican side of the Mexican question the Hearst papers suggests that Mr. Hear may not have been averse to doing a goo stroke of business while in Mexico, but th is an aside. The main point is that a telegra from Mr. Hearst came to the Hearst Exan ners in San Francisco and Los Angeles i structing them to boost Henry T. Gage for t United States senate. They have hardly got second to their motion, except from The Ca fornia Weekly, which desires Mr. Gage make the race as being the most straight-o Southern Pacific candidate of them all. much for the source of Mr. Gage's candidac Now for the reason: This same report has that this candidacy was brought forward Mr. Hearst as a peace offering to Californ Catholics, many of whom have become e tranged from the Hearst papers. Mr. Ga has kindly feelings for the Catholic chur and many Catholics for him, which is prop and neither makes for nor against his candida for senatorial honors. That is emphatical not the point. The point in the rumor is th Mr. Gage is essentially a peace offering of t Hearst newspapers rather than a straight-o candidate brought forward by the Political B reau.

Walter Parker Up Against It Walter F. X. Parker has turned from the East, whe he went to help his associa on the staff of the Political Bureau of t Southern Pacific company, Justice Hensha make Flint wobbly. The Southern Californ pollies who wear the "organization" coll have been anxiously awaiting Parker's retu and as soon as he got back they demanded know if it was not about time for him to something. His reply was significant. It w "What is there to do?" Sure enough, what there to do? What but put the S. P. brandi iron on a few more gentlemen, like Alden A derson, of heretofore unblemished characte and what good can that do? As soon as t people see the brand they will put an "I. C (inspectant condemned) over against the S. brand and that will settle that candidacy. T fact is that the generals and lieutenants, co porals and high privates, in the ranks of t machine, who had their training in conve

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

s, are at sea as to how they are to manipu- a direct primary, and, to make it worse, re is a revolution on from Maine to Cali- nia. But we are not to infer from this that Southern Pacific's Political Bureau has e out of business. On the contrary, the le bureau is sitting up nights a-think- and a-thinking.

atorial Fight to Go the Legislature The greeting which the senatorial candidacy of Judge John Works has received throughout Southern fornia, and the frost that overtook and hted the Hearst boom for Henry T. Gage, e it unlikely that any particular "organi- on" candidate for senatorial honors will be ight out. Governor Gage has not heard "Southern California Wants Me," and he not hear it unless he gives out that he ex- s to make Los Angeles his home after first of the year and gives a hostage to l faith by exchanging his Alaska coal lands a Los Angeles suburban home. Indica- s are that as many candidates as possible be induced to come out for the United es senate, "spontaneously," of course, and his end the postoffice department may do xceptional business for the next six weeks wo months. These letters will be mailed owell and Market streets in San Francisco will go out to urge reliable men to urge r reliable men to enter the senatorial . It will be a species of postal primary ugh which many candidates will be nomi- d, and any candidate who can make sure aving his own legislative delegation in- cted for him at the August primaries will e the purpose. If by this means Judge rks can be prevented from carrying a ma- y of the legislative districts of the state lators will come together in the same po- n as though there had been no advisory at all and the Political Bureau will know to deal with that situation. Therefore, now on, we may look for new senatorial idates to crop up almost anywhere almost day.

l Words For D. Works Our advices from the Southern end of the state indicate a fine reception on part of the people of the senatorial candi- of Judge John D. Works. One inform- closely allied to political affairs, declares he will secure the advisory vote of the e nine assembly districts of Los Angeles, it is known that San Diego, where the e once resided, and where there is a feel- of personal if not possessory interest in will be strongly for him. In Riverside Orange counties, where he is well known, e sentiment is strongly for him. In San rdino county, Redlands, Ontario and d have spoken for Works, and it is be- l that the progressive sentiment may be effective for him in old San Bernardino where "organization" methods have been gly entrenched. There is some talk in Angeles that Judge John W. McKinley, was chairman of the Santa Cruz conven- and wears the S. P. collar as jauntily as ext one, may be brought into the fight st Works. Next to Henry T. Gage Judge nley would best represent the Herrinized nt in the Republican party and his can- would make the issue so clear that no ould vote under a misapprehension as issue. That issue is as to whether the or the Southern Pacific Company is to n California. No doubt Judge Works warmly welcome Judge McKinley's en- into the contest. And yet Judge Mc- is a brilliant man. The only fault to nd with him is that he is, out and out, hern Pacific obedient servant.

nton Helping or Johnson? Stanton's candidacy for governor is confessedly an unknown quantity. nfession of Douglas White, Curry's Los s manager, that Johnson will carry Los s county, is being corroborated by many bservers in that county, some of whom t affiliated with the Lincoln-Roosevelt lican League. This paper has believed o out of every three votes cast for Stan- ton would go to Johnson if Stanton were not in the race and that it is for this reason that Stanton is in the race; but it is only fair to say that many Leaguers on the ground incline to the opinion that if Stanton were out of it his vote would be divided between Curry and Anderson. If this promises to be so we may expect Stanton to get out of the race before the primaries are held. A collapse of that boom is being looked for by many. The Los Angeles Times is booming Stanton with a fine frenzy, forgetting that upon an earlier occasion it branded him as a pin-head politician and out-and-out machine tool, but other memories are better and, at the psychological moment, the deadly parallel will do its work for Stanton and the Times. Whatever limitations Phil Stanton may have he is no chump, and he is not going to officiate as lamb at any sacrificial function if he knows himself and he generally does, not even to oblige Mr. Herrin, with whom his relations are said to be very pleasant. Something will happen as soon as Stanton finds where he is "at," and he was never found to be slow but once and that was when he went to Seattle at public expense, in September, to participate in the opening of the Alaska-Yukon exposition which took place in May. That time he was marked late.

A CLEAN SWEEP

Santa Clara Should Send Black Back Santa Clara county sent one of the best delegations to the last legislature that entered that body from any part of the state. Its two senatorial districts, the 27th and 28th, were represented by George S. Walker and Marshall Black, respectively. Both of these men made enviable records. Senator Walker is a holdover this year, and will not be in the campaign on his own behalf, but he is in active charge of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement in Santa Clara county, and will make a hot fight on behalf of Lincoln-Roosevelt candidates. Senator Black is out for re-election in his district, and he should be earnestly supported. He stood right on the test measures at the last legislature, and he introduced and fought through such bills as the initiative amendment and Stanford anti-liquor law. He is a man who should be returned to office.

Out Generaled For Just Once The performers have out-generaled the reformers on nearly every battlefield, and well they may, because they give their whole time to plotting and scheming, but in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten they appear to have been out-generaled in the manner of putting up a ticket. They were prevented following the Lincoln-Roosevelt plan because that would brand their every candidate as with a hot iron; the idea of a party convention was an absurdity and so there was nothing for it except to try the "spontaneous demand" idea, as in the case of Alden Anderson, with the result that the final "organization" ticket is likely to be about as lopsided and badly distributed as any ticket can be made. For instance, the modest city of San Bernardino has brought forward Judge Oster for the appellate bench, Walter Wagner for Secretary of State and Jeff McElvaine for member of the State Board of Equalization. If the issue were to be settled in a convention Walter Parker could say to two of these, "come off," but he can hardly do it now. His only chance to intimidate is through the tenderloin vote as stock in trade and, this time, that vote is not going to rule because as many votes will be cast at the primary as at the general election. The whole Herrin machine appears to be as wobbly as Frank Flint.

John W. Sweeney Is Senatorial Timber John W. Sweeney, the well-known labor leader, is a potential candidate for the state senate from the 20th district, which comprises the 33rd and 34th assembly districts, in San Francisco. Sweeney has stood up for reform in San Francisco under the most trying conditions, and his ideals are right. He is a progressive Republican, honest, able, and fearless. The 20th has been misrepresented long enough—T. J. Kennedy is the latest man who has done it this ill service—and Sweeney is a good man to put forward to change that condition for the better. His well-known hostility to P. H. McCarthy and the McCarthy brand of politics is an added recommendation. His candidacy should be encouraged by the Independent Republicans of his district.

Santa Clara's Assemblymen The Santa Clara county assembly districts are the 55th, 56th, and 57th. The 55th was represented by R. L. Telfer, of San Jose. Telfer is the editor of the union labor paper in San Jose, and is of the highest type of union labor man, able, clean, and progressive. His record as an assemblyman was A1, and his record as chairman of the assembly committee on contingent expenses was worthy of high praise. He is out for re-election, and should win. The 56th assembly district was represented by L. D. Bohnett, also of San Jose. Bohnett, two years before his election, had been clerk under Senator Walker on the committee on elections and election laws. Here he acquired a valuable training which, when he went to the assembly, made him one of the two most effective men on the floor. If he is re-elected, as he desires and as should be done, he will probably be chosen floor leader of the Lincoln-Roosevelt members of the assembly. His record also is high. The 57th assembly district was represented by Daniel R. Hayes, whose record was good as far as it went, but it might have gone farther if he were aggressively progressive, notably in the matters of the party circle bill and the judicial column bill. Hayes is a candidate for re-election, but is likely to be injured by the backing of the saloon element, which is for him and which is, just now, about the most unpopular thing in Santa Clara county.

Charles R Detrick, For the Assembly The man who will most likely receive the Republican nomination for assemblyman from the 57th, over Hayes, is Charles R. Detrick, of Mayfield. In 1906, Detrick was chairman of the campaign committee that shut the saloons out of Mayfield after a strenuous three-months' fight. That same year he was selected for membership on the Republican county central committee, and by that committee for membership in its executive committee. Since that time he has never missed a meeting. In 1908, when the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement was started, Detrick was elected secretary of the county central committee, and introduced the resolution that pledged the county to the League. Later Detrick became chairman of the county central committee, and managed the campaign at the last presidential

(Continued on Next Page.)

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

To The Editor of The California Weekly.

Sir: Mayor Hodghead of Berkeley has given The Weekly a cleverly written exposition of the commission plan of government based on the first few months of experience in his own city. It is of great importance that at least one California city should make a thorough trial of the plan, but its merits have not yet been demonstrated to the extent that all other cities should hasten to remodel their charters in order to put themselves under control of commissions exercising both legislative and executive functions. There is a suggestion of hysteria in the widespread enthusiasm for the new municipal idea.

Its keynote, according to Mayor Hodghead, is centralization, and centralization is no doubt what most of our municipal governments need. But does the commission plan really attain centralization?

Mayor Hodghead says all of the city appointments are made by the commission, or council, of which the mayor is merely a member with a few more functions than the other councilmen. Now, appointment has long been regarded as an executive function, to be performed by one man, whether president, governor or mayor, and both history and reason teach that the making of appointments by a many-headed legislative body is one of the worst principles which can be introduced into government. It divides and dissipates responsibility; it invites jobbery, because in a majority of cases the commission, or council, or school board will divide the appointments among its members in equal proportion, permitting each one to name his share of the appointees. The history of almost any city school board which appoints teachers will illustrate this.

So, in one important respect, the Berkeley charter is against centralization and a reversion to an out-worn political method. But Mayor Hodghead says the five men constituting the Berkeley council sit down together, discuss in harmony and reach decisions which represent the joint judgment of all of them. That is a fortunate state of affairs, which will probably last until the next election, when two new members will be elected and will be found to have different ideas, if not a different bias, from their hold-over associates.

By all means, let the Berkeley plan be tried, and let other cities watch the trial; but in the end it will probably be found that the tendency of the Berkeley plan is away from centralization instead of toward it.

D. E. E.

Los Angeles, March 27, 1910.

We are inclined to the opinion that our correspondent's point is well taken and that the Berkeley charter would have been better if it had vested the appointing power in the mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the trustees, it may be. As long as the government of Berkeley remains in the hands of its first-class citizens little difficulty may be experienced on account of this distribution of the appointive power, but when politics enters the city hall door, as it is certain to do, sooner or later, it will be a miracle if the uncentralized power of appointment does not develop a division of the spoils of victory and lead to a foreknowledge on the part of those inside as to which councilman, when elected, is to be assigned to which place. When that comes to be foreknown special interests will begin to prick up their ears with the idea that there is something doing at Berkeley. The Berkeley charter is good. In this particular it could have been made better.

Editor California Weekly.

Your Deeper Significance of Living for March 4th is worth a year's subscription to me. Your publication is one of force. Good luck to you and it.

IDA RAYNOR SPENCER.

Oakland, Cal.

People generally do not like to be preached to, and our Deeper Significance has been objected to on the ground that it is preaching. Sometimes it turns out to be so, but the writer of it tries to avoid just that thing, and yet there are facts in everyday experience that preach in spite of themselves and it were well if they somehow got into the inner consciousnesses of men. Stones have been known to have sermons in them. To many our Deeper Significance of Living means little, but there are those who assure us that they turn to it first of all. Anyhow, such words of commendation as those above make one feel that the little column may be well worth while.

The California Weekly, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:—Let the good work go on. I would not do without your weekly visits to my study table.

Very gratefully yours,

W. E. ECKLES,
Pastor Congregational Church, Loomis, Cal.

The paper that helps to keep the pastor of a church in touch with the world as it is helps him in his pastorate, and when that paper is also striving to uphold high standards of public institutions it becomes an ally of the pastor in the work to which he has given his l Press and pulpit should co-operate more th they do. The California Weekly is ready willing to do its part, and if pastors will t the trouble to commend the paper to th parishioners they will be doing theirs

California Weekly, San Francisco.

Have just received your notice that my subscrip is out, and I am glad of it, for I can show my ap ciation of the Weekly by promptly renewing. I inc check herewith, wishing you the most unbounded p perity. Sincerely yours,

CHAS. BURCKHALTE
Oakland, Cal.

It is not often that a subscriber is anxi to have his subscription to a paper fall that he may show his appreciation of it b prompt renewal. Generally the year r around all too soon. We find much encoura ment in that little comment.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen: I beg to acknowledge your notice my subscription has expired, and take great pleasur sending you the inclosed check for $2.50 for renel which is to include La Follette's Weekly, which I t is correct.

I cordially agree with all the complimentary th your friends are saying, and curiously enough I h not found a single enemy of the thing you stand fo offer any adverse criticism, and I have added a fe these to your subscription list.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BURI

We hope to command the respect of th whose policies we oppose as well as of th whose cause we champion. On debatable sues our purpose is to be dispassionate, between honesty and lying, integrity and thi free government and government by through great selfish interests, there is room for two opinions. On such issues these we neither give nor take quarter.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir:—The missing copies of the 4th and h received, for which I tender thanks.

When your readers cannot content themselves h missing a single number of The California We and rave when they miss two, it should be good dence that the Weekly is highly appreciated. I g may you live to continue the good work.

Yours sincerely,

G. E. KENNED
Livermore, Cal., Mar. 16, 1910.

We make every effort to see to it that e subscriber's paper gets into the mail, but w a failure brings a letter like the foregoing gret for the slip between the press and the s scriber is much mitigated. Such incide cheer us on our way and give us the assura that The California Weekly is taking h When it was started there was no certain surance that there would be a field for y such paper. Now we know that there is it can be cultivated thoroughly enough, a fi that will yield an increasing harvest the lon it is tilled.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued.)

election, carrying every county office for Republican candidates for the first time in history. Detrick has also had a training legislative work that is really better than m bership in the legislature itself. This was assistant journal clerk of the assembly in 07 and as journal clerk of the senate last yr. positions in which a man can keep in clo touch with all the activities of the legisla than a busy legislator can. And there is doubt of Detrick's political ideals. There not a cleaner man in politics in California day. He is a thoroughly progressive Re lican, and would make an ideal member of assembly, where he could always be coun on to know the right side of things and to stand on it to the last gun.

Harmony in the Thirty-ninth The thirty-ninth assembly district, in San Franc has an Independent R publican club that usually carries the dis elections. That club has an unwritten mo which says, in substance, "Fight as muc you please in this club, but present a uni front at election day." Once again the mo has been justified. E. J. Callan, who re sented the district in the assembly at the s legislature—and made one of the best rec in it—is a candidate for state senator fr the twenty-second senatorial district, wh

(Concluded on Page 303.)

NEEDED CHANGES IN THE CHARTER

NOW UNDER DISCUSSION IN THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION AND ELSEWHERE IN SAN FRANCISCO

By ALLEN G. WRIGHT

One of the very important amendments cessary to the charter is that providing for -year local street assessment bonds. This endment has the support of the Merchants' sociation, and is to be actively urged by it adoption at the election next fall.

In brief outline this amendment provides t assessments for street improvements, eet openings and street grading on change grade, may be paid in installments running er a term of years at the option of the owner the property assessed, when the supervisors provide. The amendment in the main fol- vs the state laws providing for such bonds represent street assessments, but as the te law has no application to San Francisco, is necessary to amend the charter to give e people of San Francisco the benefit of such scheme. The bonds cannot run for more n ten years nor bear interest in excess of per cent. per annum. An effort has been de to make the bonds saleable by requiring e property owner who desires bonds to issue ainst his assessment to waive in writing any jection growing out of technicalities or egularities in the proceedings leading up to bond issue and to agree that the bonds ued shall constitute a valid lien upon his perty. The desirability of such an amend- nt must be apparent. The cost of street sessments is often so high as either to be hibitive or put a great burden on the small perty owner. And yet the small property ner needs and desires street improvements much as his wealthier and more fortunate ghbor. In the outlying districts the cost street improvements alone has doubtless od in the way of many improvements that erwise would have been made. This endment dividing the street assessments o a number of annual installments and thus eading out the cost over a term of years l make possible many improvements now ond the reach of small property owners. d instead of opposing street work, under s amendment, it is confidently believed that eet improvements will be stimulated and couraged by the property owners them- ves. They will be glad to add to the value their property and the convenience of its so long as a way is provided enabling m to meet the cost on the installment plan. ave not space to give the details of this endment, which will occupy eighteen pages the charter. The complete text of this endment with a full synopsis has been pre- ed in pamphlet form by the Merchants' sociation and any one desiring a copy will gladly furnished with one at the office of association.

Tunnel Construction By Assessment.

Perhaps one of the most important steps t can be taken for the advancement and im- vement of San Francisco, is the construc- of tunnels under some of our hills. With m, the various districts now populated or ilable for population can be connected with heart of the city over lines that will be ct and afford facilities for rapid transit. cost of these tunnels cannot be met from annual revenues of the city. They must raised, therefore, either by bond issues or assessments levied upon the property bene- l by the tunnel construction. In some cts of the case tunnel construction would ear to be of so much value to the city as a le that the more equitable way to defray costs would seem to be by a bond issue, ch taxes all property in the city. On the r hand, however, tunnel construction in ain sections might be regarded by the peo- of other sections of the city as of more icularly local than general benefit. How- shortsighted such a view might be it ld probably be reflected in the election re- s on any bond election for the construc- of such a tunnel. And then, too, there is e merit in the contention that tunnel con- ction does benefit the property immedi- ately adjacent in greater proportion than benefits are derived to property more remote. So that from the practical point of view as well as from the point of view of economic justice as it will operate in certain cases, some procedure should exist whereby the cost of such tunnels can be raised by assessing the property therefor which is benefited thereby, just as property is now assessed for street work on unaccepted streets. The assessment district in the case of tunnel construction of course would be much larger than in the case of ordinary street improvements. After a careful study of the charter it would appear that the cost of tunnel construction cannot be raised by assessments levied upon property. I understand that an attorney in this city by an ingenious construction which he gives to certain sections of the charter providing for an assessment district upon the change of the official grades of streets, has reached the conclusion that even as the charter now reads the cost of tunnel construction can be raised by the assessment plan—and he may be right. But in a matter so important to the welfare and development of the city as the construction of tunnels, all proper ways of accomplishment should be freed of obstacles in advance. And it is the intention of the Merchants' Association to prepare a charter amendment (which need consist of only a few brief lines) that will definitely dispel any doubt as to the power of the city to construct tunnels and defray the cost out of assessments on the real property benefited. Such an amendment, if adopted this fall, could be ratified by the legislature next January, so that by this time next year the work of tunnel construction could be started on any plan that might seem best.

Special Tax for Garbage Disposal

For the purpose of limiting the tax rate our charter contains a provision limiting the taxes that can be assessed for city and county purposes to one dollar for every one hundred dollars of assessed valuation. But this limitation has a string to it. Taxes in excess of one dollar can be levied to pay the interest and maintain the sinking funds of the city's bonded indebtedness and to a limited amount to pay the cost of maintaining and improving the parks, squares, and public grounds of the city. And in case of great necessity or emergency the board of supervisors by a unanimous vote and with the approval of the mayor may suspend the dollar limit to provide for such necessity or emergency. It is now proposed to add another string to the dollar limit, allowing an additional tax of a few cents upon each hundred dollars of assessed valuation, to provide for the maintenance and improvement of garbage incinerators and the collection and disposal of all garbage and refuse at the city's expense. The percentage remains to be determined by estimates to be made. Such a tax ought not to be objected to, as it will relieve the property owner from paying, as he now does, for the removal of his garbage. Under the plan of garbage removal now in operation, the garbage man removes garbage from the property of the householder at a fixed charge, and is supposed to deliver it to the garbage incinerator for destruction. But as he has to pay for this destruction, it is money in his pocket for him to dump his collection of disease spreading refuse on vacant lots, especially when the owners pay him for the service, as they sometimes do where land is to be filled in. The only way to prevent such an unhealthful disposition of garbage is for the city to collect and destroy the garbage itself, and instead of charging a householder for the service, it is thought best that the city pay the cost out of funds derived from a special tax that will be devoted exclusively to such a purpose. The advantage of a special tax is that it can only be used for the specific purpose, and so funds for that purpose will always be available. The necessity of making this special tax an addition to the dollar limit is due to the fact that the general taxes raised under the dollar limit are no more than are necessary to meet the general existing expenses of the city government. And the value of removing garbage at the city's expense is that all garbage will then be destroyed and there will be no inducement to the householder to economize on the amount of garbage he delivers up for removal.

Increase of Police Force

The charter now limits the police force to one for every five hundred inhabitants. The present force consists of seven hundred and forty-eight men, which is the limit on the basis of a population of three hundred and seventy-four thousand. It is clear that our police force has not reached the limit which the charter permits, but it is probably not so very far from it. If our city were congested into a small space, one police officer for every five hundred population might be sufficient. But our city is spread out over a broad field. The result is that the regular beat of many a police officer covers a territory that it is impossible for one man to patrol properly. And in this connection in estimating the police force necessary it must be taken into consideration that each officer is entitled to some part of each day for meals, for rest and for recreation. If the charter be amended by allowing the police force to be increased to one officer for each four hundred and fifty population this would permit the increasing of the force to one thousand men on the basis of a population of four hundred and fifty thousand. These figures, of course, are only tentative and on a more careful and thorough investigation may have to be revised. But the necessity of the increase of our police force remains, if such outbreaks of crime and lawlessness are to be suppressed, as, particularly in the form of highway robbery and accompanying assault. have so recently disgraced our city. And to the increase of the police force to a point of efficiency, an amendment of the charter along the lines suggested is doubtless necessary.

Uniform System of Public Accounts

Another amendment to the charter which must bear fruitful results is one requiring all the officers of the city and county government to keep their books upon a uniform or some system of accounting, so that intelligent comparisons can be made of the fiscal conditions of the various departments. The details of such an amendment, and indeed its general outline, is one which our friends, the public accountants, are best qualified to supply, and I understand that some of our best-known public accountants have been requested by the Merchants' Association to prepare such amendments as may be necessary.

So far, I imagine, the suggestions made are not likely to develop any decided opposition or adverse criticism. But the further suggestions which are to be offered to you, while not new in the sense that they have never been tried anywhere, may at first, at least to the more conservative, appear radical. Perhaps here or there a detail may be objectionable or seem inadvisable or susceptible of improvement, but in the main the suggestions may contain a principle for the solution of some of our difficulties. If there is any merit in the principle the detail of its application can be modified as may seem best.

Factors Affecting City Government

We are probably all aware that throughout America our municipal governments are, if not yet a failure, at least usually inefficient, often incompetent, and frequently dishonest, and this without regard to the political party in control. And perhaps some of the causes may be found in these three factors:

First: The practice of having too many elective officers:

Second: The framework of the city government itself, which is on political instead of business lines; and

Third: The relation between the city gov-

ernment and public service corporations, with the attendant friction.

Will the elimination of these factors or any of them in any way relieve the situation?

Reduction in Number of Elective Officers

At the last municipal election we elected a mayor, 18 supervisors, an auditor, a treasurer, a tax collector, a coroner, a recorder, a city attorney, a district attorney, a public administrator, a county clerk, a sheriff, and two police court judges, or 31 officials in all. Multiply this number by the number of parties in the field, and have you any right to expect intelligent selection? The cause of wonder is rather that sometimes the system works as well as it does. Suppose, instead, that we had a mayor elected every four years, a board of supervisors reduced to six members, two of whom were elected every two years, but holding office for six years, and so classified that only one-third of the board changed every two years, and a district attorney and a city attorney elected every four years whose terms of office, however, did not coincide with that of the mayor; and that the other officers now elected were appointed by the mayor with the consent of four out of the six supervisors. Then as now we should have a municipal election every two years, but at one election we should elect a mayor and two supervisors, and at the folloing election a district attorney, a city attorney and two supervisors. Instead of 31 candidates to be selected at the primaries and at the following election, we should have three and at most four names to select. The other officers now elected could be appointed for four-year terms, but originally so classified that one-half would have their terms expiring every second year. The principal officers of the city government, the mayor, the supervisors, the district attorney and the city attorney would still be elected by the people. The other officers who would be appointed are, with the exception of the police court judges, purely administrative officers. Such a plan, commonly called the short ballot, would eliminate the first factor referred to, the presence on the municipal ballot of too many elective officers. So far as a six-year term for the supervisors is concerned, it would require an amendment of the section of the constitution, which limits the term of all officers to four years where the constitution does not otherwise provide. The 1906 amendment of this section of the constitution is hardly broad enough to cover the plan proposed.

Supervisors to Give Entire Time to the City

To meet the second factor and put the government on a business basis, the charter might be amended by requiring the supervisors to devote their entire time to the city, and by obliging them to supervise the various departments of the city government in an active and thorough manner, and by increasing their compensation for this increased service, raising their salaries from one hundred dollars to at least five hundred dollars per month. The increase in cost over our present system would be only $1,200 per month. The board of supervisors by reason of their control of the purse strings and the appropriations can prove themselves valuable and efficient guardians of the various departments of the city government, and given the time for investigation they would be in possession of the necessary knowledge. It is too much to expect a man's entire time in the city's service on a salary of one hundred dollars per month. Furthermore, the management of the city's affairs is more a matter of business than of legislation and a small board would be more effective than a large one.

Non-Partisan Elections; Direct Nominations

Two further steps which might be taken that would tend to eliminate partisan politics from the city government would be to provide for non-partisan elections and for what is termed the direct nomination plan. The authority to do this in a city charter is conferred by the state constitution, which expressly permits a charter for a consolidated city and county government to provide for the manner in which and the times at which the county officers shall be elected or appointed, and of course properly permits the charter to provide along the same lines with reference to what might be called strictly municipal officers. In providing for non-partisan elections the rule could be laid down that neither at a primary election nor at a general municipal election following, could the name of any candidate for office be tagged with a party designation. This would be a very important step of progress. The difference between the policies of national parties has nothing to do with municipal affairs, save and except as through patronage opportunities are afforded for building up a political machine. And as the hope of municipal government lies in the development of a spirit of efficiency in its public service which is necessarily and thoroughly incompatible with the principle of political patronage, the divorce between national parties and municipal elections must be complete.

The direct nomination plan is worked out as follows: at the primary election names of candidates for various offices are presented on the primary election ballot provided nomination petitions nominating the candidate have been signed by a certain number or percentage of the registered voters. Under each office on the primary ballot would appear the names of the candidates for that office. In case there is but one person to be elected to the office, the candidate receiving a majority of the votes cast for all the candidates for that office would be declared elected. In case there are two or more persons to be elected to an office, as that of the supervisors, then those candidates equal in number to the number to be elected who received the highest number of votes for such office would be declared elected. It is usual to provide, however, that no person shall be declared elected to any office at the first election unless he has received more than one-half the number of ballots cast at the election. In the event that at the first election, the election is not complete, then a second election is held to fill the offices not disposed of at the first election. The plan is that at the second election there be only two candidates for an office, and the two candidates are those who received the highest votes at the first election. Thus in San Francisco if we were electing only two supervisors and no one received one-half of the vote at the first election, the four candidates receiving the highest votes at the first

(Continued on Page 302.)

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SEVEN A WEEK

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

ARY opened the mail for the great firm of Burkes & Cameron, dealers in drug-gists' sundries. Mary sat all day in a made of wire netting and roofed with the material, locked in with a door and a lock, and opened the leathern sacks of S. Mail" that were brought to her hourly he office boys. Rapidly she sorted the per-l mail from the general, swiftly she ripped the letters, and deftly she extracted the ks, bills, orders, currency and complaints, ng them into baskets for the cashier and department heads and "the firm." Over-, even on the brightest days, glowed the ed yellow electric lights, for Mary's cage in the center of the second floor of Burkes ameron's eight-story building, and little gh light ever penetrated so far in from dway. Mary's eyes were shaded by a of cardboard bound around her temples thread. Mary's sleeves were protected by vable calico "cuffs." Mary's once full and cheeks were getting a bit hollowed out ather pale from several years' work under unlively incandescent globes. Mary's was still as well moulded as ever, and ace retained its interest. It never was y, but it still was charming—in spite loss of color and the deepening shadows the eyes.

ry worked from half-past eight in the ing until six at night. She had two as-its, one a cherubic little Irish girl who never lost her convent manner of lete and submissive innocence, the other her "fresh" and very callow youth who his job to his father's acquaintance with nber of "the firm." This young man had some of his guileful arts, which he d at midnight revels in forbidden cafes he was told he was "real devilish," on the young ladies with whom he worked. blandishments had rebounded from the cherub in the dazed incomprehension and ty of ignorant innocence, and from Mary one fiery tongue lashing that he never and that taught him some new ideas his own peculiar charms.

Mary was responsible for the work of he cherub and the youth. Every day a of money flowed through her nimble , thousands of dollars of real money, paid the salaries of five hundred em-s and the rather liberal dividends which rm" complacently declared every three s. Mary had often thought of things ven one hour's toll of that mail would No wonder she should, for Mary lived in bedroom, six feet by ten, an hour's walk he office, and Mary received for her skil-l faithful handling of these great sums ney a weekly pay envelope containing e-dollar bill and one two-dollar bill. seven dollars a week does not go very New York, as anyone who has ever tried ws. Mary spent five of it on the hall m and two meals in her cheap boarding and out of the other two dollars she those simple dresses and very plain, shoes and more than plain hats with she covered her person and, on occa-f violent extravagance, a ribbon or two n that person withal. We forgot to that she also bought her luncheons the two dollars.

reader may guess that Mary's trips to Island were few and her visits to the fewer. And that Mary did most of her shing—the landlady kindly lent her the tubs in the basement—after she had the two miles and something over vening from the office to save carfare. ary was entitled to her golden dreams hings that one hour's toll of the mail uy. The Irish cherub was one of a n moderate circumstances, and she so she could buy the pleasures that rcumstances would have denied. The outh got a monthly check from "the ." and daily regaled the cage with tales musical comedy stars he had seen the fore, and the "peaches" that hung in rus. Hence some, at least, of Mary's reams, for she had neither family nor n," and she grimly resolved to stay and wait for——

was the real glory of the dream. Mary mance. To be sure, he was a drygoods clerk in Harlem, and he had yet to reach the height or salary of a floor walker, but he was a real, live man, and he had whispered in Mary's ears the olden story that lifted seven dollars a week and the straight and narrow path into a first-class fare on the railroad to the land of dreams. The coveted station at the end of the line seemed in sight, too, for the next promotion of the drygoods clerk would make him able to ask Mary to set the day, and distressing symptoms of tuberculosis in the department head above him seemed to promise that promotion soon.

But this morning a cloud obscured the dream. An office boy handed Mary a memorandum from the head of the firm, signed with the magic initials, E. F. B., which read:

"Please see me at 10:30 this morning in my office."

"That means the carpet for you," grinned the callow youth, as Mary read the note half aloud.

"Carpet nothing!" rejoined Mary, but her heart beat faster at the thought of facing the "big chief" in his private office, whither clerks like herself were rarely summoned except to explain some dereliction of duty. She had no idea of the meaning of this call for her appearance, and she nervously watched the clock as the moment appointed drew near. At 10:25 she slipped down to Mr. Burkes' secretary and asked if she was to be admitted.

"Yes," he replied, and she noticed he looked at her with an odd expression. "You're to go right in, and he'll be in in a minute."

Mary entered the door to the private office, which he held open, and her heart sunk as it closed behind her and left her alone in its quiet luxuriousness. The heavy mahogany furniture, the choice pictures on the walls, the thick rugs deadening the sound of footsteps and the double windows shutting out the roar of the street, put upon her the spell of their suggestion of power and aloofness. She was afraid to sit down, so she stood uncomfortably in the center of the room, waiting for the head of the house.

A moment later the door from the private office of the treasurer, adjoining the president's, was opened, and the senior member of the firm entered, followed by his four associate members, all with faces very grave. Each in turn nodded mechanically to Mary. The president strode behind his desk, faced her and said, "Be seated." Mary found a chair and sank into it, only to straighten up instantly and slide forward to the edge of the seat, where she sat bolt upright. Mr. Burkes frowned as he drew from the top drawer of his desk a pile of opened letters and ran his eye over them.

"Miss Martin," he said slowly, "we have been receiving an extraordinary number of complaints lately. Perhaps you had noticed it."

"No, sir; I hadn't, but then I never pay any attention to the letters except to see what file they belong in."

"Well, we have," continued the president. "We have, and we have noticed a painful sameness in the character of the complaints. Please run your eyes over a few of these and you will see what I mean."

Mary stepped forward and took the letters from the president's hand and returned to her seat on the edge of the chair. She felt five pairs of critical eyes upon her, and her hands trembled as she turned from sheet to sheet of the papers. As she read, the consciousness of a horrible suspicion sent her cheeks first blazing red, then cold and white as marble. Every letter was to the same effect, a bitter protest against the receipt of dunning bill- for small amounts and sarcastic comments on the cashier's system of keeping track of money received in currency for small items of sundries. The tears blinded Mary's eyes as she handed back the letters, and her voice was unsteady as she said:

"They are all alike, but I can't understand what has happened that their money should be missing."

The five pairs of eyes glittered more intently upon her. The president spoke.

"We hoped, Miss Martin, that you did not understand, but we have checked up all these cases and the letters containing those sums of currency never came out of the mail cage."

The suspicion became a horrible interrogation, and with such suddenness that it stunned her. She gasped for an instant, and then, by a mighty effort of will, she drove back the tears and steadied her voice, though it sounded strangely dry and harsh and distant to her own ears. She rose from the chair and clung to the back of it with her right hand as she spoke:

"You think I took that money, do you? Took it during the last four months? Me! Oh! How could you!"

The "Oh!" burst from her lips in a guttural cry of scorn and despairing indignation. Her manner changed suddenly. She laughed harshly.

"Me! You, who sit at ease in upholstered chairs and ride home at night in automobiles and spend the evening at the opera, you think I, on my seven dollars a week, in my hall bedroom, have been stealing picayune two-dollar bills from your mail. Ha! ha! Look, you, look at those shoes—clogs, rather. Do you suppose I'd be wearing those if I had any of your money to buy better with. Look at the dress, three years old, and the patches under the elbows. Would I buy patches if I had your money?

"Money? Look at me. I'm not such a bad figure, I'm not so old. Do you think I'm blind that I don't see girls older and uglier, that get no more salary than you gentlemen pay me, who wear silks and fine stockings and patent leather shoes? Do you suppose I don't know what they sell to buy those things? Do you think I haven't had chances to do what they do? Do you suppose I'd live in a hall bedroom and walk to it two miles every night if I was the sort that wanted money bad enough to get it by bad ways?

"You gentlemen are fools. Excuse me, but it's true. You know about as much about human nature as a donkey at pasture. It's easy for you to throw this suspicion on me, who handle your thousands for seven dollars a week—seven dollars a week in New York, God of mercy, it's a wonder I haven't taken some, more than you have lost.

"But you look here. I didn't take it, not a cent of it, nor I don't know who did. You find that out, that's your business. And meantime you put a detective on me, have him follow me every hour of the day. Only you're going to leave me at my job and you're going to find out who took that money, and then you're going to apologize to me and my seven dollars a week, and then—and then, I'm going to let you find somebody to take my job and my princely salary, but not till then. I don't get out under fire."

The president had risen and strove to interrupt her, but she had hurtled on to the end of her speech. When she had finished she turned to go. The treasurer sat nearest the door. He rose to intercept her. She looked at him with a light in her eyes he had once seen at home, and spoke swiftly:

"Open that door, sir!"

He opened it and bowed as she passed out. Mary fled to the dressing room, from which she emerged an hour later with red eyes and a flushed face, but a mouth drawn in grimly straight lines. The callow youth tried some chaffing that was quickly suppressed, and the cherub some consolation that Mary endured in stony silence.

"Of course," the president said, "we'll have to call in the postal inspectors. I thought she'd confess, but they will get the evidence, all right. They're very efficient."

Walking home to her boarding house that night Mary felt subconsciously the presence

near behind her of a shadowy figure. When she turned out the gas, after a supperless evening spent in her room, she raised the window blind at the foot of her bed, and made out a snow-covered man standing like a statue on the curb of the opposite walk. She lay down and tossed till past midnight, and dreamed nightmares till the gray of the morning.

For three months she stolidly went to her work. There was no comment at the office, no more interviews. She was silent now at her desk, the mouth drawn as grimly as ever. The youth was subdued and the cherub was frightened and quiet.

One morning Mary opened the cage and found only the cherub within it. At ten o'clock the callow youth was still absent. At eleven an office boy handed Mary a note, signed E. F. B. It ordered her to report at his office at once. Mary obeyed, with a heart full of bitterness. The president's secretary opened the door, with a look even odder, and Mary faced the same five pairs of eyes, and three other pairs. Two men in officers' uniforms stood at the sides of a chair, in which sat the callow youth, the debonnair smile gone from his lips and the gleam from his eyes. The president spoke:

"Miss Martin, I have sent for you to make my apologies in the presence of these gentlemen. I have here on my desk the report of the Pinkerton bureau, whose agent has been shadowing you for three months. It completely exonerates you. These men here are postal inspectors. Their report is the same. They have, however, a different report on this young gentleman, who has shamefully abused my confidence and the honor of his family. They have absolute proof of his guilt, through marked money just found on his person. He has confessed to embezzlements extending over a year. As I said, I wish to apologize to you, and to praise your fidelity, and to beg you to reconsider your threat to leave our employ. I should feel that we had lost a most valuable service if you should leave us."

Mary's eyes burned, and she paused to control her emotions. Then she spoke, slowly and in a low tone.

"I accept your apology, sir. And I shall stay with the firm, because—because, sir, I must."

The president spoke heartily:

"That's good. And I have instructed the cashier to make a change in the weekly envelope, Miss Martin—just to show our appreciation of faithful service."

"Thank you," murmured Mary, and slipped quickly from the room. Again she fled to the dressing room, and there, for the tenth time since she had received it, she read a note that the morning's mail had brought her.

"My Dear Miss Martin: I feel that your persistent refusal to take me into your confidence during the past three months is an indication that your regard for me is not what I had supposed, and I therefore return to you, under separate cover, a package of letters, and wish you to release me from a relation which has evidently become burdensome to you.

"Yours very truly,

"ALFRED HOYT."

That night—it was Saturday—Mary walked home more slowly than usual. She had mechanically opened the envelope that the cashier had handed her, and thrust the money, uncounted, into her purse. On the street she had bethought her to count it. The familiar five-dollar bill, the familiar two-dollar bill, and —a one-dollar bill.

She replaced them in her purse, and trudged on. The cafes were lighted, the street lamps and the store fronts glowed. A restaurant door opened, and the sounds of music from a stringed orchestra, and the laughter of the diners, floated out pleasantly to her ears. The glimpse of women in costly gowns and mountainous hats, of the wealth of color and the sparkle of glass, gleamed on her eyes. A strange man passed her, turned and lifted his opera hat:

"Why, good evening. Isn't this Miss—Miss —oh, Miss Anything will do, won't it?"

Mary looked at him and a sudden surge of emotion swept over her. He was not evil-looking, there was indeed a touch of boyish good humor and frankness in his face, he was handsome and well groomed. Her hand went out to his and she smiled as one dazed. Her voice sounded strange and far away as she answered:

"Good evening, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Oh, Mr. Someone's enough. Will you take my arm? Here's a carriage."

"Why, yes, thank you, I—I—Oh!" and Mary's hand fell at her side, and she turned and ran through the snow and was lost in the hurrying crowd.

"That's odd," commented the man, and he turned again to the driver. "Never mind, I made a mistake," he said, and slipped him a quarter.

Mary, alone on the bed in her room, sobbed through the sleepless night. At his club, the president of Burkes & Cameron told of the day with a touch of compassion.

"But I squared it for the girl the only way we could. I gave her a very substantial increase in salary."

Which he raised to nine dollars a week two years after.

("Charter Changes"—Continued.)

election would be candidates for the two supervisorships at the second election.

This is the plan at present in force in Berkeley, and a plan somewhat similar is in use at Richmond. Los Angeles and Alameda have provisions in their charters providing for non-partisan elections by prohibiting all party designations on election ballots. The advantage of the direct nomination plan is that frequently the entire election would be concluded at the first or primary election, and no necessity would exist for holding the second election. Furthermore, this is but a logical development of the principle of direct primary. If the direct primary is to be a success at all and given a proper test, every encouragement and inducement must be offered to get out a large and representative vote at the primaries. Any plan is desirable therefore which, like that providing for direct nominations, makes it a matter of inducement to the voter to come out and vote at the first election. And the inducement is that the first election may settle the whole question and relieve him from the necessity of voting again that year.

Department of Health Out of Politics

If there is any department of the city government which ought to be freed from politics and the evils of political patronage, it is the department of public health. It has therefore been suggested that the present charter provisions on the subject be repealed and that the entire health affairs of the city, including the management and control of the city and county hospitals, almshouses, ambulance service, municipal hospitals and receiving hospitals be vested in a board of say eight members chosen, one each by such organization in the city as, for example:

1—Associated Charities.
2—The Archbishop of the Diocese of S. F.
3—The Hebrew Benevolent Society.
4—The Labor Council.
5—The Building Trades Council.
6—The Merchants' Association.
7—The Commonwealth Club.
8—The California Club.

Should any of these organizations fail to act the vacancy can be filled by appointment by the board of supervisors.

The board so organized shall so classify themselves that three go out of office at the end of six years, two at the end of seven years, and three at the end of eight years. All vacancies on the board are to be filled by the board itself, whether the vacancy occurs by death, resignation, expiration of term of office or other cause. The members of the board shall serve without compensation and must be residents of the city. The only restriction upon the filling of vacancies is that at no time shall there be upon the board more than two members whose consecutive service exceeds eight years. Thus while the board is a self-perpetuating body, its personnel must slowly change. If this be thought too extreme, an alternative is suggested which would leave the present board of health constituted as it is now, and remove from its jurisdiction only the management and control of the city and county hospital, almshouse, ambulance service, municipal hospitals and receiving hospitals, and vest the management of these institutions in a department of hospitals to be governed by a board selected in the manner and perpetuating itself after the fashion already outlin In behalf of these changes in the charter le California Club did good service in the l of 1907, but the opposition developed to le plan in the board of supervisors at that ti seemed to proceed on the theory that s form of appointment by designated organ tions was contrary to our spirit of gove ment, though the utmost confidence was pressed in the organizations designated r the exercise of the original power of appo ment. The objection that the power of b pointment is contrary to our law is dispo of by our supreme court in a recent de where the court sustained an act providing r a state board of examiners whose mem rs should be selected by designated medical p cieties and vested with the power to exam applicants and issue certificates of autho y to practice medicine. To vest in such a bod the power to regulate and control the rht to follow a special calling is to give to e board a fair share of the sovereign powe of the state. And yet the supreme court b a unanimous decision after a hearing in bk (Ex parte Gerino, 143 Cal. 412) approved e manner of the appointment of the board ve d with such important powers. These propo d changes in the charter affecting the dept ment of public health are therefore not ca to the objections urged by the supervisor in 1907 and are worthy of your careful consi r ation.

Rate Fixing of Public Service Corporations

To eliminate the third factor and rem e the friction between the city government nd the public service corporations presents a me difficult problem in whose solution a more ar ried programme must be offered. The sug s tions offered, like many of the others, are ly tentative, and made with the idea of start a line of thought that may perhaps bring b e ficial results.

The necessity of regulating and contro g public service corporations is too apparen to admit of discussion. And as one of the 'st ures of control, the regulation of rates is he one that gives rise to the greatest friction, nd for very good reason. If the corporations re inclined to overreach themselves on one ne, the people on the other side are almos as greedy. And if the solution of such a stri is left to a board of officers, elected for sh t terms, poorly compensated, not properly e ipped with the means of making that fair, m perate and intelligent investigation of fact ce essary to an impartial decision, and frequ tly pledged and improperly prejudiced in adv ce by party platforms or pre-election pro ses to a definite and maybe confiscatory rate, h can we expect anything but friction? Wha would we think of the election of a judge ho was pledged in advance to decide a case in a pre-determined way, then pending before the court whose judicial robes the candidate as pired to wear. If the American spirit of fair play has not been entirely swamped, we will not tolerate a judicial election on such a ba And yet the determination of the rates t a public service corporation may charge is a judicial function, involving as it does a car ul investigation of facts, the weighing of evide ce and the rendition of a decision supposed to be fair, impartial and free from bias or prejudice. This is no task for a local board of supervisors. They never have the time and seld have the temperament for such a function. The rate fixing power should be taken from the supervisors. Such a function vested in a local tribunal, primarily organized for tal different and almost inconsistent function has not proved a success in any municipality. The rates fixed are either too low and are then followed by long and tedious litigation whi is a source of heavy expense and serious an noyance to both city and company, or the are too high, in which case the company unjus profits and the city undeservedly suffers. The happy mean seems impossible of accomplishment in a board lacking time, facilities temperament for a judicial investigation.

But the rates must be fixed. Otherwise public service corporations will be tempted charge rates that will yield interest on th has been rather happily termed capitaliz hope.

Public Service Commission

One solution of this vexing questio

adopted with apparent success in New
by the establishment of the public ser-
commissions. For the purpose of this law
tate is divided into two districts, the first
racing the boroughs of Manhattan, Kings,
ns and Richmond, and the second all the
counties of the state. The jurisdiction
ach commission extends over railroads,
t railroads, common carriers and compa-
manufacturing, selling or distributing gas
lectricity for lighting, heating or power
oses. Water companies are probably
ted because water supply in New York is
tter of municipal ownership in that state
r as it is an important matter. The pow-
re those of general regulation and con-
including an authority over rates. The
ss of such a plan depends entirely upon
ersonnel of the commission. Subject to
ver of removal in proper cases, the com-
oners should hold office for comparatively
terms, the individuals going out of office
fferent times so that the state might have
benefit of their accumulated experience,
the commissioners should rather be ap-
ed than elected. An officer with such
rs is useful only if he have the proper
ical skill and ability, and should be se-
d more with the idea of the service he may
r the state than with the view of con-
ng a good salary upon some popular fa-
e. The establishment of such a commis-
could only be provided after an amend-
to the constitution, and an appropriate
itutional amendment could be presented
e legislature convening next January.
amendment would come before the peo-
f the state for their ratification in the
lection of 1912. And the appointment of
a commission could immediately follow
orable vote of the people. But the suc-
of such a plan will always depend upon
ersonnel of the commission.

Automatic Rate Fixing

escape the personal equation, if that be
ht proper, another plan is suggested.
as this, too, will require an amendment
constitution, the plan will only be out-
in brief. Let a maximum rate per unit
vice be established in the charter. With-
is limit permit the company to fix its
rate, but as a check on this require the
ıny to pay the city a fixed percentage of
come arranged on a sliding scale, that
vering the percentage to be paid to the
s the company lowers its rate to the
mer per unit of service. If the fixed per-
ge that the company is to pay is based
gross annual income, there is an ad-
ge in that the gross income can always
ily determined. If the fixed percentage
ıe company is to pay is based on its net
e, it may be a matter of considerable
lty to arrive at the net income properly.
atter plan in its general outlines, how-
s the one now in use between Boston
s gas company. If the charter defined
anner in which net income was to be
ined somewhat after the manner in
the federal corporation tax law deter-
it, a practical solution might be reached.
deral corporation tax law in this regard,
er, is far from perfect, but that merely
s a matter of detail, which with care-
dy might be satisfactorily worked out.

se of Plant at Expiration of Franchise

public service corporations as have
ses that run for limited periods are apt
w their plants to depreciate to the detri-
f the public service as the time draws
r the expiration of their franchises. But
it natural that public service corpora-
hould be just as human in such a mat-
the rest of mankind, which is not very
o spend money upon which it sees no
ospect of an adequate return. An in-
nt might be held out to such compa-
keep up their plants to a high state of
y by a provision in the law, which
work injury to no one, providing
on the expiration of their franchises
must do one of three things:
ell a renewal of the franchise to the
bidder, who if other than the original
y must agree to buy the plant of the
company at a fair valuation to be fixed
aisers, or
ease a renewal of the franchise upon
e terms, or

3. The city should operate the expired franchise itself and buy the plant of the old company at a valuation similarly determined.

With such a provision in the law, the city might be properly authorized to compel the company to keep and maintain its plant at a high state of efficiency and improve it from time to time with the most modern appliances.

Conclusion

The solution of the difficulties arising out of the relations existing between municipalities and public service corporations is one of the most important political questions. If the suggestions made are of any service, your patient attention to this long paper may have been worth while. I regret that lack of time to prepare for you as fully as I could wish and lack of opportunity for that careful consideration which the subject demands, has made it impossible to incorporate more detail into these suggestions. As they stand they are far from being perfect or complete, but they are submitted in the hope that they may form the basis at least of something practical.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

comprises the thirty-ninth and fortieth assembly districts. E. T. McMurray, who heretofore been a Callan supporter, suddenly appeared against him as a rival candidate. The fur flew and the air was full of charges of bad faith. The fortieth, meanwhile, endorsed Callan. Then the thirty-ninth club met and the excitement is indicated by the fact that Burrill G. White, McMurray's sponsor, got a black eye. The vote sustained Callan. Now for the motto: White is supporting Callan, everybody else is supporting Callan, McMurray will not oppose him. The majority rule idea works in the thirty-ninth. And, without prejudice to the virtues of the retired candidate, McMurray, Callan is one of the best possible men in California for the state senate. He has been through the mill once and has come out with a clean record.

Nominations for Assembly in 39th The nomination for assemblyman from the thirty-ninth, left vacant by Callan's race for the senate, is being sought in the Independent Republican club by J. E. White, Alex. Russell, and Arthur Kennedy. They are all good men. The gossip of the club is to the effect that, as the senatorship has gone to the part of the district lying north of the park, it seems likely that the assemblyman will be chosen from the southern end. If this comes true it will eliminate Kennedy, for purely strategic reasons. Of the other two, White seems to have a little the better chance, if gossip can be trusted.

NOTICE OF AUCTION SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the following described household goods, counters, shelving, trunks, personal effects, machinery, books, merchandise, etc., stored by or in the name of the following parties on which storage, freight, cartage, and other charges are delinquent, unless the same is paid before day of sale, will be sold at public auction at the warehouse of Bekins Van & Storage Co., 190 West Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., at 10 o'clock A. M., April 22, 1910:

Name.	Lot Number.	Amount.
Alma, Mrs. May	1505	$ 6.50
Atkinson, W. T.	302	18.00
Adams, Horace	1019	11.25
Allen, Mrs. Seth, or Ray, Mrs. H.	665	69.00
Bertrand, L.	546	14.75
Belasco, Sam	1205	51.39
Ballinger, Geo. T.	782	159.75
Buckley, J.	91	58.56
Boyd, J. L.	2103	14.25
Curtis, Jno. H.	1679	20.60
Crawford, Mr.	1339	16.25
Canfield, W. H.	407	32.00
Calun, F.	471	13.50
Coulliard, Mrs. L. E.	610	35.00
Cimboro, V.	850	30.83
Dart, Earl C.	740	44.00
Darval, Francis	959	11.25
Dooley, Mrs. A.	1417	26.75
Dechlesson, Mrs. A. N.	1148	104.75
Dupuy, E. J.	851	54.25
Doubley, Alvin S.	549	15.75
Drinkhouse, Fred	424	36.75
Ducrey, Madame	700	26.00
Elizabeth St., No. 828	1629	52.35
Frederickson, J.	49	82.50
Foley, Mary	814	39.25
Green, R. S.	453	88.00
Harper, Thomas	1035	11.25
Herger, Martha	748	57.00
Hagans, Mrs. Marie	1182	26.00
Hubalek, Joseph	872	11.50
Hostetter, J. C.	899	18.24
Howard, Sam	957	10.75
Hendrickson, Wm., Jr.	1089	117.00
Hopkins	1163	11.50
Hobson, J. W.	1183	39.13
Jones, Arthur	97	13.75
Jenson, Andrew	1266	8.50
Jap. from Mrs. Fowle	1288	11.00
Jones, D. E.	768	10.50
Key, J. F.	629	13.75
Kaufman, Frank G.	2329	14.75
Larson, M.	2001	6.00
Leach, Charlotte W.	1333	9.95
Lowney, Mrs. J. E.	991	27.00
Lynch, Mrs. F. E.	1000	170.15
Morey, C. H.	187	48.75
McArthur, H.	501	4.25
McCann, John	1156	37.00
Miller, M. M.	513	31.00
Morand, P. L.	1017	16.75
Mulkey, J. K.	263	90.25
Noble, Miss	927	36.50
Newman, Chas. J.	510	106.00
O'Brien, Mrs. J. P.	987	27.00
Pride, Wheeler	324	4.75
Parsons, Wm.	1276	8.50
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.	232	116.75
Potter, J. T.	466	15.25
Polk, R. A.	1227	8.75
Rose, Mrs. J. E.	941	20.69
Ralson, J.	989	23.00
Roesch, C. F.	2038	38.25
Smith, Wm.	738	25.50
Schroeder, H. H.	1495	35.00
Shackelton, W. L.	689	30.75
Sanders, W. H.	93	15.13
Thorpe, Edward	454	15.25
Tobling, Mrs.	143	60.70
Van Trees, Mrs. F. S.	1415	35.11
Walker, Helen	432	39.10
Womack, Robert R.	1473	28.50
Young, Agnes	1162	10.00

BEKINS VAN & STORAGE CO.

3-25-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CHARLES H. CROWELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Thomas E. Haven, Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

ROBINSON CROWELL,
ANNIE N. CROWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, 941 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., attorney for Executor and Executrix. 3-25-5t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Who May Vote at the Primary

Any person qualified to vote at a general election has a right to vote at a direct primary election, if there is any political party in the field with which he can affiliate, a question for each voter to settle with his own conscience. It becomes necessary, then, to ascertain who has a right to vote at a general election.

The fundamental authority for voting is the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside, and

"No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, also

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

The authority next in rank to deal with this subject is the Constitution of California, which confers the right of suffrage, within the above limitations, only upon those who are:

1. Native born citizens of the United States.
2. Male persons who shall have acquired the right of citizenship in the United States by virtue of the treaty of Queretaro.
3. Male, naturalized citizens of the United States who shall have been naturalized ninety days prior to any election.

But there are the following limitations upon the exercise of the right of suffrage on the part of all those who are protected by the constitutional guarantees above given, having been held as not inconsistent with such guarantees. They are:

1. They must be male citizens.
2. They must be twenty-one years of age or upward.
3. Must have resided in California for at least one year next preceding the date of election, in the county ninety days and in the precinct thirty.
4. One must be able to read the constitution of California in the English language and write his name, unless he was a voter or was sixty years of age in 1894 when the educational qualification for voting was adopted.
5. One must not be a native of China, nor an idiot, nor insane, nor a person convicted of an infamous crime, or of misappropriation of public money.

If citizenship, as above set forth, has been gained it can not be lost by being absent while in the service of the United States; engaged in navigating the waters of the state, or of the United States or the high seas, nor while a resident at a university or seminary of learning, nor while kept in an almshouse, asylum or prison.

Finally, in order to be permitted to vote at any primary election the elector, otherwise qualified, must have caused his name to be placed on the great register of the county in which he resides at least twenty days prior to the holding of the primary election. The state primary election will be held this year August 16, and the last day upon which one may register to vote at that primary will be July 26. Good citizens should be willing to help their candidate friends prepare their nomination papers and therefore should register at once.

The burden of registration has been forced upon the state by scoundrelism. Before registration was required voters controlled by perfidious interests voted in as many precincts as they could reach on election day, and were often "colonized" in districts where elections were wanted to be carried for injurious purposes. The only remedy was to require each voter to register his full name, age, occupation, height, visible marks or scars, his place of birth, his place of residence, giving ward and precinct and, if in a municipality, his number and street. If the elector is not the head of a household, the fact must be disclosed. If he be a naturalized citizen he must give the place of his naturalization. The paper must contain the date of entry and the postoffice address of the elector; whether or not he is able to read the constitution in the English language and write his name; whether or not he has any physical disability that will prevent his marking his ballot.

The county clerk can not enter a name on the great register except:

1. By certified copy of judgment of a superior court.
2. If the applicant be a naturalized person, then upon presentation of the certificate of naturalization, or, if it has been lost, a proper affidavit covering all the facts, unless he has registered lawfully within the preceding eight years.
3. If born in a foreign country an affidavit showing that he was naturalized by the naturalization of his father.
4. If the elector is otherwise qualified, but is out of the county, he can fill out the registration blanks and acknowledge them before any one authorized to take such acknowledgment and forward the same to the county clerk, together with an affidavit showing that he will be unavoidably absent after the registration closes.

The affidavits and registration blanks, when properly filled out, sworn to and filed with the county clerk, constitute the great register of such county.

Reports from all over California indicate that the fruit crop in general probably will be exceptionally good.

By a majority vote of the citizens immediately interested in the proposition, the closer suburbs of Fresno will be annexed to that city.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership formerly existing between the undersigned under the firm name of JONES CONSTRUCTION CO. has been dissolved; and the undersigned are no longer partners:

EDWARD F. JONES,
R. D. JONES,
ELMER E. DAVIS.

San Francisco, March 25, 1910. 4-1-2t

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "A MODEL NEW-TYPE LEGISLATOR"

—By George D. Leslie

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: APRIL 8 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Let Him Take Warning

E SHALL ALL BE GLAD to have Theodore Roosevelt at home again safe and sound, and we shall all be curious to what he will have to say about political conditions at home, air warning, we shall not pay a particle of attention to what ys after the first outburst of disappointment is over, unless nes out squarely for the destruction of the Aldrich oligarchy ie reestablishment of free government in house and senate, and nation. This insurgent movement is bigger than the t man in the world.

Miserable Young Man

ALL MISERABLE YOUNG MEN there is none so miserble as one who, having at last found the woman he truly and whom he would take to wife, is haunted with the fear erms of malignant disease, contracted through licentious may sometime, without making themselves palpably mani- communicated to the being he loves above all others and, h her, to their children to be born blind, misshapen or , a source of bitter sorrow through all their lives, or, may- bring her to the operating table under the surgeon's knife. may he appeal to science for guaranty against such an ality. It does not lie within the province of science to . Except a brutish indifference forfend, flesh is not heir eper misery than this.

Their Last Census

AT PATHOS IS THERE NOT in the announcement that he forthcoming census of California Indians will be the ken under tribal relations, that henceforth these children orest and mountain, these wards of Uncle Sam, must take aces as individual citizens, to shift as they may, amenable aws, to live the white man's life or die the death of a race! ury hence some delver in the lore of this period, stumbling is announcement, will scan the horizon to see if perchance estige of Digger and Pitt River, Klamath and Tulare yet remains to justify the termination of their racial y, only to find that they have gone leaving not a wrack The vices of the white man, together with the relentless- his competition, will swallow them as remorselessly as if h had opened under their feet.

Call Out the Militia

AY BE WELL ENOUGH to handle the high school frat with gloves, but let there be an iron hand under the If there be no other way to secure immediate and uncon- compliance with the anti-frat law then call out the militia vith paddles to move immediately upon sorority and fra- works. If there be one lesson more than another that merica in general, and in California in particular, need it is the lesson of obedience, a realizing sense of a power scends their own sweet wills. Whether the law driving snobbery from secondary schools be good or bad is m the issue. To obey or not to obey is the question. It w.

The Dividing Line

RIS WEINSTOCK IS A PROPER PERSON to head charter revision work in this city, but no charter can Francisco good government without good men in office, d men cannot be elected to office in this city, or any ithout the votes of men who toil with their hands for a livelihood. Any line of division that puts all such men on one side of any issue will predetermine the fate of that issue. The only issue that can cut straight across divisions of kith and clan, fraternity and class, party and no party, is the issue of right and wrong, justice and injustice, to which all public issues are finally resolvable. That the reformed charter may give free play for this line of division is San Francisco's only hope for better government.

Kitchener

A GRIM, TACITURN, RELENTLESS MAN who swept like a tornado across the wide reaches of barbarism to make clean a way for the advance of a more beneficent civilization. He crushed the Mahdi, brought the Boer to his sober second thinking and, over the turbaned heads of the Hindus, he has hung the retributive power of thunderbolts. He has done all these things without malice and in the name of liberty regulated by law. A severe schoolmaster, his pupils learn their lessons well, and when he has once swept a field little children may safely frolic over it.

Mutual Forbearance

REPUBLICANS OF INDIANA, in convention assembled, forebore to say, "Payne-Aldrich," to the President, although they betrayed their insurgent sympathies without equivocation. The President is to reciprocate by refraining from saying anything, in Indiana, in defense of the existing tariff law. A better tariff schedule than any of its predecessors in fifty years, the Payne-Aldrich law is hated more heartily than any of them because the product of methods no longer tolerable, inspired by a spirit of atheistic materialism infidel to our new national spirit. It was of the old order. The old order had changed and the makers of that tariff, from President down, knew it not. That is the whole difficulty. As Indiana has spoken so say we all.

To Let

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES WE FIND an apartment house or, as it is there called, a "residential building," Alwyn Court, near Central Park, thus advertised: "The suites include fourteen rooms and five baths to thirty-four rooms and nine baths, yearly rentals from $6,500 upwards." No doubt these suites are comfortable. Their existence indicates prosperity, but not that wide and equitable distribution of the common wealth for which advocates of free institutions have vainly hoped. The demand for them is more a subject for regret than for envy, inasmuch as they give inspiration to that spirit of socialism that is spawned of luxury and nourished by ostentatious display.

Its Humble Housing

IF ANY FURTHER ARGUMENT WERE needed to justify the President's idea of a national incorporation law it should be supplied by the spectacle of the Southern Pacific of Kentucky housing its "principal place of business" in a $700 cottage in an unincorporated suburb of Louisville that it may command "full faith and credit" for its charter in all the states of the union, however much particular states may dislike the special privileges extended to the incorporation by Kentucky. If the rights of the states are to be invaded let it be by the nation and not by states, like Kentucky and New Jersey, that make bids for doing an incorporating business to the disadvantage of other states. Those laws which are national in their operation should be national in their origin.

Government by Brewery

Guy W. Eddie, city prosecutor at Los Angeles, lately stated that 150 Los Angeles saloons were under fast-binding contracts to breweries; that saloon men confessed to him that they were mulcted by the brewing interests at every election, but had no voice in the expenditure of the funds raised; that those of them who had manifested political independence had been informed by representatives from the breweries that they would be put out of business if they did not stand pat. Is it any wonder that Mr. Eddie declared this form of political power as being very real, and a menace to a democratic form of government? Yes, upon second thought, it is a wonder that he referred to it at all. Very few public prosecutors have the grit to face that power and tell the truth about it. And, be it remembered, this political power, so derived and so used, will at no time be used for the uplift of human society, the betterment of government, the reformation of the laws, the punishment of crime, the maintenance of free government. Always and ever it will have to be whipped to a standstill before any of these good things can be accomplished. It was for McCarthy and his "Paris of America" in the recent election in San Francisco, and it is for the nomination and election of Charles F. Curry to be governor of this state.

Those Hetch Hetchy Papers

So it was the President who had placed the ban of secrecy upon the reports of the government's engineers regarding Hetch Hetchy! Our lawyer President is giving us an administration that takes the lawyer's view of every proceeding as being a battle instead of an inquiry, a conflict in which it were a perfidy to suffer the enemy to know of the resources at command or the strategy to be employed. The Hetch Hetchy issue is one of fact and whoever knows one fact that bears upon that issue, either for or against, be he president or private citizen, is less than patriotic if he hesitates to divulge it, let it aid or hinder which party it may. The protuberance of secretiveness on the presidential cranium must have suffered an exaggerated development.

May Make Some Money

Theodore Roosevelt's income from the family fortune is said to be only about $8,000 a year, and he did not add to it materially while president. He may surprise the American public, when he gets home, by posting, "This is my busy day," on his front door at Oyster Bay, refusing all calls and devoting himself to writing his book on Africa and preparing lectures to be delivered, for pay, after the manner of William J Bryan, letting politics severely alone. By this method he could scrape half a million or a million together, by way of making provision for his family, in a year or two and be on Easy street ever after. He may do it.

Stop That Fight

The brute in man will never be civilized out of him. If it ever is he will be a dead man. He will die of inanition. Nevertheless, there is no need that brutality be cultivated in order that the race may be perpetuated. The God who made us looked out for that from the beginning. When the end of the world comes the last man of the race will raise himself painfully upon his elbow, and with his latest breath, whisperingly inquire of the winds, "Which whipped?" There are in this world, and always will be, enough unavoidable conflicts to keep our pugnacity in trim. There is no need that men should be hired to maul each other in the sight of thousands in order that combativeness may be stimulated among the people, and that American youth may be led falsely to believe that the most puissant bruiser is the best man.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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It is true that a waiting world wants to know which can whip, the white expert at fisticuffs or the black, the ivory or the ebony. Somewhere that issue will be tried. Were the return of Theodore Roosevelt to his native land timed for the same day, it would not create a ripple of interest. The sailing of another Dewey into a Manila bay, or the destruction of another Cervera fleet, would hardly be given a scare head in any American daily, and the newsboys would not cry the event in the streets of any city until it had first been announced which had whipped, Jeffries or Johnson. Mayor McCarthy was not in the wrong when he referred to the expectant sparring contest as an intellectual event of pre-eminent interest.

Nevertheless, suffer the event to be "pulled off" in some state and near some city that has not a reputation to gain if not one to lose. California is not such a state and San Francisco is not such a city. The reputation abroad of this commonwealth and its metropolis is not so high that it can suffer lowering without harm. Let Nevada have the fight. Suffer it to go to Pennsylvania that glories in its infamy, to Washington that feels itself honored in the possession of a Ballinger or to Little "Rhody," that inflicts an Aldrich upon the nation. It would befit the Wigwam of Tammany Hall, the "Jungle" in Denver, the Wheat Pit in Chicago, the bad lands of the Dakotas. There are fitting places enough without inciting eighty-odd millions of American citizens to bite their thumbs at California and its chief city. If there be law enough to prevent the demoralizing spectacle, let it be put to the test.

Roosevelt and the Pope

We could wish that the recent incident at Rome had not transpired, but it was probably unavoidable. As the first citizen of this republic Theodore Roosevelt did right to insist that no discriminating limitations should be put upon his coming and going, receiving or not receiving; and yet there doubtless are proprieties and punctilios surrounding the head of a great church that must restrain that head from doing many things that another may do freely. To the Protestant mind the keeping up of certain old and outworn pretensions of sovereignty on the part of the Vatican seems fallacious if not foolish, but that is no concern of Protestantism. If it seems important to Catholics it is their affair and they should be suffered to deal with it as they may. For some reason certain Methodists in Rome appear to have made themselves especially obnoxious to the Vatican. We, in this country, are not unacquainted with well meaning clerical marplots who, lacking tact and the saving grace of common sense, make trouble wherever they go. Some of these may have strayed to Rome for aught we know, and yet we do not know that the fault is theirs, that the strained relatio may not have sprung from an overweeni Papal sensitiveness as to what takes place that, to the papist mind, city of all cities. is not for The California Weekly to pa judgment as to that. It is sufficient to s that a controversy does exist and that Color Roosevelt could not avoid being touched it without avoiding Rome, which no one wou have him do. He is not given to either ru ning away from, or side-stepping, the disagr able. Fault has been found with him for gi ing the whole correspondence to the publ It has been claimed that his penchant for pu licity has led him into error. We think n Had he passed through Rome without vis ing, or offering to visit, His Holiness t Pope, giving no explanation for his condu the Catholic world would have felt aggriev and the Protestant world would not ha ceased to wonder at the apparent slight. So explanation would sooner or later have to given on pain of having a thousand injurio and unfounded suspicions become current place of the truth, so it was infinitely bet that the truth should be set before the wo at once and so have the incident over with soon as possible. Two courses are open to here in America. We can make the incide the occasion for sectarian bitterness and ra cor among those who would follow the sa Christ, although by differing paths, or we c forget it. Colonel Roosevelt asks us to do t latter. Let's do it.

Men Rather Than Money

The second congressional district of C fornia is not much represented at Washingt but it has been ably represented through the Middle West where the Republican co gressional committee has sought to help sta pat congressmen hold insurgent districts line for the policies of Aldrich and Cann While the late insurrection was in progress the House of Representatives Duncan E. M Kinlay was stumping the fifth district of K sas, represented by W. A. Calderhead, so mu the favorite of Cannon that he was preferr over our own Needham, who ranked him time of service, as member of the conferen committee that settled differences betwe House and Senate on the tariff bill. Judge R of Salina has resigned his place on the distr bench in order to try the larger and more i portant issue with Calderhead at the bar public opinion.

In his two-hour speech McKinlay devo himself almost wholly to a defense of T and the tariff, emphasizing the revenue prod ing qualities of the tariff bill and enlarg upon the prosperity that had followed its actment into law; but he said nothing of deeper issues of insurgency and made his peal to party patriotism and the pocket rat than to the Rights of Man and that spirit revolt against government by oligarchy tha profoundly stirring the hearts of the Men the West. And therein Duncan McKin showed that he was not sensitive to the spi of the Kansan. He talked against, and t with, the current of feeling and he made f converts for Calderhead.

The fundamental truth is that the issue n dividing the people is not one of doll There are Republicans, hundreds of thousa of them, who are determined that the do sign shall no longer be the symbol of wh Republicanism stands for, and this is a hi thing for the Aldriches, Cannons, Ha Lodges, and their hired apologists, to comp hend. Word has gone out through all t rank and file of that great political organi tion that the Republican party can not end half slave and half free and the sons of t fathers who organized that party are respo ing with a vow that it shall not; that they free it from the oligarchy that has domin

ll too long or they will tear the heart out
t and leave to its captors nothing but the
t outward semblance.
'e may well concede all that the President
his apologists claim for the new tariff, that
a better tariff than any that has gone be-
; that it is a good revenue producer; that
as opened a way whereby a better tariff
may be made hereafter; that it is a tech-
l if not substantial redemption of party
ges. We may do all this and yet denounce
r being a product of greed and unright-
ness, the handiwork of a mercenary and
rbonistic oligarchy, an oppressor of the
and a fosterer and subsidizer of special
ilege, an iniquity that should have been
ıgled at its birth by executive veto.
rd the second congressional district of
fornia may well consider whether or not
profitable for it to return to congress a
who neglects his congressional duties to
ability and voice to the service of an
rchy that is not fit to live. "Under which
ıer?" is an issue to be put up to every pub-
servant from President to candidate for
assembly. Do you stand for government
nd through a close corporation of corpo-
ns, a self-constituted oligarchy retained
ıuge financial interests that recognize no
l but the financial, no symbol but the dol-
sign, no incentive but selfishness, no use
government except that it may quell the
and confer special privilege upon a purse
d feudal baronage? This is a question
Mr. McKinlay will have to answer and he
not be permitted to give a different an-
to it in California than that he gave in
;as. There his answer was "Stand pat."

Would Want Five Anchors

lge Curtis D. Wilbur, endorsed by the
ɔln-Roosevelt Republican League for a
on the supreme bench, and now presid-
ıdge of the superior court of Los Angeles
y, lately delivered an address before the
Club at Los Angeles on "Selection of the
ciary With Reference to Partisan Poli-
" a most important theme for public dis-
ɔn and legislative action. Some of Judge
ır's declarations were tremendously sig-
nt and go to show how far we have come
d corporation domination of the most
l institution of the state.
I were a corrupt boss," declared Judge
ır, "making my living by an organized
n of plundering the people and extorting
y from wrongdoers, I should want to
five anchors, each equipped with plenty
ain. The one usually used would be the
and justice courts, where ninety-nine
the hundred crimes are prosecuted. For
er anchor I should want the superior
so that if my first anchor failed to hold
cond would catch. A third anchor would
court of appeals, where the mistakes of
ıperior court could be corrected if that
slipped. A fourth anchor would be the
ne court, and the fifth, an emergency
, would be the governor of the state
his power to pardon."
here a doubt that the Political Bureau
Southern Pacific company holds these
chains in its hands? If there be the
ng excerpts from Judge Wilbur's ad-
should tend to dispel that doubt.
udge of our own superior court, now de-
. once said to me, after an experience
state convention, that he never again
submit his name to a state convention
he knew that he was on the slate.
ther judge, then and now on the bench,
e that he went to San Francisco to see
errin to inquire whether his candidacy
gher position was acceptable. He de-
that a man can not get on the supreme
nless he is satisfactory to Mr. Herrin."
he Santa Cruz convention he said, in
"It was presided over by an attorney
of the Southern Pacific; the Los Angeles delegation, 200 strong, marched under the avowed leadership of Walter Parker, a paid agent of the Southern Pacific; the Los Angeles delegates were tendered one-way passes, though some refused to take them; all dined at the Hotel Potter at Santa Barbara and, with few exceptions, found their bills paid; Walter Parker engaged 200 rooms at the Sea Bright Hotel at Santa Cruz, though I have never been informed as to who paid for those rooms; the judges who were rumored to be on the slate from the beginning of the convention were the ones nominated; when asked by Abe Ruef how many delegates I had to trade with, and I told him none, he said I might as well go home as I had no business there. Judge Wheaton A. Gray, a deserving man, whose re-election had been almost universally conceded, was dropped because he could not get his home delegation to trade on."

In concluding, Judge Wilbur declared that if the only way to secure a judicial position was to solicit the support of a political boss, then he would hoe weeds or do something respectable for a living. And well he might. There is many a judge in California who would leave a more honorable reputation to his children if he were a proficient gardener rather than a subservient judge. It is to be doubted if there be a man on the supreme bench of California, not there by appointment, who did not get there either through the sufferance or the assistance of William F. Herrin. This condition of affairs should be intolerable to any free people. If we are to have a free judiciary it must be non-partisanly elected.

Likely to Get It

A new trial will be demanded for Murderer Conboy on the ground that Judge Dunne said to the jury, "I see no reason why twelve honest men should not arrive at a decision if they be guided by the evidence in the case." Neither will the public see any reason why the verdict should be disturbed. Conboy was drunk, he fired the shot, his victim is in his grave, he has been tried by his peers, found guilty and sentenced. What more except to serve his sentence? In what other country would such a criminal not thank his fortunate stars for being let off so easily? And yet it will occasion no surprise if a new trial be granted. There will be surprise if it is not. We have become so used to the law's failure that we anticipate little else.

Legislative Timber

The movement for the emancipation and reformation of government in California will be productive of little of permanent value unless a legislature in sympathy with that movement can be elected this fall. This paper knows no better way of predetermining what a legislator will do if elected than by making a careful study of the records of those who have served one or more terms in the legislature. A. E. Boynton is reluctant to make the campaign for serving a second term in the senate from the sixth district because of press of a growing legal practice, but he is needed there. That his path may be made the easier for being returned we are this week giving our readers a carefully prepared and sincerely appreciative resume of his legislative record as one who has made good. We shall follow this up with other articles on other legislators who have made good to the end that the next legislature may not be made up of raw recruits with few veterans of tried integrity to lead them. The sixth district should return Boynton to the senate without imposing upon him an onerous and costly campaign to that end. The state has need for him, and others like him. In fine, it needs the best legislative timber the state affords, and nothing but the best will serve the purpose at all.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

They were gardeners putting in a lawn and, as the writer passed, he caught only a little of what they said, but they seemed to be talking of a school. One said, "I like a uniform, for then they are all equal. No one can tell a poor man's boy from a rich man's son."

There was a bit of unconscious class consciousness as unmistakable as though asserted with deliberation. Why should the child of the poor man be spoken of as a "boy" and that of the rich man as being his "son?" And why should this digger in the ground instinctively recognize a difference which he, himself, might have found it difficult to explain? In our sober moments we may affirm, and believe, that, "For a' that and a' that a man's a man," but here in this free America of ours a class consciousness is growing up that is belieing the truth of the pretty poem.

We Americans are inclined to laugh at that pride of ancestry which stratifies Europe, and well we may. Suppose that some ancestor really did do some great thing, how soon his strain peters out the making of a few figures quickly tells. Two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, one hundred twenty-eight, two hundred fifty-six, five hundred twelve, a thousand twenty-four! In ten generations there is in the descendant from that immortal but one one-thousand-twenty-fourth of his strain to one thousand and twenty-three parts something else. Is that not a rather diluted infiltration to cause the heart of the tenth generation to swell with pride over the achievements, however glorious, of an ancestor ten generations back? Surely the patrician's "son" and the plebeian's "boy," that far removed, will have little to distinguish them, whether in uniform or out of it. Nevertheless, no matter how perfectly a little figuring may take the substance out of pride of ancestry that line of classification still remains to curse the world and retard the cause of brotherhood.

But what shall we say of our American nobility that is based, not upon great deeds, but great wealth? Europe scorns it, theoretically at least, while recognizing its marital value as desirable. Frankly, is not the prosperous man, as a rule, more of a man than the unprosperous? Reference is not here made to moral values, for, in the domain of morals, there may be substantial equality in all walks of life, and yet having neither poverty nor riches is a distinct advantage in that domain.

There are mere money-grubbers whom society may rightfully despise, but the man of affairs is a man of power and power will be honored while the world stands. Moreover, the poor owe their poverty mainly to their incapacity, and incapacity will be pitied if not despised (and one is not much easier to bear than the other) until all things pass away. At least we may defend our American aristocracy as having as sure a foundation as that of Europe.

And yet there looms above the horizon of our national life no other evil so sinister as that of class consciousness. With it comes either obsequiousness or effrontery and a social stratification that shuts out that equality of opportunity without which our republic must prove a failure. The founders of this republic abhorred that privilege that ran with the blood and dared to hope that, on this continent, there might be a civilization in which there would be equality of opportunity, equality before the law and where the poor man would have as good a right to think of his children as being sons and daughters as boys and girls. The realization of such a civilization is well worth fighting for and if compulsory education of all children in the common schools and compulsory dressing of the school children of rich and poor in uniform will contribute to that end, then suffer these devices to be enforced with power. It is to our schools that we must look for the assimilation of stranger peoples to our national life. Where else shall we look for a breaking down of class distinction?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Will the Senate Remain Republican?

In a little less than eleven months the terms of 24 Republican United States senators will expire. These are Aldrich, Rhode Island; Lodge, Massachusetts; Page, Vermont; Hale, Maine; Bulkeley, Connecticut; Depew, New York; Kean, New Jersey; DuPont, Delaware; Oliver, Pennsylvania; Dick, Ohio; Beveridge, Indiana; Scott, West Virginia; Burrows, Michigan; LaFollette, Wisconsin; Clapp, Minnesota; McCumber, North Dakota; Warner, Missouri; Burkett, Nebraska; Carter, Montana; Clark, Wyoming; Sutherland, Utah; Flint, California; Nixon, Nevada, and Piles, Washington. As between insurgent Republicans and Democrats, on the one side, and reactionary Republicans, on the other, so nearly equal are the senate forces that the reactionaries need lose but a half dozen votes or so to go out of power in the next congress, and, in the present state of popular dissatisfaction, there is at least a fair possibility, if not more, that the six votes will be lost. Senator Depew may have a Democratic successor, and so may Senators Dick, Burkett, Warner and Nixon, while Senators Kean, DuPont, McCumber and Flint are not unlikely to be succeeded by insurgent Republicans. Besides these, there are others whose seats are by no means stable. Of course, these possible changes would favor both insurgent Republicans and Democrats, and these by no means are the same thing, but for house-cleaning purposes the distinction is not very noticeable. It is quite within possibility that the next senate will cut the Wall street wire and do things for itself.

Money the Poor Do Not Get

A strikingly unhappy illustration of perversion of money intended for charitable purposes is in evidence in Italy, and one Professor Trevisonno is attempting to remedy the condition. According to him, there is at the present time the sum of $441,200,000 invested in charitable institutions of various kinds. This investment returns an annual income of $10,600,000, which, of course, is very small interest on the investment, and yet of this small income the poor, for whom it is intended, get less than a fourth, the remaining $8,000,000, and more, being absorbed by administrative expenses. To state the case in another way, less than three-fifths of one per cent on the investment reaches the poor for whom it is intended. On the face of it, it appears that it would be difficult to find a more glaring instance of maladministration; and maladministration where it must hurt the most, at that. Professor Trevisonno is urging legislation which would make such a condition impossible, and evidently he has begun his excellent labor none too soon.

What We May Have Bought With Alaska

On the strength of opinions entertained by Alfred H. Brooks, of the United States geological survey, Hampton's Magazine indulges in some spectacular guess work concerning the wealth of Alaska. When the guesses take the form of figures they become lurid and confessedly uncertain, as the following quotation indicates: "A table of statistics shows Alaska's wealth to be anywhere from fifteen billion dollars to a trillion and a half." There should be latitude enough to suit anybody—anywhere from 1 to 100, it will be perceived—but as our comprehension of either fifteen billion or a trillion and a half is about equally confused, perhaps it makes no difference. Hampton's (or Mr. Brooks') estimate of the details of Alaska's wealth make rather interesting reading because of the largeness and looseness of their outlook. Here are a few choice samples: Placer gold, $500,000,000 worth, and "there may be a hundred or a thousand times that amount;" lode gold, "there may be at least $625,000,000 lode gold in Alaska;" coal, 15,104,500,000 tons, and "it would be conservative to multiply this figure by ten, or even a hundred." So it goes. Note the pleasing liberality and scope of the figures concerning riches which still are under ground and mostly in undiscovered places. The beauty of such figures is that one may multiply or divide them exactly as one pleases, and at the end just as much is known as was known at the beginning. But, vast, vague and wonderful as the figures are, the fact looms clear that we made a great investment when we paid $7,200,000 for Alaska.

Back to the New England Farms

New England promotion bureaus are beginning to announce, with signs of jubilation, that the farmers of that country who abandoned their farms and trekked westward years ago, are showing symptoms of a tendency to return. To be sure, if Californians noted no more such symptoms here than the New Englanders note there, they would look on this as a particularly dull season, but a few drops of rain are sufficient to produce happiness in a land of drouth, and the Easterners have noticed several drops. For instance, the Boston and Maine railroad has received 32 inquiries concerning abandoned New England farms from points west of Chicago. Doubtless the Southern Pacific receives more inquiries concerning California lands in any one day that might be mentioned, and thinks nothing of it, but this is not a land of farming immigration drouth, and so it can not understand what 32 drops of rain mean in a dry country. Even New Hampshire is said to be likely to tip some of its farms over and try them again. On the whole, this seems to be as good a time as any for congratulations to the New Englanders.

German Insurance Against Strike Losses

In recent years insurance against strike losses has become a feature of note among German institutions. A recent government report shows that 48 companies over there now engage in this line of business. Of these thirteen are distinctly strike-indemnity insurance companies, twenty-six are employers' associations for strike insurance, and nine deal in such insurance in a more or less limited degree. These companies grant financial assistance in all cases of strikes, but, while it is granted in most cases of lockouts, the latter assistance is subject to the condition that the lockout was not due to the fault of the employer. The institution still is young, but it already has shown a tendency to diminish the number of strikes—a tendency which is excellent if no righteous strike is nipped in the bud by the employer's immunity from financial hardships which the employees can not escape.

What Royalty Pays Its Labor

To labor on a royal farm in England may be, and doubtless is, honorable, but that it may be one road leading to a poorhouse was strikingly illustrated by a case which recently came before the Windsor guardians of the poor. An aged woman applied to the guardians for relief. Investigation revealed the fact that her 23-year-old son had done his best to support her, but was unable to do so, although he had regular employment on one of the royal farms. His wages there were ten shillings a week, or about $2.50 in our money—say, 36 cents a day, which, it must be admitted, is a limited allowance for two people. The guardians reported that the young man's wage recently was raised to twelve shillings a week, which, with tips, amounted to fifteen shillings—$3.75—a week, but they granted the relief, which apparently was a righteous thing to do. Are not a king's laborers worthy of their hire, and living hire, at that?

Our Erroneous Idea of the Chinese

If you have an idea that Chinese generally are physically small people, it is a notion of the Mongolians that you share with most Americans; naturally, too, for most of the Chinese that we see in this country are dwarfish of stature. Nevertheless, the idea is erroneous. Most of the Chinese that come to this country are from Hongkong, Canton, or vicinity; southern Chinese, in short, and the people of southern China are small. But farther north the Mongolians are about as large as Europeans. The Chinese of Shanghai, for instance, probably average as tall as do people of most European or American cities.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF

Milton's Shorter Poems

leaven deliver us from us from the multi-inous din and infinitely wearying labyrinths "Paradise Lost" and its companion poetic gernauts, wherein Milton was at his nearly st. An approach to oblivion has released rom the perusal of those sulphurous prose iphlets in which he mixed the vocabulary he fishwife with the theology of the Puri- and the politics of the Roundhead. ut in his purely poetic moods, when he e free play to his native love for beauty, n he followed his own formula of poetry t it be simple, sensuous and passionate), n he strayed gladly in the cool groves and dappled lawns and by singing streams, is Milton wholly delectable, a master of rous rhythms, guided by a most choice fastidious taste, abounding in life and itive to the most delicate shades of beauty. hese moods he is wholly pagan, and we s it just to say—though it is not an ortho-opinion—that Wordsworth, the high priest ature, never reflected so joyously nor so ly those noblest, unclouded pictures of ng natural beauty as Milton has done in legro, Il Pensieroso, and Comus.

these he has the Shakespearean reach power, unmuddied by Shakespeare's rag-passion. In these he is the strong, un-bled youth, faring forth through a glo- world, alive to every clean appeal to the s, with an eye for bright colors and fitly ded forms, a heart with the tenderness generosity of early manhood, glad just to and feel the current of life tingling gh his veins.

d one thing he has that no other English has ever revealed, a high and noble purity ind that sets him somewhat apart, on a but not lonely hill, whence he pipes to rains sweet as the sound of the wind in g amongst the rushes, when the meadow ings from a neighboring field.

ACK LONDON'S LATEST BOOK

of that land of bitter cold which is a have come many things of much value nkind, and far from least among these ck London's books, in which the man- customs and characteristics in and of rozen world are vividly portrayed. Cali- should be proud of Jack London, and it ven when it damns him with something than faint praise, it is glad that this, otent son, was born on California soil. y as well be said in passing, too, that n deserves both much praise and, if not nnation, at least regret. Indubitably he ng the strongest and most virile writers time, but, just as indubitably, that viril- metimes too closely approximates bru-

n the strength and the weakness of the re in evidence in his latest book of short , "Lost Face." Vivid, realistic to the f realism, the reader can not escape the of their intensity, and yet as he reads adders, for a great part of them are brutal, and it is difficult to escape the tion that the author delights in the bru- For example, in "To Build a Fire" the rture of freezing to death, as portrayed, s almost unbearable to a reader of fine lity. Probably this is exactly what Mr. n intended, but the pity is that he did tend something else, something that employ his splendid strength to better e. In "Trust," there is that rare thing c London, a gleam of humor, and the is intensified by contrast with the tense of the sketch. It is regrettable to lay book of such genius with a shudder, it is what most readers will do.

Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50.)

name of the author of "Chantecler," l Rostand, is composed of thirteen let- When he was invited to take his place the Immortals of the French Academy ome the thirteenth occupant of the ith chair.

DEMOCRACY

By Arthur Bardwell Patten

(Written for The California Weekly.)

Hail to Democracy, the final rule!
Where each for all his larger life doth live,
And all for each themselves do freely give,
And no one is another's pawn or tool;
Where work and worth a just abundance win;
Where merit only can have right to power,
While freedom is the least man's ample dower,
And greed is the unpardonable sin.

All hail, Democracy: thy day has dawned!
Fierce be thy sun to blast rapacious eyes;
Fair be thy light to cheer benignant hearts,
That welcome thee with passion deep and fond,
And bid the coming brotherhood arise
To fill with song our councils, courts and marts.

Californian Poets' Corner

DE MORTUIS

By Richard Realf

In 1878 the talented and unfortunate Richard Realf was living in San Francisco and was employed in the United States Mint. In an hour of discouragement he killed himself, and when his room was entered and his body found next morning, this poem, composed just before his suicide, was revealed as the only explanation of his rash act.

"De Mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing, and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught him in the night. Sometimes, natheless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from the black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred:
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become,
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
He smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet.
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

METCHNIKOFF ON LONG LIFE

This review is quoted from the Springfield Republican:

Elie Metchnikoff, the celebrated Russian biologist, sub-doctor of the Pasteur institute in Paris, who is known to the world at large chiefly by his theory that the age of man may be very greatly increased by science, has complained that his teachings have been misrepresented. An authoritative statement of his views may be found in the popular edition of his volume of "optimistic studies," "The Prolongation of Life," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in a translation by P. Chalmers Mitchell, with an introduction by Prof. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard medical school. This introduction is largely biographical, but a page is given to correcting the exaggerated version of the author's results which has gained currency: "It will be well for the unscientific reader to understand distinctly that Prof. Metchnikoff does not offer a cure for old age. Old age is not a disease and can not be cured; it is an accumulation of changes which begin during earliest youth. * * * On the other hand, we may reasonably hope, by improving the health of the individual, to prolong life." There are other topics of scientific interest discussed in the present volume, but of course none of them is interesting to so many people as the prospect of an extended lease of life—even though not one person in a hundred takes even ordinary precautions against premature decay.

Professor Metchnikoff still hopes for much from the systematic prevention of intestinal putrefaction, and explains the operation of his milk preparations. As to "Fletcherism," he is a skeptic. But he stirs curiosity by the statement: "In America, where Fletcher's theory took its origin, there has already been described under the name of Bradyfagy a disease arising from the habit of eating too slowly. Dr. Einhorn, a well-known specialist in the diseases of the digestive system, has found that several cases of this disease were rapidly cured when the patients made up their minds to eat more rapidly again." The world ought to be more thoroughly informed about the horrors of Bradyfagy. Luckily, with so many quick-lunch restaurants, the remedy is at hand. Professor Metchnikoff's book is one of much scientific interest, and students of literature will be attracted to the physiological study of Goethe, a notable example of remarkable powers retained to an advanced age in spite of excesses.

NEW POEMS BY ALFRED NOYES

The announcement of a new book of poems by Alfred Noyes is now an important event to lovers of English poetry. "The Enchanted Island and Other Poems," is the title of his latest volume, issued by Frederick A. Stokes company in the latter part of March. It will be remembered that both Kipling and Swinburne spoke in high terms of "Drake," an English epic, which was published in this country last fall. Now, after reading "The Enchanted Island," Edmund Gosse and Theodore Watts-Dunton, perhaps the two greatest living English critics (the latter having been a close friend of Swinburne), unite in calling Noyes the greatest living English poet. Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote to him: "To me, who believe that the singing quality of poetry is the first quality, it seems that you are right away (now that Swinburne is gone) the first of our living poets."

Mr. Edward Gosse wrote: "The whole book is full of beauty and confirms me in my belief that you are the leader among the English poets of the last generation." The volume contains a very versatile product, ranging from light lyrics and rollicking ballads to longer odes and powerful songs of stern simplicity and grace, many showing a distinctly mature genius and inspired thought. Among the poems are "In Memory of Swinburne," "On George Meredith's Eightieth Birthday," "In Memory of Meredith," "Lucifer's Feast" other poems hitherto unpublished in book form and some which the public have never seen at all.

WHAT THE FOREST SERVICE IS

AND DOES TO MAKE THE FORESTS USEFUL TO ALL THE PEOPLE

What is this forest service we have been hearing so much about while our friend R. A. Ballinger, Esq., is declining to testify in Washington, and one Gifford Pinchot is treading softly toward the man with the big stick? We have been hearing a deal about conservation, and more to the effect that said forest service is the original and simon-pure conservator. So, we repeat, what is the forest service? How does it act? What does it do? And who is in it?

Take the elevator to the top floor of the First National bank building in San Francisco, walk five paces east by south and thirty paces west again, and you are in the lair of the headquarters officers of District 5, Forest Service, Department of Agriculture. This office is suggestive of the pine-clad slopes in more ways than one. In the first place, it is one of the highest offices in town, and looks out on the cliff-like face of several other skyscrapers. In the second place, it is the working place of a lot of men who look unlike any other office force in town. These men are clear-eyed, athletic looking fellows, mostly young, with tanned skins that are not acquired in everyday offices. They have the suggestion of the open air about them, as, indeed, they should, for these men all spend one month in the office and the next in the woods. That keeps them the fit-looking specimens you see, but, and more important to the public, it keeps them close to their job, which is, after all, managing Uncle Sam's forests instead of growing near-sighted over books. District 5 is a matter of thirty million acres of land, more or less, and the job of guarding against forest fires, watching out for violation of grazing permits and checking up the lumber jacks who are cutting timber on the public domain is something for a large number of active men to put their time and attention upon.

The Forest Service is pretty well organized now; you can sit down with a pencil and paper and chart off a descending scale of authorities and responsibilities all the way from Uncle Tama Jim Wilson, who is the Secretary of Agriculture and the grand high boss of things, down through The Forester—lately Gifford Pinchot and now one Henry S. Graves, who graduated from the Yale School of Forestry which Gifford Pinchot's father founded—and on down through the district foresters (six in all), past the forest supervisors to the rangers, deputy rangers, assistant rangers and the lowly but ambitious guards. By the time you strike the district forester's office your chart begins to spread out like a fan. His understudies, advisors, and associates group into departments: Of Operation, of Silviculture, of Grazing, of Products, and of Law.

These department names do not sound entertaining until you want to do business with the Forest Service; then they are entertaining and business both. For instance, if you are in the Forest Service and want a raise—you think about the Operation department. If you owe the Forest Service anything, Operation checks the account. If you run up against the act of June 11, '06, Operation department will get you if you don't watch out.

Silviculture department is technical, but it is the real life blood of the service. This is where the man who knows a eucalyptus globulus from a cant hook, figures out how many trees to the square rod ought to grow in a particular part of a forest, how to nurse a tree with the summer complaint, how to reforest denuded slopes, which trees to cut when the lumberman wants some timber. In short, silviculture is the science of forestry, the Silviculture department handles all the technical and scientific work of the service, and the silviculturists are the men who will one day run the Forest Service.

The Grazing department handles the questions of the number and kinds of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, or whatnot, that may graze, and when, in the national forests, and how much their owners, heirs or assigns shall pay for the privilege.

The Products department handles the problems of extending the uses of forest products in commerce. It experiments with creosoted telegraph poles, and investigates the possibilities of scrub oak for making floor lumber, and tries to prove that redwood will make as good paper pulp as Oregon spruce. If the Products man can make a piece of timber do something useful where it used to loaf around and do nothing, he is happy. Also, he is a very useful citizen and earns the salary a grateful people pay him.

The Law department—but no, we refrain.

But let's get out into the woods, where the service belongs. Here we meet the forest supervisors. Understand, first, that District 5 embraces California and southwestern Nevada, and when we say embraces we mean that nearly all the timbered area of California that was not in private ownership five years ago is now in the National Forests. But District 5 is divided geographically, and for administrative purposes, into seventeen "forests," of a million and a quarter to two million acres apiece. They have appropriate names, too: Angeles, California, Cleveland, Inyo, Klamath, Lassen, Modoc, Mono, Monterey, Plumas, Santa Barbara, Sequoia, Shasta, Sierra, Stanislaus, Tahoe, and Trinity—not only appropriate but, generally, indicative of location as well.

Each forest is managed locally by a forest supervisor. He does not have to be a technical man, but he must be a good executive. He is a better supervisor if he is technically trained too, but it is his job to handle rangers and deal with cowboys and cattlemen and ranchers and sheepherders and power magnates and other people, and keep things in order and see that the district forester's office doesn't hear "trouble" murmuring up from his forest too often. He is assisted by a deputy; same qualifications. He is further assisted by a forest assistant, who must be highly technical in skill, and a civil service appointee. Another assistant may be a "planting assistant," also a technical man and in the civil service.

Then come the enlisted men, so to speak, the rangers. These are the high privates who get little glory and do the work. That is, they do all the unskilled, or non-technical and non-executive work. They own a horse or horses, get $1,100 a year (until January 1st it was $900 and, as now, find your own horse, fodder, and grub and kit), fight forest fires, prevent violations of law, build cabins and trails, and do anything else they are told. They are civil service employees, whether they rank as rangers, deputy rangers, or assistant rangers. But below them are non-civil service men called guards, who are hired in emergencies and for not more than six months, who do much the same work for less pay and a chance to take the service examination.

Now comes the crux of this article. Every man, from the district forester down, has a little book that is his Bible. It is called "The Use Book," and he knows it from cover to back, and without thumbing the pages to find the place. What "The Use Book" says goes.

Now notice the title. Read it this way, "the USE book." That is the philosophy of the Forest Service: Use. The forests are to be conserved that they may be **used:** interpretation—used now, next year, next generation, next century. A lot of lumbermen said "use," but they meant "use up," right now, for personal profit, and God help posterity (polite variation) which never did anything for us. To quote a piquant phrase originated in the service, **use** means, use them so the timber "keeps coming," instead of being used up once and for all time.

Again notice the idea: Use the forests as grazing grounds, but in such a way that there will be a forest left for next year's flocks to graze in. A lot of sheepmen used to use them to such purpose that John Muir called the sheep "hoofed locusts," veritable devastators of forests, ruining all hope of a second growth of trees. The sheep industry is too valuable, and the forests are too nearly essential to that industry, to permit one generation of sheepmen to ruin the business for the next.

So, the creed of the Forest Service is thi The national forests are a national asset a the common property of all the people for time; unrestricted private enterprise tends mine all the value out of this common pro erty in one generation; our job is not mere to permit, but enthusiastically to encoura and abet, the largest possible use of this ass consistent with keeping its principal, as disti guished from its current annual yield, inta for all time. The foolish, though pleasant tinkling phrase of carpers, that the Forest Se vice wishes to "bottle up" the natural resourc and keep them as a profitless curiosity, fin no sympathy in the service. And, as the pro of the pudding is in the eating, under For Service administration of the national fore (which are not by any means all the forests the United States) in the year 1906, some 7 million board feet of lumber were sold und terms that made big profits to the lumberm who logged it out, and some 75 million boa feet were given away to people who need it and were entitled to get it. And some m lion and a half head of horses and cattle, a some six million sheep manage to get grazi in the national forests, in spite of the t about "bottling up curiosities." Not to me tion the fact that agricultural lands are op to homestead in the forests, mines are as fr as they are anywhere, water power may had under reasonable restrictions, and muni pal water supplies for nothing.

Some more about **use.** The old, individu istic, unrestricted use of the forests result in fire losses that would appal a German o Swiss. Timber enough used to go up in smo in one fire to build a half dozen cities. T Forest service stopped that. Since the f patrol was originated by the service, so years ago, less than one-third of 1 per ce of the total area of the forests has been burn over, a tremendous saving to the public.

If anyone thinks the restrictions impo by the Forest Service are severe, he should vestigate personally the lands that have be logged out by the older lumber companies California before the days of the service. Af seeing the blasted hillsides that will ne grow anything but boulders in the next hu dred years he would be more inclined to su gest a bath in boiling oil for some of the lu bermen and less inclined to cavil at a scient plan of lumbering that is profitable to lumbermen without letting them be worse th hoggish.

Limitations of space forbid an elaborat of the forest policy here, but copies of "T Use Book" can be had of the Secretary Agriculture for the asking, and the reader w find it not only instructive but a really ent taining treatise on the theory and practice o public service that was recognized as in pensable in Germany a hundred years ago

There is room here for a quotation fr "The Use Book," that gives a concise histo of the origin of the Forest service:

"In 1876, $2,000 was appropriated to e ploy a competent man to investigate tim conditions in the United States, and on Ju 30, 1886, an act was approved creating a div ion of forestry in the Department of Agric ture. On July 1, 1901, this division beca the Bureau of Forestry (now the Forest S vice, since the act of March 3, 1905), empl ing practically all the trained foresters in United States.

"In the meantime, with the increasing re ization that the nation's timber supply m be protected, and with the immense grow of irrigation interests in the West, the nec sity for retaining permanent federal cont over selected forest areas was recognized b brief section inserted in the act of March 1891, which authorized the President to est lish forest reserves, now called national f ests. The first exercise of this power was the creation of the Yellowstone Park tim land reserve, proclaimed by President Ha son March 30, 1891.

"The mere creation of national forests, ho ever, without provision for their administ tion, was both ineffectual and annoying to cal interests dependent upon their resourc Consequently, the Secretary of the Inter in 1896, requested the National Academy Sciences to recommend a national forest p icy. This resulted in the passage of the of June 4, 1897, under which, with several s sequent amendments, national forests are administered."

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Men for Right, and God for All

n who hold that Duty's more
Than the gleam of Pleasure's eyes;
n who hold the Right before
ife's supremest tinseled prize,
w the "still voice" summons you;
ist, and heed that highest call.
nd ye straight, and be ye true,
len for Right, and God for all.

n have made a monster grim,
lead of gilt and feet of clay,
l, the while they worship him.
oul corruption holds its sway.
ed and bribers, these accursed
rced and fatten in the land—
n who hold your duty first,
tand for Right, and straightly stand.

ye not, "Lo, I am small,
acking might to throttle ill."
, we are but pigmies, all,
nly strong to do His will.
the crisis draweth near!
re we, then, to knavery thrall?
w the sword and poise the spear,
en for Right, and God for all.

y, our fathers, founded here
reedom's home, the people's trust.
ll its glory disappear,
umbled, lowered in the dust?
, by God, whose name we praise;
ay, by Him on whom we call,
will turn from halting ways,
en for Right, and God for all.

* * *

When You Stub Your Toe

ou started out for a walk, Bartholomew,
your dear Leonora was by your side. The
was fair, the sunlight caressing, the little
s were chattering and whistling their
ts, the fragrance of the blossoms was
: grateful—in short, Nature evidently had
ged everything with the expresss purpose
iving you and Leonora a most delightful
l. You sauntered along, and joy was in
heart and the divine song of peace in
soul; and then—

ell, then was when you stubbed your toe
ist the malicious stone some sinful small
had left on the walk. Then you rose in
wrath, seized your toe in both hands,
ed madly about on one foot, and, in order
xpress your maltreated feelings, used
iage which curdled Leonora's gentle blood
made her wish she had married almost
ing except a man. All because of a
. Bartholomew, your delightful stroll was
:d, warped and all but knocked out in
irst round.

it is so with life, dear boy. We start out
e morning with the best and highest of
ions. "To-day," we say to ourselves,
bet I am going to do something fine and
." And just as we are saying it, we run
orce into some stone, which as likely as
ie Evil One, himself, placed in our way,
ve stub our toe, and probably fall flat,
se lurid language, and—oh, we ought to
hamed of ourselves, but we would be
so if we did not know that nobody—
ot one—fails to have a similar experience.
haven't you noticed, Bartholomew, that,
you have stubbed the toe and have
d off the first natural ebullition, you can
ue the stroll and both Leonora and you
ave a most enjoyable time if you are
nded? And, again, it is so in all life.
i stub your toe—as you will, dear boy—
ourself up, and go ahead. That's the
o win.

* * *

The Kind of Poetry He Wrote

u know part of one of Coleridge's poems
to him in a dream, don't you?"
s, I've heard so."
ell, Poeticus dreamed one of his poems
her night, and now his wife won't sleep
im."
ıy not?"
says she doesn't consider it safe to
with a man who has the nightmare."

The Opinions of Rufus

It's all right to advise folks to seize opportunity 'fore it flies, but I've known fellers so blame onlucky that if they did they'd git it by the tail feathers an' they'd pull out.

They's sech a thing es bein' too prosperous fer one's own good. An extry fat hen don't lay any eggs.

I dunno es I could wish fer anything much more comfortin' than ter be es able to carry my own troubles es I am my neighbor's.

If there was es much brains under some women's hats es there is acreage on top of 'em I should feel that the outlook fer the race is improvin' considerable.

Shakespeare said, "Who steals my purse steals trash," but Josh Bings says he'd be willin' to take a chance on tradin' purses unsight an' unseen with him any day.

I don't know of but one thing that's more uncertain than the weather, an' that's prophecies 'bout it.

It's said that women have the privilege of changin' their mind, an' I know some that I should think would take advantage of the chance to change it fer most anything that was offered.

If some folks' stummicks could be fed on the amount they feed their souls I'll bet they'd be s'prised at the savin' in their board bill.

I don't see what's the use of some people announcin' on Sunday that they're "miserable offenders," when anybody'd know it jest by watchin' them the rest of the week.

Did you ever reflect, brethren an' sisters, how much some children would be improved by bein' consider'ble less like their pas an' mas?

* * *

Jane Esmeralda Perkins

Jane Esmeralda Perkins is dwarfish as to size;
Jane Esmeralda Perkins has features that are flat;
Jane Esmeralda Perkins has somewhat glassy eyes
That seem forever querying, "I wonder where I'm at;"
But when the even creepeth on her mama, clad in white,
Wee mama of the sleepy eyes, her child for bed prepares;
"Jane Esmewalda Perkins, to Dod now be perlite,
An' don't fordet to say to him oor Now-I-lay-me pwayers."

Jane Esmeralda Perkins and her mama then kneel down,
(I think perhaps the angels say, "See, what a funny pair!")
And the baby mama whispers words to One in Beulah Town,
But all Jane Esmeralda does is merely stare, and stare;
And then another mama bends to kiss a bonnie head,
With prayer unspoke that o'er her bairn the angels guard will keep,
And the baby mama whispers, when the two are tucked in bed,
"Jane Esmewalda Perkins, it is time to go to seep."

While ever, through the livelong night, the angels, kind and wise,
Keep watch above the sleeping one and hold her in their care,
Jane Esmeralda Perkins, with her dull, unblinking eyes,
Looks out into the darkened room to merely stare, and stare.
Oh, I know the little mama is as safe as safe can be,
For the perfect love protects her while of Lethe's stream she drinks.
But I often pause to wonder—for it's natural, you see—
What it is, while she is staring, that Jane Esmeralda thinks.

It's No Use, Jim

Somewhere or other, in some way or other, the Santa Cruz Sentinel secured an article villifying Hiram W. Johnson, the gubernatorial candidate of the decent element of the Republican party, and republished it, at the same time crediting it to the San Francisco Star—and it might just as well have credited it to the Sunday School Times, which righteous paper had as much to do with the original publication as did "Jim" Barry's Star.

Thereupon Barry came out with an article disavowing the publication, expressing the high esteem in which he holds Mr. Johnson, and pouring several vials of deserved wrath and scorn on the head of Editor "Dunc" McPherson of the Sentinel. It was rich, rare and racy reading, but——

It's no use, Jim. You can't get beneath that hide; numbers of the newspaper men of this state have tried it, and always in vain. We begin with comparatively mild treatment, and we end by rubbing in verbal carbolic acid. It is no use; Duncan likes it. He says to himself, "There appears to be a popular impression that I am an ass, but I have made money, and so it must be erroneous. Rub in some more carbolic acid."

Once, I remember, I published some near-poetry, and after a while it appeared in the Sentinel without my name and under the explanatory line, "Contributed to the Sentinel." Thereupon I publicly announced that I had not contributed it to the Sentinel, and Duncan explained that it was very bum poetry, anyway (which it was), and therefore he had felt no hesitancy about capturing it as a Sentinel gem. What was a man to say after that?

Give it up, Jim. It "can't be did." The man doesn't live who can get beneath that pachydermatous hide. Neither barb of ridicule nor shaft of satire can pierce it. We know you didn't do it, and it will have to go with that.

* * *

In the Political Menagerie

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the gentlemanly attendant in the Political Menagerie, "permit me to call your attention to the most phenomenally awe-inspiring creature now on exhibition, the fiery, untamed, rainbow-tinted, chameleon-hued Pan-partisan Googoo, more frequently mentioned as The Machine. Approach, ladies and gentlemen; do not be afraid, for, while its roar is fierce and resounding, it is perfectly harmless and is so tame that it will eat from the dirtiest hand; in fact, it has received all its food from the people, and at their expense, for the last thirty years.

"But the particular astounding characteristic of the celebrated Pan-partisan Googoo to which I wish to call your pleased attention, ladies and gentlemen, is its unexampled capacity for changing its color to suit the taste of all spectators. Are you a Republican in these troublous times? Note that to you its coat appears the solemn, sepulchral Republican black. Are you a believer in the principles of the glorious, never-dying, never-living Democracy? Observe the dead, dun and undun hue which its coat assumes. Are you an apostle of the uncharted heaven of Socialism? Behold, it is of a vivid, regal, pulsating red. Are you a meek and lowly Prohibitionist? The color is that of watered milk in an insufficient bottle.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the wonder and the glory of the unparalleled Pan-partisan Googoo. It is the only animal now on exhibition which is absolutely guaranteed to be all things to all men, all colors to all partisans and all creeds to all believers. Let the people feed it, as they constantly have done, and the beautiful S. P. brand which it proudly wears is sufficient indication that its political colors will be displayed to suit anybody and everybody.

"We will now, ladies and gentlemen, move on to the next page, in which are displayed the Curry lion and the Anderson lamb lying down together, the lamb at present on the outside of the lion, the time not having yet arrived for the latter's dinner."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Our Big President And His Gauntlet It has been given out at Washington that, on Saturday of this week, President Taft will throw his gauntlet at the feet of his critics and give them a trouncing if he can. There is no foreknowing what this course may result in, but the effect is likely to be of first importance. He will stand pat. He will not only justify his policies, but the methods by which he has undertaken to incorporate them into legislation. He will say, in substance, "The policies I favor are embodied in the political platform upon which I was elected. This made them party measures one and all, and, for their enactment into law, the Republican party is responsible. I have held that party to that responsibility and, in pursuance of this idea, I have made appeal to the party organization as I found it. Our government is by party and as long as it is so I know of no other way of bringing important legislation to pass. Therefore, I call upon all Republicans to rally to the support of their party as the best way to support these party measures. Those who do not do so can make small claim to being Republicans and should be read out of the party." Whether the President says just these things or not, these are the things he is thinking and, from Maine to California, Republican "organizations" are anxiously waiting to stand behind the President if the President stands behind the party organization throughout the country, as he undoubtedly will. The "organizations" do not care a fig for the President's policies, but they do care a great deal for the party organizations as now constituted, for it is through these organizations that they keep their grip on state and nation.

Issue Both False And Perplexing In spite of the sincerest efforts of the President the issue that will go to the public as a result of tomorrow's meeting at Washington will be both false and perplexing. Progressive Republicanism, the country over, is loyal to the President's policies. They are the Roosevelt policies, the policies that brought progressive, insurgent, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicanism into being. Why should they not be loyal to them? Per contra, the Republican "organizations," national and state, from California to Maine, are opposed to those policies and will bring them to naught if they can, but they are for the "grand old party" with a whoop, a hurrah and a tiger. They will not openly oppose the President's policies, preferring to lie low and watch an opportunity to emasculate them when the President is not looking. What the insurrection is about is the domination of the Republican party by the predatory monetary interests of the country. It is against "Cannonism" in the house and "Aldrichism" in the senate, casting sinister shadows over the White House, that Progressive Republicanism is in revolt, and the fate of Taft will hang upon which banner he hoists tomorrow. If he bids the party march under the leadership of Aldrich and Cannon it will not do it and, despite all that the program-takers may say and do, he and his faction of the party will be overwhelmed. If, on the other hand, he justifies and pleads for his policies only and makes his plea to public sentiment for those policies and not for the party organization as it is, he may find the Republican party pulled together and ready to do battle for the maintenance of itself in power. By Sunday morning we shall know.

Court House Rings Lined Up for Curry Nearly every county has its courthouse ring. It is natural that it should. Sometimes these rings are Democratic, sometimes they are Republican, but more often they are, underneath the surface, strictly non-partisan. On the surface they are as partisan as possible but contrive to hold the balance of power for the benefit of the "ins" of whatever party. And nearly all of them sustain a cooperative relation with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company. With few exceptions these rings have lined up for Charles F. Curry for governor. It is so in Alameda, openly and notoriously. Word comes from Ukiah to the same effect, although in Mendocino the fact is kept a little shady. It is true of San Bernardino, where a stout anti-machine organization has been effected with the hope of throwing out the Kelly-Kendall combination. Kelly is postmaster and, united with the courthouse ring, is so well able to use the county patronage as to whip the local press into somnolence if not into line, and even the press of the adjacent city of Redlands. Riverside county is progressively Republican, but the courthouse push at Riverside is out and out for Curry. It is not yet clear that the insurrection at San Bernardino will be communicated to Riverside, but that is not unlikely, as the insurgents there are doing active work, with strong men identified with them and it is scarcely possible that Riversiders should hear the cannonading and not be enough interested to ask what it is all about. Those who question that Curry is, at bottom, the "organization" candidate will do well to associate in their minds these two facts. The courthouse rings are for Curry. The courthouse rings are "organization." Ipso facto the "organization" is for Curry. All others are stalking horses.

Just Two Camps In San Diego Of the four men in the race (the Nat Ellery joke not having reached San Diego yet) only two have any following. These are Johnson and Curry. Anderson's name is practically never spoken and Phil Stanton is not taken seriously, but the Johnson-Curry issue is drawn distinctly. Johnson bids fair to sweep things clean, but Curry will get practically every vote that Johnson does not. The rest will only be scattering and the line-up is so pronounced that the five months which intervene between now and the ides of August will hardly break the ranks of either Johnson or Curry to the advantage of any other candidate.

Stanton's Boom Big End First The enthusiasm for P. A. Stanton appears to be confined to Los Angeles county. As stated above, he cuts no figure in San Diego, and in Riverside it is all either Johnson or Curry. In San Bernardino there is some Stanton sentiment, and there would be a good deal in Orange county but for a lame chicken which has come home to the Stanton roost. Stanton could not get the Orange county officials to make the improvements he wanted in the vicinity of his Orange county ranch and so he slipped a bill into the legislature to cut off a piece of Orange and put it over into Los Angeles county, taking his ranch with it. Consequently there is no dearth of Stanton talk in Orange county, but it is the kind of talk that Stanton and his friends enthusiastically despise. Stanton's boom started big end first, does not extend beyond Los Angeles county and unbiased observers agree that Johnson will carry Los Angeles county.

Frank Flint Will Run There you have a straight tip and here is the reason why: The "organization" can not find another candidate south of Tehachapi who can face Judge John D. Works with any hope of winning against him. Frank Flint is popular throughout the citrus districts. We can not say it isn't so, because it is, although for a reason that human nature has first to acknowledge and then to apologise for. He "got things" for them. To be sure he swallowed the Aldrich program whole and did the bidding of the Rhode Island senator from start to finish, but he held the duty on the fruits that California produces and got an advance on lemons, partly for the advantage of growers and partly for the advantage of the transportation companies, both interests being served with impartiality and zeal. Frank Flint will run. The Gage boom died abornin' and Governor Gillett's motion for his own nomination has not received a second. J. W. M Kinley wears the S. P. collar too conspicuous and it is Frank Flint or nobody worth me tioning to take the field against Judge Work and so Frank Flint will be in the runnin Mark that down as a sure prophecy. John L Works is not popular with that crowd. Th have been searching his record and are b ginning to whisper around bar-rooms th they have "got it on him," to use the langua of bar-rooms. Of course they haven't, b they are going to make a hard fight again Works for the very palpable reason that h is not the kind of man the "interests" wa in the American House of Lords. He will l fought with the weapons formerly employ by Chinese pirates.

The Deadly Parallel Back in 1904 the Los Angel Times still had something of reputation for independence not for fairness. On August 7th of that ye it had this to say of P. A. Stanton: "P. Stanton is the machine candidate for the a sembly, a politician who is the creature o the Espee machine, who takes his orders fro its bosses, a programmer in every politic sense of the word, who represented not h district, but his political makers at the la session of the legislature." That is how Sta ton looked to the Times before it got int the same corral with Stanton. After that was different, as the following excerpts fro the Times of March 14, 1910, clearly show "There is no excuse whatever for a Republ can, a genuine Republican in Southern Cal fornia, to withhold his support from Mr. Sta ton. He has been a careful, conscientious an efficient legislator, serving his constituenc valiantly and fruitfully." Thus the lion an the lamb lie down together in peace inside th Southern Pacific's ample stock yards. A littl investigation would disclose a whole menager of the same ilk, spitting at each other a littl once in a while, but injuring not a hair of an head set off with an Espee collar. A might interesting family!

W. D. Stephens For Congress At home Representative M Lachlan of the seventh di trict has sometimes talke like an insurgent, but he has tramped habitually in the Cannon ranks at Washingto When the late insurrection took place, th almost amounted to a revolution, McLachla stood pat. The issue thus raised has reache home ahead of him and the Lincoln-Roosevel Republican League has found a candidate t take the field against him. This man is W D. Stephens, a retired wholesale grocer, a ma who stands as high as the highest in his cit and district, a sound man, a good speaker an as to age, in his early fifties. If nominated an elected Mr. Stephens can be counted on t stand for a progressive and not a corporation dominated Republicanism. He should hav the support of all who really want this to b a free country in fact and not an oligarch masquerading in the habiliments of a re public.

Eshleman's Candidacy Formally Announced John M. Eshleman ha been talked of for th Lincoln-Roosevelt en dorsement for railroad commissioner from th third district, but, until lately, there has bee no certainty that he would make the race i endorsed. That uncertainty has been cleare up and Eshleman will make the race if en dorsed by the League, and the League i pretty certain to endorse him. With Alex ander Gordon and John M. Eshleman on th commission it will do good work whoever th third man may be, but it will be well to hav a strong man in the third place also.

Lee C. Gates for State Senator Lee C. Gates, of Los An geles, has been loth t stand for office this yea but we have it on good authority that he wil make the race for state senator from th

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

y-fourth district. This is the district now esented by Senator Savage, an "organiza- man" of whom the organization itself is especially proud. In fact the "organiza- " is supposed to be behind Assemblyman ls for the nomination to succeed Savage. ls has more ability than Savage, while be- equally obedient. They may both run, in h event the nomination of Gates may be ed upon as a foregone conclusion. The dis- takes in San Pedro, which, politically king, is not the good end. Savage or s may carry that, but the heavy end of district is in southwestern Los Angeles e, at the last city election, Mayor Alex- r received 6,628 votes to 3,775 for Smith. vote should make it easy for Gates, in a walkover. The state senate has need ust such men.

competences, they are very far from being in the millionaire class. Mr. Anderson has announced that his expenditures will be small and to help Stanton make his campaign his friends have raised a subscription. Neither are the millionaires seeking the election to the United States senate under the direct primary, although they used to be candidates occasionally in the days of the nominating convention. Judge Works is not rich, and Frank Flint, the only organization candidate in view, thinks himself too poor to run, although it is said he is worth $100,000 or more. As for the candidates for less important offices, they are nearly all of such small means that they will be very glad to get the salaries attached to the offices they are seeking. In short, it is not a millionaire campaign, but more nearly a poor man's campaign.

"THE GOD FROM THE MACHINE"

Ien Are ut Out Although the cry has been raised that under the direct primary law poor men can ord to run for office, and the finger has ointed at the Stephenson case in Wis- and the Bourne instance in Oregon to he advantage which wealth gives, it can said that money is playing any conspic- rt in the campaign now on in Califor- s a matter of fact, the men running for re generally poor, and the few excep- the rule are not millionaires. Three andidates for governor, Johnson, Curry ery, are without fortunes, and although on and Stanton are supposed to possess

The Gentleman's Tire Will Get Punctured Some of the candidates now before the people are good claimers. Without mentioning names, which might be unpleasant, it is sufficient to say that several gentlemen who have served in the legislature, and who are aspirants for various positions of trust and profit, are pluming themselves upon accomplishments to which their title will not be generally conceded. To mention just one instance, a prominent candidate includes in his long list of "claims" the law establishing the state engineering department and giving it control over all constructional work. Now, every one ought to know that this law originated in a suggestion made in his retiring message by Governor Pardee, which was taken up and worked into shape by Governor Gillett. The legislator who makes the claim to its authorship received the bill from Governor Gillett and introduced it, but that is all he did. It was known to every member as "the governor's bill," and it needed no other influence to put it through the legislature. The fly on the chariot wheel hardly exercised less influence on the outcome of the race than was exerted by the statesman who claims to be the author of this piece of constructive legislation simply because of the accident that his name happened to be connected with it. His name was indeed printed on the top of the bill when it was introduced, but that circumstance was in no way important, because he neither conceived, nor composed nor passed the measure.

A Little Unpleasantness In the Organization Camp In the list of "those present" at the banquet of the Stanton boosters in Los Angeles the other evening appeared the names of Mott Flint, Brader Lee and W. J. Jeffries, known in local political circles as "the Flint bunch." Mott Flint is a brother of Senator Frank P. Flint, and his presence at the banquet, together with other members of the "bunch," indicates clearly that the Flint influences are behind Stanton in his gubernatorial candidacy. Naturally this feature of the banquet has not escaped the attention of the supporters of Charles F. Curry, nor of the friends of Alden Anderson, and there is an unsheathing of knives all the way down the line in order to have them ready for use in case Senator Flint wobbles back into the race for the United States senate. The Curry supporters in the south are said to be indignant over the Flint-Stanton alliance. Until the lining up of the Flint forces behind Stanton, the latter's candidacy was not taken seriously, and there were persistent rumors that his nominating petition would never be filed. Now, however, Stanton's candidacy wears a more substantial look, at least in Los Angeles.

They Will Have to Face Their Records The People's Lobby, established at the opening of the legislative session of 1909, under the auspices of the Direct Legislation League of California, for the purpose of furnishing to the people a faithful record of the attitude of the members of each house on vital issues, is beginning to receive from various sections of the state requests for detailed information regarding the quality of service rendered by members of one house or the other during the late session. This fact may be taken as evidence that the people are becoming more and more interested in the work of their chosen representatives at Sacramento. It is an encouraging sign of the times. Last winter, for the first time in the history of the state, the whole people, regardless of party or special interests of any character, found at the state capital an organization prepared to watch and report upon the actions of the makers of laws. That the work performed will be appreciated by the people as the information compiled is drawn upon by the editors of the state can not be doubted.

They Are Bound To Have the Best Down in Los Angeles the Good Government forces always stand prepared to go to any length to secure the very best candidate for public office. Recently they have gone to Egypt to find the right man to stand as candidate for nomination as supervisor of Los Angeles county. Sidney A. Butler, who, as president of the Good Roads' Association, rendered magnificent service to the county, was intercepted at the base of Cheops with a message from the leading citizens of the southern town asking him to enter the supervisorial race. Encouraged by the consent of such men as Judge John D. Works and W. J. Washburn, one of the big bankers of Los Angeles, to enter the council, and by the promise of a number of influential men of affairs to look after the details of his campaign, Mr. Butler, though

(Continued on Next Page)

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

in no sense an aspirant for office, gave his consent to make the run, and preparations for the contest in his behalf are well under way. The good government leaders in Los Angeles are not content to accept just fair timber. They are bound to have the best. When such men as Judge Works, William J. Washburn, George H. Stewart (formerly president of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce), and Sidney A. Butler consent to make the sacrifices entailed by their acceptance of responsible public posts, good citizens look forward with great hope and the camp of the machine becomes enshrouded with gloom.

Nye Unopposed By Democrats? The Los Angeles Herald (Dem.), says: "Mr. Norton (chairman of the Democratic county central committee of Los Angeles county) and other Democratic authorities believe the Democrats will place no candidate in the field against Controller A. B. Nye, who has announced his candidacy for re-election on the regular Republican ticket. Therefore, it is said, Mr. Nye, at least, if not one or two others, may receive what to all intents and purposes will be the Democratic indorsement. There are reasons for this. Mr. Nye's record, say many political leaders of all parties, has been exceptionally clean and commendable. In Southern California there is no candidate whose announcement has elicited more favorable comment than that of Controller Nye, whose re-election is deemed important. Regardless of partisanship, he is liked generally because of his work. Mr. Nye was born in Stockton in 1853, and was for a number of years editor of the Oakland Enquirer. As secretary to Governor Pardee he devised the present plan of state taxation, which has been highly indorsed as the most practical and satisfactory yet known. When he took hold of the treasury he found the public money of the state lying useless in the vaults, earning nothing. He devised a system by which these state funds were put out on deposit and made to yield hundreds of thousands of dollars to enrich the state's treasury. He devised the inheritance tax plan, and through its later becoming a law, California became inestimably richer. He also developed the present system of reporting the revenues and expenditures of the various counties, whereby the state controller's office keeps its hand directly on the pulse of every public treasury and money channel in the state."

B. G. Taylor Likely Clerk of Supreme Court It looks likely that B. Grant Taylor, of Saratoga, Santa Clara county, will be the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican candidate for clerk of the supreme court. B. Grant Taylor was born on a farm in the town of Collins, Erie county, New York, December 27, 1872, and lived the farmer boy life until his sixteenth year, when he entered the service of the Erie railway as telegraph operator, and four years later became a stenographer and held a position under the New York civil service in one of the State Hospitals for the Insane. In 1899 he came to California to make his home, and soon thereafter was married to Miss Lucretia Watson of Cupertino, Santa Clara county. Locating in San Jose, he was employed as stenographer in the law office of Hon. S. F. Leib, where he pursued the study of law, which he had commenced while in the hospital service in New York, and was admitted to the California bar in 1902. When Governor Pardee appointed Judge Leib to a position on the superior bench of Santa Clara county, made vacant by the promotion of Judge Lorigan to the supreme bench, Mr. Taylor became official court reporter of Department No. 1 of the superior court, and has continued in that position up to the present time. Soon after coming to the state, Mr. Taylor interested himself in political affairs, and has continued that interest, and performed what he conceived to be a citizen's duty by advancing the principles of the Republican party and clean politics at every opportunity. He has been a member of the county central committee for a number of years. During the last presidential campaign Mr. Taylor was secretary of the county convention and treasurer of the county central committee and one of the chief workers and speakers in that campaign, which elected every man on the Republican ticket. Mr. Taylor is also secretary-treasurer of the Santa Clara County Republican club, that is to include all active Republicans for organized effort in the coming elections. No man stands higher than Mr. Taylor in the esteem of all who know him. He has the absolute confidence of all the judges, lawyers and good citizens of Santa Clara county and is an ideal man for the position of clerk of the supreme court of the state of California.

Mayor Davidson to Fight "Red" Hayes Mayor Davidson, of San Jose, is the man who is going up against Congressman E. A. (Red) Hayes. Insurgency in Congress is to get a squelching if Davidson can do it. And in a sense he has a fair chance as things stand now, to make good. "Black" Hayes has angered the Curry supporters by coming out for Hiram Johnson, and Davidson will get the Curry votes for congressman. "Black" Hayes also angered another block of voters by beginning a campaign against the Lincoln-Roosevelt League some time ago, and going to the length of putting up a city ticket in San Jose. When he went over to the League that ticket was abandoned by Hayes and the ticket's friends will also be after brother "Red's" scalp. Davidson will probably be re-elected mayor of San Jose. He will then resign, to run for congress, and, as the Labor Union party controls the city council, Walter G. Mathewson, Labor Union councilman, will be elected mayor by the council, with Davidson's approval, and Davidson will get the Union Labor vote for congress. Things look pretty dark for "Red" Hayes, unless the voters of his district rise up and support him en masse because of his record on Cannonism and insurgency.

Coggins a Poor Choice For Surveyor-General The name of Cliffo Coggins continues to be mentioned for surveyor-general, and if the organization should decide to pick a man to beat Kingsbury it would be as likely to take Coggins as any one else. He is a more plausible personage than Frank Wright of Sacramento or Victor Wood of San Luis Obispo, the two others who are talked about. Wright's father was surveyor-general, and Woods was Kingsbury's predecessor, but neither name suggests pleasant associations. Coggins was senator from Siskiyou and Shasta before old Elmer Weed got the job, and he is good-looking and ingratiating. He used to be a lumber-mill owner and judging from the energy he formerly expended denouncing Secretary Hitchcock and Giffo Pinchot, he has some of the attributes of Ballinger.

"Organization" Against Incumbents Endorsed Since the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has endorsed for reelection four incumbents of state offices—Attorney-general Webb, Controller Ny Surveyor-General Kingsbury and Treasurer Williams—organization newspapers are asking sarcastically whether it is reform to keep the office-holders in, and are saying that three of them owe their present positions to the San Cruz convention. True enough they do, but if the Santa Cruz convention, in all of its elements and influences, could be reassembled today it would not renominate any one of the four men. The railroad political bureau openly or secretly against all of them, because it has discovered that it does not control them. The affected indignation of the organization press over the assumed inconsistency of the reformers is as nothing in comparison with the accusations it would be venting if the same men had failed of endorsement after the record of independence they have made.

A. H. Hewitt of Sutter Should Be Reelected Assemblyman A. H. Hewitt of Sutter county is a candidate for reelection and nobody doubts that he will be chosen by an overwhelming vote. His record insures that, for he was one of the soundest men in the last two legislatures and also one of the ablest. He is never radical, talk at least, but he is on the right side, and he is stable. It is understood that he will be a candidate for speaker if the anti-organization men control the assembly, and he would ma

(Continued on Page 318)

A MODEL NEW-TYPE LEGISLATOR

ALBERT E. BOYNTON, WHOM THE SIXTH DISTRICT SHOULD FORCE BACK INTO THE SENATE

By GEORGE D. LESLIE

enator Albert E. Boynton, born and reared Oroville, is a man of whom all Butte county feel justly proud. He has served Cali- ia well, being one of the best men in the e legislature, measured either by the stand- of his record on important "test" votes or is individual work in accomplishing results the public good. Young in years but sage counsel, and withal a mighty fine fighter, as come to be recognized as a real leader ng the men who stand for Right Things.

Career Began Early

ike the English statesman, Pitt, our Cali- ian, Boynton, at the outset had to face charge of being too young for official re- sibility. This objection was raised despite fact that Attorney Boynton was already gnized as one of the ablest lawyers, young ld, in Butte county, having worked his through the law school at Ann Arbor, ., by reporting lectures in shorthand. eover, he was then rendering efficient ser- as city trustee of Oroville, having led a essful fight against police corruption in the Chinatown. Yet to some he was still the late Editor S. S. Boynton's son Al- a member of the pioneer class of the n high school and the boy who, on a dare a schoolmate, took the examination for gh school teacher's certificate at the age 9, passing with the highest percentage in istory of Butte county.

A Popular Candidate

st as bravely now he entered the contest tate senator. After the Republicans nom- d Albert Boynton, the Democrats had le in finding an opposing candidate. One e county man who had been mentioned P. Lynch of Sterling City) refused to run st his personal friend, Albert Boynton. rs feared Attorney Boynton as too form- e an opponent. The Democrats actually nated the late Jo. D. Sproul of Chico with- permission, but he immediately declined cept the nomination. As a last resort, Democrats turned to Joseph Craig of dland, a much older man than Boynton former state senator from a San Fran- district. After first refusing the honor, ally consented to make the sacrifice. was indeed a sacrifice. Craig barely held wn in Democratic Yolo and was literally ped by the heavy majorities Boynton l up in Butte, Yuba and Sutter counties. g Boynton had made such a vigorous aign and had impressed people so favor- that he won a splendid victory. In fact, vote-getter he is truly a wonder.

(Rep.) was elected state senator by a lity of 2,718, or clear majority of 2,289 district that gave Bell (Dem.) for gover- plurality of 1,699, or majority over all 3. Boynton ran far ahead of the most ar candidates on the Republican state , his vote for senator totaling 7,015 st district totals of only 6,348 for Colgan controller), and 6,205 for Curry (secre- f state). Boynton likewise ran far ahead pular candidates for county offices. In Sutter and Yuba counties he received a r plurality than any Republican candi- having party opposition. In Butte his ity was greater by over 400 than that y other winner.

Record on Test Votes

ired perhaps by his high vote, Senator on proceeded to make a good record at ssions of 1907 and 1909. The first ses- ather than the second gives the better f the mettle of the man, because it takes moral courage to stand for right things t alone without popular support than to nd with several others backed by strong opinion.

record in test votes on important meas- as been splendid, especially in pioneer for reform at the session of 1907. The few like Senator Boynton at this session e satisfaction of finding their forces aug- mented at the next session after the people had been heard from at the intervening election. There were indeed marked increases in test votes on issues presented at both sessions. Thus, for the admission of Senator Bell (elected independently) to the Republican caucus there were in 1907 only 5 votes, but in 1909, under Senator Boynton's leadership, as many as 14. The senate vote for the anti-racetrack gambling bill rose from 11 to 33 and for an effective direct primary law from 11 to 27. In 1907 there was a vote of 17 for a state wide directory vote on United States senator (by the Oregon plan), as compared with the vote of 19 in 1909 against the advisory vote provided by assembly amendments to the senate's direct primary bill. The vote for an initiative constitutional amendment rose from 12 at the former session to 20 at the succeeding

SENATOR ALBERT E. BOYNTON
Of Butte County

session. Against the change of venue bill there were 16 votes recorded in 1907 against 16 and 18, respectively, on two test votes in 1909. The vote for the railroad demurrage law rose from 9 at the former session to 30 at the next, and for the repeal of the special verdict act increased from 13 on the final test in 1907 to no less than 33 in 1909.

Senator Boynton was also with the progressives on certain measures considered in 1907 alone. He was among the eight fighting the four-track railroad bill, the eleven opposing the press-gag bill, the seven against expelling newspaperman Livernash for criticising legislators, and the nine voting against capitol removal. Affirmatively, he was one of 25 voting for a bill against political contributions by corporations and his was one of the 21 sure votes for the anti-trust law duly enacted at this session after barely passing the senate. All these votes in 1907 show Senator Boynton's political foresight, or power in the present to read the future aright.

In his "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," Franklin Hichborn presents tables showing the stand of legislators on selected test votes. The record of Senator Boynton on the 16 votes chosen is given in the tables, as follows: For reform, 13; against, 1; absent, 2. The two votes he missed were on the Stanford mile-limit law, which was voted on twice successively one evening when there was a small attendance, ten senators missing the first vote and six the second. The single case where the tables in the appendix make Senator Boynton seem to have been against reform, in his vote on the motion to send the local option bill to the judiciary committee, is explained away by Mr. Hichborn himself in the following foot note in the body of his book.

"Senator Boynton was a consistent supporter of the Local Option bill from the beginning to the end of the session. He held, however, that the bill as originally drawn was not in proper form, and explained that he voted to have the bill returned to the committee that amendments, which he deemed necessary, could be made."

Besides being clear of blame in the apparent exceptions, Senator Boynton has the credit of having stood firmly for the cause of reform in 13 test votes on the following important matters: To admit Senator Bell to Republican caucus; direct primary bill (two separate occasions); anti-racetrack gambling bill; bill to abolish party circle on ballots (two separate occasions); railroad regulation bill; initiative constitutional amendment; local option bill (final vote); railroad commission constitutional amendment; change of venue bill (two separate occasions), and investigation of freight rates.

Individual Work

Besides voting right on all measures of general importance, Senator Boynton has also done much individual work in accomplishing results for the public good. In 1907, in cooperation with Assemblyman McConnell, he secured the enactment of a law providing explicitly for the sale of jute bags by the prison commissioners only after due public notice of intended sales at fixed prices and only to bona fide purchasers for individual use and in limited numbers. Senator Boynton also got a tie vote of 17 to 17 on a resolution of his own directing the prison commissioners to cancel certain sales by which single individuals had received very large numbers of these bags. After the session he caused suit to be successfully brought against the commissioners in this matter, paying all the costs himself, and thus eventually secured a fair distribution of jute bags to grain growers throughout the state.

In 1907 he also took charge in the senate of Assemblyman Devlin's bill to repeal the special verdict act of 1905. He did manage to secure the passage of the bill late one night, though it was defeated on reconsideration next day, heavy pressure being brought to bear to prevent the passage of the repealing bill. In 1909, on the opening day, Senator Boynton introduced the same measure as his own bill and this time finally secured its enactment. The repealing act wipes out an iniquitous provision through which juries in damage suits, by being compelled to render various special verdicts, could be tricked by shrewd lawyers into making inconsistent findings on which judgments were easily reversed on appeal. The repeal of the special verdict act is considered by union labor men one of the most important reforms effected at the session of 1909.

For Non-Partisan Judiciary

In 1909 Senator Boynton had charge of the bill providing for the arrangement of judicial candidates on the ballot without designation of party affiliations. He secured the passage of the bill through the senate and also defeated a motion to reconsider its passage there. The bill was fought hard in the assembly and by a combination of untoward circumstances was finally defeated there on the very last business day by being brought to a vote at an hour when a full attendance of assemblymen could not be obtained, the "aye" vote falling a few short of the necessary 41. The non-partisan

judiciary bill is a measure for which Senator Boynton should lead a fully successful fight at the next session.

At the last session, with Assemblyman Hewitt, he took charge of the bill appropriating $400,000 to be spent in cooperation between federal and state officials in accomplishing the work of direct enforcement of the navigation of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Feather rivers as recommended in the special report of the California debris commission and of federal government engineers of June 30, 1907. The bill was duly enacted into law and thus provides sufficient funds for important public improvements.

Gets District Appropriations

With all his zeal for general measures he does not forget local interests. Nor does his political independence prevent him from getting plenty of appropriations for his district. Those who would punish him for independence may be afraid to rouse his fighting spirit. The "machine" that set out to crush him would be shattered by his resistance.

Senator Boynton was the author of the act passed early in the session of 1907, appropriating $132,000 to provide for the erection of buildings, the construction of improvements, etc., at the University farm established at Davisville. This large appropriation ended all talk of moving the state farm away from Yolo county. Again in 1909 he was the author of a series of bills making further appropriations for the state farm, for additional buildings and furnishings and for the purchase of livestock, farm machinery, etc., these appropriations totaling $137,000.

He has also watched out well for the state normal school at Chico. In 1907 he secured an appropriation for furniture and equipment for this school, making a fight on the floor of the senate to raise the amount from a committee recommendation of only $5,000 to the sum of $7,000. In 1909, in co-operation with Assemblyman Costar, he got an appropriation of $30,000 for the erection of a training school building at the Chico state normal school.

Senator Boynton and Assemblyman Hewitt, working together, secured appropriations of $125,000 in 1907 and $150,000 in 1909 for immediate work in improving the navigation of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Feather rivers. Senator Boynton in 1909 got an appropriation of $15,000 for the investigation and control of destructive plant diseases of cultivated plants in portions of the state not benefited by the Southern California pathological laboratory, this appropriation being a boon to his district. With Assemblyman Hewitt he also secured an appropriation of $12,000 for the improvement of cereal crops in California.

Senator Boynton has even performed the difficult legislative feat of securing the adoption of amendments to the general appropriation act. Of the mere $39,500 added to this budget bill by the senate in 1909, no less than $36,500 (or all except $3,000) was obtained by Senator Boynton for the Davis state farm. Moreover, of about $4,000,000 in special appropriations in 1909 for state institutions and local improvements no less than $744,000 (including the $400,000 for river improvements), or between one-fifth and one-sixth of all, was obtained by Senator Boynton and his assembly colleagues for the sixth senatorial district.

His Personal Attributes

Senator Boynton's great worth as a legislator, like his success as lawyer and business man, is due to certain admirable qualities that are no less meritorious in him because they happen to be simple and attainable by others. In literature and art, after all, whatever is truly great is also simple and plain. The noblest human characters may likewise be built on the simplest, humblest virtues.

Albert Boynton, to begin with, is a good, hard worker, making up by industry whatever he may lack in genius. As a legislator he is prompt and regular in attending sessions of the state senate. Moreover, he is always present not only in body but also in mind, being well primed with knowledge from faithful attendance at his own committee meetings or well posted on other matters from his intimate acquaintance with colleagues on all committees. Knowing both measures and men and watching all things closely and systematically, he is pretty sure not to be misled on any legislative action.

At the session of 1907, his first, Senator Boynton was a member of the following committees: Agriculture and dairying; elections and election laws; fruit and vine interests; irrigation; judiciary; mines and mining (chairman), and municipal corporations. His committees at the session of 1909 were as follows: Finance; irrigation; judiciary; labor; capital and immigration; mines and mining (chairman), and municipal corporations. The promotion to the important, hard-working finance or "budget" committee at the second session was won by Senator Boynton's industrious service at the former session on the judiciary committee, the other leading senate committee.

His Persistency

To Senator Boynton's indomitable persistency is due the final repeal of the special verdict act of 1905 at the session of 1909. Nothing daunted by his failure to secure the repeal in 1907, Senator Boynton renewed the fight in 1909, and overcoming all opposition, won a signal victory at last. This quality of hanging on with bulldog tenacity augurs well for the enactment of the non-partisan judiciary bill at the coming session of 1911, if the measure is again entrusted to Senator Boynton. He put it through the senate all right in 1909 and almost secured its safe passage through the assembly, the bill being defeated there at the very end of the session by sharp manipulation.

Without being a natural-born genius, Albert Boynton does possess marked powers of application and concentration. He can throw himself wholly into a subject, becoming oblivious to surroundings. When he is watching out for a measure committed to his care or when he is following the debate on an important measure, his face begins to flush from the excitement of the quickened brain action and his eyes take on a sparkle. When he has his spirits roused he fights like a lion.

His Quick Perception

His face, by the way, is frankly expressive. On the direct primary bill at the end of the

(Continued on Page 318)

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THE LITTLE BLACK BEAST

BY

A. J. PILLSBURY

HE CAME to them in a snow storm out of the darkness and cold. There was a sound of shuffling feet at the door and ove the rattling of shutters and driving of wind a piping voice was heard calling, lonsieur, open. Open, or I perish."

Abner Hardy, startled from his accustomed zing by the fire after tea, sprang to the door, l, throwing it open wide, caught in his arms stiffening form of a half-grown boy too ch exhausted to stand upon his feet.

The lad was brought before the great fire-ce, the snow brushed off him and his be-nbed feet and limbs speedily chafed into mal circulation. This, supplemented by not nulants and a hearty supper, so far revived youth that he was able to tell who he s and where he came from.

I am from Stanstead over the border," he l, brokenly. "My father is long ago dead, long I can not remember, and now my ther, she, too, is gone, last fall, to my fa-r; and my stepfather, he beat me because ake for myself this ring which my mother e. He say I did steal it, but it was not so. s not to steal if I take only what my mother e with commandment, saying, 'Keep it al-s, my son. It was your father's. I have other thing to give you.' And then she did

My stepfather will be punished for his elty to my mother and to me. It can not otherwise."

See," he said holding up to view a massive l ring, "It has my father's name on the in-. Gaspar Gautier; that was my father's ie and it is mine. You see I have the ring in. I watched my chance to take it and e away forever into another country where stepfather can not find me to beat me. I t find another home and work to do. Now know all. I wish that I could stay here ays, it is so pleasant and so warm. Ah! the wind wails and cries. It has no pity. hing in the world has pity. The snow was leep and I had come so far without food I could not go farther. I should have shed."

he lad was thinly clad and meanly, and e was that about him which told of under-ing long continued and blood impoverish-t. His features were small and complex-swarthy, and his hair and eyes were black ie night out of which he had come.

nabel, tearful and timid, yet quick to per-n any helpful act which opportunity af-ed, had been hovering near the dark little ger ever since his coming, and when he ssly expressed the wish that he might live them always, their home being so pleas-and warm, she threw discretion to the s and unhesitatingly championed the osition; but her mother, drawing her ly to her side and stroking her temples erly, checked her childish enthusiasm by g, "We shall see what is best, my dear. your bedtime now."

hen the child had gone to her alcove and y Gaspar had been tucked into a warm ver the kitchen, Isabel could not refrain saying, "If he only should prove to be ight kind of a boy, Abner. You do so help about the chores, you know," but in turn, suffered a checking of her castle-ing, for Abner, having covered the em-rose and taking the candle said, "We see what is best, my dear. It is bed-now."

ner and Isabel, with overmuch of worldly nce, had not married until late in life, so Annabel was at once their only child and of their old age. The hundred daily er-of her willing feet were most acceptable th father and mother, and yet as the cares took on the weight of added years they d the more fervently that a son had also born to them. Now that this waif had to their door, providentially as it seemed, r himself entertained more than half a that they might see their way clear to him a member of the family, but Abner y was not a man to take a step of any tance without first seeing his way clear. id lived a life more prudent than event-nore just than sympathetic or charitable. ad been thrifty without being covetous vas now well-to-do, according to the re of his time and neighborhood, with-eing exempt from hard toil every work-ay in the year.

the morning after the coming of Gaspar, as soon as breakfast was over and the dishes done, Annabel put on her cap and cloak and ran through the snow to tell "Our Hiram" the wonderful news. Deacon Mitchell's farm was the very next one down the valley and the house was not above half a mile from Abner Hardy's, but the snow was deep and the drifts were high and Annabel was quite out of breath by the time she had gotten there.

Oh, Hiram!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had gotten within hearing distance of the lad who had come to meet her, "You can not guess what we've got at our house. You couldn't guess if you were to try all winter long. I've got a little brother only just a bit bigger than I am, but he must be ever so much older. He came to us last night in the storm and was almost dead from hunger and cold, but he is all right this morning and is the funniest little fellow you ever saw in all your life. He calls papa 'mo-sher' and mamma 'ma-dam,' and me, he calls me 'mam-zell.' Mamma says that's because he is French and that all French people talk that way."

Our Hiram quite agreed with Annabel that so unusual an occurrence deserved investigation at once, and hand in hand they dashed away through the snow to enable Our Hiram to pay his respects to the newcomer.

Gaspar was found just emerging from the barn, having put his shovel away after clearing a wide path through the snow from the barn to the house.

"This is Our Hiram, Gaspar," Annabel called, coming up to him. "I told you all about him this morning, you remember. I have told him all about you, too. He is a big, strong fellow, isn't he? But he is awfully good to me. How old are you, Gaspar?"

"I was fifteen last fall, Madamoiselle," Gaspar replied, doffing his cap and bowing respectfully, yet looking askance at Our Hiram.

"Fifteen! Oh you little runt!" Hiram cried, stepping to the side of the diminutive stranger and stretching forth his arm above the other's head. "Why, I will not be fifteen for more than a month and your head don't come up to my shoulder. O, you little runt!" And the big fellow, stooping suddenly, caught the lesser one by the waist and tossed him sprawling into the bank of snow.

When Gaspar emerged from the drift it was with snapping eyes and sullen looks. "Oh! Hiram, you ought not to have done that," Annabel cried, and yet she could not help laughing at the little visitor's crestfallen appearance.

Our Hiram, seeing that his boisterous introduction had not been taken in good part, and the better to make a jest out of the affair, caught up Annabel and, tossing her into the drift, turned a somersault and, himself, landed in the midst of the heap so hard that scarcely more than his boots were observable sticking out. At this prank Annabel laughed immoderately and even Gaspar was provoked into a passable state of humor. At all events the young people were mutually acquainted now and any further formality of introduction could well be dispensed with.

Of four children born to good Deacon Mitchell and his wife only Hiram had survived, and all the world beside was not so dear to them as he. "Well now, our Hiram," the Deacon was wont to begin by way of preface to telling of something the lad had said or done, and the mother, too, never wearied of talking of "Our Hiram."

At first the people in the neighborhood, who, usually, had been blessed with more children than they could adequately clothe and feed, were inclined to smile at the doting parents' simple mindedness, but as the lad grew toward manhood, light hearted, athletic and strong, winning his way to the hearts of all, the neighbors fell into the ways of the old folks and spoke of him as "Our Hiram," too.

"What do you think of Our Hiram, Gaspar?" Annabel asked as the stalwart youth went bounding homeward, like a greyhound, through the snow.

"Ah! he is very grand, Mademoiselle," Gaspar said, rather bitterly, Annabel thought. "Is it good to be what he did call me a r-r-runt? I do not know r-r-runt. It can not be good, whatever to be a r-r-runt. Many times my stepfather did say that God did not make me to be any good thing, and I think it must be very bad in this country to be a r-r-runt."

For the first time in her life Annabel felt an influence about her that was not wholesome, and she went into the house with moistened eyes and a heavy heart, but when her mother asked her what the trouble was for the life of her she could not tell, only that Our Hiram had playfully called Gaspar a little runt and Gaspar did not know what it meant and thought it must be a very bad thing to be a runt.

Gaspar fell readily enough into the routine of chore work for Abner and his family and soon made himself so nearly indispensable that Abner wondered how he had ever gotten on without him. He was respectful in rendering service and forgot not the smallest detail. He attended the district school with Our Hiram and Annabel and struggled hard to learn, although to poor advantage, for he understood English imperfectly, had been to school little and was far behind the other children of his age. Thus handicapped, he seemed to the other children to be stupid, often blundered and was laughed at unmercifully by the hearty young barbarians who, without a trace of malice, made life almost a burden to him.

There was something about the youth that teacher nor pupils, Abner nor Isabel, could quite make out. He was much alone and, while neither sulky nor ill tempered, either brooded or dreamed a very great deal, but whether it was brooding or dreaming no one could feel quite certain.

The winter wore away, the snow began to melt on the hillsides and the ice to break up in the little river preparatory to going out when the water should get a little higher. Then came the last snowfall of the season, a warm, wet snow that packed easily and afforded manifestly the last chance for coasting for that winter. It being Saturday afternoon, and the Sunday school lessons having been learned, a number of school children gathered upon the hill above the river for a final coasting frolic.

Our Hiram came by for Annabel with his big sled and, seeing Gaspar standing listlessly by the barn door, called to him to join them, but Gaspar was having one of his brooding days and seemed reluctant to join them. "Oh, come along, you little black beast," cried Hiram, joyously, "why mope like an owl this beautiful day? Come along, I say, and let's have some fun."

"Oh, yes, do," Annabel called, and he went.

The hill road down which the merry coasters went was long and winding and, at one point, came dangerously near to the river's brink, but with a skilful turning of the sled by a careful steerer all would go gaily to the foot of the hill. In colder weather, when the ice on the river was firm, the braver ones were wont to plunge over the steep river bank and glide out upon the bosom of the river, but few girls dared attempt a feat so perilous.

"You take me down first," Annabel called to Gaspar, with a childish desire to brighten up the boy's heavy looks, "and I want to go on Our Hiram's sled, too." The boy's eyes brightened at the invitation and he looked eagerly into Our Hiram's eyes for an approving look. The big fellow, whirling his sled into position, cried back, "Why, of course, pile on, both of you, down you go, but, you runt, look out that you make the turn right at the bend or you'll get a ducking sure."

It was a bigger sled than any of the others, for there was no one else so strong as Our

Hiram to draw it up the hill again, and Gaspar, at home as he was on the snow, had never undertaken to manage it. Perhaps he was not quite himself that afternoon. Gliding with the swiftness of the wind, he and his precious freight drew near to the turn of the road, he threw out his foot to make the turn, hitched, twisted, turned, almost made it, then over the brink the big sled bounded and on out upon the spongy, rotten, snow-covered ice. There was a scream, a crash and a smash, and girl, boy and sled were floundering in the chill water.

Gaspar grasped the upturned sled, drew Annabel to it and struggled to get her out of the water, but to no avail, for he was over his depth and not strong enough to lift her upon it and she was too badly frightened to help herself. It must have gone hard with Gaspar and Annabel, for the river was beginning to rise, the current was swift and threatened momentarily to sweep them under the ice, had not Our Hiram taken in the situation at a glance, grasped the sled nearest him and plunged down the hillside and over the river bank aiming directly for the struggling children. In a moment he was by their side and in the water to his arm pits. He was strong and soon had Annabel out of the water lying flat upon the ice, and then the sled, bottom up with Annabel crouching in the middle of it.

Then he turned his attention to Gaspar, who, struggling with the current, was trying to lift himself upon the ice and yet keep himself from being drawn under it. "Oh! you little black beast," Our Hiram cried, "I'll have to give you a good sousing for that mischief." Suiting the action to the word he ducked the sputtering lad again and again over head and ears and then tossed him out upon the ice with a hearty spank, to crawl, sprawling and dripping, to the shore the best way he could, while Our Hiram carefully drew Annabel to safety on the upturned sled.

Now that the danger was over the other children gathered about Our Hiram and cheered him lustily, but Gaspar they taunted with being a sissy and vowed that Uncle Abner ought to take him across his knee for his carelessness, showing no mercy for his crestfallen appearance nor caring for the humiliation which the mishap had caused him to suffer.

The three were hurried home, thoroughly soaked, but not much the worse, so far as Our Hiram and Annabel were concerned, for their ducking; but with Gaspar it was different. This little misadventure was the pivot upon which turned the needle that pointed to the path his feet were to tread the rest of his life.

(To the Reader: This little story is a double-ender. Having brought the principal character to the parting of the ways, next week I shall conclude the story on the hypothesis that he takes the right hand road. The week following I shall attempt a solution of the problem on the hypothesis that he takes the left. The reader will be at liberty to choose the ending that seems to him to be the more reasonable and fitting, all the probabilities of the case being considered.)

("A. E. Boynton"—Continued)

session of 1909 the lines were drawn so closely between the reformers and so-called performers that each side could check the other to some extent. The performers had not enough votes in the senate to secure concurrence in assembly amendments which were objectionable, on principle, to the reformers. There were other assembly amendments, however, which were generally conceded to be necessary for the technical correctness of the proposed law. This situation gave the performers a chance to turn a clever trick on the reformers, which eventually led to the enactment of the direct primary law in a form unsatisfactory to the reform senators. The first disclosure of this trick came as the vote was being taken in the senate on the minor assembly amendments, the performers voting against concurrence where concurrence had been expected as a matter of course. As the roll call proceeded and the first few senators had their votes recorded, one could observe even from back in the gallery the look of deep chagrin or sheer disgust that began to spread over Senator Boynton's flushed face. For he saw through the trick at once, though powerless to prevent its execution.

Albert Boynton's industry and other powers might count for less were it not for his personal charm. He is a man of pleasing personality who gets along well with all sorts and conditions of men.

His popularity with others is due largely to his friendliness to others. He does not point out the faults of an opponent but is content to let his own virtues speak for themselves. He is generous, too, in allowing others to share in credit for good legislative work. It never matters to him if a district appropriation is based on his own senate bill or that of an assembly colleague. He has stood aside with an important measure rather than imperil public interests by seeking personal credit. At the 1909 session he introduced a stringent bill on railroad car demurrage but as Senator Miller, three days later, introduced a bill on the same subject Boynton let his own bill die in committee and helped his colleague pass the less stringent measure. Senator Miller having led the fight on this issue at the prior session.

In Direct Primary Debate

To be liked for friendly ways means less to a man, in the long run, than to be respected for real worth. Albert Boynton would not be popular at the expense of his integrity nor will he win favor by sacrificing honor. With all his personal charm he is still a man of fire and force.

In the first senate debate on the first primary bill, the proponents of the direct primary idea had advanced weighty constitutional arguments fully justifying their contentions, while the opponents of the pending measure urged mainly that it be referred back to the committee, pleading that this would cause only the slight delay of a day or so. In closing the discussion for the advocates of the original direct primary bill, Senator Boynton replied to this coaxing plea for only a little more time in a manner so forcible as to be almost unkind. Throwing into his remarks the force of righteous indignation, he frankly denounced the request for slight delay as merely a cunning effort to secure a postponement that might prove fatal to the pending measure. Continuing, he explained that, as all present well knew, arrangements had already been made for senate committees to visit state institutions at remote points and that, in fact, some senators had actually planned to begin their journeys that very afternoon or evening. Consequently, unless the direct primary bill was voted on within the present hour it would be impossible within a fortnight or more to muster together enough votes to pass the measure at all. Moreover, if the one day's delay, which would inevitably mean a fortnight's postponement, should be used for further pressure to be brought to bear upon senators to violate their pledges, the direct primary idea might be defeated altogether by the amendment of the bill in objectionable ways. In short, Senator Boynton scornfully denounced the coaxing plea for only a little delay as nothing else than an artful device to secure a fatal postponement. There was no answer to this argument. In fact, when the vote was thereupon taken with Senator Boynton's stirring words still echoing through the chamber, some opponents of the direct primary idea were actually shamed by his scorn into voting for it at this time, the division being instead of the expected 22 to 18 no less than 27 to 13.

An Admirable Character

All things considered, Albert Boynton's greatest attribute is not industry, natural ability, personal charm, nor fire and force but simply an inborn nobility of character. He abhors whatever is wrong just as a pure woman abhors all that is tainted. Similarly, he takes his stand for Right Things naturally. He would be out of his element were he on any but the righteous side of public questions.

Having sound judgment and a sharp conscience he can not be cajoled, nor persuaded, nor driven into any wrong action. Starting right he stays right. As a matter of personal pride he always keeps faith with colleagues as with constituents. With him, campaign speeches are serious utterances. As a candidate in 1906 he declared himself in favor of a direct primary law and of the popular election of United States senators. As state senator in 1907 he voted in committee to force the Stetson direct primary bill to a vote on the floor of the senate and there, of course, stood among the few supporting the measure. At the opening of the session of 1909 he attended a coalition caucus at which certain Republic and Democratic senators agreed to stand gether in support of the Wright direct prim bill in its original form. However it may h been with anyone else along toward the of the session, there was never any waver in adherence to the understanding reached this conference on the part of Senator Bo ton. It would have been contrary to the ture of the man for him to have broken word he gave colleagues at the opening of 1909 session or to have violated his pledges constituents away back in 1906.

His good faith and virility make Alb Boynton an ideal senate leader.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

a very good one. If the California legislat is to be reformed, the next assembly must h a speaker who does not belong to the type the Prescotts, the Beardslees and the Stanto To have a first-class man for speaker will b full half of the victory. There may be ot candidates deserving consideration, but list is well started with the name of Hewitt.

Democrats in a Big Conference The Democratic confere at Los Angeles, next Tu day and Wednesday, will a representative gathering of several hund of the Unterrified from all parts of the st It will probably do nothing but get acquain all around, give each delegate an accurate id of the strength of the various candidates Democratic nominations, and help to un Democratic campaign efforts from then the primaries. A platform will not be adopt but probably a Democratic battle-cry to public will be issued that will form a tentat expression of the Democratic plan of ca paign.

Theo. A. Bell Likely To Have Clear Field Theodore A. Bell v probably not be posed at the prim and his nomination seems a foregone conc sion. This is as it should be. The better n who have been mentioned as his oppone have not cared to run against him. The P. machine has hawked its support to a doz in hopes of getting anybody to beat Bell, the offer has been turned down by every n so far, E. O. Miller, of Visalia, being the lat to decline the proferred gold-brick. Bell r resents the best ideals of the party, and the now most unlikely event of the defeat Hiram Johnson at the primary, would rec the support of thousands of independent publicans. In the same way, if Bell sho lose out at the primary, Johnson would ge goodly percentage of his adherents in Nov ber.

Democrats Claim Four Congressmen The Democrats hope win four of the cong sional districts this y the first, second, fifth and sixth. They beli that the stand-pat stand of Republican c gressmen on the issue of Cannonism, and insurgent unrest in the country, will swing sentiment for Democratic congressman. should not be forgotten by the Democr however, that this same insurgent unrest giving lots of Democrats the conviction t they will find themselves at home as insurg Republicans, with the result that many them are registering as Republicans in or to be on hand for the fighting where t think they can do the most good.

Suggestions for Club Organization In politics, without org ization nothing, with n ing but organization chief. There is something despicable in prevailing custom of referring to such such districts as being the property of s and such politicians. Those districts sho belong to the voters in those districts an no one else, and the need is for a systen club organization in such districts that enable the voters within each party to as themselves. Mr. H. S. Allen has worked a plan that should commend itself to organizers all over the state and especi in the cities. Briefly it consists in, firs monthly executive committee meeting at lunch hour for general conferences; a c mittee of workers in each precinct; an banquets for the whole membership with

of officers for the ensuing year; the initia by which 10 per cent. of the club mem- ship may institute any proceeding deemed isable without relying wholly upon the cutive committee to do things; a refer- um whereby a postal card vote of the re membership may be had on any im- ant issue rather than to leave the decision majority vote of those who chance to be ent at a meeting, the signatures on the al cards to be compared with the signa- s on the roll for verification. This would, he opinion of Mr. Allen, develop a line wide-spread interest in the club, provide uate funds, inaugurate broad politics, ulate active precinct work, bring the mem- hip into personal touch, secure coopera- among the officers and furnish a safety e to prevent dissatisfaction where snap on may be thought to have been taken by ring important matters to the whole mem- hip. These suggestions are fine. That of organization affords opportunity for ership without bossism, for efficiency with- giving any man a title to a district in fee le to have and to hold. It is Democratic iat the common man may have both the er to initiate and the power finally to de- ine. It is Republican in that it is repre- ntive as far as the representative factor is It is heartily commended as a proper organization system to be followed ughout the state.

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e Lennon Endorsed Appellate Court

Judge Thomas J. Lennon, of Marin county, was en- d by the executive committee of the oln-Roosevelt Republican League, as date for justice of the district court of als for the first district, to succeed the ding justice, J. A. Cooper. Judge Len- record in Marin county has been ex- nt, and he has earned this call to a wider e of usefulness. He has, besides a sound ration in the law and a long experience e bench, a human quality that is reflected most engaging personality and that is part commonsense idea of the relation of the o everyday life which is much needed on ench. Judge Cooper, whom Judge Len- will probably succeed, has made a not too ble record in the appellate court. Lennon offers a refreshing opportunity nge that court's personnel for the better.

JORITY VERDICTS BY JURIES

r The California Weekly.

grand jury which has just completed ors in Alameda county closes its report he following:

the prosecution of criminal cases in the y of Alameda, every person interested od government cannot help but feel that lid results are being attained, yet, from e observation, we are of the opinion that riminal law of the state of California, requires a unanimous verdict in a crimi- se, is not in keeping with the progress present age. In civil cases a three- s verdict is all that is necessary and we the opinion that in criminal cases the ould be so amended that a unanimous t should not be necessary."

present system of trial by twelve men ties indicted for crime, and an unani- verdict by the entire panel, is a remnant ient jurisprudence, when the rights of mmonalty were so little respected by social superiors, as to require the est safeguards possible.

es and conditions have changed since especially in this country; and the ab- of the system at the present day is d by a simple illustration.

ny fair and honest election a majority ingle vote will elect a Governor of the who for any, or no reason, can pardon m whom twelve men have with one con- clared guilty of a crime which deserves punishment.

requires a unanimous verdict of the ying the case and affixing the penalty, ould it not require a like unanimity on rt of the voters to elect a man with to set aside their verdict?

entire government is based upon the les of the majority rule, and with the proper application the rule is a good one; and as conditions now are, were it applied to the findings of verdicts in our courts, it would reduce to a minimum the number of "hung" juries, in a larger degree lessen the labors of high-priced attorneys in their efforts to get their men on the jury, and of the prosecuting attorney in trying to keep them off.

If the lawyers for the "higher-ups" (say for instance in Pittsburg) were compelled to get five of the jurymen of their kind on the jury to try their clients, in order to effect a disagreement, they would hardly think it worth their while to make the attempt, while it may for a price be possible to secure one.

If the statute should be changed to enable a majority to find a verdict in civil suits; of two-thirds in criminal cases, and three-quarters when the life of the accused is at stake, the action of the court, council, and jurors would be very much expedited, and justice more generally awarded than is the case under the present system.

The fight just now is to get the government back into the hands of the people; when this is done, and we have a legislature nominated and elected by "we, the people," then we will have the opportunity, and I trust the wisdom to enact such regulations for our courts and juries as will make it easier to punish the wrong-doer than it is at present, even though the offender be a "higher-up" or even a transportation company.

Yours for good government.

E. C. WILLIAMS.

It is reported that within the next ninety days work will be begun on an extension of the Northern Electric from Sacramento to Vallejo, whence a fast steamer will carry passengers to San Francisco.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.
4-8-10t

NOTICE OF AUCTION SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the following described household goods, counters, shelving, trunks, personal effects, machinery, books, merchandise, etc., stored by or in the name of the following parties on which storage, freight, cartage, and other charges are delinquent, unless the same is paid before day of sale, will be sold at public auction at the warehouse of Bekins Van & Storage Co., 190 West Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., at 10 o'clock A. M., April 22, 1910:

Name.	Lot Number.	Amount.
Alma, Mrs. May	1505	$ 6.50
Atkinson, W. T.	302	18.00
Adams, Horace	1019	11.25
Allen, Mrs. Seth, or Ray, Mrs. H.	665	69.00
Bertrand, L.	546	14.75
Belasco, Sam	120-	51.39
Ballinger, Geo. T.	782	159.75
Buckley, J.	91	58.56
Boyd, J. L.	2103	14.25
Curtis, Jno. H.	1679	20.60
Crawford, Mr.	1339	16.25
Canfield, W. H.	407	32.00
Calun, E.	471	13.50
Coulliard, Mrs. L. E.	610	35.00
Cimboro, V.	850	30.83
Dart, Earl C.	740	44.00
Darval, Francis	959	11.25
Dooley, Mrs. A.	1417	26.75
Dechlesson, Mrs. A. N.	1148	104.75
Dupuy, E. J.	851	54.25
Doubley, Alvin S.	549	15.75
Drinkhouse, Fred	424	36.75
Ducrey, Madame	700	26.00
Elizabeth St., No. 828	1629	52.25
Frederickson, J.	49	82.50
Foley, Mary	814	39.25
Green, R. S.	453	88.00
Harper, Thomas	1035	11.25
Herger, Martha	748	57.00
Hagans, Mrs. Marie	1182	26.00
Hubalck, Joseph	872	11.50
Hostetter, J. C.	899	18.24
Howard, Sam	957	10.75
Hendrickson, Wm., Jr.	1089	117.05
Hopkins	1164	11.50
Hobson, J. W.	193-	39.13
Jones, Arthur	97	13.75
Jensen, Andrew	126-	8.50
Jap. from Mrs. Fowle	128-	13.00
Jones, D. E.	763	10.50
Key, J. F.	629	13.75
Kaufman, Frank G.	329	14.75
Larson, Al.	2013	6.00
Leach, Charlotte W.	1333	9.95
Lowney, Mrs. J. E.	991	25.00
Lynch, Mrs. F. E.	1014	170.15
Morey, C. H.	187	48.75
McArthur, H.	501	4.25
McCann, John	1156	37.00
Miller, M. M.	513	31.00
Morand, P. L.	1017	16.75
Mulkey, J. K.	263	90.25
Noble, Miss	927	36.50
Newman, Chas. J.	510	106.00
O'Brien, Mrs. J. P.	987	27.00
Pride, Wheeler	324	4.75
Parsons, Wm.	1276	8.50
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.	233	116.75
Potter, J. T.	466	15.25
Polk, R. A.	1227	8.75
Rose, Mrs. J. E.	941	20.69
Ralson, J.	989	23.00
Roesch, C. E.	2038	38.25
Smith, Wm.	738	25.50
Schroeder, H. H.	1495	35.00
Shackelton, W. L.	689	30.75
Sanders, W. H.	93	13.13
Thorpe, Edward	434	15.25
Tobling Mrs.	143	60.70
Van Trees, Mrs. F. S.	1415	35.11
Walker, Helen	432	39.10
Womack, Robert R.	1473	28.50
Young, Agnes	1162	10.00

BEKINS VAN & STORAGE CO.
3-25-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CHARLES H. CROWELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Thomas E. Haven, Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

ROBINSON CROWELL,
ANNIE N. CROWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, 941 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., attorney for Executor and Executrix. 3-25-5t

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Holding the Primary Election

The initial step in holding a state primary election is taken by the Secretary of State, who, at least sixty days prior to the third Tuesday in August, must prepare and transmit to each county clerk a notice designating the offices for which candidates are to be nominated. The next step consists in the county clerk publishing, within ten days after receipt of notice, so much of the notice received from the Secretary of State as applies to his county, and this publication must continue once a week for six weeks in not more than two papers in the county.

In preceding lessons we have covered all the steps from this initial proceeding through the preparation and filing of nomination papers, preparing the ballot and setting forth who may and who may not vote at a primary. This lesson has to do with the physical holding of the election itself.

There must first be a place legally designated for holding such elections and it is made the duty of the Board of Supervisors to designate the polling places and arrange for them at least twenty-five days before the day of the election, in default of which the justice of the peace of the township must designate such place.

There must be officers to conduct the election. These are designated by the Board of Supervisors, and there must be two inspectors, two judges and two clerks, and they must be apportioned equally between the two parties casting the two highest votes at the last general election.

The polls must be opened at 6 o'clock in the morning and must not be closed until six o'clock in the evening, but before they are opened the election officers must post four copies of the index to the voting list of that precinct where access may be had to them by the voters and the county clerk must have provided the election officers with a complete set of the original affidavits of registration. There must also be needful voting booths with desk room, inking pad and stamp for marking the ballots. Thus equipped the voting may begin.

The voter goes to the index and ascertains his index number and, having obtained it, advances to the bar of the election board and asks for a ballot, giving his name and index number. While the clerks are looking up his registration blank he takes his seat at the table provided for that purpose and writes his name and address on the precinct roster. Meantime one of the ballot clerks finds his original registration blank and announces the name in an audible tone of voice, the other ballot clerk having likewise announced it as soon as written on the roster. Here is the time when the voter's right to vote is to be challenged, if at all.

The only grounds upon which his right to vote can be challenged are: That he is not the person whose name appears on the registration affidavit; that he has not resided in the state a year, the county ninety days or the precinct thirty; that he has not been naturalized as required by law; that he has voted before on that day; that he has been convicted of an infamous crime; that he has been convicted of the misappropriation or embezzlement of public money.

If there be no challenge of the elector's right to vote, the ballot clerk in charge of the ballots gives him the ballot of the party with which he declared his intention to affiliate when he registered and shows him how to fold it. The voter then takes the ballot of his party to a vacant polling booth and there, alone with his conscience and his God, stamps the little "X" opposite the names of those for whom he wishes to vote. He then goes to the inspector in charge of the ballot box, hands him his ballot and the inspector calls out the name of the voters and the number of his ballot as printed on the margin of the back side of the ballot. The ballot clerk in charge of the roster looks to see if the ballot number called corresponds with the number on the roster and, if it does, he calls back the name and number and the inspector slips the ballot into the box and one more elector has voted.

When the polls have closed the election officers must proceed to canvass the ballots in full public view. They first take the ballots from the box and count them unopened to see that the number corresponds with the number of names registered as having voted. If there are too many ballots enough are drawn from the ballot box without looking at them to make the number correspond, and these are destroyed in the presence of all.

The next step is to separate the ballots of each political party, count and string them separately. Then the ballots belonging to each party are separately canvassed and the results separately recorded on tally sheets, and the totals posted. The ballots, tally sheets, poll lists, and all other paraphernalia of the election, are then properly sealed up and sent to the county seat and delivered to the clerk of the Board of Supervisors and, on Thursday of the week in which the election was held, the Board of Supervisors must meet to canvass the returns of all the precincts of the county. As soon as this count is completed, and the results are tabulated, the clerk of the board must transmit the results, regarding other than candidates for county officers, to the Secretary of State.

Within twenty-five days after holding the primary election the Secretary of State must compile the results of the returns from all the counties of the state and make a record of the same in his own office.

The final step is to issue certificates of nomination to all who are nominated and, not less than twenty-five days before the holding of the general election in November, to notify the county clerks as to all those whose names are entitled to go upon the ballot to be voted at the general election.

Which ends this lesson.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership formerly existing between the undersigned under the firm name of JONES CONSTRUCTION CO. has been dissolved; and the undersigned are no longer partners:

EDWARD F. JONES,
R. D. JONES,
ELMER E. DAVIS.

San Francisco, March 25, 1910. 4-1-2t

W. D. Fennimore A. R. Fennimo
J. W. Davis

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Makers of the new improved
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ONE WEEK'S POSITIONS FILLED:

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16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

This Week: "THE RIGHT TO STRIKE"

—By Walter Macarthur.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: APRIL 15 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

Vol. II Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal. GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00, In Advance. No. 21.

Is It a Scheme?

HIS ADDRESS AT WASHINGTON Saturday last the esident declared that if the Democrats should secure control e House it would last only two years and then result in er long lease of power for the Republicans. Is that the ue? Many utterances of the "organization" press give color suspicion. If so it is a long headed bit of political strategy attended by risk of disappointment. The Democrats might rove greater blunderers or more sorry Bourbons than the patters. Would it not be better to try to fill the House with date Republicans, such a type of Republican as the Presi- was believed to be when he was elected?

Why Gird at McCarthy?

E CALIFORNIA WEEKLY RISES to protest against the saults made upon Mayor McCarthy for having extended dlight district of San Francisco and devoted its night life dry gaiety and its day time to superabundant beer and The gentleman is only redeeming his platform and other tion pledges to make San Francisco just as nasty as a construction of lax laws, reenforced by barred doors, will . Moreover, 29,455 adult, male citizens voted that this is d of city they want to live in and rear their families in, 33,070 men, who abhor such a city, divided their votes n two men, neither of them very good nor very bad. in their culpability was not greatly less, and their imbe- nore exaggerated, than in the case of the men of the Mc- party. As San Francisco made its bed so must it lie in ss, indeed, it resolutely kick McCarthy out of it, through all, and make it up over again, alleging as cause that he is ing his pre-election pledges whereas it was not suspected would—a breach of faith on his part. Such a procedure e undertaken with advantage.

The New Conciliation

OR McCARTHY'S GOVERNMENT does not desire to on strike against the domination of lower Market street has tried out the virtue of negotiation and conciliation in e of persuading, instead of forcing, the United Railroads to n the inside tracks from Sansome to the ferry. If Mc- has as much influence with the United Railroads as the Railroads has with McCarthy that policy ought to work ndidly.

The Fifth Anchor

PARDONING OF DUNCAN B. COOPER, one of the ers of the late Senator Carmack of Tennessee, emphasizes ntage of possessing what Judge Wilbur so aptly described fth anchor to windward in the event that the other four, ing magistrate, trial court, court of appeal and supreme ail of setting an influential culprit free. Thank heaven, there is a tribunal before which those Coopers must one d that will pay as little regard to Governor Patterson's s to the wind that bloweth where it listeth. "Thou shalt "

Where Was the Other One?

IMPORTANCE OF THE TENDER by John Temple ves of the affiliation of the Independence League to the cy of America, made at the Jefferson day banquet given at Washington, would have been more impressive if the whole Doodle-Dee contingent had been in evidence. John Temple Graves was on the spot, William Randolph Hearst was in Mexico, if not in New York, but where was the other one?

A Straight Tip

IF OUR SUFFRAGETTE FRIENDS WISH to know why it is that suffrage reform makes so little headway among men let them sit up in the gallery where they can look down upon any mixed audience in America and they will get a straight tip. Is it to be supposed that men, in their right minds, will deliberately vote to share the responsibilities of government with beings whose heads are covered with such carousals of form and color? Not while the world stands! A hat three foot one way and two foot 'tother is an unanswerable argument. There is no getting around it.

Mark Twain Ill

SAMUEL CLEMENS WAS SEVENTY-TWO years old last November and he is ill. As all men must die so must he and, very likely, very soon. Grim and taciturn, he is nevertheless the greatest humorist this country, perhaps the world, has produced and the light he will leave behind him will long shine upon the paths of men. Not living joyously, he has helped enough others to hours of healthful and helpful mirth to have outfitted a thousand careers for a thousand years, and he has proven himself a true philosopher as well as a friend to his race. May his passing-in be gentle and painless, not so swift as to dispense with need for courage or so long drawn out as to make him hope that each sunrise will be his last. Best California-Missourian of them all!

Anybody Can Do That

IT IS ANNOUNCED from the nation's capital that Hon. William Jennings Bryan has definitely retired from politics in order that he may the fuller devote his time and talents to morality and religion. It is sadly true that men in politics find little time, and less encouragement, for working at morality and religion, but no human activity needs that stimulus more or furnishes better opportunity for testing the strength of the materials. No man knows what his moral character will stand until he is subjected to pressure and nothing but a hydraulic cotton compress is comparable to the pressure politics can put a man under when the public interest is on one side and the interest of a great, rich corporation is on the other. God give us more men who will devote themselves to morality and religion in politics instead of out of politics! Anybody can do that.

Congratulations to Sacramento

SACRAMENTO has a beautiful and beautifully kept plaza in the heart of the city. It had no city hall. One portion of the people wished to build a city hall in the plaza, and so save the cost of buying a proper site for the city hall. Another portion wisely wished to save the plaza for the people forever and buy a site fronting the plaza. It was a case of penny wisdom and pound foolishness arrayed against a far-seeing public spirit and, congratulations to Sacramento, the far-seeing side won the day, the new city hall is now being occupied and everybody in Sacramento is feeling proud. "Once a plaza always a plaza," was as good an inheritance as California received from her Spanish predecessors. May other California cities profit by Sacramento's wise forbearance!

JUSTICE AS SHE IS ADMINISTERED

The San Francisco Call has stirred up an interesting discussion of the administration of criminal justice in this state in which a prison director charges that the superior court judges use little discretion in inflicting penalties; an appellate justice characterizes superior judges as mainly fools; superior judges retort that the appellate bench work rank injustice through narrow and technical decisions and that the board of prison directors would do well to look to their own system of paroling prisoners, a prolific source of criminality, as now conducted.

The worst these gentlemen say of each other falls short of the adequate except that superior judges are not mainly fools, being merely inadequately equipped for the performance of their high function.

If this discussion shall result in turning public attention to a crying need for reform it will prove well worth all the venom and printers' ink that can be spilled over it, for there can be no adequate remedying of a disgraceful evil until the public mind is more enlightened regarding the administration of justice than it now is. Let us look into the subject.

The attitude of the public mind toward the public offender of low degree is one of antipathy and vengefulness, whereas, in nine cases out of ten a clear unfolding of the life history of that criminal would show him as much sinned against as sinning, the victim of irresponsible parental nurture, of inadequate social provision for his adolescence or of pitfalls which society permits to entrap him. The superior judge who declared the first requisite of justice to be the infliction of punishment did not know what he was talking about. Justice should be redemptive first, preventive second and retributive only when all else has failed of restraining the culprit to good citizenship.

Most of those charged with crime are guilty. The reputation of a district attorney in his profession is proportionate to the number of convictions he secures. If guilty the accused ought to be convicted, and yet there are thousands abroad in the land who have reason to thank their fortunate stars that they were not brought to book for all the things they did between twelve and twenty-two. Their futures were hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the pit, yet they escaped where others were less fortunate. Society exaggerates the criminality even of serious offenses committed during adolescence, and many a fine career owes its success to a wise forbearance on the part of some officer of the law. No official stands in greater need of a sound discretion than the district attorney.

The jury is looked upon by the law as an assemblage of twelve imbeciles, and certain it is that law and custom have done their best to exclude from the panel all except imbeciles. It ill becomes an appellate court to criticise a superior judge when that court has so recently sent back for retrial a she-wolf convicted at great cost of an awful atrocity on the ground that the jury was incapable of distinguishing material evidence from immaterial, relevant from irrelevant, when the chances are even that the panel would compare favorably for sanity of judgment, sincerity of purpose and freedom from influence with the appellate bench itself. It too frequently happens that higher courts are not presided over by higher judges.

At the bar of the superior court the accused has more chances in his favor than against him and he is rarely pronounced guilty unless he is; but the fundamental fault is that neither judge, law nor public opinion knows what to do with a criminal when one has been caught and convicted. The state affords no proper provision for the convicted criminal, boy, woman or man. The judge has no adequate training in penology, psychology or the nature of the institutions to which he sends those who are convicted, and the result is that California metes out as many kinds of justice as there are judges sitting in the trial of criminal cases in the state. At the prison end of the travesty the product is grotesque. Malefactors get either hard "jolts" or soft "jolts" as the dice may have rattled out of the judicial box and all remedial effects, nearly, are eliminated when, in the freedom of prison mismanagement, "jolt" is compared with "jolt."

But the superior judge has had a chance to look the prisoner in the eye, to observe his facial expression, to hear the evidence and watch the witnesses while they testify, to hear the arguments from an attorney on one side determined to convict if possible, on the other to acquit if by hook or crook he can, and he stands a hundred times better chance to judge of the degree of criminality than any one else. A few superior judges are demagogues and pamper popular prejudices by "handling years as some folks do days," but these are men who were put on the bench by political intrigue rather than by popular choice, and the nonpartisan selection of the judiciary will eliminate most of them.

Then, too, the superior judge performs his task under the baneful shadow of courts of appeal composed of men no more learned in the law than he, too often put where they are through sinister influences, cloistered, given to fine discrimination and wedded to an artificial and moribund body of law that bears as much relation to human needs as abstuse theological systems do to the needs of the soul, where common sense is sacrificed to bookish learning and justice to procedure.

If the prisoner reaches prison it is to become a partisan who on the one hand regards every prison officer as a common enemy and, on the other, every prisoner as a "con." and seldom or never a human soul. Human nature would have to be of stancher stuff than it is if impartial justice were meted out there.

When we come to the paroling system we find that, notoriously, ever since the system came into being, prisoners have been paroled mainly in the order of the pressure they and their friends were able to bring to bear upon the prison board, not a little of it political and social, and relatively seldom with reference to a real and proved fitness to go out.

There we have "Justice as She Is Administered," in California and most other states of the Union. Is it any wonder that President Taft declared that, of all departments of government, that of the administration of justice is the least effective and a disgrace to the nation? The trail of The Beast is over it all.

The administration of criminal justice can be bettered and it must be, but it will not be until the public understanding has been educated and our political life emancipated from untoward influences. Let the discussion proceed.

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The Water Tender to Oakland

The tender by the People's Water Compa... of its plant to Oakland, and through Oakl... to a water district to be organized compr... ing the East Bay cities, is important as a st... toward the inevitable. True, there has been l... tle friction between Oakland and its pub... service corporations since the People's Wa... Company succeeded the Contra Costa, but p... vate capital is hardly to be looked to with sa... ty for an adequate supply of water for the f... growing east side cities.

It is inevitable that municipalities shall fin... ly perform their own public services, chie... because human nature is what it is. There... scarcely a problem seriously affecting our m... nicipal life that does not owe its origin... the fact that public services are generally p... formed by corporations. We cannot afford... have our big men made into big scoundrels... cause of the big temptations offered throu... capitalizing public needs for private advanta... Under municipal ownership we shall have p... ulation, but it will be petty, whereas, unde... corporate public service system, we are... flicted by both grand and petty larceny, the l... ter on a grand scale.

There is this to be said of the corporati... that have, in recent years, served the east l... cities with water, transportation and gas: th... have been exceptionally free from suspicion... graft and of exerting a malevolent influe... upon municipal political life, but it was... always so and may not always continue to... so. A good time to make transition from p... vate to public ownership is while private o... ership is in reputable hands. A square d... may then be hoped for. The issue of pu... is one for experts to determine.

And yet municipal ownership is not to... entered upon light heartedly. It will put a... capacity of a people to a severe test, but l... ter failure through inefficiency than being m... ally debauched through the machinations... what Judge Lindsey has so aptly characteri... as "The Beast." San Francisco would bet... have suffered financial bankruptcy, through... tempted municipal ownership of water pla... gas and electric service and transportati... than such moral degradation as she has... fered at the hands of Spring Valley, the Un... Railroads, the gas and telephone compan... The first would only have touched the poc... the second has so bedeviled us that what o... erwise were good men and women have l... the power of discerning evil from good and c... sending their children forth without mo... chart or compass.

Reluctant though we are to undertake it... does look as though municipal ownership, th... all its faults and limitations, were indispen... ble if we are to be saved from becoming a... nation of smart rascals. It is to be hoped t... the East Bay cities may see their way cl... to get together and take over their water s... ply system if it may be done at a fair valuati... The opportunity appears to be propitious.

Johnson, the Son

It was anticipated that enemies to free g... ernment would seek to make capital out... those political differences and habits of m... which characterize Grove L. Johnson and h... son, Hiram W. Johnson, and this expectati... was one of the considerations which strong... dissuaded the son from becoming the Lincol... Roosevelt Republican candidate for governo... Not that there is enmity between the two m... for there is not, but their habits of mind a... their attitudes toward public affairs differ... daylight from darkness, as straightforward... from the indirect and circuitous. Only in... particular do they agree. Both are signally e... dowed with ability and eloquence.

Grove L. Johnson is in his seventieth ye... not robust, and nothing will provoke his sco... say any unkind thing in relation to his fat... but he does not stand for the things that... father stands for and the fact that his fa...

ds for things that the son cannot should still the eloquent voice of the son or pre his using his talents for what he con es to be the highest interests of that coun that commonwealth and that cause to ich his allegiance is due.

lonorable men, perceiving the difficulties of situation, will strive to make it as little barrassing as possible to father and son. honorable men will seek to exploit the sit- ion to all the political advantage possible. r minded folk will know what to think of n, and of attempts already made to exploit situation.

Constructive Legislation

epresentative S. C. Smith's paper, the Kern nty Echo, takes the Lincoln-Roosevelt Re- lican League frequently and severely to for not bringing forward proposals for structive legislation instead of "camping on cold trail" of emancipation of the Republi- party from corporation control in this . If the editor of the Echo thinks the trail let him camp on it awhile. Mr. Herrin not think it a cold trail, neither does Mr. y, Mr. Anderson nor Mr. Stanton. There r was a more important issue presented to people than the one of emancipation from oration domination. League leaders agreed if this one victory could be achieved all r good things could be added. The duty lay nearest was believed to be to secure a capable state administration and legisla- This done, constructive legislation would order. There is need enough for it.

ere is need for a reformed civil and crimi- procedure, the non-partisan election of s, the perfection of the direct primary the amendment of the railroad regulation the rectification of the Sacramento and oaquin rivers, the determination of a state y toward the users of state waters for the opment of electrical energy and a state visory control of the sale of such power, eform of our prison system and of the of the state toward dependent childhood. are only some of the subjects demanding ructive legislation when there shall have drafted into public, not corporate, service it to grapple with such problems.

n there is the governmental system of tate itself, cumbersome, intricate, ex- e and having as a purpose the augmenta- of the political power of the "organiza- in control. The whole system of com ns should give way to departmental con- Instead of state boards there should be superintendents responsible to the gov- and, through the governor, to the people. ve been moving in the direction of least nce and most politics and the result has eavy taxation and low efficiency in gov- nt. We need a state civil service sys-

re is need for a larger participation of ople in legislation in those instances representative government fails of being entative, need for laws which will permit tion to be initiated by petition, and erring particular statutes to the people, nand, for their ratification or rejection. , municipal and precinct local option should be compulsorily submitted to a hen demanded by a fair percentage of ters, and the right of women to vote in pal and school elections should be con- All these things, and more, need to be ip and dealt with constructively and no will be when men fit to deal with them ced in office.

what would Representative Smith or his ave had to say of the Lincoln-Roosevelt ican League if it had ventured to sally vith a platform covering all of these or any considerable part of them? he not have regarded them as candi- or a lunatic asylum? He would have them of camping on a campmeeting of cold trails. Halley's comet will not fease us. California will be on the map after it has come and gone just where it was before it came and went. There will be time enough to attend to all these issues, not overlooking Representative Smith's very important hobby—after California shall have been made a free state and shall have placed its government in the hands of free and capable men. No government made up of men who will take orders from a political bureau can ever deal effectively with such problems. They would prove to them as problems in Euclid to a kindergarten.

The Right to Strike

The reading public and The California Weekly are jointly indebted to Mr. Walter Macarthur for an admirable presentation of labor's view of "The Right to Strike," which constitutes our "backbone" article for this week. We commend it to all persons capable of putting themselves in the place of another with the purpose of getting that other's point of view. Nothing else can so certainly make for industrial peace as a mutuality of understanding of each other's point of view. We are sure that Mr. Macarthur's paper will prove enlightening to many.

And yet we cherish the idea that he has relied too largely upon the deductions of logic in reaching some of his conclusions. They might almost be looked upon as what Lincoln called "pernicious abstractions." Personal liberty is absolute, but not necessarily unqualified. It is qualified in a hundred ways. Custom has qualified it, in domestic service, by requiring that notice be given of intention to quit work. This has been agreed to from time immemorial as a not unreasonable limitation upon the absolute personal right of one person not to serve another.

A strike is war. It is a trial of strength. War has been recognized by human society as legitimate under certain circumstances, but the absolute right to go to war has been qualified to the extent of requiring a declaration of war and a proclamation to the world justifying it. It may well be that a law forbidding a strike for seven days after final failure to settle a difficulty might work an injustice to labor in that it would give the employer an undue opportunity to fortify himself, but such a law could hardly be objected to on the ground that it injuriously invaded an absolute right. We think that portion of Mr. Macarthur's argument technically and logically sound, but practically untenable.

But any temporary limitation upon the absolute rights of the individual laborer must limit as well the absolute rights of the employer. There must be fair play and a square deal, and society as a whole must not only exercise its good offices for facilitating conciliation and arbitration, but, these failing, it must put forth its strong arm, not to compel men to work against their wills or employers to hire against their interests, but to maintain the peace and, as far as possible, preserve the innocent bystander and non-combatant from the invasion of rights as absolute as those of either party to a labor dispute.

This problem is far from a satisfactory solution and that it is so constitutes a reflection upon our civilization and statesmanship, but such papers as those by Mr. Weinstock and Mr. Macarthur are helpful toward such a solution.

Not So

An interior paper affirms that the insurgents in Congress are opposed to the American policy of protection. They are not. The Indiana platform settled that. What they are opposed to, and rightly, is the American practice of securing protection by converting Senate and House into bargain counters, and for this the standpatters are responsible. It is the Cannon-Aldrich way.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Some one has said that imagination is at once the richest and most perilous of God's gifts to the mind of man, and he may have been right about it.

The writer calls to mind one of the inconsequential friends of his youth and, as he looks back upon his callow days, he is persuaded that his lines fell to perhaps an unusual degree among those who were inconsequential, anyhow such was the quality of 'Gene. His imagination was exuberant. He got a job once as porter in a hotel and, from that vantage ground, he was able to see his way clear not only to the management of that particular hotel, but to a string of hotels serving all the important towns between Kansas City and Denver, so that he could pass his patrons from hotel to hotel, making them feel perfectly at home wherever they put up for the night. He lost his job within a month for gross inattention to calls, which generally found him flat on his stomach somewhere with heels kicking up while his imagination was arranging the details of his hostelries.

He got a job in a lumber yard and, straightway, rose in his mind, like a modern bird man to become owner of the yard, to reach out for other yards from end to end of the Kaw valley and its tributaries, thence to secure forests in Michigan and Wisconsin with mills manufacturing lumber for all his yards for the elimination of the middleman and to enable him to become the noted lumber king of the state. While dreaming he suffered the yard's team to run away and smash the yard wagon and so got his walking papers, from which moment the greatest lumber combine of the time had no charms for him. For thirty years or more he has been lost in the general shuffle, but if he ever amounted to "shucks" he has agreeably disappointed all who knew him in the days of his industrial incipiency.

And then there was Anson, a stocky, stolid fellow who took everything in dead earnest, was generally the butt of the gang, plodding, methodical, industrious, content to pick Colorado beetles off the potatoes growing in the home garden hour after hour while the rest of the fellows were getting shriveled and sunburned associating with the catfishes down in the river. He saw no visions, entertained no aspirations, brother to the ox, equally content to strain in the yoke in the hot sun if he might by and by loll in the shade and chew his cud in quiet. He has lived a blameless life, having neither poverty nor riches, possessing the respect of all men, the admiration of none, and, when he takes leave of life, it will be as the ox will do it, unconcerned because of the past, unsolicitous for the future. He was fashioned as deficient in imagination as 'Gene was superabundantly supplied. If they could have pooled their respective endowments and shared alike both would have been infinitely the better off. Excess of imagination makes one a habitual visionary and enthusiast, deficiency leaves life as empty and unprofitable as that of cud-chewing kine.

"What can we do about it?" Perhaps not very much, but parents and teachers could do not a little if they were somehow to know of the need. A persistent effort to hold the feet of the soarer down to the earth, to make him face things as they are, to verify his hypotheses before he gets into the clouds, to break in upon the day-dream and set the dreamer to work, these things may help the case. Per contra, the matter-of-fact child may safely be fed on Gulliver and the Arabian Nights, on folk lore and fiction, on poetry and the drama, to the end that he may become a living soul. Some day the science of psychology may be able to diagnose the needs of every sixth grade child and prescribe the treatment he needs to develop him into a rational, well anchored but truly sentient, living being, and, while we can not by taking thought add a cubit to our stature, we can, if we would be masters of our own souls, shake enervating day dreams out of our heads or feed latent imaginations on that which energizes them and makes them bear fruit meet for the gods.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Cost of Living Here and in England

The London food prices published below were taken from a report of the British Department of Commerce and Labor, and are official. The New York prices were secured by the Times of that city, and, while not official, undoubtedly are reliable—of course, making allowance for daily and minor fluctuations. Merely for the sake of making clearer the comparative greater cost of living on this side of the water, we have added the approximate percentage of increase. The table follows:

Bread, 1 lb.	4	5	25
Apples, 1 lb.	4 to 6	10	100
Butter, 1 lb.	24 to 32	30 to 35	15
Cheese, 1 lb.	14 to 16	18 to 22	33
Cocoa, 1 lb.	16 to 36	25 to 50	45
Coffee, 1 lb.	16 to 30	20 to 50	50
Currants, 1 lb.	4 to 8	8 to 12	67
Eggs, 1 doz.	22	33	50
Codfish, 1 lb.	8 to 12	15 to 20	75
Fish (general) 1 lb.	4 to 12	10 to 25	120
Flour, 3 lbs.	9 to 10	12	25
Bacon, 1 lb.	16 to 24	25 to 30	37
Beef, 1 lb.	16 to 20	22 to 30	45
Pork, 1 lb.	12 to 16	20 to 24	55
Milk, 1 pint	4	4 to 5	12
Oatmeal, 1 lb.	4 to 6	5 to 10	50
Onions, 1 lb.	2	4	100
Oranges, 1 doz. ..	10 to 12	18 to 50	200
Potatoes, 1 lb.	1 to 2	3 to 4	133
Prunes, 1 lb.	8 to 12	10 to 18	40
Raisins, 1 lb.	6 to 10	10 to 16	62
Rice, 1 lb.	4	6	50
Syrup, 1 lb	6	10	67
Tapioca, 1 lb.	8	10	25
Tea, 1 lb.	20 to 60	30 to 1.05	125
Tomatoes, 1 lb ...	8	12	50

Now strike a general average on these percentages, and you will find that the cost of food in New York City is about 64 per cent greater than its cost in London. Moreover, the Times is authority for the assertion that "in no single instance are the current London prices higher than in New York." Remember, too, that a considerable part of London's food—notably meats, fruit, etc.—is imported from America. With additional transportation to pay, the merchants over there sell for much less. Is it any wonder that the American people are complaining of high prices, and is there not room for an able-bodied suspicion that they are being bled for somebody's profit?

Fourteenth Transcontinental Line Completed

On the 5th instant the Trans-Andean railway, which connects Valparaiso, Chili, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, was completed, and, the first of South American transcontinental lines, now is in operation. This puts the two leading cities south of the equator within a day's travel of each other. Notable engineering was required in crossing the Andes. For example, one tunnel which is five miles long was bored through the mountain at an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea level, and 12,000 feet is a long way up on a very high mountain. The Trans-Andean is but a little north of 35 degrees south latitude, and the utmost northern transcontinental, in Canada, runs about 55 degrees north latitude, so that the distance between them is 90 degrees, or one-quarter of the circumference of the globe. Here is a fact which, perhaps, will surprise the average reader: Between these two lines now are twelve transcontinental railways, making fourteen in all—and not so many years ago it was supposed that the great mountain ranges interposed an insurmountable obstacle to the construction of all such lines. Of these railways, three are in Canada, seven in the United States, one in Mexico, one in Central America, one on the Isthmus of Panama, and one in South America.

Immensity of Our Railroad Business

Before entirely departing from the subject of railroads, here are some statistics showing the immensity of the railroad business in the United States, which are taken from an address delivered by Interstate Commerce Commissioner E. E. Clark before a convention of railroad men at Worcester, Mass: The total miles of track is 328,000. If the annual revenue were laid down in silver dollars side by side, the dollars would extend more than twice around the world. . . If all those revenues were paid in actual cash, the amount of money so paid to the railroads for transportation would equal the total sum of money in circulation in this country. . . . If the money paid by these railroads to their employees every year were laid down the same way in silver dollars, it would extend 22,000 miles—almost once around the earth. . . . If the employees of all these roads were to march in a parade at the rate of three miles an hour day and night, the single file would be 850 miles long and it would require nearly 12 days for the procession to pass a given point. . . . If the number of passengers carried one mile by these roads were formed in a parade 10 abreast, that parade would require 64 years to pass a given point . . . If the freight cars of these roads were coupled together they would extend from Worcester to Portland, Ore., then to Los Angeles, then to Jacksonville, Fla., and from Jacksonville back to Worcester, and there would be enough left over to put in cross lines between Worcester and San Francisco and Jacksonville and Portland, Ore. . . . If all these cars were hauled in one train moving at a uniform speed of 10 miles an hour day and night, it would be 69 days after the locomotive passed before the caboose would come in sight.

Uncle Sam as a Corn-Producer

The figures relating to the corn crop in the United States are astounding when one pauses to consider their full significance. In 1909 the area planted to this cereal was 108,771,000 acres, and the yield was 2,772,376,000 bushels, or rather more than 25 bushels to the acre. This year the area probably will be increased to more than 110,000,000 acres. If all this acreage were combined in one vast field, it would completely cover the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Conecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware—that is, both the New England and Middle states—and almost enough would be left over to make another Little Rhody. If we remove the field to the Pacific Coast, where states are states, it would cover a California, valleys, mountains and all, and enough would remain to make a Maryland and a Rhode Island—if they could be prevailed upon to come West. Or it would cover Oregon and Washington and have a Connecticut or two left. Texas is the only state in which that field of corn could be placed without slopping over into surrounding territory. What becomes of the corn, anyway? Last year's crop would have allowed more than thirty bushels apiece to every man, woman and child in this country. We have not used ours. Who has?

Farmers Who Own Automobiles

The reader may see no connection between the last paragraph and this, but there be those who may consider some such sequence as the following to be natural and almost unavoidable:

Big corn crops,
Good prices,
Prosperous farmers,
Automobiles.

At any rate, and whether the sequence is evident or not, it is said that, of the 10,000 automobiles owned in Iowa, 5,000 are owned by farmers. It is said, further, that Kansas farmers paid $3,200,000 for such machines during 1909, while they paid $2,750,000 in 1908. In a Nebraska village of 800 population 40 autos were sold last year to farmers and retired farmers. It is estimated that farmers own 76,000 of the machines in this country. The old question ran, Does farming pay? Well, there are some indications that it does.

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OUR FIVE-FOOT SHELF

Chatterton

st week we published on this page the
poem of Richard Realf, who destroyed
life because "he could not rightly utter
day what God taught him in the night."
Chatterton, a far brighter star of promise
firmament of song, sought death at sev-
n because he thirsted for applause that
ot come and, more, because a neglectful
gave him scarce bread enough to live

poems are not such great performances
we should prize them overmuch for their
sic worth But it is just that we should
and then remind ourselves that the poets
may be our nation's pride and glory a
red or a thousand years hence are living
and that, though their spirits are warmed
divine fire, that fire warms no bodies.
it is equally well to remind the poet
the thirst for fame and the possession
eat talents are not enough to win the
bation of the world nor enough to earn
atitude He must have another quality,
is, the love of humanity. The world
ves those that serve it, and only they
who love. Dark as the tragedies of
cles and Shakespeare are, their birth
a heart burdened with compassion for
rrows of men. Joyous and beautiful as
he lyrics of Shelley and Keats, their
ition lay in the poets' full participation
richer emotional experiences of men.
nat any of these poets were conscious of
nspiration—only Shelley was, probably—
nature they greatly loved and so they
y served.
e, we feel, was Chatterton's deficiency.
eart was eaten with desire for fame.
shed to be the master before he was
rvant. His own sorrow and disappoint-
overwhelmed him so completely that the
and disappointments of other men made
pression on him. And yet he serves, by
hos of his life and the tragedy of its end,
se things move us to compassion, and
hich withdraws us from ourselves and
us sad for others is an aid to kindliness
ntler thoughts.

BERNARD SHAW

is what Bernard Shaw said in a recent
w about his new play, "Misalliance:"
nature revolts against everything that
s brevity. That is why in my new play
which I beg of you not to ask me to
go on and on without stopping for
and hours." "I imagine that it will
a great deal of attention?" "Not a bit
At any rate I hope it won't. Personally,
tying nothing whatever about it to any-
I want the public to concentrate their
n on the other fellows who are writ-
am, although—and I beg of you not to
is—'Mrs. Warren's Profession' is break-
records in Berlin. The name of my
y is— — —"
have great faith in the repertory sys-
r. Shaw?" "None at all. I hope we
il—for the sake of the critics. I love
ics, and never lose an opportunity of
nice things about them. Not that I
notices that they write of my plays!
too busy to do that! But they speak
ningly of Frohman. By the way, talk-
Frohman, the characters in my play
e you to death. It is the most de-
brilliant thing I have ever written.
of Aristophanes can touch it. But I
bsolutely to talk about it."
do not, of course, expect it to appeal
eneral public?"
he contrary, it will certainly make the
ossible appeal. Unless you book at
will be impossible to obtain a seat
next year. I am not writing it for
eople. I wish the clever people would
e to my plays. The general public are
They understand me because I am
sentimentalist. I am. Of course, I
t like you to say so in print, because it
take the box office so busy. Mr. Mat-
thews has more than enough to do as it is. What a delightful fellow."

"But surely, Mr. Shaw, you are regarded as the leader of the intellectual school of playwrights?"

"Nothing of the sort. You're thinking of Barker. I sprang into fame by refusing to be intellectual. The critics don't understand me because I'm not intellectual. I am a very simple person, with very primitive ideas. That is why I shock the lord chamberlain. He takes a distorted view of my work. But we've tricked him this time. My new play is so long that Mr. Bedford hadn't time to read it. It couldn't be done for the money. And yet every line is a master-stroke of humor, subtlety, intelligent observation, literary distinction. Don't print that."

"And now just a word, Mr. Shaw, if you don't mind, about the acting."

"I do mind. I won't tell you anything about the acting. It is superb, but wild horses will not compel me to say so. All the most brilliant actors and actresses in London appear in my play. I have rehearsed them myself. I leave nothing to anybody else. All the rehearsing done hitherto has been utterly wrong. We are going to change all that. We are going to change everything. And now I am going to change my clothes."

English managers are so pleased with Miss Marie Doro's acting that several have made handsome offers for her services as leading woman.

Californian Poets' Corner

A PRAYER FOR RAIN

Frank Soule

(Frank Soule was a pioneer journalist of California, and his name is associated in local history with the old Alta California. President Lincoln appointed him collector of the port of San Francisco. He was the author of poems of which this is a good example.)

God! give us rain! to Thee our hearts are crying!
This supplication breathes in mournful words
To Thee! the earth in drouth and ruin lying,
From dust and blight pleads for the starving herds.
The feeble pulses of the springs are dying;
In thirst, and doubt, and dread, men, beasts and birds
Are uttering one common prayer for rain.
God of the tempests! shall they plead in vain? * * *

The weary oxen on the dry roads languish;
The poor dumb ass that on the thistle feeds
Finds even that athirst, and hunts in anguish
A scanty fare amid the dying weeds.
The scorching winds all vegetation vanquish;
The smitten life of nature pants and bleeds;
Branch, leaf and blossom, grasses, fruit and grain,
Through brown decadence plead with Thee for rain. * * *

O, but to hear its silvery missiles telling
Their mercy message to the thirsty roof:
Along each duct the tiny currents welling,
The dripping eaves to doubt a strong reproof;
To see the rivulets to rivers swelling,
In thirsty beast and bird and man's behoof;
Oh, but to listen, and to hear again
God's revelation in the falling rain!

God give us rain! and from her sleep upspringing,
Sweet smiles of nature will deck earth's shriveled face,
The liquid pearls delight and solace bringing.
To cheer the land and bless the human race.
From wood and wold joy's anthem will be ringing.
And grateful praises answer to Thy Grace;
And Nature, dumb and weary, wake again,
And all her tongues hymn peans for the rain.

OF PLEASURE IN BOOKS

A first source of pleasure in books is their disinterestedness. They ask us for no service, they beg no alms, they do not slight us, snub us, disappoint us, cavil at belated keeping of engagements, fret at lack of attention. They are passive servants of our will, lying quiet and content until we want them, yielding then with perfect good nature to our demands upon them, responding to our moods and gently warming us in the glow of their perennial light.

Some one has said that books perpetuate the brightest and best moments of the brightest and best minds. This is true, and when we are weary of commonplace chatter or are ourselves dull or find our neighbors so, we may take down Charles Lamb and be regaled with inextinguishable laughter from the merriest of wits; we may read Keats and be led to the worship of the most beautiful and chaste forms and colors; we may follow Wordsworth through the woods and with him find the majesty of God; we may search the human heart, and meet woman in her infinite variety as Shakespeare knew her, we may travel with Coleridge into the mysterious realms of the half supernatural.

If we tire of little things we may wander with Newcomb through the charted constellations and guess at the unknown worlds beyond our outmost world. If we weary of little men, we may meet kings and caliphs, emperors and czars. If we are indifferent to the town or township where we live, Kipling takes us to India, in a moment to meet strange people and to scent the heavy odors of strange woods and flowers and to mingle with the unaccustomed life of crowded bazaars and the worship of unknown gods.

And books lift us out of our little lives. Without books we would be only citizens of a little group that plods from day to day, knowing of the past only what we might learn from grandfathers' tales, and guessing of the future only idle dreams. With books we rise to a high place whence we look back along the ages to the birth of primal things, and see the life of man from earliest antiquity arranged in orderly sequence down to our own age and hour and place. We know our place in human history, we have retraced the road by which we came, we mark the names and deeds upon their graves of those who wrought before us. From a little valley beyond whose bordering hills we never see, we have ascended to heaven and gazed upon the universal plan.

Henceforth our lives take on new meaning. Old fears drop from us; we know how vain they were a thousand years ago. New hopes arise; we know how far a strong heart and a clear vision carried those who strove in the past. We are richer in new ideas of beauty, in enlarged resources of courage, in stronger grounds for faith.

Books may bring us no money, they may fertilize no powers of acquisition. But they bring us much new life, they add an increment of enjoyment, they pay dividends of pleasure. If they bring us greater capacity for pain they also bring us greater strength to endure.

And, as these work upon the individual, their effects react upon society at large. A nation made up of men whose outlook is widened by the instruction of books, of men whose spirits are chastened by the compassion of books, of men whose ideals are colored by the ideals of books, that nation will be what the German empire is to the tribes of the Hottentots.

Do not judge the influence of books by the bookworms who know nothing else. Judge it by the men who have translated their love of books into love of humanity, who have transmuted their readings about men into fellowship with men, who have made over books into life. The body of such men is vastly larger than that of the bookworms. Yet even the bookworm has his uses. Who else so carefully preserves literature through the centuries? He loves books only for themselves, but by him those books have been given to those who love them for their utility in a world of men.

MAKING OLD RACES LIVE AGAIN

VIVID REMINDERS OF ANCIENT MODES OF LIFE

Do not be frightened by the name, for the place is most interesting. It is the Anthropological Museum of the Affiliated Colleges, at Second and Parnassus avenues, San Francisco. "Parnassus" is good, for the museum stands at the edge of Sutro forest, on the side of a heav en-kissing hill whence you may see the Faralones when the air is clearer than it was this morning. "Anthropological," when "stepped down," as they say of an electric current, is simply that which refers to the study of man. So in this anthropological museum are all manner of relics of old civilization, relics gathered in Egypt and Peru and in California, by expeditions financed by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst. If you want to know how an Inca lady combed her hair, step up to the second floor and the attendant will show you several styles of combs, some six hundred years old. If you want to know how an Egyptian business man wrote his letters before Spencerian script became the style, the first floor rear contains a choice collection of stone tablets whereon the ancient scribe chiselled his thoughts. If you want to know what a Pomo Indian of Northern California had for breakfast before the white man introduced Grape Nuts, the third floor will show you, and show you also what his wife cooked it in and the paddle she stirred it with and even, in one old basket, some of the mush (mixed grasshopper and acorn meal) which Mr. Pomo left and which the dogs overlooked.

These three collections are the pride of the museum. Prof. A. L. Kroeber, curator and head of the anthropological department of the University of California, describes these things at length to his classes in Berkeley, expounds the life of the dead and dying races of which they are the reminiscences, and hopes for the day when the new and ample museum will be completed in Berkeley for the permannt storage of these treasures. But the man who lives with the specimens and who, especially when California Indians are mentioned, gets into a gentle but intense glow of enthusiasm is N. C. Nelson, assistant to the curator. He is a young fellow who has brought over here from "the old country" the fine European taste for science, and he revels in the proximity of his friends, the battered ancient relics, as if he were on speaking terms with old Indian chiefs and forgotten Peruvian Incas.

Take the California Indian exhibits first. Look through these utensils and garments and implements and playthings of the Indians and gradually you will unconsciously reconstruct in your mind a picture of their life. You will see that the Indian male held the female in contempt, because he alone had the use of the carved spoons for eating mush, while the squaw must be content with a plain shell. You will see the woman hunting in the sedge of the marshes for tough roots whose fiber went into the beautifully woven baskets. You will see her choosing fibers of different colors, and know that she did not know how to dye, or she would have used the same material throughout. You will see her weaving the baskets, learn that each tribe had its own distinguishing pattern, that there were several methods of weaving, that these baskets were used as cooking vessels. You will see the women gathering acorns, hulling them, leaching out the bitter taste by pouring hot water over them that drained out below through a rude sand filter, and grinding the acorns into powder with stone pestles, to make the morning mush. You will see them heating stones and throwing these stones into the baskets, mixing them with the acorn meal and water, and stirring the mush with wooden paddles.

Of the life of the men, you will see the gay regalia they made of feathers, worn as a headdress; the skirts of reeds they wore in their mystic dances; the rattles and whistles and ceremonial bows and arrows they employed in these rites. You will learn that the women were never allowed to see these dances, nor even the regalia, for they were parts of the ancient Indian secret societies, and Mr. Pomo had as much objection to Mrs. Pomo's presence at his club as Mr. Francisco has to the presence of Mrs. Francisco at an Elks' smoker.

They made pretty good use of the materials they had, these old Indians. They knew how to tan skins as well as a modern taxidermist, as rabbit and coyote skins in the exhibit show. They made eel-pots and fish-traps and quail-snares out of reeds. They made pipes that lately deceived an Eastern expert who was positive that two samples in the exhibit had been turned on a lathe. They made flutes that a white man can not play, but from which an old Indian visitor to the museum lately evoked really sweet music. They made papoose baskets that are quite ingenious, and beside these, hanging on the wall of the museum, is a wooden doll in a tiny papoose basket that once delighted the heart of a little Indian girl.

The Indian was an inveterate gambler (I don't know why all gamblers should be "inveterate," any more than I know why all smokers are supposed to be "confirmed"), and here you will see the woven mats that were his substitute for the green felt and the round table, and also you will see the dice he threw for shell-money or anything else valuable or even, sometimes, for such a piece of mere property as a squaw. These "dice" are sticks of wood, about ten inches long, flat on one side and curved on the other. The "inveterate" held them up on end and dropped them, betting on whether they would land on the flat side or the rounded side—a sort of aboriginal "heads or tails" game.

Another gambling device was a bundle of small sticks, like toothpicks, one of which bore a distinguishing mark. One Indian held the pack behind his back and shuffled them and bet his opponent on the chance of drawing out the colored stick. The Caucasion school-boy who has played the game of "odd or even" with marbles will understand this game perfectly.

They even had pillows, our ancient Indian friends. That is, they carved wooden headrests, much the same as the Japanese use today. They are said to be more comfortable than they look, but even at that they are not likely to come into style again.

One thing the Indian did not know—the California Indian—and that deficiency marks him low in the anthropological social scale: He did not—she, rather—know how to weave cloth. The race whose women did not know how to weave had to live poorly clad, as the Indians of this state did. He had his choice of jackrabbit skins sewed together with fibres, and fibre skirts that remind you of the Chinese window screens made of colored strings. These latter must have been prized by the Indian belles, though, for they rustled just like a silk petticoat when they walked.

Leaving the humble Digger for the relatively aristocratic Inca of Peru, you find the evidences of a pretty high state of civilization in the exhibit. In the first place, the Inca matron knew the art of weaving, and she turned out some admirable specimens of this handiwork. Some pieces of ancient weave, dug up from graves in the Andes, show a warp of cotton and a woof of wool, done dexterously into patterns that are admirably blended in colors. The Inca sense for form was less acute, however, one piece in particular showing a strange idea of the human figure, the teeth of a grinning man being represented in the cloth as large as his fingers, and his toes being reduced in number from the customary five to three.

But for housewifely skill Mrs. Inca ranks high. No piecing together of skins for her, no tying of bits of her fabric together with strings. Mr. Nelson will show you a package of Inca needles, made of wood hundreds of years ago, that are identical in size, shape, and eye with the steel needle of today, just as flexible, with points just as sharp, and just as serviceable for plain or fancy sewing as a Sharps. And he will show you Inca thread, of equal antiquity, that is pretty nearly as good as O. N. T. or Coates's. Furthermore, Mrs. Inca had a work-basket and a sewing bag to put her implements and fancy work i while she was busy in the kitchen.

She went in for trinkets and fancy toile articles and jewelry, too. And she did n have to be content with sea shells or woode ornaments, either. Silver was her favorit material, made up into ear-rings, finger ring and bracelets. You may easily imagine th dusky belle of the Andes tricked out in all th finery and clad in the soft fabrics that sh knew how to weave and to make gorgeous wi brilliant dyes.

The Inca knew how to carve wood, t though his performances in this respect not much better than the totem-pole work the Alaskan Indians, and not in the same cla with the intricate and symmetrical designs some of the savages of Australia. But as potter he did well. Rows of earthenware the exhibit attest a great skill in moulding a firing the clay, especially remarkable becau the Inca had no potter's wheel and laborious shaped his huge jars and urns by hand.

His skill as a smith in the fine metals surprisingly uneven. He mastered silver, a wrought it into ornaments and embossed ve sels and even learned to overlay wood with smooth coating of silver. But gold seems have bothered him. When he tried to p on gold overlay the best he seems to ha been able to do was to beat the gold i into gold leaf and then tack it on the wo in the crudest possible way.

All these Inca relics were dug up from a cient graves in Peru. Hence they are limit to those things that a half-civilized people a wont to put into graves with their dead. Fo tunately for our knowledge they had a ha of including many things that help us to construct their life in our imaginations. T dead themselves are preserved in this case, n by artful embalming as in Egypt, but by t fact that the desert soil in which they w buried contains natural salts and niter th have preserved the bodies from decompositio The absence of rain helped this drying p cess. In Lima it has not rained at all for m than a hundred years.

The Egyptian collection contains seve mummies, but they are less interesting th the genuine stone tablets covered with hie glyphics and the strange touch-me-not hun figures of the old, old days. One of th tablets is retouched by hand in a brilli array of colors that are as bright and cl as they were when the painting was done p haps two thousand years ago.

One set of hieroglyphics is a prehist Egyptian medical book, which has been tra lated into English by a German scholar. T book gives the ancient doctors' prescripti for sore eyes and boils among the first disea to be treated, afflictions still common in Eg to a degree far beyond most other places. So of the methods of treatment are unprinta droll, but the modern amusement is aba when Mr. Nelson points out that substanti the same ideas hold in rural communities civilized Europe today.

A series of prints shows the outlines friezes from ancient Egyptian temples. Th represent all kinds of national activities: wr lers at their various holds and throws; mer the various occupations of daily toil, and th religious rites.

Smaller collections in the museum revive life of South Sea Islanders, of New Zeal savages, of Filipinos, of North American dians east of the Rockies. An hour or a or more, spent in wandering through th rooms is an experience of intense inter In no other way can one so vividly rea the facts about strange people as by s a survey. The museum is open to the pu on Thursday afternoons.

Several English notables have "doubles" miliar to Londoners. Lloyd-George, for stance, is always greatly amused when he covers the presence of his prototype, a who is so like him that when once, being to London, he went sightseeing and asked constable on duty outside the House of L how he could enter the building, that st policeman shook with laughter, supposing course it was Lloyd-George. Mr. Balfou great friends with his protoype, who is a yer, so like the ex-prime minister that they are seen walking together, as often pens, they can scarcely be told apart.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Which Is the Path You Will Take?

re's a place on the highway of life, my lad,
here sever the paths men go.
leads to the summits in snowdrifts clad,
nd one to the vale below
the upward path is rocky and steep,
nd slow is the progress men make,
the other leads where the valleys sleep—
nd which is the path you will take?

the upward path there is none may go
ve angels and splendid men,
the sirens sing in the vale below,
they dance in each luring glen.
n Duty is here, but Pleasure is there,
ith cup whence our thirst we slake;
's call is a song, the other's a prayer—
id which is the path you will take?

at end, at end of it all, my lad,
hen the cup of Pleasure is drained
you dance no more with the sirens mad,
, nothing at all is gained;
the path of Duty, essayed and won,
ads on where the glad dawns break,
he who has striven shall I car. "Well
lone!"
id which is the path you will take?

* * *

Concerning "Poor Dad"

The California Weekly, about four
hs ago, I published verses entitled, "A
ite to Dad," and, for the sake of making
what I desire to say herein, I republish
of them:

no is it sees the children grow
th love he lacks the art to show,
force content with overflow
loves that to their mothers go?
'is dad, poor dad!

no is it of his bairnies vain,
d yet can't make the feeling plain,
therefore sobs this sob of pain,
s doletul, soulful, sad refrain?
'is dad, poor dad!

x comes Eufina C. Tompkins, who edits
household department of Orchard and
, and pertinently asks: "Why? Why
dad?' Why lacks he 'the art to show?'
can't he 'make the feeling plain?'" And
he suggestively adds: "Perhaps it is lack
ictice."

, perhaps it is lack of practice, but there's
b, for how and when is the average man
ure the practice that would enable him
npete with the mother in the affection
child? He is away from home during
y, and sees the little one perhaps two
ee hours in the evening, whereas the
r is guide, friend and consoler of the
about 24 hours in the 24. Is not that
ning of a handicap for "poor dad?"
—with much reverence for our fathers
ore for our mothers, be it said—I don't
that the average man loves his off-
as does the average woman. How can
The babe is not bone of his bone and
f his flesh, as is the case with her. In
the new-comer is an interesting epi
in hers it is the very consummation of
ing. She loves most, and, as love be-
ove, the bairns turn first to that one
tender sympathy never fails them. So,
hen the father feels the most yearning
child, he unconsciously says to him-
Well, here is the place where I am sec-
and the thought terminates in a bung-
pression of love.
ourse it is unnecessary to say that these
ions apply only to fathers who are
of the name. As for the mighty army
e who care more for dollars or pleasures
or wives and bairns, they get all the
n that is their due, and sometimes a
eal more.

* * *

Had His Lesson.

Jones and his wife quarrel?"
They did once, but——"
what?"
knows better now."

The Opinions of Rufus.

They say Love's blind, an' blamed if I don't b'lieve, after lookin' at some of the s'lections he makes, that they must be 'bout right.

I b'lieve that every man an' woman has a immortal soul, but I reckon that nobody but the Almighty could find some of 'em.

Take the pretence off some people an' the feathers off a peacock, an' I wouldn't give a cent fer a choice 'tween what's left.

Speakin' of the tender, beautiful plant of sympathy for human frailty Josh Bings says some folks remind him of an iceberg—chaste an' pure, but a dern poor place fer gardenin'.

S'pose it was shown that Halley's comet would destroy nobody but them that sometimes lies, would you feel any easier in your mind than you do now?

Seems to me that the main trouble with the old theery of hell was that it scared the most them that needed it the least.

I dreamed that Mayor McCarthy died an' went down the stairs. "Alas" he said as he looked 'round him, "if I'd visited here in time I can see that I might have made sev'ral improvements on my lovely ideel of a Paris of Ameriky." Es he sighed I waked up.

Virtue is its own reward, an' I'm free to admit that I've seen cases where it didn't seem to overdo it any.

Ab Burris says they ain't no reason why lawyers can't lead a Christian life, "but, oh," he added, "why don't they do it?" An' nobody answered him.

Es 'tween the fool that's soon parted frum his money an' the fool that keeps on grabbin' fer more after he's got more'n he can use, you can make your own choice. I ain't got any.

How are we goin' to git our best men for office, when, gener'ly speakin' the best men are too self-respectin' to run round with hat in hand askin' folks to vote for 'em?

* * *

"Oh, You Kid!"

Above are the words with which Miss Eleanor Sears addressed an octogenarian whom she met for the first time. There is an old-fashioned and possibly worn out theory that old age is entitled to respectful treatment, if nothing more, but Miss Sears evidently has not heard of it.

Trousers, frock coat and vest, such are the garments in which this young woman has displayed herself in public. There was a notion too, that feminine modesty is a rather admirable article, but Miss Sears is loftily above heeding such notions.

She would a-walking go, and somebody saw to it that the newspapers heralded the fact in columns of "guff" from which people either turned away disgusted or else fervently remarked, "Gee, ain't de loidy a lollapaloosa!" Oh, who said that feminine modesty was not a back number?

And now, because of all these gyrations in the limelight, the spectacular young woman is receiving letters from several varieties of fools—fools who suggest that she engage in marathons, fools who desire her to climb Mount McKinley, and fools beyond all other fools who wish to marry her regardless of the fact that she already has acquired the trouser-wearing habit. Thus is the gentlemanly young creature bombarded with suggestions which should interest her.

But, with all the suggestions, one still seems to be lacking, and so it is herewith tendered in the form of a question which may be answered as the reader pleases: What's the matter with hunting up one of her father's old but still vigorous slippers and trying to make it useful?

* * *

Some Men Do

"When they first were married he used to swear by her, you remember."

"Yes, doesn't he still?"

"Well, there has been a slight alteration."

"Glad to hear it is but slight. What is it?"

"He has changed 'by' to 'at.'"

Some Sawed Off Fables

The Public and Decomposed Nectar

A certain Mayoralty Chief who had been elected by virtue of a happy combination of Higher-Up Squeeze and Lower-Down Push was exceeding proud of a liquid appetizer which he had compounded.

"This," he assured the Patient Public, "is the real thing, the drink of the gods, the far-famed nectar of high Olympus. I mixed it myself."

"Of what is it compounded?" the Patient Public inquired.

"Well," was the response, "the recipe is that of the former Chefs Ruef and Schmitz, but I feel that I have added a few Parisian touches that should improve the flavor. You first take a sufficient quantity of the red juice of the tenderloin, add a liberal dash of dancehall-and-barroom bitters and a flavor of Barbary-Coast tonic. Grace all with a juicy slice of United Railroads pineapple and a luscious what-is-there-in-it-for-me cherry. It's great!"

"Probably it is," the Patient Public replied, "but what makes it smell so much like bilge-water in the last throes of decomposition?"

Moral (for application in San Francisco, as well as elsewhere):—Before some political mixtures are presented to the public they should be deodorized.

—

The Merry Machine and Its Damaged Ha Ha

A certain Hilarious Machine which had given the Obfuscated Public the Merry Ha Ha during thirty Jubilant Years opened its mouth widely in order to continue its Mirthful Cachinnations.

Just then a fine, healthy Johnson Projectile, impelled by the vigorous arm of an Indignant Populace, struck the Hilarious Machine in the mouth injuring its Merry Ha Ha so seriously that it was put out of commission.

Moral:—Even a Hilarious Machine may overdo the ha ha business, and receive a painful and discouraging suggestion from the Obfuscated Public once in three decades, at any rate.

—

The Woe of the Miserable Wretch

A certain Miserable Wretch who had stolen a loaf of bread lay in gaol and groaned with great bitterness.

"What's eatin' you?" a Mere Common Offender, who also was in gaol, inquired.

"Alas and alas!" was all the Miserable Wretch responded.

"Is it because you committed a crime?"

"No, oh, no! It is because I—I am neither a—a Patcalhoun nor have Gold Galore to prove that I didn't do what I did."

Thereupon did the Mere Common Offender join the Miserable Wretch in weeping.

Moral (for everybody):—Don't commit a crime unless you have money to prove that you didn't.

* * *

Which Man Was Rich?

Christopher Rouse had a very fine house,
A house that was fine, exceeding,
While Artemas Wack had only a shack
Unworthy of glance or heeding;
And Christopher's servants were not a few,
While Artemas hustled for bread to chew,
And they both had sons, and they grew and grew
To a different style of breeding.

For Christopher's sons had little to do
Excepting to spend his treasure,
But the sons of Artemas right well knew
Their living their toil must measure.
So they raised the grain they must later sell,
But the sons of Christopher, they raised—well,
How shocking the word I refuse to tell,
So fill in the dash at pleasure.

Now Artemas' sons, they as men prevail,
A fact I delight to scribble,
But Christopher's sons, if they're out of jail,
Are out on a technical quibble;
And I have been thinking the one of the two
Who really was rich, as I guess he knew,
Was Artemas, proud of his stalwart crew,
Too manly at guilt to nibble.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Take Program or Get Out of the Party

It is regrettable that the Associated Press did not see fit to send fuller reports of last Saturday's speeches of the President at Washington and of Attorney General Wickersham at Chicago. Although the President disclaimed making a key-note speech, that was the substance of it. What it lacked of that quality, the speech of Wickersham made up, and the two are to be read together as one declaration of the administration view. The issue as defined by the administration is this: "Take the administration program of legislation, as embodied in bills prepared by the administration and submitted to congress, or get out of the party. By that test you are to be known. These measures were foreshadowed in the Republican national platform upon which the present administration came into power, the party organization is logically committed to them, to oppose them is treason, to fail to enact them into law is infidelity. Fish or cut bait. Get busy." That is what these two speeches mean, and no one can read even the meagre excerpts of them that reach us without feeling that they mean a great deal.

In What the Program Specifically Consists

The program of legislation submitted by the administration to congress consists, in the main, now that the tariff bill has been gotten out of the way, in the creation of an interstate commerce court; the strengthening of the interstate commerce law; the enactment of a postal savings bank law; a bill to "buttress" the President by specifically authorizing him to withdraw public lands from entry where the good of the country seems to demand it; a bill to prevent the abuse of the injunction power of the courts; the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union. There are a number of other measures before congress that the administration has had more or less to do with formulating and pressing upon congressional attention, such as, making public contributions to the election of senators and representatives, an employers' liability law, a bill allowing the reclamation service to borrow $30,000,000 for carrying out enterprises already on foot (to be repaid later from the reclamation fund), a bill to constitute a special commission to revise and simplify procedures for the United States courts. This program was sufficient to keep congress busy making history without fooling away much time sparring for political advantage in making the forthcoming campaign.

Afraid of What The People Want

As this paper has stated, and here repeats, of all innovations proposed in recent years by any administration at Washington not one carries greater promise for betterment than the putting of administration measures into concrete form and their frank submission to congress for consideration as administration measures. It will tend tremendously toward legislative responsibility. Mr. Taft confines his efforts in this direction mainly to the carrying out of pledges made in the platform of his party. That he should do, but it were better if he broadened executive leadership to cover great national needs whether expressed in party platforms or not. But it is one thing to have bills drawn covering the subjects promised to be legislated upon and it is another to put into those bills the things that ought to be in them and keep out of them the things that ought not. The public remembers the tariff bill which, while a technical redemption of party pledges, fell far short of being such a measure as the spirit of the new era required, and remembers, too, that the bills submitted to congress were mainly prepared by or under the control of Attorney General Wickersham, a corporation lawyer of doubtful liberality of mind and, possibly, of reactionary tendencies. Therefore the insurgents in congress propose that these bills shall be scrutinized with the utmost care and subjected to all the amendment that they would be subjected to if they came from a committee of congress instead of from the White House, and in this they are entirely right. The test of Republicanism is not support of or antagonism to those bills as they are, but as they ought to be.

Judge Sloane For The State Senate

The outlook for making the thirty-ninth legislative session the best California ever knew is most promising. All over the state Best Men are being brought out, and of all so far mentioned none ranks higher than Judge W. A. Sloane of San Diego, who has announced his candidacy for nomination and election to the state senate to represent the fortieth district, comprising San Diego and Imperial counties. His opponent will no doubt be Leroy A. Wright, a very able, capable and adroit representative of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau in politics and legislation. Judge Sloane is no artful dodger. In his anouncement he openly declares that, if elected, he shall regard himself as pledged to the service of his district and state rather than to any partisan program; that he shall favor so amending the direct primary law as to afford a state-wide, free-choice, advisory vote for United States senators; the giving of independent and non-partisan voters a clear right to express their preferences for nominations to office; the adoption of the initiative and referendum in state legislation as important checks upon legislative abuses and a stimulus to good faith; such regulation of public service corporations as will make them well-paid and justly treated public servants and not masters; such a reform of our criminal and civil judiciary as will make the administration of justice more simple, expeditious, inexpensive and certain; and, while respecting property rights, shall give the higher consideration to rights of human beings; as a necessary preliminary the overthrow of the legislative domination of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company. Judge Sloane puts the issue to the voters of the fortieth district so clearly that there can not be two opinions as to what he stands for, and it will put the straddling proclivities of Leroy Wright to a final test if he be not also forced to face the music. The fortieth district owes it to the state to send us Judge Sloane.

Judge Maguire Or "Red" Hayes

Judge J. G. Maguire will definitely be a candidate to succeed E. A. Hayes in congress from the fifth district of California. This will put a good many good men in a quandary. Hayes is a Republican and Maguire a Democrat, and men who vote habitually according to the party label will have no difficulty in deciding how to vote, but, in this year of grace, party will cut less figure than ever before in determining good men's votes. All who know him, or know of him, will know that if Judge Maguire goes to congress he will stand for Right Things, but E. A. Hayes has done splendid work at Washington the past winter in standing out against a predominating "Cannonism" in legislation.

The First Canard Of the Campaign

"It is known" declares the imaginative editor of the Placer Republican, "that a secret agreement between Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League manipulators and certain Democratic bosses was recently made in Los Angeles, in which the Leaguers have agreed to desert to the Democracy in the November election if Johnson fails to win the Republican nomination in August." Yes, how did that come to be known? And what were the Leaguers to get for it? You are no novelist, Mr. Editor, if you leave your plot half disclosed. What are the Democrats to do if Johnson is nominated? Was not this agreement signed, sealed and delivered in the little town of Placerville in the sanctum of the editor of the Placer Republican? The yarn bears the earmarks of the man. A fortnight ago the laurel wreath for the most asinine diatribe of the campaign had to be conferred upon the Sonoma Index-Tribune. This week we must credit the first canard of the campaign to the Placerville Republican. The only color of verity to be accorded it is that, this year more than any other, perhaps, in the history of the state, good men will vote for good men and bad men for bad with less regard to party labels than ever before. The division is more likely to be made along moral or immoral than along party lines.

Stanton and The Steamers

The United States government maintains a line of steamships between New York and the Panama canal, thus affording a great advantage to Eastern dealers in furnishing supplies for the construction of the canal. Western men started a movement to have the government establish a similar line of steamships running from Seattle to Panama, by way of San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego etc., and, to this end, there were introduced into the state senate of California by Senator Sanford, a series of resolutions relating to the then, recent advance of transcontinental rates protesting against the same, and addressed to our representatives in congress. Among the resolutions were the following:

"Resolved, That we request the Congress of the United States to speedily give consideration to the report of the Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, special Panama railroad commissioner as submitted by him to President-elect Taft and that we recommend the speedy establishment of the line (referred to in that report at as early a date as possible in order that relief may be afforded to the manufacturers, merchants and producers of this state; and,

"Resolved, That we denounce the arrangement made by the Pacific Mail Steamship company with the transcontinental lines whereby they have never solicited any of this through business, and urge our representatives in congress to give this matter their immediate time and attention."

These resolutions passed the state senate without a dissenting vote and went to the assembly over which P. A. Stanton presided for concurrence, where, on motion of Johnson of Sacramento, the two resolves given above were stricken out of the series on a vote of 43 to 30, the speaker voting to strike them out. If the senate had concurred in the assembly amendments to strike out these two resolves for which striking-out Mr. Stanton had voted that would have been the end of the matter and the legislature of California would have lifted no voice in favor of a government line of steamers on the Pacific coast. But the senate refused to concur and a conference committee was appointed. Here, again, the speaker showed his unfavorable attitude toward the government line of steamers by appointing Johnson and Transue on this conference committee, Drew being the only man that could be relied on to stand for it. However, the free conference committee reported the Sanford resolutions with the two resolves placed back in them and then it was, and not until then, that Stanton voted for them. He had been beaten and there was nothing to do but take his medicine and he took it. For verification of this statement reference is made to the amended assembly journal, page 772. The issue becomes important because it has been denied that Stanton opposed the adoption of these resolutions, the denial coming from one who conceded that if he had opposed them Stanton would thereby have proved his unfitness to be governor. The record is in black and white and can not be explained away.

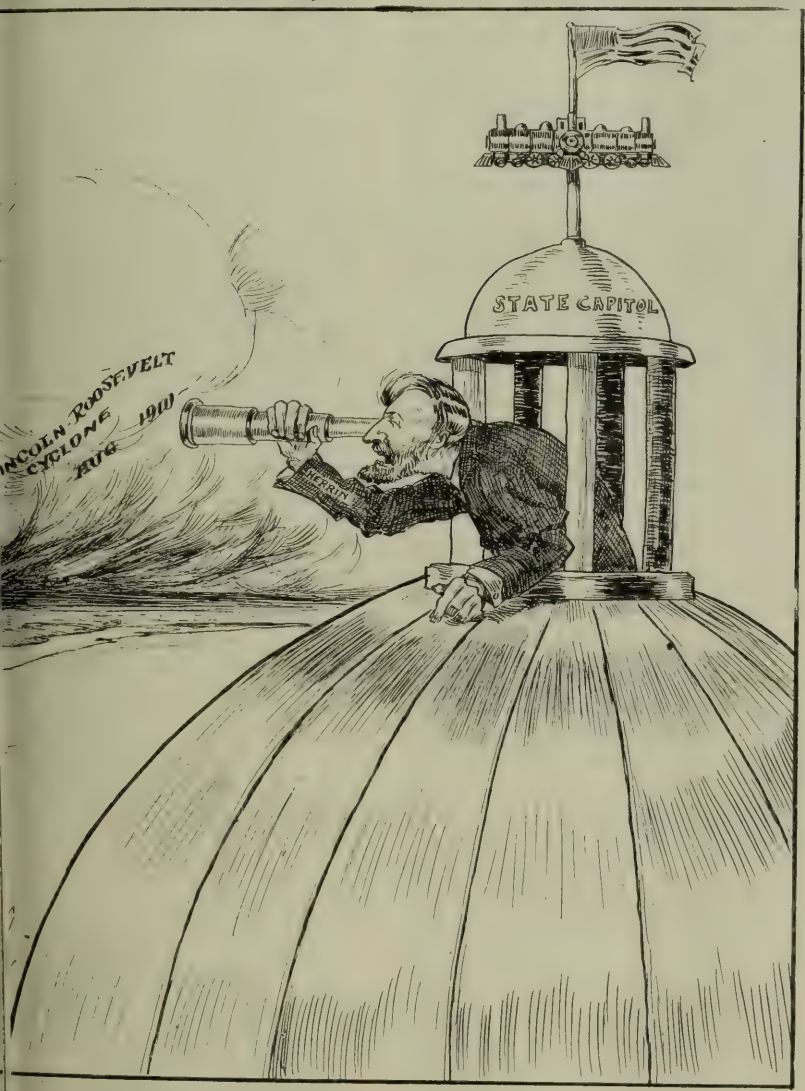
An Appreciation of Judge John D. Works

The following letter from the distinguished editor of The Twentieth Century Magazine, of Boston, to a friend in Oakland, explains itself: "I have received word from my friend, the Hon. John D. Works of Los Angeles, Cal., that he is just entering the fight for the United States Senatorship. I earnestly hope and trust that you will see your way clear to furthering his candidacy in any way that you can, as Judge

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

cs is a strong upholder of direct-legisla- and fundamental democracy. I do not there is, in the United States to-day, a er enemy of machine rule and the cor- practices of the feudalism of privileged h than the judge. More than this, when ara was unconstitutionally arrested and n into jail in Los Angeles, a short time Judge Works interested himself in the and secured his release. He is a man of al turn of mind and is, in fact, I think, he kind of a man we need in the Senate e present time. Cordially yours, B. O. er."

Not Ware? Now that it seems improbable that Los Angeles will consent to lose Principal Francis of the echnic School as its city school superin-



the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican must look elsewhere for a candidate e superintendent of public instruction. t Allison D. Ware, of the San Fran- ate Normal School? Here is a young extraordinarily brilliant mind, splendid e ability, a forceful personality, and oroughly grounded by education and ce in the best methods of teaching. a remarkable record in the state uni- e has to his credit several years' ex- as a teacher in the San Joaquin valley years' as an assistant to the head of normal school. He is a vigorous and ent thinker, progressive in his ideals being a radical. And his personal integrity is unquestionable. His record, his energetic personality, his character, and his training all appeal to The Watchman most strongly. We believe he would add strength to the League ticket, and do the League honor if elected. He should be sized up carefully as a possibility for the office of state superintendent.

A Word of Advice to Alameda Leaguers The spirit of compromise is often justified. No set of men can always have their own sweet wills. And it is seldom possible to make up a ticket with all first-class men. Men of that class are not too abundant, no, not even in Alameda county, but any good government ticket with Dr. Tisdale on it is likely to waterlog the minute it is launched. The lesson of two years ago should not be lost on the good government forces of Alameda county. It would have been better for the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League two years ago if Assemblymen Pulsifer, Feeley and Mott had been elected by the "organization," instead of by the Leaguers for the "organization." Fooled the first time it is the fault of the fooler. Fooled a second time it is the fault of the fooled. If Mayor Mott feels that he ought to support his brother for a position he is unfit to fill no one need quarrel with the mayor for that. Blood is thicker than water, but that affords no justification for other men supporting an unfit man. Better a dozen defeats than one victory with unfit candidates. This paper is not asking for the ideal, but only for the reputable and the decent.

Walter Macarthur May Stand for Congress Many friends of Walter Macarthur, and Walter Macarthur has many friends, are urging him to try for the Democratic nomination for Representative in Congress from the fourth district, the district which Mr. Julius Kahn so picturesquely represents. Mr. Macarthur is merely thinking it over. There are not too many men in San Francisco whose hat covers as much sterling manhood as the hat of Walter Macarthur and there is none that covers more. He is honest and he is able, and, while he has usually voted the Democratic ticket, mainly as a protest to what he believes to be a Republican materialism unrelieved by high moral ideals, he is in no sense an ardent party partisan and will not follow any party far if it goes wrong. Moreover, he comes from a walk in life that deserves representation in Congress, not as representing the interests of labor and only those interests, but as a citizen whose environment has been that of a wage earner and who understands the industrial problem from the wage earner's point of view. If the legal fraternity were not represented in Congress we should all wish to see a few lawyers sent to Congress, and if there were no bankers there we should wish to see some bankers elected. This is equally true, and true in an equal sense, of the wage earning world and from that walk of life California can send no fitter man than Walter Macarthur of San Francisco and, unless some free Republican can be sent, the fourth district should send Walter Macarthur, for, ever and always, better a free Democrat than a Republican in bondage.

Organizer Up the San Joaquin Next Max J. Kuhl, state organizer for the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, will be in Stockton next Monday, and from that point will work up the San Joaquin valley to Bakersfield, organizing local clubs and breaking ground for the approaching tour of the same district by Hiram Johnson and his associates. Kuhl will visit Turlock, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Portersville, Reedley, Corcoran, Dinuba, Hanford, Coalinga, Visalia, Tulare, and Bakersfield, and other important centers of population, on this trip. The tour will take him about ten days. Local papers at these points should announce his coming, and local Independent Republicans should be ready to receive him and co-operate with him in the work of organizing sentiment. These local clubs are the backbone of the movement for better things in California.

The Unterrified In Conference If the general tenor of reports printed in the San Francisco papers is to be accepted as a true characterization of the Democratic conference held in Los Angeles this week the net result is that every man who went there feels relieved and justified in that he has had his much enjoyed opportunity to rip the reputations of his associates up the back and down the front, but we have to bear in mind that it is only some form of fight that is grist to the daily newspaper mill. It is entirely possible that there may have been much sober reasoning together and, if the event be judged by the platform, the conference was not devoid of good results. Theodore Bell bravely bearded McCarthy in his lair, but at no great risk because McCarthy and all the votes he can control are safely at the disposal of William F. Herrin or Charles F. Curry, and the twain are probably one, or will be the night before election. The McNabites were looked upon as Herrinites in disguise, at least in state politics, and were made as uncomfortable as possible. The conference handled the direct primary law as a woman does a thistle, with the result that all hands are a good deal nettled. Only the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has dared to grasp it firmly and so avoid being stung. If Joseph McCall is put into the field against Theodore A. Bell that will split the reputable

(Concluded on page 332.)

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

PERSONALIA

Announcement is made that Miss Maude Adams will essay the title role of "Chanteeler" when Rostand's drama is produced in New York in October.

James Neill, the Western stock actor, plans to make a unique theatrical tour, sailing round the world on a chartered steamer and giving theatrical performances at all important ports on the way.

Mrs. Sol Smith, who is a member of the New Theater company in New York, has the distinction of being the oldest actress on the American stage, having celebrated her 86th birthday a few weeks ago.

Homer Davenport, the well-known cartoonist, plans to establish a weekly paper in Portland, where he will make his future home. J. E. Chamberlin will be the editorial head of the new publication.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney has been elected president of the Woman's International League of Right Thinking and Right Living. The league is a philanthropic organization which aims to form chapters all over the world. The first chapter was formed in New York a short time ago.

Mrs. Mary Goddard, who is said to be the oldest Quaker preacher in the world, celebrated on March 10th her 100th birthday at her home in Durham, Me. This is the first time in twenty-odd years that she has been unable to preach on her birthday in the Friends Meeting House in Durham.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has given $500 to the Equal Suffrage Association of Washington, which enables it to have more commodious quarters in Seattle while carrying on the amendment campaign. Mrs. Catt was at one time a resident of Seattle and a leader in the equal rights movement there.

James K. Hackett announces that he will make a trip to the Pacific coast this summer, acting in San Francisco for eight weeks in a repertory of plays, including "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Crisis," "Don Caesar's Return," "Samson," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Pride of Jennico" and "The Walls of Jericho."

John Stevenson Tarkington of Indianapolis is the newest Indiana author. His first book, "The Hermit of Capri," will appear on March 24th. Mr. Tarkington has been writing for several years and his articles have been published in magazines under the first part of his name, John Stevenson. It is a surprise to most of his friends to know that he is a writer. He is 70 years old.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has started among Boston women a movement to study applied economics relating especially to the increased cost of living. It is her hope that this movement will become national and will be considered seriously by women throughout the country. It was launched at the last meeting of the New England Women's Club, of which Mrs. Howe has been the head for many years.

Massenet's new opera, "Don Quixote," which has had a successful production at Monte Carlo opera house, will be one of Oscar Hammerstein's novelties for the season of 1910-11 if the Manhattan director happens to be pleased with the piece when he sees it performed in Europe this summer. One thing against Mr. Hammerstein's trying "Don Quixote" in America is that it has no part for a soprano, and therefore it is not available for Miss Mary Garden.

Princess Ingeborg, a member of the Swedish royal family, is among the most regular of the eight hundred women who have been attending the course of lectures given in Stockholm under the direction of the Swedish Women's National Suffrage Association. The lectures are intended to prepare women for their new responsibilities under the new municipal law which makes them eligible as town and county councillors. Though the women of Sweden have long had the municipal vote they are now for the first time eligible to office.

SHEAR WIT

The whale had just swallowed Jona "Thank goodness the beast doesn't fletcherize cried he. Consoled by this discovery, placidly awaited the ejection notice.—N York Sun.

Tax Assessor (in the abandoned farm di trict of New England)—I guess we'll have raise your taxes this year. Farmer—Darn if it isn't about the only thing you can rai out here.—New York Times.

As Frederick Remington was once buyi a cigar at the Minnewaukan drug store Satu day night a cowboy entered. He wore a r shirt and bearskin leggins, and he carried two-gallon demijohn. "Jack," he said to t drug clerk, with a loud laugh, as he swu the enormous demijohn onto the counter "Jack, fill her up—Baby's sick."—Philad phia Record.

A tramp went to the back door of a Tope house and knocked. The lady came to t door. "Please, mum," said the tramp, "cou you do a little sewing for me?" "Wi pleasure," answered the kind-hearted lad "What sewing would you like to have me for you?" "I have a buttom here," repli the tramp. "If you'll sew a pair of pants on it I'll be very much obliged."—Kansas C Journal.

A man entered the Waldo editor's office a shouted, angrily, "You said in yesterda paper that I'd been hanged. It's false. I never been condemned, let alone hange "Well, my friend," said the editor, "it's o policy never to issue direct contradiction They shake the confidence of the reader. B I'll tell you what we'll do for you. We'll s you were cut down before life was extinct" Philadelphia Record.

"I know a young and beautiful lady," s said, "who once visited a plant that had new foreman." "'Who's the boss here?' t beautiful lady asked, approaching the forem "'I am the boss, madam,' he replied. "'(are you?' said she." "He thought he detect amazement in her voice, and drawing himse up, he answered, coldly: "'Yes, I am, and prove it. Higginson!'" "'Higginson, go g your envelope. You're fired!'"—New Yo Tribune.

Oliver Herford, the brilliant wit and po was a guest at a country house last win when a children's valentine day party w given. The teller of this story was a nov ist: "Mr. Herford was slightly put out the children's noise—he was at work, I b lieve, on one of his splendid alphabet books and that night at dinner, when asked to p pose a toast for the little ones, he rose a said: "'To the much calumniated, the go and wise King Herod.'"—Utica Globe.

In one of the small towns of the South newly qualified judge was trying one of first criminal cases. The accused was an man who was charged with robbing a h coop. He had been in court before on a sim lar charge and was then acquitted. "W Tom," began the judge, "I see you're in tr ble again." "Yes, sah," replied the man, " last time, jedge, you was ma lawyer." "Wh is your lawyer this time?" asked the judge. ain't got no lawyer at this time," answe Tom; "I'm going to tell the truth."

The most famous jest of this famous jes (William Travers, of New York) was t which he made at the expense of Col. "Ji Fisk. At the very height of the latter's r tunes, when he and Jay Gould were succe fully practicing the methods of the media robber barons in Wall street, Fisk showed Travers over the steamer Mary Powell, ne built and equipped by the partners for Hud river traffic. In the stateroom hung two p traits. One represented Jim Fisk, the ot Jay Gould. Fisk waved his hand at th with an air of pride. "Very good, very goo responded Travers after a pause of appre tion. "You h-hanging on one side and Gould h-hanging on the other. But w-w where's our Lord?"—Joe Miller's Jest Bo

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

A LABOR MAN'S CRITICISM OF THE WEINSTOCK REPORT

By WALTER MACARTHUR

'wo plans for the maintenance of peace in industrial world have recently been pre- ted to the public by Mr. Harris Weinstock. e of these measures provides for the treat- nt of disputes betwen private employers employees by the creation of a board rep- ntative of both sides. The other plan deals h disputes between public-service corpora- ns and contractors on public works, and r employees.

y the latter plan it is proposed that the slature shall enact a law requiring the sub- sion of labor disputes to a process of pub- investigation, and prohibiting a strike or :out during the course of the inquiry and seven days subsequent to the award, under alty of a fine of not less than $1,000 upon employer and of $1,000 upon the common ls of the employees, or of $25 upon the vidual employee.

ı the following remarks the writer treats usively of the latter plan and its bearing ı the interests of the labor movement.

r. Weinstock, in his recent contribution to e columns, very fairly states the case nst the strike and in favor of conference conciliation. None will more readily agree that statement than the members of the r movement, who have experienced the of the strike and thus learned to value to practice peaceful methods.

Labor Opposed to Strikes

ıe best proof of this is to be found in the mon practice of the labor movement. :es are an exception and conciliation is the in the settlement of labor disputes.

ıis assertion may seem inconsistent with facts as these appear to the public. But public is dependent for its information a single source, namely, the daily press. latter publishes little or nothing concern- the negotiations between employers and oyees in the peaceful adjustment of the :ions that arise between them. On the hand, the press invariably "plays up" strike. Thus the public, being informed of the strike, is led into the error of at- ting to that feature of the labor move- a much greater relative importance than attaches to it.

nference, conciliation and arbitration con- e the theory and practice of the labor ment in the great majority of industries. method is approved both by employers mployees, by associations and unions; it owing in popularity and effectiveness, and, adopted in a given industry, it is seldom loned, and even then only with the great- luctance upon the part of labor. These ful methods are predicated upon one con- , namely, organization upon both sides utual recognition, respect and frankness cussion.

labor movement will support any meas- r the extension of the methods now gen- prevailing and generally successful in ttlement of labor disputes, or any better d which may be devised. While the t plan of voluntary conference between rties directly interested is preferable, as ared with any plan involving the inter- n of outside parties, the latter procedure e supported as a necessity in those cases , by reason of the lack of organization or of the parties to come together, are nenable to purely voluntary measures.

Must Be No Compulsory Awards

important qualification must be under- in this connection. The measures de- to insure the submission of the ques- in dispute to a conference board must ve the absolute freedom of those inter- in the matter of accepting or rejecting ard. In a word, there must not be any lsion upon labor to accept the award, a penalty of any kind or character for g work or going on strike. The right ke must be maintained at all times and all circumstances.

n this point the labor movement is to disagree with the plan suggested by einstock. The latter will probably say that there is no ground of disagreement here, that he, too, recognizes the right to strike as a necessity in the last analysis, and that his plan conserves that right.

A Fatal Objection

It is true that Mr. Weinstock states his position in substantially these terms. Little exception can be taken to Mr. Weinstock's general view of the right to strike. But the proposal to prohibit the strike during the period of inquiry and for seven days thereafter, under penalty of fine, is a fatal objection to the plan.

It is not sufficient to say that the prohibition of the strike lies only against employees of the public-service corporations and contractors on public works, and prevails only for a limited period. If such prohibition may rightly be imposed upon any class of labor, it may rightly be imposed upon all classes. If the strike may rightly be prohibited for seven days, it may rightly be prohibited altogether.

The logic of the case is obvious and inescapable. The author of the plan himself acknowledges this in the statement that it "would pave the way for still further legislation and constitutional amendments which would make it possible to apply state intervention to all important private as well as public labor disputes."

If the plan may be applied to "important," why not also to unimportant private labor disputes? Who shall determine the question of importance or unimportance in such matters? Who shall say that the strike, being prohibited in some instances and for a certain period, may not be prohibited in all instances and for all time? Who shall say that the "general welfare" is affected only by strikes in quasi-public service ,and that that consideration may not be invoked against the strike in any and every branch of labor? **"Facilis descensus."**

It is unnecessary to say that the right to strike is here asserted as a principle rather than as a practice to be indulged in for its own sake? The practice of the labor movement is to forego recourse to the strike until all peaceable methods fail, and even then to adopt the last resort only under pressure of the strongest necessity, bearing well in mind the effects not only upon the employer but also upon the public. Generally speaking, the value of the right to strike lies in its deterrent influence upon the employer.

The fact that the strike is always a possibility, being recognized by the employer, serves to determine his course in the direction of peaceful and equitable adjustment. If the plan under discussion affected merely the practical workings of the labor movement, without reference to the principle upon which that movement itself is founded, there could be little objection to it, since strikes are seldom inaugurated without notice extending over a considerable period. To pass a law prohibiting a strike during the period of inquiry and for seven days thereafter would of itself be merely giving statutory expression to the practice now generally, indeed almost universally, prevailing.

Proposed Law Would Vitiate a Principle

But the passage of such a law would do much more than is here suggested. It would vitiate a principle, not of the labor movement alone, but of human action, and "pave the way for still further legislation and constitutional amendments." To comprehend the possibilities contained in the latter suggestion, and at the same time secure a broader outlook upon the position of the labor movement, let us briefly consider the real nature of the strike, its significance as a factor in the industrial world and its relation to other institutions and phenomena of social life.

In the view of the public, the strike is a resort to force, foolish, hurtful and pitiful. The public sees the strikers and their families suffering from hunger, and industry paralyzed. Of course, the public is directly involved in the trouble to the extent that it is deprived of the commodities or conveniences to which it has been accustomed. In the end, the public sees victory for one side, defeat for the other side, and nothing for itself but the memory of its own losses. Consequently, the public cries out against the strike as a "relic of barbarism," a "reversion to savagery," and demands that something, almost anything, be done to "put a stop to strikes."

The attitude of the public is natural and its proposed remedies explainable upon grounds of impulse if not of reason. Similarly, the impulse of the drowning man to throw up his hands and open his mouth is easily explained. The moral is obvious.

The labor movement is not oblivious of nor indifferent to the incidents of the strike. It sees and feels these things with eyes equally as clear and hearts equally as sympathetic as those of the public. But the labor movement sees in the strike much more than lies upon the surface. It sees in a strike, be it of one hundred, one thousand or one hundred thousand men, the exercise in a collective capacity of a right which inheres in each individual man. The labor movement sees in the strike —the act of quitting work collectively—that act which makes effective the right of the individual to quit work, failing which the individual right becomes a mere abstraction.

The right of the individual to quit work being recognized as the fundamental warrant of the strike, the mind is at once directed to a consideration of the origin, value and uses of that right. To do this we must go back to the beginnings of civilization and retrace the footsteps of labor.

Thus comprehended, history presents itself as a constant struggle by man to free himself from bondage to king, lord or master, the struggle of man to own himself, to be absolute master of his own body and his own labor power. This world-old struggle finds its consummation in the personal liberty of the American citizen.

Man has progressed by virtue of the impulse of personal liberty implanted in him and directed against those institutions which held him thrall. Under this impulse villeinage, serfdom and slavery have successively given way to a system under which the man who labors—who possesses nothing more than his labor power—is the equal of every other man in respect to the disposition of his own person. If we should undertake to embrace in a single term the sum of human progress in respect to the personal relations of men, we should use the term "personal liberty."

This term, expressing as it does the "liberty of the person"—liberty to possess and dispose of one's person—defines that characteristic which chiefly, indeed solely, differentiates the freeman of today from the bondman of the past. Reduced to its ultimate and most concrete expression, the liberty to dispose of one's person is the liberty to quit work, the right to strike.

Right to Quit Work Inviolable

He who possesses the right to quit work is free. He who is denied that right is slave. Take from the American workingman this right of personal liberty, impose upon him compulsion to work a moment longer than he so wills, no matter what form such compulsion may assume nor how brief the period of restraint, and he is to all intents and purposes enslaved. The line of demarkation between slavery and freedom is obliterated.

Upon this fundamental element of liberty rest all other institutions of free society. Political and religious liberties are incidental to this basic and indispensable condition of human freedom, valuable and effective only as corrolaries of this condition, enduring only as this condition endures. Society progresses only as the individual progresses, is free only as the individual is free. In some instances the material condition of the freeman may be little better, may even be worse than that of his progenitor condemned to enforced labor, but it contains at least the possibility of improvement, limited only by the desire for and willingness to strive for better conditions.

In contending for the preservation of the

right to strike, without limitation or qualification, the labor movement contends for the one thing which, more than all other elements combined, epitomizes and gives substantial meaning to the progress of mankind, the one thing which of itself affords a guarantee of continued advancement and justifies the hope of consummation in a state of social and industrial relations in which peace shall prevail by common consent and in virtue of justice between man and man.

It is understood, of course, that the right of personal liberty is not absolute as to all acts. Society rightly and necessarily imposes numerous restrictions upon that right. Again, men may, and do, voluntarily agree to surrender a certain measure of their personal liberty for the common good. But these reservations do not run to the point under discussion, i. e., the right of the individual to give or withhold labor. As to this point, the right of personal liberty is and must remain absolute and unqualified.

Proposals to restrict or prohibit the strike are an ever-present feature of the discussion of industrial affairs. In most instances these proposals indicate a well-meant but mistaken view of the problem. In other instances these proposals bespeak an ulterior purpose of opposing the progress of the labor movement and destroying its efficiency or at least its promise of further efficiency. In either case these proposals are dangerous, the more so, if anything, in proportion to their apparent harmlessness.

Danger of Subtle Beginnings

Everything must have a beginning, and the larger the ultimate object the smaller and more insiduous must be the initial step. Every one now admits the right to strike; not even the most pronounced opponents of the labor movement dare openly declare against that right. Whatever be done in this matter must be done carefully and with proper regard for the sensibilities of those chiefly affected! In these circumstances there is but one safe course for the labor movement, namely, to resist every proposal that will in any degree affect the right of its members in the exercise of their inherent liberties, and especially in the matter of the strike.

With all due respect to the plan proposed by Mr. Weinstock, it may be remarked that it suggests at once the easiest and most difficult method of dealing with the "strike evil." It is easy to say, "It shall be unlawful to strike." But unless the law in this, as in other connections, be in accord with right relations and conduct, it is more likely to produce than to prevent the condition aimed against. In other words, a law to prohibit strikes is certain in the end to increase rather than diminish the number of such outbreaks.

We need but look to Australia and New Zealand for an example in point. The erstwhile "country without strikes" is today the country in which the "right to knock off" is most freely asserted, and, we might also say, mostly freely exercised.

The labor movement acting in accord with its traditions, aspirations and precedents, will support any measure designed to minimize and eliminate strikes by means of investigation, conciliation and arbitration. But such measures must be based upon the principle of voluntary action by the parties directly interested, and must not contain any element of compulsion other than that of the moral force of private or public opinion. So far as these measures are based upon the principle of legal compulsion or inhibition the labor movement is bound to oppose them in obedience to the law of human liberty and human progress, a law which transcends in its importance to the individual and to society all consideration of the incidents accompanying the strike, unfortunate and disastrous as these may be in themselves.

The strike is frequently described as a "weapon of barbarism." In reality, the strike is a "weapon of nature," an expression and exercise of men's inherent and inalienable right to revolt against conditions that degrade manhood. No consideration of "general welfare" can outweigh this individual right.

Ultimately and fundamentally, the "general welfare" and the individual right are one and the same thing. The former can not be conserved at the expense of the latter. Public rights can not be conserved by the destruction of individual rights.

The labor movement does not wish to strike, but it insists upon its right to do so, fundamentally as an exercise of personal liberty and practically as a measure held in reserve for the purpose of insuring peace.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

Democracy in twain and give Mr. Herrin his opportunity to introduce the entering wedge in the shape of some man who will make his peace with the Southern Pacific Bureau, and accept its backing. It is the old game played with such marked success. Keep your eye open for that third man.

The Platform Promulgated There is not a line in the platform that stamps it as Democratic, not a word about "sovereign states," (where was Caminetti?) or "tariff for revenue only." Tom Jefferson's bones were not dug up and reworshipped. The old order has changed sure enough. The platform declares that the "Emancipation of California from Southern Pacific rule overshadows every other public question." So it does. It declares for "Retrenchment in public expenditures." There is need of it. "Equal and uniform taxation." Which is bad. If taxation be uniform it cannot be equal, exactly what ails us now, but that is another story. "Initiative, referendum and recall." Populistic but not a bad club to hold over the unrepresentative heads of representative government. "A more efficient control of transportation companies." Much needed. "Liberal provision for extending the school system." A compulsory education system that will "compulse" is the chief need. "Betterment of land and water highways." Why did they not say something about Gillett's $18,000,000 bid for the automobile vote? "Election of United States Senators by the People." A demand for a statewide direct primary advisory vote would have been more to the purpose. "Revision of the rules of the House of Representatives so that control may be restored to the membership." Splendid. And much more, not in traditional Democratic platforms.

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THE LITTLE BLACK BEAST

(Continued)

BY

A. J. PILLSBURY

PART II.

THE RIGHT HAND ROAD

The humiliation which Gaspar Gautier suffered because of the misadventure at the river, related last week, was profound. Sensitive to degree, he slipped out of the house at the rliest moment and kept out of sight until ghtfall. He might, indeed, have set out upon e road, without daring to face his benefacrs at all, had not Abner taken the trouble to ok him up and fetch him in to supper. "Too g a sled and too small a boy, I guess," was that Abner had to offer, but he spoke kindly d laid his hand gently upon the shoulder of shrinking boy, letting him know by that sen that, so far as he was concerned, the nt of the day was a closed incident.

Not so Isabel. Catching sight of a tear in boy's eye as he entered the big kitchen, proceeded to express her mind with much edom as to the heedlessness of Our Hiram. o, she said, seemed to think that every one e should be as big and strong as himself. , sakes alive, all is well that ends well, and spar must come right in and have a good. rm supper. Where had he kept himself all afternoon? She had gone in search of more than once, and had sent Annabel. but to no purpose. He must not let a le thing like that upset him so.

Notwithstanding the too patent kindliness Abner and Isabel, and the palpable hoverr near of Annabel in a mollified mood, Gas- had small appetite for supper, and, at the t opportunity, slipped away to his little gar- over the kitchen and went to bed.

That night when all was still and the big ers were burning low, Isabel took her can- and stepped softly into Gaspar's room, inling not to awaken him, but as she entered saw the coverlid drawn quickly over head ears and thought she detected a sound as sob. Going to the head of Gaspar's bed, drawing his stool to her, she sat down by side and gently pulled the coverlid away. found the pillow wet with tears. Stroking temples with tender hand, "Why, my dear what does this mean?" she asked.

might have drowned her," he whispered, sobbing.

es, but you did not, you know, and she s snug and warm in her bed as a bug in a and sleeping so soundly that my kissing just now did not awaken her at all. Our m did wrong to let you try to manage so a sled in such a dangerous place. He nt well, but he is so heedless sometimes I am almost afraid to trust Annabel in harge. She is all we have, you know—pt you," she added.

h! but was he not generous to let me be irst to take her down? And did he not bravely to get us out? Is he not le grand g man, Madam, so tall, so strong, so ? He did right to call me the little black and to duck me. My stepfather he often 'God did make you to come to no good ," and I see now that it is so. Why did he water take me under the ice? It would been more better."

sh!" the good woman protested, laying her gently across the boy's mouth. "You not speak so, my Gaspar. You shall know od time for what purpose your Heavenly r made you, if you strive to know and to do His will. Many a man smaller and trong than you has so risen above diffis that the world has called him great. Hiram is big of his age and overgrown houghtless, but his heart is sound and es not mean to be unkind. I must caum about his treatment of you. It is for you in school, I know, for you do not nderstand all the words you see and but the teacher tells me that you are and are learning finely, that in another r so you will surely catch up with others r own age. You will yet challenge the ation of us all, I am sure, if you try hard ear your disadvantages with patience.

m ever so thankful, Gaspar, that you and el are in your warm beds tonight and own there in the swift river somewhere the ice, and it was to thank our Father aven by your bedside that I stole in, so as I had hoped, as not to waken you, you don't mind I'll thank him, anyhow."

h that Isabel slipped to her knees by d's bedside and, in a few simple words, returned thanks for the happy rescue of the children from watery graves, asked that they might always be in God's keeping and, letting her voice fall to a whisper, asked God to give Gaspar good courage to face life in all its trials with a stout heart and most graciously to indicate in some clear way, in his own good time, what work in the world He had for Gaspar to do for the glory of God and the service of men.

With a quick motion Gaspar crossed himself and Isabel turned his pillow over, smoothed it out gently, pushed the lad back upon it, stroked the raven hair back from his swarthy, but high and well-formed forehead and kissed him. The lad crossed himself again as if in the presence of something holy, then, yielding to a sudden impulse, threw his arms about the woman's neck for one fervent instant and fell back upon his pillow, not black and lowering, but radiant with a mother-hungry love.

"You have been reared a Catholic, haven't you, child?" Isabel asked.

"Yes, madam," was the quick reply, "and you are my holy mother."

"Why, child, what an idea!"

"Is it then wrong to be a Catholic?" the boy pleaded. "It was the religion of my mother and I went with her to catechism and mass nearly every Sunday."

"No, child, not if you are a good Catholic, although we are Protestants in this house, and so, I believe, are all in the community that have any religion at all. There have been many splendid men and lovely women who belonged to your faith. Only be true and the faith you embrace will not so much matter, but if the children at school, not understanding, should say unkind things of your church do not quarrel with them about it. They will know by and by perhaps that in Our Father's house are many mansions."

"And may I call you Mother Isabel?" the boy pleaded, "it would make me feel as though I belonged to some one. You know I haven't really for more than a year."

"Why, yes, child, if you should care to."

"And would he let me call him Father Abner?"

"I am sure he would be glad to have you. You belong to us now, you know."

Reaching over and kissing the lad again upon his forehead, Isabel left the room and, softly closing the door, made her way down the back stairs through the kitchen to the big sitting room where her husband sat dozing.

"That is a strange child, Abner," Isabel said, as she took her seat in her accustomed corner and reached for her knitting. "He has unbosomed himself to me just now and I think I never knew one more artless or sincere. The trouble with him is that he is discouraged and has little confidence in his ability to find a place or hold his own in the world. Undersized, half starved through his earlier childhood, and overworked, as he plainly has been, with only kicks and cuffs for recompense, he has lost heart and we must do all we can to encourage him to find some one thing, if possible, that he can do better than anyone else he knows. That will set him upon his feet. His teacher says that he is really bright."

"He is handy with tools," remarked Abner. "You know how he has fixed all the locks in the house and tinkered up everything about the place that needed it. I must see what encouragement I can give him."

And so the winter wore away and the spring and summer, with the putting in and tending of the crops, in all of which Gaspar lent a ready and a willing hand. Always, when not otherwise occupied, he was tinkering with tools, which kind old Abner always encouraged him to use, making little conveniences for the farm or kitchen, among other things a neatly carved chest for Annabel and another, not so painstakingly made, for his own belongings. One day he set up a delicately modeled wind mill on a corner of the shed with a stout rod running down through the roof and terminating in a miniature churn whose dash rose and fell almost with a measured persistency. When Abner saw it he declared that Gaspar ought to make one big enough to do the family churning. "May I?" Gaspar eagerly demanded and, in a month or two more, for he could work at such things only at odd times, he had a considerable mill erected, affording power enough, when the wind blew briskly, to do the family churning. The mechanism lacked much of perfection, but it served and was made wholly of odds and ends picked up about the farm.

With this achievement, and the good work done all during the growing season, the "Little Black Beast" looked less little and less black to the other boys and girls when school "took up" for the winter. Beside, Gaspar had learned our language better now and soon outstripped the younger children with whom he had been classed and, before the winter was through, had well nigh overtaken those of his own age. He had also betrayed a native bent for drawing, which his teacher was at much pains to encourage. If he were at a loss how to make himself understood a bit of crayon and a blackboard or pencil and piece of paper in his hands served to make the matter plain.

"I should like to see a sawmill, Father Abner," he said one day and, Abner having told him where one could be found, he set out a day or two later on foot with a generous luncheon and a blanket strapped across his back and was gone a week or ten days. When he returned it was with a small circular saw and a few rods and bolts he had earned, together with elaborate drawings and specifications set forth on paper. Abner and Isabel questioned him little, for he was wont to keep his own counsel, but they watched his activities narrowly.

A little brook ran near the house and dashed on by into the river just above the rapids. All the rest of that summer and on into the fall Gaspar busied himself about the banks of that stream. He had broken a pair of young steers to the yoke and with these he drew heavy granite slabs and boulders into the stream until he had dammed the water sufficiently to turn it into a little raceway that he had plowed out and shoveled clear, leading back into the brook down by the meadow. Up early and toiling late, he by and by got the foundations in for a miniature sawmill and, by the time the snow came a-flying and getting up next summer's wood was the order of the day, his mill was cutting up limbs of trees and cleared-out underbrush with a fraction of the labor of handwork, so that, by Christmas time, Abner and he had a two years' supply of firewood piled up in the yard or stored away under the shed.

But that was the last of Gaspar's winters at the Hardy homestead as it had been. It was clear now to Abner and Isabel, as well as to Gaspar himself, that he had in him the making of a mechanic, so, after many conferences in front of the big fireplace on winter evenings, much planning and letter writing, Abner went with Gaspar to Boston and there found opportunity for him to work in a big machine shop and attend a private technical school at night. So Abner went home, after a few days of watching the boy in his new environment, leaving Gaspar as well provided for as his own slender means would allow.

For seven long years Gaspar toiled and studied, going home, as he called it, for a week's vacation once each year, but writing regularly every Sunday to Father Abner or Mother Isabel with a truly filial devotion. Though reticent in speech, he could unbosom himself on paper so that his letters glowed with enthusiasm or were heavy with misgivings as his mood was when he wrote. There were small remittances, too, from time to time, and many little remembrances for Abner and Isabel, and not forgetting Annabel, but, except for these, he husbanded every dollar he earned and banked

it, for he had learned prudence from Abner.

It was not a sylvan path that he traveled or a sheltered life that he lived. The men with whom he worked were not overly tender of "Frenchy" and there were hard knocks to take as well as to give. Once he was discharged for insubordination and once was soundly threshed by a big fellow who sought to impose on him, but he put up so good a fight that, although he came off second best, it was not without inflicting punishment enough to command respect if not admiration. His discharge prompted him to transfer his activities from iron to wood, where he found himself in his native element and soon acquired a skill that brought him into demand.

It was not until Our Hiram and Annabel were to have their wedding day, preparatory to joining a colony destined for the prairies of Kansas, to help to make Kansas a free state and found for themselves a home under more ample conditions, that Gaspar came home to stay. All the years that he had been away there kept running through his mind visions of the brook he had dammed, the river that rushed by one corner of Abner's homestead, the rapids below and the high banks and still water above. Upon each visit he had paced up and down this rushing stream and estimated its power value as closely as he could, but he had no definite data upon which to base specific plans. Now he had come prepared to obtain that data and had brought an engineer's level with him. It was only a matter of a week or two when the differences of level had all been taken, plans made and specifications figured out. But there was still a question in his mind if it were not wiser to follow Our Hiram and Annabel to the West where larger opportunities were to be looked for.

But the desolation of the old home when Our Hiram and Annabel had gone proved the determining factor. "You will be leaving us, too, Gaspar," Isabel said, "and then there will be nothing left us except to live our lives as best we may alone, hoping and praying to go as nearly together as we may."

"I don't know, Mother Isabel," was Gaspar's reply. "Almost ever since I went away I have foreseen this hour coming. I felt certain that anyone as full of enthusiasm and self-confidence as Our Hiram would not be content to settle down here among these hills and little farms, and I knew that Annabel would go where he went, even to the ends of the earth.

"And ever since I dammed the little brook and set it to sawing wood for us I have had my mind's eye on the river where the Little Black Beast got his well-deserved ducking. I have figured it all out and have a proposition to make. If you will let me have the power site down by the river I'll build a dam and put up a little mill for turning the oaks, the hickories, the chestnuts and maples of the neighborhood into merchantable forms. I have talked to our edged-tool people down at Boston and, for one thing, they will give me the contract to furnish all the wooden handles for their tools and I shall be able to pay you enough for the privilege to support you in comfort all your lives, and I'll not go away any more."

The bargain was struck amid tears of joy, for Father Abner and Mother Isabel were aging now, and Gaspar's heart went out to them as their hearts had gone out to him when he was the Little Black Beast that, friendless and alone, desperately needing to be started off on the righthand road, had come so near to drowning their only child. It would be a small venture at first, but would lift them above the need for that unremitting toil that had marked their lives and would put him in line for bigger things when more power could be developed and more machinery be installed.

The prayer of Isabel was answered. The despondent, soul-sick lad of a decade before had found the thing that he could do as well as another, and soon the whining of the saws, the sputtering of the planing machines and the whirring of the lathes made music in the ears of Father Abner and Mother Isabel and the foundation was laid for as thrifty a New England factory village, and as comfortable a private fortune, honestly made, as one may find in a day's travel, even by our modern, new-fangled trolley that hourly speeds by where Abner and Isabel unheedingly sleep. The Little Black Beast is now black and white, the white being more suggestive of snows than of years, for, amid his children and his grandchildren, and the stray human wanderers he has retrieved from reform schools and orphanages and helped along the righthand road, he has made shift to keep that buoyancy that came to him through tribulation, but never left him after he found that he really could do something well worth while and that God did not hate him just because his stepfather did.

And on the little finger of his left hand he still wears a massive gold ring with the name, now well near worn out, "Gaspar Gautier," neatly graven on the inside. "It was my father's name," he explains sometimes, "and it is mine. My mother gave it me, saying, 'Keep it always, my son. It is all I have to give you.' And kept it I have, although I had to steal it in order to get it from my step-father, but it is not to steal to take that which is one's own. I thank God that my step-father is now a long time dead, but, ah, if he had not been bad to me how should I have found Father Abner and Mother Isabel? How could I be here now and able to help so many to take the righthand road? Oh! the ways of God are past finding out." Then the old gentleman crosses himself, for the faith of the mother is still the faith of the son. Many of his faith and some of his kindred have come down from Stansfield over the border and, like himself, have become thrifty and industrious American citizens.

NOT SO NEW AS SUPPOSED

Editor California Weekly:

The direct primary election as a means of nominating candidates for office, is generally spoken of as something new.

The plan found in Berkeley's new charter of making the primary election final for those candidates who receive more than one-half of the votes cast is also regarded as new in principle.

The history of the United States shows us, however, that both of these ideas were embodied in a proposed amendment to the national constitution in 1825, designed to change the method of electing the President and Vice-President.

A feeling was prevalent at that time that a more direct method should be found for choosing these important officers, and various measures looking to that end had been discussed. Finally, a committee of nine of its members was appointed by the senate to report a plan. Senator Benton of Missouri was chairman of the committee, and the other members were Senators Macon of North Carolina, Van Buren of New York, White of Tennesssee, Findley of Pennsylvania, Dickerson of New Jersey, Holmes of Maine, Hayne of South Carolina and Johnson of Kentucky. This committee was instructed "to report on the best and most practicable mode of electing the President and Vice-President."

The plan reported was, briefly stated, as follows:

Each state shall be divided by its legislature into as many districts as it has representatives in congress and the senate, the districts to be composed of contiguous territory, and as nearly equal in population as practicable. A vote without nominations was to be held throughout the country on the first Thursday and the following Friday of August of the years when President and Vice-President are to be elected. Each man by his vote would thus record his individual preference for President and Vice-President.

Those candidates who received the highest votes for each office in each district would then be credited with one vote for the office. In other words, each district would cast one vote for each office. To elect it was necessary for the candidate to receive the highest votes of a majority of the districts, and if that occurred at the August election, that election was final. Failing of that another election was held on the first Thursday and the following Friday of December following, the two candidates for each office who had received the vote of the highest number of districts being then the only candidates.

Senator Benton made the following arguments in favor of this measure: "The advantages of this plan would be to get rid of all the machinery by which the selection of their two first magistrates is now taken out of the hands of the people, and usurped by self-constituted, illegal, and irresponsible bo ies—and place it in the only safe, proper a disinterested hands—those of the people then selves. If adopted, there would be no prete for caucuses or conventions. If any one r ceived a majority of the whole number of di tricts in the first election, then the democrat principle—the demos krateo—the majority govern, is satisfied. If no one receives su majority, then the first election stands for popular nomination of the two highest— nomination by the people themselves—out which two the election is sure to be made the second trial."

This amendment failed of enactment by n receiving the necessary two-thirds votes both houses, and Senator Benton drew t conclusion that "select bodies are not the pla for popular reforms. These reforms are f the benefit of the people, and should beg with the people," which seems to be as tr today as it was eighty-five years ago.

S. N. WYCKOFF.

Berkeley, Cal.

MORE ABOUT CONGRESSMEN

The New York Times has made an amusi and instructive compilation of the person characteristics of Congressmen from whi The California Weekly has quoted befor Here are more of them, from the same sourc

When Senator La Follette of Wisconsin w Governor of that State Representative Lenroo was Speaker of the House in the Legislatur Lenroot is a faithful follower of the little Se ator with the prominent hair.

At the end of each sentence he utters, Re resentative Englebright of California sucks his breath with a resonance equaling the e haust of a steam engine. "I thought there w a steam pump working somewhere" observe a new member one day after he had listen to the Californian's remarkable inflow breath.

The future of Alaska is a hobby with Re resentative Sulzer of New York. Mr. Sulz owns valuable mining property in our northern province, and is better fixed fina cially than most of his constituents would b lieve. He affects homespun garments of ve modest cost.

Representative Reeder ("Irrigation Bill") Kansas is the fastest talker in the House a the horror of the stenographers.

G. W. P., N. S. G. W., is the impressi array of initials that Representative Knowla of California is entitled to affix after his nam When extended into words, the initials me Grand Worthy President of the Native So of the Golden West. The organization which the letters stand is a very influenti affair on the Coast.

Lever of South Carolina, Smith of Michig and Hardwick of Georgia are the pygmies the House. Burnett of Alabama is the rol polyist. When he gets up to speak and stan in the aisle he fills the passageway like wedge, and if he were to lie down on eith side would be almost as high as when on l feet.

Mr. Longworth of Ohio is the best pian in the House.

Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas was admitt to the bar when he was 19 years of age.

Senator du Pont of Delaware was cut o for a soldier and was commissioned in t Engineer Corps of the army after being gra uated at West Point at the head of his class June, 1856.

Sylvester C. Smith, the Representative fro Bakersfield, Cal., does not like to be address by his first name, and when he signs t payroll or the hotel register, makes it "S. Smith."

In his younger days Senator Perkins of C ifornia was a common sailor. "When I sail before the mast." is a favorite expression w him, and he seldom makes a speech with bringing it in.

Representative Norris, the insurgent Rep sentative from Nebraska, has just shingled h hair. Some of his friends say it was done make his constituents think him young, wh others assert it was to deprive "Uncle Joe" a hold in the scrimmage.

"Seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherok Indian and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish" is t reply made by Representative Carter of Ok homa when any one asks him his nationali

great-grandfather was captured when a
ll boy by the Indians in the Wyoming
ley massacre, was traded from one tribe to
ther, and grew up with the red men. His
and his son's son followed in the great
ndsire's footsteps, and the Representative
born in a little log cabin near Boggy
ot, an old fort in the Choctaw Nation.
epresentatives Longworth of Ohio and
dner of Massachusetts have a common son
Each is the son-in-law of a great man
is anxious for the public to forget it.
ngworth married a daughter of former Pres-
t Roosevelt and Gardner made a similar
nce with the family of Senator Henry Ca-
Lodge of Massachusetts.
he most ardent Prohibitionist in Congress
Representative Rodenberry, the new Con-
ssman from Georgia. He was largely in-
mental in drying up Georgia, and comes
Congress intent upon making the entire
on a desert for the demon rum.
ulloway of New Hampshire, Anthony of
nsas, and James of Kentucky are the three
nts of the House of Representatives. Sul
ay is the tallest and oldest, wears long hair,
rizzled beard and a stoop, and looks for all
world as he comes lumbering toward you
the ogre in "Jack the Giant Killer."
enator Bourne is famous for his short and
r cigars. He always carries two cases—
of each kind. If he is feeling happy he
pass out a ten-inch cigar; if, on the con
y, things are not going right with him,
will offer you a cigar the size of a tooth-

Walk In" is the sign posted outside the
of Senator Dixon of Montana. He put
ere after he received a number of com
nts from home folks who had been fright-
away by the awful solemnity and oppres
ness of the gloomy hallways and black
s.
presentative Frank M. Nye of Minneapo
s a brother of the late "Bill" Nye, the
orist, but unlike his famous relative, is not
nny man. He is noted as a deep Lin-
scholar, and on the birthday anniver-
s of the martyred President invariably
s an oration.
nator Dick of Ohio started his adult ca-
as a man of all work in a feed store.
e first speech made by Representative
am of Pennsylvania, was upon the great-
of Pittsburg as a pickle town. The name
cles Graham" still clings to him.
nator Stephenson of Wisconsin and Rep-
tative Fordney of Michigan are known
e "lumber kings of the Capitol." Next
r, McKinley of Illinois, Mr. Fordney is
to be the richest member, and Mr. Ste-
son's share of worldly ducats is said to be
derably better than $15,000,000.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

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Loma, Calif., the headmasters of the
rsal Brotherhood and Theosophical So-
under the leadership of Katherine Ting-
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treet, San Francisco and by Smith Bros.,
hirteenth street, Oakland, Calif.
would especially mention the Century
a weekly illustrated, which is a work
t as to its typography and illustrations,
the subject matter is of the highest order
deals with the problems of the day from
osophical standpoint; also the Theosoph-
anuals, written with a view of meeting
terest of enquirers; a Point Loma edi-
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n these books will be of the deepest
st.
the above are the product of the Aryan
ophical Press : : Point Loma and it will
be conceded that their work will com-
with any in artistic finish and accuracy.

SCIENTIFIC OPINION OF ALCOHOL

act laboratory, clinical and pathological
ch has demonstrated that alcohol is a
rating protoplasmic poison, and hence
as a beverage is destructive and de-
ting to the human organism. Its effects
on the cells and tissues of the body are de-
pressive, narcotic and anaesthetic. Hence the-
rapeutically it should be used with the same
care and restrictions as other poisonous
drugs."

Signed by: G. Sims Woodhead, professor
of pathology, Cambridge University; W. Mc-
Adam Eccles, M. D., London; A. Pearce
Gould, M. D., London; John Adams Rawlings,
M. D., Swansea; Henry Soltau, M. D.; Alfred
B. Olsen, M. D., Caterham; William Carter,
M. D., Deganwy; John Round, M. D., London;
Heyward Smith, M. D., London; Mary D.
Sturge, M. D., London; Dr. Sauermann, Mer-
zig, Germany; Karl Cracter, M. D., Basel; Dr.
Ley Brussels, Belgium; G. D. W. Reddie, M.
D., Greenbithe; John Mint, M. D., London;
T. D. Crothers, M. D., Hartford, Conn.; C. J.
Douglass, M. D., Boston, Mass.; C. H. Hughes,
M. D., St. Louis, Mo.; Reid Hunt, M. D.,
Washington, D. C.; J. U. Bishop, M. D., New
York city; Dr. Th. Montigel, Andermatt; Vic-
tor Horsley, M. D.; Griffith Evans, M. D. C.
M., Bangor; J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Battle
Creek; W. C. Sullivan, London, and Dr. T. D.
Mason, M. D., Brooklyn, and approved by over
nine hundred other scientists at the World's
Congress on Alcohol at London, July, 1909.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of BOWER'S PORTABLE GRADING AND CONVEYING MACHINE COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 411, Foxcroft building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 3 p. m., for the purpose of transacting the regular business of the said corporation.

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT.
Julius Calmann, Secretary.
4-15-3t

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN.
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.
4-8-10t

NOTICE OF AUCTION SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the following described household goods, counters, shelving, trunks, personal effects, machinery, books, merchandise, etc., stored by or in the name of the following parties on which storage, freight, cartage, and other charges are delinquent, unless the same is paid before day of sale, will be sold at public auction at the warehouse of Bekins Van & Storage Co., 190 West Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., at 10 o'clock A. M., April 22, 1910:

Name.	Lot Number.	Amount.
Alma, Mrs. May	1505	$ 6.50
Atkinson, W. T.	302	18.00
Adams, Horace	1019	11.25
Allen, Mrs. Seth, or Ray, Mrs. H.	665	69.00
Bertrand, L.	546	14.75
Belasco, Sam	1206	51.39
Ballinger, Geo. T.	782	159.75
Buckley, J.	91	58.56
Boyd, J. L.	2103	14.25
Curtis, Jno. H.	1679	20.60
Crawford, Mr.	1339	16.25
Canfield, W. H.	407	32.00
Calun, F.	471	13.50
Coulliard, Mrs. L. E.	610	35.00
Cimboro, W.	850	30.83
Dart, Earl C.	740	44.00
Darval, Francis	959	11.25
Dooley, Mrs. A.	1417	26.75
Dechlesson, Mrs. A. N.	1148	104.75
Dupuy, E. J.	851	54.25
Doubley, Alvin S.	549	15.75
Drinkhouse, Fred	424	36.75
Ducrey, Madame	700	26.00
Elizabeth St., No. 828	1629	52.25
Frederickson, J.	40	82.50
Foley, Mary	814	39.25
Green, R. S.	453	88.00
Harper, Thomas	1035	11.25
Berger, Martha	748	87.00
Hagans, Mrs. Marie	1183	26.00
Hubalck, Joseph	872	11.50
Hostetter, J. C.	899	18.24
Howard, Sam	957	10.75
Hendrickson, Wm., Jr.	1089	117.00
Hopkins	1161	11.50
Hobson, J. W.	1032	89.13
Jones, Annie	97	13.75
Jensen, Andrew	1266	8.50
Jap. Inn, Miss Fowle	1288	21.00
Jones, D. E.	763	10.50
Key, J. F.	629	13.75
Kaufman, Frank G.	1349	14.75
Larson, M.	1011	7.00
Leach, Charlotte W.	1433	9.75
Lowney, Mrs. J. F.	900	7.00
Lynch, Mrs. F. E.	1004	170.13
Morey, C. H.	187	38.75
McArthur, H.	501	4.25
McCann, John	1156	37.00
Miller, M. M.	513	31.00
Morand, P. L.	1017	16.75
Mulkey, J. K.	263	90.25
Noble, Miss	927	36.50
Newman, Chas. J.	510	106.00
O'Brien, Mrs. J. P.	987	27.00
Pride, Wheeler	324	4.75
Parsons, Wm.	1276	8.50
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.	233	116.75
Potter, J. T.	466	15.25
Polk, R. A.	1227	8.75
Rose, Mrs. J. L.	941	30.00
Ralson, J.	989	23.00
Roesch, C. E.	2038	38.25
Smith, Wm.	738	25.50
Schroeder, H. H.	1496	58.00
Shackelton, W. L.	689	39.75
Sanders, W. H.	93	15.13
Thorpe, Edward	484	15.25
Tobling, Mrs.	143	60.50
Van Trees, Mrs. F. S.	1415	35.11
Walker, Helen	432	39.10
Womack, Robert R.	1473	28.50
Young, Agnes	116	10.00

BEKINS VAN & STORAGE CO.
3-25-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CHARLES H. CROWELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Thomas E. Haven, Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

ROBINSON CROWELL,
ANNIE N. CROWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, 941 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., attorney for Executor and Executrix. 3-25-5t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street,; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Expenses of Primary Election

Holding elections is an expensive luxury and holding a primary election is going to prove as expensive as holding a general election. Part of this expenditure will come out of the county general fund of each county, part of it will be met by the candidates and partly the friends of candidates, or friends of causes that candidates represent. We shall consider the last division first.

Nearly every candidate that enters the field for a state office will, to a certain extent at least, represent some popular movement or some private or corporate interest or at least some strong personal attachment. These causes, interests or fellowships, must organize to advance the candidacies of their champions or leave them out of the race. This is especially true of candidates for governor. Apart from what a candidate may do, leagues, committees and constituencies must be put to heavy expenditures in making the state acquainted with their purposes and candidates.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has for its reason for existing the emancipation of the Republican party in this state from corporation control. It is a great cause. The people of California must be made to understand it. Half a year is not too long a time for carrying that message to the understandings of 300,000 men scattered over a territory 800 miles long and 200 miles wide. Headquarters must be maintained, organizers put in the field, speakers sent out and literature provided and distributed. Under the convention system relatively little of this work had to be done before the general election, the effort being mainly to secure the election of convention delegates favorable to whatever interest was taking a part in the campaign without greatly disturbing the general public. To hold its power the "organization" will doubtless raise and expend $10 to the League's $1. The League's funds come from private donations. The "organization's" fund will come, directly or indirectly, mainly from the coffers of great corporations. One candidate is believed to be financed mainly by the Royal Arch, an organized liquor interest; still another candidacy has been liberally financed by prominent citizens of his home city. These expenditures will none of them figure in the returns required under the law, but they will aggregate tens of thousands and, very likely, hundreds of thousands of dollars before the primary votes are counted in August. A republic is burdensome. There is no getting around that, and the direct primary has nearly doubled the expense of holding elections, but if it will afford free government it will be worth the price.

The county general funds of each county in the state must bear the expense of preparing and publishing the ballots, paying the election officers, furnishing the supplies and the places for voting, publishing the election notices required by law, etc. The printing bill is a heavy one and the advertising is, in the aggregate for the state, not light. Time was when citizens were drafted into the public service now and again to give a day, but that there might be something to dole out to political odd-jobs men, and owing to a growing disinclination to make personal sacrifice for the common good, all services performed in holding an election are paid for. The law fixes the maximum to be paid an election officer for each election at $10, but the Board of Supervisors may fix the compensation at less than that and most of them do. Without special knowledge it may be assumed that the usual compensation is $5 each for the day and so much of the night as is needed to count out the vote. As there are six such officers at each precinct, and upwards of 2,400 precincts in the state, it will be seen that the total must be no small sum of money. It is not likely that the counties of the state, in the aggregate, will pay less than $100,000 to election officers for services rendered on the 16th of August. The filing fees paid by candidates will not go very far toward paying the cost of holding the primary election.

In our lesson on "What the Candidates Must Do," we set forth what the candidate for nomination may expend money for in securing his nomination and how much each class of candidates may expend altogether. It will not be profitable to repeat that lesson here; but it may be a matter of interest to know that we are indebted for this schedule to a most laudable effort on the part of lawmakers in this and other states to prevent political contests degenerating into a mercenary contest between pocketbooks without regard to the merits of the controversy. There was need enough for it, but, as with most laws, our corrupt-practices laws bind the hands of honest men while leaving those of rogues free to do mischief. The honest candidate will file his expense account true to the letter, the rogue will "cook" his account and cover up the truth so it can be unearthed only with extreme difficulty.

But what matter if our direct primary system does prove more expensive than the old system of nomination by convention? If it results in restoring government to the people, and in the nomination and election of free and honest men to office, it will pay a thousand per cent. on the investment in giving us government for the common good instead of for special interests and in supplying such economies as honest officials will practice, as well as in the honest service they will render. It is by that test that the increased expenditure must be justified, and, if the plan works out as its friends hope, that justification will be ample. There is such a thing as saving at the spigot to lose at the bung.

The whole Edison family appears to be given to inventing. The daughter of Edison has just invented an automobile wrap to wear in the car driven by her father's storage battery.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership formerly existing between the undersigned under the firm name of JONES CONSTRUCTION CO. has been dissolved; and the undersigned are no longer partners:

EDWARD F. JONES,
R. D. JONES,
ELMER E. DAVIS.

San Francisco, March 25, 1910. 4-1-2t

W. D. Fennimore A. R. Fennimor
J. W. Davis

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Invisible Bifocal Lenses
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This Week: "THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE VIEW"

—By Bush Finnell

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: APRIL 22 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal.

GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00, In Advance. No. 22.

Hale Fellow Well Missed

OUNTRY WILL FERVENTLY HOPE that there will o Adalina Patti business about Eugene Hale's announced arance in the United States senate. May his line termi- his term and the succession be not handed over to an dy schooled in our modern Bourbonistic feudalism. A an and a bigoted, by sheer seniority of service he gravi- he titular head of the upper house and, to hold his place e that he might maintain a high-tariff wall about a conge- aine industries, to the injury of others, he swapped navy l stations with senators from other states with as little ion as boys swap jack-knives. Nothing in his public life come him as his taking leave of it if he keeps his promise take leave of it without being pried loose.

One of Eugene's Lies

NE HALE HAS WARNED the protected interests of e that if the Democrats capture the next House they will, iety days, fetch in a free-trade tariff bill that will knock als out of 'em. There are not enough free trade Demo- ie United States, if they were all sent to the lower house, ite a quorum of that body, but peradventure it were bet- e hold with the insurgents and replenish the House with ns standing on the Indiana platform. In fact that plat- road enough for Republicans and Democrats both to and we may look for a rush to see which can get there

As It Filters Out

FILTERS OUT through unstopable leaks the dismissal ief Martin is not to be brought about so much through ts of the reputable element in our social life here in San indignant as that element rightly is, as by reason of ilar to those uttered by a pig fast in the fence issuing ed-light district itself. It is alleged that petty grafters with the city government in one form or another are so applying the squeeze to that district and so little re- those who practice iniquity as a profession, that it does practice it at all. This seems the more reasonable ex- for, if the voice of righteousness was to be heeded at all, ave been heard at the start.

As Mr. Bryan Sees It

DEMOCRAT," Mr. W. J. Bryan recently declared, "the ok is very encouraging." No doubt of it! Any sort of Republican ranks looks good to a Democrat, but what as a mild curiosity to know is how the political outlook Mr. Bryan as an American citizen. That is coming to r test.

Not Theory, But Fact

T THE QUANTITATIVE THEORY of money that unding those of us who stood for the single gold stand- but the quantitative **fact** of an enormous and unlooked- itation of the monetary standard itself. The quantity could be reduced by contracting the paper and silver ives of money, and perhaps that ought to be done, but of the standard can not be curtailed without putting a ning and metallurgy and they can't be stopped. Will allists never learn their financial a, b, c's?

Yes, Yes, So It Is

SOME ONE HAS WISELY SAID, "The noteworthy fact about the Twentieth century is not the prevalence of graft. That is eternal, even from infinite antiquity. The noteworthy thing now is the fight on graft." Yes, yes, so it is. Praise God for that, brother! There are godlike men walking this earth with head up and jaunty step and, as they walk, craven rascals slink around the corner or seek sanctuary in clubs or find protection under putrid governments of unclean cities. There is good cheer in that quotation.

Encouragement From Theodore

THANKS TO THE BULLETIN, San Franciscans who stand for Right Things have received words of encouragement from the greatest moral force now living in the world, even Theodore Roosevelt. At Porto Maurizio, in talking the situation over with James D. Phelan, Colonel Roosevelt expressed sorrow for the defeat of Heney, but he feels that the attack on wrong must continue, that though lawless wealth seeks to escape the penalty of wrongdoing, and seems to conquer at certain times, in the long run the honest man, whether wage-earner or man of means, will have his innings in city, state and nation. What if William Howard Taft had said that, and only that, when here, but he came and went and said not a word. Can anyone imagine Theodore Roosevelt missing such an opportunity to "eat 'em alive?"

Only the "Kids" Left

ONLY THINK OF IT! It was forty-five to forty-nine years ago that the boys in blue turned their faces to the southward and their hearts to the God of Battles, willing to die if the nation might live. Indeed, they were boys in those days, "just kids!" Subtract forty-five or forty-nine years from the ages of the veterans who visited Oakland this week, and then see. Those who were not boys when they went to the front were human toughnuts whom nothing can kill. Brave boys they were! And fine old fellows they are! May their sunset be as radiant as was their morning.

Working It Up

IF THE ADVANCE AGENTS OF REFORM were to study the ways of the children of darkness their own feet might walk in radiance ever after. Witness the astute activities of the press agents for the Jeffries-Johnson knock-down and drag-out. Their method is that of the orchestral leader who begins with the wail of the flute, fetches the other instruments in piece by piece, strain by strain, until, at the psychological moment the bomb explodes, the firmament flies into smithereens and everybody gets hit. If one wishes to see exactly that thing done in prose and done beautifully, let him watch the sporting pages of our dailies that he may see with what skill public interest is being created in Mayor McCarthy's forthcoming intellectual feast of fists. Why can not righteousness somehow be made interesting, piquant and palatable? Must we go to the Devil to learn how?

Not Answerable For Consequences

GAMBLERS ON THE COTTON EXCHANGE have warned the administration at Washington that critical conditions, of their own making, exist in the cotton market and that if the administration does not keep its investigating hands off they, the gamblers, will not be answerable for consequences to cotton or country. If the President will proceed to set a bomb under those gamblers the country will be answerable for all consequences.

Business Hurting in a New Place

A number of well meaning persons lately assembled at Sacramento and organized the "California Public Health League," with the purpose of stamping out tuberculosis and other contagious diseases. Have these reformers reflected upon the injury they are likely to inflict upon lines of business long established, occupations by which honest citizens earn their living, rights that have become vested, even guaranteed by the constitution?

There are the lumber interests that furnish raw material for coffins, the foundrymen who turn out the castings that make the coffin furnishings, the craftsmen who sickly them o'er with a pale cast of silver, the needlewomen who, with deft fingers, fashion the shrouds, the patient gravediggers, the solemn undertakers, the great American coffin trust, physicians deprived of patients, nurses made idle for the want of employment, manufacturers and dispensers at a dollar a bottle of consumption remedies, warranted to cure if the patient has dollars enough and lasts long enough to drain bottles enough—have these meddlesome persons reflected upon the havoc they are likely to work in all these honorable occupations—with especial relation to the coffin trust?

The next we hear of them they will be trying to have reconsidered the edict of the McCarthy government in San Francisco whereby the building trades have been benefited and landlordism made increasingly profitable through a legalized shutting of the sun out of tenements and reducing of fresh air areas. Inasmuch as the American saloon kills more persons than the tubercle bacillus these fanatics may be sticking their meddlesome fingers into that business and be trying to abate it as a public nuisance.

Or they may turn their attention to the red plague which prostitutes of both sexes scatter up and down the length and breadth of the land, cursing generations yet unborn, filling the world with misshappen, blind, deaf and the unclean. They may have the impertinence to try to put on "the lid" that Mayor McCarthy of San Francisco was at so much pains to take off that joy might be unconfined and virtue unregarded. What, we should like to know, will become of the jewelry business when tawdry damsels and bleached out rogues have no money to spend for flashing diamonds and glistening pearls?

Why can not these people rest content to leave things as they are? Do they want everybody to die of old age? Did not the Lord God Almighty make tuberculosis bacilli? What right have these people to be interfering with His plans? Don't they know that money is the only good and that if nobody were allowed to prey upon anybody nobody would have a soft snap? Has not human life been a legitimate article of merchandise since the foundation of the world? Besides, the writer of this has a friend whose friend has a friend who is in the gravestone business and this movement for better health conditions is a menace to that occupation—all must stand or fall together.

Suppose that a city administration does make covenants with hell and exchanges souls with Satan for political preferment! Since when has that become illegitimate? Does not the Constitution of the United States forbid the impairment of contracts? What is a constitution for if not to protect one's personal liberty from invasion?

All that scoundrelism and money-lust ask is to be let alone. Why can't such people attend to their own affairs and stop "hurting business," we should like to know?

The Citizens' Alliance View

We are glad to be able, this week, to present to our readers the Citizens' Alliance view of the labor problem. It is a view that has a right to be considered and it must be taken into account if any settlement of issues between labor and capital is to be effected. Mr. Finnell has presented the issues with frankness.

He deplores the existence of the walking delegates. So do we. It were much better if the employees were to select from among their number some one in whom they have confidence to present their case for them to their employers, but who was it who forced the walking delegate upon the labor union? It was the employer who discharged the fellow laborer who came with a grievance representing his fellow workers. It is the employer, and not the labor union, that is responsible for the walking delegate. Let him therefore undo the mischief he has done by consenting to collective bargaining and to immunity from discharge if a fellow employee come with representations on behalf of his fellow workers.

That "perfect liberty of direction and control," which Mr. Finnell demands belongs to the old order of industrial life and not to the new. It is gone forever. Time was when the relation subsisting between the worker and the worked-for was one between slave and master, then it became a relation between master and servant. Now it is a relation between man and man, a relation subsisting between equals in a partnership. Whatever there may be of centralization and liberty of control must be founded upon mutual advantage and not upon autocracy in industry. Whoever stands for autocracy in industry ranges himself with the reactionaries, and will find himself little in accord with twentieth century spirit or practice.

The unalienable rights of the non-union worker have lately come to be of great concern to employers of a certain class, who were not wonted to be so concerned for human rights when pleaded for in the form of decent hours of labor for men or women or immunity from drudgery on the part of children who should be in school. Employers must not, therefore, be surprised if the public views this unwonted solicitude with suspicion of insincerity.

In very truth, the non-union laborer is not an attractive character. He wishes to walk under the umbrella which unionism raises over the heads of toilers without lending a hand to sustain it. He is frequently mean spirited and a shirk, or he is for self and has not the spirit of brotherhood in him.

Nevertheless, he has rights which the law must respect. Every reasonable opportunity must be afforded his brothers to persuade him, but none to compel. The safety of his person, contemptible though it may be, should be guaranteed if it takes all the power of army and navy to do it, and yet a line should somewhere be drawn betwixt the enjoyment of an abstract right and the breaking down of the whole brotherhood of toilers through enabling employers to take unhindered advantage of the necessities of men who must work or not eat. Industrial pressure, unless somehow modified, tends to force labor to a dead level of bare subsistence, and it will be hard to restrain ings possessed of the impulse to rise, and instinct to fight, from resisting that tende tooth and nail.

But if labor may not bargain collectiv may not accredit representatives to speak it with authority, may not strike or boy may not picket or persuade, may not ha voice in the conduct of what is, and must be, essentially a partnership business, in G name what may it do other than to en outrageous fortune with stolid stoicism?

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Where Indiana Leads

Opportunity, and the courage to seize it, h given Indiana, and its most courageous sta man, a good chance to lead the nation. Republican state convention came in the h of time. Albert J. Beveridge threw down gauntlet to Hemenway and the standpat tingent and swept them from the boards. all happened a fortnight or more ago, but significance is only now being felt through the nation. It is Indiana's lead.

Indianans declared that, "We believe protective tariff measured by the differ between the cost of production here abroad. Less than this is unjust to Amer laborers; more is unjust to American cons ers. That difference should be ascerta with the utmost speed, and the present modified accordingly."

That is sound Republican doctrine. Any who says that it is not says what is not It is a sound statement of the American s tem of protection to home industries. Any who says it is not bears false witness.

Whoever declares that the Payne-Ald tariff was constructed in accordance with principles enunciated in the paragraph ab quoted, be he president or citizen, does either because he is himself deceived or cause he would deceive others. The Pa Aldrich tariff bill was constructed in acc ance with the American **practice** of tariff m ing, not the **theory.** The theory is splend stated above. The practice is one of log- ing, "you stand for my plunder and I'll s for your graft." It is abominable, and t producers who stand for it because they p by it are grafters.

There is just one way to make a t schedule and that is to search the market the world for the basic facts of production searching to be done by non-partisan exp The schedules should be amended from to year, and session to session of congres the facts ascertained justify such amendm Here again Indiana splendidly leads in de ing that, "We demand the immediate cre of a genuine, permanent, non-partisan t commission with ample powers and de duties stated in the law itself."

The President is in accord with this In fact, he is trying to use the tariff b to that end, although the tariff board was created for any such purpose and in face o fact that congress specifically denied hi tariff commission, all of which goes to that he does not find it as essential to be tressed by the law," when he finds somet that he wishes very much to do as in where he is more or less indifferent. should put up with no half-way measure. should serve notice upon Congress that it tariff commission or a fight, with an ap to the country to aid him in that fight.

Here comes the issue important for Cal nians to draw. Not one representative sh go to congress who will not stand on the platform planks quoted above. Better a Dem who will stand on them than a Repub who will not. As to how our congress may have voted, under pressure of the Am can practice of swapping protection for tection or graft for graft, is unimportant. W can not demand more of courage from our

ntatives in congress than we ourselves pos-
The issue should be: "How will you
from this time on?" It is time to put an
to a national iniquity that demoralizes our
men and makes "The Cinch" the corner-
e of commerce and industry.

Aldrich as a Type

he retirement of Nelson A. Aldrich from United States senate will carry sorrow to onest heart, and yet Aldrich is probably onest man, as we have come to rate hon-
He would not steal and he would not except as the exigencies of diplomacy t require him to give an evasive answer. he Aldrich type of mind is dangerous. It shes no ideals and no enthusiasms. It is ind of the get-there Yankee who employs cans not necessary to the end he has in and scruples at the employment of none. as converted the acquisitive qualities of ns into merchandise and has made of United States senate a bargain counter which he himself has presided as chief ter. To the Aldrich mind Rights of Men nconsequential and rights of property ount. The individual has been lost in rporation whose prosperity is indispensi-d comprises within itself all the needs of on. As for the common man, what can nt more than wages? How can he se-ages unless there are prosperous corpo-s to employ him? When an Aldrich is aling with the affairs of a people as erchandise arrayed on a bargain counter vorking out industrial and political prob-s a game of chess in which he would industries as titled pieces and people vns. He neither loves nor hates and, without malice or human concern, has s much as any man now living to resolve ive land into a plutocracy and proletariat free republic into an oligarchy under o greater and more tyrannous special s than the world, in all its history, has fore known. The retirement of Aldrich rk nothing but good to his country. be the last of his kind.

Art Thou the Man?

peoples have ever loved liberty more than have the Hungarians, and no-hat our first citizen has been has he ny people more anxious to do him. han in Hungary, where the love of the roved more dangerous than the feroc-he African jungle. And why? The given by Theodore Roosevelt himself ps the best that may be given. It is y regard him as personifying the spirit y and human rights. Is that not also on why he is so popular in his own

not with contentment that discerning ns perceive old world history repeating this land that was dedicated to an ited civilization; a new feudalism as us as the old succeeding an era of red liberty with equality of opportun-lth centering in vaster hoards and nds than ever before since the world We have been disappointed to find nrestrained individualism has not pre-uality of condition, and that a laissez tocracy is fast transforming the coun-plutocracy and proletariat. We have ty, but it has been unrestrained by ghts. We have exalted the idea of l freedom to the sacrifice of the spirit l brotherhood. We have emphasized success to the injury of the common 'e have so lost the spirit of fair play commerce and industry have come to ed upon The Cinch. Our policy has n making our biggest and brainiest law-breaking, competition-crushing, trons and, of those who are weaker, either apologetic retainers or hate cherishing proletarians.

Who is to lead us to a broader and more liberal fraternalism, a fraternalism that will exalt the common good above the unbridled selfishness of any individual and yet not plunge us into that socialistic vortex that would kill initiative, smother enterprise and equalize conditions only by pulling down from the top instead of lifting up from the bottom. Theodore Roosevelt, art thou the man or look we for another?

Our need is for leadership. No other voice than that of Roosevelt has been listened to so readily or commanded so wide a hearing. No other public man has so emphasized and vitalized the plain, homely virtues upon which we must depend. No other public man of the first magnitude has so dared to challenge the right of the robber barons to plunder the public under the guise of a false conception of the inviolability of liberty and the sacredness of property. No other prophet of the common good has so stirred the hearts of rich and poor. No other influence, outside the Christian religion, has done so much to correct erroneous views of living and implant sound ideals in the minds of millions.

Our civilization needs to be revolutionized, not with force and arms, yet profoundly and from the foundation upward. Brotherhood must be exalted at the expense of extreme individualism, co-operation over exploitation. We must somehow be piloted safely between the Scylla of socialism and the Charybdis of anarchy. Was it for that purpose that Theodore Roosevelt was born into the world? There be many who hope as much, and who dare to hope that he will come home to throw himself into the conflict with a zeal that nothing can withstand.

And Why Not?

Certain ill-mannered suffragists lately hissed the President of the United States for having expressed the fear that, in the event of enfranchising women, the least desirable portion of the sex would participate most generally in elections, while the most desirable would prove indifferent. The fear was not unfounded. It finds justification in the voting sex every election that is held. Politics is participated in mainly by men of two classes: Those whose eyes are upon the ground, those who are held together by the cohesive power of patronage if not of graft. These number twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the total voting constituency. Then there is a much smaller group, probably not above five per cent. of the whole, who go into politics with eyes fixed upon the stars, sacrificing their time, their means and their strength for the common good, desiring no compensation beyond the good opinions of their fellow citizens. All the rest, sixty to seventy per cent. of any voting constituency, are dull and indifferent, stupidly unconcerned for their own welfare except as, now and again, the five per cent. of vitalized leaven work among them and so finally, and at great pains, persuade them to render judgment betwixt the evil and the good, between the self-seekers and the seekers after justice. What right have we to suppose that it will be different with women than with men? Are they not flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone? Are not their fathers and mothers our fathers and mothers? The suffrage reform that the nation needs is that which will take the ballot from those not fit to use it and put it into hands that are fit and do use it. When suffrage is so bestowed the line of demarcation will not be that dividing race from race, sex from sex, color from color or nativity from nativity. Doubling the voting constituencies of government is not likely to aid the solution of the problem, but if some means can be found for compelling the performance of civic duty the enfranchisement of women will be looked upon in a more favorable light.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The little predaceous, herbaceous insects that live on the tender buds and shoots that grow on trees and plants owe their existence to the fact that, despite evil tendencies, they love light rather than darkness, habitually face it and crawl toward it and so find the food that they must have or perish. If they crawled the other way they would go down the tree away from their food supply and so perish miserably in the midst of plenty. They do not do this from instinct or choice, but rather as the result of chemical or other affinity betwixt the sun's rays and their organs of sensation. The relation is purely chemical and implies neither instinct nor choice, but it serves.

We mortals belong to a higher order. Not that the sun's rays may not exert important influences upon mentality and character. Probably they do. Families living under the almost continuous shade of the Alps are frequently afflicted with cretins, mis-shapen idiots superstitiously supposed to bring good luck to the family, but, in reality, one of the direst afflictions. Transplant those families to sunny instead of shady slopes and cretinism disappears from them. So with all human kind. If we do not face the light we become morbid and unwholesome.

But we can not rely on the chemical action of the sun to make us face the light when we should, nor will instinct suffice for it. A false view of our interests often overcomes the innate tendency, the instinctive desire, and prompts us to face the other way, so that we find ourselves standing in our own light, living in the shadows of pre-judgment, which is prejudice. Nothing could be more hurtful. That way lies the starvation of our better selves as certainly as starvation would await the insect larva if it crawled down the tree toward darkness instead of up the tree toward light and life. The insect crawls upward because he must, but we do it because we will or refuse to do it because we will not.

It would be easier for the caterpillar to go down the tree than up. Gravity operates in that direction, and it would only have to let go in order to reach the ground in a hurry. It is easier for us also to go down than up. The forces of ativism (human gravity) act always to pull us down the tree of life toward mental and moral starvation. If we turn toward the light it is because we resolve to do so. We have to seek if we would find, knock if we would have a higher life opened to us. There is no other way for us, but it is worth the effort. It is toward the light that we are to look for beauty, for inspiration, the evolutionary impulse, higher altitudes and the broader view.

But the open mind has its disadvantages. It is seldom cocksure. It is not ever and always the same. It is often convicted of inconsistency. The earlier and the later writings of every great philosopher, thinker, teacher, will be found to be in disagreement. The ass of today holds exactly the same opinions that were held by the ass that Jesus rode into Jerusalem. The opinions of the opaque mind are clean cut and uncompromising, while he who knows most of any subject, whose face is always toward the light, who has climbed to the highest outlook and from whose brow the sunlight is reflected most radiantly, still confesses that he sees through a glass darkly, that he does not yet stand face to face with the eternal verities.

Nevertheless, it is only as we face toward the light that there is life, growth, the joy of making progress, the satisfaction of a fair and free outlook, as in gazing upon a beautiful landscape, the sense of being alive and living abundantly. The light which now and again breaks in upon the visage of the sincere, upturned face of the patient and constant seeker after truth, no matter how inconsistent with preconceived hypotheses and conceptions, is that light which never was seen on sea or land and is the greater glory, a scintillation from the glory of God. Walk ever with face toward the light!

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Two Varieties of Immigrants

Here are some statistics relating to immigration to this country which are full of food for thought. During the month of March, just past, 108,288 immigrants arrived at the port of New York, and this was a larger number than have arrived in the corresponding month of any year. Of these immigrants 29,488, or more than 27 per cent., were Italians, and about 2,000, or less than 2 per cent., were Englishmen. Fifteen to one is a striking disproportion in numbers, but, as the value of immigration depends upon quality rather than quantity, we need not mind the disproportion, provided we can be convinced that the average Italian will make approximately as good a citizen as will the average Englishman. Unfortunately further facts compel another conviction. Of the 2,000 Britons, just four, or one-fifth of one per cent., could neither read nor write. Of the 29,488 Italians, 13,070, or 45 per cent., were illiterate. That is, the Italians outnumbered the English in illiteracy in the proportion of 225 to 1. As popular enlightenment is the very corner-stone of a republic, these facts, as has been said, are food for thought, and particularly serious thought at that.

Seven-Eights of Coal Wasted

If some man—women not barred—should invent a method of conserving the fuel energy of coal, he would take his place among the notable benefactors of mankind. As it is, the waste of this fuel energy is appalling to one who considers it. Here are the figures relating to this waste, as prepared by the manager of a great power-house, who took 10,000 as representative of the number of work units in a pound of coal. He found that 3,620 work units were wasted in the boiler-room, the waste being divided as follows: 300 in the ash-pit, 1,960 in the stack, 560 in banking fires, and 800 in radiation, etc. In the engine-room were wasted 5,180 work units, divided as follows: 4,810 lost in the condenser, and 370 by radiation from the pipes. Summed up, we find that of 10,000 work units in a pound of coal 8,800 are wasted, and but 1,200 are made useful to man. It follows that if, by any invention, this waste could be decreased by only one-half, the value of coal to mankind would be multiplied by four and two-thirds. This is an age of wonderful inventions, and if some of the men who have made it so would turn a thoughtful eye in the direction of coal they might greatly benefit mankind. Not that much attention has not been given to this subject, but sooner or later, if continued, as it will be, it must result in success.

The Cape to Cairo Railroad

The "dark continent," of which Livingston and Speke gave the civilized world almost its first glimpse, rapidly is turning, or being turned, unto the light. The Cape to Cairo railroad, which is, in a sense, the child of the active brain of that remarkable man, Cecil Rhodes, has progressed so far that it requires no prophet's eye to foresee its completion. Very soon the entire line will be surveyed, and by the end of this month locomotives will be running from Capetown to a point 2,247 miles north, or 100 miles beyond the frontier of that Congo country which once was about the blackest of black Africa. As the entire distance from Capetown to Cairo is 5,600 miles, it will be seen that the southern half of the line nears completion. Between Capetown, Victoria Falls and Broken Hill through trains now are running twice a week. Where the railroad goes civilization is not far behind, and it follows that it will not be long until the "dark continent" will exist only as a feature of ancient books of adventure.

Russia Persecuting the Jews

Unspeakably it is a reproach to our civilization that Russia's cruel persecution of the Jews is permitted to continue. Nations which have the temerity to dub themselves Christian sit placidly by and see an unfortunate people driven from their homes, sometimes murdered, frequently tortured, and always shamefully abused, without putting forth any effort to put an end to so terrible a condition. If this be Christianity, wherein would paganism be worse? The old persecution has been renewed in full force. Already 1,600 families (perhaps 8,000 people) of Bokhara Jews have been driven from their homes and know not where to turn for shelter. In Kieff 1,200 families (say, 6,000 people) have been expelled from such homely domiciles as they occupied. More than that, the Jews have been expelled from those "settlement districts" in which they had been given what purported to be the legal right to live. What day this spirit of the anti-Christ may break out in slaughter no man knows, but Russian history assures us that it may not be far away. No record of any barbarism could read much worse; yet Russia pretends to be Christian, and the nations that sit by and do nothing, they also are "Christian." Sometimes, in man's social economy, "Christian" is but a poor, cheap word.

The Aviation Meeting in Nice

Little has been said in the daily papers concerning the aviation meeting which now is in progress on the Champs d'Aviation de la Californie, at Nice, France. Yet, if one may judge by the size of the prizes offered, the meeting should be of considerable importance. Following are the awards which will be made at the close of the meeting next Monday: $10,500 for flight from Nice to Cannes and return, 31 miles; $10,000 for largest total distance covered; $8,000, flight from Nice to Cape Farrat and return, 15 miles; $8,000, Nice to Antibes and return; $5,000, fastest lap; $4,000, longest single flight; $3,000, greatest height; $2,000, start in shortest space; $2,000, passenger-carrying contest; $1,000, mechanics' contest; $500, doubling the lighthouse at Garoupe. Here is a total of $54,000, and, as it will be divided among a mere handful of men, it should be sufficient to lend speed to the aviators' wings and make the contests most interesting.

Says Jericho's Walls Did Not Fall

Professor Sellin, who is at the head of a German expedition which is now excavating at Jericho, in the Holy Land, has sent back a report concerning the result of his investigations. According to him, the walls of Jericho did not fall down when Joshua's priests blew their horns. Quite to the contrary, the professor says that the city's triple walls are excellently preserved, standing and in particularly good condition. In the course of his researches he has found implements belonging to the stone age of the Canaanites, as well as the bronze and iron implements of later ages. These latter discoveries, of course, should have been expected, but the condition of the walls may prove a puzzler to some savants.

The Coldest Town in the World

Verkhoyansk is a little trading town in northeastern Siberia, and people who are likely to be overcome by heat might do well to establish a residence there. At any rate, the heat is not what should be termed excessive, as the mean annual temperature is hardly three degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, or 29 degrees below the freezing point of water. When it gets really chilly, however, the spirit in the thermometer sinks to 85 below zero. There is a short summer which is comparatively warm, its mean temperature being 59 degrees above zero.

The gift of half a million dollars made by Mrs. Russell Sage to the American Bible Society on condition that a like amount be raised by the society has become effective. The $1,000,000 thus secured is to be a permanent endowment fund, the income to be used for the distribution of Bibles through nine agencies in America and twelve abroad. Of the half million raised by the society the largest gifts were of $25,000 each. The smallest was 10 cents and nearly ten thousand persons sent one and two-dollar subscriptions.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

SAVAGE ON AMERICAN DRAMA

n the course of a recent interview, Henry age, the noted theatrical manager, spoke of improved condition of the American drama. Freak drama and freakish projects in the ater," he said, "seem to have had their day America, even if the air is as yet well filled moonshine of the wordy sort. As a matof fact I do not believe that the playgoing lic in any part of the world has a particle terest either in the actual attempts to stage r things or in the imaginative announcets that appear so frequently.

For my own country I think I can speak a good deal of definiteness. America is ier than ever for really worthwhile enterment; but its people demand sincerity, and, e all else, real quality. Next to operetta a genuine purpose and first class music, edies of sentiment and gay little plays that d half way between farce and comedy, seem e most in demand. There is also renewed rest in the works of native writers—a de- d I mean to try to meet liberally next sea- with such pieces as A. E. Thomas' com- 'The Divorce Fund,' Gustav Luder's pe Girl,' and Rupert Hughes' novel piece, use Me.'

have not by any means abandoned Euro- fields, however, and I have in 'The Great ie' a comedy of sentiment with a charming cal motif. In 'Little Boy Blue,' the Fran- lungarian operetta, and a lively French , 'Theodore & Co.,' the material seems quite in the right line."

PLAYS IN STOCK THEATERS

e New York Sun says that of all the 400- plays used by stock companies throughout ountry "The House of a Thousand Can- " one of the flattest failures New York saw, has proved the biggest "money- r," not only of the last few years, but nade a record for stock use.

is is one of the freaks of psychology h help to make the providing of material he stock companies a business by itself, lmost as much of a gamble in its way as w York first night. In fact, "The House Thousand Candles," in spite of having E. lolland for the leading part, was declared so hopelessly melodramatic on Broad- hat it was almost immediately withdrawn. e is no saying how long a play may not n stock. "Charley's Aunt" is still doing usiness, "East Lynne" is just as good as r was, and the brokers are simply "hon- for the time when "Madame X" shall be ed for stock. They believe it will last r there like "East Lynne."

ie Man on the Box," which never made claims to literary merit, is bringing its r tremendous returns, and from present tions there are several years' life still left labama" and "In Mizzoura." "Arizona," isn't so awfully young any more, does lidly.

dame Sans Gene" and "The Sporting ss" are yet drawing in the shekels antly. "Shenandoah" is only now begin- to lose its hold, while, strange to say, e Acres," which seems almost an ideal " play, hasn't done well at all.

explanation for this given by the brok- that the owners withheld the play until sychological moment was past. When the Herne estate released the play the in the Middle West had forgotten all its previous fame. Guessing the moment elease" is another element of the gam-

soon as a play is used in stock it is for use on the road, for the routes then ie dotted with towns where the produc- could not possibly draw because the people have seen it already acted by the stock companies. Accordingly, if a play eased too early profits from "the road" it off; too late, and the fickle public will forgotten all about it.

Mme. Marie Kraus-Bolte has just celebrated at her home in New York her fiftieth anniversary in kindergarten work. Mme. Kraus-Bolte was a pupil of Frau Froebel, and speaking of her early experience said: "I was almost afraid to come to America. I was afraid of the Indians, whom I was sure I would meet in America. I have always been glad that I overcame this groundless fear. I shall keep right straight on with my kindergarten work, and some people tell me I am good for fifty years longer." The celebration was given by the Kraus Alumnae Association, which is composed of pupils of Mme. Kraus-Bolte.

Emil J. Meyer, 70 years old, a country school teacher of Gerald, Mo., has made application for admission to the University of Missouri. Mr. Meyer desires to study agriculture, history and music.

Californian Poets' Corner

"OLD JOHN BROWN"

By A. F. Kercheval

Albert Kercheval was a resident of Pasadena, to which city the best known of his poems is dedicated. A book of verse published a few years before his death contained these lines on John Brown.

O, the quivering, shuddering haze
Of those smoke-palled, gloomy days!
Through the country up and down,
Stalked the soul of "Old John Brown,"
Ever "marching on" and on,
Shrieking, sobbing, sighing, gone,
Startling with its quaint refrain
Drooping hope to life again.

How it stirred a Nation's heart
With a pulsing, mighty start!
How the farmer left his plow
In the furrow, half-way through,
As he heard the martial strain
Of that mystic weird refrain!

How the workmen left their tools,
And the pedagogues the schools!
How the merchant left his store!
How the clerk his colors bore
With a loftier, prouder mien
Than the counter e'er had seen!
How the lawyer left his brief
To avenge his country's grief!

How the priest laid down the Word
For the all-convincing sword!
How the peaceful Quaker grave,
Swift his country's life to save,
To his soul's deep instincts true,
Dropped the drab and donned the blue!

How it filled with quenchless fire
Maid and matron, son and sire,
Quickening sluggish blood of age
With a noble, burning rage!
How the student ceased to pore
O'er the past's forgotten lore,
Thrilled as by a magic spell,
Bidding home and books farewell,
When the summons deep and grand
Like an earthquake shook the land!

How its echoes throbbed and rang,
When a million heroes sprang
At the cannon's awful call,
With its tale of Sumter's fall!
How it rose, and sank, and wailed,
Where the camp-fires blazed and paled!
How the swelling anthem pealed
O'er each battle-tented field!
How it cheered the weary slave,
Stirred the coward and the brave—
When 'mid serried hosts of blue
Thrilled its cadence through and through!

Glory, glory! it is done!
Freedom's battle fought and won,
Hallelujah! not a scar
Now remains of hate and war!
Peaceful are our Nation's days—
God of Right, we give Thee praise!

RONDELETS

By E. F. S.

If she be kind
I shall be true,
And she shall find
The skies so blue
The world so fair
That she shall ne'er have cause to rue,
If she be kind.

If he be true
I shall be kind,
And I shall do
That thing I find
Best pleases him
And keeps me dearest in his mind,
If he be true.

Thou hast been kind,
Thou hast been true,
And Thou, we find,
Beyond the blue,
Hast been so good
These years, oh, Thou our love renew,
Most True, Most Kind.

AN INTERESTING BOOKMAN

George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections of a Varied Life" is one of the most interesting books of April. The author is one of the most interesting and beloved of the literary men of New York, where he has made his home since the civil war, during which he served in the confederate army, although a native of Vevay, Ind. His brother, the late Rev. Dr. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and other excellent books, was one of the founders of the Authors' Club of New York, of which George Cary Eggleston is one of the leading members. George Cary was in the practice of law in Virginia when the war of secession began. He was for six years literary editor of the New York Evening Post; then editor of the Commercial Advertiser, and for eleven years editorial writer for the World. Among his books are "A Rebel's Recollections," "Captain Sam," "The Signal Boys," "Camp Venture," "A Daughter of the South," "Love is the Sum of It All."

"VILLAGE SMITH" DEAD

Thaddeus W. Tyler, the original "village smith," made famous by Longfellow in his poem beginning, "Under a spreading chestnut tree," died two weeks ago at his home in Lynn, Mass. He was 76 years old and had been ill for several days with pleuro pneumonia. Mr. Tyler was a blacksmith for only a few years. Shortly after the poet was inspired to write the famous poem which he conceived while watching Tyler at work over his forge and anvil, the latter went into the shoe manufacturing business, and invented a process of moulded stiffenings for shoes. He still remained a close friend of Longfellow, however, and was a frequent visitor at his home. He always spoke of the poet with affection, and was very proud that his was the original "village smithy." Few of his business associates were aware of the fact. He leaves three children, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Miss Jane B. Haines has opened a school of agriculture for women at Ambler, Pa. The school is modeled after the famous school at Swansea, England.

Mrs. Susan Look Avery of Louisville and Mrs. Hannah M. Bryan of Rochester have each contributed $1,000 to the Susan B. Anthony fund, which is to be used in erecting a building on the campus for women students of Rochester University. Both Mrs. Avery and Mrs. Bryan were close personal friends of Miss Anthony and are suffragists. Mrs. Henry G. Danforth, who has charge of the fund, reports that $12,000 is now in bank to the credit of the association. Mrs. William C. Gannett, president of the association, has spoken in various cities in behalf of the memorial.

PLAYGROUNDS IN LOS ANGELES

AN INSPIRING MUNICIPAL ACHIEVEMENT

The playgrounds system of Los Angeles is a combination of places for play and places for neighborhood social activity. A typical example of the Los Angeles ideal in playground making is the Violet street playground. Here is a plot of land, two acres in area, in which are sandboxes for the children to play in, swings for the babies, seesaws, maypoles, croquet grounds, tennis courts, and basket ball courts for the girls, and, for the boys, a baseball field, handball and basket ball courts, and an open-air gymnasium with the necessary apparatus. Hot and cold shower baths are provided. A summerhouse, where the mothers may sit and watch the children play, is an important accessory. There are many small gardens, in which the boys and girls grow vegetables and flowers.

But fully as important as the playground is the clubhouse, in one corner of the grounds, where entertainments may be given. This clubhouse is equipped with an assembly room containing a raised stage, and with a kitchen stocked with dishes and utensils. Sewing is taught here, and some of the manual arts; games, drills and folk dances are played or practiced; and musical and dramatic entertainments given. Weekly lectures and concerts are provided except in the summer, one evening of the month being reserved for home talent, when the children who use the grounds are the only ones who participate in the exercises.

The social settlement idea is worked out further by having the home of the director on the ground. He and his family thus become inseparably a part of the neighborhood life and they throw around the features of the playground the inspiring atmosphere of home. This phase of the Los Angeles idea is considered among the most essential of all the betterment work.

This, roughly, is the pattern upon which the playgrounds of Los Angeles are based. The ground just described was the first to be opened in that city, five years ago. Since that time (three years ago) the Echo park ground has been opened, a site more than twice as large as the Violet street, and with some added attractions. Here a Playground Republic has been organized, formed of those youthful regular visitors who care to join (there is no compulsion about it) and who can pay the monthly tax of five cents. The citizens of the republic make laws, elect officials—president, judge and police—and enforce the rudimentary part of the playground discipline.

The third achievement of the Los Angeles Playground commission is the establishment of a recreation center, a term used to differentiate this ground's purpose from the ordinary playground. This center is an effort to supply much the same advantages that are offered by a Y. M. C. A. building. A $30,000 building on a corner lot 120 by 200 feet was equipped at a cost of $5,600. This place was completed in October, 1908.

A large gymnasium is the principal attraction of the building. This gymnasium is 74 by 44 feet, with lights on three sides and opening on the fourth side into a large stage, so that the whole can be used as an auditorium. Bowling alleys, lockers, two clubrooms, district nurses' headquarters, library and a kitchen are other features of the building, besides ten marble shower baths. A five-room apartment for the manager again carries out the idea of the social settlement.

The use of this building is divided between the sexes and the different ages. On certain days and at certain hours the women and girls have the exclusive use of the gymnasium and bath, and at other times the men and boys have a monopoly. The little children use the building in the afternoons, and, after dark, the youths and young girls are kept off the street by wholesome amusements fostered by the manager. Dramatic and musical clubs, drum and bugle corps, Saturday night lectures and entertainments provide an abundance of safe rivals to the cheap dance halls. In the course of time the present building will be enlarged to surround three sides of a court, of which the present is but one wing.

The idea of the playground commission is to correlate, in such recreation centers as this, all those functions of municipal activity that touch the leisure hours of the people. The public library has established a branch at each center, from which books are issued to the number of 1,500 a month and at which current magazines and daily papers are accessible in a pleasant reading-room. Quiet games, like checkers, are encouraged.

Some district nursing work is also done from these centers as headquarters. Two nurses answer calls registered at the Violet street ground and at the Recreation center, and some drugs are dispensed from them. These headquarters are also the base from which the nurses carry on the inspection work in the public schools. Band concerts, arranged through the co-operation of the newly created Municipal Band commission, are maintained during the summer months. These are simply school yards, equipped with whatever apparatus they will conveniently hold. A man and a woman are stationed in each yard, to supervise the play and to maintain the slight discipline that is required. Stories are told to the children, basketry and sewing are taught to those who care to learn, and folk dancing is permitted in the kindergarten rooms.

At the close of each vacation all the playgrounds, permanent and vacation, have an inter-playground field meet, in which there are no individual entries but in which teams of boys or girls are entered against teams from rival grounds. Many prizes and trophies are awarded, all of which are hung in the clubhouse on the ground of the winning teams.

On May Day of last year a new annual play festival was instituted, in which all the playgrounds participated, in the folk dances, drills and games, witnessed by 15,000 people. A May queen was crowned, and the children carried out the picturesque customs of the maypole dance.

The staff in charge of the playgrounds is most important. Los Angeles had the good fortune to secure at the start a superintendent whose training and sympathies made him an ideal man for the work. He has surrounded himself with qualified assistants who enjoy the work and understand its social significance. Each playground has a man and a woman who are the directors. A physical instructor is employed by the hour in the gymnasium of the recreation center. An accompanist, also employed by the hour, plays wherever the dances or drills require music. None of the men employed by the playground commission, not even the janitors, are allowed to smoke.

Two new playgrounds are the Hazard and the Slauson avenue playgrounds. The former contains about eleven acres, and will be fitted up on the same principle as the Stadium in Golden Gate park in San Francisco, with tiers of seats on a natural slope for spectators of the field sports and ball games for which the field is especially adapted by its size.

The Slauson avenue playground contains four and a half acres, and will be equipped much the same as the Echo park ground. It will have, besides, a running track.

Another ground, of three and a half acres, will soon be opened on city land in the heart of Los Angeles, to be known as the Downey avenue playground. Still another ground to which the children may look forward is a six-acre plot in Agricultural park. Another part of this park, 30 acres probably, will be set off for use as an athletic field where the big games, field meets and festivals of the future will be held.

The two most encouraging facts about the Los Angeles playgrounds are the hearty sympathy of the city administration toward the idea of founding and fostering these places, and the almost unanimous demand for more of them on the part of the public. The people at large have realized the enormous advantage to themselves in having such places where their children may play safely and participa in the social life of the neighborhood. The cry now is for playgrounds within walking di tance of every home in Los Angeles.

Another point worthy of consideration a emulation by other cities is that Los Angel is acquiring sites for playgrounds years ahe of their probable utilization. This is not on proper but it is good, sound business sen No one who has given the playground idea a study has any doubts of the economic savi to the city and the commonwealth that com from the presence of playgrounds. Countin the reduced cost of policemen, police cour and reformatories, the added economic ef ciency of children who may play in the ope instead of indoors, and the saving achieved l correlating the municipal enterprises arou the recreation grounds or centers, playgroun are a good investment from a purely moneta point of view. And to purchase the land f such grounds some years before that land a vances to exorbitant prices is a sensible pie of municipal financiering.

Los Angeles has done well with her pla grounds, probably more in proportion to h population than any city in California. H example should be studied by other cities a towns, and should be followed to the exte of the means at their command.

One last point. The adoption of the pla ground idea is one more sign of progress, i dicating that American municipalities a struggling upward toward a new light whi they now plainly see, which will ultimately le them to the point already largely achieved Germany, where municipal government has b come a practical science, engaging the full tin and energies of specially trained men a women. The old idea that any jack-of-a trades is qualified to hold any public office fast losing ground, and the playgrounds, ca ing for trained administrators, will help to rel gate it to oblivion, just as the modern scien of public health and sanitation has given it heavy blow.

"MAN HATH NO ARMOR AGAINST DEATH."

(In the "Antigone" of Sophocles.)

"Wonders are many, and none is more wo derful than man; the power that crosses th white sea, driven by the stormy south win making a path under surges that threaten engulf him; and Earth, the eldest of the god the immortal, the unwearied, doth he wea turning the soil with the offspring of horse as the plows go to and fro from year to yea * * *

"And the light-hearted race of birds, a the tribes of savage beasts, and the sea-broo of the deep, he snares in the meshes of h woven toils, he leads captive man excelle in wit. And he masters by his arts the bea whose lair is in the wilds, who roams the hill he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he pu the yoke upon its neck, he tames the tirele mountain bull. * * *

"And speech, and wind-swift thought, an all the moods that mold a state, hath he taugh himself; and how to flee the arrows of th frost, when 'tis hard lodging under the cle sky and the arrows of the rushing rain; ye he hath resource for all; without resource l meets nothing that must come; only again Death shall he call for aid in vain."

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

The Planters' and Growers' Company, a Eastern corporation, has purchased 1,440 acr of land near Dixon, which will be set out t eucalypts.

The first cherries shipped East this ye from California were grown at Courtland, i Sacramento county.

In a recent election in the city of Redlan the Good Government party elected every o of its nominees except the candidate for ma shal.

Willows has voted to annex its suburbs b a good majority, and henceforth will boast a population of about 3,000, as against 800 i 1900.

The Stockton Record has entered upon i sixteenth year of daily publication, and it is clean and helpful "record" that it has mad all the way.

The Pomona Times is to be issued as a daily This will make three dailies in the place, whic seems to be enough.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

A Campaign Song

hich should be jubilantly and melodiously
to the old tune that everybody knows.)
the good old whistle, boys, and let the
engine go!
rson is on the junip, and Curry's lying
low,
Stanton's nursing infant hopes in trust
that they will grow—
thing to beat this Hiram Johnson!

Chorus:

y! Hooroo! The brand we always wear!
o! Hurray! The cinders in our hair!
jangling of the engine-bell behind the
Gov'nor's chair—
thing to beat this Hiram Johnson!

had a little lamb, its baa was like a toot.
ack and Jill, they wore a brand the S. P.
style to suit.
Anderson and Curry cried, "The whistle
blows! Salute!"—
thing to beat this Hiram Johnson!

Chorus:

y! Hooroo! The whistle's sounding
queer!
o! Hurray! Machine is out of gear!
hat is what the gang will think when
August next is here
no one has beaten Hiram Johnson.

* * *

You or Your Liver—Which?

are tired; tired, anyway, even if you
done a thing. You get up in the morn-
ed, you drag through the day tired, you
bed tired; being tired is your long suit.
alize that your liver is practically solid.
u have a strong suspicion that petrifac-
is set in. This is the time, too, that
omach selects to send a committee to
notify you that you must give it shorter
and better wages or it will go on a
To be sure, the Californian sky is
ut what of that? You could give it
nd spades on blueness, and then beat
Oh, living is tough under such circum-
, isn't it, Jeroboam?
but did you ever pause to reflect, dear
it these are precisely the circumstances
which the test of our manhood or
nood is made? To be sweet-tempered
ll life seems sunny and beautiful to
it is nothing; but to be so when every
instinct of human cussedness within
mpts you to snarl at Betsy and the
to growl about the coffee, to kick the
that is the test that decides whether
your liver is the mightier. It is
bly but tremendously natural to yield
or's throne to the liver. Is it not?
ick on your record, and tell me, just
ourselves, in what proportion of in
you fancy you have done it. But
k me how often I have done a similar
or I despise these personal questions.
theless, Jeroboam, let's hold close to
ifting thought that men can rise
to their occasional tendency to
hings. I know they can, for I have
m do it. We can be sweet of dis-
even when our stomach is discon-
ith life, and, in all seriousness, it is
id thing to do. Suppose we try it?
you say?

* * *

Primer Lesson for Willie

u see the man, Wil-lie?
ou do see the man.
a nice man, Wil-lie?
ch a nice man!
is the man's name?
rank Jor-dan. Do you see his hand.

ou do see his hand.
glad hand?
is a glad hand.
has the nice man on his back?
is a coat, Wil-lie.
made the creas-es in the coat?

The vot-ing ma-chines he car-ried made them.
What did he do with the ma-chines?
Yes, Wil-lie, he sold them to the coun-ties.
What did the coun-ties do with them?
They threw them a-way.
Does the nice man want an of-fice, Wil-lie?
Does a duck swim?
Will he be Sec-re-ta-ry of State?
Will the vot-ing ma-chines vote?
They will not.
Is it not too bad a-bout the nice man, Wil-lie?
And the vot-ing ma-chines that do not vote?
Oh, the poor hand, how glad it seems, and yet—
Let us weep to-geth-er, Wil-lie.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus

Always when I hear a man laugh at the mother-in-law joke I can't help wonderin' what his wife's done to him to make him feel that way 'bout her ma.

I used to deny that men wus descended frum monkeys, but I've met some fellers sence then that kind o' make me hesitate some 'bout feelin' so certain.

Have you ever reflected, brethren an' sisters, that the most noticeable thing 'bout some folks we meet is the price they pay fer their clothin'?

You're mistaken, Ezry; law ain't what you find in the statute books; it's what the courts say 'tis, an' the diff'rence sometimes is amazin'.

I despise pretence, but I can't help reelizin' the value of it. More'n once it has made a pair of deuces better'n a pair of aces.

It's true that Heaven ain't reached at a single bound, but, on the contrary, if the bound's took in the right d'rection, you're a little nigher than you would have been without it.

Procrastination's the thief of time, but I shouldn't s'pose the kind o' time it gits frum some people would be worth the effort of stealin' it.

Gener'ly a soft answer turneth away wrath, but I've known cases where it come nigher to exhibitin' a soft head.

None but the brave deserves the fair, an' there's cases where none but the brave could live with her if he got her.

Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May—back East; out here I've heard May contendin' that he sometimes makes her lap most too warm.

My idee is that the folks that yell fer a "safe an' sane Fourth" would do considerable less yellin' if they'd take some medicine warranted to perduce safe an' sane nerves.

* * *

Continued on Page 'Steen

I love the daily papers,
The style in which they fix
The record of man's capers
And—Continued on Page 6.

A maid shot in the attic
By one who loved her sore,
Although somewhat erratic
And—Continued on Page 4.

Bill Buggs, our leading bruiser,
Knocked our young Kid Magee.
He paralyzed the snoozer
By—Continued on Page 3.

The queenly Mrs. Hofer
Has made a great ado
By skipping with her chauffeur.
And—Continued on Page 2.

Old Rox, the money-seizer,
Explains his latest bait
For sucker and for geezer.
And—Continued on Page 8.

For aye I'm held in fetter
Of one convincing thought:
Such news would be far better
If—Continued on Page 0.

Thoughtful Man Discusses the Joke

"It's an awfully good joke on Herrin, isn't it?" the Thoughtful Man remarked.

"What is?" I inquired.

"Why, you know—everybody knows; Curry's running for governor, and he's doing it with full speed on. He has his picture posted on Mt. Whitney, and the blue waters of Tahoe smile again to its endearing smile. As he himself admits, every man in the state has promised to vote for him; that is, every man except a few in the back counties, and his agents now are engaged in running them down. His campaign cry is, 'Let your officials continue to warm the official seats, for the dear boys are used to it.'"

"I don't see the joke on Herrin," said I.

"You don't? Why, 'God bless you, dear boys! Go in, and may the worst man win,' says he to Anderson and Stanton and Ellery and—what are you laughing at?"

"I thought that last was the joke," I responded.

"Well, it isn't. Mr. Herrin hadn't more than spoken the words before he went off into a—I don't know; some say it's a trance and some say it's a slumber, but, anyway, he doesn't know that Curry's running. It's a good one, isn't it? Imagine his feelings when he wakes."

"I should think some of his lieutenants would inform him," said I.

"Oh, that is the singular part of it; they are in a trance, too. Did you know that Herrin is bitterly opposed to Curry?"

"I did not," said I.

"Neither did I," said he. As he said this I fancied that he winked, but I am unable to imagine why.

* * *

Poetry Shot to Pieces

Oh, what is so rare as a day in June when
Teddy comes marching home?
—Nashville Tennessean.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green and the
grandeur that was Rome.
—New York Mail

Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ee.
When the great, gray ships come in—
Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben
Bolt,
And the joys that might have been?
—Cleveland Leader.

Who touches a hair of that old, gray head
Shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow.
And, "Nobody asked you to, sir," she said;
But that was ever so long ago.
—Houston Post.

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again,
For my luve's like a red, red rose.
That whistle garrisoned the glen,
Down where the Wurtzberger flows.

* * *

Say!

Are you perfectly willing to pay the price of all the fun you have had?

Don't you sometimes wince a little, or a good deal, when the second installment comes due?

Have you noticed that not infrequently that pleasure which is the least genuine demands the biggest price?

Are you man enough to stand up and take your medicine?

Or do you yell and whine that you will do better if they will let you go this time?

Are you so foolish that you suppose you can violate nature's laws and bear no wounds?

Oh, we have done many things that were foolish or worse—both you and I—but let us thank heaven that there is in us the capacity to look the Almighty in the face and say, "I have erred, and I utter no protest against paying the penalty," for this is manliness or womanliness, and we build nothing better in this life.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Is Mr. Joseph Call The Herrin Indian? Mr. Joseph Call spent last Saturday in Oakland and, while there, expressed to a close friend his expectation, or likelihood, of getting into the fight for the Democratic nomination for governor in opposition to Theodore Bell, and this friend of his stated that if Call went into the fight it would be with the expectation of having Southern Pacific support in the primary election and in the general election against Johnson if nominated, the expectation of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau being that Johnson will be nominated by the Republicans. Is Mr. Joseph Call the Herrin Indian? To assume that he is is to assume that, having made a good anti-railroad reputation, he is now in a position to "cash it in," so to speak, a hard thing to contemplate, but not a new thing to California politics, and what else did James N. Gillett do? This may account in part for Herrin's seeming opposition to Curry who, other things being equal, should be more than satisfactory, but the south is being made to want the governor this time. With Stanton beaten at the primaries and Call nominated the south might be expected to knife Johnson in the interests of Call and so help to defeat Johnson in November. We are to look for long-headed generalship from the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company and, remember, too, that every corporation attorney in the country got his corporation job through successfully prosecuting the corporation that by and by employed him. Keep a weather eye on Joe Call!

Second Notice To Alamedans Under the old politics it was considered worldly wise to balance a ticket of good men by putting a few renegades on it to keep them and their followers from getting off the reservation. Under the politics of the direct primary the diplomacy of such a device is to be questioned even if its morality is not to be condemned. Two years ago Alameda county was the banner reform county of the state, and nothing hurt reform more than the few, very few, compromises that were made in the interests of some particularly good men. This time everybody is going to vote at the primary and with a full vote at the primary the better the ticket the better its chances of success, while the ticket that is tarred at top or bottom is likely to get smudged from top to bottom before the voting is done. Rumors of compromises that come to our ears are disquieting. Now is the nick of time to strike for a full ticket of clean, strong men, better when the primary law is new than after it becomes an old story and men have grown indifferent to it.

On the Surface "It Is Anderson" Within the past week the word has been passed out from Market and Powell streets rather freely that "It is Anderson," but only the unwary and unremembering (including Mr. Anderson himself) will allow themselves to be deceived thereby. It was Crocker up until a short time before the city election in San Francisco last fall, and yet deep down it was known all the time to be McCarthy. Mr. Herrin is no slouch as a political chess player and there are times when he would as soon sacrifice a knight or a castle as a pawn to save his king. There is only one, or possibly two, reasons why Mr. Curry should not be acceptable to Mr. Herrin and one reason is that Curry is as good a manipulator of the saloon and tenderloin vote as Herrin is and, if elected governor, he might feel his oats and prefer to run the state with his own machine rather than permit Mr. Herrin to dominate him. Very likely, therefore, Mr. Herrin's first choice might have been Anderson and his second Stanton, but he will take Curry in preference to Johnson so quick as to make Curry's head swim. The fight being between Johnson and Curry it is not going to be Anderson at the end, no matter what word is passed out at this stage of the contest. The truth will not be passed out longer than forty-eight hours before the polls open on August 16th. The logic of the situation speaks louder than many words. The second possible reason will be found explained in another paragraph.

L.-R. Executive Committee Endorses More Candidates The state executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League last Saturday formally endorsed the candidacy of John M. Eshleman for railroad commissioner for the third district, of B. Grant Taylor for clerk of the supreme court, and of Allison Ware for superintendent of public instruction. A legislative committee was also appointed, to direct the work of bringing out and supporting good candidates for the next legislature. This committee will be a clearing-house of information about candidates, and will keep in close touch with every district in the state. Friends of good government will do well to assist in supplying information for the use of this committee by writing to the secretary, Charles R. Detrick, at 625 Market street, San Francisco, telling who the men are that are good legislative timber in their neighborhood.

More About Allison Ware Readers of this page are familiar with the record of John M. Eshleman, now district-attorney of Imperial county, and Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate for railroad commissioner. Also with the record of B. Grant Taylor. But the following additional facts about Allison Ware are of timely interest: He was born in Santa Rosa, where he was reared and educated. After graduating from the public schools of Santa Rosa he entered the University of California, from which he graduated in 1903. He then taught in the public schools successively at Hanford and Lemoore, in Kings county. Since 1905, Mr. Ware has been a member of the faculty of the State Normal School in San Francisco. Here his ideals of education have developed, his advocacy of a closer relation between the schools and the life outside becoming a profound conviction. As chairman of the educational committee of the Commonwealth Club and as a popular speaker at most of the teachers' institutes, his ability has become widely recognized and his influence widely diffused. He is, besides, one of the most eloquent orators in California, in every way a strong man.

Legislative Candidates Must Face the Issues The first act of the legislative committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, after its appointment last Saturday, was to issue a statement to the public through the press of the state, in which it announced that this committee would co-operate with the constituents of each assembly and senatorial district in requiring Republican candidates for legislative honors to take a stand either for or against the vital issues of the campaign as announced in the League's platform of principles. This is the right thing to do. It is just as important that California shall have the right sort of legislature next year as that California shall have Hiram Johnson for its governor, and it should be understood right now that this is not a campaign when either straddlers or reactionaries will find a welcome in Republican districts. It is also well that candidates should know that there is a committee whose sole business is to scrutinize their records and force them to take a stand on the issues. Those issues are, substantially, shall California be bond or free and shall California be represented in the United States senate by an insurgent like Judge Works or by a standpatter like Gillett or Flint. The committee does not propose to interfere with local issues in any sense and it will co-operate heartily with local men in the election of the right sort of candidates.

Deceiving the Country Press The Fresno Republican has warned the country papers of the state against a line of innocuous looking political stuff that was going out to them in the "boiler plate" or "patent side feature" material supplied by the American Type Founders company. This apparently harmless material proved to contain adverse criticism of Hiram Johnson and boosts for Curry in the same article, and a good many papers printed it before the trick was discovered. The manager of the American Type Founders company promptly disclaimed it, and, to quote his own language, announced that "somebody slipped one over on" him, that he would edit his output more carefully in the future. This incident is only one of a series of like efforts to "slip one over" on the press of the state. A good deal of propaganda favoring Alden Anderson is being mailed anonymously to editors. The only fair and honest way to bid for publicity is that adopted by the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, which plainly prints on its editors' sheets the League's name and address and a statement of the contents of the sheets.

Johnson Meetings For Next Week Robert Duke, formerly deputy district attorney under William H. Langdon, is out in the field as an organizer for the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. He finds the field as ripe for Hiram Johnson as Max Kuhl found it. He announces that arrangements have been completed for Johnson meetings next week, as follows: Woodland, Monday the 25th; Colusa, Tuesday, the 26th; and Willows, Wednesday the 27th.

"Fighting Joyfully" Under this title, Collier's Weekly of April 16th, prints the following "first impression" of its editor upon meeting Francis J. Heney in New York. "Is Heney is the Heney his friends in California know and love, the Heney those friends have been amazed to hear described in San Francisco by harsh and unendearing names. No wonder is that no one before Norman Hapgood thought to give the people this authentic, life-like and pleasant picture of the man. "Few implacable reformers have come across our horizon in a more care-free guise than Francis Heney. He is ruddy with health, a smile is often on his lips. He has a clear, merry eye, good teeth, cheeks full of a color which a man twenty years younger would be fortunate in possessing. He is a man who abounds in the vitality which springs from good blood and untroubled nerves. A study figure of a man he is, middle height, compact and even powerful build, with the chest of a hammer thrower. A big upper lip, divided by a line of indentation, gives an effect of honesty and good nature. The muscles of his face are set for smiling—his voice is kind with no harshness lurking in its range. For bitter fighting he has done has come from strained strength, and has not poisoned his disposition, which would like to find men honest and companionable, and would be most at home with a crowd of outdoor men, lumbermen, sailors. He is at the summit of his life, every faculty and organ in easy play. He is one free from care and hurry, with no restlessness and no ennui. He takes the surface of life in an offhand 'joshing' style. 'Healy? Did you say?' asks the telephone girl. 'Not quite as bad as that,' he says, 'Heney will do for a While.' With four telephone numbers to call up, and a couple of visitors, on business bent, to dispose of, he roams around the room as if the afternoon were an unencumbered thing, but he actually drives through the half-dozen items swiftly, and then rubs his hands, like one ready for more work."

White Against Frankel In the Thirty-ninth Some time since the Independent Republican Club, in the Thirty-ninth assembly district, endorsed the candidacy of J. E. White for the Republican nomination for the assembly. Mr. White is a progressive Republican who stands for Right Things and who stands hard. If he secures the nomination and is elected he will make a valuable legislator and be an honor to his district

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

tted against him is one Julius Frankel, "or-nization" through and through, a man who s been known to express the opinion that retrack gambling should not be the subject legislation; that such evils should be left adjust themselves without interference. He ll have the influence of the railroad push and saloon, the twain being one flesh. Conse-ently, the result of this contest at the pri-ry will be the taking of the moral measure the Thirty-ninth assembly district. The con-t will be watched with much interest. Mr. hite has enough signatures to his nomination pers already, but he will not file them for ne days for the reason that he desires a ter distribution of signatures than yet ob-ned. J. E. White is the right man for that ce.

Unfeeling Williams The capitol grounds in Sacramento are in the keeping of the State Capitol commis- and this commission is made up of the rnor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, the governor's political secretary, one ell, thus giving practical politics the best in four of that commission. A result of as been that the grounds have been kept bunch of men who are petty politicians nd gardeners afterward, if they have time doing their part to see to it that Sacra-walks politically after the dictates of onscience of the railroad "organization." there is trouble in the garden and the ners are out with pruning hooks, lawn mowers, pitchforks and whatever else comes handy with which to fight State Treasurer Williams. He has had the effrontery to insist that they work on the capitol grounds, full time, six days in the week, instead of being out rounding up the "push" where the sons of rest plainly hear the voice of duty calling. The ruction has reached such a pitch that these gardeners, who know two tricks in politics to one in catching gophers, are actually trying to dig up a candidate for State Treasurer to run against W. R. Williams before the primaries. They approached former Treasurer Truman Reeves but without success. Then they tried former chief clerk under Reeves, F. W. Judson, but he did not rise to the bait. Now they are looking for another. But let not their hearts be sad. Their good friend Herrin will pick them out a candidate in good season, one that will not permit such frivolities as the proper care of the capitol grounds to interfere with the more serious business of doing small politics.

Good Government Is Victorious in South The Good Government forces down in Los Angeles are jubilant over the results of the elections recently held in several of the smaller cities in Los Angeles county. There has been considerable speculation as to whether the voters in the town outside of the chief city would follow the splendid example set for them when, last December, the entire Good Government ticket in that city was elected by decisive majorities. The results of the late elections in the county indicate that the sentiment in favor of reform is even stronger in the smaller cities, if that could be possible, than in Los Angeles itself. For example, in Alhambra, between Los Angeles and Pasadena, the entire good government ticket was elected, the smallest majority being one hundred and twenty. In Redondo the victory of the progressive element was equally inspiring. In both these towns—and the same thing may be said of every other town in the county—determined efforts to maintain their hold upon the administration of public affairs were put forth by the machine leaders.

W. D Stephens to Beat McLachlan The candidacy of William D. Stephens of Los Angeles for nomination to congress to succeed Representative James McLachlan from the seventh district is meeting with a most gratifying reception. The only open opposition to him thus far comes from the editorial office of the Los Angeles Times. Stephens is an "insurrecto" of the La Follette stripe, moans Otis. He won't do—in Otis's eyes. But in the eyes of the masses of decent, progressive, honest Republicans in Los Angeles he will do. Mr. Stephens was formerly president of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce. When Harper resigned during the recall campaign a year ago, Mr. Stephens was appointed mayor and served until Alexander's election. He is a man of unimpeachable integrity. In business circles he is regarded as one of the most substantial men in the city. And he is popular, too. He has gone squarely on record in favor of those policies advocated by the great army of the followers of Theodore Roosevelt, and it is on this platform that he will be nominated and elected.

Progressive Legislators Coming From the South Southern California has abated none of its strenuous efforts to send to the next legislature a group of men who will work in harmony with progressive Republican policies. In the late session the southern delegation in the lower house was almost solidly "push." Assemblymen Cogswell and Cattell were two bright exceptions to the rule from Los Angeles county. Hinkle of San Diego also made an excellent record. But with these exceptions the South was railroad to the core. It is doubtful, however, if any of those who so faithfully served the railroad at the recent session will be permitted to return. Those who are candidates for re-election will find very strong opposition from the mass of voters. Transue, who was Stanton's right-hand man on the floor of the assembly, and who could always be depended upon to steer the important railroad measures toward passage and to block reform measures, will probably be opposed by E. J. Fleming. Mr. Fleming is a young Los Angeles attorney with a brilliant future. As city prosecuting attorney he made a splendid record, and the voters like him. Percy V. Hammon, who holds a political job in the office of the district attorney between sessions of the legislature, also is a candidate for re-election. But the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will have a strong man to contest the ground with him.

Lyman W. Farwell Against Stanton In Lyman W. Farwell, who has been persuaded to make the run for the nomination in Stanton's district—the seventy-first—the League has found a man who will put up the strongest kind of a fight. Mr. Farwell is a member of the distinguished Chicago family of that name and ranks as one of the most substantial and popular citizens of Los Angeles. Under ordinary circumstances he would be regarded as too big a man to put up for the assembly, but the conditions this year are not ordinary. The League realizes that it must find the very highest type of men for the various offices, and it is men of the character and standing of Lyman Farwell that it is endeavoring to persuade to get into the fight for the political freedom of California. Mr. Farwell is the same stamp of man as is found represented in William Kent, John D. Works and A. J. Wallace. In agreeing to become a

(Concluded on Next Page.)

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

ALEXANDER GORDON

Alexander Gordon, candidate for railroad commissioner, was born in Hants county, Nova Scotia, October 16th, 1846, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He received a common school education and followed the pursuit of farming until 1869, when the lure of the West drew him from the old home and he came to California by way of the newly completed Central Pacific railroad.

First locating in San Joaquin county, he engaged in the sheep business with W. C. Miller, of Stockton. There he remained until 1875, when he moved to Fresno county, taking his stock with him. Continuing in this business until 1887, he sold out to his partner and, settling near the town of Fresno, embarked in the raisin growing industry quite extensively and acquired considerable land.

Mr. Gordon was of that second generation of pioneers whose larger vision, looking beyond the exploitation of the state for its mere mineral treasures, beheld the possibilities of the soil when the hitherto wasted water wealth of the Sierras should be applied. Entering actively into this phase of the development of the San Joaquin valley he helped institute irrigation canal systems and promoted colony settlements.

In 1890 he became interested in the Farmers' Bank (now Farmers' National Bank) of Fresno as stockholder and director. He was one of the organizers and subsequently president of the Mutual Building and Loan Association of Fresno, holding these several positions until the fall of 1901, when he went to Sacramento to accept the position of vice-president and director of the Sacramento Bank. During his incumbency the bank became the largest, and one of the strongest, savings institutions in Northern California, having at the present time assets largely in excess of six million dollars. The bank's liberal policy has been instrumental in the phenomenal development of the great interior valleys of the state. Under Governor Pardee's administration Mr. Gordon was appointed a member of the auditing board to the Commissioner of Public Works. He was selected as chairman, and in this capacity helped to construct many improvements in the Sacramento river. This position he held until the office of Commissioner of Public Works was abolished and the new law enacted creating the State Engineering Department, which has charge of all public works, including the rectification of our rivers. Under that law he was appointed a member of the consulting board by Governor Gillett and served in the capacity of chairman of the new board. His good work for the betterment of river conditions still continues on the new board. His services on both boards were rendered without compensation.

His natural sympathies have always been with the Republican party and he has affiliated with that party at all times.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded)

candidate for nomination as member of assembly he is preparing for a personal sacrifice, but his heart is in the work of reform well under way in this state and he will give the machine forces in Stanton's district the fight of their lives. Cogswell and Cattell will go back. A determined effort will be made to keep Barndollar of the sixty-ninth at home. Riverside county sends greetings with a declaration of its ability to shelve E. B. Collier, who misrepresented his district last year. Hinkle undoubtedly will be returned from the seventy-ninth (San Diego) district. Melrose of Orange county has announced that he will not seek renomination, and the progressive Republicans of that district are backing Col. O. H. Coulter. Clyde Bishop, who succeeded in making himself more or less of a joke in the session three years ago, probably will have the machine support in this district.

Mrs. Charles G. Ames was elected president of the School Voters' League which has just been organized in Boston.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

The California Weekly,
San Francisco.

Gentlemen:—I welcome the need to send you a chec for I have wanted to tell you how thoroughly satu factory your paper is to me. I like the fair and fran and factual way of reporting our political affairs an municipal conditions. Your explicitness and sobriet are an admirable blend. I travel over the state co stantly and find frequent opportunity to tell the Weekly merits, and to send on numbers as samples.

I should like to know that the Weekly is a payin enterprise. It ought to be, and I should respect on state if it so much endorsed the publication. I wan to say that not the least pleasure in the Weekly i your underlying assumption that the prime value i Manhood, that ultimate worth tests are moral an spiritual.

Yours truly,
MILES B. FISHER.

Berkeley, Cal., April 19, 1910.

We appreciate the foregoing commendatio because it is discriminating. The writer of i likes The California Weekly and knows why and it is the kind of missionary work that h is doing for the paper that will by and b make it widely known and generally wante as "San Francisco's Honest Newspaper," a it is coming to be spoken of. The paper need to be talked about by friend to friend. Wha reputation, worth the having, is made in an other way?

The California Weekly,
San Francisco.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a money order for $2.00 fo my subscription which, as you wrote, was overlooke I should be very sorry to miss The California Weekl from its standpoint of interest and keen thought alone and I wish to do my share in helping in the noble an fundamentally necessary work you are doing. I am,

Yours truly,
OSMER ABBOTT

Oleander, Cal.

If all who feel that way will put their feel ing into action, and do their full share toward making The California Weekly a success i will be a success and a power for good i this state. Good will become a real asse when expressable in cash. Until then it seems to be sort of ineffectual.

The California Weekly,

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find $3.00 for one an one-half year's subscription. Your paper is O. K. an I am pleased to have the opportunity to subscribe fo such a paper. It has the true ring.

Very truly yours,
C. L. PARDEE.

Sacramento, April 16, 1910.

The "true ring" is the ring that rings true that is, sincere, straight from the heart, the shoulder, the conscience. Sincerity is an at tribute of courage. Cowardice resorts to decei as its most efficient weapon, and that periodi cal that is less than frank is cowardly and i is its cowardice that makes it less than frank If the journalim of to-day has few to commen it and many to condemn, it is more because of its moral cowardice than because of its yellow sensationalism or blundering inac curacy.

Mr. Ingersoll is the manufacturer of the Ingersol Dollar Watch, is a progressive reformer with high ideals, thoroughly interested in the determined move ment throughout the United States to stamp out grat and corruption in politics and business. He was in the city a few days ago and handed me the money for a year's subscription to The California Weekly, copie of which had fallen into his hands during his visit.

Yours truly,
ROLLA V. WATT.

Here and there a rich man subscribes for approves and enjoys The California Weekly but, commonly, it is as difficult to get the paper into such hands as it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Both of these things can be done, and are being done, bu if the rich man only knew it The California Weekly is his best friend. It is striving t secure conditions that will enable his children to enjoy their inheritance without risk o spoliation by the mob spirit or facing a bitter class enmity at every turn in the road. These things are only to be obtained by establishing justice so equally that no Calhoun will be able to buy immunity from punishment and no corporation will be able to shirk its share o taxation, secure special privileges without pay ing the public what they are worth, or subver free government in any state.

THE CITIZENS' ALLIANCE VIEW

OF LABOR UNIONISM, STRIKES, AND BOYCOTTS

By BUSH FINNELL, General Council of the Citizens' Alliance in San Francisco

great deal is being written and said by ors, ministers, economists, and the general lic about industrial conditions and espe- ly regarding organized labor.

uch that is said on one side is actuated by e sympathy for the hardships endured by laboring classes; the unquestioned injustice is too often done when large corporations ther employers take advantage of an oppor- ty to grind the faces of the poor to their pecuniary profit.

n the other side, it frequently occurs that loyers, exasperated by arbitrary exactions, gant conduct on the part of walking dele- s clothed with authority unwisely delegated hem, lose their sense of proportion and say do things which are quite as unreasonable, ise and wrong as anything justly charged nst organized labor.

rofessional men, teachers, clergymen and a e part of the general public, with no per- l knowledge or experience of industrial litions, but accepting the assertions of hever side they espouse at their face value, iss the question purely from a theoretical dpoint with the natural result—a confusion eas, a clouding of the issue and many erro- is conclusions.

Limits of Unions' Usefulness

labor unions would confine their acts, ob- and purposes to the betterment of their rial welfare, attend to the proper regula- of their internal affairs and not meddle in ffairs or attempt to restrict the liberty of s there would be less controversy over the worn expression "Capital and Labor." Or- ation is a splendid thing for the man who and it should be fostered and encouraged degree that all those who desire may be- a part of a combination having in view nproving of their condition without violat- ither the law or the rights of fellow work- who do not happen to agree with their

It is but fair to assume that the primary t of many labor unions and the ultimate of their efforts to better their condition een carried on without any thought of or to injure those outside the unions, but unions, as a whole, have been led estray id agents who become agitators for per- gain, which is always at the expense of nk and file of organized labor. Collective ining may be good, but collective striking nly be destructive of the rights not only anized but of unorganized labor. Strikes workmen are not necessarily unlawful h they may become both illegal and crim- y the means employed to enforce their s. Employees may lawfully quit their e either singly or in a body, but if unlaw- eans are used to uphold or maintain a or if the end to be attained is unlawful, he strike itself is unlawful.

Violence Illegal

moment that violence becomes an essen- rt of a scheme, or a necessary means of ng the purposes of a combination, that it the combination, otherwise lawful, be- illegal. All combinations to interfere erfect freedom in the proper manage- nd control of one's lawful business, to the terms upon which such business e conducted, by means of threats or by ence with property or traffic, or with vful employment of others, are within demnation of the law. It has been well at "The wit of man could not devise a strike because compulsion is the leading it." A strike is essentially a conspiracy rt by violence; the means employed to he end being not only the cessation of y the conspirators, but the necessary ion of labor by those who are willing me their places, and, as a last resort, many instances an essential element of , the disabling and destruction of the y of the master, and so, by intimidation the compulsion of force, to accomplish desired. I think no strike was ever heard of that was or could be successful unaccompanied by intimidation and violence.

It must be apparent to even the most superficial observer that in the operation of any business, not only are capital and buildings and laborers necessary, but that also liberty of direction and control are of vital necessity. Without it success is impossible; disaster is inevitable with all its mournful consequences. Liberty of direction and control are the very breath of life in any business. In them are wrapped up inseparably the interests of the employer and the employees, of all those who have dealings with them, and of the public generally.

Any combination which seeks to deprive a great and necessary department of human activity of that which is so absolutely essential to it is manifestly and emphatically against public policy and is illegal in its purpose. To sustain it would be to approve of what strikes directly at the public welfare. Such a policy is against public morals. It is highly contrary to public welfare. It is an obstruction of the liberty of the citizen and is contrary to public policy to the extent that the combination to attain it is unlawful.

Labor Deceived by Agitators

As a general thing, strikes are caused by the body of a labor organization being led by paid agitators who convince the men whom they represent that they are down-trodden and that employers are endeavoring to be oppressive and to deprive them of their rights. I do not think it can be said, in the light of present events, that employers aim to be oppressive to employees, but it is a contest between them, each one doing what he can for his own benefit. It must be conceded by everybody that it is commendable in the laboring people to endeavor to better their condition morally, physically and financially, and to obtain the best price they can for their labor and upon the most convenient terms for themselves. That is conceded by everybody, but in doing that they too often, I think, forget one thing. They forget that they must attain their objects by legal and proper means. They must not undertake to accomplish what they desire to the injury or at the expense of other people, and there is where a mistake is too often made. It is conceded by all that they have the right to better their condition, but they must not do it in a way to be oppressive to others.

Non-Unionist Has Rights

A man who does not belong to a labor union has the same rights legally and morally, neither more nor less, as has the man who does belong to a labor union. His rights and his family are just as dear to him as are those of the union man. There are and can be no differences, and employers have precisely the same rights to employ non-union men as union men; and the absolute legal right to have their property and their employees protected when they do elect, for any reason, to employ non-union men; and when such right is violated, the employer has the right to seek and obtain redress from the law. All the courts of the civilized world so hold. These questions are not debatable.

This is a free country and every man has the right to work for whomsoever he pleases and such men are entitled to protection. The man who hires labor has the right to be protected in his property and in his right to employ whomsoever he pleases and have his employees work in peace and quiet and by orderly methods. There is no authority in the United States which has not declared this to be the law. No person, individual or any combination has the right to directly or indirectly interfere with or disturb one in his lawful business or occupation or to threaten to do so for the sake of compelling him to do some act which, in his judgment, his own interest does not require.

When members of a labor union go on a strike their demands must necessarily be enforced, first by a system known as "picketing" and, secondly, by "boycotting."

Picketing Unlawful

The boycott is that form of picketing wherein individuals acting as pickets are placed in front of or in the immediate vicinity of the place of business which has been declared to be under the ban of a labor organization and it is the means adopted by such organization to advertise to the patrons of the boycotted person, and to the public at large, that here a non-union man is attempting to exist and all those who do not desire to incur the displeasure of organized labor must keep their distance and withhold their patronage and trade. Some writers upon this question talk very glibly about a certain kind of picketing termed by them "peaceful picketing." There can be no such thing as peaceful picketing or picketing for mere observation and for persuasion any more than there can be chaste vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing, or lawful lynching. When men want to converse or persuade, they do not organize a picket line; when they want to see who are at work they go and see, then leave, and disturb no one physically or mentally. But a picket does not do this and the real purpose is as they know, and as everybody else knows, by a show of force to give the general public notice that the owner or the proprietor of a certain place of business being boycotted is under the ban of the union because they know that to a certain extent that is intimidation of the men and women who may want to go into or come out of that place. The true and real purpose of these people is by coercion to force that man to come into the union fold, and cease employment of non-union men and to employ union people and let them dictate to him the terms upon which he shall conduct his business. A non-union man would be devoid of good sense, knowing the history of labor organizations and the history of labor union strikes, who took the chance of entering such a place of business. A union man would not enter because he would immediately subject himself to a fine from his union, and, perhaps, expulsion.

Boycott Is Coercion

The law defines the word "boycott" as an organized attempt to coerce, or intimidate, one into compliance with a demand by combining to abstain and compelling others to abstain from any business or social relation with a particular person. Has there ever been a strike in the history of industrial disputes in California by any labor organization wherein the boycott has not been resorted to? I think this might be answered in the negative. And can it be possible that it is true that because one individual may refuse to deal with a certain tradesman for any reason that suits him, or for any reason at all, so-called organized labor or any other organization or combination can, for such reason as seems good, select a tradesman for attack, concentrate on him all its power to crush him, allow none of its members or friends to deal with him, cut him off from support in the community, isolate him, and make him a pariah, a leper or a "scab," until he is either ruined or bends the knee in penitence and signs such contract or agreement with regard to the conduct of his business as will insure his submissive conduct in the future?

The very statement of the question shows that should the law answer "Yes," the ruling power in this country would be transferred from the courts and magistrates to secret associations, acting through agents, walking delegates and pickets whom they can disown on occasion or recognize on occasion; and the despotism of medieval times would be repeated in the twentieth century in what is supposed to be a free country.

The social principle which justified the organization of labor unions is departed from when they are so extended in their operation as either to intend or to accomplish injury to others. Public policy and the interests of society favor the utmost freedom in the citizen to pursue his lawful trade or calling.

A PROVIDENT PARENT

The mother of two boys, who kept them at work while they were still at school, was more than repaid for her self-sacrifice.

When the older lad left high school, at fifteen, he owned a typewriter and knew how to do good work upon it. In their small town there was just one young lawyer struggling to build up a practice. This boy applied to him for a job, and the lawyer told him that he would hire him at sixty dollars a month, provided he spent two years in Chicago studying stenography and law, and getting some of the hayseed out of his hair. Furthermore, if he wanted to leave his wages in his employer's care until he was twenty-one, the accumulation would buy an interest in the office.

This proposition was submitted to the mother. She approved of it and promised to board the boy until he was twenty-one, letting him keep his earnings intact. While he was studying in Chicago she undertook to send him four dollars a week, on condition that he brought back to her the four hundred dollars when he returned. He agreed, and during the two years away from home boarded with a milkman, getting his room free for helping with deliveries in the morning. Every night he carried newspapers, earning enough to pay his board. At the end of two years he took home four hundred and fifty dollars. To-day he is a partner in a profitable law practice.

The younger boy left school about the time the other came home. He had a kit of cobbler's tools and knew how to do simple repair work. Getting a job in a shoestore, he served without wages the first six months, living at home. The mother agreed to board him until he could get into business for himself. Canvassing for cobbling jobs, he did the simple ones at home nights and took the harder ones to the store, where the work was done by a skillful shoemaker. At the end of six months, however, he had learned to do all this work himself, and when the shoedealer began paying him wages of five dollars a week he was earning as much more nights. In two years he saved seven hundred dollars, and that, with business acquaintance, enabled him to set up shop for himself. To-day his store clears a thousand dollars yearly, apart from living expenses.—Saturday Evening Post.

CONSERVING PUBLIC HEALTH

To see that the people who go to the mountains for their health do not get typhoid fever is the purpose of the State Board of Health in beginning a campaign of inspection and education before the resorts open for the coming season.

That insanitary health resorts remain undiscovered sources of typhoid infection, and that they also cause typhoid epidemics in widely scattered communities is the assertion of a member of the State Board of Health, who has been an active advocate of inspection and regulation. He maintains also that because many typhoid fever convalescents seek the mountains when recruiting their strength there is menace added to the situation.

About one typhoid convalescent in four becomes a "carrier," that is, continues to discharge the disease germs with the wastes of the body for several weeks or months or even years. The presence of one of these "carriers" at a resort where the toilet vault is accessible to flies, or drains underground into the water supply, is sufficient to cause the infection of many guests. The typhoid bacillus requires two weeks for incubation; consequently patrons remain unwittingly at dangerous health resorts, as in the majority of cases the guests who are infected complete their outings and return home before coming down with disease. There is always the possibly that patients thus scattering to different communities will become centers of other epidemics.

The necessity of this primary inspection is obvious. Typhoid is an insidious epidemic disease that is easily spread, and hard to trace to the point of origin. It is notorious that sanitary conveniences are lacking in the majority of summer resorts, and the plan of sending out inspectors before the season begins is one to be heartily commended. It is useless to wait until the development of typhoid results in tracing the disease back to its source at some summer resort for the damage has already been done. The time to make inspections and compel sanitary conditions is before the resorts open. The inspectors who are to be sent out by the State Board of Health will make known the state laws in regard to sanitation; ascertain the condition of toilets and water supplies; and also spread information on the prevention of typhoid fever. It is expected that when resort proprietors fully understand the situation they will take the measures necessary for the protection of their patrons. In case of any persistent unwillingness in this direction the board will be compelled, of coure, to invoke the long, bony hand of the law.

This is perfectly proper. It is in line with the conservation of the public health and will, it is believed, result in better sanitary conditions in the resorts where people go in search of health and recreation. The evidences of diseases such as typhoid are hidden from public gaze, and this crusade of the Board of Health should be welcomed not only by the public, but by the resort keepers.—San Francisco Recorder.

ODDS AND ENDS

Hawaiian tomatoes and cucumbers have been barred from California on the claim that they contain a maggot, which, if it gained a foothold in the United States, would be a menace to several industries.

The navy department is to test a device, which, it is claimed, will stop a 10,000-ton battleship going at full speed, in its own length.

Fred C. Ripley, son of the president of the Santa Fe railroad, has bought, for $120,000, eighty acres of land in the oil belt near Bakersfield, Cal.

The Louisiana state game commission has asked for an appropriation to bring big game from Africa to stock the state forests.

A fund of $12,000, set aside by congress to be used for sprinkling the roads of the Yosemite valley will be available this season.

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THE LITTLE BLACK BEAST

(Concluded)

BY

A. J. PILLSBURY

ART II. THE LEFT-HAND ROAD

hen the children reached Annabel's home, of them dripping and the others spoiling ll of what had happened, there was much said. Gaspar slipped up the back stairs s attic to effect a change of clothing and ut of sight as quickly as possible, while thers, all talking at once, did their best prise Uncle Abner and Aunt Isabel, as were called, of what had happened. In aste to make his escape Gaspar had left tair door ajar so that he heard, in shame bitterness, every word that was said.

had a big notion to chuck the little black under the ice and let him go down the s," boasted Our Hiram, "but concluded to him and spank him instead and let it go at, but, pshaw! if he hadn't been a sissy uld have made the turn as well as not. ld make it with both hands tied behind nd my eyes shut," with which declaration unded off for home to get on some dry ing and spread the news farther.

cle Abner had little to say at the time, but Isabel freed her mind fully, as was her . "For my part," she declared, as she was ng Annabel to get off her saturated gar- s, "I don't see what you wanted that little to take you down the hill for, anyhow. dn't Our Hiram have done it, or Joshua son or some other of the neighbor boys? little stupid! Our Hiram's name for him, Little Black Beast,' just fits him, I de- "

ell, he was in the grumps," Annabel re , "and I just did it to get him out of 'em. ure I would a good deal rather have had Hiram take me. He never makes a mess ything, while the boys and girls are al- laughing at Gaspar. He's such a blun- g little runt."

t one word that was said failed of reach- ie burning ears of Gaspar and, as soon as uld get dry garments on and hang his wet out on the line, he made himself scarce chore time.

ere was a birch swamp down at the edge meadow, as lonely and still as the most ncholy soul could wish, and there Gaspar is miserable self for the rest of the after- "Bleack beast!" he ejaculated. "That Let him look out! Black beasts have and they can scratch," and his hands flew isly as if to scratch the cuticle off Our n's visage. "The big Yankee pig! He see. Black beasts do not forget."

k and forth he walked in the snow until d beaten a path a hundred yards long. a truth what my stepfather said. God ot make me for any good thing. Why not make me like le grand Hiram, then ld show him. I would black his two eyes at ducking, but he shall see. Wait! I not forget."

l so he had it out with himself, one mo- wishing that he were dead, lying with ther and mother in the little consecrated ery at Stanstead, and the next he was g for revenge upon Our Hiram and the children who had humiliated him so un- arily and ungenerously because of a mis- r which he was no more to be blamed was Hiram or Annabel.

n he came to the house for the milk pail Abner met him at the door. "It was a caper you cut for us this afternoon," was all that Uncle Abner said, but his r and tone cut to the quick. Aunt Isa- reeting was, "Well, you are a smart one, t say!" but the boy took his pail and o the barn in shame-faced silence.

t night Gaspar crawled off to bed sup- , too indignant and injured to meet the at the table, and the family left him to f without intrusion. For hours he tossed ly and the darkness took gruesome forms overed threateningly over him from the bare rafters of his little attic. As and Isabel passed to their room he over- the latter say, "Well, I hope it will be n to him." It was. When at last he fell it was to go bounding down the hill ut upon the river, then to go sinking. g, into the chill water, Annabel's brown pating against his face and her mittened clinging wildly to him while her scream him to find himself all of a shiver and teeth chattering as a result of the nervous strain to which he had been subjected.

But the incident became an old story by and by, after the school children had indulged themselves in raillery to their hearts' content, and so the winter wore on into spring, when the beginning of farm work gave one and all something else to think of. Into this Gaspar threw himself, if not with a buoyant enthusiasm, at least with a dogged fidelity that made him almost indispensible to Abner and Isabel. Upon occasion he was light hearted and joyous and, at such times, he and Annabel were much together and sincerely companionable; but any little slight, any reference to his size, his complexion, his religion, anything like being taken to task for some neglect, sufficed to throw him into the dumps again and make him shun human intercourse for days at a time. At such times he loved only the live things on the farm, the horse, the oxen, cows and young calves, pigs and poultry. These he seldom if ever neglected and they, at least, seemed to respond with something of that warmth of affection which his soul craved.

Abner Hardy's supreme love was for justice, in the sense of abstinence from inflicting wrong. No matter how well one served he was still an unprofitable servant and, if he so held regarding others, he made no exception in his own case but pleaded night and morning lest an avenging wrath fall upon him from on high. His boyhood was long since forgotten. Indeed, he could scarcely remember when he had not taken up the struggle to get on in the world. He had become an adult before he had gotten his growth and was now Old Uncle Abner when he should have been in his prime.

As for Isabel, she was just, too, exactingly so. Severely critical of others and with an inclination to express her mind freely, she appeared to be more unsympathetic than she really was. If she hauled Gaspar over the coals for any trifling delinquency, at least she did her duty for him as she saw it and was not grudging in serving. She kept Gaspar's clothes clean and in repair, kept his room neat and saw to it that he had enough to eat. What more?

So spring and summer passed blithely by, Gaspar doing, if not the work of a man, at least the work that a man would have had to do but for him, and he made it the easiest summer on Abner that Abner could remember. Sometimes Gaspar came to Abner to borrow his pocket knife, always returning it none the worse for the use, but it never occurred to Abner that the boy needed a knife of his own. By and by, after much whittling, Gaspar erected a tiny windmill on one corner of the shed with a rod that ran down through and operated the dash of a tiny churn. Annabel was in ecstacies over it and Isabel went so far as to say that it was "real cunnin'," but Abner merely glanced at it and then expressed the opinion that hoeing potatoes would have yielded a greater profit.

Abner had a chest of tools, part of which had been inherited from his father, and Gaspar desperately desired to know what was in it but seldom got more than a glance into its depths, for Abner looked upon these tools as precious and not to be trifled with. However, with Abner's big knife, pieces of window glass he had picked up, a broken pointed gimlet he had contrived to redeem with a file, the buck saw and a hammer, he had gotten out and pegged together a chest for his clothing and another more elaborately finished for Annabel which Isabel pronounced "real handy."

A little brooklet came out of the big meadow and, running by the house, dashed on into the river. At odd moments Gaspar built a stone dam across this, turned the water into a trench and set it to turning a miniature overshot water wheel. He had gotten the idea from a woodcut in the school reader. It was only a toy, but it whirled with the rapidity of a windmill and, as Gaspar sat on the bank watching it, he thought of the power that was going to waste down at the river and if he might some day put it to use; but when Abner came along and, looking it over with a mild curiosity, said, "trifling again, are you?" and passed on, out went the vision of a mill on the river which should enrich Uncle Abner as well as the boy himself. Isabel thought it "real cute and a down-right pity it couldn't be made to do something useful." Annabel watched it by the hour and took no little pride in it, but Our Hiram dismissed it with a "Humph! You can't do nothin' with it, so what's the use?" Nobody saw in it either an aptitude or a prophecy and so the aptitude yielded no prophecy.

Toward fall that year Uncle Abner sold his surplus hogs and fat wethers and put the money in the left-hand drawer under the bookcase, locked it and hung the key on a nail driven into the edge of the window casing quite out of sight by reason of the curtains. Gaspar saw him do it. Gaspar wanted a knife. Twenty times a day he felt the need for it and had he not fed those hogs ever since they were little pigs? Had he not helped to shear and to wash the wethers and had he not a right to so much of that money as would buy him a knife? He had worked hard all summer and no one had suggested that he had any needs not already supplied. The idea stuck to him. He thought it likely that such a little out of the whole would not be missed. Opportunities were not lacking. He watched his chance, extracted two shillings from the leathern purse, slipped away as he had opportunity and bought a Barlow at the village store.

For weeks he carried this knife without any one knowing of its existence, but all the time it weighed on his mind if not on his conscience. Once in a while he borrowed Uncle Abner's knife as formerly, just to keep up appearances, and so time went on until, one day, Annabel came upon him unawares and saw the knife in his hands. She wanted to see it. Gaspar closed it, thrust it in his pocket and Annabel carried the information to Isabel. Isabel conveyed it to Abner. Abner cautioned her to say nothing but watch and wait for developments. Could the boy have stolen it at the village? Taxpaying time came and Abner went to his hoard for his tax money and carefully counted it out on the dining room table. It was two shillings short. If Gaspar conceived that Abner would not miss so little as that it was because he did not know Abner Hardy. Isabel was appealed to. No, she had not touched it.

All this while Gaspar was sitting uneasily in his chair, his dark face flushed as much as it would. His discomfort was not lost on Isabel, who finally said, without looking up from her sewing, perhaps Gaspar may know something about it. Gaspar denied all knowledge of it. With a more serious and stern look in his face than Gaspar had ever seen before Abner turned to him and demanded to know where he got that knife. Gaspar denied having any. Annabel lifted up her voice and declared that he had. Abner commanded him to turn his pockets inside out. He did so, all but one. Isabel knew of that pocket, reached over and drew from it the precious, two-shilling Barlow.

Gaspar broke into tears and made a full confession, through his sobs he tried to say that he had worked hard all summer, that the knife was all he wanted for it, and that he was tired of having to borrow Abner's all the time. When Abner demanded to know why Gaspar had not come to him for the money, and why he told falsehoods about it, the boy only cried the harder and said he did not know. Abner sent him to bed in disgrace, and he spent half the night crying his heart out, wishing that he were dead and repeating over and over again that his stepfather had been right in affirming that God had not made him to come to any good thing.

As for Annabel, she could scarcely contain

herself until morning, that she might tell Our Hiram that Gaspar was a thief and had stolen money from her father and, when Our Hiram knew of it, he must needs be the first one at school Monday morning in order that he might tells the news to each child who arrived. Now the fact that Isabel had never been able to keep the tarts and cookies entirely out of Annabel's surreptitious reach, and that Our Hiram had samples of all the apples that grew in the neighborhood stowed away in his loft, did not embarrass them any more than the fact that some children rifled other children's dinner baskets estopped them from greeting Gaspar as a thief when he arrived at school. He had stolen money, and money was sacred. There was nothing save the deity, and the Son of Mary, that was held in such estimation in that community as money.

It was little enough of it that people saw in those days. Its principal use was for the payment of taxes, or to lend to others at usurious rates that they might pay their taxes. Commerce was carried on mainly in kind, but as for money, nearly all could say with truth, "Silver and gold have I none," and what they had people kept a just and true account and memory of, so that, had three pence been missing, the whole house would have been swept, and every piece of furniture overturned and rug shaken, but it would have been found. The stealing of money ranked, in the East, with the stealing of horses in the West, an unforgivable offense.

But Abner was just. He never referred to the incident again, nor did Isabel farther than to tell Gaspar that she hoped that it would be a lesson to him, but the knife was sequestered, as was fully explained by Abner, that the lad might not enjoy the fruits of his transgression, yet it was no great length of time before it was returned to him again, with the declaration that if only he had asked for it Abner would have been glad to get him a knife or anything else that he could afford.

And so the winter wore away. If anything was missed at school the assumption was that Gaspar was the guilty party, and these criminations burned into the boy's soul and filled him with hatred for his school fellows, and especially for Our Hiram, who, good natured and generous, treasuring malice for not so much as an hour, was nevertheless a persistent hector and never happier than when he was making fun at the expense of another. Along toward spring, when school for the winter was nearly closed, he made fun of Gaspar once too often.

It was ever so trivial, the way it started. Some one on the school ground called, "Gaspar! Gaspar Gautier!" Gaspar replied with a "What do you want?" Our Hiram spoke up in an accustomed spirit of raillery, "What did you answer for? That is not your name. You are the Little Black Beast."

"It is my name," was the reply, "as it was my father's."

"It is not. You are the Little Black Beast, I tell you. I know all about that ring with the name on the inside. You probably stole it somewhere and took the name as well as the ring. Let me see it. I'll bet I know who it belongs to."

"You shall not," was the reply.

"I shall," Our Hiram replied, advancing upon the smaller boy wholly in a spirit of banter.

Now the ring was too large for any of Gaspar's fingers and he wore it about his neck, next to his skin, fastened to a stout leather thong. As Hiram reached for it Gaspar began to kick out violently and the larger lad to put forth more strength. Gaspar lost his self control and began to strike and scratch in earnest. "Very well then, you young wildcat," declared Our Hiram, "if that's the way you are going to do I'll just take that precious ring from you and throw it into the middle of the river." With that Gaspar fought like a cornered panther and the larger boy quite lost his temper, too. He threw Gaspar to the ground and sought first to untie and then to tear the ring from Gaspar's neck.

How he did it no one saw, but, somehow during the tussle, Gaspar got his knife out of his pocket, opened it over Our Hiram's back and then plunged it again and again into Our Hiram's back, arm and shoulder. A great cry was raised, Our Hiram staggered to his feet, the blood issuing from his wounds just as the master reached the scene of difficulty. All were badly frightened. "You young murderer!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, turning to Gaspar, "we'll turn you over to the constable and if the boy dies you will hang for it." With this the master turned his attention to Our Hiram, who had nearly fainted at the sight of the blood, sent one boy on horseback for the doctor and helped to support Our Hiram to the nearest house.

Gaspar stood with staring eyes for an instant, dumbfounded, and then, turning upon his heel, picked up his cap and bolted for the brush. The boy ran as runs the fox with the hounds baying upon his track, as runs the rabbit with the farmer's dog at his heels, as runs the horse with the fragments of a harness striking his hocks at every leap. He was panic stricken. The streaming blood, the deathly pallor of Our Hiram, the threatening words of the schoolmaster, the sickening dread of having done murder, the horror in the face of Annabel as she came and saw what he had done, well, he obeyed the instincts of preadamite man and sought safety in flight and hiding.

He ran as long as he had breath and strength, dragged himself into the bushes and lay panting upon the ground until he could stagger on, when on he went, following the course of the river until nightfall, when he sank at the foot of a tree on the river's bank to regain strength to go on. While there he saw a man come down to the river's bank from the other side, draw a light skiff from under an overhanging willow, get into it and row across to the side where Gaspar was, fasten the boat to a projecting bough, secrete the oars and take his way along a well-beaten path leading back from the river. Gaspar waited barely long enough to make sure that the man was out of sight and hearing, when he picked up the oars, got into the boat, untied it and rowed swiftly down the stream. All night he rowed or floated down the swift current, for the river was swollen. The rain drenched him and the night was black, but he kept the channel and went on and on, possessed only of the thought of putting miles betwixt himself and the avenging hand of the law.

With the breaking of day he tied the boat to the shore and took to the woods again, avoiding highways and struggling on. When he saw a village he went around it, and so passed the day and the next, footsore, starving, chilled. While resting on the brow of a hill overlooking a farmhouse, but under cover, he saw the family drive away. Hunger impelled him to do it, and he made his way to the rear of the house, hoisted a kitchen window and entered. He went straight to the pantry, devoured what he could lay his hands on and, from a closet, extracted an old overcoat and stepped out of the kitchen door only to step into the arms of a neighboring farmer who had seen him effect an entrance through the window. It would have been petty larceny at the worst had it not been burglary. He was handed over to the officers, pleaded guilty, refused to tell who he was or whence he came, and was sent to prison for two years, the court being lenient because of his youth.

Meantime, at home, there was, first a neighborhood sensation, a condemnation of the would-be murderer, and some effort at pursuit; but as Our Hiram was really not much hurt, and readily confessed that the fault was his, though he was only in fun at the beginning, no serious effort was made to locate the culprit. After the incident had been talked over and over things went on in the little neighborhood about as they had gone before, except as to Abner.

Perhaps it was primarily because the chores fell upon him now instead of upon Gaspar; perhaps it was the morning sermon on the Sunday following in which the good minister, preaching from the parable of the prodigal son, so far digressed from the beaten path as to express a few words of sympathy for the elder son whose father, despite the son's years of loyal service, had never given him so much as a kid that he might make merry with his friends. Whatever the motive that prompted it, Abner was uneasy about Gaspar. Night and morning, at family worship, he besought His Father to deal gently with the lad, and to have mercy upon those who condemned hi unheard or had led his feet astray. He talk earnestly with Deacon Mitchell and so f softened the latter's heart toward the offend as to make him agree that there should be prosecution of the lad if found, and then Abn started forth to find him.

He might as well have looked for a need in a haystack. The lad was in another sta now, in prison under another name. If his ca ture and commitment got into the papers A ner did not hear of it, and, in those days, Ma sachusetts was so far away from Pisgah th many lived out their lives without ever havi been to Boston. The search was given over, bi the heart of Abner Hardy was troubled. Ha he done all that he might for the soul th had been committed to his charge? Had h remembered the orphan that had been co fided to his keeping? What if he should hea the voice of the Lord at even walking in th garden calling, "Abner, where art thou? Wh hast thou done with the lad that came to th door forsaken and that served thee faithfully Often in the night he groaned in spirit so tha Isabel awakened and desired to know if h was ill, to which he replied, "No, wife, onl my heart is sore because of the boy."

In two years a letter came. It was only little one and it read: "Dear Uncle Abne and Aunt Isabel: When I ran away that tim I was crazy with fright. Since then I hav had time in my cell to think it all over. I hav heard, through another prisoner, that Our H ram did not die. I am glad he didn't, thoug I hate him, for he always put upon me becaus he was biggest and could. I know now tha he would not have thrown my ring in th river, the ring that was my father's and tha my mother gave me, but I did not know then and I fought for what was mine as har as I could, and I would do it again. He ha been the cause of all my troubles. I crawle in at the window of a house because I wa hungry, being all night and all of two days ou in the rain with nothing to eat, and I took a old overcoat because I was to go into th darkness and cold and wet again. I was take as I stepped out of the door and was sent t prison for two years. I go out today and I g west. My cell-mate and I have made it u to go, but I expect only trouble. He is not good man, but has been good to me and ha taken my part. He is the only friend I have. am sorry that I trifled with that windmill an the little water wheel, but I always wanted t make things and believe that I could if I hac a chance. Goodbye. GASPAR GAUTIER."

Abner took the first stage for Boston, but though he made every inquiry and advertise in the paper for the boy to come home, h got no trace of Gaspar Gautier, nor did he during the remainder of his life, hear of him though he never ceased to hope and pray fo the wanderer's return. The West, the great immeasurable maw of the West, had swallowe the boy as leviathan might have swallowed minnow. So long as Abner Hardy lived he seldom knew a quiet hour when there did no come into his mind, to be revolved over an over again, the concluding words of Gaspar letter: "I am sorry that I trifled with tha windmill and the little water wheel, but I al ways wanted to make things and believe tha I could if I had the chance." "Yes, yes, you might, my lad," Abner would say half aloud "But for me and my stupidity, and but fo Our Hiram and his overbearing nature, Go forgive us, **you might have made a man.**"

THE WIZARD

By Joseph K. Hutchinson

(Written for The California Weekly.)

The year has breathed upon his magic ring
That sets the turquoise sky; the buds unfol
Their brilliant secrets to the tender wold
Whose heart has taught such lavish bourgeon
ing.
More prodigal that ever victor king
Has dreamed his triumphs, does the marigol
Inflame the field; the April wind is bold
To ravish tulips of their treasuring.
What piracies of petals have been flung
Upon the sunlit grass, in disarray
Of daring scarlet and strange yellow freight
With all these riches to await among
The slow song of the twilight moon, you stay
The world, and keep the charm inviolate.

SHEAR WIT

group of Scotch lawyers were met convivy at an Ayrshire inn one cold evening last ember. The conversation turned upon prociations. "Now, I," said one of the barris, "always say neether, while John, here, s nyether. What do you say, Sandy?" The tipple had made Sandy doze, and at the llen question he aroused and replied, "I? I say whuskey."—Lippincott's.

ichard Croker, at a luncheon at Palm ch, was remined by a course of grilled sars of a story. "You know, of course," he , "the horse guards at Whitehall in Lon. They are the finest English regiment. ry man is over six feet, from the colonel rn, and, on guard before Whitehall with r jackboots, their snowy buckskin breeches, r enormous shakoes and their brass breastes, are an imposing sight. Once, as I mod past Whitehall, I saw a little street urchin ing up and down before one of the stately rds in his bright, bulging breastplate and ting: 'Now, then, old tin jacket; I'm after with a sardine opener!'"—Detroit Free ss.

Whash trouble, ol' fel'?" asked a tipsy celeit of a stranger in like distress. "She' 'ere," the other convivial one. "whar I wan' ow 's thish: Ish tha' light a lamposh or ish moon—hi?" The convivial newcomer yed on his heels and studied the light for a time. Finally he said with profound grav- "Don' know, ol' fel'. Am a shranger here elf!"

here was a deacon in Georgia who had slighted by the campaign committee dura vigorous campaign for prohibition. One t he was called upon to speak. He still rted from the committee's previous neglect, when he rose to speak he said: "Brethren, ve searched the Holy Writ carefully, and ve found but one reference to water as a rage. On that occasion the one who re- to it was in hell, where he deserved to And he, Dives it was, only asked for a of it!"—New York Times.

eccentric preacher had a church member ed Mark who was in the habit of sleeping urch. One day the preacher, to accentuis text, and, possibly, to awaken his parner, began with the thrice-repeated word: k! Mark! Mark!" Up jumped the delint. As he stood upright in the presence of congregation the preacher delivered the ext: "Mark the perfect man, and behold pright, for the end of that man is peace!"

understand that the Chinese are discardheir absurd pigtails?" "Yes, and selling air to the American women who make of it and wear it on their heads."—Hous-Post.

story is told of a well-known Sheffield , who, when asked to sing at a dinner, ugh he had no music with him, went on platform to try, says Tit-Bits. The man is best, and he broke down in the middle etired. He was cheered up by an elderly who tapped him on the shoulder and "Never mind, lad, tha's done thy best; feller as asked thee to sing owt to be

sk for leave to print 'Lucile' as a part of emarks," said the new congressman. t has that got to do with your speech on og industry?" inquired a floor leader. ing. But the young people of my dis- want me to send 'em some good poetry d evenings."—Washington Herald.

Hop Watterson tells how he was once for a "drummer" by a traveling salesman who was riding on the same train. In the stranger was so confident that he ddressing another of the guild that he the conversation by inquiring: "Do you ent a big house?" "Biggest on earth," l the Bishop, who was "on" in a twink- "What's the name?" was the next ques- "Lord & Church," replied the Bishop. " mused the drummer; "never heard of ny branch houses?" "Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God easily. "That's queer!" went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a boastful representative of some small concern. "Er—boots and shoes?" "No." said the Bishop. "Hats and caps?" "No." "Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation. "Well," said the Bishop, "some folks call 'em notions."

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit farther than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."—Old Favorite.

A newly arrived English prelate, with much clerical excess in his appearance, boards a trolley car in New York. He is on the alert for information. Seeing what he supposes to be a vigorous working-class specimen, he sits down by him with the question, "I hear you have been having very interesting political events here in New York during the last week or two." The gentleman from the Bowery turned to take a leisurely but rather consuming look at his questioner, "I don't know," was the answer, "I've been drunk the last fortnight," and the conversation closed.

A great southern teacher, the late Dr. McIver, claimed that our travelling salesmen—drummers—are the reservoirs of what is most peculiar in American wit. Dr. McIver added that the drummers, immediately after the Civil War, were the first real peacemakers. They went in large numbers through the Southland seeking trade. There was the never failing resource of a batch of good stories. "During these first bitter years," said the doctor, "when the clergy, editors and politicians were fighting each other across the line, the drummer was the real brother and neighbor, and it convinces me that the Good Samaritan was himself a drummer. You remember that the church fold came upon the poor fellow and the first said, 'This is too bad, but I have an appointment in Jericho, so I will ask some one from the Christian Association to look out for him.' The next man—probably a deacon—has to meet his wife in Jericho at five o'clock, and thinks he will telephone to the Associated Charities to take up the case. Finally comes the drummer, who is touched by compassion. He takes the poor fellow in hand, according to scripture. The internal evidence that he was a drummer is complete. He knew where the best hotel was; he was coming that way again, and he had liquor by him."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of BOWERS PORTABLE GRADING AND CONVEYING MACHINE COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 414, Foxcroft building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 3 p. m. for the purpose of transacting the regular business of the said corporation.

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT.
Julius Calmann, Secretary.
4-15-3t

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.
4-8-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of CHARLES H. CROWELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the office of Thomas E. Haven, Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

ROBINSON CROWELL,
ANNIE N. CROWELL,
Executor and Executrix of the last will of Charles H. Crowell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 25, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, 941 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., attorney for Executor and Executrix. 3-25-5t

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ROSE M. HANSON and GEORGE F. HANSON, Plaintiffs, vs. ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

No. 20,137. Dep't. —.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, Greetings:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Rose M. Hanson and George F. Hanson, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and city and county, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in and upon that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Fillmore street, distant thereon sixty-five (65) feet southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly line of Fell street with the westerly line of Fillmore street,; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Fillmore street, thirty (30) feet; running thence at right angles westerly, one hundred (100) feet; running thence at right angles northerly, thirty (30) feet; and running thence at right angles easterly, one hundred (100) feet to the said westerly line of Fillmore street, and the place of commencement.

Being in and part of Western Addition Block Number Three Hundred and Sixty-nine (369).

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit:

That it be adjudged that the plaintiff Rose M. Hanson is the owner of said property, in fee simple absolute, as and for her own separate property, and that her title be established and quieted, and that the court give judgment herein ascertaining and determining all the estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, and such further order, judgment or relief as may be proper in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

[Seal of Superior Court] H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

Memoranda.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in or lien upon the said real property, adverse to plaintiffs:

The City and County of San Francisco, whose address is at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. 2-18-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Party Government as It Was

In a country where government is by party whoever controls the government of the party in power controls the government of the country. This is a truth that has been slow in reaching the comprehensions of the men of California, especially within the Republican party.

In a country where government is putatively representative the government of political parties should be representative also, else the government of that country can not be truly representative no matter what pretenses may be set up.

Again, a free country is not ordinarily stripped of its freedom by overturning a republic and setting up a monarchy or an oligarchy in its place. The transition is so gradual as almost to escape observation. The outward forms of a republic are kept up, but only as a pretense and a mask to cover real dictatorial or despotic power. Our Central American states are cases in point, as also is Mexico. Their governments are republican in form but oligarchical in substance, and if our republican institutions pass away it will be so imperceptibly as almost to escape attention and it will begin with the mastery, by private or corporate interests, of the governments of the political parties that strive with each other for control of government.

In California the Democratic party has been more democratically governed than has the Republican party, but the Democratic party has been little in power and, therefore, how it was governed has not been so important. The Republican party has been in power most of the time for thirty years and, therefore, how it was governed has been of great importance to the state.

The ordinary method of party government throughout the country has been about as follows: Each precinct has sent one or more delegates to a county convention. Sometimes these delegates have been nominated and elected at precinct primary elections, sometimes by caucuses, after public notice has been given in accordance with a call issued by the county committee of that party. Generally a little coterie of friends of some aspirant for office meet in advance of the caucus and make a ticket of delegates that suits them. When the caucus meets, or the precinct primary is held, this ticket is put in the field. Perhaps the champions of some opposing candidate bring out an opposing ticket and the issue is determined when the vote in the caucus or precinct primary is taken, and so one candidate or other gains the delegation from that precinct that is to sit in the county convention.

When the county convention is held the friends of candidates for state offices become active in securing the election of delegates to the state convention favorable to their candidates and the issue between opposing candidates is fought out there. The successful ones go to the state convention, the unsuccessful remain at home.

For the government of the party in the county there is constituted, at the county convention, a county committee, usually composed of one delegate from each precinct, the delegates from each precinct generally choosing one of their own number. In some states, and in some counties in this state, it has been the custom to choose county committeemen at the polls when the primary election is held. When this county committee meets, usually after the adjournment of the county convention, it proceeds to elect a county chairman, secretary, treasurer, and perhaps one or two other officers, and an executive committee of which these officers become members ex-officio. It is designed that this executive committee shall carry out the purposes and policies of the larger county committee, but, in practice, it generally runs the whole party machinery without troubling the larger committee to do anything except to do precinct work. Sometimes the county convention itself elects the county chairman, and the executive committee is constituted on his nomination.

When the state convention meets it has been the custom in most states for the delegates from some political subdivision to select from among their own number a member of the party state committee. In California state committeemen are generally selected from assembly districts. This state committee then selects an executive committee, not always from its own membership, with chairman, secretary and other officers ex-officio members thereof. So constituted, party government is sufficiently representative and may be presumed to carry out the wishes of party voters.

For about twenty years it has been the custom for Republican state conventions to authorize the gubernatorial candidate, in gubernatorial years, and the chairman of the convention in other years, to select an executive committee of twenty-one members. This committee assembles and selects its officers, and then the executive committee, so constituted, officers and all, is injected into, and made part of, the Republican State Committee. Inasmuch as, by bargain counter methods, the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company has usually been able to designate the gubernatorial candidate and the chairman of the convention, and, inasmuch as the executive committee has been the real governing body of the party, the Republican party of California has, for twenty years at least, been governed by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company.

And, inasmuch as the Republican party has governed California, it follows that the real government of California has been that of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company, except that some governor, or other officer, as George C. Pardee, for instance, refused to submit to corporation dictation when once in office, although named for office (reluctantly, however) through this power. Republicans of California have been slow to understand that they have not governed their own party, but the fact has been brought home to them pretty clearly by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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s Week: "THE HOUSE WIFE AND THREE DRAGONS"

—By Ray McIntyre King

THE CALIFORNIA-WEEKLY: APRIL 29 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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An Enteric Beneficence

ANSPIRES THAT THE PREDICTED retirement of :h and Hale from the United States Senate is not to be d to advancing years, fear of failure in being re-elected, tious scruple or unrequited affection on the part of their ents, but altogether to an intestinal difficulty which these esmen share, like everything else, in common. May they their departures until they have communicated their to Penrose, Carter, Depew, Cullom and the other mem- that gray-wolf group. God bless that germ! May it redemption of the United States senate.

McCarthy's Only Chance

EDING THAT MAYOR McCARTHY is desirous of ng San Francisco good government, upon what theory expect to do it when he sought his political preferment inds of every untoward element in the life of the city, tenderloin to the higher-ups, from the banjo-eyed kid alhoun? Do men gather pigs from thistles and dairy n ant-hills? There does not exist in the whole McCarthy it the elements out of which good government can be , even though McCarthy contained the wisdom of all His men will fall down on him like so many nine-pins ie he sets them up. His only chance of escaping the chmitz is to make friends of his enemies and enemies of ls, from Dan to Beersheba and "a" to "izzard."

Good Hunting at Home

JUNGLES OF THE DARK CONTINENT Theodore elt encountered an animal that looks like a man and idates men, kills women and tears little children in n Africa they call it a baboon. In America a similar hich do the same things, are called cotton manufactur- ul operators, and our jungles are full of them. In fact, hunting grounds for that species of game can be found than in the United States senate, where the textile in- re given every aid and comfort and the Beveridge na- ld-labor law is held at bay.

Judge Lawlor's Grit

ONOR TO JUDGE W. P. LAWLOR for standing to ins. Knowing as he must, after so many months, and s, of hearing evidence and arguments in the graft cases ccused are guilty and deserving of punishment, despite thy and corporate pressure, alone and unable of himself the vindication of the laws, he nevertheless stands firm es to be a party to any compact to quash indictments true bills and set free criminals who should do time in f California has any man on the superior bench who o be called higher it is W. P. Lawlor. He is true grit.

Who Brings the Hindus?

BRINGS THE HINDUS to our shores, those alien, g peoples, anemic, soul-weary, that spawn like fish and flies? Why, they are the same that fetched the Chinese at scattered the Mexican peons up and down our val- brought in Greeks by the ten thousand and have ran- habitable globe to find men of so low an estate that be willing to work for a pittance and live on so much hat, that they may save to send for more of their kind iem compete with American manhood, to debase an American standard of living. The question is answered in the asking. These people are being fetched here by those whose only concern is for dividends, whose only use for a country is that it may be exploited, only regard for a common heritage is that it may be cashed in. It were a righteous retribution if their descendants were to be sunken into this moiling mass of submerged humanity. For any man, or corporation of men, to be so heedless of their country's good is treasonable.

Wisconsin's Advisory Vote

FRIENDS OF THE SENATORIAL ADVISORY VOTE idea have been fearful lest the courts hold the device to be a restriction upon the constitutional right of a legislature to elect without hampering conditions, but the supreme court of Wisconsin has held that legislators are only agents of their principals, The People, and that if The People desire to instruct their agents how to vote they may do so. To legislative gentlemen who have been accustomed to derive their agency from a railroad political bureau and receive their instructions from a Jere Burke or a Walter Parker, the opinion of this court, that The People are the masters, must seem wondrous strange and hard to harmonize with immemorial custom. Perhaps this able decision from a free and able court in a free and able state may help to make California free and able and give it such a court!

Not Big Enough

SENATOR DOLLIVER WAS RIGHT in affirming that the Republican party of this nation is big enough to contain men of differing shades of opinion, but it is not big enough to contain many men differing radically in their allegiance. As this country could not exist half slave and half free so the Republican party can not endure half loyal to country and half in vassalage to feudal lords that worship no god but gain and covet no good not expressable with the dollar sign. Sooner or later the party will break in two on that line and the sooner the better for party and country.

A Great Idea

POLICE COMMISSIONER FLANNERY is reported to have confessed his inability to explain why he telegraphed to Buncoman Abbott, "Joe, my promise is right," but he should not suffer that inability to distress him. The public will unfailingly supply the requisite explanation. A tolerably good guess would be that he had promised to help the bunco-gentleman and friend harvest the always abundant sportive fool crop of San Francisco. Who it was that first set a thief to catch a thief has been lost in antiquity, but it was left to Mayor McCarthy to appoint a saloon-keeper and sport to regulate saloonkeeping and sporting life in the interests of public good order and good morals. It was a great idea, the greatest McCarthy ever entertained, but it hasn't worked real well.

Nicely, Thank You

LINCOLN-ROOSEVELTERS are accused of being pessimistic and hopeless. Nothing could be farther from the truth. From all directions come the best of reports. We've got the rascals on the run and all we've got to do is to keep a prodding of 'em to make 'em skedaddle like Samson's foxes and for a similar reason. The good time is coming, boys. It has been long, long on the way, but it is in sight at last. Liberty and freedom's ours. O glory!

The Greater Joy

It was President Taft who lately gave expression to a mild envy of Andrew Carnegie, not because of the joy he had experienced in making his many millions, but for the greater joy of being able to do good with his money.

It is not Carnegie's money that Carnegie is giving away. The price he received for his interest in the plants sold to the United States Steel Corporation, though expressed in bonds, was represented by common stock and that stock was wholly water. The iron-consuming industries of the country were bonded to him for fifty years, and two generations of toilers will sweat and die that Andrew Carnegie may carve his name on a thousand structures as a philanthropist and benefactor of mankind. Not all can see this, probably he does not, but it is true. The justest disposition he could make of the evidences of his enormous wealth would be to do with them what William Allen White's "Certain Rich Man" did with his—burn them.

But Andrew Carnegie will never get the pleasure out of giving that money away that he got out of making it. From all accounts those years were a delirium of intoxication, an ecstacy of bliss. He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race and the culmination of it was the extorting from Morgan and his syndicate of an undreamable price for his possessions. More joy than he got out of that he could not have contained without bursting.

In making his millions, Andrew Carnegie threw consequences to the winds and gave himself up to the joy of acquisition as a hungry lion abandons himself to devouring his kill. He cannot do that in giving away what he heaped so high. He must now look well before he steps else he will do more harm in disposing of his hoard than he did in piling it up, and no matter how wisely he works, he can not hope to so fully restore to the public as to repay it for the harm he has wrought. The Pittsburg of today, the industrial nightmare of America, is chiefly the product of his hands. Going up, his trail was marked by broken lives and bodies, rebates mulcted against the railroads, frauds committed against his government, and extortion practiced against all his patrons. Shall his going down be marked by public and private mendicancy and a supine dependence upon the rich for those benefactions that are best appreciated when earned at the price of social self-sacrifice?

In only one particular is Andrew Carnegie to be envied. Heaven endowed him with great executive ability. If he had been given grace commensurate with it to inspire him to pay to his workers as large a wage as he could, make their toil as tolerable as was in his power, their lives and limbs as safe as possible, their home surroundings as attractive, their municipal government as honest and efficient, if, in fine, he had devoted himself with self-abandon to making Pittsburg the model industrial city of the world, then, and only then, might the President of the United States envy his reputation, his life work, his opportunity for doing good, his joy in having been permitted to live. When we see our good President entertaining false ideals so prevalent we begin to know what a colossal misfortune Andrew Carnegie has been to his race.

Up to You, General Webb

To U. S. Webb, Greeting: You are Attorney General of this State. As such you have power to intervene on behalf of the people when you have reason to believe that the district attorney of any county is faithless or inefficient in the prosecution of criminals. At the bar of justice in and for the City of San Francisco there have been arraigned four illustrious malefactors, viz: Patrick Calhoun, as principal, and Tirey L. Ford, Thornwell Mullally and William Abbott, as hired accessories before the fact. Their guilt nobody questions. Failure to convict them has been charged to the incompetency of Francis J. Heney, a former deputy district attorney. It was openly charged during the political campaign that resulted in the election of Charles M. Fickert district attorney, that, if elected, he would, by reason of influence and prearrangement, so misuse the powers of his office as to permit these malefactors of great wealth and influence to escape prosecution and punishment. Although the allegation was indignantly denied, events which have transpired since his induction into office tend to substantiate the charge. At least, there is evidence enough of faithlessness or lack of zeal to warrant your looking into the facts to see whether or not the interests of the people are being properly and vigilantly cared for. You have given evidence of professional courage and independence of character. The ends of justice demand that such an one as yourself, in default of proper prosecution on the part of the district attorney, come forward, assume control of these cases and prosecute them to final determination. The general public will have faith in your sincerity, acumen and courage. It will have no faith in the conduct of these cases by the district attorney of San Francisco. It may be that the rules of the legal game are such that, under those rules, rich scoundrels and their hired retainers may snap their fingers in the faces of authority and bring the wisest and most prudent efforts to naught. San Francisco stands before the civilized world charged with not wishing to enforce righteous laws against unrighteous wealth and power. It is up to you to prove to the contrary if you can. It may not be within your power. If not, the public will not hold you responsible for results when once you have done your best; but if you withhold your hands in such an emergency as this you cannot be held blameless. Therefore go into the case and sift the evidence. You have the State of California back of you, and the State will back you. It is up to you, General Webb.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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The Sports to the Rescue

San Francisco high school athletic teams fared badly in their competition with teams from interior towns. Therefore San Francisco must have playgrounds, facilities for physical training and capable athletic instructors. **We sports want our side to win.** Better such things from that source than from none, but how pitiful is the reason offered. Athletic contests are stimulating and, within certain bounds, proper, but the child that needs the playgrounds, the gymnasium, the cinder path, is not the one that can throw the hammer, but the child that finds it a fight to keep alive and able to do the work of the school. Physical training, competitive play and manual training constitute an almost divine trinity for developing sterling manhood and womanhood in the cities of this country, if they are to be developed at all. No matter what they cost, the richest paying investment any city can make is in playgrounds. They will pay the largest dividends, morally, intellectually, physically. The ideal city is only the ideal child grown larger. That family which makes no proper provision for its children is as far from the ideal as hades from heaven, and yet few American cities have made provision for children anywhere except housed-up at home and shut-in at school. It is small wonder that one side does not win in competition with the children of the open air and the open fields, be in athletics, educationally or industrially! If the paternal instinct be not strong enough to command justice for the city child, by all means let us rejoice in that reinforcement that is due to the instincts of the sport. **We want our side to win.**

The Fittest Yet

The California Weekly modestly disclaims any share of praise for the President having tendered a place on the supreme bench of the nation to Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, although it was among the first to offer the suggestion. Indeed, the suggestion may be regarded as having been sporadic, occurring simultaneously in a million minds as the best thing. It is not unlikely that the supreme bench may be substantially reconstructed during President Taft's administration. His first appointment was not without fault, Judge Lurton being too old, and it may be that Charles E. Hughes will dispense more law than justice. We have to take that chance, but he is a clean man and an honest one, a courageous man and a sincere one, and Mr. Bryan's intimation that he is under bond to the "interests" is of doubtful justification. It was the fittest appointment the President has yet made.

The Menace of Socialism

Professor Walter Rauschenbusch delivered the Earle lecture course this year at Berkeley. There is perhaps no one in the United States who now commands a larger hearing on sociological topics. On Monday evening last his theme was, "The Coming Society," which he has the faith to believe will be a co-operative commonwealth. He is a socialist. To be sure, his quality of socialism has its fangs drawn and claws clipped, is to be developed by evolution and not by revolution, is to be a gradual growth fitting in where it can and not a scheme made of whole cloth and fitted on; but its essential purpose is to eliminate competition from social order, and, while retaining form of private property and personal initiative, it will not cease its efforts until it democratize all industry and places in the keeping of the state all means of production and all means of distribution.

Berkeley cannot turn out a higher-class audience than that which greeted this lecture and that audience could scarcely contain itself through sympathy with, and desire for, the social order which this able thinker portrayed before it. The evidences of approval were reserved, but deep and sincere. This was only one straw to indicate the set of the social wind, and he is a dull observer who is unmindful of the menacing advance of socialism in this country, in England, on the continent of Europe, in Australia and New Zealand—wherever humanity dares hold up its head in opposition to oppression, spoliation, inequality and wrong.

It would be as profitable for humanity to have the reason dethroned as competition eliminated. Eliminate competitive play from the life of a child and the product is a milksop. Eliminate competition from the life of a nation and the result will be a nation of milksops; but the need for competitive play in the development of a child furnishes small justification for that professional footballism that goes in to win by crushing, stamping, striking, fighting, transforming what should be a game into a scrimmage. This is play commercialized. Competition in play must be softened by a sportsmanlike spirit or what would be a boon to humanity becomes an infamy. So in industry and commerce, that competition which

uld be the life of trade, unbridled, urged by insatiate money-hunger and greedy lust, y ravage as war and destroy as a conflagra-n. If play is to be a benefit, the player must y fair. If competition is to be a boon, it st be mellowed by the spirit of live-and-let-.

But the Rauschenbusches are not bringing us ialism. They are only signal service men to make observations, record them and fore-t probabilities. The makers of socialism those crass materialists who go money-mad , possessing great powers, practice highway bery by wholesale. Do they think that y can eliminate competition among them-es and not teach the commonalty lessons ocialism? By what means shall the many nstand the depredations of the few if not by king common, co-operative cause against common enemy? And this they must do or society resolve itself into patricians and beians, lords and vassals, masters and serfs. patricians will roll in splendor, in squalor plebeians will wallow; the lords will revel icentiousness, in degradation the vassals steep and stew; the masters will strut in otent arrogance, the serfs will cringe and vl in malignant servility. At the finality civilization will become the easy prey of masterful horde prudent enough to have ntained the homely, character-building vir-of competition restrained by the spirit of play, and personal initiative inspired by afe enterprise. If the history of humanity any lesson to teach it is this.

hat the world needs is not socialism, but nristianized individualism, but indications point to an age-long struggle between a alism of the few arrayed against a socialism ie many. Humanity has no choice but to organization with organization, combina-with combination, centralization with cen-zation, corporation with co-operation. The gans and the Rockefellers, not the Rausch-sches and Debses are doing it.

Put It Up to Them

:he reader had been a member of Congress California during the tariff revision ses-commissioned to obtain protective duties ranges, lemons, raisins, nuts, and such Californian commodities as need protec-and, arriving at Washington, had been ned by Aldrich and Cannon, chief huck-of the national bargain counters, that they dump their interests onto the bargain er or have them dumped upon the floor, would the reader have done? If forced to choice between supporting the woolen ule, which he detested, and seeing his own nodities go on the free list, would he have n program" or become an insurgent?

t the situation was a difficult one, and for great abnegation or great courage, not admit of doubt; but that situation no r exists. The issue raised by the Indiana platform is one between tariff making by olling and tariff making by advice of a ission of experts, after searching the ts of the world for the ascertainment of ference in cost of production at home and l, that a tariff schedule may be made to ze that difference, changes to be made as es need to be made to preserve such an zation.

ther issue is as to whether or not the committees shall be constituted by a ttee on committees or by the Speaker ocrat of the House and dictator of legis-for the nation.

Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League take the congressional situation in hand. uld put these issues up to our represen-in Congress, not to find where they did for that is history, but to find, une-ally, in as plain terms as our common ge will admit of, where they stand now l stand in the future. Private assurances ues so fundamental should not suffice. Such assurances should be given that publicity which will constitute a hostage to good faith no matter what pressure special interests may apply. And if those assurances be not forth-coming then the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League should lose no time in finding men who will contest the seat of our every congress-man who will not take the test oath of insur-gency. Loyalty to the nation and to right re-quires that no standpatter be returned.

The Passing of Housewifery

Our "backbone" article for the current week may prove more irritating than stimulating to our women readers, and yet it is not without claim upon their thoughtful consideration. Time was when those housewifely economies, the passing of which occasions our correspondent so much regret, were indispensible for the rea-son that no source of supply other than that of the family kitchen existed. Now food fac-tories are among the great institutions of our land, and their coming has lightened the labors of women immensely and, likewise lightened the purses of the family breadwinners.

There is no question that these food fac-tories can supply the family larder with all the products our correspondent names at far less cost than can the housewife, even though she count her own labor as nothing. The saving and utilization of the offal alone would give the packing house the call of the market.

But it is equally clear that the food combina-tions do not furnish their wares cheaper than the prudent housewife can, and that they will not so long as The Cinch retains its efficiency in exploitation. Our present system of 15-cent buying yields the smallest possible quantity of food at the highest possible price—all that the traffic will bear—and unless the earning capacity of the head of a family be large living must be from hand to mouth and nothing but penury is to be looked forward to in age.

It is possible that the economies of a factory kitchen, as suggested by our correspondent, may so trim the profits of our industrial ex-ploiters as to supply that margin of saving from which provision may be made for the rainy day and for the evening of life. The German house-wife stocks her larder for the year and the in-stitutions which enable her to do it are the mu-nicipal free market and the municipal slaughter-house where the farmer and the matron are brought together. In Germany this is a benevolence of paternalism. In America it would be one step more toward socialism. Well and good. Better that than be at the mercy of food-products combinations with eyes fixed upon The Cinch, and not honorable serv-ice, as the foundation of prosperity.

Mrs. King's paper should be productive of discussion, inquiry and thought, if nothing more, and this paper will be glad to hear, by letter, what its womanfolks think of her article.

Bottle and Bar

Among other devices for lessening the evils of the American saloon there is being agitated in some eastern States measures for prohibit-ing saloons that sell over bars selling in bot-tles not to be drunk on the premises. The reason for it is that men get their appetites whetted at bars, then buy a bottle over the bar and go off and get drunk from its con-tents. Where this reform is under discussion it is proposed to grant liquor licenses for dif-ferent purposes, but never for more than one purpose at the same location. The holders of wholesale licenses must confine their hours of business to those usual with other wholesale houses, the family liquor store to such hours as the retail trade observes, the bar and restaurant to such hours as may be prescribed. All these restrictions tend to mitigate drunken-ness, and whatever lessens the evils of what must be an evil under any condition of facts has a claim upon the suffrages of men. The bottle and the bar should be put asunder.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

At every cement factory is a test room sup-plied with accurate machinery for testing the strength of every batch of cement made at different ages from a few days up to years if the plant has been established so long. Samples are subjected, first to a pulling test to the breaking point and then to a crushing test clear to the crumbling point. When these tests have all been made the manufacturers know what their cement will do; they know what their product will stand under pressure.

Would that there were ways of learning as clearly what any human being will do under a given pressure! In dealing with public af-fairs there is no other question so difficult to answer as what any given candidate will be able to withstand under pressure. This is the question that is being asked now in California concerning every man mentioned for a public office: "What will he do under pressure?" For pressure must needs come sooner or later. When it comes, will the official lose his bear-ings? Will his head turn? Can he stand prosperity? Can he be trusted with power without fear that he will lose his self-control and begin to abuse the power placed in his hands?

Nor are these questions pertinent alone to the few who are selected for special services. They are questions that each individual should seek to answer for himself concerning him-self. The world is full of fair weather saints who go to pieces at the first squall that sings through their rigging. Anomalous as it may seem, there are persons whom a flea bite will make miserable who will subject themselves to the knife of a surgeon, and suffer the loss of an arm or a leg, with scarcely the quivering of the under lip. Who has not seen a home-mother impatient with her children, bewailing her sad fortune, tears on tap or tongue at-tuned to scold, face a case of diphtheria or scarletina with a calm courage that puts her big husband to shame?

There are heights and depths to human char-acter that none of us can scale or sound, and millions are born into the world, and die out of it, wholly unconscious of their own possi-bilities, for the reason that their life line lay along the lowly levels of being. It comes to one in a hundred, or perhaps one in a hundred thousand, to bear the strain of a great pressure or be crushed by it. The equipment that most of us require is that which will serve for daily needs, encountering no great tempta-tions, but a multitude of little ones; being sub-jected to no supreme tests, but under pressure from a hundred sources more annoying than severe, more exasperating than crucial, every waking hour. So life will go on with most of us to the end of it, and even then death may catch us so unawares as to afford us no op-portunity to show in the dying of what stuff we are made.

What is there for us to do about it? Is there need for us to have, somewhere, a test-ing room for ascertaining the strength of the materials of which we are made? Of this much we may be sure: Whoever knows him-self is forewarned and forearmed, but not even the best informed can foreknow the heights and depths which he is capable of attaining. The secret of that may lie with one's grand-parents in their graves. We shall do well if we know our common, every-day likelihoods of character, but these we should know as we know our back yards. If one knows him-self to be susceptible to draughts he is foolish to sit in them. If he knows himself to be easily influenced by his companions he is fool-ish to consort with the evil disposed and only wise when he makes his friends among the upright and the exemplary.

The lesson of all this is that while our su-preme traits are probably constitutional, and we are either of tough fiber or we are not, nevertheless we need not be hopeless of being able to withstand the supreme test of char-acter when it comes if we do withstand all the small tests that come to us in our daily living. A thousand small triumphs will equip us for the supreme need if anything

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Density of Population of Cities

It is difficult to make an American who has threaded his way up or down Broadway, New York, believe that the population of any city in the world is so congested as that of the American metropolis, and even if he has traveled in Europe he is likely to hold to the same impression. Neverthless, the impression is mistaken. New York is not the most densely populated of cities; indeed, by comparison with some other cities, it is not densely populated at all. The population to the acre in New York is 50; that of Paris, first among cities in this respect, 354, or more than seven to each one in New York. Then, in regular order, follow Berlin, with 321 to the acre, or nearly six and one-half to New York's one; London, with 150, three to one; Vienna, with 103, more than two to one; and Munich, with 62, one and a quarter to one. New York is vastly outclassed in this respect, which is one of the good things that can be said about the American metropolis. As for Chicago, which does not strike the traveler as anything approaching a wilderness, its population to the acre is but 31, or less than two-thirds as dense as that of New York. But it might be mentioned in passing that Americans are likely to make up in hurry anything that they may lack in condensation.

Our Long Ago Grandparents.

Professor Klaatsch—and need it be said that he is a German?—has been studying the prehistoric skeleton dug up in the department of Dordogne, France, last fall, and comparing it with the primitive Neanderthal skeletons, and has arrived at some conclusions which are interesting. Scientists have given to the Dordogne man the name Homo Aurignacensis Hauseri, although it is not absolutely certain that his father's name was Hauseri. As the entire name is too much like Tennyson's brook, and as the middle name would be especially trying for those unfortunates who stutter, it is trusted that we will be pardoned for referring to the gentleman briefly, but tenderly, as Aurie. It appears, according to Professor Klaatsch, that Aurie and the Neanderthal people were of distinct races. Aurie's grandpapa came from Asia, was a cousin, in some degree, of the orang-outang, and the Germanic peoples are descended from him. Some people might consider this line of descent a reflection on the Teutonic tribes, but the non-Teutonic peoples should think twice before they laugh at the Kaiser, for, still according to Professor Klaatsch, the citizens of Southern Europe are descended from both Aurie and the charming Miss Blanche Neanderthal, whose ancestors came from Africa and were related by marriage to the gorilla and chimpanzee. So if it is better to look back beyond Adam and Eve to an ancestry composed of gorillas, chimpanzees and orang-outangs than it is to one composed of orang-outangs exclusively, the South European peoples have the laugh on their German friends, but the pure and unmixed strains seems to be on the German side. Professor Klaatsch opines that both the orang-outang-German family and the orang-outang-gorilla-chimpanzee-Latin family orginally came from Lemuria, the vanished continent which once stuck up out of the wet between Asia, Africa and Australia, but back of that even he gropes, and so the rest of us may as well give it up. Thus does the finding of a disused skeleton in France add to man's knowledge of man, and thus does Science enlighten us, but, considering how faint are the outlines on which she builds, it is not strange that she sometimes asks for a second guess, or even several more.

Blind Because of Parents' Neglect.

Opthalmia neonatorum, the "babies' sore eyes" of common usage, is the cause of a large proportion of blindness, and, concerning this disease, a physician who writes for McClure's Magazine makes the following astounding assertion: "It is an astonishing fact, and one not generally known outside the medical profession, that one-quarter of all the children in the schools for the blind of this country are needlessly blind. These children are doomed to lifelong darkness because at the time of birth their eyes were not properly washed and treated by the attending physician or midwife." The writer in McClure's cites the statistics of various public schools for the blind which show that this disease is the cause of from 30 to 45 per cent of the cases of total blindness in those institutions, but here is the tremendously significant part of his article: "Two cents' worth of nitrate of silver solution and two minutes' of the nurse's time is the cost of prevention in cases of opthalmia neonatorum." Life in a blackened world, then, is the price that multitudes of unfortunates pay for two minutes of neglect. Two minutes of simple precaution at one end of the scale; total blindness at the other! Physicians, nurses and parents alike should read the article in McClure's, and then heed its warning.

London Labor Exchanges Inefficient

Very different is the record made by the official or semi-official labor exchanges of London from that made by similar institutions in Germany. Statistics compiled in the latter country show that about 40 per cent of the applicants to the exchanges are provided with work, while in London hardly 5 per cent of the applicants are equally fortunate. Of 41,024 applications in the British metropolis but 2049 were supplied with work. The total number of female applicants was 3338, of whom but 169 were given work. It will be seen that the proportion of success in connection with the plan in Germany is as eight to one against that in London, and there appears to be little disposition to deny the natural inference that the difference principally is due to the dearth of obtainable employment in London. It is conceded that the labor exchange scheme is a failure in Great Britain, yet the cost of trying it during the fiscal year 1910-11 will be about $1,250,000. Some other remedy must be found for the increasing problem of penury; such, for instance, as the removal of tax privilege from the rich which Britain seems inclined to try.

German Expedition to the Antartic

The German Geographical Society has indorsed a projected Antartic expedition under the command of Lieutenant Filchner. The expedition, as projected, would not be as spectacular, perhaps, as would be one which might reach the South Pole, but, to the extent that it should be successful, it would be beneficial in adding to geographical knowledge. Its object, as announced by the society, would be to ascertain the relation of the land masses about the pole to one another. That is, an endeavor would be made to decide whether the detached masses of land which have been discovered at one time or another are parts of an Antarctic continent or whether they are but fragments of islands. The theory that there is an Antarctic continent long has been held, but it is only theory, with no exact knowledge to base it upon, and it is Lieutenant Filchner's hope either to prove or to disprove it before the projected expedition returns.

Increase of Insanity Prophesied

Professor Lombroso, the noted Italian alienist who died not long ago, had prepared an article which was published recently in an Italian review. The article was prophetic in its nature, and the prophecies were disquieting. According to the eminent professor, the number of insane persons in the civilized world will increase fivefold within the next century. The people of our time, he declares, are overworked and nervous exhaustion results. In this condition they more and more resort to such stimulants as alcohol, opium, cocaine, tobacco, etc. The overwork in itself tends unto insanity, and the stimulants greatly increase the tendency. These things being so, five of our great-grandchildren will be insane for every one of us who is so. There is, however, one ray of light in this gloomy forecast: Although men will be more insane, they will be less criminal than they now are, the uglier passions being more under control, while those born of cunning will be more in evidence.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

MARK TWAIN GONE.

To uncounted thousands of lips those words
e a few days ago, and to every heart there
ne a sense of personal loss and personal
ef. There have been greater writers, more
found philosophers, but no knight of the
n ever was so widely known and so warmly
ed in his own day as Mark Twain is loved.
What man in the world last week was so
miliar to mankind? A slender figure, not
to medium height, a strikingly chiselled
e and head, surmounted by a huge mane
curly hair, the fierce mustaches, the soft
l gentle voice, the kindly expression—these
as well impressed upon the public mind
the outward semblance of any man in
tory.

le loved his fellow men. Not with the
e of the sentimentalist, but with the love
an intelligent mind, a generous spirit, and
varm heart. He could hate, too, and the
, mellow voice could pour forth sulphur-
maledictions upon those enemies of man-
d which are shams and prejudice and ig-
ance and pretense and vain glory and op-
ssion. He turned the volleys of his pen
n such, riddled them with irony and over-
elmed them with laughter.

ut his temper was to seek the pleasant
gs of life. Nine-tenths of literature sings
se "sweetest songs that tell of saddest
ught." Mark Twain found inexhaustible
urces for his art in the brighter side of
gs. Beyond any other one man he led
to find joy and mirth in the discomforts
experiences of everyday life. His own
was seamed with many sorrows, but only
, in a soon-to-be forgotten short story,
he ever let the public know that he was
ncholy. At all other times men turned
im for refreshment and wholesomeness
laughter, and found that for which they
ed.

s an artist, Mark Twain is outranked by
one name in American letters, Edgar
n Poe. Him he outranks in everything
pt the sheer mastery of words. Mark
in's was a far broader vision, a far richer
nality. He has a quality shared with
er geniuses like Shakespeare, the quality
niversality. He touched life at so nearly
point that one who is familiar with his
ngs can quote from him an apt phrase
tory to match almost every experience.
t he missed—and it was by but little—
e supreme art of writing he compensated
by the largeness of his sympathy and
rstanding and by the winsomeness of
expression.

ace to his ashes! He has served us well.
dded vastly both to love and laughter,
ne left a name for honor and clean liv-
nd high courage. The philosophy that
othed in jest lives after him. Hail, and
ell!

THOMPSON-BUCHANAN.

ce George is coming in "A Woman's
." The man who wrote the play is
pson Buchanan, formerly a reporter on
ew York American, Mr. Hearst's paper.
nan is a young fellow, about thirty,
smooth-faced, boyish, humorous, and
oken. To meet him, as the writer once
t a familiar gathering of friends in a
York apartment, you would never dream
e had had some of the thrilling experi-
which he described.

aps his best story is his account of a
sful ruse to defeat the police and get
spaper "scoop." An East Side family
r and suicide was the case. The police
the doors and kept the reporters out.
g for the coroner. Buchanan got a
reporter from the Mail to feign faint-
a lower floor, he carried her into the
ent of a sympathetic lodger, then
locked the lodger in her own kitchen,
he climbed the fire escape and entered
ene of the murder, got photographs
diagram and, with the Mail reporter,
the scoop of the day.

Californian Poets' Corner

ROBINSON CRUSOE—A DREAM OF YOUTH.

By Charles Warren Stoddard.

The air is warm upon his face,
The wave before him parts with grace.
His sail of matted cocoa thread
Upon the blended cane is spread,
His slender skiff of sandal wood
Seems conscious of his peaceful mood.

Returning to his still retreat,
From breathless calm and noontide heat,
He looks upon his island home—
Its azure-deeps, and wreaths of foam.
Through clustered palms, in purple skies,
He sees the mellow moon arise.

The forest yields him sweetest gums;
At his approach, the wild bird hums
On nervous wing; the parrot calls;
The goat looks down from rocky walls;
The sea is silvered at his wish
With clouds of fairy flying-fish.

Now tidying his rustic suit,
He takes his meal of fresh-plucked fruit—
Bananas bursting at the tips,
And figs and dates with juicy lips—
And milk the cocoanut affords
He drinks from stained and carven gourds.

The green turf is his ample bed;
He lies upon a goat-skin spread;
The arbor-shadows dim his sight
And fold him in their dark delight;
The odors of wild blossoms sweep
Upon him in his dreamless sleep.

The sun awakes him with his beam;
He drinks refreshment at the stream.
All fruits are welcome to his taste.
He is not fretful in his haste;
He finds his task forever new
And joyful does what is to do.

He threads the river to its source.
He angles in the water-course,
He lures the sea-bird to his cave,
He harvests coral in the wave,
He tracks all creatures to their haunts,
And shapes the sea-shell to his wants.

For him the ripened guava drops,
The rain is faithful to his crops,
No accident his plan defers,
To him all nature ministers;
What heart could restless be imbued
With this delicious solitude?

O, happy life of simple ways!
O, long recurrence of sweet days!
O, incident of sun and shower,
And great event of opening flower!
O, watchful death that never found
My Crusoe in his hunting ground!

In after years his spirit yearns
To linger in the vale of ferns;
To visit this delightful glen
And clamber with his goats again,
To trap the turtle, drifting slow,
And sleeping while the tide is low.

The busy seasons cannot wean
His heart from longing; though between
The wide and wilful currents play—
He watches for his isle by day.
Across the water seems to gloam
A shadow of his island home.

The sun is sinking in the west—
His dumb companions seek their nest.
He sighs to see that valley dim
While golden stars are watching him;
He weeps to tread again that soil
Beyond the reach of time and toil.

WHAT WRITERS EARN

The following paragraphs, printed in the Christian Science Monitor, are of interest to booklovers: We read that last year 8446 new books were published in Great Britain. When one notes the large incomes of Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, from their writings, he does not wonder that hundreds are tempted to enter the literary field. But they are among the exceptions, and in some cases success has come after many repulses and long waiting. Conan Doyle peddled his story, A Study in Scarlet, from publisher to publisher, and finally sold it for $70. It contained 35,000 words, and he thus got about $2 a thousand. In his latest work he received 60 cents a word for the American serial rights alone. Some of Kipling's finest stories in former days went begging at $50 apiece, while now he commands the highest rates. For the serial rights of Kim in England and this country he received $25,000.

Literature affords some strange contrasts. Former President Roosevelt received an offer from one publishing firm of $100,000 for a book about his visit to Europe, yet Poe was glad to get a $5 bill for one of the best of his tales. Beatrice Harradan made no money from her great success, "Ships That Pass in the Night," which went far into the hundred thousands, because she sold the English rights for $100 and the book was not copyrighted in this country. From Richard Carvel, as a book, and from royalties from the play, Winston Churchill has received over $300,000, and three of his other works have not been far behind. William Dean Howells, though holding first rank as a writer, has never had a great sale for any of his books.

Old-time authors who made large sums included Scott, the elder Dumas, Balzac. Eugene Sue, Emile Zola, Du Maupassant and Alphonse Daudet had fine literary earnings. Thackeray lived in luxury and left a handsome estate, while it is estimated that Dickens earned a million and a half of dollars in his thirty or more years of literary labor.

Of the writers of today there is a considerable number who get high returns for their product, but there are still not a few novelists whose names are familiar to the public and whose books are highly praised who cannot depend upon their books for a living. Judging from results, it may be said that if a novelist does not please women he is rarely a financial success.

ROOSEVELT'S NEW WRITINGS.

The Outlook, New York, requests us to make the following interesting announcement of Theodore Roosevelt's editorials and lectures:

"In the Outlook of April 2d it was announced that Mr. Roosevelt would soon resume his editorial writing for the Outlook. The first editorial of the new series has been received. It is entitled, 'The Pigskin Library.' It deals not only with the books that Mr. Roosevelt took with him on his African trip, but also with Dr. Eliot's 'Five-foot Shelf.' It will appear in the April 30th issue of the Outlook.

"The Sorbonne lecture, which was delivered in Paris on April 23d, will be printed in full in the Outlook dated April 30.

"The Nobel address, which will be delivered at Christiana on May 5th, will appear in the Outlook dated May 7th, which will be issued at noon the day the address is delivered.

"The Berlin lecture, to be given at the University of Berlin on May 12th, will appear in the Outlook dated May 14th, and issued at noon on the day of delivery.

"The Romanes lecture, to be given at Oxford University on May 18th, will appear in the Outlook dated May 21st and issued at noon on the day of delivery."

An interesting study for the lover of books is the effect of type and make-up on the impression conveyed by words. Anyone who has read the same book in two different editions will have noticed an utter difference in the effect.

IN RAISINVILLE, NEE FRESNO

WHAT OIL AND A NEW IDEA HAVE DONE

If any reader of The California Weekly wants to get better acquainted with another city than his own in his state he may find some matters of interest in this account of some things about Fresno. The writer has had the pleasure, in the past, of describing Fresno in various ways to various audiences—through magazines, through "boost" literature, and through private conversations with eastern folk who had never heard of it before—and every time he has approached the subject he has found new interest in it—new signs of progress, new prophecies for the future.

Oil has made a great change in Fresno. We used to hear a great deal about the money that the Blasingames and Shipps and Glenns had made in sheep. Henry Miller and Jeff James and the great cattle plains of the West side and the battle over the water rights of the San Joaquin, all these used to loom largest in the talk on the street corners. Later, M. Theo. Kearney and the raisin business were the storm centers of conversation. The sheep and the cattle and the raisins are still there, but a new big thing has been added. Now you hear that "Jimmy" Ward has made a million in oil and exchanged $1,200 a year as fire chief for some thousands a month as a "producer"; that Hudson Eccleston, who used to run a grocery in the Barton block, is in the company that struck the latest gusher, and has refused a fabulous offer for the stock that he was selling three months ago for ten cents a share; that W. J. Dickey, who has been in every kind of business that Fresno county has ever supported and made money out of most of them, has sold an old piece of grazing land that he accepted as payment for a few hundred dollars debt for well over a third of a million dollars.

Oil has done more than supply a new topic of conversation. It has put new names on the list of our most substantial monied citizens, it has built fine new houses, bought Pierce-Arrow automobiles, taken the family abroad, and sent the daughters to "select" schools with high-priced names in Los Angeles and about the bay.

Never before has Fresno looked so prosperous. Not only oil has done this, but good prices for farm products. The only doleful sound one hears is from the wine-grape people, who coined money a few years ago and who mortgaged the vineyard last year to pay current expenses. Everywhere else you hear the siren note of easy money and quick returns. Everybody has faith in the country. The traction company has it, and is evidencing it by building extensions, by double tracking the older lines, and by bringing in a lot of the latest pay-as-you-enter cars, with air-brakes and all the newest improvements. The city administration is showing its faith by such works as paving miles of streets with asphalt. The citizens have shown it by voting $60,000 for playgrounds. The merchants are showing it by tearing out the interior of the old stores and putting in the most up-to-date fittings and show windows and increased stocks of goods. The investors are showing it by building new business houses and new hotels in blocks that hitherto have been solely residential.

Extension, expansion, that is the idea. The library trustees have arranged to establish branch libraries in all the larger centers of population in the county. The residence districts are being extended in every direction along the routes of extended transportation facilities. The city has expanded by taking into its corporate limits the immediately adjacent "additions" that properly belong in it. The farming area is being extended by the opening of large tracts that used to be managed by one estate or that were held intact partly through inertia and partly for the present rise in values.

One factor in the present rapid growth and diffused prosperity has, I think, been overlooked even in Fresno. This is the probability that the patient years of advertising the county are now bearing full fruit. Year after year the local chamber of commerce taxed its large resources of money and ingenuity in a campaign for eastern publicity that widened and took on better shape and gave a stronger appeal as time passed by. Such publicity requires time to reach large numbers of the people whom it seeks to impel, and more time to convince such people. At last that period is over, and a strong tide of inquiry and personal investigation and eastern investment has set in at Fresno. The great wave of immigration that enters the state at Los Angeles has been partly caught and its flow directed toward Fresno. The result is the influx of unprecedented numbers of new settlers and the rapid development of unused resources of the country about the city.

Meanwhile, Fresno has been educating itself about itself. It learned long ago that cattle and wheat were not the only things it could handle, but in learning that it came pretty near to believing that God had foreordained it to raise raisins and nothing else. Another season of personal experimentation showed the vast possibilities of alfalfa and dairy cows and berries and other things. The small farmer began to have his innings. That is to say, the poor small farmer. Then the well-to-do small farmer found that a few acres of oranges in the foothill country spelled big money. W. N. Moodey, with twenty-one acres of oranges and lemons, got a habit of clearing $7,000 a year from them, and hundreds of others took their cue from him and have made the Mt. Campbell and neighboring districts a vast perfumed forest, bearing golden fruit. (Next publicity agent please copy). Now comes oil and, besides greatly increasing the present wealth of the community, opens up large possibilities for the future.

Oil is cheap fuel, and where fuel is cheap factories are likely to follow. As Fresno widens its rapidly diversifying list of products it will probably be cheaper to make up these raw products into manufactured goods than to ship them to present manufacturing districts. When that time comes the last step will be taken toward a commercially productive life as well-rounded as that of Pennsylvania.

But, as life is not all business, it is pleasant to be able to record a great growth in the gentler side of things in Fresno. One of these is a notable increase in the comforts of everyday life. Perhaps the most striking fact to a returning wanderer from Fresno is the great number of apartment houses that are now to be found there. The first of these was built only a few years—not much more than two years—ago, but already there are dozens of them. They are not the abomination of the great city, with little light and less air and no space about them, but handsome buildings that look like dwellings of the more pretentious sort, set each in a little plot of lawn and shaded by trees, usually with only four apartments to the building, so that every one of them has light and air from three sides.

Another innovation has taken strong hold upon the life of people in Fresno. This is the open air sleeping room. Hardly a dwelling there now but has its screened porch, shaded by curtains that are raised when the lights go out, on which the family spend the hours of sleep in comfort and wholesome contact with all-fresh air. Even the apartments boast this convenience. And the most encouraging thing about the fresh-air sleeping room is not its good effects upon the people, but its significance as an indication that the people have learned to disregard the conventional ideas of a proper mode of living, borrowed from the East, and have set about to devise a new mode based upon the requirements of the local climate. The Fresno Republican, which has annually printed an editorial upon the subject for the last fifteen years, may yet have the pleasure of recording that business is suspended daily from 12 to 2 during the summer months, that all the houses are built to fit the climate of Fresno instead of the climate of New England, and that the people dress for Fresno weather instead of San Francisco weather.

In spite of what was said above about o and oranges and divers things, Fresno sti produces some thousands of carloads of raisir every season, and it is only fair to conclud this article with a boost for the annual fe tival that will be celebrated there tomorrov **Raisin Day.** Last year, with a big holdover c the crop unsold from the preceding seaso everybody turned to and helped, by adve tising and example, to clear the market befo the crop of 1909 should get to the packers. Tl railroads gave wide publicity to April 30t the hotels and steamship companies, even Co gress and the President helped. The resu was a quick disposition of the holdover an incidentally, a lot of free advertising for Fre no that the most ill-tempered person could nc begrudge. The idea that April 30th be a nually advertised as Raisin Day is now pa of the scheme of things in Fresno. This ye the holdover is relatively small, but still in portant enough to need to be cleared out c the way of the approaching crop, and every body is properly urged to "Eat Raisins" tomor row and help the good work along.

Fresno is going to do its share. The loca festival will include an aviation exhibitio and a racing meet and a season of developin mutual good will and the co-operative spiri Fresno will even eat a lot of its own raisin as an evidence of good faith (also because really likes them, and always does eat them and it will be happy in the knowledge tha in a thousand other cities and towns peopl who are good-natured and who also like raisin are making it a point to do the same. So, b good-natured and at the same time give your self a treat and

EAT RAISINS.

WOMEN

Miss Mary Dreier of the Woman's Trad Union League has expressed her approval c the plan of trousseau insurance which was sug gested to the members of the Chicago Wom an's Trade Union League a few days ago. Mis Dreier said that such an insurance scheme ha been started in New York among the Italia girls and had been successful, furnishing an in centive to save aside from the ultimate objec of providing the girls with trousseaus on the marriage.

Mrs. J. Scott Anderson, principal of th Swarthmore School and Kindergarten for th Deaf, has been appointed to represent four dif ferent organizations at the International Con gress of Home Education to be held at Brus sels during the third week in August. Gover nor Stuart sends her to represent the Commor wealth of Pennsylvania, and she will also rep resent the American Academy of Social an Political Science, the Philadelphia League c Home and School Associations and the Wom an's Club of Swarthmore.

Frau Margaret Dittmer, the first polic woman to be appointed in Berlin, Germany, re ports that during her first year of service sh had to deal with 604 cases. Among her charge were 165 boys and girls who had run awa from their homes in the provinces and com to Berlin. In many respects Frau Dittmer' duties correspond with those of women proba tion officers in American cities. Youthful de linquents, waifs and deserted children ar placed in her charge and she deals with the as she sees fit.

DE SHEPA'D AN' HIS SHEEP

Oh, de shepa'd he care foh de sheep ob de fol'
But de sheep dey go wanderin' troo
De pafs dat lead to de dahk an' de col',
So de shepa'd he call, he do:
"Come back, come back,
Po' sheep dat stray,
Foh my lub mus' lead
If you' fin's de way."
But dey's flowahs an' grass on de downwa'
track,
So de sheep strays on an' dey don' come back
Den de flowahs fade, an' de grass grow thin
An' de sheep dey am hongry an' col',
An' dey hahk foh de shepa'd's voice agin
Dat am callin' 'em still to de fol':
"Come back, come back,
Po' sheep dat stray,
Foh my lub mus' lead
If yo' fin's de way."
An' de shepa'd am glad if no ill befalls
De po' los' sheep dat he calls an' calls.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Au Revoir, Dear Mark

by, dear Mark. There's none does not
recall
e day, else cold, your genial humor
thawed
first we roamed with you, each one your
thrall,
all, with you, were Innocents Abroad.
ypt, France or storied Palestine,
one quaint drawl, your own, we learned
o hark,
ith, it cheered the soul like rarest wine.
ne! Good-by, dear Mark.

Tom we lived our care-free youth once
more,
Colonel Sellers taught us how to dream;
nce and Pauper conned life's lessons
er;
Huck and Tom have floated down
he stream;
ays, always—oh, thou kindly soul!—
led us on by ways that ne'er were dark,
us that smiles may pay gray Fortune's
ll.
-by, good-by, dear Mark.

en soul was yours. Your laugh was
ard
e shallow Pretence built his citadel,
when eyes by drops of pain were
urred,
aught the weeper, "Smile, and all is
ell."
w you journey—nay, we know not
here,
ell we know it is a smiling way;
t good-by to you, in God's kind care,
revoir, we say.

* * *

When Our Neighbors Go Astray

re quite right, Bartholomew, in say-
the manner in which Lycurgus acted
ful, and naturally you and the rest
eighbors are very much worked up
You and they are so much worked
d, that almost nothing else has been
for several days, and there was none
hat he did not feel justified in taking
fall out of Lycurgus—that is, if
ot present. This righteous indigna-
in, and particularly at the sinner, is,
, very admirable, and it is to your
it—
n, Bartholomew! I have just thought
hing. Do you remember that time
u—well, we won't mention the cir-
es, but doubtless you will recall that
d where the brimstone over the lake
thin. Possibly you fell in, but—
o, nothing shall be said about it.
w would you like to have the neigh-
d loose on that delicate time in your
ar boy? Don't you think it would
d cake and most of the delicatessen
Ah, you can bet it would! To be
also have stubbed their toes and
eir shins in their time, but, like
are fervently trusting that no one
out it—and heaving stones at Ly-

mew, my dear boy, I often think
ipturial incident in which the Won-
e and the Magdalen figured, and I
hat would happen in the modern
posed of our kind of people under
cumstances. Of course, I do not
sometimes I fear that the stones
be hauled fast enough to meet the
mand. For we, whose shins are
the scars of many falls, how we
ur tongues when we see the mire
eighbors' garments!

* * *

Cut-ah-Cut!

oth my neighbor's busy hen
(Cut-ah-cut!)
rden make a wreck again.
(Cut-ah-Cut!)
aceful style it's hard to break,
those hens I'd like to take
and, for my garden's sake,
Cut, ah, cut!

The Opinions of Rufus

You can't git genius by jest orderin' it, but I've seen fellers make a middlin' fair imitation of it by diggin' an' diggin' an' then keepin' on diggin'.

When we hear mean gossip 'bout our neighbors we say, "Alas! Prob'ly it's so;" when we hear it 'bout ourselves we say, "How unforchnit it is that folks do not understand me!"

The preacher said, "Brethren, we must love all mankind." I s'pose he didn't mention lovin' all womankind 'cause he knew most of us would do it, anyway.

It's all right to say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but I reckon it depends. If they wuz buzzards, wouldn't you prefer them in the bush?

If you calc'late you're unselfish, try to make up your mind whether you'd ruther stand a boil on your own neck or a carbuncle on your neighbor's.

Needn't tell me that Love's blind. He can see virtues, in some folks, that the most of us wouldn't notice in a thousand years, I reckon.

An honest man's the noblest work of God, but sometimes it 'most seems that He's overpartic'lar 'bout not lettin' 'em git too commonplace.

Even if a college graduate does carry most of the information of the fam'ly, it's kind o' consolin' to reflect that his pa still signs the checks.

I b'lieve the tendency of wealth is to make men mean, but I'd be willin' to take a chance on provin' that I'm above that kind o' weakness.

'Mong other things that I've got to be grateful fer in this life is the fact that I didn't git some of the things I wanted.

* * *

Perhaps You Know How It Is

Here's a sob of grief and a tear of woe
And a throb of pain combined,
And mine is an anguish I think you know,
For it's common enough, I find.
Oh, I think of the bright things; yes, indeed,
I'm a corker on repartee,
But I think of them anywhere from fifteen
minutes to fifteen days after it is too
late to say them; after the golden opportunity to display my conversational
brightness has passed, and I again have
appeared in the role of a wooden-headed
chump of the mullet breed,
And that's why I weep to-day.

* * *

"And So They Were Married"

If the "higher-ups," as we have termed the possessors of wealth, look upon the rest of us as canaille, a mob composed of sycophants and toadies, I, for one, do not greatly wonder. To be sure, some of us do not deserve such classification, but the considerable rest of us so abjectly strive for it that it is not strange if an onlooker is misled into believing that the most of us are in the kowtowing mob.

A daughter of the house of Gould was married, the other day, to the son of another wealthy house. She is not noted for beauty, for grace, intellect or spiritual gifts. Nevertheless, thousands of Americans (mostly petticoated) turned out to see the wedding party; they all but overwhelmed the policemen on guard; they were a gasping, staring, crowding, pommeling rabble. Why did they do this disgusting thing? Why, the young woman is the granddaughter of one of our "robber barons" (with the emphasis on the first word in this case); she represents the Golden Calf, and she was dressed for the role. Therefore did the thousands to whom self-respect is unknown turn out, and therefore did they, metaphorically speaking, salaam, prostrate themselves and kiss the gilded hoof.

So I say it is not strange if the "higher-ups" look upon the rest of us as hoi polloi. It is somewhat hard on those of us who would sooner be whipped than thus fall upon our faces, but the representative of God Cash sees the scuffling mob, and not those of us who stay at home, and so his erroneous conclusion is natural and probably inevitable.

Something Wrong With the Records

The typewriter drags unto its task, the letters drop slowly, the inkpad blurs, confusion and distress are in my soul, for—let it be written with blinding tears—the records of the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Kansas show that [illegible] fail in more than one [illegible] number the women [illegible] to one.

Brother, brother, how shall we account for it? Do we not know that [illegible] intellect is superior to the [illegible] do we not frequently admit it? [illegible] we admit a thing, it is so, [illegible] And yet those records! How shall we [illegible] them away? It is not [illegible] tion to the fact that this direful condition came to pass in Kansas, and that Kansas is singular. It is, indeed, singular—for instance, in the amount of civic righteousness to the acre—but the connection between this singularity and the decrease of masculine [illegible] crease of feminine brain-power is not evident. It might be urged that Kansas women are exceptional, but so are the men, and so that possible argument runs into nothing.

The more I think about it the more disturbed I am. My sister brighter than I? Perish the thought! Your sister brighter than you? Take an ax to the [illegible] sure, the impression is the old man's; be that the brightness of the families principally represented by the girls, but were the boys, and so we knew better.

Brethren, this is a time of woe. Let's write to the University of Kansas and ask what's broke. Of course, records are records, but something must be wrong. We can't admit the implication, and we never will admit it—never.

* * *

Quit Your Frowning, Brother

The world is as good as we make the world.
So quit your frowning, brother.
As the great, round planet is onward whirled
One day is as good as another,
And whether the heavens are gray or blue
It matters no whit is a statement true,
For the light that counts is the light in you.
So quit your frowning, brother.

There's music above us, and music about:
Then quit your frowning, brother,
For the melody's lost if we shut it out,
The song by a growl to smother,
And whether life's melody upward mounts,
Or waileth the minors that grief announce,
The song in the heart is the song that counts
So quit your frowning, brother.

There is some one is needing your smile today—
Then quit your frowning, brother—
As a light to shine on his better way,
Though he long has walked another,
For a smile that is sweet as the smile is true
Turns the sun of life to a brighter hue,
And it shines for all as it shines for you
So quit your frowning, brother.

* * *

A Paris-of-America Fable

Two spirits who were wandering through space met and paused for conversation.

"Mayor McCarthy is rapidly securing for Paris of America," the first spirit remarked.

"Are you sure?" the other inquired.

"Oh, absolutely certain."

"Seen anybody from there?"

"No."

"Been there yourself?"

"No—that is, not nearer than a few hundred miles."

"How do you know, then?"

"Why, I smelled it, of course."

Moral—If one's moral olfactory nerve is not dead, there is no escaping the knowledge.

* * *

He's Back From Elba

What means this vast [illegible]
That thrills or startles men
Of every race and [illegible]
Why, Teddy spoke again

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Republican Line-up Take a Look at It

California is a Republican State. The probabilities are that the Republican candidate for Governor nominated in August will be elected in November. The only thing that can prevent such a consummation is a fatuous and stupid disregard for the state of the Republican mind at this time. In this campaign the old-time appeal to stand by the grand old party will fall on deaf if not on resentful ears. That the statue of Robert E. Lee stands in the Hall of Fame at Washington will not so outrage the patriotic sense as to cause Republicans in California to fail to look well to other issues. Nor is the need for tariff protection likely to blind voters to the injustice of tariff exploitation. Furthermore, the making of California a free State seems at last to have secured that place in the thoughts of men that its importance justifies. In view of these considerations it will be in order, even so early, to take a look at the Republican gubernatorial line-up. It is not likely to be materially changed, if at all, until within a week or so before the primary election.

Alden Anderson "Organization" Man

That Alden Anderson is a preferred "organization" candidate for Governor is evident if surface indications are to be accepted as true. Anyhow, Mr. Anderson thinks so and, if it is not so, then it is because Alden Anderson has been taken in just as William Crocker was taken in in San Francisco last fall. We think that the fate of Crocker will be the fate of Anderson, but he evidently is not of that opinion and, in fairness, it must be conceded that his political baptism did not take place last Sunday.

Now the Republican "organization" is the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. The twain are one flesh. No man in his senses will deny this, and if one were to deny it his face would give his mouth the lie and make good the allegation.

Mr. Anderson is not the railroad candidate because he is a railroad man, but because he is a decent, capable fellow who has managed so adroitly through his entire political career as never to have been for or against railroad domination of his party or his State.

And because he can call to his aid the championship of that portion of the Republican party whose domination of the party has caused the party to be looked upon as materialistic to the core. This contingent cherishes no ideals that are not commercial, no enthusiasms that are not industrial, no hopes that are not contained in the single word, "prosperity." It is because Mr. Anderson, as he himself artlessly expressed it, "loves to see the wheels go round," and can appeal especially to the commercial and financial interests to help the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau to nominate him, that he was brought forward as the "organization" candidate.

Deep down in its inner consciousness this element has no love for a Republican form of government. An autocracy, an oligarchy, a government by grand dukes or by a bureaucracy, by a king or a railroad, would be all the same to that constituency, provided that the mob were held in subjection, prosperity were guaranteed and gentlemen of affairs were accorded courtesies befitting their importance when applying for special privileges or, unhappily, confronting the bar of justice. This is the element behind Mr. Anderson and his candidacy, and it is formidable. It has the money and it is organized.

Curry California's Greatest Politician

Charles F. Curry is a much abler man than Alden Anderson. There is no man in the State who could make a better Governor than he could, and few who would be likely to make a worse Governor than he would. At a time when the best thought of state and nation is devoting itself to ways and means for taking politics out of politics, Mr. Curry offers himself as the best living representative of politics in politics as Republican candidate for Governor. Charles F. Curry is the apotheosis of politics. He cherishes no ideals that are not political and no enthusiasms that are not grounded in political patronage. His conscience is political, his morals have a political sanction, his virtues are political and his vices likewise. His ability, admittedly considerable, is political; his type of mind is political, and by profession he is a politician. Politics with him has ever been the means by which he doth live, the diversion for his leisure hours, the enthusiasm of his youth and the solace of his declining years. What Charles F. Curry does not know about politics is not worth knowing, and what he does know that is not political may perhaps be placed at an equal valuation. He has never been antagonistic to the "organization" or to organization methods, and it is hard to understand why the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau should oppose his candidacy unless through fear that, if nominated and elected, he might venture to dispute the supremacy of Mr. Herrin as chief pilot of the Republican party in this State. That might prove serious, but as between Curry and Jonhson, there can be no question as to where the Herrin influence will be thrown. It will not be thrown to Johnson.

What Stanton Represents

The candidacy of Phil. Stanton for Governor, besides representing "organization" politics in the State, represents the idea, limitedly entertained in the South, that Southern California should name the Republican candidate for Governor this time. If Stanton's southern backers should work themselves into a fever heat over his candidacy, and he should fail, and Joseph Call should become the "organization" candidate of the Democracy, the situation might prove important in the event of Call's nomination. The Southern Pacific's Political Bureau will have more than one string to its bow if it can provide a second to be used betwixt the primary and the election. It is a fact that has to be considered in relation to the direct primary that animosities engendered during the primary election are likely to be carried on into the general election. This has been the case in Oregon, and Californians and Oregonians do not greatly differ except as to their feet.

Nathaniel Ellery Political Puzzle

State Engineer Nat. Ellery is not in the political infant class. He learned a few things under the Gage administration, a few more while Pardee was in office, and he may be accredited with graduate work under Gillett. He need not be told that he stands no more chance of being nominated for Governor of California than for Minister to Liberia. He is a capable engineer, a hard worker, but one of those workers who feels that he must see to everything himself and, there not being hours enough in the twenty-four to do this, he falls behind in his department. This implies a lack of that unhurried executive ability, exerted through others, by which big business is done and large tasks accomplished. Mr. Ellery's candidacy is strategic rather than bona fide, the value of which is not clearly apparent unless it be to hold a few hundred votes in Northern California away from Johnson that would assuredly go to Johnson if Ellery's name were not up. Unless put into the fight for some strategic reason, Mr. Ellery will probably drop out of the contest, for he is no fool and will soon perceive, if he has not done so already, that he has not a deceased African's chance for the nomination this time.

Now We Come to Hiram W. Johnson

The candidacy of Hiram W. Johnson for Governor of California challenges the championship of every man who believes that tomorrow can be made better, more just, more tolerable for all men, more delightful to live, than today is or than yesterday was. While the supporters of Anderson would be content with any kind of government that would preserve order and bring prosperity, and the supporters of other candidates named are not worrying about such things, Mr. Johnson and his supporters will rest content and t able under no government that is not of, by and for the people. Mr. Johnson and his follo have taken counsel with their souls and ve declared that justice shall be made equal an as free as equal; that there shall be equalit of opportunity and before the law; that vile property rights must be preserved, the right of man transcend rights to property; that pr perity, though desirable, and to be sough or through prudent governmental methods, co too high and costs too much if purchased at price of turning government over to the be ficiaries of special privilege. Instead of ing the pessimists they are accused of being cause they find fault with conditions as ey are, the supporters of Johnson are the ost radiant of optimists. With joy and enthusi m, and little thought of self, they are bidding le spondent people lift up their eyes, take cour age and wade in for a free California nd equal justice for all. Hiram W. Johnson as chosen for their leader for the reason that of all men in California, he best represented he buoyant spirit of the New Americanism.

Too Good To Be True

It has been passed out and around that the "organizatn" thinks so highly of State ntroller A. B. Nye that no opposition will be offered to his nomination and election. It would be a fine tribute to a most loyal, pis-taking, efficient and able State official, as ell as an honor to the "organization," if the rtor were to prove true, but it is not likely to be. The position which Mr. Nye holds may well be worth hundreds of thousands to the "interes." It may, indeed, be true that the Demo ts if they maintain their party freedom, may leave the office of State Controller unfilled on their ticket, but they cannot do this without making Mr. Nye their candidate. Otherwise a handful of votes would be sufficient to nominate an opposing candidate. Mr. Nye will find opposition in his party. All the power the "organization" can muster will be used to advance the interests of Frank Mattison as candidate for State Controller. Indications point, however, to a still hunt and not to a contest in the open. Mr. Mattison is said to be in the employ of the United Railroads in San Francisco, and it comes to our ears that the pull lists and other data collected and used in the interests of Charles M. Fickert last fall have been placed at the disposition of Mr. Mattison's friends for use in the coming primary election. Any pretense that Mr. Nye is not the opposed is more likely to have for its purpose the catching of Mr. Nye's friends off their guard than the payment of a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Nye's efficiency and capacity.

Railway Employes' Un-Political Organ

The Railway Employes' Magazine is unpolitical. It says so itself. It "does nothing for the success or failure of any political party in California, but is ever ready to oppose any movement that directly or indirectly jeopardizes the interests of the men in the railway service." Good idea! Sound doctrine!

The political perspicacity of the periodical is well exemplified in the following quotation: "Los Angeles, as a result of its trial of the direct primary, secured a 70-year-old mayor who wears billy-goat whiskers and whose greatest accomplishment, figuratively speaking, is his ability to fall off a load of hay with a bucket of water on each shoulder and light on the ground without ever spilling a drop."

This quotation standardizes the editorial quality of the periodical better than anything that can be said about it, but that which follows is more important if true:

"There are easily 75,000 voters in the railway service in California, and if any political party should head its ticket with a man openly opposed to the railway interests it would in all probability find those men in the railway employ organized against that ticket. In any event, such a ticket could not get 10 per cent of those 75,000 voters to vote against their own interests."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

In view of the too evident animus of the riodical in question, as exemplified in the ragraph first quoted, it may be accepted as foregone conclusion that any effort made to ıancipate California from railroad domina-ɔn will be construed as being "opposed to ilway interests."

B. Mackinder, ɔme Into Court. You are summoned to the bar of public opinion to answer well and truly hy you say what you say about politics. ɔu are one of the homeliest, kindliest and ɛanest of country editors, are you not? And ɔu publish one of the neatest country papers California, do you not? You are a Repub-ɛan first, last and all the time? You love e Republican party and are loyal to it? ery well.

Now, do you know, either of your own ɔowledge or by common report, that the ɔuthern Pacific Company maintains a polit-l bureau?

Do you know, either of your ɔn knowledge, or by common ɔort, that the Southern Pacific's ıreau does now dominate, and er since the memory of the esent generation runneth not to ɔ contrary, has dominated the rganization" of the Republican rty in this state?

If this be so, is it pessimistic The California Weekly to say ?

Do you regard such domination creditable to, and a good thing , the Republican party in Cali-nia?

Do you feel that as a true friend the Republican party you ought honor to stand for such dom-tion?

Do you know, either of your n knowledge or by common ɔort, that Alden Anderson is "organization" candidate for Republican nomination for ɛrnor?

ɪre you supporting the candi-y of said Alden Anderson?

ɪre you postmaster at St. lena? Did you secure your ɔointment to that office through good offices of the aforesaid ɔublican "organization," its ıd-pat representative at Wash-ton and an Aldrichized United tes senator?

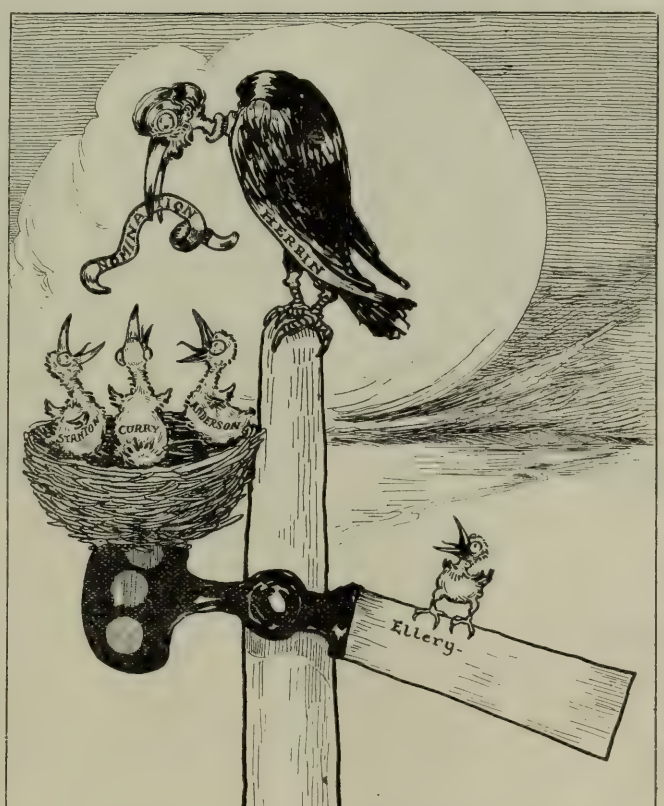
Does the possession of this job d to energize that optimism of ıd which you so heartily com-ıd to the members of the coln - Roosevelt Republican gue? Are you quite sure that possession has nothing to do h that contentment with ch you follow Mr. Herrin's l and take the program of the itical Bureau of the Southern ific Company?

our Honor, the witness refuses to answer statutory grounds. He says that if he ies Southern Pacific domination of the ublican "organization" he renders himself le to prosecution for perjury, and that if ıdmits it he convicts himself of being dis-ıl to his party and his state. Call the next ıess.

---

le Bill Bowers e and Kicking. Hon. W. W. Bowers, anyhow three terms in Congress, now in retire-ıt because of advancing years and the ve political opposition of the "organiza-," re-enforced by the Spreckels San Diego ingent, is still able to lift up a resonant e on behalf of political freedom. We d almost wish that the corridors of con-s were echoing and re-echoing the sound. a truth Cannon would know that another rgent had come to town. He is not rying over what Roosevelt will say when gets ready to speak in relation to Amer-affairs, but he has this to say if perchance Col. Roosevelt should say the wrong thing instead of the right one: "The insurgent division of the Republican party is made up of intelligent, independent American citizens, not the blind followers of any man. They do their own thinking and no man on earth, however great, can lead them any other way than the way they want to go, and their way does not lead into the camp of the Philistines." So say we all.

Register, Right Now! The good citizens are showing a characteristic indifference to registration at this time. This is an old story, but it is especially grave this year. This time the people have the opportunity to name their own candidates at the primary election—for the first time. But this is more than an opportunity, it is also a chance to make a grave mistake. If the voters want a decent governor and decent legislature, they **must** get them at the primary, because a machine victory at the primary leaves for the November election only a Hobson's choice between machine candidates labeled Republican and machine candidates labeled Democrat. And the truth had just as well be told, as a warning to good citizens: Every Royal Arch adherent has registered, every tenderloin voter has registered, every "push" politician's cheap follower has lined up at the county clerk's desk and made himself eligible for the ballot on August 16th. The people who expect to see Hiram Johnson or Theodore Bell the next governor of California are smiling hopefully and putting off going to the registrar's. Wake up! Register! Do it now! And remember, if you want to vote for Hiram Johnson, do not register as a Lincoln-Roosevelter, but as a Republican. There is no Lincoln-Roosevelt **party.** Register!



Straw Vote A straw vote, taken last Wednesday on Train No. 19, between Sacramento and San Francisco, disclosed a pretty stiff breeze blowing toward Hiram Johnson for governor. Excluding tourists and other non-voters, the entire train was polled, and the result was as follows: Total vote, 88; non-committal, 14; for Bell, 12; for Anderson, 5; for Curry, 23; for Johnson, 34. This straw vote reflects pretty accurately the sentiment of the state as it has been found by the organizers and leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

A Johnson Avalanche The Johnson wave is sweeping the state. Besides the support that was naturally expected for Mr. Johnson because of his platform and his backing, support is coming to him from other sources for divers reasons. Men like Judge Curtis Lindley, the scholarly president of the California State Bar Association, have been attracted to him by the fact that they have never before had the opportunity to cast a ballot for a man of Mr. Johnson's high character and first-class ability for governor. Mr. George Lane, another Democrat of the first rank, and brother of Franklin K. Lane, has turned down the opportunity to run on the Democratic ticket for attorney-general, and is to register as a Republican, so he may vote for Hiram Johnson. On the other hand, that large class of political timber that wants to be for the winner is flocking to him. Tim Sullivan, for example, who managed Crocker's campaign in San Francisco last fall, is scrambling for the band wagon. In fact, many of the machine leaders—Lynch, for example—have let it be known that they do not hope to beat Johnson.

Look Out For The Legislature But the machine is desperately in earnest about the legislature. Believing that they are beaten for a governor, they are fighting hard to get a loyal legion of machine senators and assemblymen sent to Sacramento, enough to tie the governor's hands and to prevent any constructive reform work. This is a menace that must be diligently investigated by the leaders of the various districts. Now is the time to make every candidate for the legislature step out and stand up on the vital issue of machine domination. Otherwise, there will be a hostile legislature confronting a reform governor, and the state administration of the next two years will simply mark time. Look up that legislative candidate in your district. Will he stand up under the fire of the machine guns next year?

Johnson's Next Tour The present tour of Hiram Johnson is taking him through Woodland, Colusa, and the neighboring towns and counties. Reports from these places indicate that meetings are growing in size and enthusiasm. At several points, wagon loads and stage loads of people came from places twenty to thirty miles from the meeting place, to hear the orator. After concluding this tour, Mr. Johnson will go up the San Joaquin Valley, through Stockton, Turlock, Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Coalinga, Portersville, Tulare, Visalia, Hanford, Bakersfield, and all the other important points of the valley. These meetings have all been arranged by organizer Max J. Kuhl. After the Bakersfield meeting Mr. Johnson will go over the Tehachapi and make his second tour of Southern California. This trip will probably take until the first of June. Then Mr. Johnson will return to San Francisco for his second swing through Northern California and for his meetings in San Francisco. Before he has finished, every voter in California, even in remote hamlets, will have had an opportunity to see the man who stands for Right Things in the Republican party and in the government of the state. Mr. Johnson is most sanguine of the result.

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

The California Weekly.

Dear Sirs: Inclosed please find the subscription price of your indispensable little weekly. For years I have bemoaned the lack of such clean, condensed, unbiased local news.

By the way, I hope that in the next incarnation these pages and pages of political bickering may be dispensed with. I hate it, but I feel it my duty to keep posted, even though I am not a citizen. I am merely a woman—a high school teacher—and unlike the ignorant, foreign, unskilled laborer, my judgment about the laws and the men who govern me doesn't count.

And that reminds me of what seems to be the one weakness of your rare little paper—its occasional fling at women. Instance "A Straight Tip" in which is set forth as reasonable an excuse as is usually given for the disfranchisement of one-half the population. Now, honestly, wouldn't it be more reasonable to withhold votes from men, because they jeopardize their own and their children's well being by smoking and indulgence in worse vices—than to condemn women because they wear the kind of hat the market supplies? If you investigate you will probably find some man or combination of men at the financial origin of the styles. You won't find the sensible women wearing these ugly monstrosities any more than you will find a strong man following the lead of bad companions—what about the dress affectations of the college men who would be supposed to have a bit more brains than the average man?

You don't have to go "up in the gallery" to get a "straight tip" as to how one would expect women to be treated under man-made laws. Any crowded street car will serve the purpose—in the morning when the "tired" excuse doesn't hold. It is man's mismanagement of politics that tolerates an unaccommodating street car service, and I notice that the women, who can't run ahead and jump on, are expected to put up with the discomforts. Observe a schoolboy's consideration for women strap-hangers to get a "straight tip" as to how much regard will be shown women in the next decade if laws continue to be man-made. Alas, I know it is the mother's indulgence that is the chief cause of selfishness in men. I have seen a well-dressed mother and an athletic looking eighteen-year-old son enjoying their seats in view of a dozen women strap-hangers.

Your Deeper Significance of Living, which is ninety-nine per cent a power for good, explains why a single woman is never happy. Indeed! Is it that the wish is father to the thought with you? People who insist upon being unhappy will not need to remain single. I have seen more married than single wretchedness, and the children of such marriages had better never be born. We need quality in children in order to multiply happiness in the world—since we no longer need "food for cannon" (knock on wood), more children is the wrong cry, **more quality** has the true ring—and are men considerate of this cry to their fatherhood?

Dear Mr. Editor, can't you see that when women lose their old-fashioned, man-created horror for spinsterhood, they will refuse to marry any but pure, good men—men who have the character to detest smoking, drinking and those worse vices that are visited on the children unto several generations? Every boy should be taken to the children's hospital, and be told plainly who is to blame and why—for the heartbreaking sufferings of these poor, little, moaning, blameless babies.

It wasn't the size of women's hats that did it. If you hark back a couple of centuries you will find even the rulers of this "man-made world" wearing ridiculous costumes. Instance the present English king's weaknesses in that regard!

I hope to live long enough to learn if the "big hats" will make a worse mess of politics than the San Francisco men. The silly arguments against women's suffrage would be irritating did they not so ludicrously, yea, pitifully, expose the selfishness of men. The frailties of this world are neither masculine nor feminine—they are human, and **every** human deserves a square deal.

I am very sincerely yours, that strange anomaly,

A happy spinster,
EDA MENZEL

April, 1910, 1323 11th Ave., Sunset.

[The editor his his troubles also. If he is always serious he is pronounced stupid and if he pokes fun he is raked fore and aft. Yes, it were better that a woman go down to her grave single, lonesome and alone than that she live the wife of a beast and the mother of criminals, and yet the risks that the real woman takes in marrying is relatively small and with all its heart-burnings, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, yields more of happiness than could have been found outside of wedlock. And be it remembered that bad husbands were not bad in the beginning. They spoiled on their wives' hands. Is no share of that responsibility hers? This paper believes in the enfranchisement of women, but it doubts the expediency of merely doubling an indifferent constituency. Other reforms are more needed now, such as compulsory voting, and through them the enfranchisement of women is more likely to be reached than by another route. When suffrage is founded on right lines it will not separate race from race, nativity from nativity, sex from sex or color from color.—The Editor]

The California Weekly, San Francisco, Cal.

I enclose $2, belated payment on renewal of subscription. Please check up and extend my time.

Your paper fills the bill. It is ably edited and clean, and therefore deserves the support of all who deprecate yellow journalism in general. And when we add to that the fact that it is the aggressive foe of all that savors of graft, journalistic prostitution and other forms of corruption, social and political, it becomes a patriotic duty to give it aid and encouragement. Yours,

G. P. HURST.

Woodland, Cal., April, 1910.

Editor California Weekly.

I recognize that the California Weekly is inspired by the same motive of social service in its field as that which gives justification and worth to work in ours.

Very truly yours,
GUIDO H. MARX.

Stanford University, Cal., April, 1910.

California Weekly.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed find M. O., $2.50, for my subscription to the Weekly, which I am unable to do without. For the extra please send me a copy of Hichborn's History of the Last Legislature, and oblige,

CHAS. H. McCLURT.

Los Angeles, Cal., April, 1910.

California Weekly.

I could not do without The California Weekly, as it gives the best there is in California on the political situation today; you are doing a work that is for our state's good and one that will be lasting, I think. Wishing you success, and if there is anything I can do to help let me know, I am,

THOMAS O'HALLARAN.

San Diego, Cal., April, 1910.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen: Replying to yours of the 23d inst., will say that I shall be pleased to secure a list of a few of my friends who, I think, might or should, at least, be interested in The California Weekly.

I take this opportunity of placing myself on record in your behalf and to say that I am a constant reader of your paper, and am in sympathy with its efforts, and its most valuable contributions to the public weal.

F. M. PARCELLS.

San Francisco, April, 1910.

Manager California Weekly.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find $2.00 for the renewal of my subscription for another year to April 30th, 1911.

Will state that I am pleased with the Weekly, and wish you every possible success. Yours truly,

ALPHONSE NEWHOUSE.

Fresno, April, 1910.

THE HOUSE WIFE AND THREE DRAGONS

ONE REASON FOR THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

By RAY McINTYRE KING

tever the politicians, commissions, boy-
and public generally may do, or not
discover and remove the iniquitous
of the present high prices of foodstuffs,
nerican housewife is not absolved from
ming her part in the solution of this
al problem. The average woman under-
tes the money-making possibilities of
n kitchen. In the home a woman may
her highest economic and industrial
n. It is because as a class the American
vife has not realized this that so many
s now lie crushed between two mill-
—one of internal household inefficiency;
her of external harsh and unrighteous
ons.

nen, women and children must and will
d the economical preparation of the
's food constitutes one of the chief
s of family income and wealth. 'Tis a
d saw: "A woman can throw out with a
on more than a man can throw in with
p shovel!" But the utilization of scraps
e elimination of waste and extravagance
an incident in the economical adminis-
of the home. The first important step
family independence and provident
is to eliminate the retail butcher, baker
ocer—to buy in quantity and to buy the
od materials, as near first hand as
e! This is the one vital step which the
family never takes. It buys along the
f least resistance—and must pay for it!

epared Foods Corporations Costly.

ily efficient housewife is ashamed to be
with a tin of commercially prepared
egetables or meat in her possession.
ds her as shiftless, lazy, a poor "pro-
The empty tomato can might well
s the emblem of inefficient housewifery
hand-to-mouth existence. Empty tin
the garbage—the little insiduous leaks
dribble away many a good man's in-
nce, numberless family conveniences,
dren's chance, the shelter for old age!
eady-to-eat foods have increased enor-
in the last decade. The factory fires
ay and night; the home kitchen stove
ed only long enough to warm up the
and cartoned stuffs. The factory chef
ing enormous dividends for the pre-
oods corporations; the home cook is
nd out. The clerk, the banker, the
an, the merchant, the professional man,
lcarrier, the farmer—anybody, every-
eating tinned and cartoned and pack-
se goods for breakfast, dinner and sup-
rom the grocer's shelves you may
our frugal (?) morning toast and your
ooked evening banquet, from oysters
p through the most elaborate menu.
d sir, you must pay—pay—pay! Lord!
d pay for the factory chefs that cook

Pay, and It Is Right You Should.

ght and just that you should pay! It
aw of the industrial life—Thou shalt
bread by the sweat of thy brow, not
other fellow's brow! Be sure any
o gets more of this world's goods than
ully sweats to earn is, either consci-
unconsciously, cheating labor, some-
omehow. When you buy factory, or
ouse foodstuffs, you must pay this
skilled labor—and God knows it is
ough! But you must also pay the
s wastes and cost of the unskilled
He everywhere works side by side
skilled workman. No employer has
succeeded in eliminating him from the
e cost of labor.
you must pay all these additional, in-
tariffs on the factory and packing-
ods: freight charges crossing and re-
and criss-crossing states and the conti-
ie expenses and profits of several
en; the legitimate tariffs of invested
nd invested brains; all the unconscion-
ffs of greed and graft, both low and
eats of the mighty—and, in the end,
a pretty price for your bacon!

It is the common and bitter complaint to-day—this frightfully increased cost of living. While about it, why not complain about the increased cost of the cooks—the factory cooks that have elbowed the American housewife out of her realm? When the harried husband scratches his head over the butcher, baker, and grocer bills, does he give thought to the demands of the many cooks who serve him? Does he know how many tin cans and paper cartons he has bought to throw into the rubbish heap? Does he count up what he has to pay for forty-'leven paper bags, and clerks to weigh out little purchases? Does he know he has to pay more clerk hire for weighing out and tying up five cents worth of sugar than he would for a hundred-pound sack? If he does think, he must know that to live he must buy his staple groceries in large quantities and at wholesale, if possible.

In the Toils of Three Dragons

The average home is in the toils of the Three Dragons—the retail butcher, the baker, the retail grocer. These dragons have no particular clutch on a pioneer, country-dwelling people. Food and clothing are of necessity made at home, of home, or locally grown, raw materials. But let those wholesome, prosperous pioneer conditions change into the complex, intensified, specialized urban civilization (or is it degeneration?) and then the Three Dragons begin to grow and swell and lengthen enormously, and lash their huge, sinuous, scaly tails about the poor man's home. Their breath is as a fire, and the average man shakes in his boots and feeds his little, hard-earned income into their widely yawning mouths.

What does the average housewife do to earn her salt, compared with what her pioneer grandmother did in the home preparation of foodstuffs? Grandmother made her own syrups, vinegar, cider and mincemeat. She made the butter and cheese. She cured the bacon, hams, sausages, and corned the beef. She put down for winter, according to the limited methods of her day, pickles, kraut, lard, vegetables and fruits. Her spring-house, cellar, larder and smokehouse were filled with stores of food sufficient for that family to withstand most comfortably a long siege of hard times. It was a matter of supreme indifference to her whether the butcher and baker were one mile, or fifty, away. She had need to buy only a few staple groceries of the foreign, imported kinds. Her breadstuffs came not from the grocer at all, but from her own grist at the nearest mill. Unexpected company and generous hospitality were her delight. The Three Dragons did not terrorize **her.** And yet she found time and strength to raise a family of eight!

The Cook That Cooks for the Cook.

To-day, her granddaughter with two children is rushed to death and "nervous." You don't dare go a-visiting her without an invitation, so she can be sure to send to the shop and store for something to eat. The greatest insult her husband can offer her is unexpectedly to bring home someone to dinner. Oh, her kitchen is so neat, because she never works in it! And her pantry so clean, because she never clutters it up with victuals! She wouldn't know the uses of a larder, or cellar, or smoke house, if she had them. She might—possibly—have a company, or emergency shelf, if she pretends to keep abreast of current domestic science, but you can bet it is filled with commercial canned goods! Her family would actually go hungry if the butcher and bakery wagons failed her. She makes her daily dribbling purchases of groceries. And meanwhile, her husband toils and moils to pay for the cooks that cook for the cook that ought to cook for him!

That is where over 50 per cent. of his income goes—to make richer the pickle and catsup magnates, the fruit and vegetable cannery owners, the pork and beef packers.

The pity of it is that the wife does not realize her inefficiency. By comparison with her associates, she very likely passes as a good cook. She would scorn the imputation that she is too lazy, or too proud, to prepare the food for her own table. She simply does not appreciate the value of those housewifery arts which her grandmother practiced. She may possess a remnant of that old-school kitchen efficiency. She may possibly can her winter's fruit, and possibly make her cakes, but other kinds of provender she must buy from the commercial supplies.

Housewifery a Lost Art

American housewifery at present is no housewifery at all. Grandmother's specialties are wellnigh lost arts. If you doubt it ask the first dozen so-called good housewives you meet: "How do you make hominy? And cheese? And vinegar? And corned beef? And yeast? And catsup?

See them stare.

"Make? Why, bless you, we don't **make—we buy."**

The most pernicious effect of modern specialization and present day advertising has been to remove the preparation of raw foods from the home kitchen to the factory. As a heedless people we are now paying the enormously increased prices of this commercial, specialized culinary labor and of its products. Specialization is everywhere carried to ridiculous lengths. Here, for instance, is a three-dollar-a-day town carpenter. He scorns to prepare his own salt pork and bacon, though the preparation thereof each year would consume only one of his specialized three-dollar days.

No, thank you! His wife shall hie her to the store fifty-two times a year and buys in fifty-two parcels, say, about two hundred pounds of bacon, at 22½ cents per pound. Just outside the town limits, the farmers are selling hogs at 7 cents per pound. Those hogs are shipped to Chicago, killed, dressed and cured, and shipped back to the town store to be sold as 22½ cent bacon to that same brilliant carpenter. If he would but think to lay off one of those specialized three-dollar days and prepare his two hundred pounds of bacon in his own backyard and kitchen the cost of his homemade bacon would be less than ten cents per pound. That one day's labor at home would net him over twenty dollars.

Why the Butcher

Why should there be a butcher shop in every town and village? There might be some sense in having municipal meat markets in congested city districts, but why should townspeople and villagers buy meat at retail? At the beginning of the recent meat boycott, the dwellers in an Oakland suburb right loyally joined the crusade and boycotted their local butcher. Before the end of one week, they petitioned him to re-open his shop. They could not live without his costly and beneficent services—and Oakland is literally encompassed with hordes of live poultry, fish, cattle and hogs, to trouble! What ridiculous household inefficiency! What pitiable stupidity!

So it is in every community that the local butcher waxeth fat on his neighbors' thriftlessness. Why a butcher shop? Because the housekeeper is averse to any exertions outside the deep grooves of habitual living. Because the average housewife is rubber-set in her hand-to-mouth mode of housekeeping. She has accustomed herself to think that to have meat, and especially fresh meat, she must buy only sufficient for the day. Sufficient ready money to buy in quantity and for cash may prevent a housekeeper for a time from buying in the most economical way, but such objections are somehow always overcome by the woman who is really determined to reform her system of buying.

Factory Kitchen a Money-Maker.

The average housewife does not appreciate all that science and invention—men's inventions—have done for her and her kitchen workshop. Therefore she furnishes her house backward, beginning with the parlor and the things of show, while that most essential part of her little industrial system, the kitchen, its machinery and equipments, come last, or not at all. Her kitchen should in truth be a workshop, a

food factory, not merely a place of drudgery in which to spend as little time and thought as possible. Only as a woman puts thought into her kitchen will that kitchen become delightful and profitable to her. And certainly for the family's sake, the kitchen deserves as much application and intelligence as a man would expend upon his shop, or factory, to make it a financial success.

The housewife needs to study thoroughly the appliances and methods of food preparation and preservation. When she understands the principles of scientific sterilization of raw foods and learns that fish, meat, fruit and vegetables may be bought in quantity and sterilized at home successfully, and thus be kept fresh indefinitely on her pantry shelves, then she begins to see a great light dawning over her establishment. She sees a way, through the sterilized canning of fresh meat in glass jars, to rout the retail butcher forever.

How to Beat the Beef Trust

She is a benighted housewife, indeed, who can not get in communication with some reliable farmer anxious to furnish her with a dressed veal, or hog, or beef, at reasonable rates. The carcass can be handled nicely in the kitchen, some parts being salted or dried or smoked, while the choice roasts, steaks and sausages may be properly cooked as for the table and then put into glass jars and sterilized. That means heavy work for a short time in that kitchen, but it also means for that housekeeper lighter labor and more money for months thereafter.

Why should the beef trust fasten its claws on your table? Like a lot of other dragons that gnaw men's souls, it is largely the creation of the very victims it feeds upon. If every housewife will but resolutely look it in the eye there will soon be only a most lean and attenuated dragon left—and the family will not be lean and attenuated, either!

Let a woman inscribe over her kitchen door: "No prepared foods shall enter here, whereof I may buy the raw materials and prepare it myself," and immediately that family begins to prosper. That means an enormous cut in the number and kinds of articles bought from the grocer.

Take coffee. Who buys green coffee any more? Yet green coffee beans improve in quality with every month and year of keeping, while parched coffee begins to deteriorate rapidly from the moment of browning, not to mention grinding! A wealthy Guatamalan coffee planter living in California for a time always insisted upon his wife parching the morning supply of coffee beans. With her own hands she browned and ground the beans and made her lord his delectable morning coffee. And it was **coffee**—not the indifferent beverage that passes in most households!

Foodstuff a Fascinating Study

When a woman applies herself assiduously to the fascinating study of foodstuffs, she discovers numberless little ways to cut down the family cost of living, while at the same time she increases the quality and quantity of food. It may mean the complete revolutionizing of that family's mode of living, but it is that family's only salvation. Like the retail butcher, the retail grocer exists because he is a convenience—not a necessity. Here is the puzzle: When is a convenience not a convenience? or, When does a convenience become a prohibitive luxury? The time has come when every man must sit down by his income and work out the puzzle, if it takes a week!

The baker is the easiest dragon of all to rout. Any woman who will experiment with a sack of flour can easily determine how much she pays for the convenience of buying her bread and pastries over a counter. The reason most women give for buying bakers' stuffs is the cost of fuel—as though the baker uses no fuel! 'Tis true, it costs less in fuel to buy baker's bread, but if that be good economic logic, it would be cheaper yet to quit cooking and eating altogether!

What One Housewife Has Done

One California housewife who has slain the dragon in her path offers this list of foods which she prepares successfully and most economically at home from the raw materials:

Butter and cheese. The cheeses are small and rich, made from the night's and morning's milk from one Jersey cow.

Sterilized canned pork and beef.

Bacon, hams, salt pork, corned beef.

All kinds of canned vegetables and fruits.

Dried beef, smoked fish, sauerkraut.

Old-fashioned hominy and mince meat.

All kinds of pickles, catsups and relishes.

Yeast, vinegar, wine, unfermented grape and fruit juices.

Jams, marmalades and jellies.

A large assortment of candies and confections.

Olive oil and olives; Italian pastes.

All kinds of dried fruits, including raisins and figs.

All kinds of bakery goods.

Thus fortified and stocked with foodstuffs, her establishment is always prepared for any sort of siege. This list, with a few changes to meet local conditions, may be duplicated by almost any housewife the continent across.

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THE LOVE OF A LAD

BY

JAMES LAWSON

HE little boy was a particularly little boy. I mean, of course, that his body was very small even for his few years. s we see little or nothing of one another t our carefully clothed bodies, it is not ge that we mutually judge of our size m; that is, we do this unless we are very icquainted, indeed. Doubtless, too, this t, for how it would embarrass some of we were to be judged in another way. for instance, your papa's friend, Mr. ı, the portly gentleman who visits at ıouse sometimes, and who wears such a ome watchchain, and who talks about ; or take Miss Wheezle, the tall and lady who converses with your mamma the latest fashions and says the er's sermon last Sunday was "really '—how do you suppose they would feel some marvelous change, size in this were to be judged by mind or soul? ıless your hearts! they never think of thing, more than the rest of us do; and all are quite contented and cheerful.

ay as well be admitted, too, that, as his and aunts said, the little boy was "such nge child!" His Aunt Dora, who had ildren of her own, all so precisely like her human peas in the pod that if one lled out it would have been difficult to ıte exactly which one it was—his Aunt I say, even went so far as to remark e was "the strangest ever"; but this ɔn perhaps should be considered a mphatic, for Aunt Dora underscores the of her speech very much as she does ɔf her letters.

the little boy was strange; this must ɔeded. For example, if you made to him rtion based on an assertion your father ıde to you, which was based on an as- his father had made to him, which was ɔn an assertion his—but it is needless to he train of argument farther, for about ıe the little boy would quite upset you narking, "Yes, but why—" or, "But it seem—"; and then he would ask all f embarrassing questions; that is ques- which unfortunately you had forgotten ;wer. Of course, it should be remem- hat he was too young to understand uch deeper than reason is faith and ɔsolute should be the confidence we n the wisdom of our grandfathers. er, this has little to do with the story, as it tends to indicate what manner of as our small hero.

little boy was a great reader, and all good, bad, or indifferent, that came to ıll and sometimes grimy hands were d by him with complete impartiality. ch of his time he lived in the bright of Imagination, where are many ful things. Often his mother would ıim: "Now, little boy, you really must r books away, go out, and play in the ɔ." Then he would put the books to ɔ, take his bow and arrows, and go to , being, in fact, but a hollow in a great t within the edge of a wood; but he d that its dimensions were tremendous secrecy complete, and so, as his imag- was as large as his body was small, e" did quite well for his purposes. He wn a dingy cloth across the hole so as ɔal it from observation, and he used to himself as he approached the "cave" e three distinct whistles to announce ing to his faithful servitors, that no- ıuld suspect that the Mysterious Lord orest lived there; and, indeed, nobody You would be surprised could you ɔw often this retreat was attacked by bandits and how frequently it was as- painted savages, but it was defended eat vigor and always came off with nd even glory, to itself and its re- e master.

ttle boy went to school, and for some did not think much of his teachers. ɔre a trying lot, he felt; always asking s concerning matters that were of no ɔnce and insisting on answers that ıally irrelevant to the real interests of life. His teachers said that he read ɔression, but that they could not get take an interest in his other studies. her received this report with anxiety. Aunt Dora remarked that she always had said so, although no one could remember that she had.

The change in this condition of affairs took place after Miss Hattie joined the procession of the little boy's teachers, and by this time he had grown so large that he was almost ten years old. Other people might say that there were Miss Hatties and Miss Hatties, but after a few days the little boy knew very well that there was only one real Miss Hattie; the rest were mere imitations, who had, doubtless surreptitiously, secured a name of which they were all unworthy. The discovery of this transcendent fact first began to dawn upon him under inglorious circumstances. He had, with much care and a purloined piece of chalk, inscribed on the back of the boy who sat in front of him the highly ambiguous word "DUNSE." The only Miss Hattie discovered who was the perpetrator of the deed, and kept him after school. After they were quite alone she said to him:

"How do you think you would like to have some other boy write that word on your back?"

The little boy thought about it, and then he said that he didn't believe he would care, for the other fellows would know it was only a joke, anyway.

Then Miss Hattie talked to him, and she talked so kindly, and so appealed to the best that was in his childish heart, that the little boy said to himself that it was mighty curious about teachers. Then he looked at her somewhat timidly, or at least dubiously, and saw how kind was the glance from the great blue eyes that met his own. And from that starting point it was only natural that he should notice how lustrous was the curly brown hair and how pink were her cheeks, for even little boys must notice things, you know.

Now you who have forgotten the emotions that sway the heart of childhood may deem the idea absurd, but I am ready to avow my conviction, nay, my complete assurance, that then and there, and while that conversation still was in progress, the tender passion first began to stir and make itself felt in the brown corduroy breast of the little boy. Never had he been talked to so kindly save by his mother, and, of course, all things good are to be expected of mothers. A simple, boyish gratitude which stood ready to lose itself in admiring adoration awoke in his heart, and did not go to sleep again.

From that time he was Miss Hattie's faithful knight errant, to run her errands and heed her every suggestion; and it seemed to him, as he constantly improved in his studies, that her cheeks grew more pink, her wavy hair more lustrous, and her beautiful eyes more tenderly blue; that is, it would have seemed so had he not known that in the nature of the case such a thing must be impossible. He was very glad that she boarded just across the road from his father's house, for this gave him a perfectly natural opportunity to carry her books home nearly every night, thus imperfectly demonstrating his loving adoration.

About this time the little boy began to hate John with an intense, burning hatred. Who was John, anyway, the great, clumsy fellow? What right had he to be hanging about Neighbor Griscom's house, at which his teacher boarded, particularly in the evening? Miss Hattie was so kind that she tolerated his presence, of course, but his loutish attendance must be very annoying to her. After the little boy grew up he would whip John; he would teach him a much-needed respect for the sanctities of place and association. Oh, that he were grown up now! The little boy used to feel of the muscles of his arm and wish that they would develop faster. Strange that this odious John never noticed his look of undying hatred and scorn, but always greeted him with a cheery, "Hello, Twofer! How are we today?" Some time he should know how we were to-day! Should he—oh, thought to give pause to the beating of his heart!—should he tell Miss Hattie of the emotions with which he viewed her matchless charms, and ask her to wait for him to grow up? No; she might—it was hardly conceivable, but she might heedlessly laugh at him; and what were life then? Better to wait, and let her of her own accord observe his unwavering devotion. But that John! How tired of him she must get!

One night, after the little boy had been in bed and asleep a long time, an owl came and sat on the limb of the oak tree near his window and said, "Hoo-oo-o." Ordinarily this would not have waked him, but, for some reason, it did that night; and when the owl again said, "Hoo-oo-o," he thought he would get up and see where the bird was and what it was doing. So he crept out of bed and pattered to the window, reaching it just in time to see the owl fly away.

Now you must understand that by this time the little boy had grown so big that he was more than ten and one-half years old, and, of course, when a boy has attained that ripe age he knows a thing or two when he sees it. So it will not be considered surprising that when, as he stood at the window, he saw two men lurking in the shadow of Neighbor Griscom's house he knew that something was wrong. When he saw the first man he thought for a moment it might be John, who, he had noticed, had a most reprehensible habit of lingering about that house until late hours; but when he saw the second man he realized that the situation was even worse than he had suspected.

"They're burglars!" he whispered to himself. "I'll bet they're burglars, and I've got to do somethin' 'bout it. They'll scare Miss Hattie terrible."

Just what he would do, or could do, the little boy did not know, but he felt very certain that he must do something, and that immediately. So, merely stopping to shout, "Burglars! At Griscom's!" to his father, he ran across the road as fast as his little bare feet would carry him. The window at which he had seen the two men was open now, and one of the men had disappeared, while the other was two-thirds through the opening. The little boy did not hesitate an instant. With the yell, "Burglars! Burglars!" he threw himself upon the leg that still was without the window, caught it, and clung to it for dear life.

What followed never has been at all clear to the boy. He remembers that there were muttered curses from the man he held, a dark form that jumped from the window and ran past him, a rush of feet while he still valiantly held to the leg; then there seemed to come a crash of all things, and he was lost in a great darkness and knew no more.

When the world came back to him Miss Hattie was holding him in her arms, Mrs. Griscom was standing by his side with a basin of water in her hand, and his father and Neighbor Griscom were holding the ruffian who, as he afterward learned, had beaten him down with a most cruel blow. Even then he noticed that Miss Hattie's nightdress was very white and very pretty, and it seemed to him that, so robed, her cheeks were even pinker, her hair more wavy, and her eyes more tenderly blue than they were when she appeared in more conventional costume. But he dismissed this thought as soon as possible, feeling that to dwell upon a scene which must be embarrassing to her in the recollection was a species of treason and a departure from that high honor in which a chivalrous knight should hold his lady fair.

There was a time during which the little boy was very sick. The blow had been most brutal, and for days his life hung by an uncertain thread. Then the vitality of youth asserted itself, and he gradually found more and more secure footing on the goodly highway that leads to health. How his little romance, a very real romance if it was ex-

tremely infantile, grew in those days! For Miss Hattie came to see him every day; and such jellies as she brought to him! And such flowers! And she was so kind and loving! And sometimes she even kissed him—ah, how his small heart beat then! And she called him a hero! He almost made up his absurd little mind that the eventful hour had come. He would propose to her; he would let her know exactly how a fellow felt; he would assure her that her evident and faithful love would not be in vain if she would wait a decade or two for him. But—again the hateful thought—she might laugh at him. Ah, that "but"! His heart turned faint, and he did not propose.

Quite fanciful and impossible, is it? I tell you that there is many a baldheaded and supremely dignified father of a family who need turn but a few leaves in memory's book until he reaches a page whereon is written the story—oh, of course, my dear sir, a very absurd story—of a time when he, too, an awkward, shambling schoolboy, was tremendously in love with some sweet-faced, gentle-souled woman, anywhere from ten to twenty years his senior, whom, having smallest conception of the real meaning of marriage, he hoped to marry some day, if she would be good enough to wait for him; to whom he would have proposed such a blissful waiting but for an inexplicable fear of her laughter. Jones, Brown, Robinson, how is it? Honestly, now. Why should we hesitate before the confessions? What unfledged love in life is more beautiful?—no touch of grosser passion about it; wholly ideal, unselfish, and sincere.

With the little boy entirely recovered, it seems almost a pity not to terminate the story, but there is one incident so directly connected with it that it probably should not be omitted. It was in the long summer vacation, and the little boy now had grown so extremely big that he was nearly eleven years old. For several days he had seen little of Miss Hattie, who appeared to be very busy and preoccupied and kissed him only in an absent-minded way. He had noticed, however, that John was not hanging about Neighbor Griscom's house as much as usual, and was glad to feel that at last he was learning his place; it certainly was time!

On a certain day he had visited the Griggs boy, who lived quite at the other end of town, and when he returned his father and mother, dressed in their very best Sunday clothing, were crossing the road from Neighbor Griscom's. The little boy wondered why they were arrayed in their best, and so he asked them:

"What you been doing?"

His mother smiled as she answered:

"We have been attending a wedding."

"Whose wedding?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

But a great fear had seized upon the heart of the little boy even before his mother replied:

"Well, we attended the wedding of Miss Hattie and Mr. John."

The mother again smiled. How was she to know, how was she even to suspect that the iron had entered his soul? Without saying a word, he left the room, sought his little chamber, and there threw himself upon his bed. So this was woman's love! This was woman's constancy! This was all that her kisses meant! For his part, he never would love again. And that John, too! Well, the woman who could be content with such love never could have been worthy of his own. It had been a fortunate escape for him, he said. Ah, we are human and grapes are sour, even when we are but three feet high.

In an hour or two he was playing one-old-cat with two other boys. He would hide his crushed and broken heart; and, besides, he said to himself, what he had read in a particularly fascinating book, that it would be dishonorable to continue to love the wife of another. Fortunately the tragedies of youth do not strike deep, but they leave a mark on the lives we lead none the less on that account. His mother watched him for a time as he played, then turned to his father and said:

"What do you suppose made him act so queerly when I told him about the wedding?"

His father, who had forgotten a thing or two, responded:

"I can't guess."

And as the little boy never told to a soul the story of his first love, even Miss Hattie herself never having the slightest idea of the real state of the case, the reader must decide for himself, if he can, how I came to know so much about it.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

How difficult it is not to write a satire! And how much more striking is such a satire when its author, quite different from Tacitus, is obviously utterly unconscious of having written one, his single-mindedness being everywhere apparent and yet forcing his reader to make comparisons which certainly are odious.

In Germany's leading weekly, whose editor is probably the greatest German journalist since Henri Heine put the stamp of his genius upon the meaning of the politics of Europe, a last farewell is said to a departed judge of the Hanseatic Court. Mind, not a court of one of the effete monarchies, but a court sitting in Hamburg, the proud, though little republic, one of the world's most important seaports, whose great merchants are merchants in the best sense of the word, men who have learned most willingly and have adopted our best American methods more readily than any other foreign city.

A judge has died and voice is given to the feelings of the members of the bar by one of them, thus:

"Only personal character, no more and no less, has power over men; and he was a man of so striking a personality, than no one was able to escape its influence. When the tall, spare figure of the judge appeared in court, there reigned in it the silence of a church, and when the finely moulded face turned towards the bar, his gray eyes, apparently cold, viewing the speaker, no other impression was left but that nothing would be more out of place than to assert before that man anything that was incorrect, or questionable or untenable; that under no circumstances one should risk a reprimand or even a slightly ironical inquiry.

"There was ample ground for such a fear; a barrister pleading in his court might have been ever so conversant with his case, Sieveking knew that case still better; the lawyer might believe to have considered every point of the law, yet the presiding jurist had found new and important ones. He had the case in hand and was a true ruler of men, a fact, which can not be explained solely by the tradition of his old Hanseatic family. To think of his mind as sovereign was quite natural; for there was none to whom he might be considered inferior and he himself knew no human power above him who bowed willingly and reverently to the divine one in his heart. With the whole domain of the law he was familiar; no part of general culture in the widest sense was foreign to him. His use of the English and French languages was faultless and, already past fifty, he began to learn Italian and constantly practised it to become proficient in the use of that language. Every presentation by experts of matters with which he was not familiar was followed by him with the intense interest of a man for whom to live is to learn. And when he asked them questions, his inquiries were marked by that foremost characteristic of the truly great, by modesty. With touching patience, never wearied, he might be observed examining children who were witnesses, explaining to them in their language the matter which they should think of and then asking them the pertinent question. It was touching to see how without any fear the children would look up at the man who spoke so kindly to them, how willingly they testified to what they had seen or heard. Never did witness nor expert know what that judge wanted him to state and any attempt on his part to feel his way in that direction was hopeless in the face of that inscrutible countenance. He was not the man to suffer from nervousness, that fundamental failing of so many judges of our time. It was simply inconceivable to think of Sieveking becoming nervous under even the most trying circumstances. For him nothing was unimportant or too minute; if in but one sense he considered a matter relevant, he insisted upon an exhaustive treatment. It is true, he would become indignant, but only when papers were presented to him which had been prepared carelessly; then there rose in him the dignity of the court offended. But otherwise, as ever and everywhere, he was the kind and considerate gentleman, who wished to help wr he could and make matters better where ne might. No hour of the day was too early or him, were he to procure a fellow-citizen's right; in court, or at his home, at a gathering of the family, or at a public banquet, ne did he refuse to listen to an urgent req st and give directions with wonted precis n. When under so trying circumstances his ju don was asked for the trouble given him, he would dismiss you with the most win ing smile and leave you under the impression at he had merely performed his duty. The ct remains that he was a gentleman in the wo 's truest sense, a gentleman in his culture, is erudition and his action. He mastered thi s and, indeed, ruled men, but no one rese ed his superiority. So it was in his little ste and so likewise abroad. At the internati al maritime conventions the delegates ea ly recognized the force of the man whose gat powers were so charmingly coupled with n uine modesty. Firmly relying upon himself, not deviating a hair's breadth from the he steadily pointing to the ideal, of charm g manners, and yet of a mental stature, wh does, if necessary, reveal an inflexible virt y. Sieveking thus embodied the ideal of a jud e and a Hanseatic citizen. Our state has no garters and no titles to bestow; we can rev only by gratitude and reverence."

A few additional words may not be ami s. As a citizen of California and a lover of n Francisco, I cannot help being struck by the satire involved in the comparison of the ve erent attitude of that German member of he bar toward the judge of his court with he attitude which the members of our bar, rig y or wrongly, assume toward many of ur judges. Yet the fact remains that no real d lasting improvement of our body politic n be thought of, unless we begin to mend it ters at the vital spot, the judges, and thro h them try to better the administration of he law. The present sad condition of the c would doubtless be capable of speedier i provement when we shall have learned d independent judges. For there is no den g of the fact that at present the judges are p tically dependent upon the lawyers for ir nominations and that the course of law is influenced, more or less, by lawyers who p tice before judges whom they do not co sider their superiors and whom they treat in most cases with the outer form of respect and a tacit disrespect varying almost exa ly as the ratio of their own annual income o the judge's limited and precarious salar

The great profession of the law is not t utterly degraded; we have sufficient materi in our State to elevate men to its most i portant positions; we **have** men who may b come the peers of the greatest and the ft. if we but open a way and make it possi e for them. The existing conditions make it i possible. Yet the people do want judges w o can and will maintain the dignity of the co monwealth and in whose hands the safety of our institutions and of our liberties does not become a matter of doubt. The conditi s under which an independent and efficient d therefore respected judiciary is possible, e well understood and must be considered a matic; ignoring them leads to results as d gerous as the neglect of the safety factor n the construction of a bridge.

Are there no **men** left among the real la yers to **lead** the people of California to be r things?

J. H.

Munich, Germany, 1910.

A MARK TWAIN STORY.

Arthur McEwen wrote the following ac count of Mark Twain's first newspaper ex periences. The occasion of McEwen's ar ticle was the suspension of the Virginia C Enterprise, on which he and Mark Twain a C. C. Goodman and "Dan de Quille" all ma their reputations in the early days:

An unknown nobody of a miner over Aurora sent in items occasionally. He h humor in him, and Goodman offered hi a salary to come over and assist Dan de Qu e as a reporter. He came. It was Clemen Mark Twain.

Than Goodman and Clemens no man c ld be more unlike outwardly. The first is handsome, gallant, self-reliant, but not se conscious, vehement of speech and swiftn

tion. (He called out the silver tongued
m Fitch, then an editor, and shattered his
ce with a pistol ball, for instance, in re-
n for an unpleasant article that appeared
the course of a controversy.) Clemens
s sloth like in movement, had an intolera-
drawl, and punished those who offended
n by long, drawn, sneering speech. But the
o were alike at bottom in one thing—both
re genuine and had the quality of brain
t enables one man to understand another
opposite temperament and manner. They
n became friends.

Not many people liked Mark Twain, if one
y judge by the tone of depreciation in
ich he is spoken of on the Comstock to
s day. But go to any small place from
ich a celebrated man has sprung and the
ne phenomenon appears. It is the villag-
way of impressing upon the stranger the
ager's superior, intimate knowledge of the
at man. They say that Mark was mean—
t he would join in revels and not pay his
re, and so on. Those who knew him well,
o had the requisite intelligence to be more
n surface companions, tell a different story.
salary was not large, and he sent a good
t of it back to Missouri, where it was
ded, instead of "spending it like a man"
his own pleasures. In brief, Mr. Clemens,
le he enjoyed the rough and tumble, devil-
-care Comstock life, wasn't carried away
it. He knew there was a world outside.
first work that showed the stuff of which
was made was done on the Enterprise.
lark, being a man of sense, never ne-
ted his interests. The fact that to know
articular man might at some time be ad-
tageous did not deter Mr. Clemens from
ing his acquaintance. He and the Epis-
l clergyman became friends, and while
clergyman probably did not consider Sam
nens a devout christian, at least he re-
led him as a promising young man whose
ings were in the right direction. Now,
printers knew that to steal the shade of
Clemens' lamp caused him to burn with
ow fury. So they stole it as often as
could for the pleasure of hearing him
ır—an art in which he excelled. One
ing at dusk he climbed to the deserted
room and found the shade gone. There-
he began to drag himself around in a
rely but intense circle, as was his wont
such occasions, uttering oaths and call-
down heaven's vengeance on the purloin-
While thus breathing maledictions, he
d the door and beheld the Episcopal
ster standing therein transfixed with
or.

ırk paused not in his slow walk, but had
grace to drawl out in low ferocity this
ırgated) excuse:

know you're shocked to hear me, Mr.
n. It stands to reason you are. I know
in't language fit for a Christian man to
nor for a Christian man to hear, but
ould only lay my hands on the —— ——
—— —— who stole my shade, I'd show
what I'd do to him, for the benefit of
ers to all time. You don't know print-
Mr. Brown; you don't know them. A
tian man like you naturally can't come
ntact with them, but I give you my word
e the —— —— —— —— that a body
had anything to do with."

MARK TWAIN'S DEPARTURE.

(The Springfield Republican.)

man of exceptional and profound hu-
y, lover of his kind, earnest in its best
sts, serious in the guise of humor, that
the most rich, the most varied, the
compelling, the most unexpected, as
nt on its surface as it was deep in his
—such was Samuel Langhorne Clemens,
death in his 75th year has taken place
home in Redding, Ct. Although the
humorist, the great fun-maker, the great
thizer, he had a life of vicissitudes and
at afflictions. Like many other humor-
had been his fate to gain from his
his deepest tragic experiences, that
ying philosophy which made him mas-
circumstances and one of the truest
we have known. The time has long
by when Mark Twain could be passed
merely a fun-maker. He made fun in-
he made it to his last day; it was in his
nature; he could no more avoid seeing the ludicrous aspect of situations, the comic element in his fellow-beings, the absurd contradictions of our nature, than he could escape seeing the deep moral issues which surrounded him, and in regard to which in his long life he was never on the wrong side.

Clemens was a man whose heart was a conscience, and his mind a fountain of inspiration. Take even his slightest things, his sketches for the Nevada paper, the things which first brought the attention to him, and while some are nothing but fun, amidst them gleams every now and then a perception that he is not trifling. Still it is as humorist that Mr. Clemens made his first impression, nor was he invariably a judge of the excellence of his work. That tendency to extravaganza which showed in his reporter's description of a gigantic petrified man on a Nevada mountain betrayed him at times into singular and troublesome breaks which he did not often recognize. Some of these have caused trouble to his readers, a certain irreverence in "The Innocents Abroad" has worried many good souls, and such breaks happened in a good many of his public addresses, where he seemed least happy. He often wished when he sat down from an after-dinner speech that somebody had put a muzzle into his mouth. But these were but insignificant exceptions to the great body of his humorous writings considered in all lights. One of his latest books, "Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," illustrated how individually he had thought on such a large problem as the possible continuance of life. Considered aright there is nothing irreverent in that. His picture of heaven as aportioned among people of many affiliations and the vastness necessary to keep each in his proper sphere and in sympathy has been called irreverent, but regarded with care it will be seen to present a truer picture of the problems of the life beyond than is presented by many an orthodox imagination. He did not forget that human nature could not be changed by transposition.

Among his most interesting books are those of his youth on the Mississippi and in Missouri. "Tow Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are among the most vital figures in American literature. Many have called "Tom Sawyer" his greatest work. It is too large a designation, but the story shows his quick perception and his divination of a time and of figures which are now largely unknown, except through what he had written. "Tom Sawyer" may be considered an introduction to some of the most serious things he ever produced. Out of the same surroundings and experiences of the unformed West came his extraordinary novel of "Pudd'n'head Wilson." At the time that this story as appearing in Harper's Monthly, a novel on the subject of southern slavery was appearing in another magazine. It dealt with it in a fashion which gave by contrast an extraordinary force to Mark Twain's treatment of the subject. The tragic curse of slavery, the tragic impression it left on American life, was wonderfully portrayed in "Pudd'n'head Wilson," while the beautiful character whose name was given to the book is one of the most delightful of creations.

This novel was dramtized and its performance on our stage was made memorable by the admirable impersonation of Frank Mayo, who consulted Mr. Clemens in its preparation. Another of his books that was represented on the stage was "The Gilded Age," which he wrote together with the late Charles Dudley Warner. It is a severe satire upon American society, politics and business. Kate Field played the principal woman's character, but the book and play were less characteristic of Mark Twain than of Mr. Warner. It was written when they were neighbors in Hartford, and published by a subscription firm.

"The Prince and the Pauper" was also made ito a play, and met with some success. This story is an admirable imagination of what might have happened to little King Edward VI of England if he had been lost and had exchanged places with a London boy whose extraordinary personal resemblance made the masquerade conceivable. In this story, particularly the deep humanity of Clemens was the informing force. The boys, in their exchanged personalities, little Tom in the place of the prince, and Edward as Tom Canty, make the offset of classes a vivid thing, and the adventures of both show the England of the 16th century and the wrongs of the people, and by analogy it became a satire on our own times.

So also was "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," which represents by a fantastic leap the introduction of modern ideas amidst the fabled knighthood and chivalry of the Round Table age. With much grotesquery, the teaching was unmistakable, moral and civilizing. Probably Mark Twain's most extraordinary writing in the way of imagination was his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." Curiously enough, its publication was begun in a magazine as by an unknown author. The speculation as to who this unknown author was could scarcely have lasted for more than two numbers at the most. Mark Twain was a genius who could not conceal himself. When Sieur Louis, a squire in Joan's army, was manifestly talking broad American humor, and more than that, plain Mark Twain, the riddle was solved. But his "Joan of Arc" is the noblest treatment of that heroic figure ever made in literature outside of De Quincey. The heroism of the inspired girl was wonderfully set in the midst of the tumultuous soldiery, and the murderous animosity of the church and the English. The picture of the partisan La Hire is powerful for any writer. These three books are regarded by Mr. Howells as Mr. Clemens's masterpieces.

Among his later writings none stood out more strongly for its humor than the short story of "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." In that the humorist showed his powers at their ripest stage, and his genial wit in its richest vein. "The Million Pound Bank Note" was surely one of Clemens's most ingenious and successful skits. That a man with a million pounds in his pocket in the shape of a bank of England note should become the leading citizen of a town and have everything at his command, just because he could not possibly negotiate it, was one of those daring absurdities that only Mark Twain would have endeavored.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL.

Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of BOWER'S PORTABLE GRADING AND CONVEYING MACHINE COMPANY, a corporation, will be held at the office of said corporation, room 411, Foxcroft building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 3 p. m., for the purpose of transacting the regular business of the said corporation.

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT,

Julius Calmann, Secretary.

4-15-3t

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west lune of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Party Government as It Is to Be

Party government as it is to be begins with party government as it is by recognizing the validity of county and state committee as constituted before the new direct primary law went into effect. Therefore the starting point for the new party government will be that of the county committee of each party in each county in the state meeting to determine of how many delegates the next county convention of each such party shall consist. Having settled this, the committee will determine the ratio between votes cast and delegates to compose the convention and apply this ratio to each precinct in such county. The custom is to allow anyhow one delegate from each precinct, no matter how few party votes may have been cast in such precinct, and then one delegate for each 40 or 50 votes cast.

When the committee has done this work, which must be done at least fifty days before the August primary is to be held, it must notify the county clerk of its action and the county clerk, when he makes up his ballot, must leave at the bottom of the last column on the ballot to be voted at the August primary as many blank spaces, to be defined by light lines or rules three-eighths of an inch apart, as there are delegates to be elected from that precinct, with instructions to "vote for one," or "vote for two," as the case may require. When the voter gets to the end of his ballot he will write in the names of the persons he wishes sent as delegates to the county convention of his party, or he may affix a "sticker" bearing the names, if anyone has been thoughtful enough to prepare one. So prone are voters to take the direction of least resistance that the mere fact of having prepared a sticker bearing names to be voted for as delegates may predetermine the complexion of the next county convention. This is an item that those who stand for good government ought not, and those who stand for spoils government will not, overlook.

The petition, or notification, filed with the county clerk, as above provided, must contain: the date and place of holding the convention, the number of delegates apportioned to each precinct, a brief statement of the purposes for which the convention is called, including the election of delegates to the state convention apportioned to that county by the state committee of that party, and the election of a county committee. The chairman and secretary of each county committee must mail a copy of this petition, or the substance of it, to each committeeman of that party in such county.

This notification to the county committeemen appears to be all the public notice required to be given of the holding of the county convention, but, inasmuch as it has been the immemorial custom for the chairman and secretary to publish the call for county conventions, it is probable that the custom will not be discontinued. Certainly it ought not to be, for the widest publicity should be given to the fact.

And, inasmuch as the law makes no provision for putting the names of candidates for delegates on the ballot by the filing of nomination papers, by petition or at all, it becomes all the more important to have the holding of the county convention thoroughly talked up beforehand, for, as explained last week, whoever controls the party machinery of the party in power controls the government, and the initial point of governmental control lies, therefore, in the naming of the delegates to county conventions.

Now there is nothing in being a delegate to a county convention except the loss of time, and the expense, unless somebody has either an ax to grind or a high purpose to subserve. The practical control of the machinery of party government of the Republican party in California has, for many years, vested in the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, and that bureau will wish to perpetuate that control under the new law. Many delegates to all state conventions held in the past were Southern Pacific employees, and the employees of that company are scattered all over the state. What more natural than that these employees should either suggest, and prepare stickers for, or find some friend of the company to suggest and prepare stickers for delegates to be sent to the county conventions? If this be done the rest will be easy. Control of the party machinery may still be in the hands of the "interests" under the direct primary as well as under the old convention system.

Of course party control will not mean quite as much under the new system as under the old. The naming of candidates for state and county offices will not be as easy, but in relation to appointments of Federal officers, judges, United States attorneys, etc., control of the state committee of the party in power will be tremendously important. That committee, or its officers, will speak in the name of the whole party of the state and the influence of such officers will be very strong, and strongly exerted, in bringing pressure on the President, United States Senators and Representatives in Congress, on behalf of aspirants for office under the Federal government.

Then, too, the relations which exist between the state committee and the several county committees and committeemen, even down to delegates to county conventions, are important. There are fifty-eight counties in the state. It is probable that the county conventions of the Republican party will average 100 delegates to the county. That means 5,800 influential citizens from about 2400 precints, through whom the head of the state committee may exert a direct influence upon the whole party. It is easy to see how, with such leverage, it may become relatively easy for the influence in control of the party machinery to control the politics of the state.

And the issue all swings on the selection of delegates from each precinct to go to the county convention. Select the right kind of men, and the party government can hardly go wrong. Select the wrong kind of men, and party government can hardly go right.

Our lesson next week will be on the State Convention and State Committee.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "THE TERMINAL RATE QUESTION"

—By Sidney W. Persons

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MAY 6 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 24.

As Needham Sees It

ESENTATIVE J. C. NEEDHAM is reported as saying: surgency in its national aspect is rapidly becoming anti- l anti-protection." That it is not anti-protection is proven ariff plank in the Indiana platform, the soundest expres- he American doctrine of protection that has been voiced t years. Whether or not this insurgency movement is t depends upon Mr. Taft. He pitches his tent in which- ıp he chooses. Likewise may Mr. Needham.

After This One

SPARRING MATCHES ARE NOT WORTH le, and that slugging matches are intolerable, is being l by all gradations of society above the riff-raff, but ɔe reasonable and postpone shutting down the lid on it er the Jeffries-Johnson Fourth of July celebration," is because "we deucedly want to see, don't you know, how t comes out."

All Their Fault

CONSERVATIVES IN THE UNITED STATES te which, being interpreted, means the representa- The Interests for The Interests, have served notice upon gent members that if they do not cease trying to put ings, such as the government valuation of railroads, into ersham railroad bill, and stop trying to knock out of the Wrong Things as an authorized centralized ownership ting roads, and a combination for rate-making, in ad- approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission, they, rvatives, will kill the whole bill, **and it will all be the he insurgents.** Perhaps the American Public will look ue in that light and perhaps, again, it will have better

Since When?

OINTED YOU," wrote Mayor McCarthy to H. P. mery, "because of your high standing in this community, uestioned integrity and your pronounced ability in the e world." Since when, your Honor, has the keeping gle-shop" come to be rated as a "mercantile pursuit," and i it to be looked upon as entitling one to "stand high" ɔmmunity? The moral standards of San Francisco's ɔuld be a reproach to a frontier cattle market.

The Right Way

RANCISCO HAS GONE ABOUT THE PANAMA- ic exposition proposition in the right way. Our rep- es go to Washington with something tangible in their l with public sentiment behind them. They have the neet the government face to face and congress man to ere will be no occasion to intensify atmospheric condi- Vashington with much talk. This is the place to hold ition. San Francisco will make a success of it and, re is a frame-up against San Francisco, which is un- representatives will come back bringing the prize with

Why Conservative?

DO THE REPUBLICAN "REGULARS," the ndpatters," in congress, mean to imply when they take ves the term "conservatives?" Do they mean to suggest that there is in congress a faction of radical Republicans who would, if they could, lead the party and the nation into untrod wilds of legislation, into socialistic experiments, monetary hazards, ill-considered reform measures? No! conservatism implies nothing of the sort, for nothing of the sort is talked of or contemplated. As hospital folk are wont to indicate, the most unspeakable personal filthiness as being "untidy," so the Republican "regulars" use the term "conservative" as implying slavish obedience to the huckstering methods of Aldrich in the senate and Cannon in the house. The aroma the word yields when used by that ilk is distinctly "untidy."

Blind Pigs

THE CRUSADE WHICH THE ROYAL ARCH, in California, is inaugurating against the "blind pig," lacks much of taking on the character of a great moral enthusiasm. It is not so much that little joints exist here and there where liquors are sold without first taking out a license of which the public complains, as that bad men are licensed to sell in a needless multitude of places, at all hours of day and night, on all days from the birth of the new year to the death of the old. San Francisco is not so much suffering from the running of a few unlicensed deadfalls here and there, although all such should be closed, as from an excess of at least 2,000 deadfalls that are licensed. A thousand picked places for selling liquor, confided to the care of a thousand carefully selected men, would adequately meet the bibulous requirements of this city. Will the Royal Arch address itself to this problem? It would be something like.

The Master Builder of California

MANY REFORMERS ARE DESTRUCTIVE rather than constructive. They would tear down, leaving the wreckage for others to clear away and the constructive work for others to build. Not so the insurgency of eastern Republicanism and of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. In the place of bosses they would set up leaders; in the place of programs they would outline policies; in the place of railroads dominating our political life they would rejuvenate political parties, representatively constructed, and directly commissioned by the voters belonging to those parties; in place of political machines they would organize and energize a prepotent public sentiment and make it effective. In this work of constructive reform Hiram W. Johnson is our Master Builder of California.

Who Furnished the Cash?

FORMER SENATOR BILLY MASON of Illinois is reported to have said that half the seats in the United States senate have been obtained by purchase. There is little reason to doubt it. Senator Billy ought to know. Senator Lorimer evidently does. But who finances the buying? Have the common people of any commonwealth clubbed together and bought a seat in the senate that their interests might be looked after? Have the farmers of any state or any union labor organization, financed such an enterprise in their selfish interests? On the contrary, what transcontinental railroad does not own one or more seats in the senate that an official valuation of railroads may not be had? What trust or monopoly, combine or syndicate of feudal barons has not "chipped in" to a "jackpot" for the joint ownership of one or more "conservative," senatorial gray wolves? All our public villiany hath a common and a never failing origin!

It is The Cinch

That the cost of living, especially in this country, is increasing out of all proportion to increase in wages, salaries, interest and the business opportunities of the many, is a stern, pitiless, obstrusive fact. We have a right to know why it is so, and if we do not make the most of that right we are less than just to ourselves.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, than whom there is perhaps no one in this country better qualified to speak, writing for the May Scribner, affirms this to be true in relation to gold: The value of gold is dependent, first, upon the ratio that exists between the world's annual production and its accumulated stock, and not alone upon increase or decrease of production in any one year, and, second, upon the ratio of the world's demand for gold to its total supply. These propositions appear to be reasonable and probably are sound.

From 1851 to 1875 the world's stock of gold doubled and prices rose somewhat, but inasmuch as the demand for gold also increased greatly, the rise in prices was not excessive.

From 1876 to 1895 the world's stock of gold increased 43 per cent, yet prices fell continuously, for the reason that the demand for gold, resulting from its becoming the world's single standard of values, enormously increased.

From 1895 to 1905 the world's stock of gold increased 35 per cent and prices, in this country, have risen, that is, retail prices have risen, and it is the retail price that concerns the ultimate consumer.

We have been assured that the increase in the cost of living is a world-wide malady. This does not appear to be so. Tables of the London Economist, and Sauerbeck's tables, show that from 1890 to 1908 there has been practically no increase in wholesale prices in London and, in this country, both Bradstreet's agency and the United States Bureau of Labor show that on a list of 203 articles the increase in the wholesale price from 1890 to 1908 averaged only 9 per cent, although there has been great diversity among the different articles making up the list. Thirty-six of these articles fell in price during this period and two remained stationary. The remainder increased in price much in the proportion that dealers in them have been able to combine behind a high tariff wall to put up prices.

Farm products have generally risen, partly because they were unprofitably low in the 90's, partly because of an increased world demand for those products and partly because of The Cinch which combinations of dealers and manufacturers have been able to apply to consumers. On most of these commodities the price at which the retail dealer must sell is fixed for him by the manufacturer or wholesaler, the miller or the packing house, and, inasmuch as his margin is made liberal, he is not averse to the arrangement. The results have been a tremendous increase in the number of groceries, fifteen-cent buying on the part of consumers of factory made foods has become the rule, the art of house-wifery of other days has been lost and hand-to-mouth living, that bodes no good for the future of the American middle and working classes, appears to have come to stay.

Finally, the prices of dutiable products, whether produced at home or abroad, are increased an average of 40 per cent by our excessively protective tariff. Before combination for the elimination of competition between producers, sheltered behind the tariff wall, became a science increase in cost to the consumer was not measured by the tariff duty. Now it is so measured in all commodities in whose production there is a combination. If we had free competition within the tariff wall it would matter little how high that wall be raised, but, as we have not competition, the height of that wall becomes vitally important.

THE STAFF

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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When it comes to pass, as it now has, that an American, having an income aside from his earnings, can go to Paris or London and live on food produced in America for substantially one-half of what it would cost him to live in New York or Boston, though eating the same foods, it is time for the consuming American mass to rise in wrath and smite The Cinch hip and thigh.

On Sober Second Thought

The killing of young McCarthy by a blow from the fist of young Moran was an accident. Moran did not intend to kill his opponent. He only intended to knock him down so that he would stay down. Mr. James Jeffries has no present intention of killing Mr. Jack Johnson, and Mr. Jack Johnson has no present intention of terminating the earthly existence of Mr. James Jeffries. Each gentleman merely intends, if opportunity offers, and he finds himself possessed of the requisite prowess, to knock the other down so that he will stay down, have to be helped to his feet and carried to his room. If a job is made for the undertaker that will merely be another accident for which all hands will be properly sorry. Such accidents are liable to happen in amusements of that form. But, on sober second thought, that is not the issue at bar. Any man who finds no higher purpose in living than that of being a prizefighter were as well dead as living. Society loses nothing in his taking-off. Any father who has no ambition for his son other than that he may become a successful "pug" is deservedly punished when he follows the remains of that son to the cemetery. The real question before the public is, what is the effect of such encounters, so advertised, financed, hippodromed, "played-up," "and "pulled-off," upon the morals of city, state, nation and world? What kind of ideals of manhood does it cause the rising generation to form? Next to having unconvicted felons feted and fellowshipped, running at large, is it not about the most demoralizing thing that can happen? If so, then stop it and stop it before it starts. That fight between Jeffries and Johnson is either going to be a slugging match or a fake. Common expectation is proof in plenty. The only other way to tell is to wait until the fight is over and then it will be everlastingly too late to stop it. Such killings as take place, now and again, in the prize ring are negligible. Society is little out because of them and nothing in, whoever whips.

A Statement of Fact

Satan and his accessories are iterating and reiterating that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Leaguers are combining with the Democrats for the defeat of all Republican candidates for office whom the Leaguers do not succeed in nominating. It is not so. And yet there will be more free voting across party boundaries this year of grace than ever before. Good citizens are going to vote for the best men they can find up for office in what party they find them, and bad citizens are going to vote for the worst men they can find up for office wherever they can find them. There are broader and more fundamental differences within each of the parties than between the two parties, and there should be a new alignment of parties to correspond. Perhaps there may be, but until there is whatever combinations are effected will be effected spontaneously, when the time comes, by each voter voting as he thinks he ought to without trading or trafficking or pre-arranging. Meantime, the only salvation for either parties in nominating its best men for office. It ought always so to be.

Whom Do You Want For President

Do you realize, Mr. Voter, that the August primary, 1910, is to afford you your last chance to say whom you prefer to head the national ticket of your party in 1912? Such is the fact. On the 16th of August you will elect delegates to a county convention that will be held within two weeks thereafter, and you will not again elect delegates to a county convention until August, 1912, before which time the national convention of your party will have been held and your party candidates will have been nominated. The delegates whom you elect this August, to constitute your county convention, will be the delegates who will constitute the county convention to be held in April or May, 1912, for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention of your party, which convention will elect delegates to your national convention. Under the direct primary law the county convention chosen this year will be reconvened for that purpose in April or May, 1912. Perhaps the law should have made different provision for that convention. Two years from now men may have very different views in regard to presidential candidates from those they now entertain. If they now entertain any views at all, but they will not then be able to make their views effective at the polls. Their only recourse, then, will be to reason with delegates elected this year. For this reason the greatest care should be taken this year in selecting delegates to county conventions. Such delegates are, so to speak, to double business boun

Natural Law in the Railroad World

Our "backbone" article for the week h to do with the natural law of rate-making, a bject not without interest to California, a te that consumes so small a part of some its commodities, and so much more than he whole of others, as to make its every ind dependent upon transportation rates.

But there are two natural laws of rate-ing, only one of which our corresponden as considered. One has been followed hith to, the other eventually will have to be follow one consists in clapping on the stiffest te that any article of commerce will stand th out being driven from the market, the ner in the application of the principle of a sonable recompense for service rendered is tance, grade, cost of construction and o ation in each case being considered. The e is the natural law of an unforeseeing gree e other that natural law of trade which ultimately vindicate its right to rule and ordain that mountain ranges shall no be treated as though they did not exist, tha tance shall not be annihilated and tha no port shall have the advantages of being a unless it is a port with a developed carrying commerce.

The cupidities of men, corporations and cities may, and do, make shift to hind not neutralize; the higher law of rate-ma but cannot for always. The time will me when a city sitting on the verge of deep ter will enjoy the full advantage of its situ

ıse it will be forced to utilize that ad-
ge, and if it does not it will derive little
it from its situation, as it should not.
lay will come when merchandize will not
tched through Fresno or Reno to San
isco, either constructively or destruc-
. to be constructively and destructively
d back again at local rates. The natural
f rate-making will attend to that, very
with the opening of the Panama canal.
en this natural law of rate-making shall
ate its power to rule, non-perishing com-
ies, destined for distant markets, will
the shortest, quickest, easiest direction
sea, to be there massed in shiploads
ırried in bulk to the port easiest reached
the interior point to which such goods
been shipped. Unless time be the es-
of the contract little will be transported
eels that can be transported by water,
ır the reason that there is greater fric-
ıd more dead weight by wheels, in pro-
ı to bulk, than by water. It would be
w but for The Cinch, but The Cinch
ıt always be tolerated.

paper looks for a revolution in com-
and industry to follow the opening of
ınama canal. The only influence that
ier it after that is government by rail-
for railroads. That government now
the port of San Francisco to commerce
from the interior of our own country,
ın strives partially to make up for it by
g the interior on every pound of mer-
e that comes and goes. The whole
is artificial, unjust and intolerable, and
lisappear when government of the peo-
been resumed by the people. Excess
ying charges, like excess in tariff pro-
mulcts commerce and industry, raises
t of production and of living and low-
standard of living and the purchasing
of a people. It is oppressive and tyr-
and not to be endured by any free

merchants of San Francisco had lifted
ices and put forth their strength for
ablishment of a government line of
s between Seattle and Panama they
ave obtained it. But that would be
ic! Socialism consists in abolishing
tion, and it is a bad thing, but shall
ıscontinental railroads practice social-
the hurt of San Francisco, and other
ıd these cities not avail themselves of
e weapon to be used in their own de-

be a great day for San Francisco and
cities when the long and short haul
f the interstate commerce law is en-
o the letter—provided that meantime
ma canal is thrown open so that there
one revolution in transportation and
What ships shall we not see then
reat harbor! What trains rolling out
ith merchandise for interior points!
ıral law of rate-making will then have
indication that no one will dare to
its authority.

---

at Shall We Do To Detweiler?

ney-General U. S. Webb, greeting:
ttention is respectfully called to the
one A. K. Detweiler, indicted for
n the interests of the Home Tele-
ompany, and a fugitive from justice
than three years, has returned to
cisco, full of smiles and good cheer,
that he has been in retirement solely
nt of ill health, an excuse that may
gher-ups but not for grown-ups. He
ed to the sheriff and, without smell-
gave bonds for his appearance and
d the colony of unconvicted felons
y parade our streets unblushing,
ır social gatherings unabashed, to
ency everywhere as vice flaunts vir-
ughout Mayor McCarthy's enlarged

It must be as obvious to you, General Webb, as to the general public, that Detweiler's return was predicated upon the seemingly safe conclusion that the government of San Francisco is now in the hands of its crime-compounding element, and that any prosecution instituted against Detweiler, or any other of the higher-ups, will be a perfunctory proceeding performed with the likelihood of terminating in applying whitewash to very black objects or, if the court will permit, in the dismissal of proceedings for an alleged insufficiency of evidence to produce conviction.

Why not fool the gentleman, General Webb? Why not step in, as we understand that the law gives you power to do when you have reason to doubt the sincerity or efficiency of the prosecution in any case of felony, assume control of the prosecutions of these criminals, sift the evidence and then take such action as, in your judgment, the facts warrant you in taking?

If you can do no more, at least you can force these defendants severally to take the witness stand, in one case or another, and there either speak the truth and shame the devil or avail themselves of their constitutional privilege of swearing that, if they were to tell the truth, the truth would incriminate them. That would be tantamount to a plain, public confession of their guilt, and it would be at least a partial vindication of public decency to have these chesty, high-headed malefactors well branded before they go hence without day, even if the law must stop short of making them wear stripes. That would aid in restoring to the minds of many San Franciscans that power of discriminating betwixt evil and good of which they have been so long and so unfortunately deprived.

In conducting these cases you will be no such storm center as was Francis J. Heney. The bitterness of conflict will not so divide citizen from citizen or so blind the public vision as to militate against your securing a jury of fair minded men. The public mind has calmed and the fires of hate have cooled. San Francisco has had a chance to come to its better self, and this paper believes that your efforts to establish justice would be steadily and helpfully sustained.

If nothing can, indeed, be done to vindicate the law, in cases such as these where guilt is scarcely so much as denied; if successful rascality has only to make a plentiful use of ill-gotten wealth in order to go unwhipped of justice; if, after full investigation, you find such to be the fact, the public will accept you at your word, dismiss you from all responsibility for failure, give you your full meed of praise for having done your best, and turn itself sadly but with determination to find some other means for vindicating decency, preventing the debauching of the minds of the youth and corrupting the hearts of a populace. But for the restraining words of Hiram Johnson and others on the night following the day that the bullet of Haas laid Heney low, an indignant city would have applied such a remedy as would have kept this sneaking Detweiler in hiding to the end of his days.

If civilized society is to endure it must find a way to protect itself from the depredations and debaucheries of a proud and opulent rascality. We wish to see the machinery of the law exhaust its every resource that the minds of men may not, without full justification, turn to more summary and more certainly efficacious methods of coming up with such an evil. If needful witnesses may be bought off and sent abroad to live luxuriously while justice waits unattended, if the saloon and the tenderloin may be hired to elect incompetents as prosecutors, if the arm of the law may be paralyzed with cash, let us know it, but let us exhaust every recourse before we admit the inevitability of the defeat of orderly justice at the hands of corrupt wealth, for, out of failure, grows that which is dangerous.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Do you earn your own living or only make it? There is a difference. The issue is one that deserves to be looked into.

There is but one kind of employment in this world that is justifiable, and that is service. It is no small task to take care of a world full of people, feed them, clothe them, house them, fetch and carry them whither they want to go, preserve their health, minister to their spiritual needs, educate them, settle the difficulties which must needs arise among them, organize them industrially, capitalize their activities, amuse them, relieve their poverty, augment their wealth. The real needs of such a world are so many and so exacting that it keeps the whole world busy, something doing every minute.

The doing of all these needful things, and a thousand others, comes under the classification of service, and there is only one kind of justifiable service and that is useful service, a service that yields a benefit and not an injury, a service that enhances the wealth or well-being, the pleasure or comfort, of some of God's creatures.

The problem of the unemployed the world has always with it. The problem of the overworked is making constant demands on legislation. Sweatshops wring the heart of the world, but when economists shall take up the subject of mal-employment, that employment that leaves the world no richer, that employment that does for one what he ought to do for himself, the wasteful showing will stagger the minds of men.

Again we ask, are you earning your own living or only making it? Men invest their money in lands or town lots and then wait for the growth of population to make their investments valuable. A great deal of money is made that way, although a great deal more is lost, but it is rarely that a dollar is earned by any such method. No service is performed. On the contrary, by emphasizing the speculative instinct, the future is discounted for half a lifetime and men are made to carry a burden of over-investment for twenty or thirty years before any real need justifies it.

Or men gather inside information in relation to the acreage planted to cotton or to corn. They work hard early and late, sharpen their wits to a razor edge and then gamble on whether the price will go up or go down. They may make a great deal of money or lose all they have, but when they are dead they will not have to their credit a yard of muslin for clothing human kind or a bushel of corn for feeding man or beast. Though he be a Patton, such a man is a parasite and goes out of the world indebted to it for the bread he has eaten, the clothing he has worn, the lodging he has enjoyed, and faith in the justice of Jehovah persuades us that somewhere, sometime, that account will have to be squared, that the human parasite will have to work overtime in making good that which he had during life and did not pay for in useful service to his kind.

What the final social order in this world is to be the wisest cannot now say with any certainty. It may be Christian Socialism, or a Christian Individualism. The writer of this inclines to the latter opinion, but whatever it is to be it must have the Christ spirit at the foundation of it or it will be intolerable to many and unjust to all.

Now the very essence of the spirit of the Christ is service, useful service. The idle poor and the idle rich are heavy burdens for the industrious to carry, the latter as heavy as the former, in fact, a great deal heavier, for the idle rich require a great deal of personal ministration that the idle poor dispense with. It is not that interest is wrong and income unjust, but only that, no matter how great one's income from his investments may be, he is not thereby relieved from the obligation of rendering so much of service as will compensate society for the service rendered him.

Do you earn your own living or only make it?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Development of an Aviator

The leaps and bounds by which man recently has progressed in the art of flying probably nowhere else is so strikingly illustrated as in the case of Louis Paulhan, the Frenchman who not long ago was in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Last week Paulhan won a prize of $50,000 by flying from London to Manchester, a distance of 186 miles, with only one stop, and to-day doubtless he heads the list of the practical aviators of the world. Yet it was less than ten months ago, at Douai, France, that he made his first flight, covering one and one-fourth miles. That his is a veritable genius of aviation was demonstrated but five days later, when he remained in the air an hour, 17 minutes and 5 seconds. From this time his triumphs crowded closely one upon another. On August 25, 1909, a month and a half after his first flight, he flew 83¼ miles at Rheims in 2 hours, 43 minutes, 24 4-5 seconds, but later, in England, broke this record by flying 96 miles in 2 hours, 49 minutes and 20 seconds. In January, 1910, he came to this country, and on the twelfth of that month, as Californians need not be told, made the highest record ever made in an aeroplane, attaining a height of 4,165 feet. On April 18, in France, he made a world's record cross-country flight by flying from Orleans to Arois-sur-Aube, a distance of 118 miles, in 3 hours and 30 minutes. And now the London to Manchester ride. And all in less than ten months! Verily, there is a genius for aviation, as for other things, and Paulhan is its possessor.

Boy Scouts Invading America

The organization of Boy Scouts, the existence of which in England owes its conception to General Baden-Powell, is invading America; only, in this country the organization will be composed of American, rather than British, boy scouts. Already Springfield, Mass., has such a body; Syracuse, N. Y., soon will have one, and other American cities will not be far behind. That such organizations will prove beneficial in developing manhood in our boys perhaps will be demonstrated by the following brief sketch of their characteristics. The boys are taken about the age of ten years, and are organized into patrols. For the first month after joining they are "tenderfeet," and must devote themselves to securing the knowledge requisite to being admitted to the second-class scouts. To do this they must possess an elementary knowledge of first aid to the wounded, must know the Morse alphabet so they can signal by it, and must be able, after looking a minute in each of four store windows, to give a fairly accurate inventory of the contents of each. To be promoted to the first-class scouts a boy must be able to carry verbal messages accurately, to compute heights and distance by sight with not more than 25 per cent of error, and to run a mile in 12 minutes. Then there are special first-class badges which are given for special knowledge in the lines they cover. These, however, are but some of the physical and mental requirements, and best and most hopeful of all is the fact that the boy is put upon honor, and pledged that "I will do my best to do my duty," and the boys themselves are the enforcers of this high code. It is a movement that, for the welfare of the boys, should grow, and doubtless it will.

The Biggest Farm in the World

The largest farm in the world is situated in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, and is the property of Don Luis Terrazas. From east to west it measures 200 miles and from north to south 150 miles, and it covers 8,000,000 acres, or 12,000 square miles of land. A neat little farm, it will be observed, but we will appreciate its size better by comparison. It would make a state of Maryland, nearly ten Rhode Islands, six Delawares, or well toward a Massachusetts and Connecticut combined. There are several other states which this Mexican farm outclasses in size, but the foregoing will suffice. On this farm the Don employs 10,000 men—to say nothing of the women and children—any one of whom, it is said, would fight for him to the bitter end, which is more than could truthfully be said of some employers on this side of the line. The "farmhouse" cost $1,600,000, and is furnished accordingly, with rooms for 500 guests. In the farm slaughter-house and packing-plant, last year, 200,000 head of cattle and 150,000 of sheep were dressed and packed, while 600,000 tons of hay were stacked and 200,000 bushels of grain were harvested. From this principality 10,000 men and their families make a living of some sort, while one man grows mighty in inestimable wealth—a fact of which Single Taxers might make a note. It is reported that Diaz himself begins to look with suspicion on the power of Don Luis.

Increase of Women Workers in Germany

In the past, in Germany, the work of women was generally confined to two lines, housekeeping and farm labor. Now, however, in common with the women of other countries, they have gone into a wider field of labor, and there is scarcely a vocation which does not number them among its followers. The statistics relating to this change are significant. From 1895 to 1907 the number of women employed in various vocations theretofore largely given up to men increased 57 per cent, but in the same time the number of men thus employed decreased 20 per cent. As there has been no decrease in either the population or industries of Germany, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the decrease in the number of men employees was due to the fact that their places have been taken by women, which is all right if the women are carefully providing for the men who have been thrown out of employment. Doubtless this increase in the employment of women is general throughout the civilized world to-day, but in one respect that in Germany differs notably from the increase in the United States. Here women rarely turn to farm labor; there, in 1907, 4,500,000 women worked on farms, as against 2,750,000 in 1895, an increase of 64 per cent. In other industries the increase has been but 38 per cent, so it is evident that the German women must have a leaning toward the simple life as exemplified on the farm.

Don't Work When You Are Tired

Now comes a distinguished London physician and urges that brain-toilers should perform no physical labor after their day's work is done. Listen to what he has to say about it: "The root reason is that though head work is not exercise in the sense that it develops the body, it most decidedly is exercise in that it quickly induces fag and physical lassitude. So it is almost pathetic for a man to expect any good to come from taking more exercise when the exercise involved in the day's work has already tired him out." Therefore, says this good physician, ride home instead of walking, and when you get home don't let your wife cajole you, by any specious plea, into physical labor—it is likely to injure you seriously if you do. The profundity of this advice, its sagacity, its hard commonsense, will commend it to many men who heretofore have not known how to escape hoeing in the garden and doing other disagreeable labor. Such men, and their name is legion, should cut out the doctor's words and paste them in their hats, where they may do them splendid service in some hour of their bitter need.

Our Foreign Trade in Automobiles

For every dollar's worth of automobile that comes into the United States two dollars' worth goes out. That is, our exports in this line just about double the imports in value. At the present time we are annually selling, in round numbers, motor cars valued at $8,000,000 in foreign countries, and we buy from them to the value of $4,000,000. Our exports are to practically every country in the world, although the greater number go to Canada, Great Britain, Mexico and Australia.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

MARK TWAIN'S CRITICS

ith hardly an exception, every critic of s has used Mark Twain's departure as occasion for an estimate of his works. n with few exceptions, every one has an- ced, with some degree of positive as- ice, which is his greatest book and which is books will stand the attrition of time remain in the permanent body of litera-

e result is a curious and unconscious re- l of positions. Read a few dozens of opinions, as we have done, and you will ve that they are not so much noteworthy al judgments of Mark Twain as they are evelations of the critics. It is not Mark n, but the critics, who are unconsciously ie bar. His works undeniably are very en, they clearly reveal the progress of his development and decline. They are thus le of literary values. What each critic lone is simply to mark his own degree velopment by announcing which of Mark n's books he values highest.

vitably, in discussing these criticisms in way we also put ourselves on record. But ote with uneasiness that the so-called critics of the day set the greatest store ie "Joan of Arc" and "Pud n'head Wil- and "Connecticut Yankee." This seems a sad and retrogressive judgment. Mark k's genius, in our eyes, lay peculiarly in superb unconventionality of his vision. unconventionality is at its highest—so hink—in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck " Here, if ever, the American spirit , in Homeric freedom and power. To iew, "The Connecticut Yankee" and n'head Wilson" and "Joan of Arc" are Twain after his prime, after his original thought had been muddied by contact he conventionalities of literary form and eshness of impression dimmed by the of the student's lamp. These books e more after the accepted models of the to our mind that is their greatest draw- In "Huck Finn," Mark Twain blazed trail, opened a fallow field, saw and the truth naked and unabashed. That original and truly great achievement. of Arc" is successful imitation of older

we have said, the critics who favor these conventional works are the New Eng- nd New York conservatives of letters. ie reads papers westward bound, the works grow in favor with the critics, the choice vacillating between "Tom r," "Huck Finn" and "Innocents d." A few favor "Eve's Diary," fewer is first success, "The Jumping Frog." variety of tastes amongst critics il- es, also, the futility of literary criticism ensor of books. It suggests, with re- force, the propriety of a change of atti- pon the part of critics toward the works eview. Nearly every critic pretends to critical valuation upon every new book very new author. Nothing could be mpertinent or absurd. The whole body tics now living could not conceivably judgment upon a book or writer that be worth the paper it is written on. critics have hit off the judgment of t has been by sheer chance.

t critics could do, and should do to the on of other things, is to say whether a certain book is interesting, and tell he book is about. The first is useful int to the prospective reader, and is whatever the critics' reputation for ss of mind and good taste is worth. cond is useful as a guide to the pros- reader, insofar as he knows what sub- re likely, or not, to interest him. But ea that the critic's judgment has the st effect upon the permanent rank of in literature is too absurd, yet many persist in maintaining it.

aps, though, the critics are not to We observe that many readers want told that a certain writer is great, , or greatest. They lack a certain res- of intelligence and lean gladly on and more vertebrate minds.

BERNHARDT

Shortly before the first of the year the proposal that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt be enrolled in the Legion of Honor was again in revival in Paris. Her name, however, did not appear in the January lists of honors. The petition to the president asking that the ribbon be given her received the signatures of many of the most noted persons in France, among others Edmond Rostand, who speaks of her as "a woman of genius, the greatest artist of the century, the most brilliant torch of poesy, the most dazzling figure of energy and beauty."

Californian Poets' Corner

MASTER MEADOWLARK

By Charles Phillips

[Sacramento, March 4. By a vote of 17 to 12 the Senate to-night refused passage to the bill designed to enable ranchers to exterminate the meadowlark. News Note.]

Ah! I have heard you again, Master Meadow-lark,
Making your old wild, sweet music for me,
Filling the fields, all adream under Heaven's ark,
Full of your prodigal pure melody!
Spilled from your golden throat,
O, how that olden note
Breaks like a sunbeam made audible, tuneful!
Crystal and winey-clear,
Merry and full of cheer,
Pulsant with summer—ecstatically Juneful!

Ah, yes! I hear you again, Master Meadow-lark,
Singing and bringing old home-joys to me;
But there's a cold word, a doom and a shadow dark,
Chilling the bright skies that ring with your glee!
Men in their Senate say
You, sweet bird, cannot stay;
Death is decreed, merry minstrel marauder!
Aye! there's a tear for you,
Little of cheer for you,
Singer of glee-songs, you sorrow-defrauder!

Ah, yes! I hear you again, Master Meadow-lark—
You're the gay heart that made grief fly away;
Joy did you give me from dawn until bed-o'-dark,
When these fair alien skies cold seemed and gray.
Yours the first old-fashioned
Home voice, all love-passioned,
Yours the first welcome to lands stranger and new;
Well do I love you,
As yon skies above you,
Singing of old scenes and hearts that are true.

Ah, yes! I hear you again, modest Meadow-lark,
Sweet in the morning and all the day long!
Plebian they call you—yet dreams, in the dead-o'-dark,
Wake me in Heav'n to the trill of your song.
You are no kin, they claim,
To that sweet bird whose fame
Poets of old wrote on Heaven's high gate;
But better still, my dear,
You bring to earth the cheer
Heaven would give to our lowly estate.

Ah, yes! I hear you again, Master Meadow-lark,
Singing and winging from morning till noon!
What is that new note I hear—all the heavens hark—
Joyously thrilling with promise of June?
Men still have hearts, my bird!
Sing them the songs they heard,
Wild bird of Memory, when they were boys!
Sing of the furrowed field!
Plowman and Senate yield
Gladly, O prophet of Heavenly joys!

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY

The London Chronicle declares that the English are behind the Germans in their admiration of Shakespeare, and cites the following facts to prove the statement:

The Germans, as a nation, worship Shakespeare. They regard him as the greatest dramatic genius that ever lived, and his plays —principally "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "The Merchant of Venice"—draw large audiences whenever presented.

At the Berlin Deutsches Theatre, the stage manager of which, Prof. Max Reinhardt, is the well-known German authority on Shakespeare, hardly a week passes without at least one of the tragedies being staged, and sometimes the week's programme contains as many as two or three of Shakespeare's plays. The company includes Else Heims, Gertrude Eysoldt, Tilla Durieux among the women, and Bassermann, Moissi, von Schildkraut, and Hartan among the men, all of whom are famous in Berlin as interpreters of Shakespeare. The staging, also, is much more effective than in many London theatres.

At the Neues Schauspielhaus the performances of "Julius Caesar" are among each season's chief attractions, while in theatres of lesser magnitude "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are frequently given with excellent results, both from the financial and artistic point of view.

It is in the north of Germany—in Prussia and Hamburg—that the cult of Shakespeare is most highly developed. In Munich, however, the popular mind, both at the Hof and the Residenz Theatres, is frequently entertained with performances of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth," alternately with the national dramas of Schiller and Goethe. In Stuttgart, at the Schauspielhaus; in Leipzig, at the Stadtheatre; in Dresden, where everything English is admired; in Frankfort and Cologne, his works are also produced with great success.

There are people in Germany who really believe in the theory—absurd, it is true—that Shakespeare was originally a German called Schuttelspeer, and the average German looks on him as though he belonged to some Teutonic clan, which is a proof of the admiration in which he is held in the Fatherland.

In the coming tour of the company now acting at the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" figure in the list of "star" performances, together with "Faust" and "Wallenstein." This tour will include not only Munich, but also Brussels. English people, therefore, who intend to visit the International Exhibition in Brussels next summer, or the art centre of Bavaria, in the proximity of which the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play will attract thousands of sight seers, will have an opportunity of witnessing German interpretations of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has been "Germanized" for the Germans. This is one of the greatest compliments to his genius. German children in the schools read his dramas—the translation by Von Schlegel is excellent in every way and shows how intimate the translator was with the original. Shakespearean sayings, proverbs, and sentences have, moreover, entered into the ordinary conversation as though they had been really written by a German.

The average German knows more about Shakespeare's plays than the average Englishman. He has read them more frequently, seen them played more often, and is more fully acquainted with the beauties of their author's thoughts. Many Germans have learned English with the sole object of being able to read Shakespeare in the original, and England's greatest national genius has, comparatively speaking, more admirers in the Fatherland than in the British Empire. The reason is that the German taste has been more carefully educated in Shakespearean lore than our own, and this accounts also for his general popularity beyond the Rhine. In Germany his name does not spell ruin. It attracts crowds.

FRESH AIR SCHOOLROOMS

AND SOME OTHER SENSIBLE ADVANCE STEPS IN EDUCATION

The open-air schoolroom is the latest step back toward natural conditions of living. The discovery has at last been made that not only will fresh air cure tuberculosis and colds and catarrh, but that fresh air for well children will **prevent** tuberculosis and colds and catarrh, and, furthermore, that fresh air will do away with a large share of the stupidity that curses the life of children mewed up in our present air-proof "modern" buildings.

The first step in this process of discovery was made by teachers with enough imagination to recall their own experiences as school children. They remembered the school-room odor, that heavy, noisome stench—no other word will describe it—that made the entrance to a school-room from the fresh air a penalty and an offense. They remembered the torture of stupid hours, when heads nodded over meaningless lessons. They remembered the frantic joy of recess, and the groans with which the bell was greeted for "taking up school" again.

Their imagination went further still and reached the dizzying, the revolutionary idea that these things were **wrong!** That a child ought to **enjoy** the school-room, ought to relish lessons, ought to feel comfortable and happy during school hours. Yes, and not only that these things **ought** to be, but that they **could** be.

Such notions rocked the very foundation of pedagogy. But they have actually been tried out, and they work. And they have not been tried out by hare-brained enthusiasts, either, but by the leaders of pedagogical advance in the conservative eastern cities—Washington, Boston, New York.

The open-air treatment of tuberculosis suggested the idea of the open-air school-room for tuberculous children. The roof of a New York city school was utilized for an experiment with a class of fifty-two tuberculous children, segregated from various schools of the city. This class sat out on that roof all day long, every school day. Then the discoveries began. First, they did not freeze to death. Second, three-fifths of the class were cured of tuberculosis the first year. Third, the children enjoyed it. Fourth, discipline was improved. Fifth, lessons were better learned.

Then another bright idea was evolved. If tuberculous children got so much good of the open air, why not merely anemic children? That was tried out. Same results. Another idea: if ailing children, why not well children? It sounded like carrying coals to Newcastle, but, somebody said, let us keep them well. Another experiment showed that this was what it did do. It raised the percentage of average school attendance like a rocket. The well children did not get sick any more. It did another thing: the well children showed up better in their studies. The teachers found that the children could sustain an interest in their lessons longer. It dawned upon them that the children had not been indifferent to their lessons; like all children, they had had all along that innate and insatiable thirst for more knowledge that is characteristic of childhood. The trouble had been that their bodies had been so busy fighting for life against smotheration and bad air and little light that there was no vitality left to supply the brain with intelligent interest.

With these discoveries in mind, the experts went back over the old ideas of school teaching and school housing, and checked up the hoary old theories against the new light of facts. They investigated the old fresh-air "system" of ventilation. The theory was perfect, but the facts proved to be that "system" air is not fresh, live, out-door air; that "dry" air is too dry for delicate nostrils and lungs; that "ventilation" does not ventilate.

The old theories of teaching, also, got several body blows. "Calisthenics" and "drill" and "exercise" were also theory perfect, but they fit machinery and not human beings. A little recognition of childhood's imagination made a lot of difference, they found. When they told children to "breathe deep" they were talking adult technicalities that childhood could not understand. Worse still, childhood was not interested. But tell the children to "smell the pine woods" and the in-suction of air threatened the stability of partition walls. The old "bend the body from the hips, knees rigid" command was superseded by the language of childhood and became "pick up the leaves from the ground." Don't you see the point? This is **play.** This makes a picture in the child's mind, of something worth doing, of an intelligible motion, with a purpose. It is part of childhood's eternal "make-believe." Thus, the upward sweep of the arms was translated into child language, "Throw the leaves away." The forward-and-back sweep of the arms became "Shake the leaves off the tree."

Another idea struck somebody. Why should a school yard be a barren, unsightly, trampled corral? A teacher planted flowers in her school yard. The boys rooted them up for the fun of it. The teacher was wise. She whipped nobody. She knew that the boys wanted something to **do,** and that they destroyed the flowers because that was the only thing they knew how to do with them. So she played Tom Sawyer on the boys. She taught them how to take care of the flowers instead of destroying them. That was all the boys wanted. That was doing things, and, besides, there was the new joy of making things grow. Soon there was rivalry for the honor of being allowed to care for and guard the flowers.

The principle of this experience was adopted in the schools of Washington, D. C. There, around the sides of the school yards, a three-foot strip of earth against the fences is set apart for flowers, which the children plant and tend. Little lawns are allotted to the boys, and they water and mow them with the pride and care of first-year farmers. And they have all learned to value growing things, and their parents and neighbors note the change. Destruction is no longer part of the sport of Washington school-boys.

Still another idea erupted, this time in Boston. Recess was always a riot. Why? Because, said a thoughtful teacher, childish nature was nerve-racked, over-strained and near hysterical with being shut up in stuffy rooms and at too long lessons. Why not shorter study periods, and more frequent recesses? An improvement to this was added. Instead of allowing the promiscuous mixture of young and old children, in which the elder children monopolized the school yard, the yard was plotted off into sections, and each class was kept to itself. Then came the crowning achievement. The teacher played with the children. She, being only a child grown older, understood the joy of childish games, and became young again. They, being children with no conception of the adult mind, never knew their teacher until she became a child again, one of themselves. Here is the kernel of the new teaching: no longer try to lift the child to the adult level—that will come, but only by growth—but let the teacher resume the point of view of childhood and teach from that vantage ground of mutual sympathy and common understanding.

Now comes the point of this article. Mrs. Charles C. Boynton, of Alameda, herself the mother of several sturdy children and keenly alive to their point of view, has studied these discoveries of the new housing and the new teaching. She studied them in books and magazines; then she studied them at first-hand in the Eastern cities named above. Then she projected her own imagination upon the problem. She enlisted the interest of several of the foremost architects on this coast, and from their work she has evolved a plan of a school building and school yard that contains the facilities for introducing all the advantages of these new methods at once.

To one who remembers with a shudder the grammar grades of a well-equipped school of fifteen years ago, this plan is a vision of delight. A school-house built about an o court, every room practically a sepa building, with light from three sides (o only on the side the children face), wind that lift from the floor to the ceiling more windows than walls, each class p vided with an entirely separate playgro flower-beds and lawns at hand, basket-b and hand-ball courts—send me back to sc and let me live it over again.

Too expensive, you say. Wrong ag This is a working plan, costs figured out, the projected Haight School, Alameda. funds are already in the treasury to build school as soon as plans are accepted. money allowed is $90,000, and an old-s school building will cost that if it prov the needed accommodations. Mrs. Boynto plan will provide the same accommodati and cost $75,000.

Imagine yourself attending such a schl In fair weather, three sides of the room le open to the airs of heaven. No drowsy ho no stale odors. Light is diffused from th sides, without vexatious cross-shadows. S pose the class grows restless. The teach leads the class at once, without waiting a set time, out into its private playgrou where, disturbing no one and disturbed by no one, all play together—teacher and pupil until the exercise and the amusement he refreshed everybody, and all return to e lessons with new interest and unstrained tention.

Let it be repeated that this is not a dre nor an impractical vision nor a useless pie of frivolity. It is the co-ordination of e most successful experiments of the best tea ers in America, aided by doctors and sc tists.

And why, in the name of common se should California schools, of all schools the world, be hot-houses? Why should fro New York have to teach balmy California t the open air is good for people, even childr? Why should Washington, D. C., the home the Atlantic blizzard, be allowed to teach C fornia, the home of flowers the year rou that flowers and grass and trees can be me interesting to children and agents for te teaching of beauty? These things shol have been taught to the East by Californi

But they have not, and California had bt quickly and humbly learn the lesson bef she is shamed by the East and, more impo ant, before she kills more children with tul culosis and mars more children's lives b needless ails and unnecessary stupidity. M Boynton has brought a great idea eloquen home to her city, and that idea should b studied and put into practice throughout e state.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

In a recent election on the saloon quest San Bernardino went "wet" by a vote 1,464 to 999.

George W. Keyes, a prosperous farmer w resides near Pleasant Grove, Sutter coun never has been in a larger town than Y City and he first rode on an electric car e other day.

The Portersville Enterprise has entered the twenty-third year of its publication, al proudly announces that it is "a better al larger newspaper than it has ever been in e past, and with a larger and stronger circu tion list."

In a vinegar factory at Watsonville I Phillips and August Groenfeldt were asph iated by the fumes of a tank in which former was working. Groenfeldt lost his in attempting to save Phillips.

The Peoples' Cause, of Marysville, of wh Peter Delay was editor, suspended publicati on April 30th.

The merger of the California State Boa of Trade, the Manufacturers' and Produce Association and the California Promot Committee into the California Developm Board was completed recently by the electo of James N. Gillett, president; William Dutton, first vice-president, and Robert Lynch, second vice-president. The follow executive committee was elected: J. N. G lett, R. N. Lynch, N. P. Chipman, B. F. W ton, A. R. Briggs, A. F. Miot, Frank Wiggi W. J. Dutton, F. L. Brown, A. B. C. Do mann, A. I. Esberg, R. B. Hale, F. J. Kost F. Tillmann Jr. and J. P. Irish.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

e Place Where You Love Me Is Best"

n tired," she said, my baby,
An' link 'at to s'eep I'll go,
firs' p'ease to tell me 'tories
Bout lots of queer fings you know,
ut Jack an' the fee-fum giant,
n' Robin an' 'ittle Boo Peep,
right while you're tellin' me 'tories
dess 'at I'll go to s'eep."

I murmured the folk-lore fancies
irst told when the world was new,
l ever the eyelids fluttered
nd drooped o'er the eyes of blue,
the Angel of Sleep came gently
own ladders of pale starbeams,
l led her where wondrous stories
re lived in the Land of Dreams.

k, back from the Dreamland Country
y little one came unto me
en Artists of Morning had tinted
Vith silver both meadow and lea;
l, "I fink," she sagely suggested,
Zere's places for Wake an' for Rest,
the Rest place has boofitul 'tories,
ut the place where you love me is best."

rt of my heart, let us learn it,
he lesson the little one taught.
it though we weary of struggle,
f striving, and striving for naught?
, through the ceaseless endeavor,
ie yearning for dreamlands of rest,
it shall whisper to spirit:
'he place where you love me is best."

* * *

Science Versus Cupid

honor to Science and its tremendous
ements! The wonder of it cannot be
timated or exaggerated in the age of
roplane, the automobile, the telephone,
legraph, the phonograph, and the thou-
ind one other inventions that set our
part as the marvel of the aeons. Never-
, there should be a line beyond which
e must not go, and when it attempts to
pedometer on Cupid, or to stand him
inst a wall and take his measurements
i tape-line, I contend that that limit
en passed, and this is what Science now
ng to do.

instrument by which we would attain
d is called a plethysmograph, a name
in itself should be sufficient to demon-
that Science does not know how to
Cupid delicately. It consists of a rub-
g filled with water, in which is placed
n of the person who is suspected. An
or then is supposed to do the rest.
n Smith," says the investigator to the
woman whom we may suppose to be
ed.
indicator doesn't budge.
ıry Jones."
ing doing.
mas Brown."
ing doing some more.
wles Augustus Lollipop."
ediately the indicator wobbles, starts
hop, skip and jump, and doesn't stop
ie gage shows 144 degrees above zero.
ir young creature is exposed, and
s Augustus Lollipop ought to be

is the plethysmograph (don't try to
nce it if you have a cold), and such is
nner in which it is supposed to work,
who have observed the course of gen-
ieart-throbbing, soul-pulsating, spirit-
zing love will take no stock in it. How
? Do we not know that the machine,
ctly constructed, would, the first time
in contact with a real case of spoon-
ng love, blow up in attempting to do
:? And serve it right, too! Love,
as everybody knows, is divine in its
cannot, must not, be measured by mere
implements. Science should go 'way
ıd sit down. In tackling Cupid with a
e it has gone too far. Its two-foot
ver will be applied to the little winged
ıd we are glad that it cannot be, for
fer our Cupid unharnessed.

The Opinions of Rufus

Sometimes seems ter me that some men grab opportunity only fer the sake of puttin' a mortgage on it.

I b'lieve they's lots of men that would meet with success if they'd git out of the way.

If a man could mix what he thinks he deserves with what the neighbors think he deserves I reckon the result gener'ly would be 'bout what life gives him.

They's one satisfation in seekin' an' follerin' a friend's advice: If things don't go right we have somebody to cuss.

What's the diff'rence now 'tween E. H. Harriman an' the child that built on the beach the sand playhouse that the waves washed away?

Charity's beautiful, but it seems kind o' useless when the best it can say fer a feller is to apologize fer him.

If women would wear washtubs on their feet I can't help feelin' that the harmony with the size of their hats would be more reely artistic.

Josh Bings says that the only dern fool that's reel hopeless, es fer es he's seen, is the one that don't know it.

I asked Ab Seffins what's the diff'rence 'tween a criminal an' a convict. "Well, they differ consider'ble," says he, "but I should say 'twas seldom less than two or three thousand dollars."

I s'pose Judas wan't modern 'nough to git the idee that if he'd give part of them pieces of money to the poor it would fix matters all right fer him.

They ain't any question that the sayin', "A penny saved is a penny earned," must have riginated when food an' clothin' cost less than they now do.

* * *

The Man on Halley's Comet

The Man on Halley's comet
(Perhaps there is a man
Who is built, I should imagine,
On a quite peculiar plan)
When he comes unto this planet
From his somewhat distant range
Must observe, if he is looking,
Quite a noticeable change.

"Great meteors!" he mutters,
"There is something doing here.
This man, the little insect,
Now is running on high gear,
The telephone, the telegraph,
The auto and the bike—
I wonder how his grandpapa
Would such a system like.

"Alas!" he says, "when last I came
'Most everything was slow,
And grandpapa and grandmama
With oxen had to go:
But now they ride in whizzing things,
By aeroplanes I'm hit.
If they are going to keep this gait,
I guess I'll have to quit."

The Man on Halley's comet
Then dropped a scalding tear,
Which made the Martians all remark,
"The water's hot this year,"
But he muttered to his stoker
In tones devoid of mirth,
"Pile on a few more gases—
I'm bound to beat the earth!"

* * *

Mrs. Milne at Rest

In San Luis Obispo, the other day, a "sweet singer" passed to her rest. She was, indeed, one of the sweetest singers of our West, and yet it is probable that comparatively few of my readers had followed her work at all closely. No song she wrote which was not helpful, but as caustic criticism of our neighbors was in none of her lines, some of us overlooked her. There was much sorrow and suffering in her life, but none of it found its way into her poems; they breathed only humanity, a love of her fellows and a desire to make them if but a little happier and better. She lived a good and helpful life, and she is at rest. God heed her, sleeping—and He will.

The Question of Woman's Vote

In the days when I was so young that I had not made up my mind about women I used to be a good deal affected by a certain argument against woman suffrage.

"Say," some misguided masculine friend would query, "what's the use of lettin' women vote? 'Twouldn't do anything but double the vote. They would vote just as their husbands said, and that would be all there would be to it."

This argument used to impress me deeply, but that was before I was mar—that is, it was before I had thought much about women. Now I think—say, William, if you think women will vote just as their husbands direct, ask some married man in whom you have confidence. Don't be too personal, don't inquire how it would be with his wife, but ask for his opinion in a broad, general way. As you are engaged, I shouldn't wonder if his answer would be quite interesting to you.

No, I am not worrying about women voting as their husbands direct; what is disturbing me is the probability of men voting as their wives manage. Lay particular emphasis on that word "manage," William, for that is the way the women—bless 'em!—handle us. They don't drive us. No, they could not, but heavens and earth, children, how they do lead us! They study our peculiarities, know them and us, and after that we are lassoed, and the other end of the lasso is about the pommel of their saddle.

No, if women are permitted to vote—as they should be, for taxation without representation is no less a wrong because it wears petticoats—I am not worrying about their voting as their husbands say, but, oh, it does trouble me to foresee how we men are going to succeed in voting otherwise than as the women manage. It is a problem to which I can see no satisfactory answer. Can anybody?

* * *

Still, Brethren, Let Us Be Grateful—

That, while our often transgressions may deserve penalty, Lieutenant-Governor Porter has not even been mentioned for re-nomination;

That Governor James N. Gillett apparently has heard a still, small voice caling him in out of the wet;

That even a near-direct primary, such as we have, cannot result in a Santa Cruz convention and a universal necessity for deodorizers;

That a well-trained ear can detect some difference this year between a party call and a locomotive whistle;

That the line between right and wrong, self-ownership and corporation-ownership, this year is so clearly defined that a man, though a fool, cannot err in deciding on which side he will take his stand.

* * *

Our Honored Heroes

A grateful people have honored certain of the nation's heroes by naming after them some of the gigantic trees of the Santa Cruz grove. Thus we have the Fremont, the Grant, the Roosevelt, and the other day an arboreal monarch was named the Jeffries in honor of our own James J.

We know our heroes. Let it not be thought
By pigmy souls that we our great forget.
The glory that their deeds of valor bought,
The vast sequoias whisper of it yet.
The ones immortal whom we name in praise
And love which grows not old, but ever is new;
Fremont and Grant and Roosevelt, these whose bays
Are—oh, I 'most forgot—and Jeffries, too.

The great Pathfinder; he, the silent man
Who Victory carved from that black rock, Defeat,
And Bwano Tumbo, he who led the van
Of those who vow the law shall justice mete.
These be our heroes, and their praise to swell,
The very trees unto their fame we yoke—
And then there's Jeff, his glory weaves its spell—
Unless—suppose he doesn't lick the smoke!

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Will Roosevelt Sustain Taft? Rumors are permitted to leak out from "reliable sources" at Washington, and denied afterwards, to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt will stand by the President and lend a hand in helping him to secure the fulfilment of his policies. As this paper has already pointed out this is not an inherently improbable event. There is nothing the matter with the general purposes which the Taft administration has in view. The criticism of the President has been because he went to the wrong people for his support, not that he has supported the wrong things. Theodore Roosevelt will stand by the President so far as the President has stood for Right Things, but he will not stand by the men whom the President has stood by and depended upon to get done the things that he wanted to have done. He will reinforce the President by helping to focus public opinion upon the Right Things the President wants to do, and therein his aid will be important in forcing the reluctant hands of the persons to whom the President has been vainly looking for the power to crystalize his policies into statutes. This paper heartily hopes that Theodore Roosevelt will render the President every aid in his power, but he will make the mistake of his life if, in doing this, he also strives to give character to the Aldrich oligarchy and the Cannon autocracy, upon which the President has so unwisely depended for the consummation of his policies. There is small danger of his doing that.

Controller Nye Will Be Opposed Last week The Watchman expressed his disbelief in the, then, current report that the Republican "organization" would permit the nomination of State Controller A. B. Nye to become effective by default of having an opposing candidate. The Watchman knows too well the character of Mr. Nye and the type of character acceptable to the "organization" mind to lead him to suppose for a minute that the "organization" can have any use for Mr. Nye. With a state administration filled with officials of the Nye type the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company would be out of business. Frank Mattison's nomination papers are abroad in the land. Frank Mattison is a "good fellow," a good mixer, a glad hander out of office and in office, "reasonable" and "tractable." He would remember his friends, he would know the source from whence cometh his help. The horn of his salvation he would toot that it might become a horn of plenty also. The mind of Mattison is the political mind. The mind of Nye is the mind of the conscientious, self-forgetting public servant who strives without ceasing to advance the highest interests of the commonwealth. Mattison, in the event of his nomination and election, will, first of all, remember those by whom he received his nomination and election, the interests of the state coming afterward. That is the political mind, the mind of a Herrin, a Curry or a Gillett. Mr. Nye, on the contrary, has not a friend on earth whose personal interests he would permit to cast so much as a shadow betwixt him and the highest interests of his state. These two men are fine examples of the two types of mind contending for the mastery in this state, "organization" and anti-"organization," or the emancipated. Which shall it be?

Democratic Attitude Toward A. B. Nye The attitude of the reputable Democracy of California toward State Controller A. B. Nye is one of sincere appreciation and commendation. It is not disposed to make a fight against him. In fact, it is quite willing to permit Democrats to make him their nominee also if they wish to by writing his name in on their primary ticket, putting up no candidate against him. Of course if any Democrat wishes to make the race nothing can prevent, but there is no public or general party purpose to put up a candidate. Nor is this because of any scarcity of Democratic material. There are many good Democrats in the state who, if nominated and elected, might acceptably fill that office. The Democratic state of mind in relation to this office is more precisely this: Mr. Nye is all right. He is a Republican, but he is not an offensive partisan and does not carry partisanship into discharging the duties of his office. He is likely to receive the Republican nomination, but he might be jobbed out of it. If he should be, and Democratic voters had, meantime, by mutual consent and a common impulse, written his name into the blank space on their ticket and made him the nominee of their party, the Democrats and free Republicans, in the election of November, would make his election sure. This without any compact or agreement, but by a spontaneous and unselfish Democratic concern for a public officer who has shown himself to be exceptionally worthy of public confidence. If Democrats carry this idea out, as many are now talking of doing, it would raise the purity of their motives to a high estimation in the minds of all men.

A Just Estimate Of Johnson's Campaign The penchant the partisan press has for boosting that which it favors, and belittling that which it opposes, makes the public properly suspicious of overwrought accounts of public meetings and popular enthusiasm for partisan candidates. People remember that it was not always that the posters on the bulletin boards were fully justified when at last the circus came to town. However, there is abundant warrant for the oft-repeated statement that the progress of Hiram Johnson and his party through the state has been splendidly successful, as well as for the belief that the influence left behind will prove permanent and healthful. A very careful observer who heard Johnson on Saturday last at Dixon, writes this paper: "Johnson's speech was brief and to the point, and remarkably well delivered. It excited a great deal of enthusiasm. In this community Johnson will surely receive a large vote, both at the primary and at the general election." The reason why is not far to seek. It is simply not possible to sit and listen to Hiram W. Johnson and not believe that he believes what he is saying to be true. His is the eloquence of sincerity, not struggling for expression through wild gesticulations and a broken, cracked and half munched vocabulary. His style is that of the trained speaker whose thoughts flow mellifluously from a well modulated voice, each word as perfectly formed as rain drops and making music as sweet. He speaks to the people out of a full heart and they are turning out to hear him as they have heard no other Californian since Starr King. The campaign of 1910 will mark the beginning of a new era in the political life of California, and Hiram W. Johnson, more than any other one man, will be its inspiration.

Loveland Debateable The district idea of electing such boards as those of equalization and railroad commission is fundamentally bad. It tends to make the commissioners loyal first to their districts and afterward to the state, whereas their loyalty should be unreservedly to the state as a whole. The second railroad commission district comprises the counties of San Francisco, Marin and San Mateo. All the rest of the state to the north comprises the first district, all the rest of the state to the south comprises the third district. The interest of the second district is therefore wholly commercial. The commissioner from that district will assuredly represent San Francisco's view of the shipping issue. The State Executive Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League cannot claim authority to make the nomination for the second district. That function lies with the district itself if it chooses to exercise it. If not, then the League should take the matter in hand in dead earnest. The office is important. Legitimate, lawful control of transportation is one of the issues this campaign. This paper was of opin that the public career of Commissioner H. Loveland was worthy of investigation to if perchance it warranted his endorsem Many points can be urged in his favor, yet they leave the issue debateable. He still the appointee of Gillett, who would knowingly and intentionally appoint a mar such an office unless acceptable to Mr. W Herrin. The League will therefore do either to find a candidate for the place wh independence is not debateable or leave t place on its ticket blank. It should be i sible in a population of half a million to such a man in the Republican party, a ma once capable and above suspicion of being at any time having been, under obligation railroad influence for political preferment. not, then let the Democrats try their han it. Some man should be found for railr commissioner whose independence is not bateable. Mr. Loveland's career, while ing much to commend it, has not that eminence.

Democratic Committee In Solemn Conference As the forms are ing made up for issue of The Cali nia Weekly to go to press the Democra State Committee, and a number of candid for nomination, are sitting in solemn conclu making up a state ticket by a sort of t understanding, common Democratic cons consensus of opinion or whatever else it m be called. A state committee is not a pro body to do this. It is the only body Democrats not proper to do it, and yet so body must do it or it will not be done. It can be done through conciliation, arbitrati and elimination, and nobody objects, well good, but if any man objects, and can another to agree with him in the objecti these two have a perfect right to make up opposition ticket and offer it to voting Der crats at the August primary.

Another and more certainly legitimate fu tion of the conference will be to assist Democratic state committee in taking in ha the nomination papers of all Democratic c didates for state officers. If candidates w pay $300 to the committee, and sign the p form of principles as adopted at Los Ange the committee will undertake to have t nomination paers all signed up with any further expense to the candida It is expected that the signing acknowledging will be done before j tices of the peace and notaries throughout state, who are ex-officio verification deput without hiring special deputies to go ab hunting signers. The papers will be made in pads and the signer will sign the whole at one time and be done with it. This carried out as planned, will be a good obj lesson in Democratic simplicity and econo and one that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Repu can League might have adopted with bene It makes easy and comparatively inexpens what otherwise must prove costly and diffic for the candidate.

Nat Ellery Will Talk Nathaniel Ellery's candidacy governor has puzzled ma Looking for strategy and gener ship of the highest order to characterize conduct of the Political Bureau of the Sou ern Pacific Company, and knowing that G ernor Gillett belonged to that bureau, and t Ellery has been closely connected w Gillett, The Watchman jumped at the c clusion that the candidacy of Ellery is to accounted for as a diversion planned by master mind at the head of the Southern cific Political Bureau in the expectation t he may take a few votes away from Johns The event may prove this to have been error. It is possible that Mr. Ellery is own and only excuse for his candidacy, a that it has for its purpose that self-uncorki that is so full of comfort to one when he been a long time overcharged. In fact, si ling at every pore. Ellery is honest. He s so himself, and those who know him well

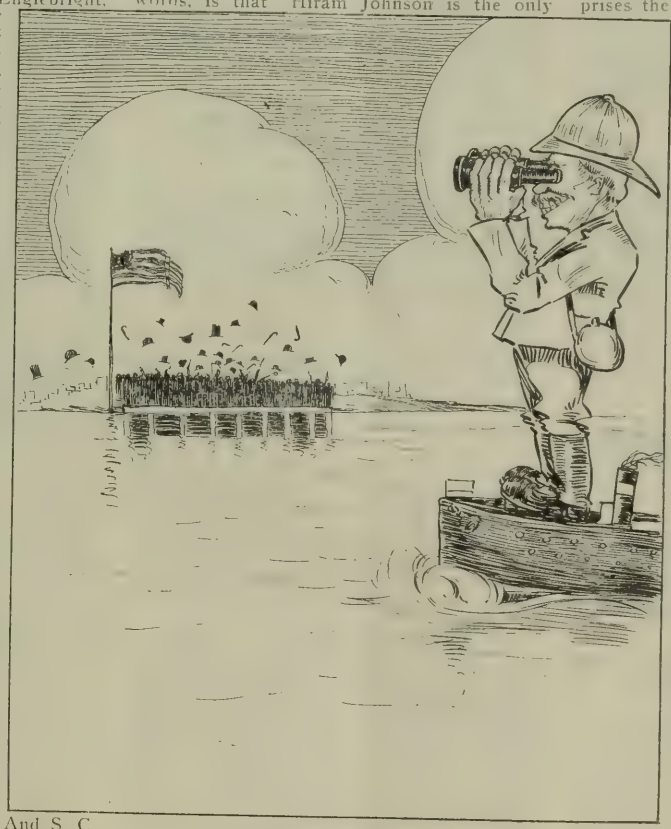
POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

too. He will not stand for grafting on the
te through his department and he has a
kbone that he carries around with him
erever he goes. Now Ellery made a fight
inst the cement trust in which he expected
Governor to back him. The Governor did
pport him up to the point where that
king proved indispensible, and then he
ed. Since then it has been all off
ween the Governor and State Engi-
r Ellery and, in his automobile trip
ough the state, Ellery, it is reported,
o lay the whole matter threadbare before
public that the people may understand
v public construction work is carried on,
well as how it would be carried on if Nat
ry had his way. Wade in, Nathaniel. Let
chips fly where they will. Publicity is a
ue.

nocrats Running Congressman The Democrats are going after the Republican Congressman in every rict in California this year. They express r faith in their ability to beat Englebright, Kinlay and Needham. If they help it there will be no con- in the primary between Demo- ic aspirants in any district. meeting of Democratic can- tes and executive committee- , which will convene before reaches our readers, will ably eliminate all but one lidate for each Congressional . In the first district, John Raker, of Alturas, and District rney E. H. Holland, of El ado county, are rivals for the r of seeking W. E. Engle- ht's scalp. The Democrats very confident in this district. can E. McKinlay is the vic- sought in the second district, Assemblyman John W. Pres- of Mendocino county, and er District Attorney Isaac walt, of Colusa county, are men who would like to beat Mr. Preston will probably he one who makes the try. ph R. Knowland's district is ard a Republican stronghold he Democrats to attempt to it. The fourth, now repre- d by Julius Kahn, they hope in with Walter Macarthur. talk of running Judge Ma- against. E. A. Hayes, in the is simmering down toward ision to run Judge Maguire uperior judge in San Fran- instead. In the sixth, the crats say they are surely to defeat James C. Need- with James B. Holohan, of onville. James McLachlan, district is the county of Angeles, will probably be un- ed by the Democrats, ex- is a matter of form, the dis- cing hopelessly Republican. And S. C. 's district, the eighth, comprising the San Joaquin Valley and the rest of ern California, is ironclad Republican. theless, three Democrats are willing to against Mr. Smith. They are I. I. Ir- of San Diego, Judge B. F. Thomas, of Barbara, and R. N. Irving, of River- Mr. Irving is probably the Democratic

on's Dates in Joaquin Valley Hiram Johnson is now swinging through the San Joaquin Valley, g probably the most thorough campaign nade by a candidate for governor of nia. He has already been received with ess by large crowds at Tracy, Stockton, p, Manteca, Ripon, Modesto, Ceres, k and Madera. To-day he is to be in t and Le Grande. Tomorrow, Satur- will begin his canvass of Fresno coun- aking at Clovis from 11:30 to 1; in . 1:45 to 2; in Parlier, 3 to 3:30; in y, 4 to 4:30, and in Fresno at the Bar- era House at 8 p. m. He will spend Sunday in Fresno resting. Monday, he will resume his tour, speaking at Fowler, 10:30 to 11; at Selma, 11:30 to 12:30; Kingsburg, 1 to 1:30; Laton, 3 to 3:30, and at Hanford at 8 p. m. His schedule for the succeeding days, as far as arranged, is: Tuesday, May 10th, Lemoore at 12:45 and Tulare at 8 p. m.; Wednesday the 11th, Lindsay, at 12:45, and Portersville at 8 p. m.; Thursday the 12th, Exeter, at 12:45; Dinuba at 3:30, and Visalia at 8 p. m.; Friday the 13th, Delano, at 12:45, and Bakersfield at 8 p. m.; and Saturday the 14th, at Coalinga at 8 p. m. He will then go over the Tehachapi and make a second tour of Southern California.

Judge Curtis H. Lindley Out For Hiram Johnson Judge Curtis H. Lindley, of San Francisco, has registered as a Republican for the first time in his life, so that he might sign Hiram W. Johnson's nominating petition and vote for him. Judge Lindley's reason for this, in his own words, is that "Hiram Johnson is the only



"LOOKS GOOD TO ME"

man now before the people of California who is big enough to meet the great political crisis now confronting this state." Bravely and clearly said, Judge Lindley. Your work for reform of the laws and the lawyers, as well as your distinguished position in the California bar and as head of the State Bar Association, give your phrase an added significance that you doubtless weighed when you worded it. It is your type of Democrats and Republicans alike that are going to put into the governor's chair this fall the first man ever put there on a clean-cut moral issue.

The New Old Guard With the retirement of Aldrich and Hale from the United States Senate will come a realignment of leaders. Length of service determines almost altogether the influence of a senator. This realignment will bring new names into prominence, and the public should know from whom to expect the shaping of legislation in Washington henceforth, or until some line of advancement other than seniority is opened to senators. The new old guard of the senate will be made up of Burrows, if he is re-elected; Elkins of West Virginia, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Lodge of Massachusetts, Warren of Wyoming, Smith of Michigan, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Crane of Massachusetts, Kean of New Jersey, Brandegee of Connecticut, Carter of Montana, Root of New York, Burton of Ohio and senators of that class now forming the right wing of the old guard, flanked with more or less effect by such insurgents as Borah of Idaho, Bourne of Oregon, Bristow of Kansas, Brown and Burton of Nebraska, Clapp of Minnesota, Dolliver and Cummins of Iowa, La Follette of Wisconsin, Nelson of Minnesota.

Assembly Candidates In Alameda Districts The city of Alameda is developing some promising material for candidates for the legislature on the Lincoln-Roosevelt end. Arthur G. Nason, for example, may be brought out for the race in the Forty-seventh assembly district, which comprises the city of Alameda. And Ralph Wilson, the attorney, is prominently mentioned for nomination. Wilson made a reputation for reform work in San Francisco, where he formerly made his home. Now that he has moved to Alameda he has an opportunity to go up against another stronghold of machine control.

Leeds Not to Run Against Lee Gates Walter Ransome Leeds, who for two terms has misrepresented the Seventieth Assembly district in the State Legislature, will not be a candidate for nomination to the senate in the district which has sent William H. Savage to Sacramento for two terms. For some time Leeds has been assuring his friends in the assembly of 1909 that they would find him next winter occupying a seat in the chamber on the other side of the capitol building. He let the word go around that there was nothing to it but Leeds, so far as the Thirty-fourth senate district was concerned. But a few days ago Lee C. Gates walked into the arena bearing a testimonial from the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League to the effect that he was the better man of the two. Mr. Gates did not exactly need the document, but it was handy to have with him in case of an emergency. At any rate, it was sufficient, and Leeds has now confided to the public that he really doesn't care anything about the senate, anyway. He is content to return as agent of the people in the Seventieth assembly district. But even these are not anxious to put him on the job a third time. They have investigated his work in the assembly and are satisfied that they could easily get a safer and a better man than Leeds to perform this public service. Braver machine men than Leeds are taking to the tall timber in Los Angeles this year. Three or four other machine time-servers, who a short time since were preparing to climb into their chariots and take a fling for the prizes offered, have dilly-dallied with fate until they are not quite so certain they want to do any racing this year. The political skies are too cloudy to suit that kind of entries

Van Smith's Flip Talk Geo. A. Van Smith, of the San Francisco Call, should be as careful to groom the statements he prints as he is to groom his immaculate and dandified person. His insinuation that Mr. Willis Booth, of Los Angeles, was unacceptable to the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, because he "is for Taft," is worse than flippant. Mr. Booth's friends and business associates are mainly machine Republicans, and that fact was what caused his name to be passed by the League.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

PERSONALIA

David Belasco has secured the rights of the popular German comedy, "Das Kozert," and Leo Detrichstein is going to adapt it for the American stage for him.

Rumor has it that William A. Brady may go over to the Shuberts before long. Daniel V. Arthur has left the trust for the other fold, taking over Marie Cahill and De Wolf Hopper.

Charles Frohman has bought a new comedy by Anthony Hope and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, which is called "Helen's Path." It will be tried in England soon, and may later come over here.

Amelia Bingham is back in this country again, and it is rumored that she has a Pinero play in her trunk, which she is to produce. One wonders where it came from. A new one is not due for more than a year.

Edward Sheldon has been commissioned to write a play for William Faversham, and says that it will take him at least six months to study up the history of the thing. Evidently Faversham is going to stick to the Dark Ages for a time.

William A. Brady is soon to make an all-star revival of "Jim the Penman." In the cast will be Wilton Lackaye, Florence Roberts, Marguerite Clarke, Arthur Byron and John Mason. Such a company should be worth going a good way to see.

Mrs. Cordelia MacDonald, the original Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is living in Cambridge and busy writing her memoirs. She is 62 and began her stage career at four. Her father was the stage manager of the first "Tom show" and her mother was the original Topsy.

Lawrence D'Orsay is going back under the management of Charles Frohman next season. It was Frohman who first brought him to this country to appear with Annie Russell in "The Royal Family," and who later made him famous by starring him in "The Earl of Pawtucket."

Mr. Roosevelt's phrase "race suicide" was taken from Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology in the university of Wisconsin, who used it, however, to indicate the possible disastrous effects of an immigration of inferior races. He is now in China studying oriental life. His new book, "Latter Day Sinners and Saints," has just been published by B. W. Huebsch of New York.

Prof. Miriam Cary Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College and of the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League, has taken charge of the traveling libraries which the National Woman Suffrage Association is sending around the country. These libraries each comprise twenty-five books packed in little trunks. They are to be sent around to the different women's colleges, at each of which they will be allowed to remain ten days. All expenses are paid by the national association.

Miss Katherine Nolan is in charge of a remarkable class in one of the public schools on the lower East Side of New York. The class is composed of pupils of all ages. The one thing they have in common is that they are all ailing, not ill, but just not exactly well. All one side of the room set aside for this class is composed of windows, which are kept open all the time. Outside these windows is a broad balcony, where the desks are moved for the afternoon session. It is said that a week or two in this room helps all the children.

Miss Marjory Snyder, a student at Wellesley College, has determined to earn her living from the soil. Immediately after her graduation she will buy a farm on Long Island, where she proposes to grow vegetables and breed valuable stock. Miss Snyder believes that there is a good living to be made from the soil and as proof points to the three girl farmers of Westboro, Mass., all college graduates, who after a few years have amassed snug fortunes.

THE OTHER DRAGON

Editor The California Weekly:

Apropos of the Housewife's Three Dragon —what about the fourth? Why not u— "hard" sense to kill the dry goods merchant Our grandmother spun and wove for th "eight" (plus two), and she made all the clothes. Of course, these days "poor dad could not be expected to appear in home spun, but such clothes are fit apparel in whic to butcher dragons,—good enough for th children of this servant wife. To weav make, wash, iron and mend for ten would b mere recreation for this "slayer of dragons House-cleaning, window-washing and carpe beating would serve to keep the muscles i training.

Now the "eight" need a mother's thoug —she hears their confidences, knows the playmates, watches their intellectual an spiritual growth, is read up to the times, interested in son's athletics, visits the teach ers who are influencing the lives of her pr cious eight—one might even imagine some o these duties as important as "sterilizin sausages." Our loving wife must not fail t be fresh and smiling when "poor dad" come home irritable from his hard work—he ma like to talk politics while he takes his evenin smoke. She should not be too ignorant o that score. Would the "slayer of dragons please state how she raises and cures tobacc for "her lord," for, like his coffee, he probabl prefers that of the best, and such a mod housewife surely would not neglect so gre an economy.

Of course all this time the eight have ha no sickness—they are good children, for sh has found leisure to train them, and the bab never frets while mother dissects hogs fo bacons, hams and sausages.

It is not necessary to go back to our grand mothers to put even the "slayer of dragons to shame! Her sisters in Germany also swee the city streets; in Holland, aside from ligh chores of our "dragon slayer," she is hitche to carts with dogs or oxen; and in Japan sh loads coal on ships. All this she does fo "her lord and master!" Fie on the laz "slayer of dragons!"

What do the women think about it, did yo say? They certainly ought to find time wit such light daily chores not only to think abo it, but to write whole essays on "slayin dragons." As for me, I'd rather hear fro the voters. Is this what we have brought ou country to? Are these the pastimes sons an husbands would prescribe for their wives an mothers? Is this to be the manner of un loading the responsibilities of the present sta of the country onto those who have had n part in its mis-management? I rejoice th no man wrote "The Housewife and Thre Dragons." At least we haven't **that** on th books against us. That isn't what I marrie **my** wife for—to make a "dragon slayer" o her! God bless any who may suggest a wa to lighten her tasks, so that she may fin time from the "eight" for repose, enlighte ment, and those precious moments of com panionship with one who loves her too we to pile on more burdens. Puzzle—"When is such economy **not** a convenience?" Answer "When a man loves his wife." To —— wi the cost of living! I'd rather starve.

ED. LEZNEM.

CHEAPER NEW FICTION

The London publishing world has lately ex perienced the introduction of a series of ori inal novels by noted writers by Thomas Ne son's Sons at the retail price of fifty cen says the N. Y. Sun. The binding, paper an press work are not distingushable from tho of $1.50 novels. This latest publishing experi ment by the firm that introduced 15 cent re prints in good binding, printed on good pape and with good type, has had extraordina success.

Among novelists who are contributing ori inal works to the 50 cent series are Willia Dean Howells and Anthony Hope. The pu lishers report that the advance orders we enormous, while the public, seeing the attra tive grass green covered novels everywhe bought with avidity. What effect the expe ment will have upon the $1.50 trade remai to be seen. Publishers generally do not li the idea of producing the novels of popu writers at such a cheap price.

THE TERMINAL RATE QUESTION

A SOLUTION BY FIXING FREIGHT RATES ON A STRICTLY MILEAGE BASIS

By SIDNEY W. PERSONS

Among the many questions which have re-ıtly been and are now foremost in the ıds of the commercial men of the Pacific ıst is the one commonly known as the :rminal Rate" question. It arises from the t that various shipping points either on the st or on the inland water routes, and there-enjoying a freight service by water as well rail, are designated by the overland rail-ds as terminal points, and as such are used them as a basis upon which to make freight :s to all other points. Having established se terminal points, the rate to any other ıt from the east is always ascertained by ng the rate to the nearest terminal and ing to it the local rate to that same ter-al.

iting, for example, a case in our own state, us take the rate from Chicago, Illinois, to :no, via the Santa Fe. The nearest ter-al point to Fresno is Stockton, which is miles farther from Chicago than Fresno via this road. Let us suppose the rate ı Chicago to Stockton on a certain com-ity to be $1.00 and the local rate from no to Stockton to be 10c. Natural reas-g would make the rate from Chicago to no 90c, but instead it is $1.10. Do not as-e that the Santa Fe hauls the freight to kton and then back to Fresno. Certainly The freight is put off at Fresno, but rtheless the Fresno merchant pays for miles of service that is never performed. reason advanced of course is that the inal point rate is competitive because of r service and that the other rate is there-necessary.

was a situation similar to this in Wash-n, where Seattle is a terminal and Spo-an interior point, that led to the now us Spokane rate decision by the Inter-Commerce Commission in favor of Spo-This decision would put certain com-ties on a strictly mileage basis, thereby ing Spokane to get them from the east ess than Seattle. The railroads, backed urse by Seattle, appealed and the case is o be decided by the highest authority.

The Opposing Factions

will readily be seen that this is not a ion of the railroads versus all the ship-It is, instead, the coast versus the in-shippers, with the feeling at times so e that the railroads are well nigh rele-to obscurity. They will always be , however, with the coasters for reasons pear in succeeding paragraphs.

Their Contentions

us glance briefly at the contentions set by these two factions. The coast mer-claim that having the advantage of competition they are entitled to lower because of their natural geographic ad-;e, and that the railroads are thereby illed to grant them. The interior ship-on the contrary, deny this contention ould establish freight rates not purely mileage basis but largely so, and in so would themselves invoke the aid of a l geographic law of greater and lesser :es.

Selfishness in Each Contention

the casual observer there is much of in both contentions. But there is also of error and in looking for its cause we to be just where we expect, in unreg-selfishness. The coast merchants look he more prominent interior cities as egitimate prey for exploitation in the r business and will fight to a finish any to deprive them of their advantage in nd of the consequent source of rev-The larger interior cities naturally re-is attitude. They would eliminate the obber's profits, but in turn would pre-ate advantage over the smaller towns own vicinity.

then, is another instance of the eco-nomic failure of unregulated selfishness, and the consequent problem it gives to us to solve. The writer contends that the only solution is at once to get beneath the surface, to brush entirely aside the minor considerations, and to find out what laws of nature are being violated. Trace them if you will, and you will find that every one of our present day troubles, commercial, social or political, have their origin in some violation of either God's law or of natural law. Nature's laws are inexorable: if they are violated a penalty must follow. This case is no exception. Natural law has been violated and the only solution is to cease its violation and to enforce its provisions alike on both sides, letting the results be what they may, even if they turn our entire freight transportation system upside down. Application of natural law has solved every problem to which it has yet been applied and it will solve this one, if given an opportunity, to the satisfaction of every reasonable man on the Pacific Coast. Nothing else ever can or will solve it with as much general satisfaction or with equal justice to all.

Application of Natural Law

Let us then consider the facts in this controversy, one by one, and wherever we find them at variance with natural law, assume them to be in compliance with its provisions and see what results we obtain. To begin with, the so-called water competition which we are told the railroads must meet in making terminal point rates does not now exist, or at least not to the extent of its full possible benefit, by reason of an illegal and unholy alliance between the overland roads and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company which exists for the purpose of keeping water rates so unduly high that the business will remain with the railroads. So-called terminal rates then are not, as we are told, competitive water rates, but are in reality actual land rates pure and simple, and the increase that interior points are asked to pay even over these rates is therefore unjustly high. The keeping of water rates unduly high for such or any other purpose is, of course, in violation of natural law.

To assume its enforcement, let us consider the establishment of a water rate on each and every commodity to coast points based on the actual cost of transportation plus a fair profit, improvements, maintenance and depreciation considered, such rates to be established by a capable and disinterested commission and to be enforced by law. What follows? Either the coast to coast land rates remain unchanged and inter-coast freight thereafter comes by water and the land business ceases to exist, or else the inter-coast land rates are lowered to meet the cut and the freight continues to come by land.

In the latter event, what is our result, assuming the previous land rates not to have been exorbitant? Either the railroads begin at once to lose money and must eventually go out of business or else they must meet the loss by overcharging in rates to interior points. Obviously they will do the latter and again we have violation of natural law.

Again we will enforce it and we will establish for each and every commodity a schedule of land rates based on the actual cost of transportation, mile for mile, between any and all points from ocean to ocean, improvements, maintenence and depreciation considered, plus a fair profit on such cost, such schedule to be determined as were the water rates by a capable and disinterested commission and to be enforced by law. When this is done we claim that natural law will be fully enforced and, having made such claim, let us view the results. And as it is just the consequent results which are at present urged as the principal objections to a mileage basis rate system, let us here consider them one by one and see whether or not they are worth sustaining in the face of the benefits to be derived.

Results of Application

The first discovery we make is that our whole transportation system is thereby turned upside down and must be completely reorganized. This has happened to other things besides transportation systems in our history and generally with the result of a betterment of man's conditions. No one will deny the injustice of the present system, no one will deny the inefficiency of any other proposed remedy, and no one, we believe, will deny that, if justice can be obtained, it is worth the price of any reorganization.

We are told that, if the overland roads are denied the privilege of meeting water competition—which they would be on a mileage basis—they would have to go out of business as far as inter-coast hauls are concerned. We deny it, and point to the enormous business, amounting to millions of dollars, that is annually done by the express companies at a rate from 300 to 400 per cent greater than water rates and to business amounting to millions more that is done in getting fast freight to the Pacific Coast when it could come cheaper by water. In these instances time is a factor. Quicker time warrants a greater expense and will always furnish a great volume of inter-coast land business, no matter how much lower water rates may be.

But as to the rest of the business, in which time is not a factor, we admit that competition will lose it to the railroads. We go farther and contend that they will also lose, not only through hauls, but all others where a combined land and water rate is less than a straight land rate. For instance, if the water rate from New York to San Francisco, plus the land land rate from San Francisco to Reno, is less than the land rate from New York to Reno, then the freight will move that way. We contend, moreover, that this is logically the right situation and the only one in full compliance with natural law. The coast shipper will say that such a contention is absurd. Is it? Let us see.

He has been getting his freight by land but paying less than a land rate because he lived near an ocean he might have used. He is a man who would hire a taxicab but would offer its driver only a nickel in payment because there happened also to be street car service to his destination. The next passenger, not having the street car alternative, could be charged double fare to even up. To the coast shipper our contention is absurd because he views it through the eye of custom, which blinds many of us to the truths of natural law and which blinds him to the fact that this law forbids the consumption of twice the coal and twice the labor to land freight where it can as well be landed for half the coal and half the labor. Where time is a factor the railroads will retain the business and collect the land rate. Where it is not they will lose it by a competitive water rate and the shipper will have the advantage to which nature entitles him. There is no injustice in subjecting the railroads to this competition, there is no injustice in having the coast shipper pay his pro rata of whichever service he uses. No other solution offers entire justice to all, and entire justice to all is paramount to the interest of any railroad or of any one shipper. Therefore we do not sustain the objection to this result.

The Second Result

In the preceding paragraphs we have considered the first result and most radical change that natural law would make in our transportation system, viz., the different routing at a less cost of a great part of our freight. A second result would be to render impossible any further uniform schedule of rates between different roads connecting the same points. We will assume that a Gould road connects cities A and B via stations along a mountainous route, and that a Harriman line connects the same cities along a level route, and that it costs the Gould line 75 cents to haul a ton of freight from A to B that the Harriman line

can haul for 50 cents. Natural law forbids the Gould line to haul it for less than 75 cents lest it overcharge the other points to make up the loss. Thus does one violation of natural law always lead to another. It also forbids the Harriman line to overcharge. As a result the Gould line loses all through business from A to B and is confined only to business between intervening stations.

This seems like a most radical contention in this age of railroad consolidation, but why, we ask, shall the Gould line be protected against Harriman competition any more than one merchant shall be protected against another whose increased facilities make competition possible? Just as with the one merchant, so must the Gould line expect to lose A to B business. To juggle our entire rate schedule to equalize the chances of every railroad line in the country is a most flagrant violation of natural law and has naturally led to endless trouble.

Two or more roads often touch the same two points. But no two roads ever parallel each other so close between those points that their intervening stations are the same. Therefore no road could be driven out of business between a majority of its stations. But wherever it has any two stations in common with any other road, and its mile for mile hauling cost is greater, there is no way to equalize the charges of the two roads between the two stations that will not result in injustice to some other shipper. And justice to every shipper being in our estimation paramount to the existence of any railroad we can not sustain the objection to this result.

The Third Result

A third result would be to prevent the juggling of rates to equalize the respective chances of the New York and Chicago manufacturer in the San Francisco markets. The idea of equalizing the chances of every city, of every industry, of every railroad and, in short, of all industrial conditions everywhere throughout the country, is as absurd a contention as that of the most extreme Socialist who would equalize every man among us. All men are not equal and to attempt to make them so would cause trouble. The attempt to make all cities and industries equal is responsible today for much of our transportation chaos. Every locality in America has some natural advantage distinct unto itself and upon this advantage alone must it build its foundation. As with men so with cities. We stand or fall upon our own ability. So must cities and industries, and any attempt to equalize them is a violation of natural law.

The Fourth Result

A fourth result would be to deprive the coast cities of the chance to make jobbing centers of the larger interior cities and would in turn deprive these larger interior cities of the privilege of lower rates than their suburban neighbors, even though the suburbs might require just that much less actual hauling. Right here let us pause and admit that any city able to receive freight in carload or in trainload lots is by natural law entitled to just as much a lower freight rate as the railroad is able to grant it by virtue of that fact. "The more you buy, the cheaper we can sell," is in full compliance with natural law and may well be said by the railroads to the cities with regard to freight service. Coast cities and the larger interior cities are entitled to any advantages that may be theirs by virtue of their ability to buy freight service in larger quantity. They are entitled to whatever greater growth and development is theirs by virtue of any of their other natural advantages. But further than these two, they are entitled to no advantages whatsoever and especially in the matter of railroad rates.

And it is just because natural law would deny any further advantages than these that its proposed enforcement is met today with such a vigorous protest. And neither faction asks for its full enforcement. The coast cities, having everything in their grasp, oppose any change at all and even deny the right of the large interior cities, such as Spokane, Reno and Fresno, to even an equal land rate with them, to say nothing of a lesser one. They now wield absolute power and will not relinquish an iota of it. These interior cities, while demanding at least an even rate with the coasters, are, however, opposed to a pure mileage basis as that would, in turn, lose them their grip on their suburban neighbors. Both factions would make the strong stronger and the weak weaker.

We are fighting to-day to preserve our democracy by taking it away from the special interests and giving it to the people. As we are toward individuals, so must we be toward cities. The entire West beyond the Rockies, both coast and interior, has perhaps the most radiant future before it of any part of our country. But its most glorious possibilities and its most wonderful opportunities can not and will not be realized by any policy which does not in absolute justice to each and every city, coast or interior, large or small, grant to that city the full and unrestricted benefit of each and every facility for its development to which natural laws entitle it. Let Seattle and San Francisco remember that their greatest growth will not come at the expense of Spokane and Reno and Fresno, and, in turn, let these interior cities remember that they can receive their full measure of development only as their suburban neighbors share it with them. These cities all have some distinct natural advantage. Let them realize from these advantages the full measure that is in them, but let them all remember that the railroads were built, not for one nor for some, but for all, that there is no room for selfishness and an unfair advantage in our busy western life and that our only motto from now on must be "All for one and one for all."

The Fifth Result.

A fifth result, and one which should be especially welcome to the hearts of San Fran-

(Continued on Page 382)

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THE MISSOURA FOR SWIMMIN'

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

WAS the sole passenger on the stage that runs from Monterey to Carmel. The driver was not communicative. He had ted his team at the first turn outside Mon-ey, to adjust a cranky brake shoe, and reafter his attention was equally divided ween the horses, the brake shoe and a ge quid of tobacco. Apparently he had not n me when I got in at the railroad station, I he had answered my remarks about the day and the brisk team with grunts and hout lifting his eyes. I was rebuffed, and t still.

But when we breasted the last rise before ning into the oak forest and I looked back r quiet Monterey to the bright blue bosom the bay, sparkling with foam and gay with e sails, I burst out again.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" I exclaimed.

The driver turned and transfixed me with a g and sober stare.

"Stranger," he said, "you should see Cor-do."

I was charmed to have broken the silence.

"Why is that?" I inquired.

The driver ignored the question.

"Yes, sir, you should see Coronado. That is say, if you swim. Now, I'm a swimmer. hen I was a boy, back'n the states, I uster m like a side-wheel polypus, and I useter nk there weren't no place to swim like the soura river. Yes, sir, I learnt early. My dy says to me, one day, he says, 'Sonny, ne on down to the branch.' So I went rn to the branch with him and he says, s he, 'Sonny, do you see that bright rock rn to the bottom o' that there pool?' And ays to him, I says, 'Yes, sir, I do.' And he s to me, he says, 'Git it.' And afore I wed what was what, he'd picked me up the seat of my pants and the back of my ar, and throwed me plumb into the middle hat there pool. Yes, sir, and he stood on bank with a stick in his hand and he yells ne, 'Don't you come out of that there pool you git that rock.'

And I didn't. I was raised in the fear o' l, sir, and of a hickory stick, and my maw a Baptist and my paw was a Presbyterian believed in infant damnation, and I just rally took to that water like a duck and ned to swim. You see, that was what my was a-drivin' at in the first place, but he no man to tell everything he knew, es-ally to his children.

As I was a-sayin', I am a swimmer, and ps you'll believe me when I say that I ght there weren't no place to swim in the Missoura river. I have saw cleaner rs and more reliable rivers, but as for nmin', give me the Missoura river. You

Except Coronado. Of course, that ain't a r, properly speakin', but it's water, and e you are. Bein' a stranger, you ain't in-sted in knowin' why I left Missoura, so I tellin' you that my daddy once forgot to e word that he had took Deacon Hepple's mare and then forgot to return her, but vas a man of few words, as I was sayin' re, and he never said nothin' at all after for his breath bein' too short. But, as I sayin', the climate was bad in Missoura, I jest naturally came West and I says, I, when I see the West. 'The West fer and the West it is.

Vell, sir, I struck Californy at Los An-s. I see pretty quick that that weren't lace fer me. No, sir. I says to the first I see there the next mornin', I says, ere's the best swimmin' hole in these ?' That man looked at me like I was a-toed cannibal in the side-show. He s at me like he was dazed, and then he s mad and says 'Hell!' and walks off. I pretty hot myself, but from what I knew he shorter catechism and about hell I s to myself there must be some mistake, asks the next man I see, 'Where's your swimmin' hole?' He was perlite as ice, e looked a good deal like the other fel-and I thought he was goin' to say the thing. But pretty soon he chirked up he says, says he, 'I see you're a stranger ese parts.'

says to him, 'Kerect you are, sir, and r'n gehenna, and I'm lookin' for a place t cool and clean up.' Well, sir, he says e, 'When it rains in these parts you can swim right here in this here street,' he says, 'but it ain't rained fer six months, and nobody knows when it **will** rain,' he says, 'and until it **does** rain,' he says, 'you had better go to Coronado.'

"I left for Coronado right then. I wuz an all-fired long time a-gettin' there, but I figured it out to myself this way, I did. I says to myself, 'You've come seventeen thousand miles without seein' enough rain to wet a dog's back, and here you are twixt Coronado and high water and if the water's anywhere around you'd better be huntin' water. Sich bein' the case, I found Coronado. If I'd only of knowed it, I'd a found water a lot quicker, but I was youthful in them days. Twenty-one, stranger.

"Well, sir, when I seen Coronado, I says, 'Praise be, here's a puddle,' and I never stopped to strip nor shuck, but I just waded right in and struck right out and I swum and I swum **and** I swum. Yes, sir. I'm a swimmer, as I was a-tellin' of you, and I never gave no thought to how fur I was swimmin' nor where I was a-goin' to. I jest laid myself out and swum fit to kill. And it was easy. I'd never had no swimmin' in salt water before, and it was all new to me, and as easy as pie.

"I don't know how long I swum, straight ahead and happy. I was too glad to see water oncet more to think of anything else. But bimeby I begun to get tired. This here business of swimmin' in yer cloes aint what it might be, and I aint no ingine, though I'm a swimmer, as I was a-tellin' you. Well, when I got purty tired, I lets up a bit and rolls around a little, easy like, and I looks back over my shoulder and, bless Dick, there **aint** no back. Nary a thing in sight. And there I was. Yes, sir. I was right there till I hit the rise of a big wave and looks back again, and I see I was mistaken, there **was** something back there, little old Coronado, but, bless me, the shore was away back there. About a mile, I judged. Leastways, I reckoned if I went to dry off in time for supper I'd better be huntin' Coronado, and you bet you I headed for land and put on full power.

"But somethin' was wrong, stranger. Them was anxious moments for me. As I was a-tellin' you, I thought there weren't no place like the Missoura river for swimmin'. The current's bad, but you c'n quarter across it, and you're sure to hit land somewhere. Yes, sir, the Missoura river has banks on both sides of it from one end of it to the other, and land somewheres you must. But this here Coronado has a worse current than the Missoura river, and there aint a doggoned bank to it. No, sir, nothin' but one place to tell this earth goodbye.

"As I was a-sayin', I turned on full power and I fairly clawed them waves apart for seemed to me like an hour. Then I says, to myself, take 'er easy and git your bearin's and don't sweat yourself to death. So I looks over the top of the next big wave, and there was Coronado, one mile due east. 'Cuss the luck,' says I, I says, 'aint there no progress bein' made here?' I was a Democrat, stranger, and I was fits for progress in them days Especially at Coronado.

"All of a sudden I felt as funny, like I'd been immersed by a darky deacon through a hole in the ice, cold all over, and then I was sweatin', and then I was scared plumb to death. I forgets all about takin' her easy and I lit into that there water and made her hum fer mebbe twenty minutes. Yes, sir, things was boilin' around there. I hadn't never see Coronado but oncet afore, but I shore did want to see her again, and I was in a hurry to do it, too, stranger. The next high wave that come along I was a-sightin' for Coronado, and shore enough, there she was, as placid and smilin' as a May mornin', one mile due east.

"Well, sir, I was mad clean through. I says to myself, I says, 'Quit your durn foolishness, now,' and I sailed into them waves and the way I knocked 'em off to the sides weren't slow. No, sir, I was going to Coronado faster'n the Old Nick goin' to the mourner's bench. Purty soon I see a sail boat out'n the corner of my eye, and I was a-gainin' on her fast, a-catchin' right up with her. I was feelin' pretty good about that, but the next time I see that sail boat I see why I was a-gainin' on her. Yes, sir. She was headin' due west.

"I was sick, wusser'n fever'n ager to oncet. I looks for Coronado, and there she were, one mile due east. The Missoura river for swimmin,' says I, and as for Coronado, to Los Angeles with her. And then I begins to yell. I see that that there sail boat were the one hope for me this side of glory, and I puts on full power to get there. Stranger, you can't holler and swim. You may take your choice, but you can't have both. It can't be did. On nowise **can** it be did. Never try it. I done it, and I imbibed all that there Coronado to oncet. The Missoura river for mud, but Coronado for the bitterness of Mary.

"But I could still wave. I did wave. I wove arms and I wove legs, and I caught the eye of the sailor man on that there sail boat. And stranger, what do you suppose that sailor man done? He laughed! Yes, sir, he laughed, and he laughed, and he laughed. And then he turned the plow-handle and turned that there boat's snout straight for the Haywayan islands and went a-clippin' off at a two-forty gait, **still** a-laughin'.

"I could have killed that man if I could have, but I couldn't. I was too busy drowndin'. Yes, sir, drowndin' in the Coronado, and me a swimmer, as I was a-tellin' you, seventeen thousand miles from Missoura, and with my cloes on. Mebbe you've heerd tell that a drowndin' man sees everything he ever seen when he's a-drowndin', like a pannyrammer. Stranger, that's a lie. When I was a-drowndin' in the Coronado I never see no happy home where I was born in, nor no Sunday-school lessons, nor nothin' o' the sort. What I seen was the cutest little shark you ever see, gnawin' my toes off while I was playin' marbles with a abalone pearl to the bottom of the sea. Them is the facts in the case. My, it was gashtly. Yes, sir, it was gruelsome.

"I weren't afraid to die. Not a bit of it. I was jest thunderin' anxious to see Coronado. When I was purty nigh drownded, I says, one last call for Coronado. But there weren't no calls left. I couldn't raise a flip. I jest lay there, a-listenin' for them angel voices, when I see the durndest lookin' angel's face ever I see starin' at me over the side of a row boat.

"I hollers help, and then that angel says, he says, 'What'n hell you tryin' to do?' Sounded queer, from a real angel, but I chirps back, 'Drowndin', and closes my eyes. 'Drowndin'?' he says, 'drowndin'? Can't you walk?'

"'Walk, I says, 'walk? This aint Los Angeles.'

"'No,' says he, he says, 'but it's Coronado. Put your feet down, ye durn fool, and walk to shore.'

"And stranger, I done it. I put my feet down, and there I were, waist deep in the Coronado. I looks around for land, and there she is, smilin' and bright as a May mornin', one mile due east. I looks around for that angel in the row boat, and he's headin' for the Haywayan islands and gruntin' like a hog. He weren't no angel, stranger. He were a skunk. I ast him to take me back to Coronado, and do you s'pose he would do it? No, sir, he would not. And I had to walk. Yes, sir, walk to Coronado, one mile, and me a drownded man. You may say what you like about Monterey, but you oughter see——"

We drew up at the Pine Inn, and I missed the rest. Now that I think of it, I'm not sure but that I missed the point of what he told me, too.

("Terminal Rate Question"—Continued)

cisco and Seattle shippers, is one pointed out in an editorial in the San Francisco Call, under date of March 13, 1910, in a reply by that paper to a previous article by the writer. We quote from that editorial as follows:

"The reason why water competition is not more extensive is that the railroads are permitted to meet the competition by giving low rates to coast cities. Now if the railroads were compelled to put everything on a mileage basis they might virtually go out of business so far as inter-coast trade is concerned. **With such a rule in force water competition on a vast scale would spring up in short order."**

Think of it. For months the Call has complained because the alliance between the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Mail has denied to San Francisco the benefits of water competition. For months Mr. Wm. R. Wheeler has labored in his efforts at Washington to break this alliance. And yet, when by the Call's own statement a mileage land rate would at once make this competition a reality, we find both the Call and Mr. Wheeler always opposing such a course. We would not be hasty and misjudge by forming an erroneous conclusion, but the only one we can logically arrive at here is that, if San Francisco can get lower water rates and still have advantage enough over Reno and Fresno to make jobbing centers of them, she will take the lower rates, but she will retain the present rate rather than give up this advantage. In other words, it really does not matter what she does pay as long as she keeps this advantage.

We will neither agree nor disagree with the Call that a mileage basis would bring actual competition by sea. Frankly, we don't know. But we can say that if it did not there would be soon seen in San Francisco the finest example of the "Get Busy" doctrine ever witnessed. Mr. Wheeler, instead of having to fight any longer alone and single handed at Washington, would receive assistance even if the whole Chamber of Commerce had to go to Washington in a special train to render it to him. Or, failing in this, San Francisco would soon have by some means an independent line of ships on the ocean, protected in some manner against the results of Mr. Schwerin's cut-throat competition that would follow. Where there is a will there is a way, and once establish a mileage land rate and San Francisco would find that way and find it shortly.

Is Enforcement of Natural Law Practicable?

In the foregoing paragraphs we have defined this question, we have stated what in our opinion is its source and what is its only solution. We have assumed the solution applied and have noted the results and the objections to them and stated why we believe the objections could not be sustained. There is one remaining phase of the question. Assuming that we have argued correctly and that the only solution is the application of the provisions of natural law as we have enumerated them, the question which arises is, whether or not such solution is practicable and possible. On this point we have an opinion which anyone can surmise if they can read our heart along with this article. This opinion we will not state. We will, instead, state our ideas as to what would be necessary to render the solution possible and then leave to our readers the answer to the question.

An Enlarged Commission

The first step necessary would be the enlarging of the Interstate Commerce Commission and then in turn its subdivision into as many parts as there are states and territories in the union. The work of each separate part would then be to ascertain the exact value of all property of every railroad in that state, from the stationery in the smallest country station to the depot itself in the largest city. The cost of construction of every mile of track and the cost of maintenence and of operation of every separate mile of road should be exactly ascertained, where the roads were on a level and where there were grades. These commissions should have full authority to inspect any of the railroad books necessary to obtain this information. Such information, when all correctly gathered (the work would consume from two to three years), could be used as a basis for establishing freight rates on every commodity on each and every separate mile of track in the United States that would pay the cost of transportation, allow for improvements, extensions, maintenence and depreciation and pay a right profit on the capital invested.

To give a hypothetical illustration, suppose a given commodity to be shipped from A to B over a total distance of 1000 miles. Over 500 miles the road is mountainous and a just rate is 5 cents; over 300 miles the road is level and a just rate is 2 cents; over 200 miles the road is also level but requires much more capital to construct and more to maintain and a just rate here will be 3 cents. The rate then from A to B on this commodity will be the total of 500 miles at 5 cents, 300 miles at 2 cents and 200 miles at 3 cents. In case that A and B were both large cities they would have the advantage of whatever the reduction in transportation cost might be to the railroads by virtue of their ability to run through trains between A and B, this reduction also to be established by the commission. From these rates the railroads could not appeal because the commission, having all the data that the companies themselves had, could at once refute any argument claiming injustice.

Such a mass of information, by always being kept up to date, would always be a barrier against any unjust raise in rates. A similar commission and a similar system would establish water rates between all United States ports. Such a work has been done by the state railroad commission in Wisconsin and the railroads there have obeyed the law without appeal, according to Senator La Follette of that state. They knew it was useless to appeal, so they kept right on doing business, giving good service and making legitimate profits.

Why Not in California?

Such a work has been done by an honest commission in one state in the union. That the present system in California is notoriously unjust and that such a work is badly needed here can be best understood by those who have seen one of our principal cities so retarded in development by the present system that it has today but a population of 30,000 where it should have 50,000. We refer to the city of Fresno. But such injustice is not confined to that city alone and the need for freight rate reform is not confined to California alone nor even to the Pacific Coast. This terminal rate question can not be entirely solved for any one state until every state has folowed the example of Wisconsin and established its rates upon a mileage basis.

Can such a result be universally accomplished in this country? To you who know how the railroads have defied law in the past, how much greater their antagonism would be to the measures here proposed, who know our courts and our legislatures, who know our whole political system and the type of men who compose our commissions, and who know the apathy of the American people, the writer leaves the answer to this question.

But not until this result is accomplished, not until each and every present violation of natural law ceases and its every provision becomes fully and everywhere enforced will full justice be done to all and our western empire commence fully to come into its own.

BUFFALO BILL'S FAREWELL

Buffalo Bill is now showing his Wild West at Madison Square Garden, New York. He is also advertising that this is the beginning of a grand, final tour of the country, after which he will retire to private life. Buffalo Bil is now 64 years old. The press agent probably wrote his "Farewell Proclamation" for him, but it is worth reproducing anyhow, as it has his signature to it. It is as follows:

To the Public:

After many years of almost constant devotion to my calling, I have determined to retire from active service at the expiration of a final and complete tour of the American continent.

Therefore, following a series of "Farewell Exhibitions" which I hope to give in 1910 and 1911, I shall permanently abandon the arena, and seek to enjoy some of the fruits of my labors, which I feel that I have well earned during a long life of activity on the frontier, in the field during the Civil and Indian Wars, and as a provider of the most approved drai of our national history.

It is, however, my earnest desire to on more salute from the saddle my millions friends and patrons, and I take this opportu ity to emphatically state that this will be n last, sole and only professional appearance the cities and towns nominated in the presc itinerary, as it is my purpose to leave t active management of the great educatio exhibit, which I have created, in the han of my partner, Major G. W. Lillie (Pawn Bill), and his associates, who will continue t enterprise on the same magnificent scale a true fidelity that I have always tried to mai tain, but without my personal presence in t saddle.

And now that I have reached this unalter ble conclusion, I want to thank my numero friends and the public for the full measure success and applause that they have bestow upon me, and I know of no honor that I sh cherish more than their good wishes, wh the silent years are lurking in ambush f "The Old Scout," and at the conclusion of ea and every performance I shall bid my numc ous friends a fond farewell.

Yours, always sincerely,
W. F. CODY,
"Buffalo Bill."

SHEAR WIT

Extract from a young lady's letter fro Venice: "Last night I lay in a gondola the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and li never seemed so full before."—Lippincott's.

A conscientious Sunday-school teacher h been endeavoring to impress upon her pupi the ultimate triumph of goodness over bea ty. At the close of a story in which she fla tered herself that this point had been well e tablished, she turned confidently to a te year-old pupil and inquired, "And now, Alic which would you rather be, beautiful good?" "Well," replied Alice, after a m ment's reflection, "I think I'd a great de rather be beautiful—and repent."—Lippi cott's.

Lord Palmerton expected work to be do well, but of mere peccadilloes he was toleran Some young gentlemen in the foreign offi amused themselves by "shining" young ladi who lived on the other side of the street that is, by catching the rays of the sun on mirror and flashing them over the way. Tl father of the young ladies complained to P merton, who thereupon issued this minut "The secretary of state desires that the ge tlemen in this department will not cast di agreeable reflections on the ladies opposite."—London Chronicle.

Neal Ball, the famous shortstop, mour that women will not learn the idea of bas ball. At a recent banquet, he said: "Wi the ladies I adopt a light, facetious tone baseball matters. A lady once said to me: love baseball, Mr. Ball. I love especially watch the man at the bat. It is so cute, to the way he keeps hitting the ground gent with the bat's end. Why does he do tha though?' 'Well, you see, madam,' said I, 'tl worms have an annoying habit of coming t to see who's batting, and that naturally pu a man out a bit; so he just taps them on tl head lightly and down they go.'"—Washin ton Star.

Secretary Coburn and Dave Leahy we visiting the other day, and Leahy mentione the ten-story skyscraper which some farm was erecting in Wichita. "Do you kno Dave," said Coburn, without batting an ey "that until I became secretary of the sta board of agriculture you never heard of farmer having enough money to build a sk scraper." "Well," said Dave, "when I was youngster, over in Illinois, I worked on section, and then got a promotion, handlin baggage at a station. I was the chauffe of a truck. I felt pretty big about it. Thou I thought I was getting a good pay check, wanted more. But the boss didn't raise m any. He always kept telling me how po the road was. So I just quit. And do y know that the next year that road built 7 miles of track?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MARK TWAIN'S GRIEF POEM

Memoriam· Olivia Susan Clemens. Died August 15, 1896; Aged 24.]

a fair valley—oh, how long ago, how long ago!
here all the broad expanse was clothed in vines
d fruitful fields and meadows starred with flowers,
d clear streams wandered at their idle will,
d still lakes slept, their burnished surfaces
dream of painted clouds, and soft airs
ent whispering with odorous breath,
d all was peace—in that fair vale,
ut from the troubled world, a nameless hamlet drowsed.

Iard by, apart, a temple stood;
d strangers from the outer world,
ssing, noted it with tired eyes,
d seeing, saw it not;
glimpse of its fair form—an answering momentary thrill—
d they passed on, careless and unaware.

ey could not know the cunning of its make;
ey could not know the secret shut up in its heart:
ly the dwellers of the hamlet knew;
ey knew that what seemed brass was gold;
iat marble seemed, was ivory;
e glories that enriched the milky surfaces—
: trailing vines, and interwoven flowers,
l tropic birds a-wing, clothed all in tinted fire—
y knew for what they were, not what they seemed;
:rustings all of gems, not perishable splendors of the brush.
y knew the secret spot where one must stand—
y knew the surest hour, the proper slant of sun—
gather in, unmarred, undimmed,
vision of the fane in all its fairy grace,
ainting dream against the opal sky,
more than this. They knew
t in the temple's inmost place a spirit dwelt,—

or glimpses of it they had caught
ond the curtains when the priests
t served the altar came and went.
I loved that light and held it dear
t had this partial grace;
the adoring priests alone who lived
day and night submerged in its immortal glow,
w all its power and depth and could appraise the loss
should fade and fail and come no more.
l this was long ago—so long ago!

light burned on; and they that worshipt
t,
they that caught its flash at intervals and
eld it dear,
ented lived in sure possession. Ah,
long ago it was!
And then when they
e nothing fearing, and God's peace was
n the air,
none was prophesying harm—
vast disaster fell;
re stood the temple when the sun went
own,
vacant desert when it rose again!

. yes! 'Tis ages since it chanced!
So long ago it was,
from the memory of the hamlet-folk the
ight has passed—
scarce believing now that once it was,
believing, yet not missing it,
reconciled to have it gone.
so the priests! Oh, not so
tricken ones that served it day and night,
ing it, abiding in the healing of its peace;
stand yet where erst they stood,
hless in that dim morning long ago;
still they gaze, as then they gazed,
murmur, "It will come again;
ows our pain—it knows—it knows—
surely, it will come again."

:RILLIANT AMERICAN STUDENT

Miss Julia H. Gulliver has been given an ordinary honor, nothing less than her on as an officer of the French academy, cognition of her services to vocational education. Miss Gulliver was a graduate from Smith college in 1879, and becoming greatly interested in the new idea of the higher education of women gave herself wholly to the study of vocational training as the most valuable and practical form through which women may fit themselves for life; and she spent nine years in close study before she took her degree of doctor of philosophy in 1888. Miss Gulliver is president of Rockland college, Ill.:

Miss Gulliver conceived the idea that the girl who goes to college may need just as much the assurance of being able to turn her training into dollars and cents when she graduates. The idea that all college girls are wealthy, is, of course, absurd. Many of them come of families in which a sacrifice is made to enable them to spend three or four years at college. The presumption is, of course, that when the girls graduate they will be better fitted to earn their living. Now, it was to provide for just such conditions that Miss Gulliver planned, and how well she has succeeded is a source of satisfaction to all the loyal alumnae of Smith. She has done wonderful things, she has shown how a girl may acquire culture, finish, polish, and, withal, a bread-winning capacity that is fully equal to that of the average college man when he graduates. She has made it plain that every course a girl takes at college may be so chosen that it will bear directly on fitting her for the profession, the vocation, that she intends to adopt in after life. That Miss Gulliver has been made an officer of the French academy is an honor, but to those who know her and have followed her work during all these years, it is no more than might be expected to befall her once her worth was made known abroad.

The idea of vocational training has been so developed that Rockland college, with its 300 students, and over 30 instructors, is considered a model.

100 GREAT PLAYS

"From Sir John Lubbock to Charles W. Eliot," said Howard Herrick to a Dramatic Mirror representative, "there have been more than a hundred lists prepared of the 100 best books. These lists have always aroused much discussion and criticism, and therein was the good, for those lists undoubtedly aroused new interest in books that many had been overlooked or forgotten—and books that were well worth while. So far as I know there has never—at least in recent years—been prepared a list of the 100 best plays, and it would be a temerious undertaking unless it were prepared by a man like William Archer or William Winter—some one who could speak ex cathedra. I have, however, prepared a list of 100 plays that have attracted a vast deal of public interest and that at least live in memory. From this list the plays of Shakespeare are omitted because they are in a class of their own. Also no foreign plays are mentioned except those that have been presented on the English or American stage. There has been no attempt to classify the plays in order of merit. The arrangement is largely chronological, although not strictly so, for the reason that all of the plays by a given author are grouped together.

"It would take too much space to comment upon many of the plays named," continued Mr. Herrick, "and, after all, the main object in preparing this list is to interest play lovers in reading many of the old plays that are still enjoyable despite their time-worn forms. In fact, there are some plays in this list that would prove highly interesting to the public if revived on the stage of the New theatre. Take, for instance, such plays as Philip Massinger's 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' Knowles' 'The Love Chase' (which was once a delightful feature of the repertoire of Julia Marlowe), 'Damon and Pythias' (a favorite with Macready and Forrest), Gilbert's 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' and 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' There are some plays, such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that many might think should not appear in such a list, but the basis of selection has not been literary merit. The list is far from being a perfect one, but I hope it will arouse enough interest so that eventually a list will be evolved that will be helpful to those who wish to study the progress and development of the English and American drama." Here is Mr. Herrick's list:

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "She Stoops to Conquer," "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "Ingomar," "Louis XI," "The Mountebank," "The Fool's Revenge," "Ruy Blas," "Faust," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Damon and Pythias," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Corsican Brothers," "Monte Cristo," "Don Caesar de Bazan," "Camille," "Frou Frou," "Francesca da Rimini," "The Bells," "London Assurance," "The Shaughran," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Two Orphans," "A Celebrated Case," "Fedora," "Diplomacy," "Divorcons," "A Scrap of Paper," "Madame Sans Gene," "Caste," "Black-Eyed Susan," "Article 47," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne," "Fanchon," "A Parisian Romance," "Hazel Kirke," "The Banker's Daughter," "Shenandoah," "The Henrietta," "Held by the Enemy," "Secret Service," "Sherlock Holmes," "Jim the Penman," "Shore Acres," "In Old Kentucky," "Esmeralda," "The Private Secretary," "The Professor's Love Story," "The Charity Ball," "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Magda," "Hannele," "Monna Vanna," "The Silver King," "The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Trelawney of the Wells," "Iris," "Sowing the Wind," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon," "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "Charley's Aunt," "A Contented Woman," "A Texas Steer," "Trilby," "Ben Hur," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Candida," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Christian," "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," "Sapho," "The Climbers," "The Truth," "When We Were Twenty-one," "The Great Divide," "The Servant in the House."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE E. WOODBURY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Oliver Ellsworth, Room 824, Mills Building, corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

A. M. HAINES,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 2nd, 1910.
OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

5-6-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL.

Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Convention and Committee.

As explained a fortnight ago, the State Committee of the Republican party, at least, is not a representative body. Its executive committee of twenty-one has been designated by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, and when it had elected its corps of officers, it was injected into the larger committee, officers and all, and virtually became the state committee, its officers becoming the officers of the state committee. No more thoroughly unrepresentative body of men could well be gotten together, but thanks to the new direct primary law, Republicans will hereafter have an opportunity to control their party machinery if they have the energy and independence to avail themselves of the chance. Democrats have not been so derelict in this matter.

But the old, non-representative Republican State Committee has yet one or two functions to perform. There has been talk of calling it together to make up a primary ticket, but that would be bearding the insurgent lion in its den and it is doubtful if the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau will dare to take that step.

The other thing remaining to be done, in common with the State Committees of other parties, is at least fifty days before the August primary is to be held, to prepare a written petition signed by the chairman and secretary and file it with the Secretary of State, setting forth the date and place of holding the next state convention, the number of delegates entitled to seats in the convention, also the number of delegates apportioned to each county, together with a brief statement of the purposes for which said convention shall be assembled. This was the only function which Mr. Herrin in past years graciously allowed the Republican State Committee to perform, and even the performance of that function was programmed by his executive committee. Copies of this petition must be mailed by the chairman and secretary of the state committee to the chairmen and secretaries of all the county committees in the state.

In the years when a president and vice-president are to be nominated the state conventions must be called to meet in May. In the years when state officers are to be nominated the state conventions of the parties must be called to meet within four weeks from the holding of the August primary election.

Now that a state convention is no longer a bargain counter there is not much for it to do except to adopt a platform of party principles, elect a state committee and help that committee to make provision for the campaign before the people. There is reason to fear that the seeming unimportance of these functions will cause the people to pay little attention to the kind of men sent to state conventions. If so, it will be the opportunity of the "interests" to make up the conventions with serviceable men and so secure the election and officering of serviceable party officials. Therefore, look well to the men who go to the county conventions that they may look well to the delegates who go to the state conventions. Remember that the state committee and its officers will speak and act in the name of the party and its voters, in regard to Federal appointments and all things else, for the coming two years.

The making of a party platform under the new direct primary law will be a perfunctory performance binding upon no one. It will not be made until two to four weeks after candidates will have been nominated by the people, and no candidate nominated will stand aside because he does not endorse a platform made for him to stand on weeks after he has stood before the people on a platform of his own making and has been nominated. The real platform-making will be done by the candidates for nomination and their friends, just as the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League made and promulgated its platform months ago. Any platform to be worth the paper it is written on must be made in advance of the nomination of candidates. In that case, a candidate, if he can not stand on the platform of his party, can refuse a nomination. Under the law as it is he has his nomination already in his pocket, and his policy has been sanctioned by his constituency in his nomination. Therefore a party platform, so far as he is concerned, made subsequent to his nomination, will cut little figure with him.

Every state convention must be made up of delegates elected by county conventions.

State committees of political parties are to be elected by state conventions and are to consist of not less than three members from each congressional district. The committee may be larger if the state convention so desires. The officers of each state committee are to be chosen by ballot of the members of the state committee and an executive committee may also be constituted. These committees hold until their successors are elected. This system makes government of the party representative as it must be made if government of state or country is to be representative.

A fact important to be noted is that the delegates elected to county conventions at the August primary election to be held this year will be the delegates who will constitute the county convention to be held in 1912 for the selection of delegates to go to the state convention, which state convention will select the delegates to go to the national convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. The new law provides for exactly that situation, and there will not be another general primary after the one to be held on the 16th of August, 1910, until after candidates for President and Vice-President shall have been nominated. This makes the selection of county delegates this year doubly important. They will name the men who will name the men who will name the next party candidates for President and Vice-President. Therefore, look well to those delegates!

Grace George has bought the house of the late Richard Mansfield on Riverside drive, New York. She paid $51,000 for it.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "R. B. MARSHALL, CHIEF GEOGRAPHER"

—By Percy Turner

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MAY 13 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 25.

That Color Line

E FRESNO REPUBLICAN is of opinion that the meeting, y Champion Jeffries of a gentleman of color in the prize ring ake prize fighting off-color ever after, and that the decadence sport will date from that event. Perhaps so. Per contra, t not prove the zenith, climax, perihelion, ne plus ultra and ibus unum of the black race? To have met the pale-faced stic champion face to face and fist to fist, perhaps to have ished him, before eager sporting thousands from Wall street l as from Aphrodite alley—what white man, after that, could ny possible objection to allowing a negro to marry his ter? Well may Johnson, in the improbable event of his , reel to the front of the stage and, with aspect gladiatorial, forth the potent word, "Emancipated!"

The King Is Dead!

:N PREDESTINATED to be loved, feared, coddled, adu- ted, altogether apart from what he himself was, Edward VII l the years of his youth and earlier manhood to pleasure ; little reputable, his prime to blameless public functions rivate life never wholly unquestionable, so nearly rounding ee score years when he became king. Then less than a of real, self-restrained, beneficent statesmanship, a pacifi- t home and abroad, a great factor for the maintenance of ce of the world! Then the wages of self-indulgence cashed heart that should have been strong fluttered in his breast, a beat or two, started afresh and struck out feebly, re- quivered and was still. One instant King of England and r of India, the next a naked soul new-born into the life tery, the equivalent of the soul of the humblest subject ssed that day—equality at last! In the language of the a dead, game sport! Premonishing what was in store, ld, whether or no, be within his realm at dissolution and, ver raging, he discharged the functions of his office with unconcern until the last. His royal mother is said to ltered at the brink. He stepped under the lowly lintel ar eye and firm tread. Let him be judged by the way he ve of life rather than by the way he lived it.

Long Live the King!

AMELESS, PRUDENT, narrow life, in maturity of years, orge V comes to the sovereignty of a kingdom and an em- ong live the king! He presides over, rather than rules, nt people. The misgivings many express concerning his is paper does not share. 'Tis true that our mother England y now have done with the tinseled trappings of royalty. npire brood should be weaned of outworn privilege. The ritish superstructure is archaic. Privilege is wrong and ality of opportunity befits a twentieth century civilization, r bring this about by common consent than by revolution. e House of Lords an elective upper chamber. Suffer the arls, viscounts and barons to become citizens, no more ey achieve more, but in peace. The sense of brotherhood nglishmen is too strong to have it otherwise. To these y George V devote himself! Long live the King!

The Inefficiency of it

O NOT PAY John A. Benson to be a systematic and con- nt plunderer of his government. Detested, impoverished, did not come out much ahead of the hounds ever upon his t what shall we say of the efficiency of a government that a man at large and marauding for half a life time? five years in criminal conspiracy against his government and only one year in jail! Think of it! Is it any wonder that President Taft declared the administration of criminal justice in this country a disgrace to the nation?

The Skulkers

CERTAIN PAPERS, afraid of their shadows, are holding aloof from taking part in the direct primary contest, as they profess, in order that they may be the freer to make a fight for the nominee of their party, whoever he may be, in the general election. They may as well fold their tents and take to the desert first as last, for they will be practically out of the fight altogether. The only contest in which there is a principle involved, in which men are warranted in going up to battle with the fear of God in their hearts, is on right now in the Republican primary. After that fight is over the issue will probably be one of party against party, both parties standing for much the same things, all of which will warrant no man in getting hot in the collar. These non-combatants are so many skulkers. Nothing else can be made out of 'em.

Two Bites in That Cherry?

IT WAS KIND of President Taft to declare that, if there is to be but one exposition commemorating the opening of the Panama canal, San Francisco should be the place for holding it. But are we to understand from that that the Great Pacificator is going also to smile benignantly upon the ambitions of New Orleans? If so, then "double, double, toil and trouble."

Our Special Ambassador

THE APPOINTMENT of Theodore Roosevelt to be Special American Ambassador at the obsequies of the dead king was too obvious a thing to do to occasion comment. As to who shall take precedence over the other, the Special Ambassador or the regular, is something that small minds may potter over if they have nothing better to do. Theodore Roosevelt will settle that by promptly taking the head of the American procession.

Flannery's Battery

IT IS A FORMIDABLE BATTERY which former Police Commissioner Flannery feels called upon to array against the lone district attorney of Marin County, with George A. Knight in the box, Frank Gould catcher, Martinelli on first base, Heggerty for short stop and James W. Keyes, and a few private detectives, in the outfield. We are mistaken if this array does not impress jury and public with the gravity of defendant's situation.

A Petty Perfidy

IT WAS POPULARLY SUPPOSED that when in September last, the President exonerated Ballinger, and dismissed Glavis with a denunciation, he had before him Attorney General Wickersham's full report as afterward given out for publication. Somehow Attorney Brandeis, for Glavis, got an inkling that the Wickersham report was not made until long after the President had given Ballinger a certificate of character and had taken from Glavis the character he had. As we go to press a dispatch comes from Washington stating that Wickersham has admitted that his report to the President was dated back to make it appear that the President had his full report before him when he had not. A petty perfidy, if nothing worse, and one that will tend to put Wickersham in the same basket with Ballinger, neither a commendable nor comfortable situation for a cabinet officer. Is it not about time for the President to have a "clar'n out" in that cabinet?

TAFT AND THE LEAGUE

Efforts are making to induce the public to believe that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is opposed to President Taft and his policies. Such is not and has not been the case. Two years ago it was the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League that forced the candidacy of William Howard Taft upon a reluctant, shilly-shallying Republican "organization" that had not made up its mind whether to support Taft or oppose him and did not reach a conclusion three days before the assembling of the State convention.

This is not saying that there has not been disappointment in the League with William Howard Taft in office. That disappointment is prevalent among the common people from ocean to ocean, and it is for the most part deserved. He put some men into his cabinet that did not possess, and have not gained, the confidence of the people. He went to the natural enemies of his policies for support for them to the neglect of the natural friends of those policies. He went out of his way to justify an unjustifiable tariff law and still farther to commend the traffic manager to whose bargain-counter manipulation that tariff law was due. He has not taken the public into his confidence, and he has timidly required the government to be "buttressed by the law" without being as exacting as the people would like to see him in requiring those to buttress themselves by the law who would exploit the government to their own advantage.

And yet few doubt the sincerity and patriotism of President Taft, and no body of men cherishes a more sincere desire to see his administration made a success than does the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of California. He was their candidate. They forced California into the Taft column and hold themselves responsible to the people of California for him. Why should not Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans wish to see his administration successful?

Yielding a hearty loyalty to the Taft policies, and understanding them to be essentially the Roosevelt policies, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republicans would, nevertheless, have the specific measure he advocates submitted to the closest scrutiny, lest those among his advisers who are their enemies introduce into his measures some "joker" or "bug" injurious to the public and in contravention of Roosevelt policies. Such scrupulous inspection has been justified by the fact. The provision in his railroad bill permitting roads that own fifty per cent of the capital stock of competing roads to acquire the remainder, instead of forcing them to sell what they have, affords a case in point.

Nor does the League believe that the President may safely look to the natural enemies of his policies for help in securing the enactment of those policies into law. An aroused and outraged public sentiment has put his stand-pat contingent already on the run. Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, and the rest, are "dead-ones" and not one of our Representatives in Congress who has followed their lead but comes home to a dissatisfied and disappointed constituency. And yet the League, its leadership and membership, stands ready to reinforce the President in every way it can, short of giving character to a political "organization" that has no character, and countenancing legislative methods at Washington that should be intolerable in any country.

Let the President be true to himself and no patriotic American, in the League or out of it, will be untrue to him, but the League is not made up of that quality of manhood that surrenders itself to a blind and unquestioning leadership of any chief, no, not even to that of Theodore Roosevelt. Even he must be right if he would have the League follow in his train. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League will stand by President Taft whenever he deserves to be supported and more than this it cannot do and be faithful to its trust.

THE STAFF

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THE RAILROAD BILL

The most important piece of legislation before Congress is the railroad bill. If present reports are to be relied on, the bill has passed the House of Representatives in good form. It is too much to hope that any such bill can be put through the Senate without the swinging of the Big Stick for all it can be made worth. If the President does not find out who his friends are before that fight is finished, it will be because he can't learn, does not care, or because friends and foes all look alike to him.

If there are those who have not kept track of this measure, the following facts may interest them: The first draft of this bill was made in New York, in August, 1909, by Attorney General Wickersham, in collaboration with the Solicitor-General, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission and a member of Congress, and it was made with the view of embodying in concrete form the President's views regarding railroad legislation, as well as the views of Theodore Roosevelt. In short, it was a Roosevelt policy put into legislative form. It was then a good bill.

This done, the President gave audience to a number of railroad presidents and big financiers with the result that injurious concessions were made to them, the bill revamped accordingly and given to Senator Elkins to introduce in the Senate, and to Representative Mann to introduce in the House. Additional hearings were given in committee and in the Senate, further injurious concessions were made and a few fine "bugs" were introduced. In the House commitee the measure had much the same experience, but was reported to the House and, after discussion on the floor, amended into what seems to be good form. In the Senate there has been much debate. The bill was reported informally for the reason that, Democrats and insurgent Republicans voting together, it could have been beaten in committee. The insurgents did not wish to beat the bill, but only to amend the "bugs" out of it, and this they are seeking to do on the floor of the Senate.

The bill provides for a commerce court of five judges that will cost the country $100,000 a year and will prove a convenience rather than a necessity, inasmuch as within four years last past only twenty-eight or twenty-nine cases have arisen such as are likely to arise for the consideration of this court.

In the establishment of this court was encountered the first "bug." Under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States only those decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission can be appealed from that involve constitutional questions, generally in the form of confiscations of property without due process. Under the pending bill it was sought, in the Senate, to so enlarge the jurisdiction of the commerce court as virtually to hear on appeal all issues arising in and decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, r ducing that commission to a practical nullit It was adroitly done, the Aldrich-Elkins o ganization protesting that the language us does not mean what it says and that they che ished no such ulterior design, but refusir meanwhile to permit the bill to be amend that the issue may be placed beyond questio

The next "bug" disclosed itself in the for of a provision declaring that it shall not unlawful, as provided in the Sherman an trust law, for railroads to enter into traf arrangements subject to the approval of t Interstate Commerce Commission. The i surgents were in favor of this, provided th the approval of the Interstate Commerce Co mission be had before the traffic arrangeme became effective and the railroads are put b yond the reach of the anti-trust law. T Aldrich-Elkins combination demanded th these traffic arrangements become effecti immediately upon notice of the same bei filed with the commission, the commission do its fault-finding afterward if at all.

The destructive character of this insect b comes apparent when we reflect that the who nation is divided into three traffic zones, o embracing all territory between the Misso River and the Pacific Ocean, another coveri the territory between the Chicago district a the Missouri River, and the Eastern all t tween the Chicago sphere of influence and t Atlantic ocean. In these districts combined four or five million separate rates. If the t passes as the Aldrich gang want it to pass, t traffic associations covering these territor will immediately convene and agree to ma tain existing rates, or perhaps existing ra plus a ten per cent advance, file their agr ments with the Interstate Commerce Comm sion and so at once and forever place the selves beyond the reach of the anti-trust l Then the only remedy that the public will h will consist in the ability of the Interst Commerce Commission to take these rates one at a time, see if they are reasonable, a either confirm or change them as that comm sion sees fit, subject to appeal to the Co merce Court, a work that would consume the time of the commission for five to years if the commissioners did nothing el thus breaking the law down of its own weig Under the law as the insurgents want it th traffic arrangements can only be entered i in special cases where there is real need them, which the Interstate Commerce Co mission may inquire into and approve bef they become effective.

This artful dodge was quite worthy of Aldrich-Elkins gang, but scarcely credita to Attorney General Wickersham, who changed the bill to suit the railroad presider Nor is it creditable to the President of United States, who seemingly consented this sweeping concession, despite the f that, in his speech at Des Moines on the r road issue, and at other times, he specifica declared in favor of requiring the approval the Interstate Commerce Commission as a p requisite to the authorization of traffic agr ments between railroads which should be co petitive.

There are more "bugs" in the bill as it ca from the hands of Attorney General Wick sham, with the approval of the Preside though the President may not have bo "wise" to them. They will be considered he after. Nothing is likely to prove so injuri to the reputation of President Taft as his c nection with Wickersham's connection wi this bug-infested bill as reported to the Sen in the form in which it left the hands of t Attorney General of the United States.

A Feeling of Apprehension

There is no use in disgusing the fact; t truth is that those members of the upper d lower houses of congress whose fidelity to public interests is not a subject of doubt

tain a feeling of apprehensiveness regard- administration measures as prepared for ictment into legislation. While it has been immemorial, and very proper, practice for islative committees to call into consulta- n members of the cabinet of the President, well as subordinate officials, President Taft s gone farther and has caused to be pre- ed specific measures embodying his pro- sals and submitted them in form to con- ss with the express understanding that y are administration measures.

his paper commended this act, and still nmends it as tending toward efficiency in islation, a serious lack with our American gress, but in our commendation it was ed that no greater heed should be paid to h measures than though prepared in com- tee. But the tendency in congress has n for the regulars to say to the insurgent nbers: "You will accept this measure as omes from the President or get out of the ublican party." That is going quite too

hen, too, the President's measures, or at t some of them, as they came from the ds of the Attorney-General, contained btful provisions. This is especially true he railroad bill as elsewhere explained in paper.

ich incidents are creating a feeling of dis- t of the administration in the minds of y. The President appears to have sur- ded himself with a precious set of re- onaries. While men do not yet question sincerity of the President, they do doubt sincerity of those whom he has commis- ed to speak and act for him and to crys- ze his measures into statutes. It is an- r case of inability of the king to do g, coupled with an urgent demand that king's advisers be watched with sleepless

e President has placed himself in the s of as grim a set of materialists as ever ted the enthusiasm of a people or made sentative government misrepresentative ything save special interests, and we may know in what these influences will result. legislative "bug" and "joker" are to be d for in every clause of every bill that ersham has drafted. The subjects dealt are tremendously important. They are ad control, conservation, and the future sition of the public domain. Few yet the patriotic good intentions of the dent. What he has said in public has fine, but everyone may doubt the single dness of Aldrich and Elkins, Cannon Dalzell, Wickersham and Ballinger. If President is to be judged by the friends s made he will suffer harsh judgment.

Where the State is Weak

Governor of California is without au- y to invade the county of Alameda and wn of Emeryville to put a stop to an nter that is to disgrace the state. The ame of California is in the keeping of eriff and district attorney of every coun- the state and not in the state govern- itself. There are certain conditions un- hich the Attorney-General of the state ntervene where justice is likely to fail e of the culpability or incapacity of the uting attorney of any county, but that is generally loth to exercise that pre- ve and it does not run to a full main- e of the honor of the commonwealth. tate should not be left thus impotent. overnor of the state should have power oke all police and judicial powers of ate to save the reputation of the state ver he has reason to believe that any or district attorney is, or purposes to gligent or consenting to that which is ul. He should have the power to im- such negligent officer before any court of competent jurisdiction and so deprive him of an office he is unfit to fill. He should have power to direct the attorney-general to institute proceedings in such cases, and then he should have a trained state constabulary behind him to enforce executive orders and decrees of courts. Our state government is, when it comes to coping with crime, ineffective to the point of imbecility. In strengthening its arm there is opportunity for constructive legislation of the first quality.

Where the President is Right

The President wants a permanent, plenary, well-paid tariff commission, kept busy finding out the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. He is right. In trying to make the tariff board into a tariff commission the President was not buttressed by the law, but Congress should do the buttressing and do it now. To be sure this is locking the stable door after some valuable equines have been stolen therefrom, but there are some inside yet. Save them. Protection is right when rightly applied. When applied by an Aldrich it is robbery and does not much miss being rape as well as robbery. Hitherto the policy of protection has been applied wholly in the interests of the producer. The consumer also has rights and it is time to have his day in court. If the President can extort from a stand-pat congress a full-fledged permanent tariff commission, equipped with the sinews of war, he will be doing something we can all be proud of.

Look Again

Worcester, Massachusetts, has about 100,000 people and, for two years, has been a dry town. During that two years 2,125,551 gallons of beer and 102,293 gallons of distilled spirits were shipped into Worcester and presumably sold and consumed there. This does not look much as though prohibition prohibited in Worcester, now does it? But look again. The average per capita consumption of beer for the whole country is 21 gallons per year. It took Worcester two years to consume so large a per capita. The average consumption of distilled spirits in the United States per capita is 1.6 gallons. It required two years for "dry" Worcester to consume an average per capita of one gallon. Before going "dry" Worcester probably kept pretty close to holding up her end as a consumer of spirit and malt liquors, hence being "dry" is at least only half as "wet" as being a "wet" city. That is something of a gain. This paper is of opinion that a better system than the one Worcester is following is entirely practicable, and fully as dry as pretending to be "dry" without being real "dry," but the day is coming when, if forced to choose between "wet" and "dry," most American cities will choose "dry," if for no other reason than because it is better to be half "dry" than all "wet."

What To Do With the Money

The postal savings bank idea is good. It was always good. There is a large class of persons whose needs nothing else will satisfy, but what can the government do with the money? No one wants this government to be eternally in debt. It were as well for it to be out of debt as for any citizen to be out of debt. For the government to be a money lender is fraught with the gravest dangers. Congress is compromising with the issue, without solving it, by proposing to keep five per cent of the deposits in the national treasury, invest half the remainder in bonds and lend the other half to national banks in the vicinity where deposited. This device may serve for a time, but furnishes only a makeshift answer to the all important question: What ought the government to do with the money?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Do you love money? Every time you see a pile of it, does a thrill run through you as through a dipsomaniac when his nostrils catch a whiff of whisky? If you haven't the love that bad, about how bad have you that money-lust that is the root of all evil? Can you hear the clink of the counting of coin unmoved? These questions are to be propounded to one's self and answered by one's self in justice to one's self. Open confessions are good for the soul, especially when made to the soul—much better and safer than when made to the public.

One may acquire a money-lust before he knows it. For twenty years of his life the writer of this seemingly lived that he might pay his hands Saturday night, and he made it a point of honor to pay them. It required no end of rustling for money, already earned a time or two, in order to get the cash in hand for his employees, and the thing so wrought upon his nerves that the chinking of coin against coin startles him to this day. All that saved him from developing a downright money love was that he got a chance to hoard very little of what he handled and acquired; meantime, the habit of paying his obligations as promptly as he would that others might have paid him. We are creatures of habit and the money-loving habit may be acquired all unconsciously.

The writer has in mind a man who loves money. It is the only blemish upon his character. He is a Christian gentleman, and it were not a surprising matter if he gave a tenth of his income to the Lord, as he would call it, but no one else will ever get a cent of it without giving full value in return as long as he can hold onto it, and what is given to the Lord is not parted from without wringing the heart. Yet this man would be astounded and indignant if told that he loves money, loves it to the danger point of making that love the root of much evil.

He is affluent. He became so, not through inheritance or lucky chance, but through the conscientious practicing of the homeliest and sanest of virtues—economy, self-restraint, integrity, thinking hard and planning wisely, using his pencil on every proposition, looking ahead, studying values that he might buy cheap and sell dear. He has done nothing except what honest folk must do if they would get on, but, all unknowingly, he has, little by little, day by day, suffered love for money to fasten its grip upon his heart, sticking its claws in so that its hold cannot be loosened without risk to the heart itself. It seems as if a splendid character is to be ruined by this one insidious, unconscious vice.

It is not handling money that makes men love it. Paper money is foul, and even gold right from the mint will, if one handle enough of it, grime into and blacken the fingers most disgustingly. Bank tellers get so that money does not mean money to them, but only counters, playing the part in commerce that chips do in card games, mere conveniences for keeping accounts. It is not a good thing for one to become so calloused to the deeper significance of these devices for keeping accounts as to lose its import, for money means much to the world. It plays a great part in its weal or its woe, and it is good to keep sensitive to its deeper meaning, but it is not good to love it. Few influences produce greater evil than that.

How shall we avoid it? By not permitting acquisition to become the master passion of the mind and heart and soul. Some men, great men, business men, strive only to accomplish, others only to acquire. One man takes a piece of raw land and makes of it a farm which appeals to him in terms of productivity, of home-making, of mouth-feeding, of animate things that grow under his touch, rejoicing his heart. Another does the same things, but interprets all in dollars, dollars, dollars, and by and by dollars become the object of his overmastering passion. That is the way of it, and the end of it is a blighted character.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Something About Rural Delivery

Over his rural free delivery routes Uncle Sam distributes annually almost three billion letters and parcels. None of us has a very adequate idea of the immensity of the number thus lightly mentioned; it is to us something most vague and indefinite, but by considering further facts we may form some estimate of it. To deliver these three billion letters and parcels 41,000 carriers are required, the cost of the service being $36,000,000 a year. Each one of these carriers, then, distributes about 73,000 pieces a year, or 200 on an average day. A strikingly good showing for the carriers is indicated in the fact that but 165 of the 41,000, or three-eighths of one per cent, were dismissed last year for cause, and not one of these was dismissed for stealing from the mails or dishonesty of any sort. At the Washington center of this mighty system, a system extending from Florida to Alaska and from Maine to Southern California, but 110 people are employed, or one to every 373 carriers. A big business, and it should be remembered that this is only one line of goods carried in Uncle Sam's great department store.

Growth of the World's Big Cities

The Christian Science Monitor presents some interesting figures anent the estimated population, in 1909, of the world's greatest cities, their recent growth and their prospective population if the present rate of growth is maintained. There are six cities of more than two million inhabitants each. These are London, with 7,452,986; New York, with 4,564,792; Paris, with 2,792,988; Chicago, with 2,224,490; Berlin, with 2,164,944, and Vienna, with 2,100,356. The average annual increase of growth in recent years has been 125,000 in New York, 109,046 in London, 58,435 in Chicago, 50,222 in Vienna, 31,199 in Berlin, and 9,865 in Paris, New York heading the list in rapidity of growth. It is curious to note the changes in the relative standing of these cities which would take place were the present rate of growth maintained for another fifty years. London would maintain the first place with a population of 13,000,000, and New York still would hold the second place with a population of 11,000,000, but Chicago would have risen to third place with a population of 5,000,000, Berlin to fourth place with 4,750,000, Vienna would have dropped to fifth place (having been passed by Berlin) with 4,750,000, and Paris would have dropped to the bottom of the list with 3,250,000. At that time, supposing that the present rate of growth is maintained, it is interesting to note that the population of New York and Chicago alone would be more than half as great as that of the entire United States in 1860, or just a century earlier. Consideration of such facts and forecasts as these emphasizes the duty of Americans to improve, as rapidly as may be, their municipal conditions.

Another Method for Murdering Men

It is a hope not without possibility of fruition that little man yet will become so self-destructive in warfare that he will be glad to hasten the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." A recent invention apparently trending in this hopeful direction was lately demonstrated before Kaiser Wilhelm. It is the invention of a German officer, and consists of what is described as a new and more effective Greek fire. Poured upon the waters, it scatters rapidly and burns fiercely, and, directed against an enemy's ships, soon would engulf them in a sea of flame. The fluid, the composition of which is a secret, is said to work very effectively, there being great possibilities of murder in it. Perhaps the hope may seem cruel, but it may be that one could entertain no better hope than that this invention may prove successful in operation, for, notwithstanding all that the Man of Nazareth taught, it is quite likely that little man will fight, war and murder until his wholesale capacity to kill causes him to fear to do so longer.

A Latin's Opinion of Latins

There is woe in the Latin breast, with difficulty only can it be comforted, and here is the cause of it: Baron Rafael Garofalo, formerly a professor at Naples University, and a recognized authority on ethnology, in a recent lecture compared the Latin and Anglo-Saxon peoples and arrived at conclusions tremendously to the discredit of the former. The Anglo-Saxons, the baron decided, are eminently more "safe and sane" than are the Latins, the latter forever being the victims of their own emotional excitability, lacking firmness of purpose and the ability to think twice before acting. It might seem that it would require no eminent ethnologist to arrive at these conclusions, many people who are not students of ethnology holding similar opinions, but think of an Italian savant dealing out so bitter a dose to Italians, to say nothing of other Latin peoples. It is not strange that Italy rebels and demands homeopathic treatment, as, in a way, it is doing. The Smiths may be inferior to the Browns, but for a Smith to get up in meeting and announce the fact, that is treason. It is no wonder that the Italians are aggrieved; almost any of us would be—unless, of course, we happened to be Anglo-Saxons.

Shipbuilding in Great Britain

While the building of ships in the United States remains in that condition of nocuous desuetude which has characterized it for years, that industry is booming in Great Britain. Witness the figures, as compiled by "Lloyd's Register of Shipping": On March 31 there were under construction, exclusive of warships, 386 vessels of 1,057,636 tons burden, 349 being steamships and 37 sailing vessels. In addition to these, 81 warships of 326,185 tons displacement are being constructed. Of course, the United States is doing very well (or ill, according to the point of view) in the matter of building vessels of war, but that with which she offsets the remainder of British shipbuilding is pretty nearly nil. We have been too busy putting a trust riata around our brothers' necks to have time for such side issues as shipbuilding, and we are just beginning to see that the price of such neglect may be heavy. Nevertheless, congratulations to our British cousins; probably they would congratulate us in return if we would give them opportunity to do so

Substitute for Rubber Discovered

Doctor Karl Harries, professor of chemistry at the University of Kiel, Germany, is said to have discovered a substitute for rubber. Indeed, as his product cannot be distinguished from nature's rubber in appearance, quality or durability, it might better be said, perhaps, that he has succeeded in manufacturing rubber. The article thus produced is from light brown to white in color, and is fully as tough and elastic as the natural article.

Railroad Coaches for Invalids

The Swiss Government, which runs its own railroads, is about to introduce an innovation in the form of coaches for invalids on its railroads. It has ordered four coaches, each costing $12,000, which are to be specially arranged for the transportation of sick people. In each car there will be an operating room, a pharmacy, rooms for patients, for their nurses and their friends. Everything will be provided for the treatment of the diseased as well as for their comfort. Apparently the idea is a good one which might be profitably adopted by countries other than Switzerland.

Cremation in Great Britain

Considering the length of time that cremation has been advocated as a means of making way with all that is mortal of man, it does not appear to have made much progress in Great Britain. For instance, last year there were but 855 cremations in the United Kingdom, and, although this was an increase of 60 over the year before, it is a small number as compared with the many who were buried.

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SAN FRANCISCO

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

RENEWED

By W. A. Kendall

he files of the early newspapers and magazines of Francisco contain many contributions by W. A. dall. He was originally a school teacher in one of interior towns, but becoming filled with ambition, came to San Francisco, where his experience in g to follow literature as a vocation was a sorrow- ne. Eventually he died by his own hand.

these bold promontories, that outjut
mpassively into the mobile sea,
h morning, ere the shadow-gates are shut,
for an hour, am free.

west is spattered thick with fading stars,
he East is blank for the unwritten Day;
w white clouds drift up in silver bars,
nd sea-gulls whirl in spray.

s is a sacred altar, and a throne,
'here most I worship, and where most I
reign;
only spot the air of earth doth zone
hat hath no touch of bane.

ality of hope and space are mine;
s one uplifted from the plane of thought
tch the promise-dawn of days divine,
o prophecy once brought.

ire, the myriad-voiced, salutes my ear;
ie utterance that babel Day confounds
mes accentuation full and clear,
id revelation sounds.

this the declaration of the Morn
ito the isolated on the height:
oice! Go down to labor newly born—
e valleys gleam with light!"

wed for effort, I descend and sing,
king of irksome tasks a cheerful hold;
evenings in reward perpetual bring
nsets of royal gold.

BJORNSON'S HOME LIFE

e following intimate description of the life of Bjornson was written for the New Times by one of the most famous of sh writers, Mme. Karin Michaelis. She ne of the closest friends of Bjornson and amily, and no one is more closely ac- ted than she with the home of which she s:

one who has been a guest at Aulestad, ome of the famous Norwegian poet, stjerne Bjornson, who died last week, ver forget the moment when he entered

path winds through the mountains be- birch trees and pines along numerous falls. There is a rushing noise of falling and a fragrant perfume of wild straw- s. The large Danish horses are making speed, and the driver, who has been g at Aulestad for more than thirty years, uphill and cries, "There lies Aulestad, a higher up among all the trees and deco- with flags."

this is Aulestad! Like a great big sun- over which the winds of the Norwegian ains are sweeping. The flags flutter in eeze; Bjornson's flag is the largest in y. He has planted the flags of all the s, also "The Star-Spangled Banner," on ounds, and there they fly like good . The carriage passes through a long of mighty birch trees, and there on randa stands Bjornson with open arms come us.

s the handsomest man not only in Nor- ut in all Scandinavia. Every member of mily embraces you, for if you are a and a guest of Bjornson, you are a of every one in the household. From ment you enter this house you feel that heaven of rest now and henceforth.

n Bjornson wishes to pay the highest to a guest, he says: "You shall sleep gny's room." Dagny is his favorite er, the apple of his eye, and his living

little child he furnished two rooms for pure white; there she spent her days he married and left her home. But every time she comes back on a visit she lives in those two white rooms of her childhood.

Every morning you can see her standing on the veranda with her abundance of heavy, golden hair. In her father's eyes she looks like the sun, and it is hard to say which he loves best—the glorious sun or his daughter's golden hair.

Bjornson is an early riser, and he considers it a favor shown him by his guests when they, too, rise early enough to breakfast with him. To repay you for the loss of a morning's sleep, he begins at once to entertain you in a most delightful fashion by telling stories. These stories at once transfer you to the land of fairies. What he tells you he sees in his imagination, until you forget time and place.

Finally he will rise and exclaim: "Oh, we have forgotten all about Karoline," and then he will go upstairs to his wife, who, with her white, silvery hair, is sitting up in bed eating her morning meal. His wife is very hard of hearing, but her temperament is very cheery and happy like the lark. Her heart is as great as the Atlantic Ocean, and there is room in it for every one.

Bjornson paces up and down the floor in his brocaded morning gown and skull cap; now and then he will disappear in his library, but when we laugh loudly enough for him to hear, he returns to share in our merriment. At last his wife will say, "Now you must go, children, Bjornson wants peace." Then we know we must depart. Then his work begins.

He sits in his big armchair with his face turned toward his beloved Norwegian mountains. On his writing table there stands a large clock which is wound once a year. This clock is one of his friends, and he loves it as well as a human being. His wife only has access to his library, and there those dear, white-haired people work together like two souls who know what is in each other's innermost thoughts.

Every line that he writes he shows her, and every line has been rewritten and approved by her. His name is on the title page, but there is not one line that has not been inspired by her love and by the enduring courage of her temperament.

When Bjornson, for example, is angry—and he does get angry now and then, in a most violent fashion, so that the very earth trembles—then every one grows pale with the exception of Karoline, his wife. These outbreaks on his part give her the impression of volcanic eruptions, and she feels no fear, but a keen sense of delight.

Bjornson's favorite dish was a kind of very hard bread broken up in milk, and after each meal he would take a long walk.

His farm extends from the top of the mountain down to the valley. It lies between the small villages and beautiful forests. Bjornson would walk slowly, staff in hand, listening to the songs of the birds. There was no farm in all Norway that was worked in such a progressive way as his. He bought the latest and most expensive agricultural implements from the United States; from Denmark he got the strongest horses and the best farm hands. Therefore Aulestad's crops are in proportion about the largest in the country.

The Norwegian peasants are of royal blood, and so was Bjornson. When he called on his neighbor a king met a king.

One of the great Danish authors once said, "The dead are scattered along the wayside of life begging with invisible outstretched hands for alms, and sometimes we living give them a thought like a man throwing a bone to a dog." If the dead were scattered along the wayside passed by Bjornson they received his innermost thoughts from his loving hands.

Bjornson did not spend all his time thinking; he was a man who enjoyed the simple pleasures of life. He was very fond of playing cards during the long winter nights, and he took a great interest in teaching the younger set of the house the rules for playing. He never gambled, but nevertheless he was in great earnest and observed the rules of the game in every particular.

When the clock struck 10 it was his bedtime, and at 11 o'clock every one in the household had to be in bed. His son Erling supervised the farm and his electric plant. Bjornson was proud of this plant—he was the only man in Norway who could boast of his own electric power, and sometimes when his family and guests were gathered together in the house during the summer evening he would suddenly illuminate the whole house, and then stand outside in front of it to enjoy the sight.

Two years ago Bjornson celebrated his golden wedding; but he alone did not celebrate it; no, the entire Scandinavian countries celebrated with him. It was in the fall, and this season in Norway turns the mountain sides into masses of gorgeous reds and yellows. This was the last public manifestation of sympathy and esteem which the author enjoyed, and this included not only his home folks, but the entire world at large shared therein.

From north and south came letters from friends and relatives who wanted to participate in the celebration. "But where are we going to make room for all these?" asked Bjornson. "Oh, let them come, every one of them," answered Karoline, as if she had the 1100 rooms of the Vatican to dispose of. And they came all.

Cooks were sent for from Christiania, carloads of spices came from the grocers, chickens and ducklings were murdered, and lambs and little pigs killed; and for three days and nights the fire was kept going in the stove in the kitchen. Mrs. Bjornson went smiling about, saying to her servants: "You just keep on cooking; I am sure we won't have too much even then."

The night before the eventful day Bjornson was put to bed early; the presents had all arrived, and had to be put in order; one single one, a whole new set of furniture, which filled three wagons, was put behind the barn. A score of men were moving and fixing things; the new chairs and tables were put around in the rooms, in place of the old ones, which, offended, looked at these intruders. Finally everything was fixed, and the walls looked like hanging gardens, decorated as they were with vines and wild roses.

Oh! moment never to be forgotten, when in the early dawn the golden bridal couple, she dressed in white, with a golden wreath of myrtle flowers on her white hair; he with a myrtle flower in his buttonhole, hand in hand, walked downstairs, where the grandchildren, all dressed in white, with their beautiful young voices, sang the same hymn which had been sung for their grandparents when they, fifty years ago, were married in the little Norwegian wooden church.

At noon the highway which leads up the mountains to Aulestad was crowded with people and carriages. Golden gifts were sent from Emperors and Kings; telegrams came in bunches of 500 at a time.

The house was soon like an ants' nest; and when the between two and three hundred nearest friends, coming from Russia, Denmark, Italy and South Africa, had dined, Bjornson called them together and said the most wonderful words that ever were said from husband to wife.

And when he had finished, all lights were extinguished in the house, for lo! along the road to the mountain a serpent of fire was seen to wind its way; coming nearer and nearer, shining and flickering. It was all the peasants from the Gausdal, who, each with his burning torch, came up to greet their King of Songs and his bride.

It was the first time torches had ever been seen in the Grausdal; old and young women leading babies at their hands and with infants in their arms followed the torchbearers. In the courtyard of Aulestad they stopped, and one of the old peasants came forward and greeted the bridal couple, after which they all, throwing their torches to the ground, thus making a mountain of fire, began singing Bjornson's most beautiful poem, the Norwegian National hymn, and slowly, slowly, they descended the mountain side, all the time singing, while Bjornson, with his wife in his arms, listened to them far into the night.

"GREATER SAN FRANCISCO"

A DREAM THAT MAY COME TRUE BEFORE 1915

Greater San Francisco. Population, one million. Bounded on the east by a line drawn from Haywards to Richmond, on the south by the southerly boundary of San Mateo, on the north by the northerly boundary of San Rafael, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean.

That is the aspiration and the creed of a part of the population of the transbay district and of most of the population of San Francisco. The Greater San Francisco Committee preached that creed a few years ago, in Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda, but they won little support at that time. The revelation of corruption in the Schmitz administration was just being made, and the overbay cities said, "We won't want anything to do with that kind of government."

But Mayor Taylor's administration showed that San Francisco could have better government. And the arguments advanced by the Greater San Francisco Committee have convinced many doubting minds. These arguments are about as follows:

About 100,000 people have their homes in the transbay cities whose whole business interests are in San Francisco. A conservative estimate shows that probably 50,000 of these are voters. By the mere fact that they use the transbay cities as lodging places, these 50,000 voters are practically disfranchised. That is, they are allowed to vote in Berkeley, or Oakland, or Alameda, on local questions of no great concern to them and of even less interest, but they are not allowed to vote in San Francisco on questions that vitally affect their personal and business relations and that are of the utmost interest to them.

This disfranchisement of the 50,000 commuting voters is more than a mere personal disadvantage. It is a distinct loss to the city of San Francisco, for these commuters are mainly men of family, many of them men of property, who have given hostage to the community, by these strongest of ties, for their serious interest in the community's welfare. These commuters are of the choicest product of American citizenship. They have been conspicuous for their support of decent government and movements for better things. Had they possessed the ballot in San Francisco, they would have held the balance of power at every election, and they would have saved the city in all probability from most of the disgraceful misgovernment from which it has suffered.

In this same connection, it is noteworthy that the mayoralty of great cities comes to be looked upon as a position of almost equal importance and dignity with the governorship of a State. This fact, combined with the larger salary that can be paid, attracts to the position men of greater ability than can be secured for smaller cities. It also excludes, even from consideration for the office, all but those men whose attainments and reputation are high enough to be familiar to the larger public.

A second strong argument in favor of the consideration of the cities is that it would eliminate the useless and costly duplications of local offices. At present, Oakland has a complete set of city officials, a separate fire department, a separate police department, a separate department of public works. Alameda duplicates all this array of officials and expense. Berkeley duplicates it. San Rafael duplicates it, on a smaller scale. Each little hamlet drains its resources to a like purpose. Combine these cities under one government, and at a stroke all these public functions are directed by one body of officials, sweeping away all the useless number of men doing the same work on a smaller plan.

The effect of this is more than merely to reduce expense. Where great public works are managed on a large scale, more expert service can be commanded for the higher places in that work, and the smallest district gets the benefit of the experience and judgment of men whom it could never hope to employ in its separate capacity. Another thing: Where these public works are all handled by one authority they are developed after a unified plan that makes for uniformity and prevents the friction that now arises from the overlapping interests at the boundaries of the present separate municipalities.

Another advantage to accrue from the elimination of the separate municipal governments would be to end the present little, local, factional political animosities and rivalries. As long as Richmond, for instance, is a separate city, it is bound to have a local pride that is jealous of a near-by rival town. It is certain to continue to have its little local "ring" of politicians and its nearsighted view of the public interest. Sweep aside the artificial geographical boundaries that make this state of mind possible, make the inhabitants of Richmond citizens of a great metropolitan city, and at once their view of things wold enlarge immensely, their eyes would be turned to broader interests, and they would develop a breadth of sympathy that would lift them, politically and in other ways, out of a narrow and confined purview of things.

Another argument for consolidation is that it would greatly enhance the value of all real estate, both in San Francisco and the transbay district. In so doing, it would decrease the tax rate on the Oakland side and increase it on the San Francisco side, because the burden of taxation for street work in outlying districts, etc., would fall heaviest on the most valuable property in the most densely populated district. But the evil to the San Francisco property owner would be more than compensated by the increase in the value of his property and by the attendant increase in the prosperity of the transbay section, which directly feeds the prosperity of San Francisco. The transbay section, itself, would feel the same effect that was experienced by Brooklyn, when Greater New York was formed—its population increased by unprecedented bounds from the day of consolidation. The reason was not far to seek. Brooklyn received the benefit of equal service in the matter of street paving, police and fire protection, sewerage and sanitation that Manhattan had, without anything like the cost that it would have required had Brooklyn remained a separate municipality.

Another argument for consolidation is offered as an appeal to both sides of the bay. With the prospect that San Francisco will secure the World's Fair in 1915 has arisen the question of a proper site for the exposition grounds. It is pointed out that no site on the San Francisco peninsula would be nearly so accessible, even to the inhabitants of San Francisco, as that part of the waterfront of Oakland that lies between the Key Route pier and the Southern Pacific mole. A special ferry service from San Francisco would land the people of that city on the exposition grounds in twenty minutes from the foot of Market street, to which every street car line in San Francisco converges. On the other hand, only street car service, and that of only one or two lines, would be available to carry the crowds to any site on the San Francisco peninsula.

With the exposition on the Oakland side, Greater San Francisco would be the name of the city to which the world would be invited to come. The present city of San Francisco would derive as much benefit from the attendance as it would with the site on this side of the bay. Its greater hotel facilities and its world-famous scenes of interest would attract the public to spend much of their time on this side. At the same time, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda would derive great benefit from their equal accessibility to the exposition grounds. With the exposition site on the San Francisco side, residents and visitors on the transbay shore would have to make several tedious changes of cars and boats to reach it.

Still another argument for consolidation is the instant and complete solution it offers for the problem of a Sierra water supply. San Francisco would be relieved of a considerable burden of the expense of acquiring and developing a Sierra source and water conduit and the transbay cities would share in the benefit of an assured supply of potable water. Even if consolidation be never brought about some arrangement for a united water supply will have to be made, but consolidation would at once sweep away the mass of perplexing legal obstacles that now stand in the way, obstacles that may require years of public agitation and even, perhaps, a constitutional amendment to remove if consolidation be not adopted.

THE CLOSED SHOP

(George A. Tracy, in "Transactions of the Commonwealth Club," April, 1910.)

A few generations ago, when large business enterprises were unknown; when business of all kinds was conducted in a small way, on small capital, when master and man, so-called in those days, worked side by side in shop and field, there was then small need for the "closed shop" rule, because the limitations of the business then conducted generally produced conditions that the present "closed shop" advocates now seek to establish and maintain. Then, the master, by close working contact with the man, was personally aware of the latter's condition and needs.

On the other hand, the employee was usually familiar with all the conditions surrounding the small business, and the bond of human sympathy was sufficiently strong to bridge over the periods of adversity or distress that overtook either party.

Those conditions have gone from our industrial system as completely and permanently as have the small enterprises that have been swallowed up by the great combinations of capital.

So it is that when we advocate the principle of the "closed shop," we have in mind the fact that the individual, as such, has been lost in the industrial field. The man who once enjoyed the personal acquaintance of his employer and was familiar with all of the little details of a little business enterprise, now becomes a mere unit in the great system. In most cases he never sees, and probably does not know exactly who are his employers. His services are engaged or dispensed with by a superintendent, or through an agency that exacts a commission for handing out the job.

What measure of protection is afforded the individual operator under such conditions, unless he combines with his fellow craftsmen in an effort to establish and maintain conditions that only the "closed shop" guarantees? * * *

Great stress is frequently laid upon the bald statement that because a man invests his capital in a certain business or enterprise he should reserve to himself the absolute right to employ and discharge help as he chooses. I am not going to take the position that an employer does not have that right; but I shall contend that the men so employed have an equal right to form a combination of individual interests and force that employer to yield terms of employment that at least are fair to those employed, and that guarantee compensation commensurate with the service rendered. And I hold that these combinations of men, called unions, if they choose to pool their individual interests, have a perfect right to elect a spokesman to deal with the employer in the matter of wages, hours and working conditions. And I also hold that these combinations of men, called unions when they find, after long years of experience, that the only apparent way to secure fair compensation for their labor, and decent and sanitary working conditions, is to eliminate the non-unionist from their industrial field, by ostracising him from the shop in which they work, then the end justifies the means.

When industrial conditions have reached the advanced stage where great captains of industry, enjoying a superior mentality through environment of wealth and education are in a position to control almost absolutely the destiny of thousands of their fellow men and women, the liberty and independence of the humble worker in the ranks are only preserved in name, not in fact.

Two thousand watches, belonging to the Waltham company, were stolen from a pier in New York. They were valued at $20,000.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Let's Keep Hopin'

et's keep hopin' for the morrow.
are's a load we often borrow,
hile we're gittin' old and older
ryin' to tote it on our shoulder.
ot a day the future's bringin'
ut will hear the birds a-singin'
weet defiance unto sorrow—
et's keep hopin' for the morrow.
et's keep sayin' that the graces
f the past will light the faces
hat are comin' to us, smilin',
ll the future's bliss beguilin'.
are's a specter; we must slight him,
or he haunts those who invite him.
uild no castle unto sorrow—
et's keep hopin' for the morrow.
et's keep trustin', always trustin'.
uture's ways bear no adjustin'.
nce there came and sat beside me
rouble, and she sadly eyed me,
ayin'; while she held, enthralled me:
have come because you called me."
ool was I my care to borrow—
et's keep hopin' for the morrow.

* * *

The Sweetest Thing in Life

omebody has said Adoniram, that love's
ng dream is the sweetest thing in life. In
philosophy I used to believe, too, but
was when I was love's young dreamer,
ll adults have been at one time or another,
ey have not pretty much lived in vain.
ertheless, the philosophy very often goes
y, and it develops that love's young
m was a nightmare, from which the
mer wakes in a divorce court or under cir-
stances hardly more pleasant. The fact
at love's young dream not infrequently
either sweetest, sweeter nor even sweet,
for brief time, and the lingering taste
is bitter upon the tongue.
is love's old dream, Adoniram, which, per-
, is sweetest of all earthly conditions. Look
they started, this man and woman, to
ey along life's mist-hung pathway to-
r, and he was young and strong and
vas young and beautiful. The years crept
nd Joy came and they danced together to
nusic of laughter; Grief came, and, by a
white coffin, they drew closer to each
, their love made sacred by the sharing
mutual sorrow; Worry came, but each
courage in the eyes of the other, and bid
fiance; Passion died, but in its place
such tender, yearning, self-sacrificing
as God's white angels might envy them.
d so the aging couple creep down the
rn slope together, their love grown
ty as their bodies have grown weak.
kles have displaced the bloom of youth,
feet totter. Time has touched to silver
air of brown or gold, but to him she
is beautiful and to her he still is all-
able. This is the alchemy of love, the
hat grows not old, but dims the physical
only that soul may learn to look upon
nd be glad. This, my boy, is the sweet-
ing in life, and if another life shall reveal
sweeter, we, hedged in by earth-fogs,
no capacity to foresee what it may be.

* * *

A Few Political Definitions

ulist—A humble individual who taught
licans and Democrats most of the po-
doctrines in which they ardently be-
He is dead now.
nocrat—He is not dead but sleepeth, but
ost competent experts scarcely can dis-
sh the difference.
ublican—Almost anybody whose father
for another party that used to go under
ame. A sort of pousse cafe of political
with the privilege to everybody of
ng of the color that suits him best.

* * *

The Big Stick as Evidence

nice man—Is your pa an admirer of
ooseve1t?
little boy—I dunno, I guess so.
at makes you think so?"
ll, you ought to see the size of the
e uses on me sometimes."

The Opinions of Rufus

I noticed 'twas the woman with a han'some diamond ring that fergot her kid gloves, in her hurry, when she left home the other mornin'.

Middlin' often a dollar bill in the hand is worth two in a debtor's pocketbook.

The main diff'rence 'tween Sunday clothin' an' some folks' piety is that the owners 'casionally use the clothin' on week days.

Es I look at it, a creed's the trademark that man blows in the clear glass of truth. It don't hurt the glass any, but I ain't certain how much it proves.

The most respectable thing 'bout some men is the dog that b'longs to 'em.

Forgiveness is divine—'cept when the guilty one is a pretty woman; in that case it's human an' masculine.

An act of kindness is like a neat kid glove: It makes even a big an' awkward hand beautiful.

Even if faith without works is dead, I've noticed that some men never quit tryin' to galvanize the corpse.

"It's love, they say, that makes the world go round;" but so will mixed drinks, an' in less time.

The man that differs with us may not be a knave, but ain't you never noticed in yourself a tendency to feel that he ought to consult a mind doctor?

It's the splendid privilege of every free-born American citizen that can't give a reason for the p'litical faith that's in him to get fightin' mad if anybody says a word aginst that faith.

The value of little things is proved by coral-bugs buildin' an island, but the thought ain't so encouragin' to me, I s'pose, es t'would be if I was a coral-bug.

There's Pulcifer

(The Fifth Assembly District covers a considerable part of Oakland, and its citizenry includes a large number of excellent and respectable people. The warm question over there just now is who shall represent them in the next Legislature.)

There's Pulcifer; they might have Pulcifer.
They had him once, as quite their choice of men,
And so, accustomed both to grief and shame,
Might noses hold and take the dose again.
He made a record—pass the smelling salts—
Which still on Oakland rests too like a curse,
For fifty-odd were better sans a doubt,
And only twenty-odd were slightly worse.

Oh, yes, they might have Pulcifer. He shows
A will to do more legislative stunts.
He voted 'gainst the race-track curse, 'tis true,
And else for right but once—yes, I said once—
On any bill of grace (see Hichborn's book),
Once for the right and five times for the wrong.
'Tis true, they might take Pulcifer again—
That is, if Oakland's stomach's strong.

Speaking of Pulcifer, some fifty-odd
Made better records, twenty-odd were worse.
This in a body which, its friends admit,
Was not inclined all righteousness to nurse!
Ho, Oakland, looking to the mighty gate
That westward opes, by nature's bounty nursed,
Such record writes in black your record, too.
Let's better choose, or else let's choose the worst.

* * *

The Defendant's Case Presented

Walt Mason, who writes a multitude of clever, jingling things for many papers, recently added the following to his output:

His eyes are full of unshed tears; he labors like a yoke of steers to drive the lean wolf from his door, and still he often hears it roar. He takes his money home and hands it to the woman who commands. He has no time for rest or play; he grinds and grinds his life away; he might enjoy existence yet, he might serenely strive and sweat, if, when he toddled home at night, the folks would meet him with delight. There is no sunshine in his life, because he has a nagging wife. She has a tireless tongue that flops and wags away, and never stops. He comes home weary, stiff and halt, to hear the hausfrau finding fault, and wailing over this and that, and throwing bootjacks at the cat. Some day, when driven to despair, he'll knock his brains out with a chair, and get the peace he long has sought, and mourned because he found it not. Oh, housewives of the bitter tongues, and brazen throats and leather lungs, remember that this nagging graft has driven hosts of husbands daft. The man who labors hard all day, and to his family brings his pay, and sacrifices all the joys indulged in by the other boys, deserves a home devoid of strife; deserves a kind and smiling wife. He labors in the heat and glare, and he should leave his troubles there, and going home at close of day, find peace and comfort holding sway.

The case for the complaining witness having thus been duly presented, the defendant has a right to be heard, and the following is respectfully submitted in her behalf:

Her life is one of tranquil ease, with naught to do save John to please, and to the romping kid's attend, and get the meals world without end, and wash and wipe the dishes then, and do the dratted thing again, and yet again, and then some more, and mend the pants that Willie tore, and Susie's hose, and Betty's dress, and scrub the kitchen more or less, and clean the house, and wash some clothes, and see that baby blows her nose, and soothe when colic comes to harm—Oh, woman's life is full of charm! There's lots of sunshine in her life! It's just a snap to be a wife! And when John rambles home for food, of course, she's feeling sweet and good, and when he says, "Oh, dash such grub!" she can't help doting on her hub, and so she smiles both night and morn, as you and I would—in a horn. And oft, too oft, she hears John say, when she for groceries would pay, "What, money, sheckels, cash, you seek? I gave you fifty cents last week!" Not always so? Thank God, 'tis not, but at some men 'tis center shot. Oh, woman's life in bliss we wrap; it always is the softest snap! But if sometimes, worn out and tired, her tongue is loosed or bootjack fired, I've seen some cases, not so few—and so, I feel no doubt, have you—when I have said, and watched John dive: "Thank Heav'n, her spunk is yet alive!"

* * *

Pensions for Teachers

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Hyatt is in favor of old-age pensions for teachers; so are the county and city school superintendents of California; so would be the intelligent public if it would give the matter its thoughtful consideration, which, in about nineteen cases out of twenty, it will not do.

There is no other vocation than that of the teacher which does so much for humanity and receives so little for its splendid service. It takes our children of today and makes of them the world-builders of tomorrow, and not infrequently the child's only opportunity of enlightenment is in its keeping, for there is no enlightenment in his home. And for this magnificent service a poorly paid teacher gets less than is paid to a day-laborer, a well paid teacher less than the plumber or bricklayer receives, and few indeed are those who may hope to receive as much as is paid to a competent mechanic. We pay a promoter who engineers a scheme of wealth for us thousands of dollars, and we pay the teacher in whose hands is much of the destiny of our child from $50 to $150 a month. We are regal in compensating him who adds to our dollars; we are penurious in paying him who makes or unmakes our child's welfare. These words are true, and it is to our infinite shame that they are.

Doing such service to mankind as almost no other does, the teacher perforce pinches and scrimps through a life of genteel penury, and as old age draws on it is all but impossible that he shall have a competence laid up—and if, under these circumstances, he is not entitled to a pension, will you tell me of somebody that is? The teacher is the one person beyond all others whom an even partly appreciative public should pension.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Ticket of The Democrats There will probably be no contests over nominations for State office on the Democratic ticket at the August primary. Council and persuasion have removed all but one candidate for most of the places. The ticket that will probably appear on the Democratic ballot is as follows: For Governor, Theodore Bell of San Francisco; Lieutenant-Governor, Timothy Spellacy of Los Angeles; justices of the Supreme Court, Judge W. P. Lawlor of San Francisco and Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe of San Bernardino; Clerk of Supreme Court, Hiram A. Blanchard of Santa Clara County; Secretary of State, S. S. Bayley of Alameda county; Superintendent of Public Instruction, T. H. Kirk of Pasadena; Treasurer, C. A. Andross of Marysville. The present hope of the Democratic leaders is that no candidate will come forward for controller, so that Democrats may write in the name of A. B. Nye, the incumbent and Republican candidate, whose record entitles him to a unanimous election.

Aspirants for Other Offices The meeting of the executive committee of the Democratic central committee, held on May 2d, had been planned to consider only the offices named in another paragraph. But the question of candidacies for the appellate bench, for the board of equalization and for the State railroad commission was brought forward at the meeting. The candidates for these offices will probably get the executive committee to handle their petitions as the others are handled, by paying $300 and having their petitions bound up with the State ticket for signatures. The aspirants for the District Court of Appeals from the First district are Judge George E. Church of Fresno County, Judge Bradley Sargent of Monterey County, Judge Lucien Smith of Santa Cruz County, and possibly the incumbent, Justice J. A. Cooper and some others. There may be a contest for this office, though Judge Church is the likely winner. The probable choice for appellate judge of the Second district is Judge D. K. Trask of Los Angeles, and of the Third district Judge Peter J. Shields of Sacramento. The men who are most likely to run for state railroad commissioner are: First district, F. R. Rammers of Vacaville; Second district, Barclay Henley of San Francisco; Third district, Ed White of Watsonville. Mr. Rammers may be contested by Dr. C. L. Browning of Chico. The candidates for the board of equalization have not yet been determined.

Sloane Will Beat Wright Senator Leroy A. Wright bids fair to suffer for his peculiar record in the last Legislature. Wright's origin and affiliations, in the opinion of many of his supporters, entitled the public to expect political independence, and many were disposed to credit him with that virtue when the session opened. Doubts grew when it was found that he could not be counted on for reform measures. When he finally fathered the defective Wright railroad bill, by which the excellent Stetson bill was defeated, he went on record as directly opposed to better things. He is now in line for a sound beating at the hands of his constituents, and advices received this week from one of the shrewdest political observers in Southern California indicate that Judge Sloane is going to be the rod in the hands of the Republican voters of the Fortieth senatorial district on August 16th.

Clerk Keyes Is Off Wrong County Clerk Charles G. Keyes of Los Angeles has been wrongly advised on one point in the direct primary law. He has announced that he will follow legal advice and refuse to check over more than one set of nominating petitions for each candidate. This means that all nominating petitions for each candidate signed in Los Angeles County must be turned in at one time, and the validity of the candidate's petition must stand or fall by the result of the verification of that one batch of signatures, without an opportunity to file further signatures, if necessary, within the time limit set by the law. This interpretation is plainly absurd. There may be no occasion to test its correctness, but neither is there now any occasion for Mr. Keyes to complicate further an already too perplexing situation by a ridiculous threat of this sort. However, candidates can save annoyance and possible friction by securing abundant signatures to their petitions in the first instance and by observing care in their selection.

San Francisco Clubs Organizing The Independent Republican Clubs of San Francisco are rapidly taking up the work of organizing their districts for Hiram Johnson. Meetings for this purpose were held this week by the clubs in the following districts: Monday, the Thirty-ninth district; Tuesday, the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh districts; Wednesday, the Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-third districts; and Thursday, the Thirtieth and Thirty-first. Tonight the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-third districts will organize, and tomorrow the Forty-fifth. Johnson meetings in San Francisco will probably be arranged for dates in the near future.

Other Activities In San Francisco The Central Executive Committee of the San Francisco Independent Republican Clubs met last Monday night and perfected arrangments for city organization in behalf of Hiram Johnson. Thomas H. Williams was chosen to be chairman of the finance committee, W. H. Stewart to be treasurer, and Paul Bancroft, M. S. Kohlberg and John H. McCallum to be auditing committee. It was agreed that the city campaign shall be in charge of a campaign committee of eighteen members, one to be chosen by the Independent Republican Club in each of the eighteen assembly districts.

The Central Executive Committee also decided to endorse Edward Rolkin for the office of member of the State Board of Equalization from the First district (San Francisco). This office and that of railroad commissioner from the San Francisco district were left to the autonymous action of the Central Executive Committee. That committee, at this meeting, took no action on the candidacy of H. D. Loveland for railroad commissioner. This was the proper thing to do, and Mr. Loveland's ambitions should be treated in the same way throughout the campaign. His record and affiliations do not warrant his endorsement for the office. The only other Republican candidate at present is Ed Aigeltinger, who is notoriously a machine man. Until better material is offered or can be brought out, no candidate should be endorsed.

The League Has Stirred 'Em Up The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League's fight for a full State ticket at the approaching primary election has undoubtedly done more than all other things combined to arouse that preliminary interest and discussion that will make the first election under the new primary law a fair test of the direct primary idea. Conceive the League's ticket to be out of the field, and imagine the interest in the campaign that would be left. Compare that state of listless indifference with the actual ferment of discussion, meetings and interest that the ticket has aroused throughout California. The Hiram Johnson campaign meetings have done more than everything else to bring out the unprecedented pre-primary enthusiasm of the present year. It has also—the Watchman quotes the observation of a keen student of politics—done more to bring out an early registration in the country districts than anything else in years. The advocates of the direct primary idea owe many thanks to the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.

Abolish R. R. Commission? Machine politicians are getting it on the "low down" that the State Railroad Commission is to be abolished by constitutional amendment. This may be the machine program, a certainly the prospect of having such m as John M. Eshleman and Alexander Gord on the commission—pledged and determin to do equal justice to public and railroads—enough to make the machine wishes fath such a thought. More likely, however, the m chine has sense enough to know that the pop lar cry for regulation of the railroads wou not be silenced by abolishing the commissi especially after some good members on have demonstrated its possibilities for usefi ness. More probably the machine progra is to get a constitutional amendment adopte making the commission appointees of t Governor instead of elective by the peop That arrangment would have certain adva tages, depending altogether on the charact of the Governor. But the thing to do now to elect Gordon and Eshleman and show wh a properly constituted commission can do.

More About Eshleman John M. Eshleman, candida for the Republican nominati for railroad commissioner fr the Third district, will be 34 years old ne month. He was born in the "Egypt" del of Illinois. At 14 he was thrown on his ov resources, and has found them adequate sin to carry him through college, to the Sta Legislature and to the district attorneyship Imperial County. At 17 he was teachi school. At 20 he was picking oranges in Sout ern California. In two more years of ha work as a camp steward for the Southern P cific Company and of hard study at nights had equipped himself to pass successfully t entrance examination to the University California. There he took about all the ho ors there were—Phi Beta Kappa, Winged H met, Golden Bear, president of the juni class, president of the Associated Studen associate editor of the junior annual, of t college daily, of the college weekly, and the college monthly, and member of the P Ypsilon Fraternity. And he left college wi the word of several professors and the pre dent that he was the most distinguish scholar the university had graduated in ma years.

Out of college, he made the State Bure of Labor Statistics a useful institution for t first time in its history. In the Legislatu of 1907 he forced the first anti-racetrack b through the Assembly against all kinds threats and cajolery. In spite of broken healt which he largely recovered in the desert southernmost California, he quickly becar first district attorney of Imperial County a the most successful private attorney in Sout ern California outside of Los Angeles. could have that office again this year, unanimous vote, if he wanted it. Mr. Eshl man has gone far in public life, and will ser California in large fields and to greater effe in the future. He is a growing man, a strong for Right Things. Watch him.

How Candidate Platforms Would Work in Practice The Charter re sion convention San Francisco h suggested that candidates be permitted to su mit hundred-word platforms to their constit ents, to be printed at public cost and distri uted to the voters without expense to the ca didates, together and with the sample ballc officially sent out. Nothing else is quite enlightening as an object lesson. Let us ther fore illustrate the point by assuming that t gubernatorial candidates for Republican non nation promulgate their personal platforms follows:

Mr. Curry: "Fellow citizens and the Roy Arch. I desire to be governor of Californ because I desire to be governor of Californ and for the further reason that I make politi of business and business of politics; out of c fice and politics I should find existence pr carious and life uninteresting. My 'organiz tion' fealty has never been questioned, all r mor to the contrary notwithstanding."

Mr. Stanton: "I desire the Republican nom nation for governor because I think that t

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

nation ought to come South this time. If have kicked over 'organization' lines, re- er on my behalf that I have always d back again when I was needed. If any- says anything about that Alaska-Yukon sition, answer with a rah! for the grand rty."

Anderson: "I want the Republican nomi- n for governor because my friend Herrin me to have it if I can beat Curry. If I then he wants Curry, but I am also the late of those certain interests that want erity and don't care a whoop who gov- us so we get the business and can see wheels go round. I have always been and decent and never have taken sides r against anything. I am a dead, safe Yours truly."

Johnson: "I want to be governor of rnia that I may help to make California and independent State; recover govern- from the hands of the Political Bureau e Southern Pacific Company, that has ed it, and restore it to the people of Cali- , where it belongs, that it may be by transmitted to their children, as they ed it, an unimpaired heritage. There is ner issue, for, in accomplishing this task, nall emancipate our courts and make e equal, speedy and certain."

second thought, the individual hundred- platform idea has much to commend it. events candidates masquerading under colors and gives them a chance to say all need to in order to make their position

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t Quit Assemblyman George L. Sackett of Ventura County has announced that he will not be a candidate election. Sackett has served two terms Assembly, and has generally voted right. e eleven test issues applied by Mr. Hich- Mr. Sackett voted right ten times and sent once, and yet he has been an "or- tion" man throughout his legislative his- It was as an "organization" man, to something was due, that Mr. Furlong splaced from the position of secretary text-book committee that the place be given to Mr. Sackett. His advocacy candidacy of Mr. Charles F. Curry for or connotes in the mind that which is sant, for Mr. Sackett knows perfectly hat manner of politician Charles F. is. A clear-headed gentleman and a egislator, George L. Sackett narrowly being a man who can ill be spared ur legislative halls. Somehow he has bbled enough in "organization" politics the lustre from his linen without suf- t to be seriously soiled.

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eing ght Assemblyman Frank Otis of the Forty-seventh district (Alameda) will probably be endorsed for the by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican His record in the last Legislature od. The only hesitation felt by the dent reformers of Alameda was about ngness to stand out openly against the . The failure of the reform forces in session of the legislature was caused of proper organization of the reform s. It is essential this year that candi- clare, prior to the primary, where they found after the organization of the ure next winter. Mr. Otis is beginning e necessity for this kind of a declara- l we may look for such a statement n as will put his pledged word where tions seem always to have stood. The being passed down the line in Ala- at Otis must be knifed by machine The reason is that Otis did not get a ssembly clerk for Wilbur Lanktree, oss Joe Lanktree. Joe Lanktree says t control Wilbur's political opinions, it is Wilbur's personal fight that is ade on Otis. If this is true it is the father and son have been very far local politics.

Ellery ation" There is a Nat Ellery "Or- ganization" and it has pro- mulgated. It is an assemb- gentlemen convened for the purpose of restoring to circulation the few thousands of dollars which Nat Ellery has been able, by the practice of a frugal economy, to save from his salary as a faithful if not always efficient public servant. Also, it has for its purpose the creation of ones of those atmospheric disturbances, commonly known as a flub-a'-dub-dub, which the blacksmith makes when he plunges a hot irorn into his tub of bilgewater. In its pronunciamento the Nat Ellery "organization" takes a whack at the Herrin "organization," which is proper and at all times in order, and another at the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, probably as further evidence that Nat is going it alone. Nat Ellery is a thoroughly good fellow and means well. He is merely suffering from an acute attack of megalomania and will feel better after it gets done hurting. It may be noted in passing that the state is dotted all over with public buildings that his department planned to fit appropriations made in advance, scarcely one of which buildings he has been able to complete within the appropriation; that he caused San Quentin prison to lose a year in its construction of much needed cell houses while he overhauled and undid plans already provided by capable architects working under the direction of expert prison men: that his department has been behind with all its architectural work, and that if he were to lay out the ground plans for Governor Gillett's eighteen million dollar system of automobile highways the state would be fortunate indeed if those roads were to reach their destination with a bond issue of ten millions more. He plans bigger, if not better, than he knows. Mr. Ellery will be able to carry all the votes he will poll in his vest pocket without their being in the way in finding his toothpick.

Queer Fight in San Jose The municipal fight in San Jose has some odd features. The scheme of the Mackenzie-O'Neal S. P. machine is to elect Chas W Davison mayor of San Jose, with the aid of Union Labor votes, Union Labor to get, in return, the election of Walter G. Matthewson to one of the vacant places on the council. This deal has a further string to it: Davison is to resign from the mayoralty and to have both machine and Union Labor support to beat "Red" Hayes for congress,. Union Labor to get the election of Matthewson as mayor by vote of the council. Such is the deal, and Union Labor is acting on it in good faith. But the Mackenzie-O'Neal machine men are not. They are cutting the earth from under Matthewson's feet, and supporting Harvey S. Kelley, "scab" laundryman and anathema to Union Labor. The Union Laborites will wake up at election to find they have been double-crossed and left out in the cold. The Hayes faction, meanwhile, is also backing Kelley against Mathewson, but its candidate for mayor is Frederick A. Curtis. Davison cannot beat Hayes for Congress, whether elected mayor or not.

William Kent For Congress It seems likely that William Kent may contest the Republican nomination for congress from the second district with Duncan E. McKinley. If Mr. Kent goes into this fight it will not be because he has political ambitions, but because he feels that he is under political obligations to stand for Right Things where his standing for them can do the most good. A personal friend to President Taft, and a willing contributor toward his election, he regrets exceedingly that the President has seen fit to surround himself with reactionaries and that he has not proven robust enough to withstand the pressure that the "interests" have brought to bear on him to swerve him from those high purposes which he started out to fulfill. He feels that the President has compromised where he should have shown no quarter, that he has put up with half loaves when he, and the country, would have been better off with no bread. Politics with William Kent is an affair of the conscience, in which personal friendships will not swerve him from right lines. He goes up against Duncan McKinley knowing that McKinley will be able to command the aid of all the power the administration can bring to bear on his behalf, knowing that the President will ask that McKinley be returned as a personal favor to the President himself, and he does this when not in robust health, all because he feels that he ought, in the public interest, to do so. Mr. Kent is one of the too few men of wealth who are accused of "going back on their class," and standing for the common good instead of striving to secure his share of special privileges while they are going. If a good campaign manager can be found for Mr. Kent, a man who can take the brunt of the heavy work off his shoulders, so that making the campaign will not tax his strength beyond endurance, he will enter the lines. He had a broad and useful experience in redeeming Chicago from the clutches of organized greed and, if nominated and elected, will prove an honor to the state. McKinley is a stand-patter among stand-patters and has forsaken his duties in congress to campaign in other states for the election of stand-pat members of congress. He will not be permitted, if so disposed, to masquerade as anything other than a stand-patter and Cannon program-taker when he reaches home. On that issue the people of the second district will be called upon to decide betwixt William Kent and Duncan E. McKinley.

Walter Macarthur Or Julius Kahn? Walter Macarthur has made up his mind to accept the Democratic nomination for congress in the fourth district that he may contest the election of Julius Kahn for congress. This is good news to those who believe in clean men in clean politics whatever party one may belong to. There is nothing to be said against Walter Macarthur. He is true blue all the way through. He represents the working people, not for politics only, as so many political patriots do, but as a laboring man himself laboring for the common good of all. As it is well to have some lawyers in congress, some merchants, some bankers and some farmers, so it is well to have in those halls some men who come from the walks of life of those who must eat their bread in the sweat of their faces if they, and their families, are to be provided for. Walter Macarthur is such a man. He is no narrow-minded enthusiast. His views are at once broad and liberal, sane and sound, and, during his years of residence in San Francisco, no good cause has lacked the support of his pen and his tongue, and no bad cause has not felt the force of the blows that he can deliver. He has classed himself as a Democrat, rather as a protest against the gross materialism of the predominant factors in the Republican party of recent years than because of any doctrinaire espousal of Democratic platforms. Upon close analysis his views of public issues will not be found essentially different from that protestant Republicanism that is seeking to gain the ascendency in the Republican party. The candidacy of Walter Macarthur is good news.

The Fiftieth Assembly Dist. The fiftieth assembly district lies in the heart of Oakland. It deserves to be represented by a true-blue man. The district was represented in the last assembly by Harry W. Pulcifer, a protege of Dr. Mehrman, of whom much was expected and little fulfilled. Mr. Pulcifer's legislative career was disappointing. He voted against Drew's motion to reject the code of rules the "organization" was trying to get through with which to tie the hands of decency by its sides; he fell down on the test vote on the direct primary; he voted against taking the party circle off the ballot. This is not saying that he stood for nothing good, for his record was by no means wholly bad, but his district can do better than to send him back for another term. It can send F. M. Parcells or William C. Clark, both of them men who can be counted on to stand for Right Things on every ballot. Both of these gentlemen have the question of making the race under consideration and whichever of them enters the lists will be a preferable candidate to the aforesaid Harry W. Pulcifer.

CARNATION WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

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LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir: Your notice of the expiration of our subscription has just been received. We need no urging to renew it, as we have had the paper from the first number, and should feel decidedly disinclined to do without it. Our name did not appear on your subscription list at first, as we purchased weekly from newsstands. Many and many an extra copy we have sent to friends.

I shall be most happy to send you a list of people who I think would be interested in the California Weekly, but will wait till I have a chance to get my husband to help me with it. As he is an exceedingly busy man, I must wait his leisure. However, he always finds sufficient time to read the California Weekly with ever increasing interest, approval and enjoyment.

I am one of those who approve your stand on the question of votes for women. The strongest impression I get from women friends who desire the vote at present is, that they demand the suffrage as a personal right instead of feeling it simply another avenue for performing duties and discharging obligations.

Very cordially yours, G. W. P.

P. S.—Sometimes you print subscribers' letters and their names. I am so old-fashioned a "female" that I don't like to see my name in public print. If I were a "personage," and my name would help materially a righteous cause, I would endeavor to swallow my repugnance. But that would be a different matter.

In our judgment suffrage for neither man nor woman is based on natural, personal right, but rather upon what is good for Society as a whole. There are tens of thousands who now have the suffrage who are unworthy of it and should be deprived of it. There are those who are too ignorant and others who are too much lacking in moral character. No man who lives in and around houses of ill repute should have the right of suffrage, and yet the redlight district of every city has come to be a power in our political life. Furthermore, the right to vote should never be separated from the obligation to vote. Whoever shirks the obligation should lose the right. With these limitations, and perhaps others, suffrage should be conferred without reference to race, sex or color. The equal suffrage movement will have to be based upon a concrete good rather than upon an abstract right if it would make headway.

Editor The California Weekly.

We see something occasionally, in regard to the moral obligations of the voter at the primaries, to support the candidates receiving the majority of the party vote, whether he favored those nominated or not. I wish to protest against any such construction of the law. At first reading, it might seem to be the law, but such construction would shut out all honest voters in any close contest between machine and anti-machine. This should not be the intent of the law. And if it were so, there would be the moral obligation for the honest voter to take the law in his own hands, to take part in the primary, and if it happens that the right person be not nominated, there will still be his moral obligation to his country to vote for the best men, regardless of party. That portion of law that attempts to pledge or bind any voter at the primaries to support any person at the coming election, if such construction be put on it, would probably be declared unconstitutional.

It may be said that this would open the door to fraud, but those who would risk fraud will do so, anyway. To prevent fraud I would suggest that the primary law be amended so that a voter who has registered as belonging to a political party be not permitted to change his party affiliation for two years; that is, after one has registered as belonging to a political party he be not permitted to take part in any other party primary for two years. There is no good reason for a voter changing his party every time the weather changes. This would prevent voters registering as members of parties in which they have no intention of staying. There would then be no chance to change the party in order to defeat some one in an opposite party. This would not hurt a new party, for the new party can always begin by an independent nomination. I believe that some such amendment would go far toward deterring voters from registering falsely.

In the case of persons changing their residence, or of transients, it should not work a hardship. The person should be required to state the party to which he had registered and the place where. If he still wants to be registered as belonging to the same party he should be permitted to take part in his party primary, but if he wants to change he should be compelled to wait till after the next general election. This would go a long way toward preventing fraud, and would leave the management of the party in the hands of those entitled to control, viz, those who honestly believe in the principles of the parties to which they belong. HARRY POLSLEY.

Red Bluff, Cal.

It is seldom indeed that the still, small voice can justify a man in voting for an unfit person to fill any office when any political party, other than his own, offers him a fit man for the place. The new direct primary law carries with it no obligation, moral or otherwise, that will require any voter to take his party ticket straight merely because he participated in the primary election that resulted in [illegible] ting an unfit man on the ticket. Even un[illegible] the old convention system there was no m[illegible] or other obligation resting upon the voter [illegible] to scratch his ticket. There was an obliga[illegible] resting upon a candidate who had gone [illegible] a convention to abide by the results of [illegible] convention, and there is an obligation rest[illegible] upon a candidate who allows his name to [illegible] submitted to a primary to abide by the res[illegible] of the primary and not run independently, [illegible] that obligation relates only to candidates, [illegible] to voters.

How to keep party voters on their own [illegible] of party fences at primary elections is, [illegible] course, the crux of the question of party, [illegible] any device which permits rascality to be [illegible] and binds only honest folks is bad. As [illegible] law now stands, voters are all free to affil[illegible] with any party they wish to up to twenty d[illegible] before the primary election without limitat[illegible] or obligation, moral or otherwise, to hin[illegible] them from voting any ticket they please [illegible] for any candidate on any ticket, at the gen[illegible] election. It is to be doubted if this co[illegible] tion can be bettered in any way. The dy[illegible] need is that it be more generally and clea[illegible] understood.

Editors California Weekly.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find check for $2, in payment for subscription to The California Weekly.

While I cannot agree with the political views expressed, implying as they do, that redemption [illegible] existing evils must be wrought by persons bearing a particular political brand, and necessarily involving the proposition that those professing another political [illegible] have neither the capacity nor the patriotism essential to confidence or trust, I am of the opinion that the work being accomplished is of inestimable value, appealing, as it does, to a large body of citizens.

Aside from this, however, the charm to me of our very valuable paper are the songs of hope, of humanity and home from the pen of my esteemed friend, A. J. Waterhouse, whom I regard as standing in the very forefront of American poets.

Very truly yours, C. E. M'LAUGHLI[illegible]

Sacramento, Cal., May 7, 1910.

The types have made us say things foreign to our thought if they have conveyed the idea that The California Weekly holds that no good thing can come out of the Democratic party. Our country needs, and has needed a good, strong, well organized and prudently led Democratic party. The State of California now needs and has needed such a party, but neither the State nor the nation has had such a Democratic party since before the Civil War. Being almost continuously out of power, it has been out of training and out of that potency which responsibility gives, and it has compromised with anything and everything that could promise it votes and has stood for nothing certain. It has had no principles that it would not compromise and has contented itself with being in opposition to whatever policies the Republican party espoused rather than having the courage and patriotism to espouse policies of its own. These things have deprived the Democratic party of public confidence. Even now, at Washington, the leaders of the Democracy are trimming the sails of their craft with the purpose of taking advantage of disagreements within the Republican party rather than with the purpose of bringing forward definite, Democratic plans and specifications for dealing with great national issues. With so many good men in the Democratic party, have we not a right to expect better things from the Democratic party?

Editors The California Weekly.

Gentlemen: It is with pleasure I hand you check for the paper up to May 2, 1911.

The paper is a clean sheet and always on the right side of all public questions which come before the people. I wish it were a daily with a million in it, managed by its present officers. It would be a power in the land for good.

Wishing you success, I am,

Yours very truly, I. J. TRUM.

San Francisco, May 7, 1910.

Editor The California Weekly.

My Dear Friend: I enclose you check for $2. [illegible] ing another year's subscription for your paper. [illegible] worth more than this to me, but presume it is just [illegible] to pay all that you ask and no more.

"The moral and inspirational tone of your paper at [illegible] times is so high that I hardly know whether the [illegible] of action followed in this case comes up to its [illegible] quirements. I like your column on the deeper [illegible] nificance of living, and get a great deal out of it. [illegible] some respects you go away ahead of me, but am [illegible] young yet and in the formulative stage of life and [illegible] I hope that by going forward and looking up, will [illegible] some day get to your heights.

I hope to see you soon and would like to see you

(Concluded on Page 397)

R. B. MARSHALL, CHIEF GEOGRAPHER

THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF THE "MAN WHO MAKES THE MAPS"

BY PERCY TURNER

metimes think that we Americans do not nough interest in certain classes of our servants. The statesman, the politi- he soldier, each comes in for his share ular applause; but our highly-efficient, orking scientific corps—those who, in ce of seemingly insurmountable obsta- ften at the risk of their lives, penetrate mote places to gather data for our in- ns of science, to dam our rivers, to our maps, or to get for us information ning our mineral deposits—we are wont s by on the other side.

among these quiet, capable, sunburned the percentage of extraordinary capa- of greatness, even, is extremely high. achievements are as noteworthy, and, ny, their personalities are far more in- g than is the politician's, or even the 's. The reason that they are so little may be traced to the fact that their lies far and away beyond the sphere vities of our indefatigable journalists.

as my good fortune to be rather inti- associated with one of the most con- us of these men for four very pleasant and, now that Fate has placed me be- reach of the consequences of my act, ose to turn the light on him.

Virginia Days

it forty-two years ago, back in Amelia , Virginia, a brown-eyed, dark-haired was given his first bath at the hands of ger mammy." She was inordinately was that ebony mammy, for her charge ordinary baby. You would not have from the parents that the baby was descended from Chief Justice John ll and Governor Bradford—who, you member, came over in the Mayflower —but Mammy was exceedingly vain of t and she would have told you all t.

once in a while, there came times when ammy, with her worship-sharpened wis- as puzzled, and when she had to admit lister Bob"—that was Mammy's name —acted in a manner which was a dis- a gentleman and his ancestors. Some- e would howl and the ministrations of (who naturally went on the theory must be a pain in his stomach or an safety pin, and proceeded accordingly) uitless. All of you who are of the know what consternation this causes ousehold to which the baby belongs. d I been there I could have shown that her diagnosis was wrong—all nd I'm sure of it.

ing what I do of him since he grew positive that this particular baby would dured the colic or the laceration of a safety pin with the fortitude of a nder torture; but, had she looked, I'm o bet forty dollars that Mammy would nd the handle of his rattle loose or stopper was improperly fitted into his

s day the sight of a botch job causes Bradford Marshall almost a physical d in this sensitiveness to the false mbined with the fact that unfinished ts upon him as a stimulant, lies the s success.

arshall is pointedly aggressive, but it is way to rush into things headlong ready. He is economical, but he is ype of official who loses twenty dol- ng a nickel. He is resourceful, but lvocate of makeshifts. Everything is thought out beforehand, the best tools procurable are secured; then, measure of the problem has been e attack is sudden and deadly. Al- ariably the outcome is about as he to be.

Early Training

en, believing that a man can, if he be enough, accomplish anything in e mapped out his life. Up to the age of twenty-one he decided to give his body and brain every opportunity to develop and mature; at twenty-one he would have chosen and begun his life work; he believed that a man should have earned enough to marry at thirty, that at forty he should be at the top of his profession and that at fifty he should be able to retire.

As for results, knowing what I do of the man, I am in no way surprised that at twenty-one and a half years he received his appointment to the Geological Survey; that he was ready to marry six months before he was thirty; and that in his fortieth year he was promoted to Chief Geographer.

Yet this remarkable success has come about through no occult process. Mr. Marshall would tell you that he is an ordinary man, and, in a sense, he is; but I should say that he differs from ordinary men in that he has the faculty of developing what we may term ordinary talents to the highest degree of efficiency. He is a live wire. Latent powers that in other men are brought out only by unexpected emergencies, he seems to be able to generate by sheer exertion of will. He

MR. R. B. MARSHALL

works always at a tension and his mind bites into problems as acid cuts into an etcher's plate.

Yet, apart from his professional side, he has a pleasing and interesting personality. He is very human, and during the ten years that he was grinding away in the grim effort to win his spurs, he had most of the experiences, pleasant, or painful, or humorous, that fall to the average run of "pasteboard pluggers."

Tenderfoot Experiences

Years ago, when the "Old Man" was still something of a tenderfoot, he arrived from the East, at Fort Custer, Mont., in the small hours of the night. The proprietor of the only shack in sight was grouchy at having his slumbers disturbed and tersely informed the newcomer that he had no room to let for the remainder of the night, but (upon further questioning) he guessed that the Geological Survey camp might be found on the banks of the Yellowstone about two miles to the north. Marshall eventually found camp, but not until he had stumbled into an Indian village, where painted warriors were dancing to a musical accompaniment which appeared to be a struggle for supremacy between a tom-tom orchestra and a canine chorus. Having an easterner's misgivings about Indians, the action of the Old Man's hair raised the campaign hat off of his head and it took him some moments to realize that he had startled them quite as much as suddenly finding himself in their midst had confused him.

Subsequently the Crow Indians took a great fancy to Mr. Marshall and they became the best of friends. One day, just at dinner time—let us believe that the time of day was due to chance rather than design—he was called upon in state by Chief Pretty Eagle, who gravely accepted the invitation to himself and his braves to dine. The chief ate with Mr. Marshall and immediately afterward the staff partook of what was set before them with such telling effect that there was little work left for the dishwasher.

When Mr. Marshall returned the call he was most hospitably entertained. After they had eaten, Chief Pretty Eagle delivered himself of an elaborate oration, in which he besought the White Chief to become the official farmer of the Crow tribe that the braves might be properly taught modern methods of agriculture. And as an absolute guarantee of good faith, he presented bodily to the astonished and embarrassed topographer his charming and much-sought-after daughter—to have and to hold, forever.

A Cyclone

During this same season, Mr. Marshall had his first experience with a western cyclone. It was 6:30 in the evening. Everything was still and clear. The party had just finished dinner and were quietly sitting about, when, without any warning, the sky thickened and the storm came bellowing over the mesa at the foot of which they were camped.

In times of danger, a topographer's thoughts instinctively turn toward his "sheet," and accordingly, Marshall rushed for his tent just as the twister, accompanied by a deluge of large hailstones, struck the outfit. As the tent began to sag perilously, he yelled for the others to let the rest go and come and help him hold it down; but in another second the wind changed front, and as it struck the open end the tent exploded like a paper bag and went up into space.

"At this juncture," said Mr. Marshall, in speaking of the incident, "I stopped howling, for the spectacle before me was so ridiculous that I needed all my breath to laugh with. The assistant, teamster and cook were lying flat on the ground in six or eight inches of hailstones. One had a bucket over his head, another a dishpan and the third a washbasin. They had taken refuge under the dining table, which almost immediately had been smashed flat by a falling tent frame, leaving only their heads and feet sticking out." Marshall himself appeared with his sombrero jammed down over his ears, a towel tied over the crown to protect his head from the hailstones and the precious map (carefully wrapped in bedding) gripped between his knees.

The storm had lasted fifteen minutes. Every tent was gone, the camp wagon was upside down and ten head of stock were missing. The briefest time was allowed for a good laugh and the comparison of bruises; then the teamster was sent after the stock and the others set about repairing the wagon. There was need for hurry, for a hasty search for provisions had disclosed but two half-loaves of bread and a small chunk of bacon swimming about in the mess chest. Everything else was gone or ground into the mud. In just one hour after the storm the teamster pulled out for the nearest supply station, sixty-five miles distant. The remainder of the party lived for two days and two nights on the half-loaves and the bacon.

Adventures

I venture the assertion that in the twenty years Mr. Marshall has held a commission in the Geological Survey he has found it neces-

sary to risk his life many more times than had he held a commission in the army. Ask Nelson, or Willie Vance, or "P. D." Davis—any of the men who have been with him, and they will tell you that the Old Man never sent a man into a dangerous place till he, himself, had first set the example.

Huster will tell you of the time he and the Old Man were caught in a tight place while climbing Dardanelles Peak. Climbing over each other's shoulders, hanging on to shallowly rooted scrub, they found themselves confronted by a sheer, bulging wall of granite when within 1000 feet of the top. Circuiting, they made a drop and found themselves caught on a narrow shelf of rock—the uprooting of a small shrub having cut off retreat in the way from which they came. Peeping over the edge, a 1000-foot jump into space confronted them. The only possible way out seemed to be in successfully making a drop to a second small shelf scarcely two feet in width, which lay fifteen feet below.

Accordingly a rope was made by tying their shirts and the bookbag strap together. This rope Mr. Marshall made fast to one foot, then, grasping a small root in one hand, digging into the gravel with the other, he lay flat upon the ground, thus making a human anchor for the rope, and enabling the assistant to descend in comparative safety. After the sheet had been lowered, Marshall himself made the drop with only such slight aid as Huster could give him, and landed successfully. Very likely a miscalculation of an inch would have cost him his life.

Once, crossing the Merced River at a point above Yosemite Valley at an old trail ford, Mr. Marshall and his party found the stream full from bank to bank from recent spring rains. The high water made the ford particularly dangerous owing to the rapids which lay a scant fifty feet below, and the problem became for one of the party to carry a lifeline across, after which the others could make it easily. Seeing Marshall preparing to make the attempt, two of the men offered to go, and even Ti Sing, the Chinaman who had been Mr. Marshall's cook for fifteen years, begged to be allowed to go instead. But "the Old Man" calmly anchored himself to the tail of Biddy, his saddle mule, and she succeeded in towing him across.

Tehipiti

The Tehipiti Quadrangle, Mr. Marshall's last piece of instrument work, was one of the roughest, most "impossible" pieces of country that has ever been mapped. Daily the members of the party risked life and limb, and daily they came face to face with problems that would have compelled a less resourceful or a less courageous leader to turn back.

As a sample, once, to avoid a ten days' trip around, the party decided on a short cut, taking what purported to be a sheep herder's trail. They were three days making three miles. Several times pack mules went over the grade and had to be relayed back with a block and tackle. When, finally, the exhausted party reached Tehipiti Canyon, their objective point, they found the river a raging torrent, and the improvised ferry, somewhat elaborated, was again resorted to.

This time, "P. D." Davis took the line across, and Mr. Marshall, standing up to his waist in the icy water for two hours, took charge of making the mules fast to the sliding tackle and getting them started.

These anecdotes are, of course, but individual instances which come to me as I write; the tight squeak on Dardanelles Peak, the crossing of the Merced River, the saving of six days on the Tehipiti, are but weekly experiences of the more seasoned and reliable men who are chosen for the rough country.

Also, the incidents named antedate my personal acquaintance with Mr. Marshall. I knew him only as an official who came to the field to inspect the work of other men—and let me remark in passing, that whatever comes under his supervision gets "jolly well" inspected, too. If I were a bank president with a guilty conscience, R. B. Marshall is about the last man on earth I would want monkeying around the vaults.

First Impression

I remember well the first time I saw him. It was in a big camp in Bakersfield, one evening in the fall of 1903. Naturally, being but a "rooky" of three weeks' experience, I expected to be ignored. A good many seasoned instrument men and their assistants were in evidence in that camp, and all I wanted was to get my dinner, for I was hungry as a bear, and then hide my insignificance as quickly as possible in the 9x9 which I shared with Willie Vance.

As we came in from work and entered the big dining tent, Mr. Marshall, dressed in citizen's clothes, was sitting on a camp chair, relaxed but not sprawled, his feet resting comfortably on a tool box. I noticed, on the lapel of his vest, the emblem of a Royal Arch Mason and the coveted badge of membership in the American Society of Civil Engineers. He was from south of the Mason and Dixon line—I could see that at a glance—but not the tall, loose-jointed mountaineer, nor yet the obese Senator-Bailey type of Southerner; Marshall's is a rarer type, dark of complexion, well-knit of body and a shade under average size. Usually it is accompanied by a high degree of efficiency, and little given to pomposity. General Robert E. Lee was of this type, and General Joe Wheeler.

Mr. Marshall greeted the others of the party, whom he knew, in a friendly way, and when I was introduced, he shook hands courteously and asked why he hadn't got me at Yuma. I could still blush in those days, and I think I blushed—it was rather more than I expected, that the man who had charge of the work on the Pacific Coast should remember that a clerk in the Tulare express office had been

(Concluded on Page 398)

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THE MECHANICAL POET

BY

ALPHEUS JAMES

We twain once draining glasses,
What will the next morn do
When its dull pain surpasses
All headaches that we knew?

UBTLESS the greatest genius I ever knew was a young fellow named Simon Taylor, who was born and reared in a own in Southern Wisconsin. His genius he inventive form, and it was not much eek when he did not turn out two or inventions. Some of these he gave and some he sold for little or nothing, far the greater part he permitted to neglect. The careless, insouciant way ich he turned out his devices was a nt source of wonder and delight to the of the neighborhood, and there was ailing impression that there was noth- could not invent.

umstances had thrown Simon Taylor yself much together, and he used to me a great deal of his theory of the ve art.

llect," he would say, while we smoked pes together, "intellect is electricity, ctricity, if properly governed and con- is intellect. Take a few atoms of and subject them to an accurately ap- ed current of electricity, and, sir, those have a soul; the electricity does it. ccounts for the cases of some men that ow; they lack electricity. I calculate hen I have perfectly worked out this I will present to the world the greatest on of this and all ages."

lly, young Taylor went into retirement, r more than a year devoted all of his nd much of his nights to the construc- f some machine, the exact nature of was kept secret from all. Even to me, as so close to him in confidence, he would say, "Wait and see; wait and nd I was constrained to be contented at. At last he came to me, told me e great invention finally was in work- der, and asked me to come and wit- s operation.

s not as yet entirely perfected," he ed, by way of explanation; "it wabbles s, but I think it is far enough along to e you that I have devised the mechan- rvel of the age."

once followed him to the "den" in he did his work, and we reverently efore an object covered by a black This was removed by Taylor, and chine stood revealed. It was rather han five feet high, and was shaped at like a man. What might have been red its head was covered with long, hair, and its false face wore a par- vacuous expression.

hair and face are intended merely to the machine's appearance of realism; id Simon Taylor, an exultant look up his clear gray eyes, "I call this my Mechanical Poet, and I will con- u that it deserves the title. You will that it is connected with a battery t power, and, indeed, the world may it, for my sole patentable device is the e in the Poet that performs the part rain in the human body."

r lifted the lid that served as the top Poet's head, and exhibited something ked as much like a symphony in gray anything of which I could think.

oks some like putty, doesn't it?" he th an air of triumph, "and I don't lling you that there is a little putty r I have not studied brains in vain. e are also several other things. When o start the Mechanical Poet I replace l, turn on the electric current, feed age from the poems of some gifted ong, so that he may get the desired and swing, press the button, and he rest. We now will let him perform."

not see the page which he gave the al Poet to devour, but it was eaten ly, and in hardly more than a minute ressed the button. There was a whirr s, a rattle and low rumble of ma- and in an incredibly short time a type- sheet of paper issued from an ori- dropped in the Mechanical Poet's t pocket.

it out," said Simon Taylor, in a voice th excitement, "and read."

o, and I quote the words:

ay out and also inward;
stand up and also sit;
right and wabble sinward—
Vhatever is is it.

"Why, it's Swin—" I said, but I got no further, for Simon Taylor excitedly interrupted me.

"That's it; that's it!" he cried; "you've guessed it; that's what I fed him on. You will observe that a certain something which might be termed the spiritual quality is lacking, but some changes in his gray matter and in the electrical current, which I have in view, will remedy that. Now we will give his afflatus another trial."

Again he took a printed page, fed it to the Mechanical Poet, and pressed the button. As before, there was a whizz and whirr of wheels, and in less time than it requires to write of it another typewritten sheet dropped into the pocket. This time I awaited no invitation, but seized and read it at once. Here are the words:

Ship me somewheres to the seashore where
the nights are always cool;
Where the Summer Girl is frequent, and a
man can play the fool,
For them bloomin' belles are callin' and it's
there that I would be,
Squeezin' of her hand ecstatic while we're
lazin' by the sea.

"Of course, you recognize it," said Taylor; "you see what I fed him that time. I admit that it still is somewhat deficient in verve and swing, but wait till I have perfected the Mechanical Poet—got his afflatus to working without a jar, so to speak—and you will see what you shall see. Perhaps it may have occurred to you that possibly I had prepared him in advance to write these particular poems. To convince you that this is not the case, I wish you would select something to feed him; take anything in the poetical line that you may please, and you will observe how quickly my Mechanical Poet will catch the idea."

Several popular magazines were lying on the table, and I picked up one of them and at random tore some verses from it. These I handed to Taylor, and he fed them to the Poet and pressed the button. In a few moments the following verse was in my hands:

In bosky glades the drowsy cattle stand,
And whisk the busy fly with restless tails,
One feath'ry cloud floats pregnant o'er the
land;
The skylark tries its liquid throated scales,
Anon the vagrant hawk with harsh acclaim
Proclaims himself the monarch of the sky;
The sun's good night is writ in lambent flame;
Eve dons her mantle; hours of rest are nigh.

"It doesn't appear to say anything in particular," I remarked.

"Of course not, of course not; you've caught the idea the first thing—you fed it magazine poetry, you know. Oh, I tell you this machine is a lulu; it never misses a suggestion. What do you think of it?"

I told the elated inventor that I thought it was a very remarkable machine, a really astounding machine, and I certainly did think so. Then he covered it with the cloth and we went away.

Later Taylor showed the Mechanical Poet to the Rev. Horatio L. Huggins, but he made the mistake of feeding "'Ostler Joe" to the machine, and it, apparently acting on and intensifying the suggestion, turned out some lines so reprehensible that the good man at once departed, saying that he never would have believed that anything inanimate could be so totally depraved. The inventor was sorry to have shocked the Rev. Mr. Huggins, but he said that after he had got the afflatus properly gauged all such deplorable defects would be rectified.

I write the remainder of the tale with a sad heart. Poor Taylor! Naturally, having invented the Mechanical Poet, he was anxious to make him remunerative as soon as possible; so he hunted up the leading capitalist of the town and tried to interest him in his invention. Having thoroughly explained to the leading capitalist what poetry was, that gentleman said that he would look into the matter, and that if it appeared to be all right he would undertake the manufacture and sale, allowing Taylor 2 per cent of the net proceeds and taking but 98 per cent himself. The proposition seemed a little one-sided to Taylor, but, having ascertained that his share was fully up to that generally allowed to inventors by leading capitalists, and consequently that he was being treated with entire commercial fairness, he concluded to accept it.

Together the two men went to the "den," and—it is hard to write, but they never again were seen in life. A book of French poems was found in the back yard, where it had been blown by the explosion, and it is possible that Taylor fed a page missing from it to the Mechanical Poet; or he may inadvertently have turned on too strong a current of electricity. All that is certainly known is that there was a tremendous explosion, and when neighbors had extinguished the resulting flames the lifeless bodies of the two men were found. The double funeral was largely attended.

The secret of Simon Taylor's marvelous invention died with him. I experimented more or less with putty and some other things in the vague hope of reinventing it, but my efforts were quite in vain. A greater and wiser than I must take up his life work where he laid it down.

Poor Taylor! He was a very gifted man.

("Little Talks"—Concluded)

once a week to talk over with you some of the things I see in your paper. I don't know how you keep up your work, how you get all the suggestions your paper conveys and how you find time and strength to develop them.

Hoping that your strength will remain a match to your purposes for many years to come, I am,

Yours very truly,
PETER J. SHIELDS.

Superior Court, State of California, County of Sacramento, May 5, 1910.

Editor The California Weekly.

Dear Sir: I enclose a check to bring my subscription up to date, and wish to take the opportunity to tell you that I have read the paper with a great deal of interest from the first issue. I believe California needs just such a fearless, straightforward analysis of its public life as you are attempting to give. I like your motto, "Good Faith. Good Courage. Good Humor," immensely, and all the more because I believe you especially try to live up to the "Good Humor" part of it. As a minister, may I express my appreciation of your "Deeper Significance of Living" column? I don't always agree with it, any more than the people who attend my church agree with all the minister says, but I am glad to see that column printed, just the same. I also feel that your treatment of the liquor question is very sane and constructive. If the suggestion has any value, I would suggest that a series of articles on "Saloon Substitutes," "The Gothenburg System," etc., would be profitable and interesting reading.

Perhaps you remember calling on me a little while before you started the paper. I think you are moving along very satisfactorily toward the sort of paper you outlined to me that day, and I congratulate you.

Sincerely yours,
ALBERT W. PALMER,
Pastor of Plymouth Church (Congregational).
Oakland, Cal., 4160 Terrace St., May 4, 1910.

I congratulate you on the good work you are doing. The California Weekly supplies an element very much needed in our California journalism.

FRANK W. TROWER.
San Francisco, Cal.

No greater good can come of The California Weekly than a demonstration that such a paper can live in California.

Like Webster's dictionary I look into your paper when I want to get the correct pronunciation of public men's characters. You are doing great good as an educator in showing the busy voter which way the "cats" are trying to jump.

G. W. WYLLIE.
Dunbar, Cal.

("R. B. Marshall"—Concluded)

offered a job when the work was being done at Yuma, the year before.

Good Company

During dinner and afterward—the Old Man never talks shop at the table if it can be avoided—conversation was delightfully informal, and the least of us felt that we were included in what was said, even though we took no part in the talk. When the meal was finished, there was a felt but unspoken invitation to everybody to remain. The subject of Indian massacres came up, and Mr. Marshall, who is a charming raconteur, told the story of Custer's last battle. He had mapped the battlefield twelve years before and had a surprising knowledge of every detail of the fight. To show that the narrative was vivid and impressed its hearers, I cite the case of my friend, Bill Hugunin:

Next morning, as Bill and I were washing our faces in the Kern County Land Company's irrigating ditch, I inquired: "Well, Bill, how'd you sleep?" "Oh, sacre bleu," exclaimed Bill, "I was fite de sohns of gohns all night!"

Outside working hours, Mr. Marshall is charming, courteous and always pays some little attention to everyone. He has remarkable eyes; they are warm and pleasant as a girl's when he smiles, but the moment he begins work they take on a cold venom and he is all business. It is then a survival of the fittest, and Lord help the man who blunders.

There are, in the world of contour lines and angles, as many styles of profanity as there are instrument men. Nelson cusses with the rapidity and effectiveness of a double-geared gatling gun; Willie Vance patters away in a villainous conglomeration of Santa Barbara Spanish and water-front billingsgate; I could, on occasion, do a fairly good rough job myself—but the Old Man's profanity is unique. He is a master of it and knows the value of not overworking the gift. But, when he goes forth to cuss, every oath has the deadly sting of a poison-tipped rapier in the hands of a fencing master.

As a Leader

At work, Mr. Marshall is severe and impatient with blunderers. But here again he sets the example, for he is as uncompromising with himself and compels himself to toe the mark quite as smartly as he does the others. He toadies neither men nor mules, but he looks after them far more intelligently and has a far better knowledge of their needs than many an expounder of ideas who might on the surface appear more tender-hearted.

The salary of Chief Geographer is good when compared with the majority of salaries; but compared with what a corporation would gladly pay for a like amount of executive ability it is, like all government salaries, amazingly small. Why, then, does a man who has had repeated opportunities to turn his exceptional capability to vastly better account in a financial way remain out of the lime-light, at the thankless task of giving the people of the United States the best geological and engineering maps that were ever put on paper?

I'll tell you. Tucked away, next to the back cover of his suitcase (where a survey man keeps the treasures that are nearest his heart) R. B. Marshall has a package of letters, some of which are yellow with age. These letters are his medals, his rewards of merit; for they are the voluntary compliments which came out of the sheer appreciation of his superiors for his faithfulness and efficiency in the days when he was winning his spurs—when his superiors were more numerous than they are now. Very few have seen these letters, but they are there, and they, along with the present knowledge of work done well, mean far more to him than do the offers of the corporations.

Once, in a heart-to-heart talk, Mr. Marshall said to me: "Honestly, Turner, I'm telling the truth when I say that no day in the field was ever long enough." That is the truth, and that is why the Old Man has risen from rodman to Chief Geographer—he loves his work.

Orville Wright's aeroplane fell 100 feet at Montgomery, Ala., but alighted easily on soft ground, and neither Wright nor the airship was injured. The descent was partly under control.

PERSONALIA

Emanuel Lasker, the champion of the world, won 18 out of 20 games of chess against as many players and brought one other game to a draw. This display in a simultaneous contest has been equaled by Lasker before, and had been equaled by Steinitz (from whom Lasker won the championship) and surpassed by Morphy. With the exception of Morphy, however, Dr. Lasker has probably never had a superior. The player who won from Lasker in this contest was Stasch Miotkowski, who is State champion of Pennsylvania and evidently a genius. Dr. Lasker is a Jew, calm, self-centered and deliberate—something of a philosopher aside from his chess; and has contributed something to the literature of the game.

A new book by Selma Lagerlof, the famous Swedish author, to whom was recently awarded the Nobel Literary Prize of $40,000, is announced for immediate publication. In this new volume, "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," Miss Lagerlof has chosen for her heroine a girl who has gone astray, making her innate honesty and goodness the redemptive qualities. Miss Lagerlof here abandons her former world of Romanticism and enters the world of naturalism and realism.

Miss Ellen Emerson, granddaughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is a trained nurse in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. She also gives health talks before women's clubs and similar groups of women.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, recently sold to the Valley Forge Museum of Pennsylvania the tent under which Washington is said to have slept during the Revolutionary War. The tent was inherited by Miss Lee from her mother, in whose family it had been handed down directly from Washington. Miss Lee has given the money, $5000, received for the tent to the Home for Needy Confederate Women, in Richmond, Va.

At the banquet given in her honor after the Nobel prize had been awarded to her Miss Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish author, spoke of the pleasure such a festival would have given Fredrika Bremer. She said all old maids should shower blessings on the memory of Miss Bremer for showing them how to attain an independent place in the world and an object in life. She then pointed out the change which had taken place in the public opinion since the days of Miss Bremer. Women were no longer set aside and looked down upon, but had gained for themselves education and standing. Among women nowadays were found graduates of universities, doctors of philosophy and medicine and heads of great business houses, hospitals and schools.

"Charm," says Barrie, speaking with the voice of Maude Adams, "is something which, if a woman has it, she need have nothing else."

Louis Brennan, of gyroscope car fame, has contracted with American capitalists interested in Alaskan developments for the exclusive use of his monorail system in that territory. It is their stated purpose to construct a monorail line 100 miles from Fairbanks to the Matamiska coal fields at an estimated cost of no more than $3000 per mile. The ability of the gyroscope car to take curves is a large consideration in its favor for so rough a country.

Maxim Gorky's American agent denies that the Russian has deserted socialism. He is said to be now keeping school at Capri, his pupils being intending socialists and not children.

Another illusion vanished! A photograph of Thomas B. Mosher, maker of about the most beautiful books in America, is now appearing in various papers. His taste stops this side of ties. The one depicted looks like a barber's pole.

What attracts Sir Ernest Shackleton to Canada as a place for his future home is the vast unexplored subarctic and Arctic territory of the Dominion. He yearns to tramp all over the snowy wilderness and discover its mineral resources. "I am eager to be at it," he says. "Once in a while I should come back to civilized world for a rest, but my future be ever in the work of searching out places that scientists know nothing of at ent." Pole hunting, however, the explorer entirely abandoned.

Miss Gertrude Jordan, who was elected November on the Republican ticket treas of Cherry County, Neb., is entitled to that office. That was the decision of the preme Court of Nebraska, which says that der the constitution there is nothing to a woman from filling such a place. Miss dan's predecessor refused to surrender office to her, on the ground that a wo is not competent under the statutes. Jus Jacob Fawcett dissented from the majo opinion, on the ground that it was establis a dangerous precedent, urging that if a wo were competent to be county treasurer, th was no reason why she should not be g ernor.

Mrs. Fiske is t revive "Becky Sharp" will use it in connection with "Pillars of ciety" and "Hannele" on her coming trip this coast.

Dr. Gertrude E. Curtis of 471 Lenox ave has been appointed in charge of the dent clinic on Monday afternoons at the Bell hospital in New York city. This is the time a negro has been honored with an pointment to practice at this well-known stitution. Dr. Curtis was graduated from New York college of dental and oral surg in May, 1909, and enjoys the distinction of ing the first colored woman to get a lice to practice dentistry in New York State.

One of the great railroad men of N America retires in the person of Sir Will Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pac whose resignation was recently reported. Bo in Illinois, Sir William was the United Sta chief contribution to Canada's commercial velopment. In return, Canada gave the Un States James J. Hill.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose bankruptcy narrow escape from it was lately announ is said to be the one Italian author who make money—for most writer's receipts fr the sale of books are a negligible quan But unluckily he goes in for hunting, keep a fine kennel at his beautiful villa in Rom an art collector and has extravagant hab that he does not attempt to improve.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind poet hymn writer, has just celebrated her n tieth birthday. She was born in Putn county, N. Y. Aside from her blindness Crosby is still in possession of all her fa ties, gets around by herself and takes an tive interest in all that goes on about her

Mrs. William G. Choate resigned as p ident of the Woman's Exchange of New Y at the last annual meeting. The excha was founded by Mrs. Choate thirty-two y ago and she had served as president ever s Since its foundation it has paid more t $1,500,000 to consignees.

A throat specialist in Bethany, accordin The Clipper, used a laryngoscope on a nerv woman patient and remarked: "You would surprised to know how far we can see th this instrument." As he was about to place instrument in her throat she apologized f hole in her stockings.

TEN PLAYS OFTENEST ACTED

A tabulation of the ten plays oftenest ac compiled from a symposium of expert opini shows a surprising result. Three plays ea lead the list, in the order named. They "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a room" and "East Lynne." The remainder the ten are: "The Two Orphans," "Cami "Rip Van Winkle," "Hamlet," "Jerry Tramp," "Hazel Kirke," "Faust" or "Colle Bawn." With untempered joy we note contiguity of Hamlet and Jerry the Tram the onward and upward march of the dra of Hazel and Faust, of Uncle Tom and h mille. Memories of peanuts and wo benches surge within us as we read and dre To Maeterlinck and Rostand and Barrie leave the delicate, the suggestive, the m subtle. As for us, give us our emotions

TUBERCULOSIS PREVENTION BENEFIT

San Francisco Association for the Study Prevention of Tuberculosis announces a t performance of Maud Allan in her dances for the relief fund of the asso- n. The performance will be given at Garrick Theater on Tuesday, May 17th, o'clock p. m. The prices of the seats e $2.50, $2 and $1. Seats will be on sale erman, Clay & Co. on and after Thurs- May 12th. There has been no reserva- f seats and the choice of seats will be ome, first served. Every expense of the mance has been donated, and the pro- will be used in a most worthy and need- use.

NSUS OF STATE INSTITUTIONS

May 1, 1910

itutions.	Male.	Fe. male.	To- tal.	On pa- role.
rial Home for lt Blind	91	22	113	....
School—Whittier.	283	73	356	240
School—Preston..	385	0	385	198
in Reform Schools	668	73	741	438
Hospital—Stock-	1287	702	1989	112
Hospital—Napa..	1055	800	1855	96
Hospital—Agnew	402	285	687	61
Hospital—Mendo-	631	261	892	18
Hospital—South- California	866	522	1388	53
in State Hospa'ls.	4241	2570	6811	340
ia State Home— idge	476	372	848	17
Prison—San Quen-	1859	30	1889	218
Prison—Folsom..	1023	0	1023	112
n State Prisons..	2882	30	2912	330

Home for Adult Blind....	113	Dec. 1
Reform Schools.....	741	Dec. 10
Insane Hospitals	6811	Inc. 37
ma State Home	848	Inc. 10
Prisons	2912	Inc. 8
n State Institutions....	11,425	Inc. 44

W. A. GATES, Secretary.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

Grizzly Bear, the organ of the Native has begun its fourth year of existence, neat publication, well edited, and of the success which it appears to at-

al carloads of cherries which were on the Bidwell ranch, near Chico, were d shipped with the sole label, "Klein ompany of Los Angeles." And cher- not successfully grown in the vicinity Angeles. It is small wonder that the ity has prospered, as it has.

Dutch Flat post-office recently was of $300 in cash, a quantity of gold dust eral valuable articles.

rnia now is first among the oil-pro- States of the Union, its product in 1909 been nearly 60,000,000 barrels valued at an $30,000,000.

nterville A. J. Meeks of Tulare was by two unknown men who thereafter The party had been drinking.

dsome five-story hotel is to be erected cton. A half-million-dollar hotel has opened.

itizens of Roseville are to vote on the of establishing a municipal power ting system.

transfers of land were recorded in nto County during April than ever be- fine showing, but it appears to be there being seventy real estate firms apital City alone.

DISTANCES

(From the Fresno Republican)

The announcement that Aviator Paulhan is going to undertake the unprecedented task of flying from London to Paris, a distance of 259 miles, is a reminder how small Europe really is, measured by California standards. The distance of 259 miles, from London to Paris, is barely more than the distance from Fresno to San Francisco, and not so far as from Fresno to Los Angeles. From Paris to Berlin is just about as far as from San Francisco to Los Angeles. From Berlin to Rome is not so far as from San Francisco to San Diego, and from Berlin to Vienna is only as far as from Fresno to Los Angeles. An air line, the length of California, drawn from Berlin, would reach in one direction to St. Petersburg and in another almost to Constantinople. The famous "Orient Express," the one limited transcontinental train in Europe, in going from Paris to Constantinople, traverses no greater distance than from Los Angeles to Portland. And these are the "great distances" of Europe, the journeys which appeal to the imagination, and which very few people ever take. The American comparison is with distances measured by a single State. The chief part of the history of the world has been enacted in a territory no greater than that which a California commercial traveler would "make" in a week. A California candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court has to canvass more territory than Caesar ever ranged over. The tremendous distance which checked Napoleon in his conquest of the world is being covered by Hiram Johnson now in a little red automobile, talking good government to the people of a single commonwealth. If this were Western Europe, the people of Fresno County would speak one language and the people of Tulare County another, with a record of a thousand years of war between them. We should have, within the limits of this State, half a dozen kings, with as many parliaments and orders of nobility. Within the distance which we traverse in a night, with neighbors and friends at both ends, Europe would show two or three different civilizations, with different governments, languages and institutions. From Paris-like Vienna to Turkish Constantinople is only a short journey, but it marks a separation of a thousand years in civilization. We live in a big world, out here.

STEVENSON AND MANSFIELD

Robert Louis Stevenson was in New York in the summer of 1887, at which time Mansfield was getting ready for the production of "Jekyll and Hyde." The author and the player tried to see each other, but not successfully. Mansfield related in regard to this: "It happened that he was not at home when I called on him, and it happened that I was not at home when he called on me. At last one day I was fortunate, as I thought. I sent in my name, and a person whom I understood to be Mr. Stevenson's adopted son presently appeared and after the customary exchange of civilities said that Mr. Stevenson wished to know whether I had a cold, because if I had he could not venture to see me. I told him to tell Mr. Stevenson, with my kindest regards, that I had an exceedingly bad cold, which I should be most happy to communicate to him, and so took my leave. We did not meet."

THE LAW'S DELAY

President Taft, in his Chicago speech on the 16th of last September, said:

"We inherited our system of criminal prosecution and the constitutional provisions for the protection of the accused in his trial from England and her laws. We inherited from her the jury trial. All these limitations and the jury system still remain in England, but they have not interfered with an effective prosecution of criminals and their punishment.

"There has not been undue delay in the English criminal courts. In this country we have generally altered the relation of the judge to the jury. In England the judge controls the trial, controls the lawyers, keeps them to relevant and proper argument, aids the jury in its consideration of the facts, not by direction, but by suggestion, and the lawyers in the conduct of the cases are made to feel that they have an obligation not only to their clients, but also to the court and to the public at large, not to abuse their office in such a way as unduly to lengthen the trial and unduly to direct the attention of the court and the jury away from the real facts at issue."

JUST FOR FUN

The old physician is an enthusiastic angler in every sense of the term, says Everybody's. While on his way home from a fishing trip he received an emergency call. The proud newly-made father was impatient to have the child weighed, but couldn't find the steelyards; so the physician had to use the pocket scales with which he weighed his fish. "Great Scott, doctor!" exclaimed the father, as he saw the pointer go up. "Thirty-seven and a half pounds!"

Jack Barrymore probably gets off more clever sayings nowadays than any other actor, with the possible exception of Wilton Lackaye. He went to see Sister Ethel in "Mid-Channel" the other day, and some one asked him how he liked the somber Pinero drama. "It reminds me," said Jack, "of a scene in the operating-room of a hospital. A group of happy surgeons is gathered around a patient who is at the point of death, and one of them is saying, 'Oh, what a lovely cancer!'"

ORPHAN NOTICE

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

Half Orphans

Greenwood, Thomas	10 yrs.	
Johnson, Luther	13 yrs.	4 mos.
Moser, John	9 yrs.	11 mos.
Nossen, Abraham	9 yrs.	2 mos.
Whiting, David	10 yrs.	4 mos.
Whiting, Bernard	9 yrs.	5 mos.

Abandoned

Smith, Robert	12 yrs.	1 mo.

4-13-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE E. WOODBURY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Oliver Ellsworth, Room 824, Mills Building, corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

A. M. HAINES,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 2nd, 1910.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

5-6-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DE-ceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL.

Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Election of United States Senators

For many years, anyhow ever since the modern tendency to centralize industry and commerce in great corporations and holding companies of corporations became dominant, the American people have been dissatisfied with the constitutional method of electing United States senators. They have believed, with what justice need not be discussed at this time, that senators have represented great interests rather than free and independent states, and that the public interests have been injured thereby. Hence the pressure upon the legislature of California to devise some means whereby public sentiment may exert a more direct and wholesome influence in the selection and election of United States senators.

The constitution of the United States declares that: "The senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years, and each senator shall have one vote." This law being paramount, United States senators cannot be elected otherwise than by the legislatures without first amending the Constitution of the United States, a task not easy of accomplishment.

The Constitution of California places no restrictions upon the election of United States senators other than to declare that, "The governor shall not, during his term of office, be elected a senator to the senate of the United States."

The Political Code of California merely directs that "Elections for senators in congress for full terms must be held at the regular session of the legislature next preceding the commencement of the term to be filled." and "Elections to fill a vacancy in the term of a United States senator must be held at the session of the legislature next succeeding the occurrence of such vacancy."

It was, therefore, under the limitations of the foregoing constitutional provisions and code sections that the makers of our direct primary law had to work with reference to a more popular election of United States senators from California. Manifestly the preference of the people can be expressed only in an advisory way, but woe to the legislator who disregards the advice given him by his constituents!

The new direct primary law provides that, "Party candidates for the office of United States senator shall have their names placed on the primary election ballots of their respective parties in the manner herein provided for state officers." Inasmuch as the methods whereby state officers get their names placed on the tickets of their political parties have been fully set forth in this series of articles it will not be necessary to repeat the process here.

The first limitation upon the above declaration reads as follows: "Provided, however, that the vote for candidates for United States senators shall be an advisory vote for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the voters **in the respective senatorial and assembly districts** in the respective parties."

Just here is where the legislature of California "fell down" upon the people of California. The election of United States senators is not a matter of particular concern to the "senatorial and assembly districts" of California, but to California as a whole. The senator from a state is supposed to represent the whole state in the upper house of congress, not any particular part of it, and nothing short of a state-wide expression of sentiment as to United States senators will answer the requirements of any free state. The deprivation of California of this privilege was the result of a bit of machine politics, presumably in the interest of making it easier for the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company to designate who should represent that company, not the state of California, in the United States senate.

The second proviso reads thus: "Provided further that members of the legislature shall be at liberty to vote either for the choice of their respective districts expressed at said primary election, or for the candidate for United States senator who shall have received the endorsement of their party at such primary election in the greatest number of districts electing members of such party to the legislature."

In the state are eighty assembly and forty senatorial districts, making 120 constituencies to be heard from instead of a single one—the state as a whole. If senators and assemblymen choose to be governed by the sentiments of their own constituencies, as they probably will, for their first vote at least, it is unlikely that any candidate will receive a majority of the votes of the legislature and the way will be opened for trafficking and trading in the interests of some corporation candidate. In fact, the condition of the legislature will be precisely as though no expression of sentiment had been given.

But if the legislator does not wish to be bound by the expressions of his own constituency he may take refuge in standing for the candidate who has received the endorsement of the largest number of districts. Now, one district may cast a small majority for one candidate and another district a large one, and the sums of the several pluralities, or majorities, may bear little relation to the sentiment of the state as a whole. It would be quite possible for one candidate to receive the votes of a majority of the legislative districts and the opposing candidate to receive an overwhelming majority of the popular vote of the state.

In fine, these provisions were inserted into the law for the purpose of coming as near as possible to a nullification of the popular demand for an advisory vote. Once again, representative government deliberately failed to represent, and, whenever such a failure is scored, it will be found to owe its failure, as in this instance, to some inimical, unpatriotic, and perhaps criminal, special interest.

The people of California should not fail to put such pressure upon the legislature they will elect this fall as to secure such a revision of this section of the direct primary law as will afford a state-wide expression of popular opinion as to who shall be United States senator from California. It should be an issue in the election of every legislative candidate.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

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his Week: "IMPENDING CHANGES IN CONSTITUTION"
—By Warren Olney, Jr.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MAY 20 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Never Touched Us

E HAVE PASSED BY, near or through the tail of Halley's old comet without being feased. Only ignorance cherished larms, but, in other days, during such an experience, conster- n would have been depicted on every countenance and men omen would have mumbled prayers with trembling lips ex- g every instant to be their last. When this earth comes to d it is as likely as anyway to occur from a short circuiting electric currents that surcharge our atmosphere, in which the earth and all it contains will be reduced to a cinder in . Auf wiedersehen, Halley's Comet! Long before you again we shall be as insubstantial as yourself and, mayhap, in your train.

Was It a Put-Up Job?

OR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK "sassed" William Ran- olph Hearst libelously and all the papers in the country d the libel and a good many of them "rubbed it in," where- liam Randolph Hearst instituted suits for damages against all of them not execution proof. If there be anything at there are millions. Was this a little side scheme of Hearst aynor for raking the table into their pockets to be divided ard? If it was it was real cute.

The Accession Oath

HING MORE COMMENDS the King of England to his alm, and to the world, than his protest against the form bstance of his accession oath. In so protesting he pro- himself a twentieth, instead of a seventeenth, century king, there are those in the twentieth century whose ice-bound should have been freed three hundred years earlier. "A fair d no favors" is as wholesome a doctrine to apply to re- sects as to political, social or industrial movements.

The Man That Roosevelt Praised

NG UP THROUGH THE SAN JOAQUIN valley with n honking, rushes Phil. Stanton, "The man whom Roose- ised." What lover of Roosevelt (and who not a higher-up lover of Roosevelt?) can resist the impetus of that on- But, be it remembered, Roosevelt had not seen Phil he has not since then. Does that account for it?

A Big Thing

DISPATCHES REPORT that, at Chicago, Governor ett declared that the Jeffries-Johnson fight will surely f and that it will be a big thing for California. Jesso! it from being a fake, not worth crossing the bay either ee, it must be a fight to a finish, and, if it be a fight to a will be a big display of brutality against which the con- of the nation will revolt. The governor is right. The ll prove a big thing for California, either a big fight or a , a big disappointment or a big disgrace. So it turns e somehow big, our executive of big ideas will be in his

Big Fish Eat Little Ones

DISCLOSURES REGARDING THE FISH TRUST, for h public thanks are greatly due The Call, emphasize the ruth that the few big fish will eat up all the little ones if they have an unhindered chance. The big concern can first craunch the little ones and then swallow them. It is the law of The Beast in the jungle, the law that holds sway in the commercial activities of our day. Where is the fault with that theory that free access to the resources of nature will afford an abundant safeguard against monopoly and extortion? What could be more free than the ocean, what market more open than that of the people living in these bay cities and the easily accessible interior? And yet where is there a monopoly more grinding or more puissant in enhancing the cost of living than the fish monopoly? In what way would free access to land be more reassuring than free access to water? Must we guess again?

Full of Fish-hooks

UPON A FIRST READING the Wickersham railroad regulation bill appeared to be perfect, but a second and more careful inspection discovered that about every seemingly beneficent provision had a fish-hook carefully concealed in it. Thanks to insurgent inspection most of these fish-hooks were disclosed and some of them were withdrawn by the representatives of the "interests" that put them there, but they are not all out yet. The "interests" will not consent to their being all taken out, and inasmuch as there are not enough Republican "regular" bait-swallowers in the senate to pass the bill, fish-hooks and all, the "interests" are now turning to their Democratic reserves to supply the needed re-enforcements. The "interests" are not likely to be disappointed. They generally know their men and their men know their master's voice. Effective railroad regulation by government is not to be looked for until railroad representation in government has been effectually eliminated.

He Beat the Beast

PRESS ADVICES FROM DENVER afford the cheering intelligence that Ben Lindsey has probably beaten The Beast in that jungle in a straight-out fight for self government. One of the gentlest and most non-combative of men, with one of the softest hearts and kindliest of personalities, without a big brain, great eloquence or a masterful spirit, nor yet surcharged with that subtle fluid known as magnetism, Benjamin Lindsey has made himself a national hero. He is a David, trusting in the Lord God of Hosts, and daring to go up against Goliath to pluck off his head and give it to the fowls of the air. It looks as though he had gotten that head pretty well plucked. There is no estimating the power in a self-forgetful moral courage piloted by mother wit.

Honor to Ira Copley

IRA COPLEY, OF AURORA, Illinois, has volunteered to finance the Attorney-General of his state in getting at the truth in regard to the election of Senator Lorimer by purchase. No better use for wealth can be conceived than that of supporting constituted authorities, if well disposed, in the enforcement of law, but Ira Copley will find his pathway beset by thorns. He will find The Beast, its brothers, its cousins and its uncles, arrayed against him, while The Beast's wife, her sisters and her aunts will accept indictment on a criminal charge as a badge of honor and as affording the entree to the alleged best society. All honor to Ira Copley! May his generation increase.

Fifty Years of Life

California is proud of its state university, more proud of it, perhaps, than it is justified in being, just as we Americans are more proud of the "greatest country on earth," and the "freest of all governments," than the cold facts quite warrant. Anyhow, we are proud of our great university and experience a sense of satisfaction in its having survived the vicissitudes of half a century.

There are two courses open to a university. One is to take in hand only those relatively few students who have proved themselves capable of becoming learned and, with a corps of learned instructors, give these few the best advantages that specialized learning has to offer. The other course is to accept as raw material that abundant mediocrity, not downright stupid, and, with the aid of a relatively numerous corps of instructors, also not stupid, raise the mediocre level as many notches as possible, re-enforcing elemental knowledge with supplemental knowledge, but turning out few scholars, few whom the world shall look up to as learned.

Properly, as we think, the University of California has chosen the second course, with the result that the human lump is being leavened, widely if not deeply. There exists no community in the state where the influence of this democracy of learning has not gone, and there will come to exist few families in the state untouched by its advantages. There are those who would have made it an aristocracy of learning instead of a democracy. It has chosen the better part. Let it be the function of the endowed university, arising out of private or associate benevolence, to take the hundredth, or the thousandth, student and carry him on as far as any one may lead him that he may then follow alone the call from within to go where no one has led, or can lead, into the mysteries of original research. The penalty of this policy may be that our university shall be and become big, even huge, without being great, but we can afford the price. An instructed mediocrity will prove to the commonwealth worth all it shall cost the commonwealth whether that cost be stated in terms of money or renunciation of the call to a higher learning.

What of the future? It is The People's university, born of their needs and nourished of their substance and they have a right to make it what they would have it made. What would they have it? What should they have it? If the writer of this were commissioned to frame a reply it would be that the University of California shall not aim to impart less of specialized instruction than it is now imparting, but that it seek to emphasize the moralization of all its activities; that it place stress upon the truth that no man, and no woman, no student of either sex, can live to self alone, but that all that anyone is or can become belongs to the human whole. To this we should add a great emphasis to that kindred truth that God is imminent in his universe and his world.

As the writer has come into contact with university life and university men it has seemed to him that there is need that greater and more persistent emphasis be placed on these two phases of a generous preparation for living the normal, intelligent, middle-class life and that, with these, one and all well may wish the University of California God speed in reeling off the years.

President Hadley's Message

In common with other thoughtful men, President Hadley of Yale university is concerned for the future of this republic. Without being pessimistic, or more than dubious, he does not shut his eyes to the truth of history or to the tendencies of his time. Condensed into a sentence his message is that if the American democracy would live the American people must learn to concern themselves with those phases of government with which they are competent to deal and must leave to trained experts those functions of government the discharge of which requires specialized knowledge beyond the reach of the ordinary voter. Those issues that are moral in their last analysis, President Hadley thinks, the people may be trusted to deal with, but only those. As he saw it, the great gold-silver issue of 1896 fell within the domain of expert knowledge, and it only chanced that the people decided it aright. They might easily have made a wrong decision, in which event the consequences would have been calamitous.

Marshall and Story, Webster and Lincoln, President Hadley declared, were experts. It was fortunate for the nation that great issues, requiring expert knowledge, were left to their determination, and it is the function of colleges and universities to turn out experts upon whom the people may rely in great crises. But it is not always that experts agree. A divided supreme court means a divided public opinion as to what is right or wise or just or practical. The problems which confront democracy on a small scale, as in the town meeting, are simple enough, but when democracy attempts a scale as huge as that of the American Republic, the problems assume proportions as huge as ever confronted empires. Then it is that the people must put their trust in the hands of trained experts for good or for ill.

President Hadley's views are worthy of serious consideration. It has long been plain to many that the general public must relinquish to executive agencies many functions that are now sought to be performed through direct political action. The shortened ballot would be in line with the reform suggested. Direct legislation is not inconsistent with this tendency when direct legislation is attempted only with relation to those issues which the general public is competent to determine, but any attempt to legislate directly touching more than a fraction of the issues that come before a legislature would result in disaster.

California needed this message from President Hadley. The people of California should take it to heart. Our public institutions are mainly in the custody of inexpert men and, with each change of administration, we are apt to have a change of management which displaces those who, after four years of experience, have become expert, in order to find places for those whose duties are wholly new to them. Politics has touched our university relatively little so far, but the blight of politics is over all else in contravention of Dr. Hadley's law for the survival of democracy—that functions requiring expert knowledge shall be performed only by experts.

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The Lawler Draft

In order to give credit to whom credit is due, in the matter of the Lawler draft of findings to be used by the President in [d]eonerating Ballinger and punishing Glavis it will be necessary for the reader to put himself in the place of Attorney Brandeis in charge of what is commonly spoken of as being the prosecution.

Learning that such a draft of findings had been made in advance by Lawler, made in advance of taking the documents in the case to the President at Beverley, it was not unnatural for Brandeis to conclude that our [P]resident, good natured and naturally indolent President had been successfully "worked" by Ballinger and his friends, and that the investigation into the merits of the case had been perfunctory, the President having relied almost wholly upon the good faith and intelligence of those in whom he had placed confidence. These assumptions or suspicions were given additional weight by the fact that Brandeis had been unable to obtain the Lawler draft, either by authority of the investigating committee or by its being voluntarily furnished by Ballinger.

The publication of the Kerby letter, giving a history of the Lawler draft of those findings, brought the whole affair to light, and from the President a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the incident, that explanation showing that he had dug into the papers in the case with a Cleveland-like laboriousness and had reached a conclusion expressed in his own language. Apart from this explanation, the country would have believed, and it would have had a right to believe, that the Ballinger influence had succeeeded in "working" the President to his own injury and to the great injustice of Glavis. The President should be properly appreciative of the opportunity to set himself aright, which Stenographer Kerby afforded him.

This is not saying that the President's treatment of Glavis was either warranted or just, but only that the President was actually, intelligently, personally and not perfunctorily responsible for that treatment. At least he was not "worked," as many had feared.

More Than Coincidences

Nothing braver, clearer or more convincing has been spoken in recent weeks than the address on "Hurting Business," delivered by Col. Harris Weinstock before the Union League Club and its guests at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening of last week. He faced the commercial situation of San Francisco without flinching. Taking the statistics of Los Angeles under the wide-open Harper administration, during which it was attempted to make our Southern city the "Paris of America," and contrasting them with statistics afforded since the reputable Alexander administration redeemed Los Angeles from reproach, Col. Weinstock showed that, whether in point of building permits issued, aggregate investments made in improvements, the total of clearing house business or commercial failures reported, good government had meant good times in Los Angeles, almost a wave of prosperity. Contrasting, in like manner, the reputable Taylor administration with the discredited regime of McCarthy, Col. Weinstock showed that, whether in point of investments, in improvements, bank clearings or failures in business, San Francisco had suffered substantial diminution since the Taylor administration came to an end and the McCarthy came into power. The contrast presented in the experiences of the two cities, under their respective reversals of policy, was presented in plain terms and the only legitimate conclusion was clearly and courageously drawn. As a business man, Col. Weinstock is under no misapprehensions concerning the effect on business of a degradation of moral and political sentiment. It does not pay. It "hurts business," and to fail to stand for Right Thinking in any community is for a business man to array himself against his

isiness interests. Furthermore, as Col. ock showed, we cannot have a cor- oral life in our city without having a government, and we cannot have a government without having corrup- ermeate our commercial life through rough, and rottenness in our commer- e means its death and destruction. were brave words spoken by a man nows. The experiences of these two wide-open and with the lid on, were ian coincidences.

Conservation on the Run

e are indications that the foes of con- n are encouraged. There is not a iece of the exploiters that is not vo- in advocacy of the rights of this ion as paramount to those of genera- et to be born. A Senate committee had the audacity to report the old River-Dam bill that former President elt vetoed because the bill gave, in without consideration, a valuable pub- perty with no limitations for conserv- public interest. Ballinger has publicly that the Cunningham claims should en clear-listed, which means that they clear-listed and patented as soon as get his hands down that are now held that the Guggenheims will get what nt after. It is evident that our Amer- erformers" feel that they are in the gain ready to swear a new allegiance loctrine that the best use that can be f public property is to make a free t to some opulent private corporation. re, however, some American millions not and will not share in that way ing. They will make their influence soon as they get a chance to vote.

at's the Matter With Pittsburg?

s the matter with Pittsburg? Ten of ninent citizens and city officials al- prison and more to follow! Can it the Pennsylvania railroad is nowhere d with this gang of grafters? Are ainies there unassociated with the rporation that runs the government State? Has Pittsburg produced no to debauch the press and demoralize le so that a just jury cannot be ob- When the story of "Graft in Pitts- all be written by some Denman it e mighty interesting reading in San where, with infinitely more of and stress, on behalf of justice, in- ess was accomplished in vindicating id the law.

Our Grievances

emporary complains that neither the Roosevelt Republican League nor ates have pointed out any real griev- the way the administration of the been conducted, but have content- elves with "mere rhetorical denun- f individuals and of more or less political ills." So? Is it, then, grievance that the government of is not permitted to be of the peo- alifornia, but rather by mercenaries ay of the political bureau of the Pacific Company and allied inter- it no real grievance that the one n all the courts of California has dominating influence in naming al- entire appellate judiciary and a good ie judges of courts of first instance? grievance that the State Board of on has ever been held an affiliated dent arm of the aforesaid political id that every legislature for more eneration has been herded, led and ed likewise? Are the people not aggrieved that the State Railroad n, to whom the people looked for the establishment of justice between carriers and their patrons, has for thirty years been looked upon as a safe niche in which to tuck away serviceable retainers that they may wax fat at public cost while performing little public service? Is it not a grievance that public patronage, in the approximate sum of a million dollars a year, is devoted, in great measure, to paying retainers of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau for services rendered the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau instead of for services rendered The People of California? Is it no grievance that efforts made to take the judiciary out of partisan politics were defeated by the partisans of this corporate political bureau? But if there were no grievance other than that of corporation domination of parties and State, what man is there in party or State who will not proclaim that grievance sufficient warrant for resistance to such domination with all the forces, moral and political, that manhood may command?

From Mouth to Mouth

There are those who think that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is inactive, and it regards the nomination of Hiram Johnson, and the greater part of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ticket, as inevitable and is contenting itself with slipping in now and again a legislator to take program from Walter Parker and Jere Burke. Those who so think are in error. That bureau was never more perniciously active than it is now. It is burrowing under the foundations of the League's platform and Johnson's candidacy. It loves darkness rather than light and, like a mole that is both blind and working under ground, it can drive straight tunnels and elaborate a connected system of underground offensive and defensive works. It will be remembered that this same element in our political life whispered down the graft prosecution in San Francisco and poisoned the public mind against Spreckels and Heney without showing so much as a hand above the parapets. It is following the same tactics in the case of Johnson. Every day or two some new canard, some injurious insinuation, some false accusation, comes to the surface, showing that this is the busy season for the plague-infected rodents of California.

That Constitution

The reader who has no use for a weekly paper, other than to be amused by it for a half hour when he is tired, will not find our "backbone" article for the week much to his liking, but those who feel themselves to be a part of The Great Republic, and in some measure responsible to it and for it, will find "Impending Changes in Our Constitution," from the pen of Mr. Warren Olney, Jr., a most enlightening, liberal-minded and progressive presentation of an ever-present problem. Both houses of Congress are now wrestling with the issues he has raised, the President and his Cabinet are empaneled to consider them, and the Supreme Court of the United States has demanded a rehearing of the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases for no other reason than that the last word now possible to be said on the subject shall be said before they render a decision interpreting again, if not a new, the organic law of the nation. It is just to Mr. Olney to say that the article was prepared to be read before a club of thoughtful gentlemen, rather than for publication, but the editor of this paper felt that the contribution to contemporary thought was too valuable to be confined to so limited a circle. If our Constitution fails to grow as the needs of the nation grow, it will sometime be torn into a thousand shreds and, no matter how often the garment is refitted to the growing giant, the process of refitting must go on from incident to incident, need to need and year to year, or be split asunder. How shall it be done?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Can the reader keep his feet? We were crossing Kern river back in the mountains. There had been showers, and the current was strong. Our pack-mules were not. They were old and decrepit, evidently retrieved from the animal junk-heap by an owner who had made a somewhat spectacular failure in life through equipping himself with the cast-off appliances of more successful men, but that is another story. Could these old mules keep their feet in that stream and bring our camp equipage safely over? That was the question.

It was a trying ordeal, and what ropes carried across ahead of them and stoutly pulled on could do to brace them was done, but how they did totter on their stoven-up hoofs when they got where the current was strongest! But they made it and fetched us safely over when it seemed, as we watched them from the bank, as though the chances against them were more than even.

There are times in life when adverse currents set strongly against us. If we are stanch and well disciplined, and have full use of all our powers, we breast the currents with confidence, as good, strong, really serviceable mules would have breasted the current in Kern river, but if we have suffered our moral natures and our power for forming and acting upon sound judgments to become decrepit we totter and too often fall.

Up in New Hampshire there once lived a dear old Yankee farmer who ordered all his steps in conformity with Bible texts and, thanks to his almost constant companionship with the Scriptures, he generally had a text on his tongue's end to fit every possible contingency. At one time—we have forgotten the occasion—there was a popular movement in the community which his conservative judgment assured him was not wise, but he searched the Bible long before he found a text that conformed with his judgment, a process of being enlightened not by any means infrequent, but his search was rewarded at last. He came upon Luke 17:23, where it is written: "And they shall say to you, See here, or See there: go not after them or follow them."

The text may not have been very relevant to the matter in hand, but it is a good text and may well be applied to many a new thing. The craze of the day or time is a good thing to "go not after" or follow. There are hundreds of American families being impoverished by striving to support each its automobile in a style befitting its station. There are men who have put a mortgage upon the only home they may hope to own in order that they may ride in an automobile they can neither afford to own nor to take care of. The bankers of a thrifty eastern city, sometime since, made an investigation into the phenomenon of automobile buying and found not a few instances where families had placed mortgages upon their household furniture to secure the purchase price of automobiles on the installment plan, mainly because their neighbors had them. Such persons are clearly unable to keep their feet in a stiff current. They place themselves on a parity with the packmule that has seen better days. In the language of the mule market, they are "stove up" in power of will, in sanity of judgment.

There are great, mysterious movements that permeate the human mass that are not only wholesome but glorious, such a movement for instance as that national insurgency in our political life that has for its purpose the rehabilitation of free and representative government in the spirit of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, but where there is one such movement that challenges the enthusiasm and consciences of stalwart manhood, there are a dozen crazes, fads, fashions of thought and action, that skim the surface of the multitude, toppling over the weak and sweeping the irresolute from their feet. "Go not after them nor follow them." Keep your own two feet under you as firm as foundations built upon bedrock that you may not be toppled over by every adverse current that sets in your direction. There are those who have learned to walk who have not learned to stand.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

No Impending Wheat Famine

It was James J. Hill who, not long ago, casting a prophetic eye upon the mist-hid future, announced that a wheat famine was imminent for the bread-eaters of the world. Mr. Hill's prophecy was not extensively bolstered by statistics, but the might of its oratory might be considered to compensate for this lack in some degree. However, the defect in prophecy is that, dealing with the unknown, as it does, anybody may take a hand in it, and now comes a prophet to discredit Mr. Hill's forecast and to put some touches of light into his picture. This later seer is Mark A. Carleton of the United States Department of Agriculture, who is recognized as one of the greatest of living wheat experts. He lightens up the gloom noticeably by asserting that there is no danger of a wheat famine, up to 1950 at least, and presumably not thereafter. And the beauty of the case is that he summons figures—which, as everybody knows, cannot lie—to give a backbone to his prophecy. Adding lands available for raising wheat in Alaska, Texas, Indian reservations, reclaimable semi-arid or swamp lands and available lands in the older States, Mr. Carleton finds that there are nearly 300,000,000 acres of land which are not now, but may be used for growing wheat. Proper cultivation should result in producing at least twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, and accordingly here is the opportunity to add about six billion bushels to the world's annual supply of this grain. Allowing a per capita consumption of six bushels per annum, which is more than the present average, there should be, according to these figures, wheat for one billion people—this added to the present supply. On the whole, we should feel encouraged; it appears probable that we can eat bread for some time to come.

The Land-Owning German Cities

The thrifty German—and where is the German who is not thrifty?—displays his thrift no less in municipal than in private affairs. Officially he has noted the value of the "unearned increment," and he makes practical use of this knowledge. It being true, he says to himself, that unoccupied land increases in price when people settle about it, why should not the people, rather than any individual, have the benefit of this increase? Such a question answers itself, and accordingly the city governments, representing the people, have purchased and hold lands and the unearned increment swings their way. Frankfort, a smaller city than San Francisco, owns twenty square miles of land within its boundaries and nearly six square miles outside of its limits, having paid about $50,000,000 for land within the last ten years. Berlin owns nearly 61 square miles, Breslau 20, Cologne 15½, Munich over 21, and Strasburg nearly 19. As evidence of what the unearned increment on these municipal lands means to the people, let it be noted that in about 500 of the towns and villages of Germany not only are the people exempt from local taxes but a dividend of $25 to $100 a year goes to each citizen as his share of the surplus earnings of the lands. This is the manner in which German cities do business, and this is what the unearned increment means to them and their citizens. Some day, perhaps, the people over here will conclude that it is just as well to take that sort of thing unto themselves as to have some wealthy citizen absorb it, but, being self-rulers, and in that respect differing from the unfortunate Germans, we must be given ample time in which to rub our eyes open.

The Progress of the Wireless

It now is about twenty-two years since the secret of wireless telegraphy was revealed to the world, although it was some time after that before much practical use was made of it. So great has been the progress since then that the Pilot, the official organ of the German signaling stations, says that there are now 416 wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations of the earth. Of these 150 are controlled by the Marconi Company representing the discoverer and inventor of the wireless, while the German Telefunken Company, which is next in number, controls 110. This leaves 156, which are divided among smaller companies. With reference to the oceans, the stations are divided as follows: The North Atlantic has 106, the North Pacific 88, Mediterranean and Black Sea 63, North Sea 45, the English Channel and Irish Sea 38, the Baltic Sea 21, South Atlantic 17, Indian Ocean 15, and the East Indian Archipelago 15. The radius of action varies from 800 to 3000 miles.

The Woman Aviator Is in Evidence

When the world's first great aviation contest was held in Rheims, France, last summer, not a woman competed, the honors being divided among men only. Nearly a year has passed since then, another series of contests soon will be held in France, and among those who are expected to compete will be eight women. In brief, gentle woman looked upon man flying through the air, said to herself, "Pshaw! I can do that just as well as he can," and she is doing it—and "just as well as he can," too. And not only can she fly as well as he, but it is the testimony of instructors that, "given a woman with sufficient nerve to withstand the buffeting inseparable from first experiments, her natural swiftness of movement, her keen sense of touch, and above all her gift of intuition, enable her to equal if not excel men in the delicate manipulation of the levers of an aeroplane." And when masculine instructors admit that woman may "equal if not excel" man, it is a fairly safe bet that she is not unlikely to excel. The women who will take part in the approaching meeting are the Baroness de la Roche, Mlle. Marvingt, Mlle. Dutrieux, Mme. Peltier, Mme. Hevvartson, Mme. Daity, Mlle. Aboukaia and Miss Spencer Kavanagh. All of them are French except Miss Kavanagh, who is English, and she was trained in France.

The First Night College

The first night college in the United States, and probably in the world, began its work in New York City on October 1, 1908, and is just about to conclude the second year of its work. It began with a student enrollment of 201, a larger freshman class than that of most colleges, and the number of students has constantly increased since then. The average age of the students at that time was 22 years, the oldest being 38 and the youngest 17. Following are the distinctions which have been noted between these night students and those who attend the day colleges: The latter, as might have been anticipated, have had better preparation, but the former are desperately in earnest in their desire to secure an education, are much the more thoughtful, and consequently ask more pertinent and searching questions in the classroom. In short, the night students attend, not because their parents wish them to obtain an education, but because they, themselves, desire one and have seized upon this as their only opportunity to attain it. The experience of this first of night colleges should lead to the establishment of many others.

Proposed Penal Reform in England

A bill introduced in the British Parliament by Hugh Courtenay Luttrell would, were it adopted, make a vast change in the administration of the penal law, as the following brief statement of what it proposes will indicate: No death sentence for minors, imprisonment, instead of execution for infanticide, no black cap when a judge imposes a sentence of death, religious services for convicts about to be executed, no solitary confinement in prisons, and no corporal punishment except between the ages of 10 and 16 years. The appointment of women as police commissioners is recommended.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

COSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

'HERED INTO HIS CARE

By Frances Margaret Milne

n is Frances Margaret Milne's last message
It was written, with pencil, several days
ath, and given to her brother with instruc-
be handed "directly to James H. Barry of
ncisco Star" when she was no more.)

ng away on a journey
me, in the gray of the dawn—
it may be at midnight
t when the sunset is gone.
not the time of my going,
not the road I shall fare,
ow that the Lord of the Harvest
ther me into His care.

of my life is in fading.
g hath the Spring tide been past!
mer hath blossomed and withered
re is the Autumn at last.
l is the sheaf of my gleaning
elds where the gleaners had share—
ow that the Lord of the Harvest
ther me into His care.

ltered and stumbled in treading
y He appointed me here,
s that were pure as His seraphs
d for me the suppliant tear.
human love that unfolded
l I been worthy to share!
ow that the Lord of the Harvest
ther me into His care.

that I gleaned for His service
hered in breath of my sighs;
as the spray of life's ocean
v of my grief on it lies.
I approach Him to render
'ring unworthy to bear?
w that the Lord of the Harvest
her me into His care.

g away on a journey—
ney my loved ones have gone,
ver the time of our going,
el it always alone,—
all mortal beholding;
not His angels be there?
v that the Lord of the Harvest
her me into His care.

BARRIE WRITES PLAYS

Barrie has been in Paris with
man of late and Rennold Wolf
ork Telegraph says that one may
cept that fact as an unfailing
rie is at work on a new play, and
Frohman will soon announce it.
The Little Minister" has Barrie
ay in Scotland or in London.
"Quality Street," and "What
n Knows" were really written
lon and Paris—or rather talked
to Frohman on the little trips
eriodically make together, when
lizing his dramatic ideas and the
ing on his way to keep appoint-
ench authors.
lesk covered with blank paper, a
and a set of pens that Barrie
ting a play, but the single com-
t continental railway train and
audience of Charles Frohman.
head sunk in the leather cush-
de of the compartment and his
ed in the iron basket for wraps
low—a favorite position greatly
ie "split"—Barrie is ready to
r rather, by talking out what is
d out whether he has one worth
Frohman is ever on the alert for
these excursions to Paris with
s Barrie himself, and the other
by Barrie. The guardianship of
in taking care that he is not
t disappear. Once when "Peter
done at the Vaudeville Theater
oman attendants, wrap-keepers
llers, not knowing Barrie, held
aywright with such persistence
that he finally beat a retreat out
nd was missing for the rest of

But on the trip back to London Mr. Barrie told Mr. Frohman the story of "What Every Woman Knows"—only he told it not as a possible plot for a play, but just as a little story to while away the time. Seated in the compartment in his usual posture, with a well lighted briar pipe hanging from his mouth and gazing, not at Mr. Frohman, who sat directly opposite smoking a cigar, Barrie talked to the ceiling of the car, and, as he articulated his principal ideas, he sounded a note only insinuated in the play itself when it was later actually put to paper.

It grew out of a single notion. Woman suffrage was tempestuously all over England at the time. Barrie's idea began with the declaration that it is not the ballot but her equal common sense with man that will lift woman from being a pretty idiot, a passive beauty or an adorable bundle of caprices to the station of equality with man. Then he went on to say that the bedrock of common sense is a fine comic sense, all the more perfect on account of its sparkle. "That's what every real woman knows," said Barrie at the end of his explanation.

Oddly enough, in such talks, the little playwright speaks as if unto space, and only after talking himself out does he listen to his companion, the practical exploiter of plays. Then, when London is reached, Barrie again disappears—this time to his little cottage at Leinster Corners. Next comes the real work, but the briefest period of play-making—dictating into crystal clarity the ideas talked off at random.

WHEN POETRY PAYS

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, has not only written some of the best contemporaneous poetry, but has disproved the axiom that poets must make money on the side or starve. He describes his experience thus:

"I mention this fact, as it really might count for something with those who are perpetually talking of the impracticability of poetry in the present day. This fact is that one poet, at any rate, has from the time when he left Oxford, eight years ago, taken up poetry deliberately as his career in the same way that a painter or a sculptor is allowed to devote himself to his art, not as a hobby, but as a serious life-work. This poet deliberately set aside all other financial resources, and has so far met with no difficulty, but indeed with more practical success than would be likely to one engaged in any other art, in so short a period. I think it is due to the somewhat audacious stroke of throwing oneself into the work entirely, i. e., not taking it as a hobby. But at any rate it is a fact."

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY CENTENNIAL

Says the New York Sun:

The hundredth anniversary of the Swedenborg Society of London, founded in 1810, will be the occasion of a gathering from all parts of the world an international congress of the students and admirers of Emanuel Swedenborg, to be held in the City of London, the event to occupy four days, July 5 to 8 inclusive.

The assemblage is not an ecclesiastical or sectarian one, but a meeting to be devoted to the consideration of Swedenborg's contributions to science, philosophy and psychology, as well as in theology to the higher thought and investigation of the world of today.

The meetings will be held in the handsome group of the Crown Rooms, Holborn, which will afford accommodations not only for the day sessions in the various sections of the congress, but also for the "Conversazione," and other large social gatherings in the evenings.

The coming together of so many of the religious followers of Swedenborg from various parts of the world, but especially from America and Great Britain, will doubtless be availed of by various New Church organizations, the publishing, mission, educational, and other boards for conference and the opening of new means for brotherly union and co-operation. But as the Swedenborg Society, whose centenary is to be celebrated, is strictly a publishing body, with no sectarian or ecclesiastical limitations as to its membership or polity, the emphasis of the congress will be laid entirely on Swedenborg in his most comprehensive and world-wide relations, not to religion alone, but to the whole range of human thought and interest.

The non-sectarian and non-ecclesiastical character of the Swedenborg Society may be seen at once by a glance at the list of its original and subsequent members and most ardent promoters.

Swedenborg died in London in the year 1772, leaving his voluminous works in Latin distributed largely at his own expense among the universities and the leaders of the clergy of the established Churches of England and of Sweden.

The first work to be given to the English reader was that on "Heaven and Hell," translated in 1778 by the Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, with a very commendatory preface, and this was followed in 1781 by the translation by the venerated and beloved John Clowes, rector of St. John's, Manchester, of Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion, Containing the Universal Theology of the New Church." This was before any religious organization of the New Church had been attempted.

Even as early as 1784 these and other writings of Swedenborg were brought to America and the doctrines publicly proclaimed in Philadelphia; and it was in that city that, under the auspices and by the subscriptions of such prominent men as Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris, signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the prominent jurist, John Young, for thirty years the presiding Judge of Western Pennsylvania, the first edition of Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion" was published by Francis Bailey of Philadelphia in the year 1789.

The Rev. John Clowes of Manchester, although a prominent rector in the Established Church, was not only a very diligent translator but a most zealous propagandist of Swedenborg's doctrines, and largely through his influence a publishing society had been established in Manchester some years before the inauguration in 1810 of the Swedenborg Society.

This society has been now for a hundred years the great, central publishing agency of the writings of Swedenborg as well as of the collateral literature of the New Church body.

On its committee have been men of wealth and of scientific and literary as well as those of theological attainments. Among these men may be mentioned Messrs. John and Charles Augustus Tulk, Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, F. R. S.; the famous sculptor, John Flaxman, and the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M. A., of Exeter College, Oxford, to whose liberality the society is indebted for its valuable property in Bloomsbury Street, now for many years the principal headquarters of New Church publications.

The extent of the society's publishing propaganda may be seen from the fact that its stock now includes editions of Swedenborg's works complete or in fragments in the following languages: Latin, English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Icelandic, Danish, French, Welsh, Russian, Magyar, Italian, Dutch, Arabic and Hindi.

Nearly 2000 "Foundation Truths," extracted from the "True Christian Religion," were sent two years ago to the native Japanese Christian ministers.

The total number of volumes issued by the society considerably exceeds 1,360,000 and the growth of Swedenborgian literature, to which this wide dissemination of Swedenborg's writings has so largely contributed, may be judged of from the fact that the Bodleian Library at Oxford contains some 250 titles under the name Swedenborg and the British Museum Library between five and six hundred, and the recently published "Biography of Swedenborg," by James Hyde, a volume of over 700 pages, names 3500 editions of Swedenborg's own works entire or in fragments in a score of different languages.

VIRILIZING HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

ALAMEDA'S REMEDY FOR "FEMINIZATION"

Other interesting ideals in education than the open-air school plan are under discussion in Alameda. They concern especially the students in the high school. About five hundred pupils attend the high school. The building in which they study is admirable. The courses given are comprehensive, and the teaching force is adequate in numbers and skilled in pedagogy. Plans under way for more courses of study and for increased equipment show that the school is in the hands of progressive educators.

And yet the principal, Dr. George C. Thompson, sees visions of larger usefulness and greater efficiency ahead. He has been powerfully impressed with the idea, widely discussed by educators throughout America, that the evolutionary process defined as the "feminization of the schools" is at work in Alameda, and that the boys need some virile touch in their school life to offset its influence.

The idea of the "feminization of the schools" probably was first promulgated by Dr. Everett Tomlinson of New Jersey, a noted educator and author. Dr. Tomlinson pointed out, about four or five years ago, that the education of the youth of America was almost wholly in the hands of women, that from the primary grades to the last year of high school, practically all the instruction received by the pupils was at the hands of women teachers. This was not particularly news, but he made the point graphically and added to it the new idea that there was a decided difference in the influence exercised upon the character of children by women and the influence exercised by men. He contended that this difference was very perceptible, and that the boys especially were showing its effects in the development of effeminacy in the public schools.

Dr. Tomlinson's views excited a lively discussion that has by this time resolved the consensus of opinion down to something like this: The influence of women upon boys, up to the age, roughly speaking, of 14, is wholly desirable. The boys need an example in gentleness, courtesy and consideration, and an incentive to chivalry toward women. Women teachers refine and steady the boys under their charge. But after the age of 14 the lack of masculine influence shows upon the development of boys' characters. From that age they need the "give and take" of companionship with men. They need to be toughened for the harsh experiences of after life by the rougher contact with men. Life these days is a fight against blows to the spirit if not blows on the body, and the boy who does not learn to accept the inevitable roughness of life with philosophy and to fight, if need be, is very apt to find life an unnecessary discouragement, perhaps a hopeless battle.

Here is the point at which the masculine influence can be of essential help to boyhood. Not that the male teacher cuffs or kicks, nor that he is gruff and harsh, but he looks at life from a man's point of view, and his casual words and his way of meeting problems and his laughter at things that would arouse sympathy in women, these things are all a guide and an example to the boys in his charge, and they unconsciously shape their point of view and their character.

Dr. Thompson has been greatly impressed with the absence of this virile influence in the Alameda High School. Some of his teachers are men, but they touch the lives of the boys only at two or three recitation periods of the day. At other times the women teachers have the boys. And at all times the boys are in classes in which they are outnumbered by girls.

This last fact opens another field of educational inquiry and discussion. Some of the eastern colleges, notably Tufts, have decided that a full trial of the co-educational idea has proved it to be a failure. The strongest argument used on behalf of co-education is demonstrated to be wrong. That argument is that the presence of boys and girls in the same classroom arouses the competitive spirit, the boys striving to excel the girls, and vice versa. Experience has demonstrated that this is only half true; it does inspire the girls, but it acts in a directly opposite way upon the boys. The reason for this is that boys are self-conscious and girls are not. When a girl recites before a roomful of boys she feels no hesitation because of their presence. On the contrary, the presence of girls keenly affects the boys, they feel self-conscious, and they stumble and blunder where they would do well if the girls were absent. Thus the boys are excelled by the girls. This has another bad effect: the boys' pride is hurt and they become stubborn and indifferent and do less well than they would do under ordinary conditions.

The remedy for this difficulty is being applied at Tufts by the segregation of the sexes, separate classes for the boys and girls, but the same teachers. That system has all along been in use at Harvard and Radcliffe. This solution is now being suggested for general application to the public schools.

Dr. Thompson has in mind an extension of the idea. He believes that it would be advisable not only to segregate the pupils into classes of boys only and classes of girls only, but to have only women teach the girls and only men teach the boys. This plan, of course, applies only to high school students. It should be added, however, that this plan is only tentative in Dr. Thompson's mind, and has not been definitely broached for action in Alameda.

But Dr. Thompson has another plan for achieving the desired result of more masculine influence upon the boys of the Alameda High School. Here again it is necessary to digress for a few paragraphs to show how he has brought this matter to the public.

In his desire to bring about a closer relation between the faculty and the parents of the students, Dr. Thompson initiated the plan of having "conferences" with the parents. These conferences are in vogue elsewhere, but they are usually limited to the mothers of the children. Dr. Thompson felt here, as before, the necessity of the masculine influence. He therefore invited both the fathers and the mothers to his conferences. They have been enthusiastically successful. Between 200 and 300 parents attend these gatherings in the assembly room of the high school, and take a lively interest in the discussions that are broached. Dr. Thompson presides, and follows a program which he has previously prepared, discussion of the papers that are read being open to the house.

At one of these conferences a paper was read on "What Students Do Outside of School Hours." Statistics had been gathered by personal inquiry, showing what percentage of spare time was devoted by high school students to recreation, to reading, to study, or to mere loafing. These figures showed that the percentages were heaviest at the two extremes—either students studied too much out of school hours or made sheer waste of their time. The happy medium of those who divided their time properly between study, intelligent amusement and equally intelligent exercise was represented by a very small percentage.

This paper aroused much discussion among the parents, and several remedies were proposed. At length it occurred to Dr. Thompson that a pet idea of his own was applicable to this problem, and he took the floor to explain it. This was his plan:

To build a gymnasium on some lot accessible to all parts of the city, and equip it with all the necessary modern apparatus, including a swimming pool and shower baths, handball and basketball courts, and the like. In addition, to furnish club rooms, in which there should be facilities for all innocent amusements, such as pool, billiards, chess, checkers, and reading. To make the active membership of the club all the boys of high school age. To have an associate membership of any other boys or men who cared to join. To make the active members responsible for the conduct of the club, and to have them elect a board of control empowered to pass on the fitness of applicants for membership. To vest the financial control of the club property in the hands of some body of citizens distinguished enough to give the institution the confidence and support of the public.

This plan was discussed and its substance heartily endorsed. One citizen present offered the ground rent of lots for twenty years as a contribution to the plan. The final result was the passage of a resolution calling on Dr. Thompson to appoint a committee to sift the and prepare a final scheme for later consideration. This committee, through a subcommittee consisting of Major Tilden, Mr. Bier, Mr. Politeo, Mr. Cooley, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Randolph, has now recommended the following report be made the basis of further work on the plan:

"The committee on the Young Men's Club House and Gymnasium met at the Ban[illegible] Alameda, Saturday night, April 30th, and according to the instructions under which they were appointed, went over the ground very thoroughly with an idea of determining the best plan for such an institution. The committee went into every detail and tried to cover all the points as thoroughly as they could. The general points which came up for discussion fell under the following heads:

"First—Under whose authority should such a clubhouse be established?

"Second—What should be the nature of such a clubhouse as to its uses and members?

"Third—How shall the finances be raised?

"Under the first head we discussed the advisability of establishing (1) the Young Men's Christian Association, (2) the Columbia Park Boys' Club, (3) the club with no special object further than social, (4) the Gymnasium Clubhouse idea or Civic Center.

"It was generally felt that the Y. M. C. A. would not meet the conditions thoroughly in Alameda. We felt that our clubhouse should be on slightly different lines and possibly somewhat broader in its membership.

"The Columbia Park Boys' Club idea likewise seemed to be somewhat foreign to the general plan upon which we started; and we did not believe would meet the conditions in Alameda. This feature, however, might be added later if the scheme which we have recommended met with approval.

"Likewise, it was felt by all of your committee that the clubhouse for purely social purposes and not connected with any definite organization, such as the Y. M. C. A., but under a board of control, might in the beginning be very enthusiastically accepted, but later would fall into disuse. And so we were forced to the fourth proposition brought before us, namely, the Gymnasium-Clubhouse idea combined; and we therefore recommend:

"First—The establishment of a gymnasium under the authority of the Board of Education. In this way its permanency will be assured, and the confidence of the people in its usefulness will be beyond question.

"Second—That the gymnasium clubhouse be built upon the high school lot or some lot adjoining, and be made to fit in with the plans for the future expansion of the high school.

"Third—That this gymnasium should be used during the day by all of the high school students, both boys and girls, as a rule gymnasium. That everyone who comes on the high school should be examined by a competent physical examiner, and required to take those gymnastic exercises that are necessary for their best physical development; and the gymnasium instructors be employed in connection with the high school.

"Fourth—That the gymnasium clubhouse should be used by the young men of Alameda after school hours and during the evening. And that membership in such a club should not be confined to high school students, but might be extended to post-graduates, any student who had ever attended the high school, and other young men of the city, whether high school students or not. It was also suggested that associate members of older men might be admitted; and that such a club might become something in the nature of a Civic Center, such as are springing up in Rochester and all over the East.

"Fifth—That the management of the club should be in the hands of the young men

(Concluded on Page 415.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

By Right of Our Fathers' Might

was the thing that our fathers sought at
Lexington that day?
was the prize that their valor bought
ere their lifeblood ebbed away?
was the gift that they handed down
from patriot sire to son?
blessing of blessings beyond renown that
their splendid service won?
as not to start at a whistle's toot
Or sound of an engine bell;
as not to crawl in a magnate's suit
Or a combine's vassals swell.
was liberty, liberty, that they sought, the
gift of the great, white God,
hey held it naught, as for it they fought,
that their life-blood stained the sod.

ve, who are sons of these heroes eld, how
do we hold the prize
they bought for us where the red blood
welled 'neath the arch of the azure skies?
do we do with Freedom's name, the
name that they loved so well?
ur honor, or is it our shame, the tale that
the swift years tell?
some do start at a whistle's toot,
nd some for an engine bell,
l some would kiss the toe of the boot
hat tramples them down to hell;
iberty, liberty—God of Light, all broken
and shamed are we,
e swear by right of our fathers' might
that our children shall be free.

* * *

Woman's Intellectual Place

ne time ago I wrote—rather satirically,
ject—for The California Weekly, a brief
sition on the subject of man's self-her-
intellectual superiority over woman. The
ian Science Monitor pleasantly intro-
and republishes the article, at the same
filing the following exception.
e would concede on the other side of
gument, however, that there is certain
ce of the slower development of mas-
intelligence as applied to book lore."
Monitor is right; there is evidence, and
t deal of it, of the slower development
sculine intelligence as applied to book
But why confine the assertion to book
Is it not rather disingenuous, at least,
uit woman's intellectual superiority just
g as statistical comparison is possible,
nen, as soon as such comparison no
is possible, contend that man is the
tual superior? Granted that man's in-
develops more slowly, have you not
l that not infrequently it develops so
nore slowly that it never catches up?
is an age of wonders, and most re-
as of them all, it seems to me, is the
tual advancement which woman has
in hardly more than a half century.
h countless generations she was, be
of physical inferiority, held as either
ng or slave for man. Then the silken
bonds were loosed, and, almost before
ize what is taking place, she stands as
intellectual rival, sometimes his su-
often his equal, rarely his inferior, in
ll vocations wherein mind counts. She
oduced no Shakespeare, they say. No,
took man a hundred or a thousand
ions to produce just one "sweet Will."
had produced such an one in but two
e generations it would have been not
er merely, but a miracle.
for mental self-improvement, those
ations which are calculated to hold to
h that there is something better than
or dress in this world—is their mem-
composed of men or women? Far
ian men, women are endeavoring to
the intellectual standards of our age;
ing too intent upon grubbing for dol-
l more dollars, lost in the lure of the
game.
n man's intellectual inferior! Why,
ntal progress—from abject dependence
did independence—within two gene-
ns to shame, by comparison, all that
s done in any ten generations that
'named.

The Opinions of Rufus

Haste makes waste. Prob'ly that's the reason why a fat woman hardly ever seems to hurry.

I don't s'pose the Almighty would ask anything better fer some folks than that they'd be es careful of their character es they are of their repytashun.

Christianity's consider'ble like muscle—don't amount to much if it don't git exercised.

They's lies an' they's 'quivocations, the diff'rence mainly dependin' on whether your neighbor tells it or you do.

"Reason is the life of the law;" an', consid'rin' the amount an' quality of it that she's fed in some of our statutes an' court decisions, I don't wonder that the poor creecher's lookin' kind o' peaked lately.

I reckon that lookin'-glasses wouldn't be es much in demand es they are if we hadn't all of us got so used to seein' fools that we don't mind it much.

I've 'most made up my mind that if a feller's got nothin' to say it's 'bout es well not to say it—but lots of campaign orators an' other authorities don't agree with me.

Josh Bings says that sence he's known a self-made rich man that wus unselfish, he's willin' to concede that the grace of the Lord can work any meracle.

They had a May Day picnic back East where I wus born, but they had to give it up 'cause the thoughtless little boys took to snowballin' the Queen.

I s'pose the feller that said they's reason in all things would have admitted that a hen settin' on a doorknob strained it consider'ble.

With most of us the Golden Rule an' a rainbow are a good deal alike—more likely to be admired frum a distance than any other way.

* * *

The Kiss Unstrained

(A Harvard professor—may his tribe increase!—declares that scientists have erred recently in asserting that bacilli hold their chief conventions on ruby lips, thus making kissing a dangerous exercise.)

Oh, the kiss unstrained, and the kiss unpained
By fear of the dread bacilli,
The kind we got when our blood was hot,
Or, at least, it was far from chilly.
Ah, the maiden was sweet, and the maiden was fair,
And we never once thought that bacilli were there,
For her lips were red, and I would not suggest
By bacilli and bugs they were all-possessed.
But the doctors did.—
Oh my! Oh fie!—
And I'm glad to hear
That they told a lie.

Oh, the kiss unstrained, and the kiss maintained
In spite of the doctors' warning,
The kiss elate at her father's gate
Some time 'twixt the eve and morning.
Ah, I saw her home—'twas a lang syne night—
For the meetin' was done, and she said I might,
And her lips were so red—well, if germs were there,
I think that I proved that I did not care
Then 'rah for the doctor,
Big-souled, big-brained,
Who says that a kiss
Need never be strained!

* * *

A Conversation in the Garden

Adam Glavis—You picked the apple; you know you did.

Eve Ballinger—I—I—well, I'm standing on my rights.

"I saw you pick it."

"I don't care; I'm standing on them."

"What are they?"

"The Keeper of the Garden has issued me a certificate of good character."

"It is dated before the apple tree was planted."

"I—boo-hoo!—I'm standing on my rights."

Cheap Chickens Some Time Ago

Unconscious humor is the richest of humor, and the very quintessence of unconscious humor is that which is displayed when crass ignorance would pose as erudition. Witness the following sparkling gem which was culled from that most unlikely of places, a poultry advertisement:

"One of our secrets of success is to save all chicks fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick, and believed to be the secret of the Ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen."

The ancient Egyptians sold chicks at "10 cents a dozen" and so did the Chinese, although I consider it highly probable that either or both of the ancient peoples may sometimes have referred to the price of the Egyptian or Chinese chickens as a dime or a short bit. Here's erudition on a runaway horse, information out for a joy ride, but it is no use to talk about it; if "the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen" does not strike the reader as funny, words cannot make it so.

* * *

Great Excitement in London

London, May 14.—Much interest is excited in political circles by the news that William Randolph Hearst and Theodore Roosevelt will arrive in London next week.—As published, with a flourish of corresponding headlines, in the papers owned by Mr. Hearst.

A wee, little bug—but I much dislike
To mention its name; I sure do, Mike!—
Once journeyed a bit with a traveler where
The man was on foot and the bug in his hair,
And they came to a burg which in grandeur arose—
The man didn't know of the bug, I suppose.
Then the Bugville Self-Scratcher ('twas owned by the bug),
With many a smirk and with many a shrug,
Announced to its readers—it took a "scarce-head"—
The fact that I quote in the words that they read:
"The city of cities awaits in amaze
The honor that's coming to gladden its days.
There's thrill in the daytime, there's tremor at night,
And everyone's waiting expectantly, quite.
There are some hold their breath, and some hit the booze,
And some the high places, because of the news
Which nothing suppresses, and nothing can drown,
That William R. Bug and the man are in town."

* * *

Just the Thing for Fatima's Hat

Fatima, the Beauteous One, sat upon the housetop and gazed longingly upon Halley's comet.

"It is beautiful," she murmured to herself. "oh, it is beautiful! It would be just the thing. I wonder if—if—"

Her words ceased, but she still thought deeply.

"Of what are you thinking, Pride of the Orient?" the Sultan inquired.

"Am I indeed your treasure?" she tenderly murmured.

"You bet you are! If you could see the bills you never would doubt it."

"Have you noticed the comet? How lovely it is! Its tail is so graceful and sweeping, and—oh, Mohammed, it would be just the size and just the thing to decorate my new hat, and no other woman would have anything exactly like it, and—"

But—would you believe it?—the brute refused to get it for her.

* * *

Buddleigh says he fell in love with Miss Bjings at first sight."

"Yes?"

"Yes, but he fell out again."

"When?"

"At the second sight."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Labor's Legislators As Labor Sees Them The Law and Legislative Committee of the San Francisco Labor Council has made a report touching the conduct of labor's legislators in the last session of the Legislature of California, or such of them as were sent up from San Francisco. Forty-three measures, in all, were taken as tests of legislative loyalty to labor's interests, although in the Senate only 35 were available for making the test. Judged from labor's point of view, Marc Anthony made a score of 33 good votes out of a possible 35; Eddie Wolfe, 29; Finn, Hare and Kennedy, each 21; Welch made a score of 18; Burnett, 19 good votes and one bad; the irrepressible Gus Hartman, 15 good and one bad; Reily, 13 good and one bad.

In the Assembly there were 39 votes available for making a test and, according to labor's view, Beatty cast 37 good votes; Callan, 35; Nelson, 33; Cullen, 29; Macauley, 28; Gerdes, 27; Pugh, 26; Wheelan, 25; O Neill, 24; Black, 21; Collum, 20; Hopkins, 15; Lightner, 20 good and one bad; McManus, 21 good and 2 bad; Coghlan, 4 good and 4 bad; Beban, 16 good and 4 bad; Schmidt, 14 good and 5 bad; Perine, 24 good and 6 bad. Very much depends on the point of view, but, considering labor's point of view as reasonable, the above record will be hard to get away from.

Legislative Soldiering Under Condemnation Laying aside, for the moment, labor's especial point of view, not too much can be said in commendation of this committee's censuring of absenteeism in legislative work. In going over the above record, for instance, it will be noted that, adding the good votes to the bad and subtracting from the whole number of test votes, leaves, in many cases, a wide margin of votes unaccounted for. In these cases the members either dodged deliberately or, from one cause or another, were absent from their places when the votes were taken. There is the case of the eloquent Coghlan, for instance, who, according to the view of the committee, voted right 4 times, wrong 4 times and not at all 31 times. Beban is recorded as voting right 16 times, wrong 4 times and not at all 19 times, whereas Beatty lost only two chances to vote and Callan only four during the session. "Day after day," says the report, "during the largest portion of the session, a bare majority of members in each house, just sufficient to constitute a quorum, transact all the legislative business on the principle of unanimous consent. Moreover, this bare majority is constantly changing in personnel through the practice of members repeatedly flitting in and out of the chamber, in and out of the record, in fitful variety, very few remaining steadily at their post of duty. We believe that from the standpoint of public interest faithful attendance at legislative sessions is above all things desired from the men who make our laws." There are occasional excuses for being absent and not voting, but where, in the above cases, the discrepancy between possible votes and votes recorded exceeds five or six, the non-votes should be counted as bad votes.

A False and Narrow View For labor to judge of the conduct of labor legislators solely by the way they voted on labor legislation is to take a false and narrow view of the responsibility of such legislators. No legislator can be true to labor who is untrue to the broader interests of the general public. Such a legislator will make enemies for labor in that broader constituency to which we all belong. Mr. Franklin Hichborn, in his "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," has judged these same men by a broader and more righteous standard. It will be instructive to institute comparison between the two standards.

Out of a possible 16 votes for Progress and Reform in the Senate, Marc Anthony voted right 7 times, wrong 8 and was absent once; Senator Wolfe voted right 3 times and wrong 13; Finn voted wrong 15 times and was absent once; Hare voted right 3 times, wrong 10 and was absent 3 times; Kennedy voted right 5 times, wrong 10 and was absent once; Welch voted right 4 times, wrong 9 and was absent 3; Burnett voted right 5 times, wrong 7 and was absent 4; Gus Hartman made 16 straight wrong hits; Reily, 12 wrong, 2 right and 2 absent.

Mr. Hichborn's Assembly test comprises eleven measures of vital public importance. On these Beatty voted right 6 times, wrong 3 and was absent 2; Callan voted right the whole eleven test votes; Nelson voted right 4 times and wrong 7; Cullan voted wrong 9 times and was absent 2; Macauley voted wrong 10 times and was absent once; Gerdes voted right 9 times, wrong once and was absent once; Pugh voted wrong 8 times, right once and was absent twice; Wheelan voted right 2, wrong 5, absent 4; O'Neill voted right 2, wrong 7, absent 2; Black voted right 2, wrong 7, absent 2; Collum voted right 4 times, wrong 5 and was absent 2; Hopkins voted right once, wrong 4 times and was absent 6; Lightner voted right 7 times, wrong 3 and was absent once; McManus voted wrong 10 times and was absent once; the eloquent and unstable Coghlan voted right 2, wrong 8 and absent one; Beban voted 10 times wrong and was absent once; Schmidt voted right 2, wrong 6 and was absent 3; Perine voted right 4 times, wrong 5 and was absent twice.

Our fellow citizens among those who labor with their hands will find the Hichborn record much the safer one to apply to their representatives. Voting at enmity to Progress and Reform is not a good way to make friends for the cause of labor, and California has a right to expect a higher order of men, representative of labor, than have heretofore been commissioned to Sacramento by the labor vote of San Francisco, although some of them, as the Hichborn record shows, have done exceedingly well.

Especially Remarkable At the Fairmont Hotel, Friday evening of last week, a banquet was given by the Unitarian Club in honor of the presence in the city of the Pacific Unitarian Association. There were in the neighborhood of 150 guests present, some doubtless from outside the State and so not participating in the expression of political sentiment within California. There were 126 votes cast and, for once, all the ladies present were permitted to cast their votes and have them counted. It would be unwarranted to say that the results of a straw ballot taken in this selected assemblage of men and women would be indicative of the sentiment of men throughout the State, but it is not too much to claim for it that it does represent the sentiments of similar groups of men and women of the highest intelligence, culture and moral purpose as related to public life. It would not be easy to get together in all California a group of persons equal in number ranking higher in all that makes for good citizenship. In fact, it probably could not be done without combing the State with that purpose alone in view. Well, here is the vote: Bell, 3; Anderson, 4; Curry, 4; scattering, 3; Hiram Johnson, 112. Is it not remarkable that such unanimity of sentiment should be found in any assemblage of persons, outside of a Johnson club, however called together? And yet this assemblage was brought together with not the remotest relation to the pending campaign. Hiram Johnson represents not alone the better element in our political life, but The Best element wherever that element may be brought together.

The Crooked Made Straight Dr. David Starr Jordan has been a consistent Republican for twenty-five years, as he himself says, voting his party ticket straight, but he makes it straight by scratching all the crooked Republicans off it and putting straight Democrats on in their places, if there are straight Democrats from whom he may select. If there are not, then he votes for the Democrat, anyhow, because he does not wish his own party to be burdened with the responsibility of a crooked man in office. Whe party patriotism reaches this degree of fidelit in the minds of all voters it will be seldon that any voter will be required, in good con science, to scratch his party ticket in order t make it a straight party ticket. It will b recognized by everybody that to put a crook candidate on a ballot will be to invite his be ing slaughtered without any greater remors than was exhibited by the famed king of th cannibal islands.

Alameda's Coroner Ordinarily the election of corone of a county is a county affair, bu when the contest for such a office involves elemental decencies of politica life the issue transcends county boundarie It is so in Alameda. No one dare say tha the influence of Coroner Tisdale in the poli ical life of Alameda county is exerted for good On the other hand, no one dare say that th influence of Dr. T. B. Holmes, the Lincoln Roosevelt Republican League candidate, i ever exerted for anything that is not good The issue between Dr. Holmes and Dr. Tis dale is an issue as plain as between white an black, good and evil, Right Things vs. Wrong There can be no extenuation, excuse, pallia tion or apology made by the Republicans o Alameda county if they fail of making th nomination of Doctor Holmes well nig unanimous.

Not Ritter, But Silver There is talk of bringing out Ed ward M. Ritter, an attorney a .Sunol, for the Republican nomi ation for assemblyman for the forty-sixth dis trict. Mr. Ritter may be a good man for a that The Watchman knows to the contrary but that district was well represented in th last legislature by Thomas H. Silver. He go off wrong once or twice in the voting, but th best men in the assembly learned to appre ciate his good intentions, and it will be safe to send him back than to try to break in new man.

The League For Shaw The non-partisan character o the influence of the Lincoln Roosevelt Republican League, i relation to judicial candidacies, is well exem plified in the case of Justice Victor E. Shaw of the second appellate court district. Justic Shaw obtained his nomination at the hands o the "organization" forces at the Santa Cru convention, of unsavory memory, but he ha made good on the bench, which is the crucia test, and the League in that district will pu up no candidate against him.

Weed Must Be Beaten Senator Abner Weed, from th Second District, must be defeat ed for re-election. He is a ma terialist in business and politics, uninspired b any of the progressive ideals of modern lif In his capacity as a lumberman he slashes th forests for all there is in them, with n thought of any duty to society or to posterity As a Senator, he swallows machine prograi whole and cheerfully, not through any innat dishonesty, but because his bent of min makes him at home with the crowd that "fixe these things up in a business way." He is ou of place and out of date in the present era o moralizing business and politics, with a min as unfertile and unresponsive as unleavene bread. In the Legislature his record has bee consistently bad. In district politics he ha played the worst kind of "practical" politic It was he who ran a trainload of Greeks in o a Republican primary to defeat a decen man a few years ago. Which suggests tha his opponents had better make sure that ther is a free election, and a fair count when h runs this time.

Men Who May Go Against Him The men who are bein urged by reform Repul licans in Weed's district t make the race against him are W. W. Barhan and H. R. Raynes. One or the other of thes men will probably be induced to try the issu Whichever goes up, he should be supporte against Weed. And if Weed wins the Repul

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

rimary it is the plain duty of every Re-
n who recognizes a moral obligation
society to support, at the final election,
ly short of a scalawag that the Demo-
nay nominate. The probable Democratic
ee is Charles J. Luttrell of Siskiyou
, who is one of the best products of
mocratic party, and infinitely preferable
ed. Another Democrat mentioned is
H. Shanahan of Redding, Shasta Coun-
anahan is less desirable. Politically he
n out.

blyman Sixth The Sixth Assembly District contest for the lower house of the Legislature is taking shape probable candidacies of W. D. L. Held ublican and J. E. Pemberton as Democandidate. Held is a puzzle. In the ture he has thrown his vote and his e for good and for evil with such imty as to baffle the judgment of both his and his enemies. Pemberton is the ho wrote the model anti-saloon ordinow in force in Mendocino County. ly the Royal Arch got out an injuncstop every proposed election on the n of regulating the liquor traffic, and oon influence in politics was feared. Pemberton's ordinance, the securing of natures of 25 per cent. of the voters of inty to a request for such an election tically compels the saloons to close ney have secured an equal number of res to a petition calling for an election rmine whether or not they may open . The saloons have been dodging this er since it was fashioned, and their l influence is now relatively small. So an be said to the credit of Mr. Pember-

Chandler in Again The progressive Republicans of Fresno county outside of the city of —that is, the Sixtieth Assembly Dire urging that either W. F. Chandler ton Johnson be their candidate for the ly. The Watchman does not know nson, but the proponents of his candie sufficient guarantee that his characight for the job. But the Watchman ow Mr. Chandler, both personally and ecord, and unhesitatingly affirms that no better man in public life in Cali oday. He is aggressively honest, inly progressive, and one of the ablest he State. His record in three previous the Legislature is without spot and f a leader for Right Things. The Sixstrict is at present represented by a cipher who merely happens to be also crat. That district is normally Re-, and went to Mr. Odom only because porary breeze of resentment at Coalinthe matter of county division. It e returned to the Republican column r, but especially it should be repre- y a man, like Mr. Chandler, who is tative of progressive political ideals.

therland ixty-first The Fresno city district—Sixty-first Assembly District—may offer W. A. nd as a successor to A. M. Drew, who to the Senate. Mr. Sutherland is a ttorney who is associated in business tics with the progressive Republican now in control of the Republican paresno. He has no political record, but onal record is good. He has intelligd character, and could be counted on right in the Legislature.

tirn Has dorsed Alfred L. Morgenstirn of Alameda has been endorsed by the Alameda Good Government Republican Club as candidate for the an nomination for Assemblyman from y-seventh District, and is now maktive canvass in opposition to Sumner Morgenstirn is a clean, forthright ve, and has the the right backing. whom he hopes to succeed is Frank o may be endorsed next Wednesday tor from that district.

Democratic State Central Committee The Democrats have not taken up the matter of candidates for the State Board of Equalization, but Albert M. Smith of Oroville is prominently mentioned in the northern district, and Thomas O. Toland of Ventura in the southern. Nobody has appeared in the lists as yet from San Francisco. It is possible that other candidates will be discussed informally at the meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee in San Francisco next Monday. This meeting is called to comply with the provision of the direct primary law which requires the State central committee of every party to call a State convention to be held **after** the candidates have been nominated. But naturally a good deal of politics will be done on the side at the meeting.

Johnson Meetings The Independent Republicans of Healdsburg met Wednesday evening and organized for local work in the interest of Hiram Johnson's candidacy for governor. A similar meeting was held at Sebastopol last night. Tonight Hiram Johnson addresses a mass meeting at Santa Rosa.

LEADING THE BLIND

Why Edw. Rolkin Was Endorsed The endorsement of Edward Rolkin for member of the State Board of Equalization from the first district, given by the Central Executive Committee of the Independent Republican Clubs of San Francisco, has called forth some criticism. This criticism is based on the assertion that Mr. Rolkin was a Ruef man and that he supported McCarthy in the last election. The first assertion is simply untrue. Mr. Rolkin voted against Schmitz three times. The story of his support of Ruef arose from the fact that the notorious fire commissioner Parry was in charge of the Winchester, one of the Rolkin hotels, at that time. But Parry merely leased the hotel from Mr. Rolkin, and they had no other connection. Mr. Rolkin did support McCarthy in the last election—and soon regretted it after McCarthy's election—but that support was perfunctory. His real interest in the last campaign was the election of Francis J. Heney, whom he ardently supported to the end. Aside from those things, on the question of fitness, Mr. Rolkin was endorsed for three reasons: His extraordinary reputation for honesty and fair-dealing, his great business ability and experience, and the fact that he was by all odds the best of the candidates in the field. His two opponents are Scott and Graybill. Scott was a Ruef man of the most vicious type, and a most unsatisfactory person for such an office—or any office, for that matter. Graybill is the "mayor of Cow Hollow," and is as deficient in ability as Scott is in qualifications of another sort. Mr. Rolkin is a self-made man of ability and honesty. Hence his endorsement.

E. O. Miller Will Not Run It was not always that State Senator E. O. Miller could be counted on to stand firmly for Right Things in the political, commercial or social life of state or community, but with that development of character which attends growth and added years, E. O. Miller has come to view life and its problems from a different vantage ground, with the result that his term in the state senate has been of great value to the state and a credit to the thirty-second senatorial district comprising the counties of Tulare, Kings and Kern. His only serious error in the last session was in voting for the change of venue bill, to be accounted for on the ground that he has, during his professional career, been called upon to defend many persons criminally charged and has perhaps come to be imbued with the conviction that all the odds should be in favor of the defendant. Senator Miller's many friends will learn with regret that his health has so suffered of late that he does not feel equal to making a campaign and therefore, after having announced his candidacy, renounced it and has gone to the springs that he may recuperate his strength and health. He is a man of fine mental endowments and he will be missed.

E. O. Larkins To Take E. O. Miller's Position Reports from the thirty-second senatorial district give encouragement to the hope that E. O. Larkins of Visalia may consent to enter the race for the Republican nomination as candidate to succeed E. O. Miller in the state senate, Miller having been a Democrat. Mr. Larkins is a fellow townsman and practitioner at the bar with Miller, and is in every way worthy to succeed him. He also is able and all his life he has stood for Right Things. He is so independent as not always to take program, even if he has had a hand in making it, but was never known to lack the courage of his convictions. He is a good lawyer, a good citizen and, if nominated and elected, will make a valuable legislator, but he has all his life been so disinclined to accept political responsibilities, in the way of office, that The Watchman will not feel sure of his candidacy until he shall have announced it and entered upon his campaign. He is comfortably circumstanced without being rich, has reached the maturity of his powers and, as we see it, owes a duty to the commonwealth and community that he can discharge in no better way than by announcing his candidacy and entering upon it with zeal. He is an all-right man for the place.

Working On John Works John D. Works, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League candidate for Republican endorsement for the United States senate, is a man of independent mind. He has said and written much on public affairs, and he has kept up with the times. It is possible to take the writings and sayings of any such man and, comparing them with other writings and sayings, find inconsistencies in them. This is possible with any growing man, any man who is wiser today than he was yesterday. The only may who is immune from that form of attack is the one who waits with his mouth shut tight until some boss or leader emits a sound that he may echo, until the "straight dope" is passed out from the head of some political bureau. And they are working on Judge Works! Of course it is covertly done. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is to be fought from the underbrush and not in the open, by starting injurious rumors, confessedly as rumors, but starting them often in diverse places. It is the policy of "whispering down," and if it can be followed by the aid of putative friends to the progressive movement so much the more effective. To all of which The Watchman wishes to say that John D. Works is an independent thinker, a courageous and independent-minded worker in the cause of right, and if he has had opinions of his own, and the courage to express them, even in superabundance, he will, when he goes to Washington, so supplement the lack in this particular of our senior United States senator as to raise the general average for our senatorial delegation materially and beneficially.

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

CALIFORNIANS STUDYING EUGENICS

Says the New York Sun:

Eugenics, for some time a much used word in England, is coming into its own over here. Recently a national society to promote the study of the science has been formed. At its head is the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, which is composed of about 5000 members, who will test the law of heredity by an investigation by its members of their antecedents back three generations or more.

The national organization committee which met recently in Cincinnati is made up of Alexander Graham Bell, Luther Burbank, W. E. Castle, C. R. Henderson, A. Hardlicks, R. H. Johnson, V. L. Kellog, Adolph Meyer, J. Archer Thompson, W. L. Tower, H. J. Webster, Frederick A. Woods, C. B. Davenport and David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University. Dr. Jordan is chairman of the committee, whose chief object is to collect data to be used in the study of human heredity.

The committee has prepared record blanks which can be procured from Dr. Charles Benedict Davenport, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., in which information is asked concerning certain characteristics of a family for three or more generations. The questions asked refer to place of birth, residence, occupation, disease, death, personal characteristics, etc., of the recipient, his parents and grandparents. It is said that so far some long steps have been taken toward producing the future perfect man.

A few of the aims and objects of eugenics and what it really is as a science are thus outlined:

Eugenics is the science which deals with all the influences that improve the unborn qualities of a race—also with those which develop them to the utmost advantage. Qualities include health, manliness, energy, ability and courteous disposition.

The aim of eugenics is to bring as many influences as can be reasonably employed to cause the useful classes in the community to contribute more than their proportion to the next generation.

Historical inquiry into rates with which the various classes of society have contributed to the population at various times in ancient and modern nations.

Systematic collection of facts showing the circumstances under which large and thriving families have most frequently originated. Families may be considered large which have not less than three adult male children.

Eugenic belief extends the function of philanthropy into future generations; it renders its action more pervading than hitherto by dealing with families and society in their entirety and it enforces the importance of the marriage covenant by directing serious attention to the probable quality of the future offspring. It brings the tie of kinship into prominence and strongly encourages love and interest in family and in race. In brief, eugenics is a virile creed full of hopefulness and appealing to many of the noblest feelings of our nature.

The first meeting of a committee of eugenics in New York City was held recently at the home of Mrs. John H. Huddleston, 145 West Seventy-eighth street, at which the record blanks were circulated among the members for the purpose, as one woman present said, "of setting about to dissect our ancestors."

Dr. Jordan and Mr. Burbank are both deeply interested in eugenics and have advocated it in the lecture field. In speaking of the subject, which he has very much at heart, Dr. Jordan says:

"Three years ago I was made chairman of the committee on eugenics of the American Breeders' Association. The purpose of this committee is to gather facts and to diffuse information which should be helpful in aiding future generations to be well born.

"The laws of heredity, all of them, in all their details, apply to men as well as to lower animals. The results of experience and education are not inherited in any degree, but each child is the son or daughter of what his or her father or mother ought to have been, barring such disease as may injure or destroy early nutrition or development, irrespective of heredity.

"A large number of facts and laws are already known, and it is part of the work of our committee to put these facts into circula for the use of the people. Of course it is possible to take the human race in hand Burbank takes the cactus, and by breed superior individuals make a race of supe men.

"In the first place individuals who wo allow themselves to be thus handled manipulated would not be superior. The highest elements are power of initiative power to love, and both these would be b out by a race of artificially handled 'superm

"The line of investigation indicated in blanks was started by the secretary of committee, Dr. Benedict. These blanks drawn up by him—undertaken on his own count but in behalf of the committee. W personally I had nothing to do with them with the results of his investigation, I in hopes that some important facts may deduced from them."

When asked for an expression on eugen Mr. Burbank sends it under the heading, " Training of the Human Plant." In part, says:

"In the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creat new forms, modifying old ones, adapting ers to new conditions and blending still oth I have constantly been impressed with the s ilarity between the organization and devel ment of plant life and human life. Whil have never lost sight of the principle of survival of the fittest and all that it implies an explanation of the development and pr ress of plant life, I have come to find in crossing of species and in selection wisely rected a great and powerful instrument for transformation of the vegetable kingdom alo lines that lead constantly upward. The cro ing of species is to me paramount. Upon wisely directed and accompanied by a ri selection of the best and a rigid exclusion the poorest, rests the hope of all progress.

"Before passing to the consideration of adaption of the principles of plant cultivat in a more or less modified form to the hum being, let me lay emphasis on the opportun now presented in the United States for the serving and, if we are wise, aiding in wha think it fair to say, is the grandest opportun ever presented of developing the finest race world has ever known out of the vast mingli of races brought here by immigration.

"There is not a single attribute which, la ing in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choo what improvement you wish in a flower, fruit or a tree and by crossing, selection a persistence you can fix this desirable trait revocably. Pick out any trait you want in yo child, granted that he is a normal child, be honesty, fairness, purity, lovableness, indust thrift, what not.

"By surrounding this child with the su shine from the sky and your own heart, giving the closest communication with natu by feeding him well balanced nutritious foo by giving him all that is implied in health environmental influences, and by doing all love, you can thus cultivate in this child a fix there for all his life all these traits. Here ity will make itself felt first and as in a pla under improvement there will be certain stro tendencies to revert to former ancestral trai but in the main with the normal child you c give him all these traits by persistently, tiently guiding him in these early formati years.

"Heredity is simply the sum of all the effe of all the environments of all past generatio in the responsive, ever moving life force says Mr. Burbank. "Put a boy born of gen white parents among Indians and he will gr up like an Indian, showing that no mat what birth may be environment is everythin As time goes on its endless course envir ment must crystallize the American nation; varying elements will become unified and t weeding out process will, by means of vironment, influence and selection, leave t finest human product ever known."

Miss Celia Haag is deputy tax collector Carlyle, Ill. Her father is the collector, ha ing just been re-elected for his third ter Though Miss Haag is only 22, she has h entire charge of the financial end of h father's business for several years and is s to give such satisfaction as deputy collect that the voters of Carlyle refuse to consi her father's opponent for the office.

IMPENDING CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION

INEVITABLE READJUSTMENT OF FRAMEWORK OF GOVERNMENT TO MODERN CONDITIONS.

By WARREN OLNEY, JR.

President Woodrow Wilson, in his collec- n of lectures entitled, "Constitutional Gov- nment in the United States," speaking of the ation of the States to the Federal Govern- nt, says: "The general lines of definition ich were to run between the powers granted Congress and the powers reserved to the tes the makers of the Constitution were e to draw with their characteristic foresight l lucidity * * *. It is clear enough that general commercial interests, the general ncial interests, the general economic inter- s of the country were meant to be brought ler the regulation of the Federal Govern- nt which should act for all."

lost of you, I imagine, will off-hand agree h this statement. It represents your first pression of the sphere of our Federal Gov- ment. In fact, you would probably go fur- r than President Wilson, who subsequently difies his statement, and say that it is the ere of the Federal Government to regulate h matters as pertain to and uniformly affect whole country. You might even, although so probably, say that the province of our te governments is in general the regulation local matters.

Theoretical Rights of the States

et emphatically this is not the legal theory our institutions. The functions of the leral Government have no such general pe as that which Mr. Wilson's statement ild indicate. Matters of commerce, of busi- s, or property, of non-political crimes, of ial and domestic relations, all these, except n few instances, belong not to the Federal ernment but to the States, no matter how versal the subject may be or how desirable it be regulated by laws harmonious and orm over the whole country. The subjects n which in theory the Federal Government to do are comparatively few in number are chiefly political. Madison, in the Fed- ist, expresses the idea as follows: "The ers delegated by the proposed Constitu- to the Federal Government are few and ned. Those which are reserved to the State ernments are numerous and indefinite. The ner will be exercised principally on exterior cts, as war, peace, negotiations, and for- n commerce, with which last the power of tion will for the most part be connected. powers reserved to the several States will nd to all the objects which in the ordinary rse of affairs concern the lives, liberties properties of the people, and the internal er, improvement and prosperity of the e." This language is borne out by even most casual examination of the Federal stitution.

t the risk of being commonplace and risome to the lawyers and to all who have n the subject any consideration, I am go- for the sake of emphasis hereafter, to give ttle further attention to the limited char- r of the functions of our National Govern- t.

Theoretical Limits of Federal Power

he rule, thoroughly established by the sions of the courts, is that the Federal stitution is fundamentally a grant of pow- to the Federal Government. Beyond these ers, and such as are properly implied as ental to their full enjoyment, the Fed- Government cannot go. It is not, as are State governments, a repository of gen- powers which do not have to be af- atively granted in order to be possessed. tate legislature has the right to legislate t may see fit for the benefit, real or pre- ed, of the commonwealth, subject only uch constitutional limitations as may have n put upon it. This limiting of powers rwise naturally inherent in a State legis- re, is one of the primary functions of a e constitution, and the extent to which people of the different States have found lvisable to tie their legislatures, as shown the extent and variety of the limitations set out in the various State constitutions, is in itself a sad commentary on our success so far with democratic government. But how- ever this may be, subject to these exceptions, the general power of legislation on all sub- jects is in the State legislatures and not in the Federal Congress. The latter is limited to the subjects expressly enumerated in the Fed- eral Constitution.

Political Powers

An examination of these subjects will show their small number and also in general their political or semi-political character. Thus the power is conferred on Congress to declare war, to provide for the maintenance and gov- ernance of armies and navies, including the militia, to lay and collect taxes, duties, im- posts and excises for the purposes of the Fed- eral Government, to coin money and regulate its value and punish counterfeiting, to estab- lish a uniform rule of naturalization and to establish post offices and post roads. So also the President is given the power with the Sen- ate to make treaties and choose our foreign representatives and the other appointive of- ficials of the Federal Government whose selec- tion is not otherwise provided for. He is also commander-in-chief of the army and navy and of the militia when called into the service of the United States. Upon the Federal Judi- ciary is conferred jurisdiction of matters touch- ing the Federal Government, its laws or treaties, and of controversies between the States.

Semi-Political Powers

There are also, it is true, other powers which are not purely political. To a large extent these are necessary or natural incidents of political powers granted. Thus Congress is given the power to regulate foreign and inter- state commerce, and the Federal Judiciary is given jurisdiction of all cases affecting the of- ficial representatives of foreign countries, of controversies between citizens of this country and foreign states or the citizens of foreign states, of controversies between citizens of dif- ferent States, and of cases of admiralty or maritime jurisdiction. These powers frequent- ly touch the individual citizen directly in his business or social relations, but they are never- theless granted in furtherance of the idea that the Federal Government shall exclusively rep- resent us in our foreign relations and shall also be the means of regulating the relations be- tween the various States.

It should also be noted that there are cer- tain powers conferred on Congress of which I think it cannot be fairly said that they are either political or semi-political. But these are only two, the power to establish a uniform bankruptcy law, and the power to pass copy- right and patent laws. There are also certain important rights guaranteed the citizen, such as the right of free speech, of bearing arms, of not being twice put in jeopardy of life or liberty for the same offense, etc. It is worthy of passing note that these guarantees were not originally found in the Constitution, but were subsequently incorporated by amendment.

But these non-political powers of Congress and these guarantees to the citizen are very apparently exceptions to the general scheme. Taking it all in all, the powers of our Federal Government as they appear upon the written page of the Constitution, without the coloring and proportions given them in actual use, are very limited in number and scope. They are important in any view, tremendously important as they have been actually developed, but they are in the main concerned with, first, some governmental agency, such as the post of- fice or the coinage; second, our relations with the outside world; and, third, the relations of the States, both as to the Federal Government and between themselves. But the power of legislation as to matters of business, of finance, or commerce, of property and of person, the most vital affairs of life, is not in general with the Federal Government, no matter how nation-wide the subject is or how great the necessity for a uniform regulation.

Radical Variation of Constitution and Practice

Well, you ask, what of it? Of itself there is nothing of it, but there is, I believe, con- siderable of the fact that such a man as Presi- dent Wilson could make the statement which I quoted at the opening of this paper and that anyone could even casually have the same idea when the legal fact is so different. It is significant of a great and real difference be- tween the original conception of our Federal Government as set out in black and white in the Consttitution and our Federal Government as it actually works. It is significant of an even greater difference between the legal view of the province of the Federal Government and the popular conception of that province. It is just such differences as these between the actual form of government and the peo- ple's idea of what it is or should be that make constitutional history. The written Con- stitution must, either by construction or amendment, follow, although perhaps very tardily, the conceptions of the people.

Fundamental Constitutional Changes Impending

The point of my paper is that the American people have reached a situation in which the legal framework of their government differs so greatly from the popular conception of it, and also differs so greatly from the practical requirements of their changed economic and social conditions, that a fundamental change in such framework is sooner or later inevitable.

I am afraid that I have offended and will later offend still more in traveling over already familiar ground. But certainly it needs no ex- position by me that the great fact determined by the Civil War was the constitutional one that we are a single nation. Nor does it need any discussion by me that the things which made the outcome of this struggle in- evitable were the industrial progress of the North and the growth of the spirit of nation- ality. These in turn were due most largely to new methods of communication, to steam- boats, to railroads and the telegraph. Not that the country would not have developed without these agencies, or that the settlement of the Western States would not have gone on. The prairie schooner is not an insignificant ves- sel in historical importance, even if it is in size. But steamboats, railroads and the tele- graph stimulated into remarkable proportions a movement that would otherwise have been necessarily slow. Along with this they brought each section into close business, social and political relations with the rest of the coun- try. Particularly was this true between the North Atlantic States and the great States of the Middle West. The country was knit to- gether in sentiment. The citizen felt that he was primarily not a citizen of a State, but of the United States, and he viewed the United States as essentially a single commonwealth. To him the plurality of name, the United States, was historical merely, denoting the origin of the nation, not its existing character.

Disappearance of State Lines

Since the Civil War these same forces have gone on with tenfold vigor and speed. The country has grown in population and wealth until we are amazed at ourselves. With this growth the means of communication have kept pace. Railroads now reach everywhere and their speed, capacity and comfort have improved beyond all comparison. Every little hamlet has instant communication with the rest of the world by telegraph and telephone. Business has become nation wide. It is a small house that does not do business outside the State in which it is located. We are all engaged in interstate commerce. State boun- daries mark no differences in business or social relations or in the characteristics of the people. This is not saying that there are no differences in character between the peoples of different sections, but these sections are large and come under such general classifications as the At-

lantic States, the Middle West, the South, and the Pacific Coast. But the differences are not according to State lines and, such as they are, are small and unimportant compared with the points of similarity and are yearly growing less. We now constitute as homogeneous and closely knit a people as ever existed. Our enormous size both in numbers and geographical area is more than compensated for by our means of communication.

Effects Upon Popular Idea of Government

The results of all this upon the Federal Government and the States are clearly evident. The State governments have shrunk in relative importance, both actually and in public estimation, while the Federal Government has greatly increased. Every now and then some appeal is made on behalf of states rights, some protest against a new extension of the Federal Government, but such appeal or protest finds no popular response. On the contrary, the public is apt to view with considerable impatience any limitation put upon the Federal Government. Witness the reception of the decisions of the courts declaring the employer's liability act and the white slave traffic act invalid as trenching upon the province of the States. Witness also the reception of the decision of the United States Supreme Court holding that Congress has no power to levy a direct income tax.

Extensions of Federal Powers in Practice

The Federal Government has now extended in certain most important particulars beyond the province of political or semi-political powers and has engaged in the regulation of the general affairs and welfare of its citizens. Our tariff law is an example of this. Ostensibly it is for the purpose of raising revenue merely, but it was early warped into a means of fostering particular industries. This was not done without protest that it was an extension of the powers of the Federal Government into an unauthorized field, and upon this ground South Carolina in the time of Jackson endeavored to nullify the acts of Congress. It is more than a mere coincidence that the party of protection has always been the party of centralization. The trend of things is shown by the facts that we still have a protective tariff most emphatically and that the party of protection and centralization has been in power for forty-two years out of the last fifty.

The conservation of natural resources is unquestionably a matter for the respective States, if we are to follow the original theory of our Government; yet the good faith of those who advocate at the present day that this important matter be left to the States is doubted, probably with justice, and no matter what the immediate outcome of the Pinchot-Ballinger affair may be, the Government is committed to the policy of no longer disposing of public lands freely to the individual, but of retaining them in large part for the people as a whole. In other words, such matters of internal policy as the development of power plants and mines and the cutting of timber are to be regulated by the Federal Government.

As another instance of the same thing, we find the Federal Government endeavoring to look after our morals by suppressing lotteries through the means of prohibiting them the use of the mails. In the same manner it has endeavored to protect the individual citizen against fraudulent business schemes. We have a Federal Agricultural Department and a Bureau of Corporations. Under the guise of regulating interstate and foreign commerce we have the Federal Pure Food Law and a Federal Inspector of Slaughter Houses.

In fact, this power of regulating interstate and foreign commerce has been the most potent means of extending the sphere of the Federal Government. The regulation of the railroads by means of the interstate commerce acts and the Interstate Commerce Commission directly affects business in every portion of the country. Furthermore, the railroads and the telegraph have made it possible for a single business concern to cover the whole nation. As a result, combinations and trusts have arisen to seize the opportunity, and to counteract them we have the Sherman anti-trust law.

Practical Limits of Federal Power

When we consider these instances of Federal aggrandizement and their importance and character, and particularly when we consider the tremendous forces in our political life of which they are the result, it is no wonder that we are apt to say with President Wilson that the general business, financial and commercial interests of the country are entrusted to the regulation of the Federal Government. But in so saying we have overlooked the size of the field upon which the Federal Government has entered and the limitations upon its general extension into it. The instances in which the Federal Government has gone or can go beyond its political or semi-political powers and engage in the regulation of the general affairs of the country, while of very great importance, are after all comparatively limited in number and in scope. We are bound by our Constitution. Fortunately a broad and liberal construction has been given to it, a service that entitles Chief Justice Marshall to be ranked near Washington and Lincoln in the estimation of his countrymen. By means of such construction the powers of the Federal Government have up to the present time been extended as far as they have without the necessity of amendment. But there is a limit to this, and it would seem as if we had about reached that limit. Beyond it there are great fields in which a homogeneous and united people can naturally and profitably be governed by general and uniform laws enacted by a single legislative power.

Constitution Must Change, Events Will Not

Nevertheless, although we cannot proceed much further without change in the Constitu-

(Continued on Page 414.)

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OLD BLOMFIELD'S RIDE

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

T'S git'n of the fust thousand or two that grinds a feller," he has been heard to say, "but fitted out with that much coin, if a fel-r can't git his toes in somewher's and stick nd hang 'till he gits on his feet good and solid, 's 'cause the right stuff aint in him, and if aint, why 'taint, and that's the whole on't, and e might's well trail after some other feller's ad fust as last, fer trail he'll have to." Old lomfield has spoken so often of the difficulty f one's getting his first thousand or so of dol-rs, that it has been surmised that his own tart in business life came hard, but only re-ently have the facts become available.

Issacher Blomfield was a forty-niner. He ade his way from Pennsylvania to the Mis-ouri River, where he united his fortunes with ie fortunes of a company of emigrants, and uly set out for the land of gold. The journey cross the plains was an unusually hard one, ut it had at least one element of happiness in ore for Issacher, for, on the way, he wooed nd won Annie Giddings, as hearty and true a pecimen of young womanhood as crossed from ie States that eventful year.

Mr. and Mrs. Blomfield arrived in the Golden tate in anything but a golden state, though iger enough for a tussle with fortune. They ad the tussle, and for a succession of years rtune had the better of the argument. Time nd again he was forced to see opportunities at were golden slip away unimproved for lack f a few hundreds in ready money for invest-ent. Sometimes, with Annie's help, he had most capitalized himself, but always some ischance befell, and forced them to begin at e bottom.

Finally, Issacher, with Annie and the baby, rove stakes at Rickett's Cove, a newly opened ining camp not far from Janesville. Issacher ent to work in the shaft, and Annie furnished eals to miners in a rickety little shanty fash-ned from poles, tent cloth, and pine boughs. 'hen they had richer grown, a little, Issacher uilt on," and put in a modest stock of such gged wares as miners have need of, and for time the venture prospered.

Ricketts was rich. He had struck a rich lead, d had followed it far into the mountain side. d as it gave no sign of "petering," no man ew how rich Ricketts was, or might yet be-me. But Ricketts was not so rich that he uld contentedly see another gleaning from s own field, as it were. So one day he dropped o Blomfield's store, priced his wares, haggled little, but finally took the whole stock at ail prices, letting our hero out of business ck and clean; and, that very night, wagons ived from Stockton with a much bigger ock of goods than Issacher had been able carry.

Leaving Annie to continue feeding the ners until he should "get his toes in" some-ere else, Issacher took the stage for Stock-n, and that night found himself hobnobbing h Wirt Hoadley.

Wirt Hoadley came across the plains with acher, and the two had been great cronies; what more natural than that Wirt should ng out the apple of his equestrian eye, a ng California horse, of whose mettle he er grew weary of boasting, that his visitor ght look upon him approvingly? The horse s fleet of foot, and "good for a hundred miles ixt sun and sun, agin any hoss on the slope any sum in reason," Mr. Hoadley unhesi-ngly affirmed.

Old" Blomfield, of course he wasn't old in se days, being scarcely more than a boy, w something about a horse, even in those s, and was greatly taken with the animal. ed though he was with the long stage , he vaulted upon Pico's back, and scur-l over the adjacent prairie at a great pace, ch to the delight of the horse and his proud ster.

omehow the likeness of Hoadley's horse ie into Issacher's mind many times that ht, as the wheezy, stern-wheeled boat la-iously churned its way down the slough through the bay, and always when he fell ep it was to dream of being astride of Pico rrying over the dusty plains of the San quin, but when morning came, and he ke to find the boat moored under the hills an Francisco, horse and dreams were speed-forgotten.

ur hero had been "knocking about" the lit-city the greater part of the day when his at-ion was attracted by a rapidly increasing wd in front of the Gold Hill Bank, and, ssing over, he was astounded to learn that the bank's doors had just been closed by attachment. The Gold Hill had been regarded as one of the stanchest banks in the territory, and what was more, it had a branch at Janesville. Every spare dollar in that and adjacent camps was in the strong box of that institution, Issacher knew very well.

He clapped his hands to his temples and thought a moment. If attachment papers were to reach Janesville in advance of the news of the bank's failure, it would be all up with Janesville depositors. There was neither telegraph nor telephone to Janesville in those days. The boat and stage afforded the quickest transit, and more than likely the bank's creditors would send a deputy marshal with a writ of attachment by the first boat.

"What is the time, stranger?"

"Five minutes to four."

"And the boat leaves at four?"

"Yes."

Away sped Old Blomfield. He had covered scarce half the distance to the landing when the boat's whistle blew. Every nerve was strained now, but as he ran he could hear the boat's wheel swashing the water against the pier preparatory to starting. The lines were cast off, the keeper was in the act of throwing the big gates to—whiz-z! a puffing, wheezing body shot by him, cleared ten feet of intervening water space, and landed sprawling upon deck, cheered and comforted by the shouts of on-lookers.

It did not take Issacher long to ascertain that a deputy marshal was indeed on board, and not only equipped with the papers necessary for seizing the bank at Janesville, but that he was accompanied by a half dozen heavily armed men, whose mission it was to emphasize the behests of the official documents, if need be. These men would be certain to take the first stage to Janesville, and unless Issacher could get the news there ahead of the stage, he might as well let the officers carry it. But how was he to get it there?

The boat was due at Stockton at 3 o'clock a. m., while the stage did not leave until 6. Would it be possible to beat the stage to Janesville? He thought of Wirt Hoadley's horse, but could one horse however mettlesome beat the stage on a ninety-mile run even with three hours start? The stage changed horses every ten miles, while Issacher would be in great luck if he were able to change at all.

The boat had no sooner jammed its nose against the muddy bank at Stockton, than Old Blomfield leaped ashore, and went flying up the street as fast as ever his short legs could carry him, and a moment later was pounding away at the door of Hoadley's stable.

"Well, what's broke loose now?" demanded Hoadley from within.

"Is that you, Wirt?" Issacher squeaked in reply in his high keyed voice. "Roll out quick, old fellow, I want Pico."

"The deuce you do!" Wirt growled. "I've seen whole families who wanted Pico, but I take notice nary one of them ever got him away from me yet." While Wirt growled busily enough, he as busily drew on his clothing, lighted his lantern and opened the door.

"What! is that you, Blomy?" queried Wirt, shading the lantern with his hand and peering into Issacher's eyes. "Killed somebody, or stolen something? Which is it, eh?"

"Neither one, Wirt. Gold Hill Bank's bu'sted, 'n 'bout every dollar in Janesville is in the branch up there. Pico'n I have got to let the boys know afore the stage gets there or they're nipped. Gang of officers on boat with guns 'n papers."

"Can't do it.

"Got to."

"You'll kill hoss."

"Sell him to me."

"N-a-w. Get into bed there and go sleep. Let toughs have Janesville. Janesville no good no how. Rather have hoss."

"Give you hundred fifty for him, Wirt?"

"N-a-w."

"Make it two hundred then?"

"N-a-w."

"Two hundred fifty, Wirt? Every infernal dollar I've got. Be a man now and give the boys a show."

"Two hundred fifty's good. Fork over," and the shining slugs and twenties slipped from Issacher's hand into the capacious palm of Wirt Hoadley's, and, a moment later, Old Blomfield and Pico were flying along the road toward Janesville.

The first dash over, Pico swung into an easy machine-like canter, which made the trees along the stage road rush by them in the murkiness of the morning like a flock of goblins on a stampede.

"A little slower, Pico," and the rider reined his horse in a trifle, patted him on the neck, and, talking to him, checked him down into a single-footed gait, easy for horse as well as rider, but quite fast enough for an all day's jaunt.

"Ninety miles in twelve hours, Pico, old boy, with barely half an hour for grub. Can we do it, old fellow? It will test those dainty, flat legs of yours, my California gentleman, but we can make it if Wirt Hoadley hasn't been humbugging about your staying qualities. But if he has, I know a feller about my size that'll have to pound rock again, and a fellow about your size that'll go to the bone yard before this day ends. Do you catch the idea, my pretty broncho?"

If the horse did not understand he seemed to, Old Blomfield says, for he did not miss a measure until the Stanislaus was reached, at 6 o'clock, a good third of the distance being covered.

The morning's ride had been an exhilarating one. It was in the dawning days of California summer weather, not yet hot. Clouds still gathered in little knots above the mountain tops and floated lazily along from peak to peak, catching an instant upon the crest of one, then whirling languidly away to the next, as cakes of ice catch and whirl upon the bosom of a drift-obstructed stream. No one had yet been astir upon the stage road, and the only sounds to break the stillness were the rhythmic clatterings of Pico's hoofs and the ill-natured cries of taciturn little ground owls whose meditations those clatterings had disturbed.

As day broke, the snowy summits of the high Sierras stood out in bold relief above the lower and darker ridges, faintly traceable, lying in shadow. The recent warm weather had melted the snow upon the lower mountains, and the Stanislaus was running bank-full Issacher found, and very swiftly.

"O-o-o-ver!" he called again and again, but although he whooped and yelled and screamed at the top of his voice, the ferryman would not "o-o-ver" and the only answer which came across the turbid stream was the disconsolate howl of a hungry hound keeping watch upon the farther bank. Precious moments were passing, yet were not wholly lost. Issacher had Pico's saddle off in a jiffy and, between yells, rubbed the perspiring animal until his soft, brown hide glistened like polished mahogany.

It was plainly of no use waiting there, and there was nothing for it but swim or give up, and Issacher chose to swim, hazardous as it was in that chill and rapid current. Pico boldly plunged in, but horse and rider had gone no more than a length or two when both went under. Issacher slipped quickly from the saddle, caught a stirrup and swam by the horse's side. Down, down the stream they went, carried by the swift current, but when it seemed they must be swept under the high bank and upon the rocks below, Pico's hoofs caught upon the slippery bottom in shallow water, and horse and master dragged themselves, panting, upon dry ground.

It was a severe trial, but the cool plunge, followed by brisk rubbing and a lively canter, seemed to invigorate rather than exhaust this

wonderful little horse, and Paradise plains were crossed, and more than half the entire distance to Janesville covered, in a little more than five hours from time of starting.

At the Tuolumne a half hour's stop was made, Pico thoroughly groomed and fed a measure of barley; but soon they were swinging along the hard-beaten road again, fresh as ever, it seemed. Issacher rode slower now, and was fully three hours in reaching Snelling, a distance of twenty miles. He had determined to secure a fresh horse at Snelling if possible, but a disposition to have him taken into custody upon suspicion of having stolen Pico was so manifest that he watched for an opportunity, and slipped off without pressing the matter further.

He had now come sixty-six miles in a little more than eight hours, and there remained barely four hours in which to accomplish twenty-four miles over a rough mountain road, and upon a tired horse. Pico was allowed to trot leisurely down the hills, cantering through the intervals, but when they came to a long upgrade, Old Blomfield slipped off the horse's back, and with the bridle rein over his arm, led the way on foot, Pico walking by his side. It was a toilsome journey, that last twenty-four miles up the "grade," but when it seemed that they could go no further, they had really gotten up the very last ridge, and there, less than a mile below, lay the pretty little "flat," its wondrous beauty all spoiled by the unsightly mining camp of Janesville.

From the summit of this ridge one may look far out upon the San Joaquin plains, and here and there come into view little links and stretches of the road over which our travelers had come. Old Blomfield scanned the way, shading his eyes with his hand. Yes, sure enough, there was the stage, far below, just coming round a sharp point of mountain. It made but the merest speck in the road, and the thinnest possible film of dust blew out from the mountain and pointed like a finger to the south, but Issacher knew what it was. It would take the stage more than an hour to reach Janesville, and Issacher had won. He shook his fist at the stage, and made faces at it, swung his hat and squeaked a little tired hurrah, then, getting into the saddle once more, trotted down the slope.

Reaching the end of the street, Old Blomfield rose in his stirrups, and, swinging his hat, cried out at the top of his squeaky voice, "Run to the bank! Run to the bank! Gold Hill's bu'sted! Gold Hill's bu'sted! Run! run! run! Ring the fire bell! Call the people out! Officers coming on the stage!" And away he went, stopping now and then to send a messenger post-haste to some mining camp near by, then pushing on, throwing his arms and screaming, nor did he stop until the outskirts of the town had been reached, and every soul in Janesville had heard the news.

In five minutes' time dozens of men were running to the bank bearing hastily scrawled checks in their hands, and the astonished cashier was busily paying the money out. It chanced, too, that the parent bank had sent a large sum of money to this branch only the week before, presumably to have it out of harm's way, so there was enough funds in hand to pay the Janesville depositors in full.

Ricketts was the farthest depositor from the bank, and about the heaviest, too, and Issacher, so soon as others had been given word, jumped upon a fresh horse and carried the word to the cove; and, just as the heavily loaded stage teetered and swung over the brow of the long hill, and came bowling down the slope with crack of whip and toot of trumpet, Old Blomfield and Ricketts plunged round the corner riding double, in the very nick of time, for, a moment later, the stage thundered up, the marshal and posse crawled out, and levied upon vaults as bare as the traditional cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard.

The marshal was thunderstruck. "How in the name of the honorable, the circuit, and district court of the United States of America, which I represent," he cried, turning toward the crowd of grinning by-standers, "did you fellows get onto this, I'd like to know? Did the spirits tell you?"

For answer, all turned toward Issacher, who, exhausted now that his errand was done, had sunken down beside the hitching post where Pico stood, scarcely cognizant of what was going on.

"How did you do it, Squeaky?" Gus Hansboro asked.

"How did I do it?" Old Blomfield repeated, in a querulous tone. "I found it out in 'Frisco yesterday, came with them fellers on the boat to Stockton last night, bought Wirt Hoadley's crack hoss, though it took every red I could scrape to do it, and that critter standing there that you fellers ain't payin' no 'tention to fetched me every lick of the way from Stockton since 3 o'clock this mornin'—that's how I did it, if you want to know."

How quickly those hardy miners gathered around that horse! How tenderly they cared for him! They stripped the saddle off him in a trice, and some set to rubbing and others to feeding him. They fairly loved him, those burly men, nor did they entirely forget Old Blomfield, or the part he had played.

"Three cheers for Squeaky Blomfield!" some one cried, and the cheers were given heartily; but Gus Hansboro, springing upon a dry-goods box, called out, "Hurrahin' is all very fine, men, fer them as likes it, but if we fellers don't do something more substantialler like fer Squeaky right here and now, we ain't fitt'n to dig pay dirt, and probably shan't have no luck from this time on. Now I 'spect I'm the meanest durn'd man in this here crowd, but mean as I be, I'm going to offer Squeaky two hundred and fifty dollars fer that hoss, cash up." And Gus surveyed the crowd with the air of an old-time auctioneer. "Who'll raise me?"

"Who'll raise me?" he demanded again. "Squeaky's done what nary 'nother man in these diggings ever'd a thought could a been done, and he's saved us a powerful sight er money by the means. Come, Old Ricketts, with fourteen thousand there in yer sack, what be you goin' ter do 'bout it? Yer ain't going ter be as mean a man as I be, 'taint likely."

Ricketts raised the bid to three hundred, but had to go a hundred better still before the horse was knocked down to him.

"Now, Ricketts," cried Gus, as he handed that worthy the halter, "do the handsome. 'Taint likely Squeaky really wants ter part with a hoss that has carried him through like that one, so whatever you do, don't be mean, but do the handsome."

Ricketts winced a bit, but caught the idea, and, stepping across to where Issacher sat, "I haven't done hardly square by you, Mr. Blomfield," he said, "but here is your horse back again and welcome, and Gus Hansboro will have to quit a heap of his meanness before he will do as well by you in future as old man Ricketts. I'll give him a dead pointer on that."

A hearty laugh went up at this sally, but the selling of Pico went on. He was sold once at three hundred and fifty dollars; once at three hundred; a time or two at two hundred and fifty dollars, then on down the scale at two hundred, one hundred and fifty, and one hundred dollars, Gus admonishing each purchaser to "not be mean, but do the handsome."

This episode marked the turning point in the fortunes of Old Blomfield, for when he was carried away in state that night to Annie and the baby, he carried with him more than two thousand dollars in slugs, twenty and ten dollar gold pieces. Being thus capitalized, he gave his head a business turn, put up a lumber mill in the mountains, opened a store, invested his savings in corner lots in San Francisco, and soon, as people said, became "richer than Ricketts."

("Constitutional Changes"—Continued.)

tion itself, the same forces that have brought us thus far have not ceased, but are pressing us on with increasing force. Who can prophesy how long it will take or how much it will cost twenty-five years hence to go from here to New York, or to send a ton of freight from here to New York, or what the means of communication of speech between here and New York will be? Yet these things revolutionize the activities of a people, and the activities of a people determine their institutions.

Now I know that the role of a prophet is rarely acceptable to the prophet's fellow citizens, yet I venture. I believe this much is certain—the functions of the States as they now exist must in large part go. When distances are great in time, labor and expense of travel, when communication of speech is slow, when as a result different sections differ substantially in their characteristics and views, separate States, each one governing the general affairs of its people, are natural. But when these conditions do not exist, when you have a single people with swift, easy and cheap means of communication, with intimate business and social relations between the various parts, and with ideas and purposes in common, it is natural that such a people should have its general affairs governed from a central single source. This I believe is the end of the road along which the forces of the present day are driving us, with greater and greater rapidity.

A Coming Change in Government

It is an end which means a radical change in our form of government. I do not mean that the State will be wiped out entirely. It will continue to exist, but it will continue chiefly for the administration of local affairs. The general affairs of the country and in particular the power of legislation upon matters of general concern will be entrusted to the central government.

The demand for this change is evident in many different and otherwise unconnected ways. We are face to face with problems which require for their solution the extension of the powers of Congress.

Railroad Regulation a National Problem

One of the most important is that of railroad regulation. The railroads must be subject to governmental control and this control must be effective. There is no alternative other than State ownership. The railroads have become such tremendously important agencies, their powers are so great, and the abuse of these powers is so harmful to the public that the public cannot afford to permit them to continue except under careful restraints effectively enforced. But such effective enforcement is hardly possible when the authority over every road is divided between the Interstate Commerce Commission controlling its interstate business and a State commission or other State agency controlling its business within the State. The business and operations of a railroad do not permit of any such division. Take for example the matter of rates. As it is now, we, have the Interstate Commerce Commission regulating interstate rates and the State Commissions regulating intrastate rates. But for any just and reasonable regulation, all the rates of the particular road must be considered. The first principle of rate regulation is that the company is entitled to a fair return on its investment and no more. This return on the investment depends, of course on the earnings of the whole road. Accordingly, in order to determine whether any particular rate is fair, one must first determine whether all the earnings of the road yield a fair return, and then whether the rate in question is fair and reasonable in connection with all the other rates which produce these earnings. For any effective and reasonable regulation, it would seem as if one tribunal must be given authority over all rates, both State and interstate.

Also Taxation of Railroads

Much the same situation presents itself in the matter of the taxation of railroads. Is there anything more absurd than our present method of each State endeavoring to put a value upon the particular portion of an interstate railroad which is within its limits? How is it possible, for example, to assess the portion of a railroad which crosses the State of Nevada? The country is mostly desert. Taking merely such business as originates or terminates in Nevada, the railroad is worth practically nothing. But as a portion of a interstate railroad, it is extremely valuable. But is the value of the railroad company's terminals, feeders and connections in the rich State of California to be considered for taxing purposes in Nevada? As a result you have the spectacle of a railroad company claiming before the Nevada State Railroad Commission in connection with fixing rates that its road in that state is worth $150,000 a mile, and a few months later claiming before the State Board of Assessors of the same State that for taxation purposes the value of its road does not exceed $18,000 a mile. Who can say which figure is correct? The fact is that neither figure and no other figure is correct. It is an attempt to value separately an inseparable part of a large whole. It is like assessing the value of one leg of a horse. The only reasonable thing is

x the road as a whole. Summing it up, the ulties of a divided authority over railroads so great that comparatively soon, I be- both the public and the railroads them s will demand relief from the situation iving exclusive control over them to the ral Government and that later this will llowed by giving the exclusive power of g railroads into the same hands. It is noted, however, that this will be giving ederal Government the power to regu- ot merely interstate commerce, but com- e in general.

Other National Problems

other instance where power must be given ederal Government is the protection of s. In dealing with foreign governments f course act exclusively through the Fed- Government and through it we are re- sible for the protection of foreign citi- within our borders. Yet the Federal Gov- ent is powerless to provide for their pro- n. That is left exclusively to the State f the State fails to do its duty, as in the of the Italians who were mobbed and ered in Louisiana, the country at large lpless. All we can do in such a case is to efully confess our weakness and try to e with a money indemnity, which falls pon the State which has failed in its duty aintaining order, but upon the country as nole. If we were not so big ourselves powerful nation might well say to us day: "Your constitutional limitations or sions are no concern of ours. You fix that you can protect our citizens and do ick." We ourselves cannot endure this tion indefinitely. Sooner or later the ral Government must be given power nensurate with its responsibility in this ct. Yet the doing of this will give the al Government what is practically police r within the States.

other problem certain to arise is that of s in the waters of a stream flowing from tate into another. In such a case is each to be looked upon as an independent eignty? If so, each has apparently the lified power to regulate the taking of from the stream within its own borders, ded only such taking does not interfere navigation, and the State which is the r on the stream may permit the diversion ter regardless of the State below or the that will be done the latter's inhabitants. is manifestly not just. This question was nted in a recent case in the Supreme of the United States wherein the State nsas, on behalf of its inhabitants along rkansas River, sought to enjoin the di- n of water from that river in the State lorado. The injunction was denied, but ounds that leave the question undecided. estly the matter is one that cannot be ted by the law of either State. It should gulated by an authority superior to them and undoubtedly in time it will be. But be an unmistakable invasion of the sov- ty of the States.

Demands for Other Federal Laws

another illustration of the general trend, has been going on for years an endeavor e the States adopt a uniform system of overning negotiable instruments, but with success. It is something much needed, e rights and obligations pertaining to should be the same everywhere. They e substitute for money, and just as the of money is most fittingly a concern Central Government, so also the law gotiable instruments should be its con-

re is also the demand for a uniform di- law, for a Federal corporation law, for labor laws, for an extension of the pow- the Federal Government so that we may effectively suppress the so-called white traffic and for laws for the prevention ecision of labor disputes. Some of the o proposed are at present limited so as ng them possibly within the interstate eign commerce powers of Congress, but are wholly beyond any of the powers ngress, even under the broadest possible uction, and, one and all, they would ute an encroachment upon the authority so far has always been exercised by ates.

instances, however, are hardly needed ve my point. The whole tendency of the times is in the direction indicated. On the one hand State lines come to mean less and less, and on the other hand the advantages of a central government with strength and uniformity of administration become greater and greater. Is not the time certain to arrive when these advantages will be so great that we will seize upon them? It will not come in all probability by any single act, by any one general amendment of the Constitution. But will we not, as the necessity for it grows pressing in each particular case, strip one by one the general powers of the States from them and transfer those powers to the National Government?

Can We Endure Success?

It would extend this paper to an unreasonable length to consider whether such a change will impair or invigorate the capacity of our people for self-government, although I am not unaware that this after all is the most important thing in connection with it. My object at this time is simply to point out that whatever may be the effect of such a fundamental change in our institutions, the change is on the way. I cannot, however, refrain from saying that we must not conclude that because heretofore a strong central government governing a great dominion has usually, if not always, been accompanied by a loss of political vigor in the people and been followed by disintegration, the result with us will probably be the same. Such a form of government is usually the flower of great growth in wealth and power. It comes as an incident of the nation's success. This wealth and power are in themselves the greatest factors that make toward weakness and decay, and if free government is to fail in this country, I believe it will be by reason of them and not by reason of any form into which we may cast our institutions. Primarily the problem is not, can we endure a free and upright people under a central form of government? Such form is but the natural expression of great strength achieving great results. Our problem is simply the old one, can we endure success?

[Mr. Olney's article was originally an address delivered before the Commonwealth Club. It is published here as it was delivered, and without an opportunity for Mr. Olney to change it to the form of a general article. The Editor.]

("Virilizing Schools"—Concluded.)

selves, and that a board of control should be appointed by them, who should take under advisement all matters governing the club and should establish a standard of membership.

"The Board of Education have given their consent that such a clubhouse should be built on its grounds for the purposes for which this was intended. Your committee went into the discussion of the requirements for membership, as to whether there should be dues, or whether membership should be free; but we thought best that all matters of this kind should be left for further consideration, as also finally the matter of financing such a gymnasium. We felt that the good sense of the people of Alameda would approve of such a plan and that it would be a matter of no very great difficulty to finance such a scheme, embracing, as it does, the very broadest ideas of education and manhood; and we earnestly pray this committee that you adopt some such scheme as this, and take immediate steps to put it into execution. We believe that it should not be on a small scale, that our clubhouse and gymnasium should be one of the very best in the country, fully equipped as to its gymnastic features, with shower baths, swimming tanks, bowling alleys, checker rooms, reading rooms, and every innocent amusement which appeals to young men."

A further recommendation was endorsed, calling for the naming of the institution the Alameda Gymnasium.

It will be noted that the plan combines some of the essential features of a municipal recreation center with some of the features of a boys' republic. But the important thing, aside from its value as a means for providing wholesome and innocent amusement for the boys, is that it gives a large part of the boys' days to companionship wholly with other boys and with men. By this means the lack of masculine, virile influences in the school will be supplied.

Whatever its result in this respect, such an institution will justify itself on other grounds. But it is in this respect particularly that its results will be especially noteworthy in the future, for it may demonstrate new and unsuspected usefulness in the idea of having boys trained by men and associated with men.

It is announced that Lodi soon will have a new bank with a paid-up capital of $10,000.

The Rickey Land and Cattle Company has sold its 33,332 acres of land in Bridgeport and Antelope valleys to Paul M. Nippert of San Francisco.

Ross Valley Real Estate

PUBLIC AUCTION

11 FURNISHED COTTAGES 11

50-FT. LOTS.

SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1910, 2 P. M.

3 minutes from Escalle station. Every lot ready for this property must be sold, but in this case it is a matter of fact: it is going to be sold; 20 per cent cash. M. GALLICK, auctioneer. Free lunch at 12 noon.

GET A LOT OR HOME AT YOUR OWN FIGURE.

KENTFIELD REALTY CO., Owner.
J. E. LEWIS, Pres.

ORPHAN NOTICE
The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

Half Orphans

Greenwood, Thomas	10 yrs.	
Johnson, Luther	13 yrs.	4 mos.
Moser, John	9 yrs.	11 mos.
Nossen, Abrahami	7 yrs.	2 mos.
Whiting, David	10 yrs.	4 mos.
Whiting, Bernard	8 yrs.	8 mos.

Abandoned

Smith, Robert	12 yrs.	1 mo.

4-13-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE E. WOODBURY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Oliver Ellsworth, Room 824, Mills Building, corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

A. M. HAINES.
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 2nd, 1910.
OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

5-6-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL.
Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Protections and Punishments

The success of the direct primary law is dependent upon the faithful performance of a great many duties by a great number of persons. If any considerable number of such persons are careless, incompetent or willfully derelict in their duties the direct primary will go awry and the preferences of the people may be thwarted. It is well, therefore, to have the law safeguarded in its operation by all the power the State possesses.

Wisely, the law strives to prevent certain kinds of errors or wrong-doing in advance, and so section 27 provides that whenever it shall be made to appear by affidavit presented to any court of record, an error or omission has occurred, or is about to occur, in placing any name on a primary ballot, or that any wrongful act has been or is about to be done by any person charged with any duty concerning the primary election, the court shall hear the matter summarily and order corrections made and the wrong desisted from. Any person who shall fail to obey such court order shall be in contempt of court and liable to summary punishment at discretion of the court.

It was rather openly known that in the primary election held in San Francisco last fall certain persons picked up a few dollars of easy money by signing nomination papers at 50 cents each, particularly when there was some difficulty in getting signatures and some need of haste. Evidently they had not heard of section 32, which provides that "any person who shall offer or, with knowledge of the same, permit any person to offer for his benefit, any bribe to a voter to induce such voter to sign any nomination paper, and any person who shall accept such bribe, or any promise of gain of any kind in the nature of a bribe, as consideration for signing any nomination paper, whether such bribe or promise of gain in the nature of a bribe be offered or accepted before or after signing, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Every voter who accepted 50 cents for signing up a bunch of nomination papers, and every person who paid it, was punishable and should have been punished.

The section goes on to say that "upon trial and conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not less than $25 nor more than $300, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten days nor more than 120 days, or by both such fine and imprisonment." The signing of nomination papers is a public duty and not a private snap.

It would be quite easy, if the law did not provide adequate protection, for some officer in possession of nomination papers of some candidate conveniently to neglect to file them until too late. Paragraph 2 of the above section declares such neglect or refusal to file such papers a misdemeanor and imposes a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500, imprisonment in a county jail for not less than one month nor more than six months, or both such fine and imprisonment.

It is to be hoped that, in the interest of a fair trial of the direct primary plan, district attorneys will be vigilant and courts severe in meting out punishment where there has been either willful wrong-doing or culpable negligence in the conduct of the primary election.

The third paragraph in the above section throws a blanket protection over the direct primary law by declaring that all of the laws for the protection of general elections, and punishments provided, except as specially provided above, shall apply to the protection of primary elections as well as general. This is sufficiently sweeping to cover all requirements if the officers of the law, and good citizenship generally, will do their duty in vindicating this new method for ascertaining the political will of the people.

Nevertheless, we all know that election frauds are frequent and not often punished. In fact, illegal voting and making of false returns are frequently looked upon as good practical jokes on the other side. A main opportunity for fraud is in misreading ballots and mistallying the same. This requires that the whole election board be corrupt, but rascals seldom respect party lines and bosses of opposing parties too often work in harmony for the purpose of thwarting the popular will. This has been especially true in California, where the political bureau of a great corporation has assumed to conduct the affairs of both the great parties to effect offensive and defensive relations with manipulators in both parties. In such cases it does little good to have the election officers divided equally between the two great parties. However, good citizenship must do its best and let it go at that.

After all, the greatest danger that threatens the direct primary, in common with other elections, does not lie in the direction of positive offenses committed against it, nor yet in the dereliction of public officers charged with important duties, but rather with an indifferent, a selfish, negligent and unpatriotic citizenship that suffers professional politicians to run its government for it instead of taking the duty in hand itself. Neither the direct primary nor general elections will serve their full purpose without being somehow reinforced by some system of compulsory voting. The right to vote should never be separated from the duty to vote, and all the power that law can wield will not prove too great for making careless or indifferent citizenship perform its full duty to itself and to posterity.

Because of its newness there is hope that, this year, the direct primary will call out a full vote and, if it does call out such a vote, there is little reason to fear that thoroughly good tickets will not be nominated, but when the direct primary gets to be an old story, as old a story as the indirect primary has been in past years, the danger is that only a light vote will be cast at the primaries and that the vote will be cast by those who can least well be trusted with the welfare of the State. As a common experience only 25 per cent of the full voting constituency votes at a primary election, and that per cent is precisely that portion of the voting constituency that could best be dispensed with altogether. The crime against the direct primary most to be feared is that of not voting at all, an offense very serious and reprehensible but difficult to punish adequately.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "NEED AND WASTE"
—*By William Kent.*

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: MAY 27 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Every Precaution Taken

ARE ASSURED by the "scientists" in charge that every recaution will be taken to prevent accidents in the "con- be "pulled off" between the two heavyweight champions hood in San Francisco on the Fourth of July. Competent ans will make physical examinations of the contestants at ssal laboratory to be prepared for the purpose in advance scientific experimentation and, mayhap, the coroner after- What more?

How Aldrich Caught Taft

AS COME to the knowledge of this paper, just how is aterial, that Nelson W. Aldrich caught President Taft on t side of his impressionable nature by making confession ion and a determination to devote the remaining years of to such penitential good works in legislation as an humble may render with the aid of divine grace re-enforced by nonitions of advancing years and impaired health. This , but its effect might have been somewhat modified on id of the President had he recalled the case of the man elieving himself to be in extremis, sent for his enemy, confession of contrition, craved forgiveness and, being of it, and having shaken hands and said goodbye, raised upon his elbow and feebly called, "See here, old man, if vell this business don't go, you understand." There are es that Mr. Aldrich's health has improved.

Needed Fumigation

MER GOVERNOR ROLLINS of New Hampshire lately arned from Europe, where he had been with his A high tariff man at home, he is reported to have proved a rank free trader while returning home by having his l effects, and even his own person, infected with dutiable lities he was trying to smuggle in. He is said to have uch humiliated by the liberties the customs officials of ork took with him. It had been better had he landed in so that those who wish to commiserate him might know o find him.

A Danger To Conservation

RE IS DANGER that practical legislation in relation to servation of our nation's resources may run aground on k of widely diversified, but sympathetically co-operative, As all property owners in San Francisco were more than after the fire, to have all streets widened on which they no lots, but were implacably hostile to having any street l upon which their property abutted, so there is a general ness throughout the country to have the other fellow's es conserved, with a marked hostility to having any con- n of procurable wealth in sections of the country where ealth abounds. Except our national government present nantine front to every compromising interest little will f its conservation policy other than regrets over what ave been.

Graciously Permitted To Pay Bills

[AT DOLOROUS SPIRIT which so characterizes all his ic utterances, President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, sarcas- emarks that at all events railroad regulation by legislation is likely graciously to leave to the railroads the power to pay bills without interference. The distinguished mourner may find no little comfort in the reflection that in no single instance has a legislative remedy been proposed to be applied where there was not a public wrong long endured at the hands of an autocratic and unprincipled railroad management. Chickens are coming home to roost.

The Oblivious Mr. Anderson

MR. ALDEN ANDERSON'S keynote address, delivered at Sacramento Saturday evening last, appears to have been chiefly remarkable for what it did not contain. According to the Bee of that city, Mr. Anderson "did not extend to the one root-searching topic (whether or not California is to be bond or free) the passing tribute of an incidental nod." To be perfectly fair, how could he, in view of the very patent fact that his candidacy is being brought forward and sustained by the Political Bureau that, for forty years, has held the political life of the state in bondage? As that control is not susceptible of being defended, what other recourse has Mr. Anderson except to ignore the issue?

Not Guiltless

FOR THE SPILLING OF BLOOD and devastations of war renewed in Nicaragua the Great Republic cannot wash its hands of responsibility. What grown brother, seeing two of the little fellows of his family seeking to slash each other with knives, will not interfere to put a stop to the strife, restore order and maintain it, by superior force if need be? The performance of a similar service is due from Uncle Sam to the adolescent peoples to the southward and he cannot be held guiltless of their blood if he withholds his hand.

If the Election Were Held Tomorrow

WHETHER OR NOT the pending campaign be one of Hiram Johnson against the field it is manifestly one of the field against Hiram Johnson. If the primary election were held tomorrow Hiram Johnson would sweep the state with a clear majority over all competitors of all factions and all parties. But it is yet eighty-one days to the closing of the polls primary evening and what the field can do, what unlimited expenditure can accomplish, what a submerged, intricate and state-wide ramified political machine can bring about to poison the public mind against Hiram Johnson, and what he stands for, and to beguile public sentiment into a false feeling of security in political conditions as they are, will be done. It would be a marvel if all these efforts made no headway. It has been demonstrated before our eyes here in San Francisco that money enough, lies enough, ink enough, social pressure enough, re-enforced by enough of financial pressure of a materialistic character, can corrupt an effective plurality of an elective constituency. These are the forces of evil arrayed against the candidacy of Hiram Johnson and the cause of emancipation which he has so bravely espoused. Shall they be withstood? They can be and they must be if California is to be made a free state. If the reader can not help the cause in any other way let him induce some good, negligent man to go at once and register as a Republican that he may vote for Johnson and the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ticket at the primary election.

Another Learned Profession

For three hundred years anyone anywhere in the world, who wanted a farm of his own, had only to move out upon one of Uncle Sam's unoccupied farms and make it his own by living on it. From the four corners of the earth men flocked to America with their families to secure this boon theretofore unknown in the history of the world, and this has been the most stupendous fact in the civilization of Europe and America during three centuries.

But the free farms are gone. That escape valve from extortion and tyranny, however and wherever practiced, has been bolted shut. If the conditions of labor are hard, and toil unremunerative, men of Europe and America may no longer turn to the free lands of America to seek and find liberty and equality and a home of their own without paying tribute to any lord or landowner. Whatever new land is brought under cultivation now must be redeemed from swamp or aridity, from brush or rocks, and at so great a cost as to be beyond the reach of moneyless men.

The result of this changed condition is manifest in what amounts to a land craze sweeping over the country. The advance in the price of farms in the Middle West well-nigh equals that of corner lots in boom cities. The agricultural schools are booming. Fifteen years ago those whom the Agricultural College of California sent out to aid the farmers in their work had to catch the farmers where they could find them and hold them almost by main strength in order to get a chance to talk to them. Now when one of these professors goes out among the farmers he can hardly get away from them, so eager are they to have perplexing questions answered. The demand that the schools shall teach what the child of the farmer needs to know is becoming insistent, and men who can think and observe, figure and plan, are being attracted to agriculture as never before. The outlook is hopeful for those who can get to the land, but full of forebodings for those who can not, or for those who, being upon the land, cannot hope to own in fee any part of the earth's surface. Nowhere has a renter population been permanently free or far removed from penury. We must fight landlordism in America as we would fight peonage. Unresisted, the one will result in the other.

The enhanced price of land is going to shut the "fool farmer," the man who farms because he is not intelligent enough to do anything else, brother to the ox, having only muscle to sell, out of independent proprietorship. The capitalist is going to buy him out so quick that it will make his head swim, with the result that he and his family will soon find themselves in the unskilled, day-labor market, never more than thirty days from possible poverty. Per contra, the man who buys hundred-dollar land must know all that science can teach him of agriculture or lose his investment. The day when farming is to be one of the learned professions is at hand.

The Road to Nowhere

No man ever went into the presidential office with a clearer idea of what he wanted to accomplish during his administration than President Taft had when he was inaugurated, and no administration program ever outlined had more in it to commend it to the consciences and patriotisms of the people than the program which President Taft submitted for the consideration of Congress.

It will be useful to review this program lest we forget the splendid policies it so clearly outlined. Epitomized, they were as follows: A new tariff so protective as to equalize the cost of production at home and abroad and leave a reasonable profit to American capital; the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment legalizing a national income tax; a corporation tax partly for revenue and partly for putting the government in possession of information relating to corporations, the better to aid government in such control of corporations as will safeguard the public interest; a bill for the more adequate regulation of railroads as common carriers discharging a public function; such a Federal incorporation law as will permit great centralizations of industry, but prevent monopoly and punish extortion; such a reform of the land laws as will permit the development of our nation's resources and yet prevent waste and the imposition of extortionate charges for the use of the common heritage; statutory sanction for the executive withdrawals of public lands from entry pending needful legislation for their wise disposal; the establishment of a postal savings bank system for the convenience of small depositors, energizing latent capital and the relieving of government from bonded debt carried as an artificial and unscientific foundation for a currency system; such a law relating to injunctions as will prevent tyrannous conduct on the part of courts partial to property interests and unmindful of the higher rights of citizenship; a rectification of antique governmental methods that result in duplication of effort and extravagance in cost of operation; a broad and general advance in the powers of the Federal government commensurate with the requirements of a great and growing nation.

Does not the mere reading of this schedule of administration measures warm the heart of patriotism and fan the flame of enthusiasm?

But, "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

There were two possible courses open to the President through which he might hope to secure the crystallization of his splendid program into statutes. Thanks to the Roosevelt influence and his own, the essential principles of his policies had been embodied in the Republican national platform and the party committed to them. The President had a right, therefore, to appeal to the party management to redeem the party pledges, whatever the personal opinions of those party managers might be and notwithstanding any private or special interests they might wish to save. The only other course open to him was to appeal to those persons in Congress who favored these policies on principle without regard to party lines, and to appeal to the American public, likewise without regard to party lines, to sustain his policies and seek to force them through Congress by power of public opinion. The President, imbued with the false assumption that ours is a government wholly by party instead of being a government by public opinion, chose the course first above outlined with what probable consequences to his policies and the welfare of the nation no patriotic American can contemplate without concern.

He took into his cabinet Frank Hitchcock, a professional politician, whose rawness of method is scarcely exceeded by that of our own Lieutenant Governor. On the advice of Hitchcock the President selected for the interior portfolio, to further the interests of conservation, a man out of that portion of the country that is least in sympathy with conservation and most eager to enter upon exploitation of national resources, with consequences to the future to be left to the future. To prepare legislation for the restraint of predatory corporate interests he selected an attorney general trained by those interests and schooled to the idea that those interests ought to have what they want. Tariff revision he placed in the keeping of the finest representative of the economic philosophy that production is the only good, that profit on capital is the paramount concern and that if the multitude do get wages it is an impertinence for it to ask more. In charge of legislation for the control of railroads he placed one of the great railway feudal lords of our land, a man who stands for railroad control of government rather than for government control of railroads. And so on to the end of the chapter.

If the President had studied how not to accomplish the splendid program to which he had committed his administration he could not have prearranged his own defeat with greater certainty than he has done by the methods he has pursued. Not one man upon whom he has relied to bring his policies to fruition is a whole-hearted believer in the policies or will, if he can help it, permit more than the most meager pretense of those policies to be crystallized into law.

This does not imply the faithlessness of the President to the splendid policies he so early and so clearly proclaimed, but it does imply that he is a better judge of measures than of men, and that he lacks that mastery of forces at his command without which no man can be a doer of great works. A splendid subordinate, as he has again and again demonstrated himself to be, except he turn about, retrace his steps and choose the alternative course of action open to him at the start, the history of his administration will be written in terms of failure as an executive as humiliating as those scored by James Buchanan. Where the ways parted William Howard Taft took the road that led nowhere.

Merely a Contest

Mr. Supervisor Herget is authority for the statement that gentlemen Jeffries and Johnson are not to fight in San Francisco on the Fourth of July, or elsewhere or at all. They are merely to contest. Largess to Herget for his discovery!

We are also to understand from this that David did not go out to fight Goliath, but only to contest with him, that the American colonies contested with the mother country for eight years as the Netherlands contested with Spain for eighty years and with the sea unto this day. The war between the States which raged for four years was not in fact a war but only a contest, and Theodore Roosevelt did not in fact establish peace between Japan and Russia, but instead merely brought the contest to a termination. Great is Herget! By the time he has finished softening the asperities of the English language, nothing will mean anything any more, and it will be impossible to employ the English language for describing a fight, if such a phenomenon should unhappily occur, by reason of not having words fit to convey the meaning, even as the verb "to kick" is inexpressible in the line of the French.

But cannot Herget and his McCarthyite associates be somehow taken at their word and the public assured that Jeffries and Johnson are, in very truth, not to fight? It will be the pugilistic event deader than putrid mackerel. Assured that it is only to be a sparring match, not a hundred persons would cross the bay, to say nothing of crossing the continent, to witness the "contest" or pay more than

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cents admission to get in if they arrived e door of the hippodrome. To speak of contest" as "scientific" is also to take un- nted liberties with our mother tongue. o much of science will be involved in the nter as would suffice for mauling a beefsteak into tenderness with a rolling for these pugilists get tougher and er the more they are mauled. ay with such insincere pottering with anguage! That event is either to be a or a fight. If it turns out a fake, thou- will be robbed of what they have come id paid much to see, and if it turns out a fight to a finish of human endurance ll prove an exhibition of brutality de- izing to our national life, subversive of l relations between two races and a ace to a city that has been too much in lare of reproach to endure greater degra- n without danger of irreparable injury. Francisco is accused of having no moral and if that fight—"f-i-g-h-t," Mr. Her- comes off on the anniversary of our na- life, there are millions who will accept cusation at par value.

The Need and the Waste

"backbone" article for the week, from n of Mr. William Kent, has to do with deeper concerns of the social whole the law is little likely to reach and must be dealt with, if at all, by what we all the genius of our national life. "As thinketh so is he," and as a nation th so is that nation. The wastes and is of our American national and in- l life are terrific. To be heedless of the to be as irresponsible as the spendthrift s certainly foredoomed to a heritage of y for the many and of indolent affluence e few. The greater half of the prob- treating a disease lies in making a cor- iagnosis. This Mr. Kent has done with ight that is as creditable to his humani- to his mental endowments, both not in- erable. There are those among us who regulate and legislate these maladjust- out of the social body. They are the aths of political economy and states- ip, and they are not wholly in the , but the malady lies deeper than mas- an reach. It has its seat in the soul to be reached mainly by that subtle ce that has been pervading the vital for nineteen centuries, if not longer, like hidden in measures of meal. We hear of Christian socialism, but not as much need to hear of that Christian democracy ill make every man ill content to be an industrial drone or a soldier in the ess host of the malemployed. The gos- useful service needs a million advocates day in the year.

United States of the World

communication, in another column, ex- ig the hope that Theodore Roosevelt ee his way clear to head a movement formation of the United States of the , and that he may be the first president will strike a responsive chord in many but the brain of our correspondent is e only one in which the idea has been ting. It would probably be within to say that it has taken a more or finite form in the minds of millions in e as well as in America, and it cannot t it has not had a place in the thinking odore Roosevelt himself.

odore Roosevelt is now the most strik- rsonality on the globe, but he has done g so far that entitles him to a perma- lace in history shoulder to shoulder with ngton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln or He has planted much and tilled well, cept there be a harvest all his effort to naught and, except there be a per- t enrichment of the world because he ed, he will not live in that select "Who Is Who" that survives the ravages of time. Caesar, Napoleon, Cromwell, even Wellington, all these have carved their names enduringly in the history of the world, but not yet Theodore Roosevelt. If he retire now it will be difficult a generation hence to point the spot where the wave of forgetfulness rolled over his devoted head. The man of the hour he has proved himself, but not the man of his time. In the heyday of life, good fortune favoring, he has time for that yet, but for it he needs a broader stage than this continent affords. He must become a world character or perish.

There is just one service, above all others, for the performance of which the world waits. Heavier almost than the burden of sin, harder almost to be borne than the burden of greed, rest upon the back of humanity the armaments of the world, maintained for wars that never come off, and need never. Almost the net results of the toil of two continents goes for the maintenance of that military and naval preparedness for war that no one wants, and as a prevention against war that is almost as costly as war. Our own peace-loving nation is about to contribute $134,000,000 to be thrown into the sea as propitiation of the god of war that he may grant us peace.

Almost anything can be done if only someone will do it. Secretary Philander C. Knox looms relatively small upon the globe's horizon, yet he is meeting with encouragement from the nations in his efforts to secure the permanency of The Hague Arbitral Court of Nations. Were Theodore Roosevelt, as special ambassador to the great nations in the interests of a permanent court of nations and a parliament of the world, to throw his transcendant personality into the scale in favor of a limited armament and federation of the great nations in the interests of world-order and world-peace there is no fore-knowing what results might follow. Much as we need him in the White House, now that conservation and regulation are at sixes and sevens, we can spare him for this greater task. It were ignoble in him to do this that his name may live, but if he do it his name will live, taking rank second only to that of the Prince of Peace.

Memorial Day Thoughts

Protest was made lest the orator of memorial day in San Francisco make the solemn ceremonial the occasion for expressions touching on morals or religion. There are elements in our social life that accept every such reference as directed to themselves, and with reason. Being under condemnation they wince at every tingle of the lash of criticism. When they hear a "Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites," their flesh quivers and their hearts quake.

But what shall any orator say on Memorial Day, that can be worth being said, if he take not for his text the eternal truth that, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," and seek to thrust the fact upon the consciousness of his hearers in all the ways that intelligence or genius may devise?

It is well to speak of the personal bravery of those who went forth to strive against an enemy that dared to meet them in the open field, but far more to the purpose to speak of that subtle greed and ignoble scheming that forced the war upon a long-suffering people; to speak of that commercial poltroonery that would have suffered the Union to be dismembered, and men to be held in bondage, lest business be hurt. All honor to those who bore the brunt of that conflict! All dishonor to those who paltered with wrong-doing that they might make a profit out of it, that debased statesmanship rather than vindicate the rights of man! Unless Memorial Day be the occasion for a searching of the souls of men it were better that it passed unobserved.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The writer well remembers the first time he saw the subject of this sketch. He was carrying an armful of fodder across the barnyard to his horse. Tall and slender he was then, but well made and active. The writer drew rein and chatted with him awhile, finding him intelligent and well informed about the things by which he was surrounded. He knew the good land from the poor, the crop that would pay from the one that would not, and nothing delighted him better than to get hold of a wild colt that he might break him to saddle.

But his father was concerned for him. He was given to hanging around Chinatown at the little city just springing up a few miles away and it was hard to keep him steadily applying himself. He never missed a dance within reach, and the father was afraid that the son might walk in his own footsteps, but he didn't. He came to himself within a few years and made a stalwart man of affairs.

Another picture the writer has of him as first baseman in a ball game. That position requires stability and reliability and he made good. When it came his turn at the bat the field men quickly scattered, for, if he did not sliver the bat or fan the air, he was certain to send that ball higher or farther than any other man on the team.

He was a practical man of affairs and yet cherished ideals. When he saw a piece of land he saw what it was good for and nothing suited him better than to marshal the forces of nature and of men, of horses and capital, to make that land productive, and he succeeded. He scored few failures and many successes, was always an unhurried man who, nevertheless, kept things humming in many activities. He cherished ideals and thought things out. His influence was on the right side, notwithstanding that many of his associations were commercialized to the last degree. It was profitable to consult him on almost any affair where common sense was needed. His education was only that of the common schools, and perhaps the business college, but he read much and ruminated over what he read to good effect. Sufficiently affluent to live where he cared to and go where he wished, he traveled some, shifted from place to place, wound up most of his enterprises and took things easy while yet in the very prime of his manhood. Who would not have written opposite his name in letters of gold that consummation of the American ideal—success?

When the change began to take place the writer knows not, for the subject of this sketch had passed out of the writer's orbit save as now and again chance threw them together as ships passing, greeting and going on, but certain it is that there was a disintegration. Purposeful hitherto, he began to take hold of affairs with nerveless hand. Steadfast theretofore, he began to flit from one enterprise to another, only skimming the surface of any, soon tiring and quitting. A mild cynicism began to manifest itself and then rumor hinted at a nervous breakdown followed by months of retirement during which his old associates knew not where he was. From this he by and by emerged to dabble a little in affairs. Then he stripped himself to his under garments, turned on the gas jets, stretched himself upon the floor of his room and the tragedy was complete. Majesty in ruins!

Who sinned, this man or his father, that failure should be written in terms of suicide? His father was a dipsomaniac, at any rate, a periodical drunkard. Somehow there was a deterioration of nerve element, a breaking down of fiber, a virility that sufficed only for youth and early manhood, a robustness that was more apparent than real. Or was he called upon to pay the penalty of refusing to pull his weight in the world before advancing years gave him a right to retire? It is not often that the world loses in a taking-off through suicide, as it probably did not in this instance, for he had quit. Inquests in such cases should be held by psychologists, alienists and moralists rather than by coroners. The suicide problem requires scientific research.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Government by Commission Increases

The growth of the commission form of government for municipalities, since it first was tried in Galveston, Texas, has been remarkable. Texas herself, having the first and closest view of the practical working of the plan, has given it her unqualified indorsement by adopting it in every city and town of any importance in the state. Kansas is not far behind, ninety per cent of her cities of any size now being operated under this form of government. Then comes Iowa, with more than three-fourths of her urban population governing itself in this manner. These are the states in which the plan has been most widely adopted, but there is hardly a state which contains no cities thus governed. Thus far some seventy of our cities have adopted the plan, these including a considerable number of 75,000 to 160,000 each. At present Buffalo, with a population of about 400,000, is the largest city with such a government, but although large communities move slowly, it is not the less a fact that they do move, and so it is reasonable to presume that a conception of the value of the Galveston plan gradually will work its way into the perceptions of the urbanites, and they then will adopt it. It was good seed that the once-demolished Texas city sowed, and it is spreading mightily.

They Voted the Devil In

The wicked agnostics who have insisted that there is no such thing as a personal devil may as well go 'way back and sit down in the seats of the scornful where they belong. They have been voted out, and at the same time the devil was voted in, by an educational council; and it must be admitted that those who educate the people should know what ails the people. It came to pass in Budapest, Hungary, in the following manner: A boy asked a certain professor whether such a thing as a devil exists. "No," the professor replied. "No sensible person believes in the existence of the devil." It chanced that religious exercises came next, and the boy sprung the professor's heresy then and there on the gentleman who conducted them. The class was dismissed immediately, the conductor presumably feeling that he could not conduct religious services without a personal devil. After that the war was on. A meeting of all the Budapest teachers was called, and the friends and enemies of his Satanic Majesty had their hands full for a time. Hot words were poured out like water, and the disputants exchanged uncomplimentary opinions of one another which were not under the sacred seal of confidence. Then a vote was taken, and the brimstone despot won out, his existence being affirmed. It grieves, however, to narrate that he did so by a close scratch, having a majority of but two. A variation of only two, and the Evil One would have been put out of business by educational fiat—and then how would a person account for some of the business he sees transacted?

Estimates of City Population

Neither official nor semi-official estimates of the population of the chief cities of the United States can yet be obtained, but a certain amount of subdued interest pertains to the estimates formed by statistical experts and based on such more or less accurate information as they can obtain. The population of the eleven largest cities of the country according to the census of 1900 and their population, thus estimated, in 1910, follow: New York, 3,431,202 and 4,730,350; Chicago, 1,698,575 and 2,610,681; Philadelphia, 1,293,697 and 1,545,800; St. Louis, 575,238 and 750,000; Boston, 560,892 and 629,478; Baltimore, 508,957 and 650,000; Cleveland, 381,768 and 550,000; Buffalo, 352,902 and 460,000; Pittsburg, 321,616 and 580,000. The interesting feature of these estimates is the relative standing of the various cities in 1900 and 1910. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis retain their places at the head of the list, Baltimore and Boston exchange fifth and sixth places, Pittsburg leaps from eleventh to seventh place, and Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco and Cincinnati drop a notch apiece in the scale. Pittsburg, it will be noted, has been "going some;" at any rate, if the estimates are approximately correct, but how crude and unreliable they are will be appreciated when it is observed that a number of the cities (San Francisco, for instance) are "lumped off" in hundreds or fifties of thousands of population. We shall know more about it after Uncle Sam has made his announcements.

The Increase of Insanity

Insanity is steadily increasing in our country. That is to say, it increases more rapidly than the population. This is the report from nearly or quite all of the states, but a few illustrations will be cited to show the degree of increase. During the last two decades the population of the state of New York increased 53 per cent; insanity increased 97 per cent, or nearly twice as fast as the population did, and there is one lunatic to every 340 inhabitants. In Idaho the proportion of insane in state charge in 1880 was as one to 1300 of population, in 1900 it was one in 769; in Washington in 1880 it was one in 695, in 1900 one in 402. About thus the record runs in all of the states. Heredity is the chief cause of insanity, but alcoholism is a close second. Here is a fact that is worthy of note: In 1900, 80.5 of our population of ten years of age or over were native born, and 19.5 per cent were foreign born. But only 65.7 per cent of the insane in public care were of native birth, while 34.3 per cent were of foreign birth. That is, the proportion of foreign born insane was more than double that of the native born. The deduced argument in favor of more stringent regulations to guard ourselves against inoculation with this virus of insanity seems to be difficult to answer. In a country where mad and unreasoning hurry trends toward insanity anyway, we cannot too carefully guard against introducing more.

The Earth's Hot Interior

It is warm down stairs, provided the stairs go deep enough—which is merely a metaphorical method of announcing the long-recognized fact that the interior of the earth constantly grows hotter as its center is approached. Recently, by means of a hole bored near Czuchow, Upper Silesia, its temperature has been taken at the greatest depth yet tested by man. The hole is about six inches in diameter, was bored for the sake of obtaining scientific data, and it was the original intention that it should attain a depth of 8,200 feet, but the increasing difficulty of boring put an end to the work at 7,456 feet. At that depth the temperature of the earth was 182 degrees, Fahrenheit, above zero. The test agreed with those heretofore made in determining that the temperature increases a degree with every 54 feet of descent. The tests were official, inasmuch as they were made under the authority and control of the Prussian government.

The Horse Still Is Here

When the bicycle came in many people said, "Well, the horse will have to go," but the horse stayed. Then the automobile came, and more people said, "Well, the horse certainly will go this time." The horse still is here, but it may be mere justice to the prophets of equine-disaster to say that his numbers are decreasing in the great cities. For instance, ten years ago there were 450,000 horses in the city of London, and now there are but 110,000; more than three-fourths of them are gone. More and more the horse will become a rarity in the cities, but the country will not lose him, and he still will continue to render his valuable services unto mankind

David Belasco is going to change the name of his Forty-second Street Theater in New York back to the Republic, and the present Stuyvesant on Forty-fourth street will hereafter be the Belasco "Home" Theater.

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SEA-SLEEP

By Thomas Lake Harris

Sleep, sleep, sleep
n thy folded waves, O Sea!
Till the quiet breathings creep
Vith a low-voiced melody,
Out of the glimmering deep.
or sleep is the close of life;
'Tis the end of love, and its birth;
'is the quieting of strife,
And the silencing of mirth.
Hush and sleep!

'lose thou thy lids, O Sea,
On palaces and towers;
)ream on deliciously
Deep in thy dreamland bowers.
Vaken us not again,
Beating upon our shore,
.ousing the strife in men
With full and thunderous roar.

)rop from thy crested heights,
To still repose and rest;
'old us in hushed delights,
With dream-flowers from thy breast:
'ot as the poppies are
But lilies cool, that weep
'ears that as kisses scar
To soothe for slumbers deep.

lush thou the little waves,
Hush with a low-voiced song,
'ill the Under-Deep that laves
Thy lucid floor lifts strong;
ill the Under-Word is borne
To this weary world of ours,
nd lives, for love that mourns,
Fold as as the dew-dipped flowers.

est thou in time's unrest,
In the bloom-bell and the brain;
hen loose, all silver-tressed,
The streamings of thy mane:
liding, dissolving so,
That we at peace may be,
leep in thy silver glow,
Thy azure calm, O Sea;
Make lullaby!

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or $1.50 a copy. Most novels do not last
r than one year. Those that do sell
greater length of time may continue to
ofitable at that price for two or three
longer. But, except in the case of an
rdinary novel, that is the limit of po-
l sale at such a price.

il lately, the reaching of this point in
reer of a book meant the end of it as a
ercial asset. But a firm of young men
iladelphia conceived the idea of buying
lates of books that had reached this
and making very cheap reprints from
to be sold by the retail trade at 50 cents
y. The idea seemed fantastic when it
rst suggested, but some remarkable re-
have been achieved with it.

instance, there is a book called "Free-
a very pleasant little story that was
hed four or five years ago without mak-
ny particular stir in the world. It sold
well—say ten thousand copies. That is
derate success. The book went to the
f its rope as a selling proposition at the
r price, and was about ready to die
fully and noiselessly. Then the reprint
:ame along and bought the plates. They
d to pay the original publishers a small
y, and the author an equal amount, on
copy they should sell. They have late-
ld the one hundred and sixtieth thou-
of this cheap edition, and see no indi-
is of a failing sale of it for years to come.
s is only one example of a more and
frequently recurring phenomenon.

ADVANCE ROYALTIES

Authors whose books sell from 80,000 to 100,000 copies receive from $25,000 to $30,000 royalty on each novel. Royalty to authors of this rank is 20 per cent of the retail sale price, or 30 cents a copy. There are not many writers so successful as this, but John Fox, Jr., James Lane Allen, Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Winston Churchill and several others, sell this well.

An incident in this connection is the payment to such authors of royalties before they are earned. Any of the writers named above can go to their publishers and ask for an advance on the royalties of a forthcoming novel. Some of them have received as much as $20,000 in advance royalties on a book that they have not only not written but whose subject, even, they have not decided upon.

PLACING "DAVID HARUM"

It is not generally known that the manuscript of "David Harum" was turned down by practically every publisher in the United States before it was finally printed, but such is the fact. After several years of travel from "reader" to "reader," the author took it back to Appleton's, who were the first people to read it. He asked for one more examination of it. The answer was this: "Our regular reader has turned it down, and to please you we have had it re-read by five or six men in the house on whose judgment we finally rely. Every one of them says it is no good. But if you insist on it, and it will make you any happier, we'll put it on our list, but we warn you it will never pay the cost of printing."

The author did insist, and the book was an instantaneous success, selling more copies than any other book ever published sold in the same length of time. To date, including the cheaper reprint editions, "David Harum" has sold more than a million and a half copies. The author's royalties, had he lived to enjoy them, would now amount to about $300,000.

REFORMED JUDAISM

A large share of present-day Jews have reinterpreted the religious literature of Judaism, and have altered many phases of the orthodox faith. A leader in this movement is Dr. Joseph Silverman, rabbi of the Temple Emanu-el of New York. The New York Times, which is owned by a Jew, gives the following account of this liberalizing movement:

"In furtherance of their ideals, Reformers have distinguished in Judaism between the essentials and the non-essentials, the essentials being as follows:

"**First: Acceptance of the belief in the unity and spirituality of the Godhead,** based upon the Biblical doctrine: 'Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God, the Lord is One.'

"**Second: Worship of God through suitable prayers and ceremonies in harmony with modern conditions,** based upon the Biblical doctrine: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind.'

"**Third: Obedience to the moral law, especially the Decalogue,** based upon the Biblical injunction: 'These are the laws which thou shalt keep in order that thou shalt live through them; thou shalt love thy fellow-man as thyself.'

"**Fourth: Salvation or spiritual regeneration through righteousness,** based upon the Biblical phrase: 'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

"**Fifth: The law of eternal progress, leading us ever nearer to perfection,** based on the verses: 'And God through Moses told the children of Israel that they should go forward.' 'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

"**Sixth: The ultimate redemption and the unity of all mankind,** based on the Biblical teaching: 'Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all? Why, then, shall we deal treacherously one against the other?'

"**Seventh: The mission of Israel as the world's priest people,** based upon the doctrine of the Bible: 'Ye shall be a kingdom of priests and a holy people,' and upon the words given to Abraham: 'Through thee shall all the nations of the world be blessed.'

"**Eighth: Belief in the Messianic era foreshadowed by the Prophets,** a time when men 'shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks and learn the arts of war no more.'

"In the spirit of these principles and ideals reformers have revised the Jewish prayer book, have eliminated from it every expression of a purely national character, the prayer for the rebuilding of the Palestinian kingdom, for the coming of the Redeemer to Zion, for the restoration of the ancient temple, the prayer for the resurrection of the dead, and have retained or substituted prayers for the welfare of the country in which we live, for the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, for immortality of the soul.

"Reform Judaism has ceased to keep a day of mourning for the loss of the ancient Palestinian kingdom, because it accepts the decree of heaven, the logic of incontrovertible conditions, and looks forward with hope of success to a spiritual conquest of humanity.

"Reform Judaism is not destructive, as has been often claimed. It is not a negation; it is a positive constructive religion. While it has permitted laxity in the practice of the dietary laws and the performance of certain rites, while it may have abrogated other laws and practices, it has on the whole not taken away anything from Judaism that was essential for the preservation of its essence; but has rather engrafted upon it many new forms that have redounded to the dignity of the religious worship and the permanent benefit of the faith. It has removed the hat-covering from men in the synagogue, and has abolished the women's gallery, instituted family pews, prayers and sermons in the vernacular, the organ and the mixed choir, with modern music, in addition to traditional tunes. It has given us the institution of confirmation for boys and girls in place of Bal Mitzvah for boys only. It has retained the historical Sabbath, and every festival that teaches an eternal truth, like the truths of freedom, revelation, repentance, reformation, thanksgiving, and loyalty to one's convictions. It has instituted late Friday evening and Sunday services and lectures. It has given us the modern religious school, has emphasized the ethical points of our religion more than the ceremonial, and has taught that the ceremonial is only a means to an end, a vessel to carry the spiritual truths to the mind and the heart in plastic form, and when the vessel has become impaired it may be changed for a better one.

"Reform has, above all, insisted upon the precept and practice of the doctrines of truth, love, charity, patriotism, justice, humanity, as the Bible has taught. It has insisted upon teaching that God is Truth absolute, Love absolute, Justice absolute in the universe. And we find all that in essence in the Bible and the Talmud."

LOST LINES OF "ELEGY"

The following lines were dropped from Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," because they retarded the movement of the poem. Lowell said of them that they could not be obliterated from the memory of man, even if Gray did run his pen through them:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found:
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

A new Dooley book, to be called "Mr. Dooley Says," by Finley Peter Dunne, is to be brought out soon. These, the latest and some of the best of Mr Dooley's sayings, include his opinions on Divorce, Glory, Woman Suffrage, The Bachelor Tax, Panics, Ocean Travel, Work, Drugs, the Rising of Subject Races, and many other things.

ALLISON WARE

AN EDUCATOR WITH PROGRESSIVE IDEAS ABOUT HIGH SCHOOLS

Mr. Allison Ware is an educator with ideas as well as ideals. He has worked with his hands as well as with his head. He has seen life as a college student, as a day laborer, as a citizen of a boom mining camp in Alaska, as a teacher in the public schools, and as a teacher of teachers in the State Normal School at San Francisco. He has thus been steeped, not only in education for life, but in life as an education.

He has thus had the full advantage of a technical training for the technical profession of teaching. But he has, in addition, retained the openness of mind to new ideas that comes only from practical experience in the world of men. These new ideas have taken form in definite plans for progress in the practice of teaching in the public schools. It is to attain the opportunity to present these plans to the teachers of California that Mr. Ware has listened to the persuasians of his friends that he run for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Before discussing these ideas, however, let us run over, briefly, Mr. Ware's career. He is thirty years of age; born in Santa Rosa, he was there educated in the public schools, and thence entered the University of California. After two years and a half of college work, he left the university, and married. He entered the employ of the Southern Pacific Company as a fireman on the trains running out of San Francisco. After three months labor as a coal-passer, he joined the first big gold rush to Nome, Alaska. There he did many things. He went to practice law, but there were neither law nor courts. He dug for gold. He traded in miner's outfits. He sold steamship tickets. For a time he worked as a common laborer on lighter barges, landing goods from ships. One day he worked twenty hours at a stretch, but as longshoremen earned $1.00 an hour, that was not so bad.

Alaska did not give Mr. Ware a fortune, but it did give him enough to pay for his return to the University of California, and the completion of his course. He now determined to teach school until he could save enough to permit him to settle in some county seat and hold out until he could build up a practice as a lawyer. His teaching experience of a year each at Lemoore and Hanford in Kings county, decided him to stay in the teaching profession. He had found his life work.

Five years ago, immediately following his term at Hanford, Mr. Ware was offered a position as assistant to the principal of the San Francisco State Normal School. Here he has been ever since. Here his mind has become broadened, his reputation has gone out over all the State as a thinker, as a brilliant speaker and as an unusual instructor.

To return to Mr. Ware's ideas, he was astonished to find that the school statistics of California show that 70 per cent of the boys who enter high school never finish the course, and that a smaller, but not less significant, percentage of the girls also drops out. Mr. Ware then searched the curriculum of the schools to find the reason. Here is the condition that he found:

All the courses of study in the ordinary high school have been planned with an eye single to the purpose of preparing students for the universities, and the courses of the universities have largely been designed to graduate specialists in scholarship.

Now, said Mr. Ware, it is not more reasonable to expect that all boys and all girls shall wish to be specialists in scholarship than it is reasonable to suppose that all boys and all girls shall wish to be specialists in medicine, or law, or farming, or blacksmithing. Specialists in scholarship are indispensable, but they are a very small proportion of the people.

Why not, then, alter the courses of instruction in high schools so as to bring them closer in touch with the life which the average high school pupil means to lead?

Some steps have already been taken in this direction. Manual training has been tried, but there is still much to do before it will be a practical, effective preparation for life needs.

Polytechnic high schools were founded. They have been eagerly patronized, showing that they answer a genuine need, and that, for a percentage of the students at least, they have brought high school instruction into touch with real life. Besides these, there should be opportunity for boys and girls to learn industrial trades, and in each populous farming district there should be an agricultural school where farm life is given the study it deserves.

But, most important of all, the ordinary courses in high schools, thought Mr. Ware, could be so altered as to bring them into intelligible relation to life, so that students would find them so interesting and so useful that they would be anxious to fill out the full four years of high school study. There is,

MR. ALLISON WARE

he says, a useful culture and a useful scholarship of worth to all of the boys and girls of the land. For instance, consider how English is taught in the high schools, and how it might be taught. The student in high schools as they are is introduced to English literature with Milton's "Lycidas," "Paradise Lost" and "Comus." These poems have their interest for the specialist in literature, and for those of mature taste and large reading, whose appetite for books has been refined and educated to a point where they can appreciate them. But the young mind, overflowing with energy, and fresh from contact with the contemporaneous world of vivid realities, finds in these English songs only a puzzling medley of long forgotten gods and strange inversions of archaic English, that do not sing to him of things present or things familiar.

In the schools as they are, too often the student is introduced to the English novel through the medium of one of the worst novels conceivable for the purpose—"The Vi of Wakefield," which also deals with obsole customs, strange peoples and the unfami past.

Why not, says Mr. Ware, give Ameri boys and American girls an introduction English literature through the old, wo worn poetry and legend and literature of race, as well as through the best of conte poraneous writings which sing or tell American, local, familiar things and pe in stirring modern English? For exampl student is far more likely to acquire a ta for fiction if the first novel that he reads one by Owen Wister or Winston Churc than if it be by Goldsmith or Fielding.

Again, consider history as it is taught as it might be taught. The history that dinned into pupils of the high schools is history of age-old kings and governments, Carthaginian merchant princes, Phara mummied and unnamed these two thous years. Children early in their teens taught of charters, treaties of peace betw puny European states, petty rulers, intermi ble and meaningless dates.

Can children be expected to acquire a ta for history with such an unreal and unap tizing introduction as this? By no mea Why not begin the teaching of history in high schools with the period of McKinle first election, and teach the children fa about American life as it is lived now by th fathers and mothers, American life as th will live it ten years from now, using familiar names and incidents of which th hear daily at their homes, giving form substance and continuity to the facts wh they have already largely in their minds rough outline? Then, as they advance grade, trace back into early epochs of Am ican history movements and men that sh this time as we find it. Advancing furt still, trace back American origins into E lish history, and, last of all, join this kno edge of the present and the immediate p with the long and dimming perspective universal history.

The schools teach modern science. Th do so in response to a demand that becae effective twenty-five years ago—this same mand that education be brought into clo relation with life. The science courses, a have been edited by specialists in scholarsh The specialists have removed from courses all those things that have anythi to do with every-day life, and have left o the technical skeleton of science—the labo tory demonstrations of abstract princip For example, high school students perfo laboratory experiments to determine the re tive resistance of various substances to passage of a current of electricity. It is to doubted if one student in a thousand who p forms these experiments successfully w ever told that the homely incandescent la is one of the practical applications of t knowledge. It is certainly improbable t Edison knew as much about resistance, wh he invented the lamp, as the average h school student is taught in his physics cla

Life is full of science, but it is science plied. It is applied in the work of conser tion, sanitation, good health movements, and all the marvelous and wonder working inv tions of the age. Let boys and girls who to understand the world today be taught applications of science rather than the te nical scientific scholarship that deals with stract principles unapplied to human use.

These examples only illustrate Mr. Wa idea of the radical deficiencies in high sch instruction, and of a remedy for them. Th do not give anything like a complete exp sion of his ideas, but, as Superintendent Public Instruction, Mr. Ware would be in position to expound these ideas with the ent public school system of the State for his terested audience. Undoubtedly, he could th perform a great public service in bringing common schools closer to the needs and id of the twentieth century.

Another idea of Mr. Ware's relates esp cially to the function of State Superintende That office, in California at least, has hithe been mainly engaged in clerical duties. It has had little influence in unifying the practice teaching in California. It has gathered

(Continued on Page 431.)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Honey, Mah Honey

y, mah honey, de ebenin' shades am
llin',
shaddahs gittin' longah an' de air am
rowin' chill,
h heah de ghost ob voices dat am callin',
ey am callin',
voices unfohgotten dat forebahmo' am
ill.
n waitin' foh de summons w'en de dulles'
ir mus' listen:
haht am beatin' slowah dan hit ebah
e ter do,
t times de teahdrops gaddah an' upon
ah cheek dey glisten
n Ah'm yeahnin', oh, mah honey, Ah
n yeahnin' unto you.

Ah wants to hol' yo' hand in mine,
Ah wants to see yo' deah eyes shine
Wid lub dat made mah life divine,
Mah honey, oh, mah honey!

y, mah honey, mah haht am cryin',
Lonely!"
Ah listen foh an ansah from de lan'
eyon' de mist:
lah isn't any ansah 'cept de night win's
ghin' only,
only in mah dreamin' by de lips ob lub
h'm kissed;
ct dat use ter hurry dey am totterin' on
highway,
Ah nebah see de faces ob companions
t I knew,
e great, broad road ob libin' am a narrer,
irrer byway,
Ah'm yeahnin', oh, mah honey, Ah am
ahnin' unto you.

Ah wants to meet yo' on dat sho'
Whah dah's no pahtin' ebahmo',
An' lin' de lub dat went befo',
Mah honey, oh, mah honey!

* * *

Thoughtful Man on the Situation

e country must be saved," said the
ghtful Man; "it must be preserved—not
arily in alcohol, as my friends of the
Arch feel would be best, but preserved
the hoi polloi. Who are the hoi polloi,
u ask? Sir, they are the people. Who
e people? Sir, they are the hoi polloi.
ountry must be saved from them; saved
few deft individuals who have learned
o manipulate it.
is talk of surrendering a government of
ople, by the people and for the people,
people must be nipped in the bud, sir.
ople are unworthy to rule themselves.
y were not, do you suppose that for
years they would have submitted to be
by a handful of men distinguished for
nore than for brains and for acquisi-
ss rather than for conscience? Can a
who have, with bovine placidity, sub-
to such self-stultification be capable of
ing themselves? Not on your life! The
ho are willing to govern them for the
ds really are doing them a favor.
stand ready, sir, to govern these peo-
o have during thirty years demonstrated
ncapacity to do anything for themselves.
is ready, so is Anderson, so is Stan-
o is Ellery (in his dream), and, above
is Herrin. With these ready, what more
we ask? Any one of them would fill the
, and, as is well known, Herrin already
ie breaches. You are with us, are you

s, but so was a carbuncle with the man's
said I.

* * *

Hot Air

gressman Sylvester C. Smith, whose vo-
aside from politics, is that of editor,
ly announced that if he were running for
he would, as a sort of preliminary, de-
slap the face of every editor in the
ned city.

l we, then, fear when Smith's around,
nd plead for Heaven's care?
no! From Bakersfield he hails,
merely gives what there prevails—
Hot air.

The Opinions of Rufus

Consid'rin' es evil communications corrupt good manners, I'm blowed if I see how some married folks keep es respectable es they do.

The man whose opinions are too sot sometimes is unpleasant company, but he's a kingpin compared with the man that never has any opinions till he finds out which side is payin' the most.

A hen's cackle ain't es musical es a canary's warble, but, with eggs at present prices, it's fully es soothin'.

It's said that all things come to him that waits, but I can't help noticin' that some of the things that come don't justify much hangin' round for 'em.

When I hear a man sayin' mean things 'bout women I can't help wonderin' 'bout his mother.

When I see one criminal goin' to state prison an' another criminal settin' at educational banquets—well, I can't help thankin' God that his justice ain't claimed to be the same es man's.

The man that looks with suspicion on all men may be mistaken, but I'll bet he's middlin' well acquainted with himself.

I come a long way frum losin' all confidence in any man whose wife an' children believe in him.

'Bout the only brilliant thing 'bout some people I've met is the diamonds they wear. Prob'ly you've noticed the same kind, ain't you?

If we folks could see each other jest es we reely are—well, where do you reckon would be the best place to hide?

* * *

They Saw the Comet, but—

The record of one of the best truthful stories I have heard concerning comet-gazers runs as follows:

Some thirty or forty people who reside near the intersection of Ellis and Gough streets, San Francisco, decided that they would see the comet before daybreak of the 16th instant. So about 2 or 3 o'clock a. m. they crawled out of their warm, comfortable beds, donned clothing sufficient to pass muster in the eyes of a critical, comet-gazing world, and went out on the chill and inhospitable streets. It was so c-c-c-cold! You have no idea how c-c-c-cold it was unless you were out.

And the worst of it was that they couldn't find any comet. This was very disappointing, and they tried to run down several stars and make comets of them, but they didn't succeed, not strikingly so, anyway, for the stars preferred to remain just common, ordinary stars. Finally one of these incipient astronomers discovered something.

"Why, girls," she said, "see what a perfectly lovely searchlight there is above our heads!"

The other scientists said that it was, indeed, perfectly lovely, and they fell to wondering where it originated. Some thought it came from Goat island, others from a man-of-war, and yet others from the chutes, but finally all agreed that they couldn't afford to be monkeying with a searchlight when a comet was waiting to be found, and so they returned to their labor of trying to attach tails to several of the fixed stars. They retired from the unsuccessful field about sunrise, and they were a unit in agreeing that comets don't repay the labor people expend upon them.

But when I told one of these embryo astronomers that the searchlight she saw was the comet's tail all that she said was, "Why, how funny, ain't it!"

* * *

A Literary Star Rising

"I reckon Si's boy 'll be a editor."

"What makes you think so?"

"I seen that he has a signed article in the paper every day now."

"Shucks, you don't say so! What's he writin' 'bout?"

"'Bout how Snooks' pills has regerlated his liver an' made him take a reel int'rest in livin'."

The Road to Yesterday

(Will F. Griffin, who formerly wrote a daily "feature" column for the Milwaukee Sentinel, and whose work has been widely republished, sends me the following beautiful little poem, with the suggestion that he has no particular use for it just now and that some day when I feel like it I may publish it as my own. I publish it with pleasure, and with regret that I did not write it, and I hope that the "Press Humorist" boys will pass it along, remembering that Will F. Griffin is its author.)

Ashes there are and ruins old,
And crumbled walls that once were fair:
Bleak and barren the lea and cold,
And wilted blooms are everywhere.
Hopes that lived when the blood was wild
Are lost, forgotten upon the way;
Gone are the dreams when fortune smiled
Upon the road to yesterday.

Gone are the songs we used to sing,
The songs we heard when twilight fell;
Gone is the laughter's cheery ring,
And the blossomed paths we knew so well.
The causeway stones wound weary feet,
The skies, once sunlit, now are gray,
And eyes and lips no longer meet
Upon the road to yesterday!

* * *

The Big Things and the Little

Long years ago, Elnathan, when I was younger than I am now, I used to find much pleasure in contemplating the big things I would do in life. I knew that I could do these big things, for I had met several people who did them—but not as big things as I was going to do—and I had observed that they ate, slept and wore clothing much as I did, and hence it followed—but why should I continue the argument when already you can see the unanswerable force of it?

There was one serious defect in these big things I was going to do; they didn't arrive. Each day was fairly jammed full of little things of no particular importance—such things as earning a living and performing the trifling duties of the moment—and, as I couldn't afford to spare time to them, about all I could do was to wait for the big things, which didn't arrive.

Elnathan, they have not yet arrived, and I have become terribly tired in waiting for them. More than that, as the years have passed, the conviction has been beaten home to me that man attains the big things only by plodding wearily along a highway of little things, for by worthiness of the petty he demonstrates that life safely may bring him face to face with the great.

Get busy with the little things, Elnathan. Don't neglect them. Some of us old duffers have done so, and, with such regret as we do not often express, we are paying the price. Nothing great comes to him whom ten thousand wee things have not tested. If there are exceptions to that rule there are not enough so that you are likely to catch any of them. Carry your grains of sand for life's Supreme Builder, and perhaps when you have carried many you will be surprised to find there are enough to make a noticeable addition to the structure He builds.

* * *

The Cause of the Haste

The Devil one day was bossing a job,
And had it in personal care.
He had a big cauldron outside of the Pit,
(For they do not keep water in there)
And little red demons were running around,
As busy as busy could be,
Bringing water and lime from holes in the ground,
And mixing, with chortles of glee.

"Now, prithee, Sir Satan," I cried unto him,
"What meaneth this hurry below?"
"Ha ha ha! ho ho ho!" he straightly replied,
"A hurry-up order, you know.
A learned committee full soon will report—
Now hurry, you demons! and race!—
And the stuff I am mixing they'll need in that court—
'Tis whitewash for Ballinger's case."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

It Is Not the Cost But Is the Smut The unavailing efforts of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau to find a candidate to try conclusions with Judge John D. Works before the people for endorsement for the United States Senate is at once amusing and instructive. Has it come to pass that men disdain a seat in the Senate of the United States? Has an office that was held to confer honor upon Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Benton, been so emptied of honor that men are no longer attracted to it? If so, why so? The pretense that it is the inordinate cost of making the campaign before the people under the direct primary law that deters men is not to be taken seriously. Whoever spends as much as $3000 in making such a canvass should be deprived of his office as obtained on the score of being a lawbreaker and not a law maker. Judge Works will make his campaign for a sum entirely within the law. The fact is that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company can not fetch out a candidate without having it thoroughly known that that bureau fetched him out, and to be brought out by that bureau is to be daubed with the soot, the smudge, the axle grease of railroading, not at all objectionable in a man who is a railroader and not ashamed of his calling, but galling to a man who is a railroader and is ashamed of it. Practical railroading and political railroading are different in that the one is honorable and useful, the other dishonorable and a never ending disgrace to any one caught in the act. That's why men, real men, shy at the senatorial toga when proffered by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. It is reason enough.

His Platform Of Principles Charles F. Curry is a fair spoken man. If he could take all the voters in California aside, singly and alone, he would make his platform to fit the views of everyone of them hand-running, not so much because he is insincere as because his mental processes are all political, and it is politic to agree rather than to disagree with those one wishes to have vote for him. Not being able to meet his constituency man to man, Mr. Curry has attempted to agree with them en bloc through 28½ inches of fine type in the San Francisco Call of Sunday last. He has succeeded admirably. Only in relation to two issues raised by Mr. Curry can there be any conflict between him and any citizen of California. One is as to its being the duty of the Governor, under the law as it is, "to supervise every institution and utility the State controls and upon which it expends public money, to command the conduct of prisons and reformatories, to direct the expenditures of funds upon State utilities and enterprises, such as water fronts, harbors and roads." The other is "the restoration of district fairs accompanied by State aid." There may be those who object to the first issue raised by Mr. Curry on the ground that the laws of California provide an elaborate system of institutional boards, commissioners, directors and regents upon whose shoulders, rather than upon those of the Governor, is placed responsibility for the conduct of State institutions. As to these boards, the Governor maintains only an advisory rather than a directory relation under the law. It might work better to make the Governor the whole thing, the more certainly if Mr. Curry happened not to be made Governor, but it is not so nominated in the constitution or the laws of this State, which the Governor will be sworn to uphold. The second plank in the Curry platform over which there may be controversy is the restoration of the district racing system accompanied by State aid, yclept district fairs. To be sure, the law declared that the State's money should not go to support racing, but, in practice, it got there just the same, albeit by a circuitous route. Mr. Curry's attitude on this issue is to be accounted for by reason of his predilection for whatever measure carries an appropriaion for him to have a hand in expending or that creates a job that he may help to fill. But for these two sources of possible controversy, Mr. Curry's platform is as unobjectionable as a last year's almanac.

Important Function Performed by Proxy By death a vacancy has been created in the board of supervisors in Orange County. By neglect of the law to provide other method of filling the vacancy, it must be filled by the Governor of the State. The Governor of California does not know the needs of the third supervisorial district of Orange County and is therefore incompetent to discharge the duty imposed upon him by the constitution, in the absence of a statute in such case made and provided. Therefore, he serves notice upon the Republican county central committee of Orange County to convene and advise him whom to appoint and he will appoint that person. The Republican county central committee represents only Republicans of the whole county and not of the third district alone. The appointment made by it will be wholly political and unlikely to be such as the people themselves might elect to make. The whole concept is wrong. The Governor should have nothing to do with filling that vacancy and neither should the central committee of any party. Either the supervisors should order an election in that district or else the board should elect some one to fill the vacancy until the next general election. This is only a minor instance where duties are imposed upon the Governor that should not be, but it gives rise to enough vexation and petty politics to warrant the enactment of a sensible law on the subject. Things done by proxy are seldom done well.

William J. Bryan Misses the Point On the eve of sailing for Europe Mr. William Jennings Bryan spoke hopefully of Democratic success in the presidential election of 1912, but declared that all would depend upon the record to be made by the next Congress, which he hoped would be Democratic. Whether the Republican or Democratic party succeeds in the next election is quite beside the point at issue, which is whether or not the resources of this country are to be conserved for the enjoyment of all the people or mainly for a few privileged corporations as a means of taxing the people for the necessaries of life for generations to come. That is not a party issue. It is an issue involving the Rights of Man, and in its consideration party should be forgotten in the interests of the country. Whenever this line of cleavage is drawn it cuts rights down through both political parties, leaving the multitude on the one side and most of the money, at least organized capital, on the other. It may never be possible to make party lines coterminous with this line of cleavage for the reason that the moment any political party begins to show that it possesses real power, selfish interests will rally to it for the purpose of using it to their own advantage. Hence most victories of Right Things over wrong will have to be won with small regard to party lines. It is not party success that we are so much concerned for, Mr. Bryan, as it is the success of the upward movement of the human mass.

John Fairweather For the Assembly Honest John Fairweather is out for the Republican nomination for the Assembly in the Sixtieth district, and we are entitled to hold the opinion that grass is not growing any in those streets of Fresno over which it becomes necessary for John Fairweather to speed in search of signers for his nomination papers. He is a laggard neither in love, in war nor in politics. Nor is the Assembly chamber a stranger to his voice. A low tariff man by inheritance and nativity, for he was born in England, he used to be a Democrat and, as such, served one term in the Assembly, but he appears to have recanted his Democracy by coming into the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League two years ago. He will try conclusions with Mr. W. A. Sutherland in his race for the nomination and already has his nomination papers quite well along. His patronymic is not wholly indicative of s character, for, if things do not go as Jo Fairweather thinks they ought to, it is likly to be squally in his vicinity until things e put to rights. He is neither a cipher noa knot-on-a-log, and wherever he is theres something doing.

Clerk Keyes Is Not Off Wrong A fortnight ago The C- fornia Weekly stated Clk Keyes of Los Angeles Co- ty was off wrong in that he had declad against filing supplementary petitions if, aer inspection of the nomination papers, he fod that the papers of any candidate fell shortf the required number of verified signatures. e are advised that, so far, there has been o need for refusing to receive additional nas inasmuch as all petitions filed in that cony have had more than enough names after beg verified. Furthermore, while advised by e office of the District Attorney that the int of the law is that petitions shall not be fd piecemeal, Clerk Keyes has not refused to- cept any supplemental petitions made nes- sary by falling short of the required p- centage after verification. We hope he 'll not. Every candidate should make sureof having enough before he files, but it would e a hardship to deprive a candidate of a ple on the primary ticket for the reason that, aer elimination through verification, he was fod to lack half a dozen names.

Opposition Fizzling Out Even Democratic opposiin to J. C. Needham appears to e fizzling out, and there has t been any determined opposition to him in e Republican camp, even among the Linco- Roosevelters, who do not all approve s stand-pat proclivities and yet would dislikco see him displaced by a man new to legisla e halls. Senator Holohan feels that he does t come from the right end of the district o be able to try conclusions with Needhamo an advantage and that it should be a vay man to go up against him. And, besides, Sa- ator Holohan has two more years in the Se Senate to his credit which he feels that e can use profitably for the State. His recorin the last Legislature was a good one. Sena Cartwright would be the natural candie against Needham, being from Fresno d identified with those industries which he been looking to Needham for protection, it Mr. Cartwright, prefers to go back to e State Senate if he can beat A. M. Drew, wh he will have to do to get there. Again, is health has not been the best and he can me a canvass of a senatorial district much ea than of a congressional. Probably someby will be found to make the fight, but neitheof these men will enter the lists.

William Kent For Congress The Watchman incorpors in his Table Talk for this wk Mr. William Kent's announ- ment as candidate for the Republican nci- nation to represent the Second district of Ci- fornia in the House of Representatives at Washington. His "organization" adversy will be Duncan E. McKinlay. All the po that the administration at Washington n bring to bear on the issue will be exerted n behalf of Duncan E. McKinlay. McKinlay e- tached himself to Taft personally very earln the latter's campaign. He has proven himlf a faithful servitor of the President at all tis and in all ways and the President can hay do less than his uttermost toward secug the re-election of his most obedient serv t. Mr. Kent goes into the campaign fully e- nizant of the advantageous situation of r. McKinlay, and yet nothing daunted nothw- standing.

If Mr. Kent's campaign has no other re lt it will at least place before the voters of e Second district ideals relating to our polit al life that should appeal to the best there in them. A fundamental difficulty with legi- tion at Washington has been, and now is, tt a special privilege or benefit conferred upo a

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

me interest has taken precedence over cast- one's vote for those larger policies that brace the well-being of the nation and the e. Mr. Kent bravely promises at the out- that, if elected, he will not do that thing. is time some seeker after a legislative of- manifested the courage to take that und. It will be refreshing to the constit- ıcy of the Second district to have a candi- e come before it standing for ideals that rk the difference between time servers and tesmen.

A man of wealth, Mr. Kent, like Rudolph eckels, has "gone back on his class," be- se he had to in order to be true to his own tincts, which are democratic, and true to se democratic institutions to which this na- ı was dedicated. He is rearing his sons xt to the land" in the hope that they will scientific, educated, trained cultivators of soil. He asks no more for them than any ner or mechanic may ask for his son, a fair ring of opportunity under equal laws equal- enforced. Mr. Kent's candidacy, whatever ıes of it, will mark a new era in the political of this State. The advent of a wealthy n in politics, for a purpose other than to ır in dollars and take out some special antage, will be newer to our political life n it ought to be. The California Weekly ımends William Kent to the favorable sideration of voters of the Second Con- ssional District of California.

lliam Kent's ıouncement

"Certain of my fellow citi- zens have continuously urged that I go before the Repub- n primaries as a candidate for Congress n the Second California District. Perhaps y feel that the views I hold concerning onal affairs are the views they wish to ex- ss through their representative at Wash- on. I have consented, and here state some the opinions which will go toward the cing of my platform.

I do not believe that present artificial con- ons permit a fair sharing of our country's ortunities. I believe that the Roosevelt- chot policies of conservation of our na- al resources against waste and greed are most necessary, insistent and immediate cies for our nation to enforce by legisla- and administrative action. All our experi- would prove that the law is not rigid flexible, and that the interpretation of the depends upon the animus of the inter- er. As the obvious intent of and only ex- for the law is to 'promote the general are,' I cannot indorse the policy of tching it to promote private interests nst the general welfare. Laws should be ed concerning the public domain that can- be misconstrued by agents of greedy per- or corporations, whether these agents be r out of public employment.

t would seem obvious that Congress, as elf-respecting body, should provide its rules and methods of procedure, and uld be free from domination by the ıker. When that domination is exercised nst the public interest it becomes doubly erable. If elected, I shall not vote for ph Cannon for Speaker or for any man holds his views of parliamentary organi- ın or national policy.

The Aldrich-Payne tariff law is, in my ion, a violation of sound economics and Republican platform. The burden is dis- ıted in such a way as to increase the gap een wealth and need. No tariff bill should ıate from the counsels of its beneficiaries, should be the product of a board of disin- ted experts granted fullest powers and ıties.

'Log rolling' is the most insidious form of ıption. If elected, I should consider that d a commision from my district to do my for the whole nation. What just and er special service could be rendered the ict, with this proviso, I should be diligent eking to perform. This is not a district would ask its representative to betray ıation for a chance at the 'pork barrel.'

orporations are granted corporate privi- ; that they may serve the general welfare. ı increasing power they require more and control. It is monstrous to suppose that, ıing moral responsibility, they should par- take of the freeman's political rights. If to run the government, or to attempt to run it, is a part of their 'business,' it is time that such 'business' should be disturbed.

"It is beyond question that the strength of the Republican party grew out of the ideals of human service held by the founders and by Abraham Lincoln. Such portion of the party as has entered into the service of special privilege is false to the party's traditions and has no right to assume the name.

"If my ideas seem independent or radical and if, by chance, I may be listed as a prospective 'insurgent' I shall accept the epithet as a high compliment and shall hope that it may be my privilege to bear some little aid to those who, while serving the nation, are incidentally tending to dignify and save the Republican party.

(Signed) "WILLIAM KENT.
(Dated) "Kentfield, Marin County, Cal., May 23d, 1910."

A Lot of Sorrow At Sacramento

If one sign every paper that comes to him he'll be sorry. Almost any prominent man at Sacramento will say as much from bitter personal experience. Charles F. Curry has been eleven or twelve years

STILL LISTENING

nailing things down at Sacramento on his own behalf mainly through being purchasing agent for the State, and he has been able to nail a good many Sacramentans to his cause so securely that if they get away it will be personally and alone in the lone watches of the voting booth. Meantime they "dassent say a word." Now a good many of these business men of Sacramento are personally friendly to Alden Anderson and not seriously opposed to Southern Pacific domination of the politics of the State, but whatever encouragement they give Anderson has to be given when he and they are alone with nobody listening.

Now Anderson got the bee in his bonnet early and got up a spontaneous demand for his candidacy circulated and signed by as many Sacramento business men as were not committed to Curry. Then Johnson's candidacy was announced! Half of Curry's nailed-down constituency is at heart for Johnson, and half of Anderson's list of endorsers could not have been hired to sign his petition to become a candidate if they had dreamed that Johnson would be a factor. So goes the tug of war. Curry is trying to keep the hatches down on his bunch that wants to divide with Anderson, and Anderson is clinging hard to keep his petitioners from going to Johnson.

There is a good deal of mumness and suppressed sorrow in political circles at Sacramento, and the next man who comes along with a paper to be signed will be met with the stony stare. Meantime, Johnson's friends are not worrying, for they know what his friends, at present detained in opposition camps, will do when they find themselves alone with their God and their ballot. Outside of the business circles, and all over the county, where men haven't signed anything and voters are free to say what they think, the Johnson sentiment is carrying everything before it. Sacramento County will be for Johnson.

An Anderson Feeler Cautiously Ventured

At Sacramento, on Saturday evening of last week, Alden Anderson put out a cautious feeler to see if it would be profitable for him to go before the people openly and above board, as Hiram Johnson is doing, or make his canvass through the still hunt and underground methods peculiar to the Herrin political tactics. The result was not reassuring. Clunie opera house, that was filled to overflowing for Johnson, was scantily filled for Anderson, and what applause was given was given more as an expression of personal regard, deservedly cordial, rather than as an expression of enthusiasm for what Mr. Anderson stands for in this campaign and for those that stand with him. The star speakers advertised to be there, Victor Metcalf and John S. Partridge, failed to arrive. Mr. Anderson's appointments for a whirlwind speaking campaign over the State have not been announced and are not likely to be. The trouble with his candidacy is that it is devoid of a reason for being.

Hiram Johnson's Word of Warning

Having completed a first tour covering the greater part of the State, Hiram Johnson feels much encouraged with the prospects of the cause he is championing and stands in fear only of one adverse influence and that is that systematic villification and whispering down to which he is being subjected, with little or no chance for defending himself because the charges made are not made by persons who can be held responsible for them. But of this we let him speak in his own way through a circular letter being sent out of the following import:

"I can say positively that the fight is won today. There is just one problem and that is as to what can be accomplished by a purchased press to poison the minds of the people in regard to my candidacy and the principle for which I stand. Already the subservient papers of the State have begun a system of vilification and abuse in the effort to befog and becloud the minds of the people as to the dominant issue involved. I do not intend to be swerved from this great problem by any such methods. I am going forward along the same straight line as that along which I began this campaign, endeavoring to return to the people their government and take it out of the hands of the Southern Pacific and William F. Herrin, and I shall not be diverted by the approaching swarm of false and mendacious statements emanating from a poisoned press.

"I wish to warn the people, however, that systematic efforts will probably be made to discredit me and my candidacy. Outrageous falsehoods concerning the campaign and even in relation to myself, personally, will be circulated with vindictiveness and bitterness and an abandoned mendacity seldom paralleled in any campaign. I cannot, of course, in detail, respond to false accusations or charges, and I must depend upon the good sense of the people and their desire to see the right prevail."

Barndollar Or Hinshaw

The sixth-ninth Assembly District will probably be represented at the next session by a man who will be able to determine how he shall cast his vote on important matters without consulting the "leaders" of the machine who keep their eyes on the progress of legislation at Sacramento. Harry Barndollar, who represented that district in the session of 1909, was one of the first members to circulate petitions for renomination, but he will have a hard path to travel. His opponent will be N. E. Hinshaw of Long Beach, Barndollar's home town, who has been indorsed by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. Mr. Hinshaw is well known throughout his district as a clean-cut, progressive citizen who has no use for the Southern Pacific political outfit. In drafting him, the progressive Republicans of the

(Concluded on Page 430)

CARNATION
WHEAT FLAKES
For Breakfast and Dessert

Pacific Cereal Association
Bay and Taylor Sts. San Francisco

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

"Three Dragons" and Mrs. King!

How can she be a "Ray" and point to such a dark ages "kitchen"? As a start card, we will say that Professor Thomas of Chicago University is correct in that man in tribal relations went out to fight, to exert, and to bring in the food; woman desired, for reasons, a permanent home, and she organized and reigned in it.

Now if Mrs. King desires to set the woman back two centuries, let her be just, and peg the man back two centuries or more. Scat him out of the offices and the professions! If these are but poorly filled for a time by women, the blight of former usurpations will soon wear away; the girl pleasure in schools and numerous places is a voucher. In tribal relations the sexes were equal in their spheres.

There is reason for sending man out to strenuous toil, for he is of the hard, straight frame built for physical exertions. He has had his way and day; the result is the rottenest politics of the world's age, poverty undermining every nation, vice graduating practically every tenth man for the shotgun if he got his deserts!—and, the organized sale of women! These are his results.

Man should be where he sweats, eats and goes to sleep. Otherwise he "raises the devil"! Hist? Hear ye any tramp of men countrywards? Not a bit of it! And, Mrs. King, you will not hear the tramp of any women feet toward that Purgatorious Economy Shop that you—some transmigratory ghost of ten centuries agone!—call—heaven save the mark!—a kitchen! Yet I have gumption enough to say that Mrs. King's kitchen is—why, the poor deah! And lest I be not competent I went over and asked a woman, a lady, who once regularly got up at 3 a. m. and milked eight cows to help her husband "get along"; we agreed that RATHER than go back to Mrs. King's "kitchen," it were best to stand the men all up in a row—and shoot 'em! We also agreed that there was seldom a good cook without a cranky husband! And look what good cookery has done to Taft politics—not crankiness, but "sort of blind staggers"!

Mrs. King's "Three Dragons" will eventually be "eat" by the telephone, the mail order, and the co-operative nucleus that has raised the Danish nation to a position of wealth relatively above that of France—without making a "pig-hog" of the husband an' a slave of the wife!

Rhetta Dorr's exposition of women does not point to Mrs. King's "kitchen." And thirty years ago I pointed out to Mrs. Stanford, what was Greek to her and will be Esperanto to the kitchen-world some day, not because of me, but because of IS—The Skil jacnie, the life-long home and maternal thought for kitchen workers, raising them to the basis of other professionals and standing between the worker and employer; it was outlined once in Everybody's.

Our Chinese cook once replied to my mother, "Oh, famine in China allesame good; too muchee Chinaman!" This seems to be Mrs. King's theory when she would "SAVE" in her own and her friends' "kitchens." What of those other workers cut off? And man?—all the creature needs is plain food. In all this fan-fare of "Economists" never a word about FUEL? FUEL? My husband says, "Huh! buy ten cents worth of beef and spend twenty cents cooking it! What's the matter with them?"

Suppose the man does spend "fifty per cent of his income" for things—how many other mouths does he feed? That is co-operation—as yet bungling. And as for her "husband toiling and moiling"; that's good for him——per Roosevelt! Dr. Asa Clark was once heard to say that he had doctored many an overworked woman, but never an overworked man! If it isn't true of today, let man taste his own pie! Sauce for—the goose?—no, indeed, the goose has "done got wise"!

Let man kill "special privilege," and not "the woman"!
—See Edmund Norton, La Follette's, May 14. Norton does not call this masculine special iniquity a—a—a—bedbug, but I will! It is quite as prevalent in effect among the Poor, is quite as extraordinarily difficult to kill, and it bites "awful hard"! No use giving it a new gender in Mrs. King's "kitchen"!

Give us "NO PRIVILEGE and the divisibility of a dollar!
A. A. M.

The California Weekly.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of April 27th has been received. I inclose herewith check for $2 in payment of a year's subscription to The California Weekly.

I enjoy this paper and I think you are doing some good work. I trust you will pardon me if I suggest that it occurs to me The California Weekly could do greater good if it showed less of a partisan spirit. It must be known to you that the organization of the Democratic party in California at this time is in the hands of men who stand for clean government, and all friends of good government must stand together in the redemption of California from the present conditions. It seems to me that I have noticed in your paper from time to time an inclination to not give the California Democracy full credit for the splendid efforts being made in the interests of good government. For example:

I notice in your account of the recent Democratic conference in Los Angeles that in making mention of that portion of our platform referring to the initiative, referendum and recall, you refer to it as "populistic." In the same issue reference was made to the fact that one of the candidates of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League was an advocate of the initiative, referendum and recall, and you commended very highly his stand on this question. It occurs to me if direct legislation is a good thing it is good whether advocated by a Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate or by the Democratic party in conference assembled, and I hope you will not think me unnecessarily critical when I suggest that your influence for good government would probably be somewhat enhanced if you gave equal credit to all friends of good government, whether they be Democrats or members of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

Very truly yours,
J. O. DAVIS.

Hollister, Cal.

The offending reference to the initiativ referendum and recall was made to imply ho far our modern, progressive, California democ racy has gotten away from traditional democ racy, a very good and hopeful divorcement, a it seems to us. We quite agree with Mr. Davi that whatever there is of patriotism, single mindedness and loyalty to country that is abl to rise above mere loyalty to party must b encouraged and made use of wherever it ma be found. The "interests" have no regard f parties unless they can make use of partic to their own advantage, and the rest of u may profit by their example.

California Weekly, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: Referring to enclosed: Have esteeme California, Weekly above the average of its kind, b recently have questioned: Is it onesided? Can it n see honesty in any aspirant for political favors who do not belong to, or rather does not affiliate with the L R. League? My reason for wondering if you are fa is your attitude toward Alden Anderson, who just no has an honorable ambition to be Governor, and who entirely able and worthy, and an acquaintance with hi of several years convinces me that he is incorruptibl just as independent as any of the aspirants, and he ha been tested by political preferment, and found not lac ing civic virtues. He has all qualities (in greater less degree) other aspirants possess, and more the othe do not. He would make an excellent Executive, an his election would assure all classes the "Square Deal Here's bidding Godspeed to every good man (in th particular preferably Mr. Anderson) and may your ow success be not less but in success manifest a little mo tolerance and keener discernment of men irrespectiv of party affiliation. "For a man's a man for a' that. Be fair. Remember Pardee. He was similarly assaile

Very truly yours,
W. W. HINSEY.

Fairoaks, Sacramento, Cal., May 6, 1910.

Regarding Mr. Alden Anderson as a gentle man and citizen this paper entertains only th highest respect for him, not unmixed with ad miration; but in his candidacy for Governo of California his personality becomes a neg ligible quantity. He has permitted himself t be brought forward, and his candidacy to b advanced, notoriously by and through the Po litical Bureau of the Southern Pacific Com pany, however indirectly it may have bee brought about. Because of that origin of hi candidacy it becomes our duty to oppose hi with all the power we can muster. In ou judgment the issue involved is elemental. I is as to whether or not this commonwealt shall be bond or free. In the face of such a issue no personal friendship, no business c social relationship, no ties of blood, must b allowed to stand between a patriotic citize and his duty to his commonwealth. This pa per does not intend to be narrow, and it doe not intend to be intolerant of anything ex cept disloyalty to free government and dis loyalty to those Rights of Man which trans cend all other rights and legalities howeve sanctioned by time or immemorial custom. A championing the newer Republicanism, M Anderson would be an acceptable candidat for Governor of California. His candidacy objectionable solely because of its source an inspiration.

California Weekly:

Gentlemen: It is a privilege to read and subscri for your valuable paper, so independent in spirit, truly reverent in its treatment of the many sided pro lems of life. The charm of your paper is that its jud ments seem to be formed with the editorial eye on t Eternal Righteousness above rather than on the offic receipts below.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. MORELAND,
Bishop of Sacramento.

May 25, 1910.

We could wish that the "Eternal Righteou ness above" could be coined into cash fo meeting needful expenditures as well as "offic receipts below," but therein lies a difficult that refuses to be ignored.

Lottie Collins, an English music hall singe died in London last week. Everyone wh went to the theater or who whistled 15 yea ago will recall her as the woman who intro duced the song, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" int this country. It was written by H. J. Sayer a member of George Thatcher's minstrel com pany, and Miss Collins first scored with it 1892 at the Gaiety Music Hall in Londo where she was receiving a salary of $20 week. The week following the introductio of the song she demanded, and received, salary of $600. She came over here in th fall of that year at a salary of $1000 a wee and sang the song between the first and se ond acts of "Jane," a comedy running at t old Standard Theater in New York.

NEED AND WASTE

AND THE PROBLEM OF THE MALEMPLOYED

By WILLIAM KENT

his article is the Phi Beta Kappa address delivered r. Kent at Stanford University on the evening of Saturday, May 21st.— The Editor.]

emocracy is the goal to which the world is ing, and equality of opportunity is its pre- isite. The needs of a democracy comprise e things that the average man may reason- expect to obtain by an amount of effort shall neither blight his health, nor narrow life. The old aristocratic scheme, under h the lord ate the chicken, while the giz- and feathers were for the mob, is ab- ent to our thinking. While it is practi- impossible to draw sharply defined lines veen the needful and the useless, we may ny rate suggest some approximations

The Need for Food

rst of all, we require food, wholesome, table, and in adequate quantity. Doctors faddists will wrangle eternally over what holesome. It is a consoling fact that all the world are well developed and vigor- people who have adapted themselves to t is at hand. There are mild eaters of t and ferocious drinkers of milk. There insect eaters, and wild honey people. Our has grown great on a mixed diet of bread meat. One thing in common is shared ll men, the necessity of repairing to the h for food. Hardship follows when this ade difficult. Man also needs a varying unt of clothing. This need is not de- lent upon fashion, as a traveler from Mars ld suppose, but upon climatic variations; this, too, he must go to the land, and the e is true of shelter and fuel. Unless we ve that certain men should be starved or en or forced into servitude, we must ac- equality of opportunity to seek the boun- of our common mother earth. That ier cannot furnish the average man such uet dishes as Roman emperors considered ful. Palo Alto would exhaust the supply ightingales' tongues in a day and without eciable benefit. The earth cannot provide ttes for all vain women, or game pre- es for all men who joy in killing. We never tested the measures of earth's ty. Instead of cherishing her, we have looted her, and upon us and those after ust fall the burden of her quiet punish-

r the sustenance of life, we must look to great mother and to her husband, the good sun. For whatever else, we must to ourselves and to each other and to the r behind all that works for righteousness. must not, like apes at a banquet, grab iestroy, but we must conserve and share od will, else many suffer and the success- ave little joy of their success.

is required in a democracy that there d be a happy childhood, of long enough ion that little shoulders shall not be by overloading.

The Need for Work

is required that there shall be a busy and prime of life, with a chance to so that the work shall count in the al product, and so that the fruit of toil go to the producer without diminution unproductive privilege. It is no less a site that man should be able to look ely forward to a well provided and self- cting old age, and further, that he be ded against the want that may come from ccidents of life. These provisions are monopolized by the well to do, who often o see how needful they are to the hap- s of all.

The Need for Good Will

ngth of days may be but elongated gy, or misery. It is of no value for or self. Life has other dimensions than of the line. It is more than a connection en the prenatal and post-mortem mys- . The primal social need is good will :n, and good will is not born of want repletion, of successful greed or of sul- nvy. It must rest in a sense of justice keeps alive a righteous dissatisfaction, until equality of opportunity is the common lot. That smug so-called philanthropy which is evidenced by the bestowal of surplus and perhaps ill-gotten or unearned wealth, can never take such pleasure in obsequious expressions of gratitude as may come to every one of us when our fellow men say, "Neighbor, you have tried to help; brother, you have played fair."

Knowledge adds to the breadth of life and should be denied to none. Our public education is as totally withdrawn from the overworked as from those living beyond its pale. The fine arts should be the common heritage of all of us just as they served the whole people of Athens.

Waste Must Be Eliminated

These are some of the real needs of democracy. They can only be met for this and coming generations by a system, a scheme of things that will conserve and develop what is worth while to the elimination of the useless. Weeds and melons cannot grow in the same bed. However generous the earth may be, there cannot be support for drones except at the cost of workers, and the workers must employ themselves productively else they, too, are but a burden on those well employed. The waste in the world is the world's great problem. Our country is doubtless the most prodigal of all. Its developing riches have thus far saved some of us from the pinch that will, ere long, teach the lesson that all of us must learn.

In outline let us consider a few matters that seem to disclose our prodigal heedlessness, our economic blindness, and suggest the way that we must travel.

The food supply of civilization is the joint product of land and labor. Upon that food supply rests human life and all its content. Lacking rice, fish, and millet, the voice of Confucius would not have been heard.

Lacking grain and meat, there would have been no theater to echo the philosophy of Shakespeare; spectral bards would have sung to an empty world, and the great message of love would have been undelivered.

The ancient nation-cities sent their armies and navies to loot the world of food. They enslaved men that they might fill the mouths of non-producers and finally they went down to destruction under the artificial conditions they had created.

Sometimes there has been too little land, at other times too little labor; there has been soil exhaustion and erosion, and the drying up of water sources, and always, everywhere, an overwhelming burden on the food supply. Mechanical reapers and mowers, gang plows, wonderful systems of transportation come to relieve the situation, but the relief seems but temporary even in our favored country, and now we are facing the great problem of an increased cost of living, not only in terms of dollars but in terms of day labor, which is life.

More Eaters Than Producers

We who have been the greatest exporting agency in the food market are feeling the pinch with all the rest of the world. In a market more clearly open to the play of supply and demand than is any other market, we are bidding up the staples of life. Many factors enter into this problem, but the one most frequently neglected is the many-phased factor known of old, the excess of demand over supply, the disproportionate increase of the army of eaters, relative to the army of producers. To this is related certain increased costs of production despite the advent of labor-saving farm machinery.

Up to the present time our expansion into new fields has more than made up for the exhaustion of old fields. We have not begun to pay the penalty which we shall have to pay for soil exhaustion. But our agricultural industries are underworked while in every other field we are working overtime. Access to the land is constantly being made more difficult and expensive by rising land values.

We have, first of all, considered the food question because while the most vital it is the simplest in its terms. The other real necessities of our complicated social system are farther removed from the action of supply and demand.

Wool and cotton fiber for clothing are in part high in price owing to agricultural conditions. Wool is further enhanced to the consumer by the tariff and the trusts.

We possess the cheapest iron ore in the known world; we assemble coal and iron by the most economical transportation systems; we manufacture it by the most scientific methods and then under our tariff system and an unregulated monopoly we sell the product cheaper to foreigners than to our own people. All of us are paying tribute and we are forcing the export of two natural resources that cannot be replaced—coal and iron.

Trusts and Tariff

Trusts and the tariff meet us everywhere; they increase the cost of what we consume, and we must seriously seek for benefits on the other side of the ledger, for generally distributed, democratic benefits; else we cannot justify their action. We are everywhere met by the tyranny of our servants, the railroads, with their varying theories of "what the traffic will bear;" their charges enter into the cost of living: are those charges justified or not? It is worse than a Fifteen Puzzle until we look at the solution furnished by railroads and trusts, in the dividends paid on stocks and bonds that represent the hopes and not the actual investments of their promoters. The price charged for monopolized anthracite coal depends far more on the dividends paid on watered securities than on the cost of its production. A few Guggenheim grabs, and we would be forced for all time to beg for the privilege of warming ourselves. That is under existing law.

The prices of those things we need in addition to food are regulated largely by combined and uncontrolled selfishness which in a measure also acts on the things we eat. We have granted the power of life and death along with the grants of land and natural resources and the licenses to incorporate. The index of how this power is used is seen in the stock market, in the thousands of millions of capitalization made good by the privilege of picking our pockets, and in rising values of city and rural land.

If Harriman, Rockefeller, Carnegie and Morgan have done service as captains of industry, can we rest quietly in the assumption that they and their heirs and assigns can exact their tremendous tribute from all the people forever? These men, after all, are but names in the longer vista. There is no use exciting ourselves in hostility against them personally, as economic factors. They are shining lights as beneficiaries of special privileges which in many forms work to the common impoverishment.

Inequality Is Waste

It may be urged that the capital piled up by special privilege is not lost to productive enterprise; that inequality is not waste; and that what is taken from the unorganized many is better used by the organized few. This is an economic argument although socially iniquitous. True, we can never go back to the simpler stages of production. We can never dispense with the economy and power of co-operating dollars any more than we can go back to a barbarous condition of self-sufficient anarchy. It is clear and obvious that progressive democracy will use the device of incorporation with its massing capital. "Peopleization of industry" will not come through the purchase of watered stocks fortified by special privilege, but it is sure to come gradually in some form or other.

As against the helpful tendencies of present-day co-operating capital, we have the destructive tendencies of economic waste wherever capital is massed, tendencies that lead to

luxury and extravagance, that lead to misdirected effort, and this to such an extent that the benefits of the system are absorbed and the labor-saving devices count but little in the life of the average man.

The Waste of Overgrown Cities

Let us consider the urban factors in the democratic budget. The first function of the city is to provide the elements that go to economical manufacture, by the assembling of labor and power and materials; and next, to act as centers of distribution, with a clearing-house system for transportation and with banking facilities that provide mobility of capital, with market places and depots for goods.

It is in such congested centers that the arts best flourish, that news is collected and distributed. The cities have always been the foci of light and leading. From every standpoint they are needful to our present civilization. The question arises as to what ratio their population should bear to the agricultural population, and what use they make of the wealth created by their congestion; further, whether the price they exact for their distributive services is a reasonable price.

In our study we are met by the overwhelming fact of the vast relative increase of urban population. It has been generally regarded as a moral rather than an economic menace, but the cities are in process of regeneration, and Frederick Howe's title, "The City, the Hope of Democracy," is daily being justified. But when we consider the burden laid upon the food supply by these vast urban accretions, we can only look to the history of ancient cities to see what is coming to us. We see that the danger is economic rather than moral. They cannot be supported as a preponderant population, and yet every city and town in all the nation regards its own growth as the highest good fortune, and so the unwholesome tendency is forced and crowded by every possible means.

The mere growth of the cities is a threat to national welfare, and therefore those mechanics and laborers, those engineers and financiers engaged in enlarging cities are at work at the wrong things and are a burden on production.

The cities are the markets, the clearing houses for the country, and yet these legitimate functions are tremendously overdone. The cost of the New York Stock Exchange, with its vast army of subsidiary employes, most of whom are engrossed in the speculative and gambling annex to the legitimate functions, has been carefully analyzed in some recent magazine articles.

Reaction Upon Value of Food

The occupation of banking is also overdone. The professions are crowded, and retail business costs vastly too much. Meanwhile, back of the scene sits the landowner making a tremendous unearned profit from the congestion and the rising values of land. The tribute he levies upon the cities, reaping where he has not sown, is largely put back upon the agricultural districts which in turn profit by the over demand for food with the result of rising values of farm lands and the vicious circle is complete.

Then consider the leisure population of the cities and the great numbers of person ministering to their wants. Further down the line are the harmful occupations—the manufacture and sale of liquor and tobacco. After these there is the useless floating population—bums and criminals.

The proportion of persons engaged in the tasks of useful production and distribution in the cities, compared to the aggregate population, will be found relatively small, and yet the whole mass, the useless and the useful, is building up the cost of necessities and is squandering capital in luxuries. As long as urban congestion means enormous profit to landowners this growth will continue with all its waste and loss. The cities are already too big; their continuing disproportionate growth will some day prove a calamity.

The Burden of Malemployment

We have considered a partial list of those in the cities that eat without rendering useful service. In lesser degree there is a growing proportion of people throughout the country districts who are either not working or are not productively employed. The whole distributive system is clogged with surplus labor. Consider the annual output of the colleges; the numbers that are going into the already crowded professions and especially into what is termed business or distribution, and contrast that list with the few that expect to engage in producing the necessities of life. People have come to realize the burden of armies and navies, but they are so accustomed to thinking of our present-day commercial system as a matter of course that they do not discriminate and fail to see that the man who is doing either the wrong thing, or the right thing in the wrong place, is a burden on the food supply and the supply of other necessities.

The army of the unemployed is understood as a menace to the average welfare; the leisure classes consisting of the well to do and the tramps are known to be parasitic. I doubt, however, if in popular form there has been adequately set forth the great problem of our time, the army of the malemployed, more burdensome than any standing army that the world has ever known. It is a source of waste beside which all other forms of waste are insignificant. An extreme instance is seen in the production, distribution and consumption of champagne. Land, labor, transportation, the time of custom house officials, advertising, the time and the morals of salesmen, all and much more are wasted; and at the end of it

(Continued on Facing Page)

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IN PITTSBURG

BY

FRANK LAWSON

THE night was too hot for sleep. It had been a "black day" in Pittsburg, one of those days when the humid air holds smoke low over the city and the walls reek h soot and one's face and hands are grimed h it and one's breathing made difficult by heavy, acrid odor of it. And now the night s as bad, with the sticky heat of an eastern lsummer calm added to make it past endance. I climbed the height that rises back the business part of the city and found a k of grass before a line residence where air was somewhat less loaded with smoke. re I sat down and looked out over the nongahela to the bluff that lifts baldly on other side.

Below, at the river's edge, the blast furnaces the steel works glared up redly from the kness, throwing the stacks and the skeles of the buildings out into shrill relief. gines raced up and down invisible tracks, wing trains of cars that crawled like black, dient serpents after them. Now and then treamer of flame leaped heavenward, and uld see cranes lift white bars of metal and ng them deftly here and there, and pigmy pes of men moving about, straining at lev- and tugging at monstrous doors. It was past midnight, and the sight of that sweat- world of labor seemed strangely out of e and place. I glanced back over my ulder. The rich man's house was dark, at least, knew the sweet concordance of nt and sleep.

figure approached the place where I sat. it drew near I saw that it was a man, huge rame, hatless and coatless. I drew back, ttle nervous. The man paid no attention me, but stooped down near me and laid ndle wrapped in white on the ground, and threw himself on the grass beside it. He there motionless a few minutes, until the dle beside him stirred, and a baby's cry ie in the night. The man lifted the bundle his lap and rocked it until the cries were ied. On an impulse partly curious and ly of human fellowship I moved over and near him.

"Pretty hot tonight," I suggested.

"God, yes," replied the man. He ran his ds roughly through his hair and looked at full-face. Hands and face were grimed, I could see now that he wore the clothes laborer in the mills.

"Not's not the word for it," he added; "it's "

e looked out and down to the furnace he flat.

"This ain't nothing to what it is down there, ugh. But this is bad enough for babies." "Do you work down there?" I asked.

"Me? Sure! Don't I look it?"

"Well, yes. How long?"

"Search me. Ever since I was 14. Haven't time to figure out how old I am. Lost k of birthdays. A fellow works down e, and don't you forget it. Work! Ten s, twelve hours, week-days, holidays, Sun- day, night, any old time, all the time. sweat for your money, too. Summer, it's this. Winter, your face blisters and your freezes. It gets 'em. I'm strong, and lasted, but I've seen 'em go. Starts with ugh. Fever's the finish. Get me some "

"Why do you stay in it, then?"

"Show me the way out!"

he phrase shot from his lips with the d of an explosion.

"Show me the way out! Maybe I haven't ! The old man told me that when I was l. He tried to get me out then. No use. n of us, and we had to eat. Eat, work; s all. We missed some when the Home- l strike was on. That finished it. No more g-off after that. Take work when you get it and hang on to it. If the company wages, eat less, but work. If the com- raises wages, eat a little more, but work. ou're put on night shift, go to it. If you a chance to work Sundays, work. It's for the wife and the kids. You get the ups or you get the cough, that don't save from the grocer. Workin' when you're is fierce, but 'taint nothin' to lyin' around house and sein' the wife's eyes and hearin' kids cry.

"What'd I marry for? Search me. I wanted her, 'n she was willin'. Why not? Her man was playin' out, 'n 'twas starve with or take a chance with me. She ain't ed yet. Kids? Four. Why not? Ain't got a right to 'em? No right to make 'em sweat like we do? I know it, but what you goin' to do? They come, 'n here they are. Pretty tough, though, ain't it, kid?"

He hushed the child in his lap again. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder to the rich man's house behind us.

"They ain't got none. Rich man's luck. No luck, either. She'd make a pretty mess of a family, she would. Chorus girl she was. A peach, all right. But, Lord, the way she hits the booze! And the company she keeps! If her old man was wise to the joints she goes to and the gang she trails with, whew! Don't know, either. He got her out o' that kind of cattle. Had a wife that sweat blood for him when he was a mucker, washed the duds, raised the kids, stuck by him. Carnegie made him. What does he do? Throws the old woman over. Gives her a hundred thou' and tells her to take her ugly face back where he found it. He's a gentleman, you know. Pittsburg gentleman of the new kind.

"Me? I tried to get out of it, I tell you. Went to night school. Carnegie started that, 'n cut wages to pay for it. Learned to read 'n figger. And to hate work. Never mind, the old man sweated that out of me. Got a wife 'n kids of my own. Times got pretty hard. The wife was sickly. Second kid gave her an awful turn; six months in bed. I cooked. Doctor got everything I had left; owe him yet. If I lit out, he'd send for me, you bet.

"Went to industrial night school. Carnegie started that, 'n trimmed some more wages to help. Learned a trade there, 'n got out 'n looked for a job at it. Nothin' doin'. Seventeen men for every job, 'n no money in 'em after they got 'em. Six weeks laid off, 'n I went back to the mills. Owe the grocer yet, but I'll fix him up next month. Two lessons pretty near enough for me. Guess I'll stay at the job.

"Why don't I go west? Farm hand? How 'm I goin' to get west? Beat it on the brake-beams. Yep, I could do that. I ain't afraid o' bein' homesick now, 'n I'm strong, 'n show me work 'n I can do it. But where do the wife 'n kids get off? Want them to ride the rods? Nothin' doin'. And what you goin' to do with 'em while I'm gone? Rent collector comes around. 'Where's the man?' he says. 'Gone west,' she says. 'Out you go,' says he, and out they go. Don't you doubt it. She goes to the grocer. 'Gimme a sack o' flour,' she says. 'Nix,' says Mr. Grocer. 'The old man's gone. No credit here.' And that goes, too. I've seen all that tried before.

"What can I do about it? Strike? Homestead learnt us better. The big fellows got us over a barrel. Their credit's good at the grocer's, and the rent man never comes around. They can wait when they have to. 'Taint like me, with enough in the pantry for the next week, and no more, and no more to come until the pay check comes. They get tired of the wife, chuck her out. Don't want to bother with the kids, turn 'em loose, or hire somebody to watch out for 'em. I could chuck the wife myself. But I won't, see! I could put the kids on the county, too. I'm sayin' I could. But's long's I can work, nothin' doin'.

"The wife, she's sick now. Down there in the shack. She says, bring the kid up here I says, stay with you. She says, you take that kid up there where it's cool. I brings him She's lyin' on her back down there now, 'n you can cut the air with a bread knife. But she ain't sayin' a word. No kick out o' her. She's game. She goin' to do that, 'n me goin' to go belly-achin' around about my troubles? I'm no angel, but I ain't that bad off yet. When she throws off on me, maybe I'll holler, but's long's she's a man I got to be one. See? And no runnin' away 'n lettin' her take the hot end o' things on the chancet that I'd do better out west. I got a job here, 'n I can handle it, 'n when I kicks off maybe she'll find another fellow that's good for a few years more. Guess I can hold until the kids get big enough to take my place. If I don't, well, what's the use of worrying'? Don't buy you nothin'."

The east had been growing gray as he talked on, and now the mills below took shape as the light of the fires paled and the smoke grew blacker before the dawn.

"I'll have to hustle out o' here, or the cop'll be along and pinch me for sittin' on the grass. It's skidoo for us, kid. Your mother'll have to take you while the old man hikes for the mills. S'long, mister."

In the morning light the face showed grim lines of determination about the mouth, and lines of patient endurance about the eyes. He turned and walked away, with the heavy stride of the muscle-bound laborer. His back was broad, and the rise and fall of the heavy folds of muscles under the shoulders showed beneath the loose shirt. The bundle in his arms was silent. The sun rose over the bluff across the river, hot and red and glaring through the mist and smoke. The engines still raced on the tracks below, and the obedient trains crawled after them. Behind me, a servant opened a door in the great house to let in the morning air. The shades were still drawn down over the windows in the upper rooms of the rich man's house. Another day had begun in Pittsburg.

("Need and Waste"—Continued)

all there only remain a headache and a bad taste.

Take the case of a conscienceless, commercialized journal. Much of the forest goes into paper upon which is printed so-called news that, whether true or false, is worse than useless, and opinions which no one can accept, together with advertisements of useless things; from newsboys up and down, this bad literature enrolls a great battalion of the malemployed.

Instances can be multiplied indefinitely. Indeed, the burden of proof is on both men and things to show their right to be.

We wonder what becomes of our natural resources in terms of the welfare of the average man; we shall find that the army of the malemployed has consumed them. There is the benefit of labor-saving machinery? Somehow or other it, too, is largely dispersed in the same way.

The natural richness of our country has saved us thus far, but it can no longer stand the strain. There are days of want ahead of us unless we cut off special privileges that more than any other thing lead through unfair distribution to malemployment.

The Menace of Privilege

From many quarters there comes up a cry for business men and business methods of administering the commonwealth, and simultaneously we hear a protest, backed by indisputable facts, against the methods and aims of what is called "Big Business." The different points of view are not hard to understand; both can be honestly taken. Certainly we should have business men and business methods, but the national business, unlike private business, must take a view that goes beyond any single human life, else all the sacrifices made for us in the long struggle for liberty may be annulled in a single generation.

National business must be a combination of far-sighted altruism and social justice; this is statesmanship and patriotism.

To turn our natural resources over to private development without let, hindrance or control; this is the kind of business that will not even now greatly benefit living men and is sure to despoil our descendants. In 1890 I visited a pine forest in Michigan that belonged to a business man. He was selling high-grade lumber at $11 a thousand. He wanted the money from his timber; so he wasted all the hemlock and all the inferior pine; he left choppings that eventually set the whole country burning. Today "dead and down pine," poor in quality, is there worth over $14 a thousand in logs. He did what he had a legal right to do under our predigal system and the future must pay the bills. Far-

sighted statesmanship would never have put those trees into his hands without controlling the cut. The State of Maine now controls private logging. By many business men such regulation is called "anarchy," "paternalism," or "socialism." And yet in the broader view it is elementary common sense.

California has gone mad in the attempt to exhaust its oil measures. Because one set of owners are pumping more than enough, so that tremendous exports are necessary, it is argued that all others should have access to the public domain, so that the impoverishing of the State may be expedited. If we were all to be blotted out tomorrow, the statesman and the get-rich-quick business man might agree as to this policy, but some of us would like to leave something for posterity, although, as Beaman of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company unctuously quoted, "Posterity has never done anything for us."

Conservation Movement a Hope

The conservation movement is the beginning of a great crusade that will turn men's minds toward equality of opportunity and social justice. It is a movement that has just begun; but it is so strong in logic, so eternally right in its trend that it cannot be curbed or diverted by the unfortunate reaction in Washington. In it all reasonably intelligent and unselfish people can and will unite. We cannot predict how far it will lead, nor do we care, so long as justice and true patriotism are its inspiring ideals. Who helps this cause is the friend of his country; who hinders it is a public enemy, although his ignorance may palliate the guilt of his offending. To demand that the remainder of the public domain should be squandered because most of it has been heedlessly handled in the past is to present the argument that the prodigal's father should have settled with those barkeepers who had missed getting their portion of the prodigal's substance.

Some Suggestions

The end of this necessarily discursive story is this:

If we are to prosper and to succeed as a democracy, we must keep our wants within reasonable bounds. A democracy unaided by slave labor can never wallow in luxury, and this is good.

We must root out special privilege which reaps where it does not sow, unfairly absorbing the fruits of toil.

We must jealously guard the great gifts with which nature has endowed our country, remembering that we are but tenants with the briefest of tenure and a vast responsibilty heavy upon us.

We must apply ourselves thoroughly to useful work, else whether in idleness or useless endeavor we are but a burden to the earth.

We must strive for justice between men and must do our best to provoke respect for law by obtaining laws that in wording and interpretation work for ameliorating the lot of the average man, for this is what justice means.

The spirit of good will, kindliness and human sympathy can never fully bloom except under democracy. This spirit is the richest endowment of all. Honest thinking will bring you out, whatever trail you pursue, to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WORLD-PRESIDENT

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

The logic of events points certainly to a great International Peace League, as advocated by Theodore Roosevelt in his notable address before the Nobel Prize Commission. Equally certain does it seem that the one man of all the race at the present moment to head such a league is none other than Theodore Roosevelt, America's first citizen.

Much ingenuity has been displayed in attempting to forecast the future activities of our great former President. Many of the prophecies are far more ingenious than plausible. Few indeed of his fellow-countrymen seem willing to permit him to spend the remainder of his days in the retirement of private life. Not many more imagine that he will long be content to devote his boundless energies to the popular welfare from the editorial chair exclusively. It is altogether unlikely that he will ever look with favor upon the mayoralty of Greater New York or the governorship of the Empire State.

Doubtless a very much larger number of Americans expect to see this man of the square deal seated in the United States Senate in due time; and still more are hoping for his return to the White House—already the continent of Europe seems to have placed him in nomination. Almost nobody now expects him to be content with being president of a university, however exalted such a position may be deemed.

There is something even greater than any of these things for Roosevelt. This has nowhere been better suggested than in his own significant words, forming the climax of the Nobel Prize Address: "Finally, it would be a master stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others. The supreme difficulty in connection with developing the peace work of The Hague arises from the lack of any executive power to enforce the decrees of the court." Add to this sentiment his ringing words of optimism spoken but a few days ago in the Berlin Address on the World Movement: "It is no impossible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development and a true feeling of brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality, and from the rancorous and evil passions which, curiously enough, so often accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man; in which a high material development in the things of the body shall be achieved without subordination of the things of the soul; in which there shall be a genuine desire for peace and justice without loss of those virile qualities without which no love of peace or justice shall avail any race."

Let him who conceived these high and noble thoughts be commissioned to lead the hosts in giving them form and substance among the nations of earth! What splendid training he has had for the herculean task; and how admirably is he fitted by temperament and solid popularity!

Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest of living men, the "most startling character since Napoleon"; among nations the United States of America is the mightiest in achievement and potentiality; the peace of the world is the most momentous as well as most alluring of all public questions. The conditions are perfect: the hero of San Juan and of the Peace of Portsmouth, in the midst of his matchless powers, is henceforth called to serve humanity by accepting the post never before proffered to mortal man—**President of the United States of the World.**

This is not an idle dream. The numerous forces, economic, political, cultural, ethical and religious, now at work in all lands in earnest advocacy of international conciliation, may indeed usher in the dawn of universal peace earlier than the most sanguine have yet dared to hope.

The whole world groans and yearns for peace, peace that shall be free from the burdens of war, peace that shall not be broken while earth endures. The machinery of such a peace is well-nigh completed: its consummation awaits the touch of the hand of the master engineer. In the councils and the confidence of the expectant nations one man stands forth—truly a world-citizen, if such there be—pre-eminently fitted to essay the task as unique in its possibility of blessing to posterity as in the boldness of its conception, the most commanding personality of his generation—that man is unquestionably **Theodore Roosevelt.**

University of Southern California.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

In a recent election the citizens of Porterville decided to issue bonds in the sum of $40,000 for sewers, $10,000 for fire protection and $10,000 for street improvement.

H. E. Baker, foreman on a Miller & Lux ranch in Kern county, was drowned while trying to swim a horse he rode across an irrigation canal.

Near Placerville a farmer dug up an early Californian gold coin, on one side of which were printed the letters, "W. M. & Co.," while on the other side was, "S. M. V. California Gold. Ten D.," indicating that the coin was issued by a private firm. A Peruvian coin dated 1849 was dug up at the same time.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

South have followed their program of securi the highest available type of men as can dates for all offices.

Sheriff Buckner From the 62d. It is possible that Sher Buckner of Kings Coun may consent to make t race for the Assembly from the Sixty-seco District. If he does, it will not be much o race. He will simply get all the votes, a that will be all there is to it. Republican po tics in Kings County has been, for a numb of years, in the hands of a group of men w would barter away their chances for Paradi for any material advantage they could gain f Kings County. It has been a case of go men going wrong out of sheer love for th little neck of the woods. Money could n buy these men, but these same men will b anything they want for their county, no ma ter at what sacrifice of political principles. is a condition that ought not to exist in county as enlightened and otherwise as rep table as Kings. There is scarcely a man Kings County who believes in railroad co trol of government, either at Washington Sacramento, and yet the "political powers th be" in that county have made haste to aid a abet that control whenever Kings could advantaged in any material way by that mea The sending of Sheriff Buckner to the Asse bly would be likely to introduce a new a better era into Republican politics in th county.

Political Bureau Still Searching This paper has maintain that, sooner or later, t Southern Pacific's Politi Bureau would find a more acceptable Dem cratic candidate for nomination for Govern than Theodore Bell will make. That bure will naturally want an anchor to windwa in the event of the nomination of Hiram Joh son and, while there are those who belie that, in that event, that bureau would be al to patch up some sort of truce with Bell the are more who doubt it. It would be the pa of prudence, therefore, for that bureau beat Bell at the primaries if they can find t man to do it. It looks at this writing as these influences had been prodding Michael Tarpey toward the arena. Mr. Tarpey w national committeeman of his party for son thing in excess of a quarter of a century. did yeoman service for Hearst when the l ter sought to obtain the Democratic nomi tion for the presidency, in fact, corralled t Coast for him, and is a Hearst Democrat, any one knows what that is. Temperament ly he is a bit erratic and once in a while g off the reservation, but wanders back befo the grass gets short in Democratic pastur. Temperamentally also he would be likely prove "organization" in office, although, less we are mistaken, he has not held office far. Being a wine-making vineyardist, would have friends in the camp of the Ro Arch, but that organization's principal place business this year will be in the Republic party, voting for Curry, and so it will not able to help Tarpey much. We are inclin to regard the Tarpey diversion as a fa alarm, but something may come of it.

John Sweeney Should Defeat Tom Kennedy John W. Sweeney the proper man Senator from Twentieth Senatorial District. His princi opponent for the Republican nomination "Eddie" Bryant, who was brought out by Curry forces and abandoned by them wh they discovered that his candidacy was not being taken seriously. The railroad machines offensively active in this district, and its s port and the support of the McCarthy mach is going to the Democratic incumbent, To Kennedy, who made one of the unfav able records in the last Legislature. By Hichborn test of sixteen crucial votes he v right five times, wrong nine and absent on Sweeney should receive the organized s port of all the elements for decency in Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Assembly D tricts which make up the Twentieth Senator He is a man of integrity, force of charac and has those staying qualities that never

SHEAR WIT

erk—I have a beautiful new edition of ndelssohn's Songs Without Words" for $2. . Newrich—Indeed. How much is it with words?—Life.

oet—Here, sir, is a poem which came to in the middle of the night. Editor, hand- it back—I would advise you to keep a light ning and a club beside your bed.—Boston ald.

eporter—What would you suggest as the safety device in case of mine accidents? e magnate—Some sort of a scheme to au- atically muzzle the press as soon as the dent occurs.—Puck.

igg—There seems to be quite a difference veen a job and a situation. Wagg—Oh, For instance, when a fellow loses his he often finds himself in an embarassing tion.—Philadelphia Record.

Pop!" "Yes, my son." "This paper says rain falls more frequently between 3 a. nd 8 a. m. than at any other time." "Yes, boy." "But, Pop, the Sunday school pic- are not held between those hours."

Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, hink I know why the catcher and pitcher up and whisper together." "You do, "Yes. They are expressing their opin- of the umpire."—Washington Star.

ommy (aged 6)—Teacher, may I study metic? Teacher—No, you are too young. my—But I want to, teacher. Teacher— are you so anxious to study arithmetic, my? Tommy—So I can learn how to keep seball score.—Children's Star.

Do you know, I felt sad at reading some- to-day, dear," said the sweet young . "And what was that, sweetheart?" said nan to whom she was engaged. "Why, I that only about one out of every thou- married couples lives to celebrate its en wedding."—Yonkers Statesman.

ter a short rest and a deep think the ry one knocked at the door of the tenth e. "Madam, can you let a hungry man a bite to eat? I don't think you can, gh," he said. The woman opened her "Why can't?" she inquired. "The wo- next door said you didn't have enough yourself." He got his meal.—Pittsburg tte.

e woman lecturer who seeks to inculcate ns of sweetness and light was talking to ss of boys. "I saw two people bestow upon a poor old man to-day," she said. gave a cent with a smile, the other a l with a frown. Now which do you sup- did the man most good?" "It just de- s, ma'am," said one incorrigible, "upon thirsty he was."—New York Times.

ackeray, anxious to enter parliament, for Oxford, thinking he might win the rom Lord Monck, who then represented leeting his opponent in the street one Thackeray shook hands with him, had a talk over the situation and took leave of with the quotation, "May the best man "I hope not," said Lord Monck, very ully, with a pleasant little bow.—London naut.

rick, lately over, was working in the of a railroad. One day he happened to the yard office when the force was out. elephone rang vigorously several times e at last decided it ought to be answered. alked over to the instrument, took down ceiver, and put his mouth to the trans- , just as he had seen others do. "Hillo!" led. "Hello!" answered the voice at the end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one- ne?" "Aw, g'wan! Phwat d' ye tink i? A box car?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

of the New Jersey representatives in ess, very much addicted to apparel of ariety known as "loud," was on his way e capitol one day when he encountered or Depew. "If you're going to the p l," said the senator, "we might as well together." "I'm not going there just yet," said the representative. "I must first stop to see my tailor about a new overcoat." "The tailor!" exclaimed Mr. Depew, in mock astonishment. "Why, Jim, it has always been my understanding that you were clothed by a costumer!"—Cleveland Leader.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the famous food expert, said at a dinner in Washington, apropos of the meat boycott and the cold storage discussion: "The trend of modern life seems on the surface to be toward preserved instead of fresh foods, but there is no such real trend, save among certain dealers. Who," said Dr. Wiley, "would like to be in the boots of the cowboy in the barren sagebrush country, who used to send in, week after week, the same order to the storekeeper: 'Canamilk, canacow, canajam, canabutter, canacake, canascrapple, canacorn, canaham, canaplums.'"

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of pickle, ate it and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated, until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as in the beginning. "Why don't you eat your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy, with some curiosity. "Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Chicago Record-Herald.

("Allison Ware"—Concluded.)

tistical knowledge from teachers and stored it in such fashion that little or no use could be and has been made of it. To Mr. Ware's mind, this is the wrong way about. He thinks the office of State Superintendent should be a clearing house of information; that the State Superintendent should be constantly studying all new and progressive experiments that are being tried out, not only in this State but elsewhere in the world, and that he should prepare reports upon those experiments that have demonstrated their success and usefulness, and that he should, of his own initiative, bring these reports to the attention of teachers and trustees, so that they may always be supplied with the latest and most practical data upon which to base possible improvements in their schools. Another hitherto neglected function of the State Superintendent's office Mr. Ware would try to employ. He would have the State office use all the data and organized experiences of other times and places as a basis for intelligent action by the Legislature in all matters pertaining to the public schools.

The Legislatures, as a rule, have usually tried to be fair with the school system, and to do the best for it that they could, but they have been handicapped by a lack of accurate or at all trustworthy information upon which to base legislative action. The State Superintendent's office, properly administered, could collect, organize and supply this information to the legislature, and be of incalculable service to the public by directing legislation upon proven lines.

FOR SALE—Complete set, from first year, of 108 volumes Harper's Magazine, bound in cloth and morocco; excellent condition. Address Dr. L. C. Marshall, Vacaville, Cal.

Ross Valley Real Estate

$90—Lots for a few days. So many people were delighted with the unique grandeur of Los Lomas Terrace at last Sunday's auction that I have determined to make a few more sacrifices in my educational campaign.

Many hundreds of visiting people were amazed to find such natural forests of redwood, madrone, etc., so close to San Francisco, and only 4 minutes from trains. It was hard for them to realize there was such a rustic spot so near.

$1000—4-room furnished cottage. Terms like rent.

$175—Lots, 5 minutes from station, Stadium and Speedway, in the heart of Kentfield, on established street, sewer, water, all conveniences of city, gas will be in soon. Street lights, without the usual towering municipal bond issue and high taxes.

$1100—4-room furnished cottages, same location.

These properties were taken in a deal at a great bargain and must be sold.

Terms 20 per cent cash, balance 36 monthly payments.

J. E. LEWIS, Kentfield.

ORPHAN NOTICE
The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

Half Orphans

Greenwood, Thomas	10 yrs.	
Johnson, Luther	13 yrs.	4 mos.
Moser, John	9 yrs.	11 mos.
Nossen, Abraham	9 yrs.	2 mos.
Whiting, David	10 yrs.	4 mos.
Whiting, Bernard	9 yrs.	5 mos.

Abandoned

Smith, Robert	12 yrs.	1 mo.

4-13-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE E. WOODBURY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Oliver Ellsworth, Room 824, Mills Building, corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

A. M. HAINES,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 2nd, 1910.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

5-6-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. MORRELL, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Rhinette Morrell, executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of Joseph Hutchinson, rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

RHINETTE MORRELL.

Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles H. Morrell, deceased.

Dated San Francisco, April 20, 1910.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, atttorney for Executrix, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

M. G. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Odds and Ends of the Primary Law

An important provision of the law, if it may be heeded by the courts, which have their own pleasures to consult in such cases, is the following: "This statute shall be liberally construed, so that the real will of the electors shall not be defeated by any informality or failure to comply with all provisons of law in respect to either the giving of any notice or the conducting of the primary election or certifying the results thereof." Evidences are not wanting to show that the political judges on the supreme bench of California, at least, need to be fortified by this mandate from the Legislature, not being, of themselves, well disposed toward the direct primary idea, but so far as the statute has suffered adjudication the friends of the measure have no especial grounds for complaint. If the intent of the voter can be ascertained from his ballot with reasonable certainty, every such ballot should be counted, and whether a statute is construed liberally or strictly may make all the difference between law and no law.

Under the old system if a candidate for an office submitted his claims to a convention, and was unsuccessful in securing a nomination, it was held dishonorable for him, in the absence of fraud, to bolt his convention and run for office anyhow. The direct primary law holds to the same standard by declaring that "a candidate defeated at a primary election held under the provisions of this act shall be ineligible for nomination to the same office at the same election," by petition. The wisdom or necessity for this provision is to be doubted, but more as to that when we come to speak of needed amendments to the law.

The direct primary law empowers each nominee for the assembly to appoint an assembly district committee of at least one member from each voting precinct in his assembly district, but this must be done, if at all, not later than two weeks from the Tuesday on which the primary election shall have been held.

Likewise a candidate for the State senate, duly nominated, may, within the same time, constitute a senatorial district committee consisting of not less than seven members from each assembly district within that senatorial district.

Also each party nominee for Representative in Congress may, within three weeks after the primary election, appoint a congressional district committee of not less than one, or more than three, members of each assembly district within his congressional district. The assembly and congressional district committees serve for two years and the senatorial for four.

The purpose of these committees is, mainly, to aid in the election of the respective candidates and to advise with those candidates, if elected, as to the distribution of any political patronage that may accrue to the official, or to advise with reference to public sentiment or public needs in their respective communities. These committees rarely meet and there are no official functions for them to perform. The candidate may appoint them or not, as he sees fit. Probably they will usually be appointed as distributions of rather empty compliments to persons supposed to be possessed of political influence.

Vacancies occurring on any ticket between the holding of the primary and the holding of the election will be filled by the party committee for the county, district or State as the case may be. If candidates for assembly, State senate or Representative in Congress fail to appoint their committees, as suggested in the preceding paragraph, it is not clear how vacancies should be filled in the ticket if any should occur by death or otherwise, so perhaps they had better be appointed.

In the case of a tie vote at a primary election held in any county or a subdivision of a county, the board of supervisors will determine the issue by lot, after having summoned the parties into their presence. If the tie be between candidates for a district or State office, then the issue is to be determined by the Secretary of State after having summoned the parties into his presence, also by lot.

"Any candidate at a primary election desiring to contest the nomination of another candidate for the same office may proceed by affidavit within five days after the completion of the canvass, as provided in section 27 of this act. And the contestee shall be required by the order of such court to appear and abide the further order of the court."

Section 27, above referred to, gives all courts of record ample powers to deal with all issues arising under the direct primary law and in a summary fashion which, of course, is needful as the time is short in which to settle all such disputes and the certifying of nominations and preparation of the ballots.

It was made the duty of the Secretary of State and Attorney General to prepare, on or before the first day of August, 1909, all needful forms for blanks to be used to carry out the provisions of the act, and doubtless that duty was performed within the required time.

Section 34 provides that "All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with, or in conflict with, the provisions of this act are hereby repealed." Of course this section does away with all that the statutes formerly contained relating to primary elections except as referred to in this act and made a part of it, as heretofore pointed out.

Section 35 provides that "This act shall take effect and be in force from and after June 1, 1909."

The first primary election held under the act was held in San Francisco last year, with what unfortunate consequences is matter of dolorous history.

In case a primary election is held in a city instead of being under county authority those officers that, in a city government, correspond to the county officers charged with carrying out the provisions of this act, must perform the functions required as though they were county officers. These officers are usually the city clerk in place of the county clerk, and the city board of trustees instead of the county board of supervisors. If a city has a charter providing for a primary system of its own, then this law is not applicable to such city.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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is Week: "RIGHT FINANCING OF THE EXPOSITION"

—By James Smith.

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Theodore In London

COURSE IT WAS BAD FORM for Theodore Roosevelt, London, to say anything that meant anything, but did xpect one with the freedom of the city safe in his pocket, rly sizzling to speak his mind, to stand in a world-forum l, cribbed, confined, confounded, to mutter glib incon- dialities and then go away back and sit down? They did ow our Theodore if they did. And because he spoke ing will be doing down in Egypt that has been suffering one.

The Most Broken Reed

TIMENTALITY IS THE MOST BROKEN REED upon ch righteousness can lean," declared Theodore Roosevelt l Hall, London. So it is. All knowledge must be trans- into sentiment before it can become effective for any good , but the transmutation of sentiment into knowledge is fficult, although more often attempted, than the transmu- of copper kettles into gold coin. Sentimentality is often joyous alliance with sweetness and light, but righteous- it is to accomplish anything worth while, must move hand in hand with knowledge and power.

The Coup of Wickersham

ERE UNGENEROUS to inquire too closely into the n why. Probably that reason is the President. It were also to anticipate too much from the result. We do not w to whom that court belongs. But the five-and-twenty s that were about to advance rates to suit their own minds ve to show good cause why they should. That of itself great gain. Their heretofore unconquerable souls may out of the nation's hand.

"I Forgot"

CONDUCTOR IN CHARGE of the car on the Leona ghts line forgot, and because he forgot there were deaths, ere cripples made for life, and there were two score of and bleeding men, women and children. "I forgot," was excuse, but how glibly does it slip off the end of every And how many times a day! "Oh! I forgot." Let watch himself during a single day and he will be aston- the number of times he forgets. It is ever a poor excuse. es moral irresponsibility. We have no right to charge ds with duties so feebly that we forget. That serious ences do not more often attend our forgetting is our good rather than our good conduct. The mind will retain that ich it is charged if it be habitually charged home. In of our own weakness we can be charitable toward those orgetting results in disaster, and, in the light of such , we can be less lenient with our own forgetting. We less if such catastrophes do not help us to a surer self-

The New Message to Garcia

OLD "MESSAGE TO GARCIA" was carried and de- ed by "A fellow of the name of Rowan." The new one carried by a fellow of the name of Johnson, Hiram John- it is a more important message than the one that Rowan carried. The message that Rowan carried told of probable freedom to the Cubans, that mixed and adolescent people ill fitted to be entrusted with liberty. The message Johnson carries, as bravely as Rowan carried his, and as efficiently, tells of freedom to be had by a great and enlightened state, a state adorned with common schools, high schools and universities, which have annihilated illiteracy and placed all men on an intellectual equality, so far as expression goes, with all other men, a freedom to be enjoyed merely for the reaching out of the hand to accept the gift. Is there any wonder that this message is being received with joy?

Senator Bourne

SENATOR BOURNE HAS PROVEN a disappointment. When he was elected to the United States senate it was commonly understood that he owed his election wholly to having made a money campaign, that he was a grabber, a friend to the interests, a spectacular fellow, not very able. He has disappointed his friends and his critics alike. Under pressure of his exalted position he has developed ability of a high order. His sympathies with the commonalty, struggling against oppressive conditions, have been acute. His espousal of their cause has been sincere. The quality of his democracy has been proved. Our neighbor to the north is to be congratulated upon its representation in the senate of the United States. By comparison with it the representation of California in that body suggests to Californians the propriety of sackcloth and ashes.

Lorimer

LET NOT THE STOCKYARDS senator be over anxious at the outcome of the present unpleasantness over the manner of his election to the United States senate. To be sure, the methods employed may have been somewhat raw, but not otherwise different from those made use of by many of his colleagues. His interests are in the hands of those who know how it is themselves. If they did not buy with cash they bought with cash jobs, or had their ears pierced in token of thraldom.

Collier's on Kent

A SIGN OF THE TIMES may be found in the candidacy of William Kent, who has been persuaded to run for Congress in the State of California. Mr. Kent has a record of fifteen or more years of very active and efficient public service in which he never sought any advantage for himself. Whatever political progress has been made in Chicago in the present era owes much to him. Since he has been living on his ranch in California he has taken a characteristically energetic part in the questions affecting that State. He has always been keenly interested in national affairs also and has an inside knowledge of them. It would not be easy to think of many men as well fitted to represent a great State in the Congress of the United States. If California sends him to Washington she will know she has a man beyond the reach of any influence except his own conscience and the facts; so well informed and so versed in practical politics that nobody can fool him; and so large-minded that he will be an honored representative of the new political standards which are growing so rapidly in our country.—Collier's Weekly, May 28, 1910.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

State Labor Commissioner John D. Mackenzie has made a report to Governor Gillett relating to oriental farm labor in California that is likely to prove important to the future of California. According to this report, ideal farm labor, for "specialized" agriculture, must be abundant at certain seasons of the year, must take itself off and be responsible for itself at other seasons, must be intelligent and must be cheap. Japanese and Chinese coolies meet these requirements admirably.

The imagination kindles when one reflects upon what would take place in California were the bars, or at least the top bars, which now limit oriental immigration, taken down and the demand for this labor permitted to be fully supplied.

Capital would be attracted to our "specialized" agricultural industries as never before. Our agricultural college could not graduate students trained in scientific, "specialized" agriculture fast enough to meet the demand for competent superintendents of large plantations. All of our agriculture would become "specialized" under the impetus of money-making on the part of those who have money with which to make money and, where single ownerships prove unable to swing the larger ventures, corporations would be formed for dairy farms, milking cows by the thousand and making butter by the carload, for raising alfalfa and corn and converting them into beef and pork. What has taken place in eucalyptus planting and sugar beet growing would take place in relation to all forms of agriculture to which California is adapted. Land, especially in large tracts, would appreciate in value fifty per cent almost immediately and the present tendency to subdivide and sell to small farmers would come to a stop. Our agricultural gentry would live mainly in cities, but the few manors established would be baronial in splendor, except as to picturesque but interesting "quarters" where the oriental laborers would be packed like sardines in a box.

There is no reason, except in the scarcity of cheap and "ideal" labor, why capitalism should not embark in "specialized" agriculture as readily as in manufacturing or transportation and, once established under an industrial system comparable to that of manufacturing, it would be as impossible for the small farmer to compete with it in feeding the world as it is for the small manufacturer to compete with the trusts, or for the small tradesman to compete with the great department stores. California would be dedicated to capitalist and coolie forever. It would not require one generation to work the problem to a finality.

There is no justification for admitting to our shores coolies sufficient to satisfy the requirements of a capitalistic and "specialized" agriculture that may not as strongly, as justly and as efficiently, be urged for admitting as many as may be required for "specialized" industry, domestic service or to meet, in all its forms, the needs of that money-hunger for cheap labor that grows on what it feeds on and never knows when it has had enough.

But there are those who have cherished hopes for California other than such as Commissioner Mackenzie's commendations and findings of fact must eventuate in if acted upon favorably by the Legislature of California and the Congress of the United States. There are those to whom the history of civilization is not a sealed book, those who do not look upon prosperity to capitalism as being the only or even the highest good, those who value quality of character above cheapness, and national manhood as of more importance than many millions of money easily made.

If such as these turn to Roman history they find that, at the very time that Roman arms had conquered the world, Roman patricians, and their captured slaves, had conquered the yeomanry of the Roman nation and driven them to the cities and to pauperism. It was this truth that led Mommsen to declare landlordism to have "accomplished the moral and material ruin of the Roman middle class," and which led Pliny to say that, "The great estates have ruined Italy," a disaster that twenty centuries have not been able to repair.

Landlordism is, and has been, the bane of the world. There is not and never was a land that was free and happy, populous and strong, that did not consist mainly of home owners. Yet there is a worse thing than landlordism and tenancy. That thing is agricultural capitalism whereby what should be the self-owned homes of well-to-do farmers become a plantation carried on by hired overseers and cheap, servile or slave labor.

For just cause men may go to war, but no war was ever waged for a holier purpose than that the common heritage in land be not taken from the middle-class people, by whatever pretext or policy, and given over to capitalism or lordship in any form to the end that the many may toil without stint to keep soul and body together while the few may live in luxury and idleness.

One more truth remains to be considered: That very 80 per cent advantage in cost of sustenance of the oriental worker over the occidental, to which Commissioner Mackenzie refers, will work as certainly to the advantage of the oriental capitalist in competition with the occidental. The self same policy that will drive the American farm laborer from the land will drive the American plantation owner after him. For these orientals are not an inferior people. They are economical, shrewd and thrifty and can do business sagaciously, agricultural as well as another, on a narrower margin of profit than can our white captains of industry.

There is something brewing, else this old sore would not have been reopened at this time or any other.

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Ruse Rather Than Remedy

The to-do made in Congress over the concentration of cash, as a result of the funds of the postal savings banks being invested in government bonds, serves to show how elementary are the financial ideas of the average Representative in Congress. If it be all important to keep cash at home, existing conditions cannot be bettered save by abolishing the banks we have. The stocking up the chimney flue, or the roll of bills tucked into the mattress on the bed, are the only devices that can serve to keep the cash of the people out of the hands of those who will bid highest for its use and, unfortunately, that use which is least legitimate can run the bids highest. If, as proposed, sixty-five per cent of the postal savings must be deposited in local banks, the local banks will deposit their reserves with reserve banks, and these in turn with the big banks of New York for the convenience f stock gamblers. During the panic of '07 c banks here in California had all, save a mea allowance for carrying daily balances, d posited in New York banks, presumably i call, but actually beyond call until the N Yorkers felt disposed to answer the call. It will be in no wise different under the pos savings bank bill, as amended, except that Government will be a less benefited borro from the people than it otherwise would and its savings banking business will be m complicated. Local banks may gain in rec ing deposits from the Government that t cannot now get from timid hoarders of m and it is in their interest, and not that of p ple or country, that the savings banks bill been so injuriously amended.

The Newer Basis of Compensation

The world is doing a deal of adventur thinking. There are thousands, if not millio of thoughtful persons ill content that hum history should move ever in cycles and ways from the same cause—monopoly of ture's bounties to the race. That cycle epitome, has been this: the clan, the c mune, the over-lord and villein, the lan estate and tenant, wealth and poverty, a pu proud aristocracy and a proletariat steepe ignorance, vagrancy and vice. The handw ing on the wall reads that what has been of the old world in this regard shall p true of the new, and that it is so writ, ex the common man bestir himself, know rights and dare maintain them, cannot be q tioned. Indeed, there is some question i solution of the problem be not worked ou the old world before it is in the new.

The British budget lately adopted made taxation of the unearned increment a re nized factor in the science of taxation for civilized world. Fifteen German cities, ha each a population in excess of 100,000, h made the increment tax a part of their sys and more than forty smaller German cit have imitated their example. They begi taking a part only of the unearned incre They may end by taking it all.

The tendency of our time is to recog ownership as relative and not absolute, fundamental ownership vesting in the c monwealth and not in an individual, a or a corporation. All the resources of a c try are coming to be looked upon as belon to all the people of that country, if no in fact to the human race, a reversionary to the good things of earth that not ev a country may hold against the interests o the race. The country that stands on its lega to the injury of the race is not unlikel to have its government overturned.

This is giving rise to the newer doc as to a just basis of compensation to t persons and corporations that serve the p lic. Are they transportation companies? the compensation for transporting the p ple's property from where it is to where wanted must be reasonable. Is the issue to the price of coal? Then those who h the people's coal (for there is no coal in the earth that does not belong to those who need for it) must be content with a reaso compensation for taking the people's coa out of the ground, transporting it to where wanted, holding it until it is wanted and fully delivering it at the door of the person who wants it.

Is the issue raised as to water for irrigation? The canal company has a right to a reasonable compensation for fetching the people's water to the people who need to use it on their land, and to no more than that. Is it a question as to the charge for electric energy generated by water power? The company that furnishes it has no ownership in that current. It is the people's source con-

as certainly as the air belongs to the le. Whoever pumps air into a building entilate it, or into a mine, is entitled to ge for the service rendered, but not for air pumped. The person, firm or cor- tion that generates electricity is entitled ake a reasonable charge for the service ered, but none whatever for the energy loped.

ow far this basis of compensation will be ed no one can foreknow, but certainly as s has to do with any of those elements wer and wealth which are a common ige. This newer doctrine of compensa- is not to be put down by calling it so- m, which it is not. It is founded in mental justice. That is its sufficient vin- ion.

Not to Be Ashamed of

n per cent of the voters of Los Angeles ty, who have registered so far, have ed to disclose their party affiliations. If had been called upon to disclose their cer" affiliations instead of their "party" reluctance could be the better appreciated excused, but the primary law makes no exactions. The law does not even demand ow to what political party one belongs, nly to know with what political party one cts to affiliate **at the next primary elec-** The reason for this declaration lies in provision of the law which requires county s to have printed 150 party ballots for 100 voters of each party as indicated by egistration of affiliation, otherwise the could not foreknow how many of each of ballots to have printed. Nothing be simpler, or more fair, than this pro- in this law. In truth, it is about the liberal and unhampered provision in it. can not every voter in the State be made derstand its true import? The press of tate should renew the attack.

Government and the Railroads

re are four ways of dealing with the id problem in this country: Leave the ids free to work their unhindered wills; ament control; government ownership of ids; railroad ownership of government. first method was given half a century al with results lamentable beyond the of language to express. The railroads l their own investors, destroyed each discriminated for and against their s and slaughtered their operatives with le compunction as exasperated ranchers t at jackrabbit drives.

tatively, and with a long suffering pa- the people, through Congress, the tures and the courts, undertook rail- ontrol by government with the result hey speedily found government in the l of the railroads, that control extending gress, legislatures and courts. The fight n is to reverse that control, to make the ds amenable to just laws and not the l public amenable to a predominating d influence, exerted legislatively, ad- atively, judicially. It is a great fight hile victory is not yet with the people, ss is making. If this attempt fail, gov- nt ownership will follow unless, unhap- emocracy go down to defeat in con- ith an advancing plutocracy, an event- by no means unthinkable.

rnment control of railroads was an im- t policy of the Taft administration. The is on at Washington. It waxes fierce. ltcome is uncertain but indications are ne forces favoring government control ake a general, though moderate, ad- along the whole front. The battle over ment control will have a firmer grip nsportation.

oads desire and gladly submit to a cer- tain measure of government control. They want to be protected from each other and from the encroachment of those great shippers, like the Standard Oil and the beef trust, that have power to beat them down in their rates below that which is reasonable; but the railroads have no desire for protection of the public against themselves, and they withstand every attempt made in that direction with all the hirelings they can muster in Congress or executive departments.

The Supreme Court of the United States, by the narrow margin of four justices to three, has decided that the Interstate Commerce Commission's power to fix rates is buttressed by the Constitution of the United States. This is good. In fact, it is great. It is not saying that rates fixed cannot be appealed from and litigated over, but without that decision railroad regulation by government would hardly have had a leg to stand on. If Congress could not delegate its rate-fixing authority, that authority must be and remain nil. Congress is too big and too clumsy to fix rates and must fix them by proxy or not fix them at all. Therefore this decision, albeit by the narrow margin of a single vote on the supreme bench, proved a life-saving station for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Of the five or six million rates to be fixed even the Interstate Commerce Commission can fix only now and again one. The railroads must be trusted to fix the rest and, with such a supervision of the fixing of what, for the want of a better term at the moment, may be called the index rates, as will insure their reasonableness and fairness, the rest of the rates will come near to fixing themselves in conformity therewith.

All things considered, the outlook for national control of railroads is full of encouragement. The state issue is nearer home and, with the nomination and election of Alexander Gordon and John M. Eshleman to our State Railroad Commission, California will also be in line for progress in railroad control by government instead of railroad control of government.

Would He Know One If He Met It?

The Bakersfield Echo regretfully declares that, "Traced down to its final cause, the lack that is sapping our patriotism, the thing that makes our national charcter less fine than it ought to be, is the lack of a deep, impersonal, moral or patriotic issue to occupy men's thoughts and give coherence and conscious direction to our national endeavor for immaterial progress and advancement."

Is there, then, no great moral issue involved in the declaration that the heritage of generations unborn shall not be squandered by this generation? Is there nothing impersonal and unselfish in the demand that successful rascality shall not reduce legislation to barter, judicial interpretation to sale and that the powers of government shall not be put forth to establish a plutocracy on the ruins of a democracy in which the whole world had hoped much?

Since when has resistance to tyranny and oppression, to corruption and unrestrained greed, come to be looked upon as selfish and personal, narrow in spirit and lacking in generous impulse? What announced policies, if not those of Roosevelt, and those trumpeted forth by William Howard Taft at the opening of his administration, have ever set the pulses throbbing and made the currents of good, red blood to quicken in the veins and arteries of brave and self-denying men? If men may not fight to establish justice where, as in San Francisco, it has been debauched in the open street, for what may they take sides as for Right and against Wrong? Would our contemporary recognize a great moral issue if he met one in the road at noonday?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"Two and two usually make four, but one never can tell how drinks are going to add up," was the testimony of an expert witness called to the stand in a divorce case.

When one thinks on the part that wine and its more or less alcoholic associates have played in literature, in poetry and in song, in the mirth and the jollity of human society, one can hardly see how the world could have gotten on without them; but when one reflects on how drinks have added up down the ages, how unexpectedly and astonishingly, with what sorrow and what tragedy, one can hardly understand how the world has tolerated the stuff as long as it has.

The writer of this is no zealot for total abstinence. He has conducted some rather unscientific experiments of his own for a matter of thirty years, just dabbling a bit from curiosity, and a not too laudable desire to know what different beverages taste like, with the result that he has found no kind of spirituous or malt liquors that likes him and very few kinds indeed that he likes, so that he is able to look at the matter of beverages from a nearly unbiased point of view. If he were to condense the substance of his observation and experience into a phrase he could not do it better than to say that, "One can never tell how drinks are going to add up."

There was old John who, for more than half a century, had his sprees that did not loosen their grip upon him until they had prostrated him flat on his back in the gutter feeling upward for the ground, but he outlived nearly all his family, held his property together and died well-beloved because of his kindliness of heart and gentleness of spirit, but there was young John who brought a most promising public career to a close in his early thirties, sold all he had and bought whisky with it, instead of pearls, and was taken out of the gutter to die the death of a beast. There was Charley who fought four valiant years for his country, only to come home to fight a hundred losing battles with John Barleycorn, yet preserving his youth well into the fifties to die from over-drinking of ice water on a hot day. There was the young dental surgeon who developed a fine practice and founded a loveable family and home, who put a pistol to his temples and blew his brains out because he felt the never ending gnawing of appetite reaching his vitals and had not the courage to face insidious and inevitable failure and disgrace long drawn out.

That's the trouble with the whole business: "One can never tell how drinks are going to add up." There is no man so learned in science that a young man can go to him, submit to an examination, and be given a certificate entitling him to use alcoholic beverages throughout his life without danger of failure and disgrace. There is not enough of wisdom in the world to predetermine the result for any man or any woman, for there are drunken mothers in the world as well as fathers, wives as well as husbands.

And yet there are those who use liquors habitually throughout long lives, seemingly none the worse for it. They prosper in business, maintain good health, hold respected places in society, and enjoy life to the full.

What is the use of denying the truth of this as so many zealots do? It only weakens their cause and proves their partisan bias. The writer had a great uncle who religiously intended to take a drink or two of whisky every day—if he did not forget it. And yet the very next man who should try to walk in the footsteps of one of these moderate, self-mastered men may go over the precipice before he is thirty years old. Usually one who uses no liquors until after he is twenty-five will live soberly all his days, yet the writer knew of a man who took his first drink at forty-eight, in ten years had become a sot. If one can never tell how drinks are going to add up does not prudence suggest that it is just plain, good sense, not to add them at all?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Uncle Sam's Expensive Household

The prudent housekeeper is not the only person who has a right to complain of the cost of living in these days. If our well beloved Uncle Samuel, too, should lift up his voice in tearful protest against the size of his bill for housekeeping the facts of the case would justify him, for of late it has been increasing out of all proportion to his increase of income. In 1870, shortly after the close of a costly war, his annual expenses were $293,657,005. In 1880 they had decreased to $264,847,637, and it appeared that our Uncle was a wise housekeeper. In the next ten years, however, or by 1890, they had increased to $297,736,487, a little more than the old figure, but as his family had greatly increased in the meantime, this was an excellent showing. But in the next decade he experienced a fall from grace, his annual expenditure in 1900 being $487,713,792. He has kept right on rioting ever since that time, his expenditure by 1908 being $659,193,320, and the figures still are increasing. This is not only extravagance, it is the uncurbed riot of the spendthrift, and there is more than scriptural authority for the theory that that sort of thing sometimes ends in "the husks that the swine did eat." Somebody—the People, for instance—ought to speak to Uncle Sam about this matter. There is reason to fear that the old chap is becoming too giddy.

The Cost of Keeping a King

This nation's governmental expenses unhappily increase, but, whatever else may be said about it, the increase cannot justly be attributed to the cost of maintaining a President. We pay our President $75,000 a year and allow him $25,000 as traveling expenses, and some have been heard to protest that it is too much. But the royal family of Great Britain costs its subjects about twenty-seven times as much. Yes, twenty-seven, the readers eyes did not deceive him. The allowance to the present King has not been arranged as yet, but it is fairly safe to say that it will not be less than that of his predecessor, and Edward's allowance (for himself and his family) amounted to $2,715,000 annually. This immense sum was apportioned as follows: To the King and Queen, $2,350,000; annuity to the Prince of Wales, $100,000; annuity to the Princess of Wales, $50,000; for the King's daughters, $90,000; for Queen Victoria's servants, $125,000. Besides these rather neat sums the King's income from the Duchy of Lancaster and the Prince of Wales' income from the Duchy of Cornwall amount to $300,000 to $400,000, each, annually, but these sums, no matter how obtained originally, are private affairs, and so are mentioned here only as added and gladsome proof that the wolf still is some distance from the King's door, no matter what may be his relation to the doorway of other Englishmen. Evidently as a comparative bill of expense a President does not amount to much.

How Gambling Pays Monaco's Prince

The foolish ones who play the game at Monte Carlo, not infrequently terminating it by suicide, may not make money, but the Prince of Monaco, who is proprietor of the institution, makes money in plenty, and perhaps that fact may serve to console them for losses. Somewhat more than a half century ago this pigmy ruler was conducting his phantom government on something resembling a starvation basis. Then the great gambling institution was conceived, and since then he has lived at the upper end of Easy Street. Under the terms of his first lease to M. Blanc, the Prince received $100,000 a year and half the profits of the gambling house. This was a wide remove from former poverty, but when the lease expired in 1898 it was renewed for fifty years, with a more liberal allowance for the Prince. Under the terms of the later lease he received almost $2,000,000 down, and is to be paid nearly $3,000,000 in 1913. In addition to this he receives an annual payment beginning with $243,325 and gradually increasing to $486,650 in 1837, after which time it will remain stationary. A large sum of money also is to be spent on public works. The entire sum thus paid out will amount to more than $25,000,000, every cent of it collected of fools who have a more or less hazy idea of "beating the game."

Marriage in Ancient Egypt

In the vicinity of Luxor, Egypt, recently were dug up a number of inscribed bits of pottery. Several of these potsherds were marriage contracts, which give a fair idea of the institution of marriage as it existed in Egypt about two centuries before Christ. From these it appears that in those days wives were taken on probation and for a limited time. For instance, here is the wording of one of these contracts dating about the first half of the second century B. C.: "I take thee, Taminas, daughter of Pamonthis, into my house to be my lawful wife for the term of five months. Accordingly I deposit for you in the Temple of Hathor the sum of four silver stater, which will be forfeited to you if I dismiss you before the conclusion of the five months, and besides this, my banker shall do something for you; but if you leave me on your own account before the end of the five months the above sum which I have deposited shall be refunded to me." Certainly this was placing marriage on a free and easy commercial basis, making a financial transaction of it, and that it was not a large financial transaction will be appreciated when it is understood that "four silver stater" amounted to about two dollars in American money.

Battle Creek, Home of the Cults

Everybody has heard of Battle Creek, Michigan; at least, everybody has if he ever uses breakfast foods. But not everybody knows that it probably is the most cult-infested town in this or any other country. The invasion began with the Seventh Day Adventists, who made Battle Creek their world-headquarters. After them came the Spiritualists, who almost became strong enough to contest Adventist supremacy. Quakers followed, and later came a very riot of sects, believers in anything, everything and nothing, and disbelievers in the same. At the present time in this one little city, in addition to the foregoing, are Fourierites or Harmonists, Christadelphians, Mind Healers, members of the Hermetic Brotherhood, the Age to Come, Millenium Dawn, Breath of Life, Church of the Larger Hope, Flohim's Brotherhood, Theosophists, Gnostics, Fire Worshipers, Restitutionists, Saints of God, and perhaps a few more have been added since the last reports came in. There are few places where a person can come so near to taking his choice in selecting his own private door to Heaven as he can in Battle Creek.

American Invasion of Canada

During the year terminating March 31, 1910, citizens of the United States, to the number of 103,789, emigrated to Canada. These are big enough figures to set an American to thinking somewhat seriously. To be sure, our immigrants outnumber these emigrants about ten to one, but number is not all there is to the migration problem, and there is reason to believe that the Americans who are going to Canada to create homes for themselves average a far higher type of men and women than do the people from the southern part of Europe who much more than take their places. In other words, the quantity migration still is our way, but it is to be feared that the quality migration trends in another direction. The Christian Science Monitor thinks that "there is no danger that the Americans who are now crowding into the western part of the Dominion will fail to increase the respect already felt in Canada for us. We shall both be gainers, rather than losers, by the closer relationship." Yes, but is not t love of a citizen for his country better th any respect which a former citizen and l neighbors may feel for it?

A pamphlet issued by the East Indian A sociation is rather interesting inasmuch as gives some idea of the "sweet tooth" of t world's leading nations, at any rate, if its s can be judged by the amount of sugar th consume per capita. Australia comes fi with a consumption of 129 pounds. T United States is next, with 84.85 pounds. Th follow other nations in the following ord The United Kingdom, 81.19 pounds; Cana 75.03; Switzerland, 65; Denmark, 55; In 44; Germany, 36.5; France, 32; Austria, 22, a Italy, 7 pounds.

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GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

THREE MINSTRELS

By Anna M. Reed

ee minstrels sing, at dawn and dark,
nd through the slumberous golden noon,
dove, the robin and the lark,
ere at the threshold of the June.
lawn the robin's matin song
first to wake the dreaming notes,
while its changes still prolong,
he Angelus rings, clear and strong.
n out a myriad yellow throats.
hen, as the daylight waxes dim,
wood dove coos its vesper hymn;
ie robin at the early dawn—
lark at noon—at dark the dove—
iree minstrels—but the theme is love.

s. Anna Morrison Reed, who contributed this to the Overland Monthly a good many years ago, resident of Ukiah and has published many poems sketches.

THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS

ie business of publishing books is one of nost highly speculative enterprises in the e world of legitimate industry. The risks iot quite on the scale of the risks in the rical business, but they are the same kind sks. The publisher must back his judg- of that most fickle of all things, the pop- taste. If he strikes it, he may make any- from a reasonable profit to a gold-mine of a book. If he does not, he gets no athy when he has sadly to charge off one failure to profit and loss.

e time between the first investment in a and the first returns from it is a long d for money to be costing interest and ig no dividends. Here is about the usual .e of a book in process of publication: e publisher's "reader" recommends it. lly the publisher is surrounded by asso- in a firm. After a favorable report from reader the book goes to these smaller bers of the firm. Each one may have the script for a week. If they all feel in- l to accept it, the head of the firm reads f he is favorably impressed, the head nan is asked to look it over. Sometimes, ldition, a firm has a "literary adviser," n of wide reading, good taste and con- tive judgment. He, also, reads the book. ppose all the reports are favorable. Some hs have probably been spent in reaching ision. Then the manuscript is turned to a copy-reader, who marks it for the r, corrects spelling and punctuation, and s the typographical style uniform. Esti- are asked and compared for the com- on and printing. Styles of paper and ig are chosen. Illustrations are ordered. book is put in type and proof-read, and the author reads the proofs. The forms id out, the presswork is done, the bind- i finished. All these things mean time med, money expended.

he meantime, the salesmen to the trade it showing a "dummy" of the book to the booksellers. A dummy shows the bind- itle page and the first few pages of the hastily set up, and enough blank pages ow the estimated thickness of the com- volume. The booksellers are buying or next Christmas' trade. The publisher leliver the books before October. But iblisher, after standing all the expense of acture, sale, distribution and advertising, ot get his money from the retailers be- January 15, 1911. In other words, his ative investment of thousands of dollars ting interest and salaries, while it waits e fall and Christmas buying to see er or no the public will accept what is t.

se facts account for the cost of books public. The actual manufacturing cost king a $1.50 book is comparatively small it 2 cents for printing, 10 or 15 cents for and 10 cents more for binding—about 30 cents in all. The author's royalty another 15 to 30 cents. The book sells to the retailer for 90 cents. The difference pays interest on the investment, cost of advertising and selling, and the profit. Of course, the profits rise rapidly as the sales mount. But the average book sells 2,000 copies, and barely pays a few dollars profit. It is only when a book has sold 10,000 copies and keeps going up that the publisher feels he has made enough to risk an occasional "high-brow" book which he can publish on the basis of "art for art's sake." Ordinarily he feels the necessity of following the trail of commercial success pretty closely.

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"The Autobiography of a Clown," writes James Lane Allen of Isaac F. Marcosson's new book, published by Moffat, Yard & Co., "should have thousands of readers. Every reader of it will be its friend. The subject is of universal interest, and it is handled with great charm of incident and much mastery of style."

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Uncle Sam's Expensive Household

The prudent housekeeper is not the only person who has a right to complain of the cost of living in these days. If our well beloved Uncle Samuel, too, should lift up his voice in tearful protest against the size of his bill for housekeeping the facts of the case would justify him, for of late it has been increasing out of all proportion to his increase of income. In 1870, shortly after the close of a costly war, his annual expenses were $293,657,005. In 1880 they had decreased to $264,847,637, and it appeared that our Uncle was a wise housekeeper. In the next ten years, however, or by 1890, they had increased to $297,736,487, a little more than the old figure, but as his family had greatly increased in the meantime, this was an excellent showing. But in the next decade he experienced a fall from grace, his annual expenditure in 1900 being $487,713,792. He has kept right on rioting ever since that time, his expenditure by 1908 being $659,193,320, and the figures still are increasing. This is not only extravagance, it is the uncurbed riot of the spendthrift, and there is more than scriptural authority for the theory that that sort of thing sometimes ends in "the husks that the swine did eat." Somebody—the People, for instance—ought to speak to Uncle Sam about this matter. There is reason to fear that the old chap is becoming too giddy.

The Cost of Keeping a King

This nation's governmental expenses unhappily increase, but, whatever else may be said about it, the increase cannot justly be attributed to the cost of maintaining a President. We pay our President $75,000 a year and allow him $25,000 as traveling expenses, and some have been heard to protest that it is too much. But the royal family of Great Britain costs its subjects about twenty-seven times as much. Yes, twenty-seven, the readers eyes did not deceive him. The allowance to the present King has not been arranged as yet, but it is fairly safe to say that it will not be less than that of his predecessor, and Edward's allowance (for himself and his family) amounted to $2,715,000 annually. This immense sum was apportioned as follows: To the King and Queen, $2,350,000; annuity to the Prince of Wales, $100,000; annuity to the Princess of Wales, $50,000; for the King's daughters, $90,000; for Queen Victoria's servants, $125,000. Besides these rather neat sums the King's income from the Duchy of Lancaster and the Prince of Wales' income from the Duchy of Cornwall amount to $300,000 to $400,000, each, annually, but these sums, no matter how obtained originally, are private affairs, and so are mentioned here only as added and gladsome proof that the wolf still is some distance from the King's door, no matter what may be his relation to the doorway of other Englishmen. Evidently as a comparative bill of expense a President does not amount to much.

How Gambling Pays Monaco's Prince

The foolish ones who play the game at Monte Carlo, not infrequently terminating it by suicide, may not make money, but the Prince of Monaco, who is proprietor of the institution, makes money in plenty, and perhaps that fact may serve to console them for losses. Somewhat more than a half century ago this pigmy ruler was conducting his phantom government on something resembling a starvation basis. Then the great gambling institution was conceived, and since then he has lived at the upper end of Easy Street. Under the terms of his first lease to M. Blanc, the Prince received $100,000 a year and half the profits of the gambling house. This was a wide remove from former poverty, but when the lease expired in 1898 it was renewed for fifty years, with a more liberal allowance for the Prince. Under the terms of the later lease he received almost $2,000,000 down, and is to be paid nearly $3,000,000 in 1913. In addition to this he receives an annual payment beginning with $243,325 and gradually increasing to $486,650 in 1837, after which time it will remain stationary. A large sum of money also is to be spent on public works. The entire sum thus paid out will amount to more than $25,000,000, every cent of it collected of fools who have a more or less hazy idea of "beating the game."

Marriage in Ancient Egypt

In the vicinity of Luxor, Egypt, recently were dug up a number of inscribed bits of pottery. Several of these potsherds were marriage contracts, which give a fair idea of the institution of marriage as it existed in Egypt about two centuries before Christ. From these it appears that in those days wives were taken on probation and for a limited time. For instance, here is the wording of one of these contracts dating about the first half of the second century B. C.: "I take thee, Taminas, daughter of Pamonthis, into my house to be my lawful wife for the term of five months. Accordingly I deposit for you in the Temple of Hathor the sum of four silver stater, which will be forfeited to you if I dismiss you before the conclusion of the five months, and besides this, my banker shall do something for you; but if you leave me on your own account before the end of the five months the above sum which I have deposited shall be refunded to me." Certainly this was placing marriage on a free and easy commercial basis, making a financial transaction of it, and that it was not a large financial transaction will be appreciated when it is understood that "four silver stater" amounted to about two dollars in American money.

Battle Creek, Home of the Cults

Everybody has heard of Battle Creek, Michigan; at least, everybody has if he ever uses breakfast foods. But not everybody knows that it probably is the most cult-infested town in this or any other country. The invasion began with the Seventh Day Adventists, who made Battle Creek their world-headquarters. After them came the Spiritualists, who almost became strong enough to contest Adventist supremacy. Quakers followed, and later came a very riot of sects, believers in anything, everything and nothing, and disbelievers in the same. At the present time in this one little city, in addition to the foregoing, are Fourierites or Harmonists, Christadelphians, Mind Healers, members of the Hermetic Brotherhood, the Age to Come, Millenium Dawn, Breath of Life, Church of the Larger Hope, Flohim's Brotherhood, Theosophists, Gnostics, Fire Worshipers, Restitutionists, Saints of God, and perhaps a few more have been added since the last reports came in. There are few places where a person can come so near to taking his choice in selecting his own private door to Heaven as he can in Battle Creek.

American Invasion of Canada

During the year terminating March 31, 1910, citizens of the United States, to the number of 103,789, emigrated to Canada. These are big enough figures to set an American to thinking somewhat seriously. To be sure, our immigrants outnumber these emigrants about ten to one, but number is not all there is to the migration problem, and there is reason to believe that the Americans who are going to Canada to create homes for themselves average a far higher type of men and women than do the people from the southern part of Europe who much more than take their places. In other words, the quantity migration still is our way, but it is to be feared that the quality migration trends in another direction. The Christian Science Monitor thinks that "there is no danger that the Americans who are now crowding into the western part of the Dominion will fail to increase the respect already felt in Canada for us. We shall both be gainers, rather than losers, by the closer relationship." Yes, but is not t love of a citizen for his country better th any respect which a former citizen and neighbors may feel for it?

A pamphlet issued by the East Indian A sociation is rather interesting inasmuch as gives some idea of the "sweet tooth" of t world's leading nations, at any rate, if its si can be judged by the amount of sugar th consume per capita. Australia comes fir with a consumption of 129 pounds. T United States is next, with 84.85 pounds. Th follow other nations in the following ord The United Kingdom, 81.19 pounds; Canac 75.03; Switzerland, 65; Denmark, 55; Ind 44; Germany, 36.5; France, 32; Austria, 22, a Italy, 7 pounds.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

THREE MINSTRELS

By Anna M. Reed

e minstrels sing, at dawn and dark,
d through the slumberous golden noon,
dove, the robin and the lark,
ere at the threshold of the June.
lawn the robin's matin song
first to wake the dreaming notes,
while its changes still prolong,
e Angelus rings, clear and strong,
n out a myriad yellow throats.
nen, as the daylight waxes dim,
wood dove coos its vesper hymn;
e robin at the early dawn—
lark at noon—at dark the dove—
ree minstrels—but the theme is love.

s. Anna Morrison Reed, who contributed this to the Overland Monthly a good many years ago, resident of Ukiah and has published many poems ketches.

THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS

e business of publishing books is one of nost highly speculative enterprises in the e world of legitimate industry. The risks ıot quite on the scale of the risks in the rical business, but they are the same kind sks. The publisher must back his judg- of that most fickle of all things, the pop- taste. If he strikes it, he may make any- from a reasonable profit to a gold-mine of a book. If he does not, he gets no athy when he has sadly to charge off one failure to profit and loss.

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MARK TWAIN AND LONDON BEDS

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WILLIAM KENT

STUDENT, REFORMER, SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN AND MAN OF AFFAIRS

Mine is the pleasant task of writing a "sketch" of William Kent, candidate for Congress from the second district. But at the very outset of the undertaking I find the most significant and interesting facts of his career in the words of a better writer, Lincoln Steffens. Writing from Riverside, Conn., to a friend in Berkeley, under date of May 13th (three weeks ago) he says:

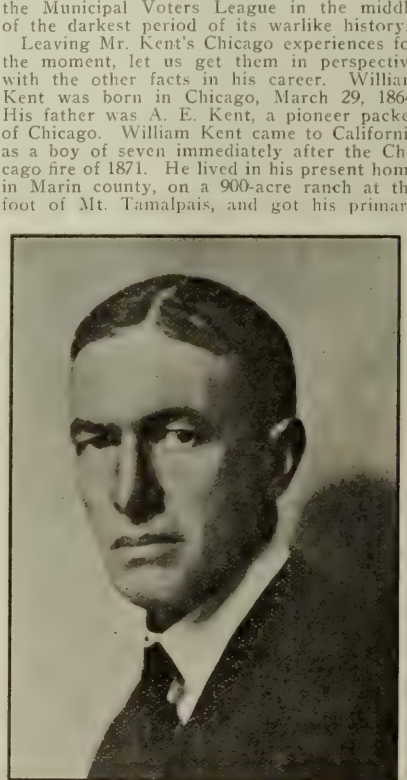
"Yes, I am a Californian, from the second congressional district, and to be more provincial still, from Sacramento. And I know William Kent, well.

"I discovered him first when I was raking muck in Chicago. Things were pretty bad there, but there was a streak of good and I followed it. It led me back to a time when some young fellows in Chicago set out to fight the crooked gang that ran the Board of Aldermen. The gang was very tough; to fight them was not child's play; and the young gentlemen who went up against them were not the kind that I had learned to take much stock in. They were gentlemen. One of them was John Harlan, the son of a Justice of the Supreme Court; another was Mr. William Kent, the son of a founder of Chicago, and a millionaire; and they were all pretty much of that ilk. But I learned they went to the people with the truth and with explicit promises of service. They did not talk much about being 'better people.' They didn't run simply on the platform that they were 'good men,' and that their opponents were 'bad men.' They said that their opponents were crooks, in the service of the railroad. And that they would fight those crooks in the interest of the people. And the people were convinced, somehow, grinned and sent them to the Board of Aldermen.

"When they got there, some five or seven of them, they saw they couldn't do much. They were as helpless as the few insurgents are in Congress today. But they held a meeting—a sort of reformed caucus, and they decided that the only thing for them to do was to make the meetings of the Aldermen so interesting to the public that the people would send more insurgents there and reform the whole board, by making it represent the public instead of the special interests. And the way they planned to do that was amusing and rather splendid. They gathered facts about the toughest members of the board which they turned over to John Harlan or Billy Kent or any one of the crowd that was to make the speech of the evening. Then they all put guns in their pockets. At the right moment in the debate the speaker of the evening would walk down the aisle to the particular crook they had planned to skin that night and as the rest moved about into positions from which they could cover, so to speak, the most dangerous of the 'wolves' (as Chicago called its grafters) the orator would speak. He spoke usually with great simplicity, directness and with a startling array of facts, and face to face with his enemy. Of course this made very interesting scenes. Peter Dunne, who has since become known as 'Mr. Dooley,' and the other reporters who had papers that would print their stuff, used to describe these scenes with skill and personal enthusiasm. There was no shooting, but I suspect that the reason was that it became generally known that these insurgents were ready for any shooting that there might be; and also, because it was understood in the board that the insurgents fully intended to have the drop on the leaders of the gang if there was any sign of fight.

"Now the result of all this was that the people of Chicago set about reforming that Board of Aldermen. Billy Kent (he soon was promoted by the grafters who came to like him from Mr. William to 'Billy') and others of these fighters organized the Municipal Voters League. The league took up the task of gathering and publishing facts. This informed the people, who gradually changed completely the character of the Board of Aldermen. They didn't turn out all the crooks. That isn't necessary. They didn't elect all 'good men.' That isn't necessary. What they did was to turn out everybody that voted for and represented Yerkes in the street railroad; they kept everybody that represented the city of Chicago. In the course of six years, the municpal league made the Board of Aldermen of Chicago truly representative of the people of Chicago, and Yerkes, as we all know, moved to London, England. Billy Kent was the president of the Municipal Voters League in the middle of the darkest period of its warlike history."

Leaving Mr. Kent's Chicago experiences for the moment, let us get them in perspective with the other facts in his career. William Kent was born in Chicago, March 29, 1864. His father was A. E. Kent, a pioneer packer of Chicago. William Kent came to California as a boy of seven immediately after the Chicago fire of 1871. He lived in his present home in Marin county, on a 900-acre ranch at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, and got his primary



MR. WILLIAM KENT

school education at San Rafael. In 1881 he went east to enter the Hopkins Grammar School of New Haven, to prepare for Yale. He entered Yale in 1883 and graduated in 1887.

In college, Kent had things pretty much his own way. He made a good record for scholarship without being a grind, but he especially made a good record as leader in college sports, college politics and the general give-and-take of college boys' activities. With two or three others he enjoyed a reputation, which he earned, for being absolutely "white"—if Kent said a certain thing was true, it was believed by the other fellows. This small detail is worth reporting because it is a quality that served him well in politics in Chicago and which still distinguishes him among all who know him.

He specialized on literary work in Yale, and served as editor of the Yale Courant, the humorous bi-weekly student paper, and as editor of the Yale Literary Magazine. The latter is especially an honor, for it not only presumes ability to handle the job, but also the personality to get elected to it by fellow classmen.

After leaving college, Kent went to work in Chicago. His father was an invalid, living in California, and it fell to Kent to manage his large property interests in the Mid West. These interests included the manag ment of real estate holdings in Chicago a of investments in stocks and in lands in v rious parts of the country. On his own a count Kent formed the firm of Kent & Bur to engage in raising livestock in Nance Cou ty, Nebraska. He also acquired an interest large sheep and cattle ranges in Nevada. good deal of his life has been spent in t open, looking after this part of his bu ness. Here he learned to ride. Also h he became—and still is—a dead shot with revolver. In Chicago he bought stock in bank, of which he became a director. Al gether he had a comprehensive training in t practical affairs of life.

But along with these experiences he fou his way into other interesting human relatio A pretty intimate view of the corrupt conn tions that exist between business and polit made him pause to consider which path would follow in his own business. He ch the path of decency, of refusing to get bu ness advantages at the expense of the pul or at the cost of corrupting public serva That choice meant fight in his own busin These fights led him into the broader fight better government, the fight to break up corrupt municipal ring and to put bad m out of office and to make possible legitim business dealings with the city.

This fight, at this time in Chicago, took specific form of war upon Yerkes, the str railroad man. It was Yerkes who had c rupted the city government, which in turn co taminated all others who tried to do busin with it. Yerkes controlled the city cour and, by alliances, the State Legislature in m ters that affected traction interests in Chica Yerkes could get franchises whenever he wa ed them; nobody else could. Yerkes could favorable ordinances that permitted him give Chicago the worst transportation fac ties in the United States and collect a fortu for doing it.

Kent's first interest in municipal politics Chicago was in 1890, when he was prominen identified with the work of the Civil Serv Reform Association, which finally got an effective civil service law for Chicago a which was a great factor in the extension the civil service idea throughout the Uni States.

In 1894 he went into the general fight traction reform in Chicago. He ran for city Council. His ward was one of the dec wards, and Kent was elected. Right here where Lincoln Steffens's account of Ken Chicago experience fits into the consecut narrative of his career. Some facts omit by Steffens should be added.

Kent was the fighter of the little band reformers. Not that his ideas were any m radical or less practical than those of the ot reformers, but that he had more of the p tician's instinct for the right moment to str a blow, more of the dramatic sense that und stands how to make a situation picturesqu interesting to the public through the ne papers. So he cheerfully permitted himself be made the "goat" for a good many specta lar things that other people did for the ca of reform that they might not care to h hooked up with their names, but which help just as much as if they had been credited their real authors. Also, he did most of hard fighting, hard in the sense that he m the enemies and accepted the attacks for whole movement, leaving others to do quiet work that was possible while he kept enemy busy.

He was better equipped for this kind work because of the very human quality of personality. He made friends of all kinds "rough-necks," met them on their own stan ing grounds, as man to man, and won them by his frankness and sincerity. He held th too, by playing fair. For instance, it was nec sary, to win the traction fight—the crux municipal corruption—to subordinate oth reforms for the time. It was necessary, do this, to get the toughest district in Chic bossed by Michael Kenna, otherwise notori as "Hinky Dink." Kent got his friends in

(Continued on Page 442)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Another, Too, Bears the Scar!

he deeds I have done I must pay the
ice,
my soul shall be brave to bear;
not flinch though the seed of vice
ll blossom in black despair.
cry to my God in his Judgment Day.
ugh the rod of his justice smite:
w my sin, and the price I pay,
this is the Law of Right."

But oh, and but oh,
To feel and to know
My deed must another mar,
That the sin was mine
'Gainst the law divine,
But another, too, bears the scar!

rice I must pay I would pay alone;
s only I make my prayer:
e bear the load of the guilt I own,
another its burden share.
ome there were, and I loved them well,
I tempted them far to stray
paths where the gibbering demons
well—
n mine be the price to pay.

For it's oh, and it's oh,
To feel and to know,
As we wander afar and far,
That the ill we do
Brands another, too;
Another, too, bears the scar!

* * *

The View Somewhat Obstructed

Husband—She used to look to heaven
ope.
Parson—I trust that she does so still.
ell, you see, Elder, she wears one of
modern feminine hats, and—"
ee; I see."
s, but you don't wear that kind of hat."

* * *

Fightin' in '52

I look with gloom upon this rude prize-
in' bunch
strive to reach the solar plex with de-
atin' punch;
ot prize the upper-cut nor manly self-
nse
eaves the face too much embossed with
es an' with dents;
ot feel my heart to thrill; indeed, it
ewhat shocks
gher sense when two gents strives to
uise each other's blocks.
ts fall out in argyment, as sometimes
s will do,
is better fur than fists we claimed in '52.

r less mussy than the fists; your nose
es not leave
en stranded 'neath your ear, which is a
to grieve;
iflower ear is not a burden guns bestow;
fur less apt to miss some teeth where
had ought to grow.
t approve the fightin' game, for I am
an' mild,
the style of Queensbury I reckon that
spiled,
men fight, as men will fight, I claim the
to do
your gun almighty quick, like back in

here orations that the pugs give out
apers' dope—
a boob"—"I'll lick the stiff"—"I'll knock
through the rope"—
ill my soul with sentiments that some
ible woe—
htin' with their hands wrapped up to
a softer blow!—
n my thoughts go driftin' out unto a
back there
men was Men, an' deeds was Deeds,
rough but on the square,
n I git to wonderin' what these bruiser
would do
in' meant a gun-play like it meant in '52.

The Opinions of Rufus

'Tain't 'cause we want it that we ask our friend fer his honest jedgment of somethin' we've done; it's fer the sake of listenin' to the honeyed an' delicious accents in which he tells us it's jest beautiful.

A morganatic marriage, Ezry, seein's you've asked me, is the kind that would be the first step to bigamy if you an' I committed it.

It's said that kings can do no wrong, but only experts can tell the diff'rence 'tween the real thing an' some of the imitations they give.

Almost together, two kings passed through the narrer door—a king of thought an' a king by accident of birth. Which one of the two do you reckon they made room fer 'way up in front?

Es a humble representative of the middle class I want to call 'tention to the fact that all the strawberries is 'tween the layers of baked dough in the shortcake.

He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city, but he needn't expect that the fact 'll be mentioned so often in the newspapers.

'Posed to prize-fightin' es I am, I s'pose I'll turn to the sportin' page of the paper in the mornin' of July 5 to find out whether Jeffries or Johnson licked. This shows my lost an' fallen condition, fer I don't reckon they's another 'ponent that 'll do sech a thing.

The Scripcher says that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but I understand that sev'ral exceptions have been noticed 'round Wall Street.

The Almighty used up all of creation He needed to make the earth, an' then He says, "Well, woman can use the rest to trim her hat." An' so nothin's wasted.

Middlin' often superstition, es we define it, is releegion of the kind that we don't b'lieve in.

* * *

Woman's Soft Asbestos Hands

The hands of a woman—I refer to the kind of woman with whom you are most acquainted, Augustus—are soft and delicate, and her fingers are slight, and the skin is like velvet, and—but you know how you feel when you come in contact with such hands, my boy. And the hands of a man, or of many men, are rough and hard and horny, and they do not handsome enough so that anybody ever mentions it. It follows that the hands of men will endure much, those of women little, does it not? Yes, it does—not.

Ever watch a woman when she appears in the role of domestic goddess over a cook-stove? If you did not, you have a surprise coming if ever you do thus watch her. Talk about soft and delicate hands! Say, she can handle things so red-hot that it gives you a pain just to observe her. She will take a pan of biscuits seven times heated out of the oven, and apparently think nothing of it. If a man were to attempt to handle that same pan he would first yell ouch, and then jump through the window. And it is so with everything; their "soft and delicate" hands can easily handle anything of a temperature less than 700 degrees above zero. If I could bring myself to believe—but I cannot—that any of our sisters ever are so unfortunate as to go to the region down stairs, I should feel confident that the Great Mogul down there must detail the women to manage his hottest furnaces, and if they do go I am sure that they will suffer less from excessive heat than men will.

This is one of the mysteries of this life of mystery, Augustus—how a woman's hands can be so soft and so delicate and yet share with asbestos the power to resist heat. No man can solve the problem; all he can do is to yell "ouch!" or worse when he touches a hot article, and then try not to look sheepish when his wife, mother, sister or daughter picks it up and carries it away.

Alden Anderson's Sacramento Speech

(As telepathically reported by one who, unfortunately, was unable to be present that evening. As it is understood that the speech may not be repeated during the campaign, it is important that it be preserved.)

No sooner had the whistle's prolonged toot and the ringing of the engine-bell ceased to be heard than Mr. Anderson advanced to address the audience. He was greeted with tumultuous applause mingled with heart-rending sobs.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, his bell-like tones rang forth, I come to bury Johnson, not to praise him. That is, I come to bury him if he will consent to be dead. Five glorious decades ago, my hearers, the Republican Party was born, born to perpetuate immortal principle and the memory of an immortal man. We have the memory yet. The Grand Old Party! The Party of Lofty Principles and Big Interests! The Party of Lincoln and Aldrich, of Grant and Cannon, of—of—will somebody throw out the miscreant who brought in that bell? Thanks.

Ladies and gentlemen, we cannot too strenuously uphold the principles for the maintenance of which the Republican Party was born. Any good history of forty or fifty years ago will tell you what they were, and the epitaphs which good men carved upon their tombstone will convince you of the esteem in which they were held. They must be maintained as soon as we have found their grave. We must bid defiance to tyranny and oppression (quit tooting) and, acknowledging no master except the corp—you are mistaken, I was going to say, the corpuscle which is red, press—there's another bell. Throw him out! Thanks.

Friends, Sacramentans, Countrymen and Tom Fox, you who have made Sacramento and own it politically or otherwise, what this magnificent Golden State of the Southern Pacific Company and ours needs is a government of Business Men, by a Business Man and for Business Men, and I have been authorized by a party whom I will not designate (I can speak better if this tooting will cease) to give it to you. For thirty years we have had such a government, and our crops have averaged well during that time. Shall we, then, change locomotives—that is, horses, while we are crossing the stream? Forbid it, Almighty—well, he has requested me not to mention his name in this campaign, but you know to whom I refer. (Will somebody kindly eject the criminal who is saying, "Chug-chug!" back there? Thanks.)

My friends, I leave Mr. Her—that is, my case in your hands. Vote for him—that is, for me, and Business will prosper, and, compared with that, what else is worth while? I thank you for your kind attention. As the poet says, where duty calls or danger, he never discovered there. Good-night.

(It is due to Mr. Anderson to say that the rumor that the band played the Dead March from Saul as he proudly passed from the room is false and unjustifiable. What it played was, Hear dem Bells! Don't You Hear dem Bells?)

* * *

One Disease He Couldn't Have

First Physician—I have diagnosed his case as softening of the brain.

Consulting Physician—I entertain no doubt that you are mistaken.

"But you are not acquainted with the case, are you?"

"No, but I know the patient."

* * *

And Appetizers Don't Help

I am not asking much today.
The sun may shine or hide away,
The birds may sing or mutely fly,
The flowers may bloom or they may die,
And I'll not mind; but what I wish
As little touched I pass each dish—
I wish, with pain that can't be hid,
That "grub" would taste as once it did.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Philip A. Stanton's Personal Statement The Watchman has read with interest Philip A. Stanton's personal statement to Republicans of California. It makes good reading. There is much in it, if words were the only thing needful, to commend Stanton to the favorable consideration of voters. Unlike Alden Anderson, Stanton does not face the paramount issue in this campaign, whether California shall be bond or free, with a far-away look in his eyes, laying low and saying nothing. Unlike Charles F. Curry, he has not put forth a platform of generalities evading the main issue and championing no other of importance. He faces every issue squarely, if not always fairly, and he fights in the open. If Hiram Johnson were not a candidate, and there were no Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League fighting to make California a free state, The Watchman would be much inclined to take Phil Stanton at his word, often as it has failed of being exemplified in his acts, and support his candidacy in preference to that of Alden Anderson, although Anderson is the safer and the saner of the two. It goes without saying that no man with ideals above politics-for-patronage-only could support Charles F. Curry. Whatever Mr. Stanton's purpose may be, the evident effect of his candidacy must be to take away from, if not divide, the Johnson vote, and he must not feel hurt if many voters reach the conclusion that his candidacy was brought forward chiefly to that end. It can have no other effect. We are inclined to absolve Mr. Stanton from personal responsibility for being in the campaign solely to the injury of Johnson and the cause for which he stands. He got the bee in his bonnet, and when Phil Stanton gets a bee in his bonnet there is no knowing what may happen within the next few minutes.

No "Deflection From the Party" Mr. Stanton discusses the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League under the caption, "A Deflection From the Party." There is and has been no such "deflection" from the Republican party. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League is Republican. It assumes that its kind of Republicanism is true Republicanism and that when the Republicans of California endorse it, as they seem likely to do in August, that kind of Republicanism will become "regular," the only Republicanism recognized, true to name, died in the wool, blown in the bottle or otherwise bearing the hallmark of purity and genuineness. The "deflection," Mr. Stanton, is from the Southern Pacific Political Bureau's "organization" of the Republican party which has maintained its ascendency so long that even Mr. Stanton himself appears to recognize it as the Republican party in California. Mr. Stanton has nowhere announced his "deflection" from that "organization" and, acting in and with that "organization," all talk of opposition to corporation control is irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent to prove anything.

Mr. Stanton objects, also, to the method by which the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League made up its ticket to be submitted to Republicans for their approval or disapproval. In what essential particular did that method differ from the one adopted by Mr. Stanton's friends in bringing him out? It is true that Mr. Stanton's friends quit when they had endorsed a candidate for Governor while the League went on and made up an entire State ticket, but the one was as certainly in conformity with the spirit of the primary as the other. The only essential difference is that the friends of Hiram Johnson went farther and did more than the friends of Phil Stanton.

There is no obligation upon any member of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League to support the League ticket except as that ticket commends itself to his good judgment, his ideals of what is profitable for government and his recognition of manly character. A number of gentlemen came together and said: "Let us go to now and offer the name of Phil A. Stanton to Republicans as a suitable candidate for Governor of California on the issue that the nomination should come south this time." Another group got together and said: "Let us go to now and emancipate the Republican party of California from corporation control and, that we may do so, let us make up a full ticket pledged to that issue that Republicans may vote for it." In what particular is there any difference in principle? Mr. Stanton should not quarrel with a procedure that brought him out.

Phil. A.Stanton's Corporation Policy Speaking of corporations Mr. Stanton says: "I would remove them from it and say to them: 'Stay where you belong; attend to your own affairs; do not presume to assume the functions of government; build up your business along legitimate lines; help the upbuilding of our State, and we who are entrusted with the management of its affairs will see that you are not molested by the demagogue or any other man who desires to elevate himself by discrediting you or injuring or impeding your legitimate efforts.' In this way, in my opinion, the problem can be solved." So it can, Philip. That is exactly the attitude of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League toward that very important problem. But when, Philip, in your political career, have you publicly and potentially taken that stand when you had a chance? It is true that you "stood out" at the Santa Cruz convention, but that was through personal loyalty to Pardee. His influence had made you chairman of the ways and means committee and he had given your man Friday a good job. You "stood out," but you got splendidly disciplined for it at the next session of the Legislature, since when you have "stood-in" up to just short of the point where it would be necessary for you to commit political harikari, and not even Mr. Herrin exacts that. You have not been disobedient in any essential particular.

Despite your giving effect to 60 per cent of the preferences of members as to what committees they should serve on, it was notorious that you took Walter Parker and Jere Burke into conference on the constitution of the committees and refused to promise beforehand that you would not do so.

Knowing that the Southern Pacific Political Bureau was hostile to an effective direct primary law, you made Leeds, an out-and-out corporation man, chairman of the committee on election laws, and you put on that committee Grove L. Johnson, a known tool of corporate interests, besides such known corporation men as Johnston, Hopkins, Pugh and Webber. In fact, you framed that committee against a good, effective, satisfactory direct primary law, as evidenced by the fact that six out of the nine members of it voted for the Leeds amendment preventing a state-wide advisory vote on United States Senator and putting into the bill in its place, that district abomination which was conceived in duplicity and malevolence, and which you, yourself, voted for and stood for. There was not a man in the Assembly not fit to be there who did not vote with you on that proposal and there was scarcely a man there, who was fit to be there, who did not vote against you on the Leeds amendment. You showed your true colors then.

Your declaration on the subject of corporation influence in politics is ideal, none better, but unfortunately your performance, when you had a chance to square your performance with your principles, speaks louder than any language you can utter.

Then there was that junket to Seattle, in September, at public expense, to attend the opening of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, that took place in June!

Not Against Taft Or His Policies Efforts have been ma[de] to make it appear that the candidacy of William [Kent] for the Republican nomination for Con[gress] in the Second District, will be made [on] hostility to Taft and his policies. This [is] not true. The policies of Taft, the great, spl[en]did program that he had formed to be crystal[ized] into statutes during his administration, [will] be the policies of Kent, as they have be[en] all along and were when he worked and co[n]tributed toward the election of Mr. Taft, [with] whom he enjoys a personal acquaintan[ce] of many years' standing.

What Mr. Kent is opposed to is the [way] President Taft has gone about doing the [work] he set out to do. He objects to the men [with] whom he has chiefly surrounded himself, [men] who, as Mr. Kent, in common with [about] every one else, it would seem, except the President himself, believes cannot be reli[ed on] to carry out those policies, for the reason [that] they do not favor them.

Mr. Kent regards Aldrich as a bad [man] whose hands to have placed tariff re[form] Elkins as a bad man in whose hands to [en]trust effective governmental control of [rail]roads and other transportation comp[anies] Wickersham as a bad man to be entr[usted] with the drafting of reform measures [and] Ballinger a bad man to be given in char[ge of] conservation of the nation's resources.

In Mr. Kent's opinion the President [ed]to be rescued from his enemies and res[tored] to his friends and to the friends of his po[lies] When this is done and American public [opin]ment is aroused to get in behind the [Presi]dent in his struggle on behalf of his po[lic]some substantial gain is to be looked fo[r] not until then.

And in this view Mr. Kent is right.

"Ed" Williams Machine Candidate in the 61st E. A. Willia[ms] understood to [be] machine can[didate] for the Republican nomination for Assembly man from the Sixty-first Assembly Distri[ct] which comprises the corporate limits [of the] city of Fresno. This is not a good distri[ct for] a good year for a machine candidate in [that] district, as Williams will probably kn[ow] his sorrow by the middle of August. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League has come prettywe[ll] into its own in Fresno. A. M. Drew forerl[y] represented this district in the Assembl[y but] he is looking now for a seat in the Senat[e. The] League has a choice of two candidates f[or his] successor, between John Fairweather a[nd W.] A. Sutherland. Both of these gentlemen [have] been described in recent issues by the Wat[chman.] His best information is that Mr. Sher[man] land will probably have the better of the [race.]

Cartwright Wondering State Senator G. W. Cartwright of Fresno is in a humorous predicament. He planned to fight for his seat against the attack of A. M. Drew who wants it. A lot of Cartwright's Democratic friends urged him to go up against Congressman Needham. Senator Holohan of Bakersfield had been prominently mentioned for this job, but Holohan felt that he lived the wrong end of the district, and he joined in the pressure upon Cartwright. Until lately that pressure has squeezed nothing but a yaller of the head out of the pressee. But Cartwright recently went to Boston to win a lawsuit and on the way back home he dropped off at Washington. There he had the experience of Senator Sawyer, who was disgusted when he met a real United States Senator and found he was twenty-five feet high. Cartwright saw the members of the House of Representatives and was amazed to discover that they were intellectual giants when he ranged up alongside them. Now he is back in Fresno with the funny feeling in his bones that make him wonder if he wouldn't look just as well as Needham on the floor of the House. Tribute

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

undecided, but they told him in Washing-
hat this is a "Democratic year," so it need
ise no one if Cartwright, candidate for
ress, appears in the news at an early day.

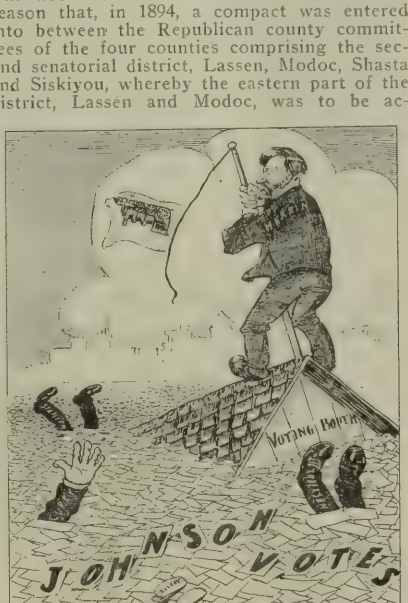
Hayeses Out Johnson The Hayeses — "Black" and "Red"—of San Jose have seen a great light. the San Jose city election was over and had accepted the local defeat like gentle- they did not seem anxious to tempt other icts by coming out strongly on State s. "J. O." did preside at the Johnson ing some weeks ago and gave it a good story in his paper, the Mercury, but the rial page was coyly silent. But last Tues- the Mercury printed only one editorial, Hope of California—Hiram Johnson" in h the last vestige of caution was thrown and the banner of the free was opened e breeze. It came late, but it shot out a bang when it came. "E. A." is going ave his hands full with Davison, the or of San Jose, against him in the Re- can primary and, probably, George Tracy, nion labor man, as his Democratic op- nt in November. As an "insurgent" in ress, Hayes naturally belongs with the oln-Roosevelters in California, and the surprising feature of his announcement is it came so late.

son Date at mland Rink Hiram Johnson will address a mass meeting in San Francisco next Tuesday at Dreamland Rink. This meeting will allize the Johnson sentiment that has organized by the work of the Independ- Republican Clubs during the past two hs. This work of organization has taken e during this week in the following meet- Monday, the Independent Republican of the Thirty-ninth District; Wednes- of the Thirty-first District; Thursday, of San Francisco campaign committee, one ate representing the club of each of the een districts; tonight, Friday, of the y-sixth District. These meetings are all ganize the campaign for Hiram Johnson. ter H. Rowell, president of the Lincoln- evelt Republican League, will also be a ter at the Dreamland meeting.

k Mott, Johnson's and Manager Following the mass meeting at Dreamland Rink, Hiram Johnson devote the remainder of next week to a ough canvass of Alameda County, espe- of the city of Oakland. Meetings will ld on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. These ngs and the work of organizing the John- campaign in Oakland will be under the nal supervision of Mayor Frank K. Mott akland, who strongly endorses Johnson Governor. The county fight across the s a complicated situation, but all hands e better element have joined heartily in orting Johnson on the State fight. This interesting and encouraging sign. Ala- County can now be figured on to off- ome of the worse districts of San Fran- for example.

ıg Low For r's Scalp The very citadel of the political strength of Charles F. Curry is believed to be Royal Arch. All his life, and even now he has quit drinking, Curry has "done" cs over the bar and, over the bars of ornia, he has probably passed as much American coin as he has received as while Secretary of State. Every bar- r is instinctively his friend, and it is gh the barkeepers that the Royal Arch y exerts its political influence. By con- inity and affection the barkeepers of ornia are, to all appearances, fast bound e political fortunes of Charles F. Curry. now comes word that the Southern Pa- Political Bureau, through its handy men, nnig to spring a trap on Curry at the citadel of his power. Two days before primary election there will be a jingling st United States metal in the ears of all arkeepers from Smith River to Calexico, and from Willow Ranch to Tia Juana, accompanied by the whisper, "It is Anderson. Are you on?" The response is confidently expected to be "We are," and that the gravel will slip out from under Curry's number elevens faster than the raging Rio Colorado dug under the alluvial banks that kept it from the Salton sink. In the philosophy of politics-for-the-interests the barkeeper is the man who stands next to The People. With his aid it is possible to move mountains of trouble out of the way. He is an affectionate animal and stands by his friends unless bought, and he will stay bought,—if the interval between purchase and delivery be not too long. This gossip is interesting if true, and rather interesting even if not quite true but only a shrewd surmise instead of a straight tip.

Abner Weed Out Of It The Watchman is assured that Abner Weed will not be re-elected to the state senate. He will not even be a candidate, and for the reason that, in 1894, a compact was entered into between the Republican county committees of the four counties comprising the second senatorial district, Lassen, Modoc, Shasta and Siskiyou, whereby the eastern part of the district, Lassen and Modoc, was to be accorded the Republican senatorial nominee every third senatorial term. God bless that compact! It is now the third term. Shasta named the man in 1894, Modoc in 1898, Shasta in 1902 and Siskiyou sent down Abner Weed in 1906. It would be Lassen's turn this time but the leading Republicans of that county have waived their claim in favor of E. C. Bonner of Modoc, and the leading Republicans of Modoc have joined heartily in the suggestion. So, if there be faith in Israel, E. C. Bonner will be the nominee. He is a decent fellow, not a Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguer, but an independent minded man who will make the square deal his rule of action. However, the "organization" influence is being thrown to Arthur M. Dean, present assemblyman representing the fourth assembly district, in violation of the compact of 1894. The sort of legislative timber Dean is made of is indicated by the fact that, in Hichborn's History, he ranks fiftieth in order of reputability in that house of eighty members and, on the Hichborn test votes, he voted right 4 times, wrong 5 and was absent twice. A little thing like an agreement of sixteen years' faithful observance is not likely to stand in the way of his candidacy, but Republican voters of the district may think differently about it.



THE AUGUST FLOOD

As To the Cases Of Needham and Smith It is often asked why, in the cases of Representatives Needham and Smith, in view of their standpatism at Washington, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League does not urge out candidates in opposition to them. The Watchman conceives the situation to be about this: These two members of the lower house come from districts whose industries are peculiarly dependent upon a protective tariff. To secure what their constituents wanted these men had to make their peace with Aldrich and Cannon. Both of them were anti-standpatters during the first months of their congressional experience, but both speedily learned that they must "stand in" with the organization back there if they would "get things" their constituents want. No little sympathy is felt for them in their especial predicament, and Needham is so reluctant a standpatter that Cannon passed over him to select another on the tariff conference committee, when by seniority, Needham should have been designated.

Secondly, at home neither of these men has been "organization," at least not until recently, if at all. Some three years ago word was passed out that Needham had made his peace with the Southern Pacific Political Bureau. Smith's San Diego connections have squinted that way, but if, during his eight years in the state senate, he ever "took program," the fact did not leak out. He is a politician and does as politicians do, but has not, to The Watchman's knowledge, ever given aid or comfort to the railroad influence, unless it was in helping to throw the Kern county delegation to Gillett at the Santa Cruz convention, and that was done in the interests of his friend and political associate, Code Commissioner Wylie, who wanted a job, rather than in the interests of the railroad's candidate. By nature, sympathy, association, the temper of their districts and everything except possible political exigency, these men are both against railroad domination in the affairs of this state. The Watchman thinks they ought to have joined the insurgents, at least after the fight was on if not before, and that they must stand for a less autocratic organization of the House in the future or lose their places.

Another reason why no Lincoln-Roosevelter contests their places is that, after fully considering all the pros and cons, no one has cared to enter the lists against them. Nor has it been easy for the Democrats to find Democrats who wish to contest their seats. And, finally, we all of us know that a Democratic house, deadlocked with senate and executive, will exactly suit the purposes of the "interests" in that little or nothing could then be done toward making things better than they are, and the "interests" do not want things better than they are. They want them as they are or worse.

Making An Old Reputation New "Old reputations made new" might be the title of a little political farce-comedy now going the rounds of the "machine" newspapers of the state. The Nevada City Miner-Transcript, for example, is a party to the plot. The soul of the Miner-Transcript is anguished at the endorsement of Edward Rolkin for the state board of equalization, given by the Independent Republican Clubs of San Francisco. After repeating the misrepresentations of Mr. Rolkin that were exposed by The Watchman a week or two ago, the Miner-Transcript eulogizes his principal opponent in these words, "one of the ablest and most conscientious men who ever sat on the board of equalization, Joseph H. Scott." Forsooth, so it is "Joseph H." these days! Strangely new, that name, especially the strange part of it. Only upon the initiated does it slowly dawn that this Joseph H. Scott is the one-time notorious J. Harry Scott, Ruef henchman who took possession of a county office in San Francisco at the pistol's point and held it by force of arms for two years, drawing the salary until, after the term had expired, the Supreme Court decided that he had held it unlawfully. Strange are the ways of politics, but not necessarily past all finding out. The Watchman hereby warns the public not to be deceived by Mr. Scott's newly assumed

(Concluded on Page 446.)

("William Kent"—Continued)

reform camp to agree to leave Hinky Dink's ward alone for a term of years if Hinky Dink would pledge himself to deliver the alderman from that ward to the reformers on the traction question. Kent made this proposition to Hinky Dink and it was accepted. Hinky Dink kept his part of the agreement to the letter and his alderman saved the day for the reformers more than once. Afterwards some of the reformers wanted to go after Hinky Dink's scalp on other grounds. Kent reminded them of their agreement and quietly added that if they did not live up to it he would go down into Hinky Dink's district himself and help Hinky Dink fight them. The result is that Hinky Dink today regards Kent with profound respect and admiration. "He's the whitest reformer I ever saw," is the way he puts it. "Anything Mr. Kent says to me goes!"

From this part of the social scale to the top, Kent's friends unite in a surprising unanimity of genuine affection for him. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Theodore Roosevelt, Peter Finley Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Gifford Pinchot, John S. Phillips of the American Magazine, and scores of others who know him best are his warmest admirers.

Kent was president of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago in 1900-1, and actively connected with it for twelve years. He was also a member of the executive committee of the Citizens' Association, a body organized to enforce the laws and to prevent the stealing of city funds. And he was one of the founders of the City Club of Chicago, which is perhaps the most potent influence for municipal advancement in that city.

The long fight in Chicago impaired Mr. Kent's health and he came to his boyhood home in California to regain it. In this he has been successful. But he has not been idle here. He gave time and money to assist in the graft prosecutions in San Francisco. He gave both to investigate and prevent an attempted outrageous grab of the waters of Lake Tahoe by a power company. He has supplied some of the information and money to make effective the inquiry into the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. He also bought the beautiful Muir Woods, of giant redwood trees at the base of Mt. Tamalpais, outbidding a lumberman who wanted to destroy them, and presented the grove to the Federal Government for a National Park. An interesting point, because it is characteristic, in connection with this gift, is the fact that he declined to consider President Roosevelt's urgent request that he allow the grove to be named the Kent Woods, and insisted that they be named after John Muir, the pioneer friend of the trees of California. It is further interesting, and characteristic, that this was all done without Mr. Muir's knowledge. Mr. Kent had not then even the pleasure of Mr. Muir's acquaintance.

Two years ago, in 1908, Yale conferred upon Mr. Kent the honorary degree of Master of Arts, on the ground of his distinguished public services. Mr. Kent's address, delivered before the Yale corporation when he received the degree was on the subject of "A Friend of the Republic and His City."

Kent used to count the hunting of wild game as the chief recreation of life. Of late years he has felt increasingly that the desire to kill is not sport, and has pretty much abandoned the use of the gun.

It is rather hard to convey on paper the impression he makes on those who know him. To say that he is democratic is to be literally accurate, but to suggest in addition something that he is entirely free from, which is any trace of self-consciousness or vanity or pride of possession, either of goods or ability. Perhaps "genuine" is the word that most nearly hits it off. Quiet in manner, simple in tastes, he is efficient without making a shout about it and a most useful citizen without asking for praise. In Congress he would have a rare advantage in the personal acquaintance which he has with most of the leaders of national affairs.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

NO MORE PNEUMATIC TIRES?

George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air-brake and president of the great Westinghouse electrical works, believes he has perfected a non-puncturable substitute for the pneumatic automobile tire. Here is Mr. Westinghouse's description of the device:

"The spring consists of two brass tubes, each of which is closed at one end which work into each other, piston style. The upper cylinder is fitted with a leather packing at its lower end.

"A third, or outer tube, acts as a dust and mud guard. Four of these cushions are used to replace the steel springs on the ordinary automobile. The upper cylinder of each is attached to the chassis; the lower cylinder to the axle. Enough oil is placed in the cylinder to prevent the escape of the air past the piston packing. The leakage is taken up by a small interior pump, which oscillates with the motion of the vehicle. The piston and cylinder permit a play of about seven inches. The range of action of these springs, and the quickness of air under pressure, not only reduces the maximum strains on the tires, but obviates the rebounding effect of elliptical springs when a car is moving at high speed over 'thank-you-ma'ams.'"

PERSPECTIVES

(From the Fresno Republican.)

The comet has been a curiosity and an inspiration. Everybody has been interested in it, and millions of people have a clearer conception of the constitution of the universe than they had before. And this is all. No terror, no mystery, and no delusion that God was flinging a sign athwart the heavens, to proclaim something concerning the petty affairs of men. We knew how big the comet was and how thin, and we knew how little we were and how safe. Also, we knew that the comet obeyed law, not fiat, and moved its predetermined path unaffected by the petty breaths of men.

It is not easy for a modern man to realize how great is the change of perspective which astronomy has thus brought into the vision of men.

To the ancient man, the earth was the floor of the universe and the sky its roof. Beneath the floor dwelt the shades of the dead, above the roof dwelt the immortal gods, either plotting over the affairs of men or serenely different to them. Man himself was the center of the universe, and all other things were considered only as affecting him.

Then came the Ptolemaic system, which is the cosmogony even of Milton's Paradise Lost. In this system the earth is the center of the limited universe, surrounded by a number of concentric crystalline spheres, in which are fixed the heavenly bodies, first the sphere of the moon, then the separate sphere of the various planets and the sun, then the sphere of the fixed stars, and outside that the primum mobile, the exterior boundary of the universe. Beyond was plenty of room for heaven and hell and all possible flights of imagination besides. The diameter of the universe, from heaven to hell, was no greater than the distance a body might fall in nine days—say, at the rates Milton would have assumed, about eight or ten thousand miles, or about the actual size of the earth.

Then came the Copernican system, which dethroned man and decentralized the earth, which transformed man from the chief position in the universe to a mere microl crawling on the tiniest mote, which floa near a speck of star-dust. The life of man became but a breath, his journey but a span, his body but a colony of microscopic cells. But his soul expanded to the new magnitude of the illimitable universe, and man became infinite and free.

Anthropocentric, geocentric, cosmocentric—man-centered, earth-centered, and universe-centered—these are the long names of the three perspectives. It is a far cry from the ancient Greek, king of a little world of men and animals and nymphs and dryads and great gods and little; through the mediaeval denizen of a ghost-haunted footstool of a terrible Avenger, to the modern clear-sighted man, calm in his faith in the eternity of Law. If astronomy had done nothing else than to rectify the perspective of men, and to lay the ghosts and hobgoblins, that alone would still be the greatest service to human freedom any human knowledge has yet rendered.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

By an overwhelming majority vote the citizens of Chico have decided to issue bonds as follows: $50,000 for city hall, $55,000 for street improvements, $35,000 for sewer system, and $10,000 for fire department.

By a majority of just five votes Los Gatos elected a trustee who will decide the question in favor of permitting the hotels in that town to sell liquor.

William George, Sr., who was the first mayor of Grass Valley, died at his home in Pacific Grove recently.

Edward Dinkelspiel has sold the Solano Republican, of Suisun, to C. E. Clawson.

For the first twenty-two carloads of cherries shipped east from California this season, $8,511 was received.

Oscar Hill, a well known young man of Orville, was killed by coming in contact with the electric wires on a dredger.

Interurban service between Sacramento and Stockton soon will begin over the line of the Central California Traction Company.

RIGHT FINANCING OF THE EXPOSITION

A PLAN WHEREBY THE PEOPLE MAY SHARE IN THE PROFITS

By JAMES SMITH

Francisco now seems assured of the 'n 1915, and its site is becoming a most ssing topic of conversation.

location will likely be determined by tockholders—a vote to a share—and the t subscribers may have already chosen round.

most appropriate site, all things con- d, is Golden Gate Park, west of and in- g Strawberry Hill, but should it be de- to hold the Fair elsewhere, and if on privately owned, the query naturally —who is entitled to the increased value 'h land?

at would make an increase in value? olding of the Fair thereon, the improve- of the ground and the approaches o; and above all the boom the land would as a building tract for homes after the ition had been closed. A live real es- irm could sell all the lots before the was over and with little effort because ie magnificent advertising the district obtain.

Public Entitled to Increase

l, who is entitled to the increase? Who ated, financed and who will carry the ition to a successful conclusion? The or those representing them, and the are most assuredly entitled to any in- d value.

crime of omission is just as great as ime of commission, and to allow this ied increment to go to those who are ntitled to it would be a crime against eople.

how to realize this increased value and it rightfully amongst those to whom ongs?

would necessitate the Fair managers into the real estate business,—something n to the carrying out of an Exposition.

A Company to Handle Sale

why not? If an honest consensus of n were found against utilizing the nat- ite—that part of Golden Gate Park be- ientioned—and for holding the Fair on resently the property of private individ- from whence could come the objection formation of a subsidiary company to fter the increased value, to realize such pay it back to the people to whom it tly due? The high character of the men ave done all the arduous initial work of air is a guarantee that no suspicion of or wrong-doing would knowingly be al- to creep into anything connected with xposition, but good men are often inad- tly led to do things that, forewarned, would have scorned to do. The subsid- ompany would be composed of men reproach, and all chance of graft is for- liminated when honest and thoroughly e men are put at the head of any enter- whether public or private.

Suspicion of Selfish Interests

n what sane objection could be raised t the people obtaining what is justly But suspicion would naturally be d if selfish interests were to be benefited h this public enterprise and the cry of would be heard if a proposition were to hold this Fair on private property if illions of enhanced value of the land go to the owners of such land.

ch is the juster course—the profits go- the whole people who earned them, or ng the millions to go into the pockets of who did nothing to make them? Surely is but one answer to this question.

what is meant by the profits going people—which people?

tock Subscribers First Beneficiaries

tly, the subscribers of stock would get noney back with 5 per cent interest, and ulance would go for providing our city with such public improvements as would be most beneficial to the great body of the people.

To give an illustration of my meaning, suppose land surrounding Lake Merced was adjudged the best for a site, and outside of Golden Gate Park this place would be as good as any and better than most, how would the people realize on the increase of the value of the land? And the arguments here advanced are equally applicable to all locations outside of public property—Lake Merced being only used as an example.

Valuation by Arbiters

A valuation of the land required would be made by arbiters, two to be appointed by Spring Valley Water Company, to whom the land belongs, and two by the subsidiary company, and these arbiters to name an oversman, and their award to be final and binding, such valuation to be based upon the present value of the land and not on any prospective value because of the Exposition being held thereon.

Then the subsidiary company, which would finance the Fair on the award being pronounced, would be deeded the land and in return would grant a mortgage to Spring Valley Company for the price, bearing 5 per cent net interest.

Let us suppose that 2800 acres were thus acquired and that the price was $750 an acre—$2,100,000.

Estimating Expenditures

The subsidiary company would then proceed to estimate the expenditures for preparing the ground for the Fair and, in doing so, would keep in view that this land would ultimately be sold as a building site for homes, such expenditures thus serving a double purpose. Streets would all be macadamized, curbs laid, sewers put down, water-mains put in, and gas and electricity would be provided for. Expenditures for these and for all the Exposition buildings which the management have to supply would, including the price of the land, amount to, say, $10,000,000.

Twin Peaks Tunnel

By the district assessment plan or in some other way money may be raised soon to tunnel Twin Peaks, and in that event and if it were found impossible to extend our municipal railroad so as to run through the tunnel and out into this new district, the company might turn to the United Railroads. But there is no hope in that direction, for with a host of lawyers and other parasites to keep the treasury in a chronic state of depletion there never is any money available for railroad purposes. The millions wantonly wasted would have been amply sufficient to have given the best of service on existing lines and to have extended the same to all outlying districts. The subsidiary company would therefore require to obtain a franchise and make the requisite addition from Market street, through the tunnel and out to the Fair Grounds—not only so, but a sum sufficient to intersect the tract when the Fair was over would have to be provided for, because lot buyers would then be assured of rapid transit. All the extensions would be double-tracked, roadbed to be the best that could be made, and from curb to curb the streets would be macadamized—say 3 miles, at $75,000 a mile, $225,000.

Expenditures

The expenditures would be something like this:

The two sums before mentioned....	$10,225,000
Interest on mortgage to Spring Valley Company for purchase price of $2,100,000, at 5 per cent for 5 years	525,000
Interest on stockholders' subscriptions, including the appropriation to be obtained from State because money would be held to be a subscription—$10,000,000 at 5 per cent on an average of 3 years....	1,500,000
The expense of the subsidiary company and for all initial work of Exposition till opening day.....	250,000
Advertising throughout the world...	3,000,000
Miscellaneous expenses	500,000
Probable expenditures	$16,000,000

When the Fair is over and the last building has disappeared the subsidiary company would immediately lay down the double line to intersect the tract and the land would then be ready for homes. Should the company then desire to wind up its affairs, it should find a ready purchaser in some rich syndicate—the investment would be so very desirable.

Sale Price

What should the tract be worth to sell as a whole? Well, a good idea can be obtained from the price of lots at Parkside, a little to the north. With poor transportation, 25-foot lots there are bringing $1000 and up. Now, the Lake Merced lots would all be 50-foot front and of great depth, with the best car service provided, and these lots ought to be worth $2500; but to sell as a whole, they would bring, say, $1500 apiece.

11,200 lots at this price amounts to..	$16,800,000
But the owners of property along the new car line from Twin Peaks tunnel to Exposition grounds would be required to assess themselves for a share of the expense of the line and for the macadamizing of the street—2200 lots, say, at $125 a lot.....	275,000
The United Railroads would give their bonds in payment of the car lines when same were turned over by the subsidiary company, but these bonds might bring only about 70 per cent of their face value when sold.....	157,500
Provided the income from concessions would pay the running expenses of the Fair, the admission fees would be profit—500,000 a month for 6 months at 50 cents each	1,500,000
	$18,732,500
Deduct expenditures	16,000,000
Balance to the good.....	$2,732,500

And if all the affairs of the Exposition were managed upon a strictly business basis, with an eye to economy, the realization of such a surplus is not beyond belief.

The Surplus

The surplus could be spent in many ways to benefit the city, amongst which are, a zoological garden and a splendid aquarium for Golden Gate Park, together with large open-air swimming pools for old and young at the westerly end of the park, the water for the same to be pumped daily from the ocean and to be heated sufficiently to take off the chill, with pavilion and dressing rooms to be erected around the pools. The expense of suits and towels and attendants' wages would be defrayed from the nominal charge of 10 cents collected from bathers. Say a million of the surplus were thus spent, the balance would purchase sufficient ground in that section most in need of it for a playground where our young people would have a chance of physically developing themselves.

But above all a splendid residential district would be opened up and poor old San Francisco, cursed by her public-service corporations, might begin to put on a healthy growth, for that vast tract of land lying between the park south to and including the Fair site would soon be built up and two or three hundred thousand people could be living healthily and happily where now are only sand dunes. Other cities are making far more rapid strides than

we are in increase of population, but how can you people vast tracts without transportation or water? The cause of our slow growth can be justly laid at the doors of our public-service corporations.

Would Receive Popular Support

I believe if such a proposition as I have outlined were laid before the people of our State we would soon cry out, "Our subscription lists must close. We cannot accept any more money." And the whole people would be aroused to such enthusiasm that every one would become a booster.

Let us show the people that nothing of a selfish nature will enter into the Exposition's affairs, that all things are being done for the common good, that no one will benefit at the expense of another, and the population of the whole State will feel proud to lend their aid in making our Exposition the wonder of the world.

Future generations would bless the great Fair of 1915 for the legacies of priceless value left behind commemorative of the glories that were, and the names of the patriotic men who had devoted their time and genius unselfishly to make these blessings possible would forever be enshrined in the hearts of countless thousands yet unborn.

What greater reward could our leading citizens desire—the men who have banded themselves together to do a mighty work—than the heartfelt gratitude of their own generation and the generations yet to come?

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LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor California Weekly.

The "Weekly" in each number is giving some space to comments on the pending Jeffries-Johnson fight; will you confer a favor on many here who are apparently as dull of comprehension as I am, by explaining—if possible—why such a furore has been raised about this particular fight while just such fights have been going on for years in all the principal cities of California, in regularly established fighting rinks, and are taking place every week, and in these places young boys under fifteen are taking lessons and engage in fights under the prize rules. Hundreds of young boys are being trained in the prize rings throughout the state, for prize fighters, and fighting in them. The moral people and the preachers know this, for the advertisements and reports of the fights of these boys are reported in the daily papers beside the sermons of the preachers. How is it that these are not noticed? Is there anything particularly sacred about these two big old prize fighters, that it would be a calamity if both were killed? Does this fight really "threaten the moral, social and financial, foundations of the state" as one preacher declares? The common mind would suppose that the prize ring nurseries were the more dangerous to morals, but it appears that the religious and moral minds are different. Please tell us why and how this Jeffries fight is so much more dangerous to morality, and the state, and religion, than all the fights going on in the rinks between the youngsters and the "bantams" and the "middleweights."

Very respectfully,
W. W. BOWERS.

San Diego, Cal., May 30, 1910.

We presume that the reason that there is a bigger interest in the big fight than in the little ones is that it is a bigger fight. The demoralization is almost in geometric ratio to the size and prominence of the combatants, and it is because of the heavyweight "contests" that there is any interest at all in the little ones. If by any means the big prize fights could be prevented the littles ones would soon perish through lack of public interest. Sparring, of itself, is not worth going far to see, but when there is a prospect of seeing something gladatorial, men will cross oceans to be in at the blood spilling. The extreme concern over the greater event cannot be urged as an excuse for lack of concern over the smaller, but the greater is father to the smaller, not the smaller to the greater.

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Houses,
Lands,
Stocks,
Bonds,
Furniture,
Automobiles;
But they don't buy—
Love,
Happiness,
Health,
Life.
What's the use?

The Cinematographed Funeral

King Edward's funeral ceremonies will be cinematographed and shown at the Eden Musee immediately after the arrival of the films from London.—Press report.

Oh, Edward, you who ran a kingly race,
And found at last a narrow, uncrowned space,
Your subjects, sore bereft, as they all said,
Now cinematograph your final bed.
A show in life, in death no less they hold
The show should be continued for their gold,
And thus the truth of Shakespeare's words they show:
"These be the trappings and the pomp of woe."

The manufacture of artificial rubber still is very costly, but it is believed that it can be largely reduced so as to make a formidable competitor of natural rubber. Already it is being manufactured in a small way, in Germany, for sale.

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ET me draw your muffler tighter, Uncle, and I can spare you one of my hot bricks, for my feet are now as warm as "

hanks, honey, I am getting thawed out, Old Sol has warmed things up wonder-"

nd look, Uncle Dick, towards the east. a sunrise! And this glorious, snappy Aren't you glad we are up in time to it?"

/e are making good time this morning," ed her uncle. "At this rate we shall reach just about in time to watch the sunset. we can compare that with this."

shall be so glad to see mama again," ex-ed the girl with real warmth and affec- but somehow her thoughts trailed off ue girlish fashion. "To think that Mamie more's whist party comes this week and way; my first really grown-up party, too. he boys will be home from college, and all miss all the fun. Leonard's letter is to come tonight. Why couldn't we wait ast one day more before going to the h? He says he can't come until the 23d. I do hope he will get here in time for e at Mamie's." And so her thoughts wan-l on and on.

e Rev. Richard Graham and his niece, cella Yates, had been on the road since morning. In fact, when they started was not even a faint ray of light in the to indicate that day was nearly at hand. pite of warm robes and hot bricks for feet, they had suffered considerably with cold in the first few hours of their ride, cially in that mysteriously dark and ap-rtly coldest time just before dawn. But nything could compensate a seventeen-old girl for being carried off at the holi-season, when parties and all the joyous vities of that glad time were in prospect, ould be a ride far out into the open coun

After a term's hard work in the school-n and some burning of midnight oil over blesome studies the change was invigor-

eir way lay at first through vineyards and ards whose rows were so symmetrical and fully tended as to be a joy to the eye even out their leafage. Then the alfalfa fields ing larger as they traveled farther from n. Next came wheat fields for miles and s. Then sandy wastes. Even these had ties of their own. For eyes accustomed to imited view allowed by trees and houses, mmense distances were a relief and a de

irty-five out of the forty-five miles of journey found them with the sun only hours high and the worse part of the road before them, for they were now traveling igh a sage brush country with the alkali rolling up on their wheels, making prog-slow. Being now on the home stretch, had rosy visions of a hearty greeting, fire and all the delights and comforts hsafed to weary home-comers by eager e-watchers.

the distance behind them Marcella called companion's attention to a dark speck ap-ching. Now the chief pleasure on the rt is in watching these same dark objects speculating upon the outcome. It may e a horseman from one of the sheep os, or one of the settlers returning from of his rare trips to town. Maybe one of Spanish families from the western hills ng back from a trading expedition to the y, in which case, while the cavalcade stops vater, the handsome daughters of the par-ay be admired and offered little courtesies, gh conversation is limited. Possibly the k may develop into a party of jolly camp-to the coast who have got off the main and lost their way. Indeed there is no to the surprises in store from this source. alas! sometimes they have proven to be optical illusions, and after faithfully ying a certain point for a long time, to dis-r that it does not move and is only a brush after all.

it this particular object promised develop-ts more or less interesting, for the dark tch on the horizon was certainly grow-larger and must be traveling fast in spite ie heavy roads. As they had already passed branch roads to settlements of any size, it

THE FEE

BY

DORA M. BISHOP

was probable that whoever it was would pass their way. Of course, there followed the usual speculation as to who it might be.

Closer and closer came the object. Maybe it is Colin Campbell with his span of fleet little mules, or old man Duncan on his return to the ranch. But no, the object soon appeared to have more height than breadth. Some one on horseback, undoubtedly; unmerciful rider, from the speed he was making; either drunk or crazy to ride at that break-neck rate. When was anyone ever before known to hurry in this easy-going country? Oh, maybe an outlaw in advance of the posse. Was it not about here that famous horsthief, Joaquin somebody, was shot when he inadvertently raised his head above a sage brush after days of fruitless search? These and similar questions Mr. Graham and Marcella asked each other as the rider rapidly gained on them.

The occupants of the buggy tried not to look too enquiringly as horse and rider dashed alongside. Curiosity is sometimes resented when travelers are in great haste to cross the valley to the timbered hills beyond.

"Hey, thar, stranger," in a terrific bass. The girl shrank back among the robes. "Hain't you a preacher?" Was it to be a funeral or a hanging? The Rev. Richard Graham gravely answered, "Yes." "Wal, there's a feller back thar apiece wot wants to get spliced up and he seen you when you passed Wheatville's corner. He kinder lowed you'd be along this here way terday and sort o kept one eye on the road?"

Some inquiry developed that "Bill Jenkins and Lyde Terry" wanted to get married quick as the preacher could drive to the girl's home, which was three miles back over the same heavy road they had come, and three miles to the left over a much worse one. Should they turn back now when they were almost in sight of the ranch? The preacher cast longing glances toward the homeward path, but consented to go back, for who could disappoint two fond hearts aching to beat as one—certainly not a dear, old bachelor preacher.

The stranger led the way back to the turning, and, after pointing out the road, galloped on ahead—no doubt to prepare for his duties as best man.

Though the road was rough, the horse tired, and hands and feet growing cold again, the prospect of a country wedding was enough to keep their spirits from drooping. The warmth, the cheer, even thoughts of a wedding supper, were not discouraging to two tired and hungry travelers.

"Aren't we foolish, Uncle, to be so near home and yet turn back for these strangers?"

"Yes, perhaps we are, but think of their disappointment. Besides, you'll like it. Don't you remember how entertained you were at the last rustic wedding we went to?"

"Guess I do. When I wished the bride a life time of happiness she giggled and said, 'Ah, now you just quit teasing me,' and the groom gravely answered my congratulations with, 'You the same, lady.' But do you remember what you received as your fee?"

He drew his shaggy brows down in an effort at recollection. "Let me see. I believe it was a dollar. Oh, no, that was that runaway couple. This fee consisted of a box of raisins, a sack of potatoes and a promise of all the watermelons I want next season. But the fee for tonight's service shall be yours, Marcella."

"Oh, thanks, Uncle Dick. At any rate, it will not be potatoes or raisins, as they raise nothing except wheat around here. How much do you suppose it will be? You ought to charge mileage and extra for short notice, like laundry bundles, you know. But I suppose you would consider that unprofessional. Do please tell me the average fee."

The brows were once more performing a dance of delight. "Think about $2 a fair average."

"Now, Uncle Dickey, that is too bad. You often get five, don't you."

"Well, once in a while, honey."

"That is better." To herself she said, "I'll get that new party dress, after all, and I know I can coax papa to let me go back in time for Mamie's party. Won't it be lovely? And I'll write Leonard to get here by all means. I do want to look nice. I am so tired of that old cream colored nunsveiling. I'll get pale blue. Let me see, 8 yards of albatross at 50 cents would be four dollars, and I can get a pattern and some cream lace applique with the other dollar. I want a touch of black, too. Oh, yes, I have some black velvet ribbon that will do. Oh, dear, I wish I could have silk mull. All the other girls have albatross or something like that."

"Are your hands warm? So glad."

"Oh, Uncle Dickey, do you ever get as much as ten dollars?"

"On very rare occasions, little girl."

"Well, the old, mean, stingy things. I shan't marry anybody who wouldn't give the officiating clergyman a nice big check. Well, ten yards of silk mull at 75 cents would be seven dollars and a half—one good thing, silk doesn't require much trimming—then I could get new slippers or—oh, dear, I do need so many things. And I just must go to that party—course I can if I beg dear old dad. Oh, Uncle, didn't you tell me once about getting $20 from a young farmer?"

"Now, Marcella, you are building air castles. But no doubt this hasty gentleman will be very liberal. So near Christmas, too."

"Yes, turn to the left over that narrow bridge. Did you ever see mud roll up so? Poor Ben is about dead, and if we have much further to go—but that must be the place, Uncle Dick."

"Your eyes are better than mine, child. Isn't that our horse and rider with that group of men under the tree a hundred yards or so from the house?"

"Yes, you are right. The horse and buggy undoubtedly belongs to the prospective groom, who is ready to make off with the bride as soon as you have your say. Guess I will get my new dress all right. Don't you think pale blue becoming to me?"

"You have had quite enough assurance on that point, young lady, and from more critical judges than a doting old uncle."

"Good evening, gentlemen," to two of the group who came forward to meet them.

One of the men rather awkwardly said, "Will the lady step over to the house?" The girl found herself knocking at the door while her uncle was drawn to one side for private consultation. A spirit of puzzled uncertainty seemed to hover over the people in the yard. And when only a tiny bit of a girl appeared at the door and hesitatingly asked Marcella to come in, the mystery deepened. The room they entered had an unpainted floor with a few home-made rugs, a bed with patch-work quilt and elaborate crocheted lace on the pillow slips. A few chairs and a geranium struggling to blossom at the window sill gave a homelike look to the plain room, but certainly it had no appearance of coming festivities. To add to Marcella's sense of discomfort, she heard from an adioining room a sound of suppressed sobbing accompanied by a monotonous voice speaking in an undertone.

The little girl silently led the way to the kitchen back of the front room. Here was a girl about Marcella's own age, apparently engaged in preparing the evening meal. A few commonplace remarks about the weather and condition of the roads were exchanged, during which Marcella grew more and more embarrassed. As no mention was made of the wedding, she hardly knew whether to apologize for her intrusion or speak plainly about the purpose of their visit.

Her companion was busily occupied in beating up some sort of batter in a tin pan and finally explained. "I just thought I'd stir up

the wedding cake while we was waiting for Jim, that's my brother, to come home from the ditch meeting."

Marcella made a mental comparison of this dilatoriness in making the wedding cake to the elaborate preparation of that all-important adjunct to the nuptial feast to which she was accustomed. However, it seemed to put the marriage and the new blue party dress on a little surer basis.

"May I ask what hour had been set for the ceremony?"

"Ma's in there arguing and a jawing with Lyde about that now."

"Oh, does your sister desire to postpone her wedding?"

"Ma's in there arguing and a-jawing with You see, Lyde and Bill, they been keeping company for nearly a year, but mostly on the sly because ma and pa just hate Bill like poison, and wouldn't let him come here. Since pa died last fall, ma has been so cut up that she hasn't said much to Lyde, and so when they was at Millar's dance last week they made it up to get married some time soon. Bill, he saw your pa—oh, your uncle—pass Wheatville's corner today and, thinks he, 'this is just the time,' and so he sends after you and comes himself to tell Lyde that she's going to be married today."

Marcella fairly gasped. "And tells her she is going to be married today! You mean that the day had not even been set—that she was not expecting—that she—well, of all extraordinary things!"

"Yes, that's just what ma says. She tells Lyde it is no way to treat a girl—giving her no time to make a wedding dress or invite her folks."

"Well, I should think not. But what does your sister say to that? I should think she would consider such an act—well, rather masterful."

"Oh, Bill is all right. It's just his way. He means good enough. Besides, Lyde says she don't care nothing much about a new dress or a big pow-wow."

"Poor thing."

"Then ma says, "Jim ain't home." So Lyde sends for Jim 'cause she knows Jim will do like she wants. And now ma is trying to persuade Lyde she's too sick to get married today. Humph! but she ain't sick. She is a whole lot worse afraid Bill will be awful mad at her if she refuses. She does love Bill so much, and ma won't even let her see him today."

By this time the wedding cake was pretty well baked and Marcella detected an odor of chicken and other good things simmering on the stove. It was evident that the sister was doing the best she could, and that she, as well as the brother, sympathized with poor Lyde. After the cake was deftly iced, the long table occupying one side of the large farm kitchen was spread and set. The muffled talk still went on in the other room, but now the sobs were growing fainter, from exhaustion probably.

At last Jim came and the mother drew him into the council room. After a time he joined the group outside and a settlement was finally reached.

Mrs. Terry entered the kitchen and announced the decision. A compromise had been effected. Her daughter had decided because of illness to postpone her wedding for a time, the mother agreeing to withdraw her opposition and provide her daughter with a proper trousseau.

"No wedding," exclaimed Marcella, and with difficulty refrained from giving greater expression to her disgust and disappointment.

The crowd outside gradually melted away, leaving only the minister and Jim. Lyde was too much overcome to appear, but the other members rallied their forces and insisted, with true country hospitality, on the preacher and his niece staying the night. They consented to accept supper for themselves and horse and Jim as a guide to show them a short cut back to their road home.

When Jim finally left them and was out of hearing, Mr. Graham gave vent to his feelings by roar after roar of laughter. When he could speak he said, "Next time I will ask to see the license, the groom, the bride, the bride's mother, the bride's brother and all the bride's folks."

Poor Marcella let fall a few tears of disappointment as the vision of the new party dress faded away, but in time she, too, saw the humorous side of the situation and could join her uncle's laughter. "And you don't catch me again counting any chickens before they are hatched. Humph! New dresses and air castles! Anyway, I have eaten worse wedding cake. But, dear Uncle Dickey, won't you please coax papa to let me go back to town in time for Mamie Glenmore's party on the 22d? After all, my old cream nunsveiling doesn't look so bad."

CARUSO'S STAGE FRIGHT

Caruso confesses to a growing case of stage fright. "I often have it," he says, "and it spoils my existence and makes me sometimes long for the hour of my retirement from the stage.

"When I made my debut I was full of confidence. I was unknown. I sang like a bird without either care or emotion, and, had I committed faults, the public would have been indulgent, because of my youth; but the more my reputation has become established, the more my talents have been vaunted and the spectators have become prepossessed to favor, so much the more exacting they become. To-day, when I am struggling with a weight of renown which cannot grow any greater and which the slightest vocal accident may compromise—for the human voice, of course, has its failings—I have my anxieties, my troubles, climate, temperature, fatigue influence me. The public, who desire the perfect artist of their dreams, don't think of these things at all."

The first historical appearance of the swastika, or armed cross, fourteenth century B. C., is apparently on a small leaden figure three and a half inches long found by Dr. Schliemann in the second city of the ruins of Troy, together with many crosses of gold, silver, etc., the location of the symbol on the figure having generative significance.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded)

name, alias, or nomenclatural alibi. Joseph H. Scott is the same old J. Harry. And he won't near do.

A Joke on the Curry Forces It is all very well to call reformers "long hairs," but the Independent Republicans of the Thirty-ninth District, San Francisco, rather took the edge off the joke last Tuesday night. The Thirty-ninth is a redhot reform district, and the Independent Republican Club is ten years old and ten hundred votes strong. So when the Curry forces tried to invade the district and get a Republican club endorsement for Curry and for Edgar S. Levy, a Curry man and candidate for the senate, they ran into trouble. The Curryites issued postcard invitations to "all Republicans" to meet Tuesday evening at 619 Sixth avenue, and they paid in advance for the hall. The meeting proved to be quite large. But when the Curry men nominated John R. Jones for chairman, W. S. Scott, a Johnson man, was also nominated, and—elected. Before the dazed Curry men knew what had happened the Johnson men had elected J. P. Sessions secretary and D. F. Hutchings treasurer, the Johnson chairman had announced that he would name a committee of 41 to organize the district for Hiram Johnson, and the Curry men found themselves sadly looking at a receipted rent bill and pondering on the peculiar things that occur in politics.

Chandler Will Probably Run It now seems certain that W. F. Chandler will run for the assembly from the sixtieth district, which comprises the county of Fresno exclusive of the city of Fresno. This is cheering news. Mr. Chandler is exactly the sort of man California needs in the legislature. He is a success in business, who has retained the honesty and convictions of youth. He has been tried in public life and made good most emphatically. And he is alive to the issues of the hour and is on the honest and progressive side of them. He ought to win. And he probably will win.

PERSONALIA

Miss Jane Addams is the first woman elected an honorary member of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

Kyrle Bellew has sailed from New York for India, where he will spend his vacation. He was born there and spent his early days in Calcutta.

Madame Curie, the co-discoverer with her husband of radium, has been elected a member of the American Philosophical Society. She was the only woman on the list of fifty members elected.

The business men's league of New Orleans has given Miss Kate M. Gordon a gold medal in recognition of her services to the city as president of the women's drainage and sewerage league. It was largely through the efforts of Miss Gordon that the women of New Orleans got tax suffrage.

Helen L. Sumner's book on "Equal Suffrage in Colorado" is having a wide circulation. The accuracy and fullness of its information makes the volume valuable. It is an impartial report of the effects of equal suffrage in that state. There is not a line of argument in the book. The author has simply followed facts.

Alfred Noyes, who has been hailed as the author of the greatest modern English epic, has now turned to the drama and has written a play which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce in London. It is in verse and has a "fantastic" subject, but is said to be on very modern lines.

Miss Mary McKay of Concordia, Kan., is a candidate for treasurer of Cloud county. She is a graduate of the Concordia High School and the Nazareth Academy. She has served for eight years as deputy in the offices of the county clerk and treasurer. There are four women in Kansas now holding the office of county treasurer.

Miss Lucy M. Salmon, professor of history at Vassar College, has just been chosen by the Chamber of Commerce of Poughkeepsie to head the committee to clean up the town. Miss Salmon is said to intend to make an energetic campaign against untidy backyards, unsightly vacant lots and other blots on community cleanliness.

The newest musical wonder-child is a composer, Erich Korngold, son of a Vienna music critic, who is upsetting to theories of hereditary talent. At 13 he has written a sonata, a pantomime and a suite which Richard Strauss praises. Prof. Kretschmar, director of the Royal high school of music at Berlin, says that he knows of no analogous case except that of Handel.

It is said of Henry Wallace, editor of Wallace's Farmer, a western publication, that when his name was once mentioned for United States secretary of agriculture, he remarked that his family for 250 years had been farmers; that none of them had ever held offices higher than justice of the peace; and that he could never think of breaking so honorable a record.

Miss Sadie American, president of the New York Council of Jewish Women, was one of the speakers at the Jewish international conference which was recently held in London. She explained the work of the Jewish Council in protecting and assisting Jewish girls in this country. Last year over 6,000 girls between the ages of 12 and 15 were visited, 3,200 of them received assistance and work was found for 500.

Elizabeth Hirsch has been elected vice-president of the City Council of Liegnitz, Germany. She is the first woman to occupy that office and was chosen because of her ability as a business woman. Several years ago her husband died and she inherited his large manufacturing business. She assumed the charge of the business, stepping at once into her husband's place. Under her management the business has prospered

Mrs. Mary Emery of Cincinnati is building a park solely for birds on a two acre tract of

adjoining Evanswood place. The ground been placed in charge of the department iology of the University of Cincinnati. The is to be known as the Mary Emery Bird serve, and it is estimated that it will cost a quarter of a million dollars before Mrs. ry gets it arranged to suit her

r. Marian Parris presided at the congress omen interested in agriculture which was ntly held at Bryn Mawr College. Women practical experience spoke on their ex- ments in general farming, fruit growing, scape gardening, bee keeping, poultry ng, dairy farming, truck gardening and iculture. The general opinion seemed to hat women could ordinarily carry on suc- fully any of these branches with a profit rom 10 to 20 per cent.

rmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, is said e one of the best business women in Eu- . It was her idea to use the Rumanian t for embroidery as a commercial asset her country. She opened workrooms re the peasants could obtain materials for embroidery and sell it at a fair price. surplus work was sent abroad and the ts divided among the workers. In this hundreds of peasants have been able to their land from debt, to rebuild their cot- s and educate their children.

sephine Lowe of Washington has given ie botanical department of the university ennsylvania 360 specimens of moss. These imens will be made the nucleus of a large ction of mosses representative of every on of this country and of many other tries of the world. In it were rare speci- s from Canada. Ireland, England and n. The work of increasing the number ioss specimens will be delegated to mem- of the society and men connected with university botanical department.

chard Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. e" won great applause in London, but season there was not pecuniarily profit- He complained to Sir Henry Irving of strain involved in the acting of the diffi- parts of Jekyll and Hyde. William Win- in his life of Mansfield, says: "Irving, at times prone to more or less playful e, listened observantly, and then in his dry piquant way replied: 'Ah—yes—inter- g—very; but, Mansfield, my boy, if—if it wholesome I wouldn't do it.'

ss Elout van Soeterwoude and Miss J. les van Ufford of The Hague, Holland, ed in New York the other day on a trip he purpose of inspecting the hospitals of country. Miss van Soeterwoude is the tress and Miss van Ufford the secretary eaconess House, a hospital and home at Hague, of which the Queen Dowager is patroness. Additions are to be made to hospital and the two women have been here to inspect American institutions of ilar nature, especially those in New York, delphia and Baltimore.

uline Viardot-Garcia, who died lately in , was a very great singer and teacher, belonged to a famous family. Malibran her sister, and their father was the cele- d teacher, Manuel Garcia, who died a few ago at the age of 100. Pauline Garcia a great friend of Liszt, of Tourgenieff of Heine, who unkindly likened her large h to that of a hippopotamus and said when she sang he felt like tossing her s of sugar. His admiration for her is no doubt made up for his rudeness.

aulein Brustlein, daughter of a federal , is the first woman to practice law in zerland. She recently won a remarkable in Zurich. A woman railway gatekeeper accused of criminal negligence. She had d the gate too late, and in consequence xpress train had killed a small child that wandered on the track. Fraulein Brust- pointed out that her client received only month, twelve hours work a day, from railroad for her services, and was forced ke outside work to support her four chil- She also proved that on the day of the ent the express was on time for the first in several months. The jury acquitted voman gatekeeper.

SHEAR WIT

Little Willie: "Say, pa, what is worldly wisdom?" Pa: "Worldly wisdom, my son, is a perfect knowledge of the failings of our neighbors."—Chicago News.

"Here," said the disgruntled actor; "I don't want this part. If I play it, I'll have to die in the first act." "Well," replied the manager, "what are you kicking about? You die a natural death, don't you? If you came on in the second act the odds are the audience would lynch you!"—Puck.

The editor of Punch, when told that the paper was not so funny as it used to be, sorrowfully replied, "It never was!"

The maid was in the garden hanging out the off her nose. "I'll have an employer's liability act on you," she told the queen. Thus we see the beginning of the movement.—New York Sun.

"What I want," said the theatrical manager, "is a genuine novelty." "Something realistic?" asked the playwright. "Yes; but I don't want any real pugilists, or real naval disasters, or real livestock, or real battles in it." The playwright looked wearily thoughtful, and, after a pause, inquired: "How would it do to spring something on the public with real actors in it?"—Life.

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, was a more or less genial opponent of matrimony as a state. One day he said to his friend, Miss Ellen Churchyard of Woodbridge: "Do you know, Nell, what marriage is?" Miss Churchyard thought not. "Then I'll tell you," said he. "Marriage is standing at one's desk, nicely settled to work, when a great big bonnet pushes in at the door and asks you to go for a walk with it."—Cleveland Leader.

Various large tracts of land in the vicinity of Sacramento are being subdivided and sold in five or ten acre lots.

Lodi farmers are reported to be offering as high as two dollars a day and "found" for men to work in the hay fields.

The San Bernardino Sun issued a 46-page "centennial edition" which left no feature of the southern city's centennial celebration unnoticed.

Work has been begun on the electric line that is to connect Sacramento and Elmhurst.

Six of the first carloads of cherries shipped East from Central California sold at auction for $28,000.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE—Complete set, from first year, of 108 volumes Harper's Magazine, bound in cloth and morocco; excellent condition. Address Dr. L. C. Marshall, Vacaville, Cal.

Ross Valley Real Estate

$90—Lots for a few days. So many people were delighted with the unique grandeur of Los Lomas Terrace at last Sunday's auction that I have determined to make a few more sacrifices in my educational campaign.

Many hundreds of visiting people were amazed to find such natural forests of redwood, madrone, etc., so close to San Francisco, and only 4 minutes from trains. It was hard for them to realize there was such a rustic spot so near.

$1000—4-room furnished cottage. Terms like rent.

$175—Lots, 5 minutes from station, Stadium and Speedway, in the heart of Kentfield, on established street, sewer, water, all conveniences of city, gas will be in soon. Street lights, without the usual towering municipal bond issue and high taxes.

$1100—4-room furnished cottages, same location.

These properties were taken in a deal at a great bargain and must be sold.

Terms 20 per cent cash, balance 36 monthly payments.

J. E. LEWIS, Kentfield.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HELEN S. TRIPP, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

6-3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of GEORGE E. WOODBURY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Oliver Ellsworth, Room 824, Mills Building, corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.

A. M. HAINES,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of George E. Woodbury, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 2nd, 1910.
OLIVER ELLSWORTH, Attorney for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

5-6-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE A. CONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

6-3-5t

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.

4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Needed Amendments to Primary Law

The Direct Primary Law as it stands is a better law than many suppose, but it needs amendment and probably will need amendment ten years hence. In a few points it is purposefully wrong, made so with aforethought, but in more cases its lapses are to be accounted for because the problem of voting is to an extent unsolved. Civilization has not found out how to take the consensus of public opinion speedily, accurately and cheaply. It may be generations before it does. Here are some amendments which suggest themselves.

1. This law should not apply to the judiciary which should be non-partisanly nominated and, therefore, by petition only.

2. The advisory vote for United States Senators should be state wide, and that it was not made so in the law as first enacted was the result of deliberate intent to hamper, if not annul, the attempt to express a free, popular choice.

3. The law should not apply to municipal elections, or to other than general elections where party politics may properly enter into the determination of issues. In city elections nominations should be by petition.

4. All restrictions upon candidates as to how they may have voted at previous elections should be stricken out. The people are their own best judges as to whom they want to nominate for office. If Democrats want to nominate a Republican, or Republicans a Democrat, that is their business and none of the business of the legislators. The liberty of popular choice, and of candidacy, should be as broad as the field of political interest and any attempt to curb that freedom in the interests of party is at once artificial and an invasion of the Rights of Man, tyrannous and not to be endured.

5. So also the provision in the law that, "A candidate defeated at a primary election, held under the provisions of this act, shall be ineligible for nomination to the same office at the same election," is an unnecessary limitation upon popular choice. If a candidate bolt a convention, or a primary election, without proper justification, the voting constituency will make short work of him at the general election. If such candidate has, however, been the victim of fraud or mischance at the primary he and the people should have the right to vindicate him at the polls in November.

6. The names of candidates should not appear on the ballot alphabetically as the law provides, thus giving an unfair advantage to candidates whose names chance to begin with one of the earlier instead of later letters in the alphabet. All names should be so rotated that Zachariah's name will be first on the list on as many ballots as that of Abraham. Careless voters, and they are many, often fail to vote to the end of their tickets. Rotation of names places all candidates on an equal footing as to that element of mere chance.

7. It is just as necessary to mail sample primary ballots to voters as sample general election ballots and the law should be so amended as to provide for their being printed and mailed. Often the only real contest will be in the primary election.

8. Section 23 of the Direct Primary law should be so amended as to provide that if any candidate for any office receives a majority of all the votes cast for that office by all candidates of all parties having tickets in the field, he shall be declared elected to that office without being required to stand for election at the general election following. This would do more than anything else, short of compulsory voting, to bring out a full vote without which any election is a delusion and a snare. It may be objected that this would shut out of participation those who do not affiliate with any political party. Good enough for them! Inasmuch as affiliation with a political party, as the law stands, wisely provides for such affiliation only as to the next primary election each voter should affiliate with the political party, having a right to a separate ticket, that comes nearest to his way of thinking. This amendment would make every primary election as full of life as Resurrection Morning and forever prevent elections going by default, and in conformity with the wishes of the schemer, the boss and manipulator of the political machine.

9. The political platforms made and promulgated under the law as it stands will be null, void and of none effect, being made after, and not before, the candidates have been nominated. The only platforms worth the paper they are printed on are those made by the candidates and their sponsors prior to, or during, the primary campaign, and the law may properly be so amended as to give such platforms recognition and permit them to be mailed to voters with the sample ballots. Anyhow, the existing provision should be stricken out.

10. The provision of the law whereby delegates to county conventions, called to elect delegates to a state convention, called, in turn, to elect delegates to a national convention whose province it will be to nominate candidates for president and vice-president, are to be elected twenty-one months before such state convention is to be held is preposterous. It should not be tolerated longer than until the first week of the next session of the legislature. That state convention should be constituted of delegates elected to it by a primary election called for that purpose with the law simplified, as to that primary, to meet the requirements of that primary. It can be done, and must be. Few voters can, on the 16th of August, 1910, know whom they will, in May, 1912, want for their party candidates for president and vice-president.

11. There is a little blunder in the last half of paragraph 4 of Section 5 of the law that needs straightening out. The candidate has until 30 days before the primary in which to file his nomination papers; the county clerk has 10 days more (up to within 20 days of the election) to forward such papers to the Secretary of State, while the Secretary of State must report back all nominations at least 25 days before election. That conflict of dates can be easily remedied.

12. In the writer's judgment superintendents of schools, as well as judicial officers, should be non-partisanly nominated, that is, by petition. We want neither politics nor religion in the administration of justice or of our public schools. Fitness for the task in hand should be the only test to be determined at the polls.

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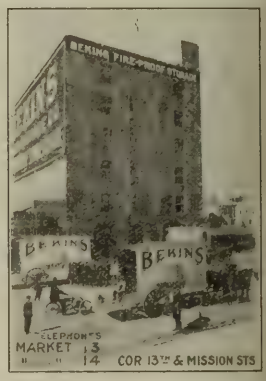

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s Week: "SOME TRENDS IN HIGHER EDUCATION"

—By Guido H. Marx

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JUNE 10 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 29.

Hedging Alden In

ALDEN ANDERSON IS REPORTED to have said hat, in going about the State, he has found no insurgency nt. Has not the idea suggested itself to Mr. Anderson ithin the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Comd its many ramifications, is a poor place to look for senti- insurgency against corporation domination in affairs of ıent? The President also saw no indications of insurı California during his visit. Governor Gillett so hedged ut with the editor of the Argonaut that he couldn't.

In the Tall Timber

SPAPER SLEUTHS HAVE DISCOVERED the laıentable Jim Gallagher in the tall timber of Vancouver, where he peacefully alternates between sunshine and s the temperature suggests, gorges himself with siestas erwise makes the most of the ample pension with which ı Francisco grafters must have provided him that he ke the way of Fickert easy and his burden light. When that parliament of the world extradition laws will be ed that a material witness in a criminal case will not be put himself beyond the jurisdiction of a competent court taking himself off the earth, but, until then, justice must to be made a fool of on behalf of any scoundrel able to price.

A Chance to Be Funny

E PRESIDENT ACCEPTS from the conference comee and Congress any railroad regulation measure less ous than the railroad regulation bill as it passed the and afterwards undertakes to defend it as a substantial ion of party and administration pledges on the subject, constitute himself the most boisterous joke of the new Here is a chance to be funny that it is to be hoped the t will miss. Another Winona incident would ruin his ration beyond redemption.

A Lucid Interval

PROPER THAT AMERICA should have one day in year dedicated to safety and sanity, and it may not be r that the Fourth of July should be that day, but, someother, the editor-in-chief of this paper cannot repress a joy in the fact that providence permitted him to live his boyhood while the right to burn his fingers with ers and to singe his eyebrows with Roman candles was nged. For boys to see grown up men discharge fireworks ve about as satisfying as for girls to see nicely dressed at ice cream through plate-glass windows, spectacles to be forgotten but unattended by patriotic emotions. t conceivable that there might be an independence day on reasonably safe without being too sane?

Homeward Bound

DORE ROOSEVELT SETS SAIL for home today. y the Kaiserin come prosperously to its desired haven! etter that he went to Africa. Had he remained at home l have been charged with the short-comings of the Taft ration without being responsible for them, and the t would have been looked upon as a "me-too," when he Now Theodore may be able to help pull his friend Will out of the muck which Aldrich and Elkins, Cannon and Dalzell, have mixed for him, set his feet on terra firma and so give him a chance to try again, but first there must be a house cleaning at the executive office building. We hope he'll lend a hand.

Worthier Reason Wanted

THE PROGRESSIVE ELEMENT in the order of Native Sons of the Golden West does well to stand for worthier reasons for existing as an order than that members chanced to be born in California. That was none of their business. But the maintenance of scholarships for the study of California history, the finding of childless homes for homeless children, the maintenance of a home for aged Californians, the preservation of old landmarks and the marking of the trails of the Argonauts,—these things are richly worth while and will give the order a better right to be than will serving the narrowed function of obtaining the election to office of native sons merely because their particular accidents happened here and not elsewhere.

To Study Graft in Europe

THOSE WHO HAVE FEARED that Rudolph Spreckels was "out of it" will be cheered to know that he has gone to Europe with the view of studying the graft situation there, as well as here, to the end that he may organize an anti-graft movement on national lines. No better cause ever engaged the attention of a loyal and honorable gentleman, such as Rudolph Spreckels unquestionably is, but if he would make his life count for national integrity in business, fidelity in office and truth in all things, he must learn to work with, as well as for, other men as single-minded, as resourceful and as wise as himself, and that lesson can as well be learned in San Francisco as anywhere else in the wide world.

Nice Man, Mr. Shand!

COMING OUT OF AN OAKLAND THEATER, where Maud Adams had just played, "What Every Woman Knows," a woman ejaculated, with an intensity of disgust in her voice, "A nice man, that Mr. Shand!" Evidently she would have liked to get her fingers into his hair for just one brief, blissful instant. But John Shand is not the only stupid, intensified, oblivious, self-made ass, magnified sufficient diameters to be rendered obvious, who has gone shouldering his way to fame, supposedly under his own steam and sail when, as a matter of fact, it was a delicate hand at the steering gear that kept him off the rocks. Let those who saw the play place this to his credit: He did, finally, come to himself. Most of his kind never do.

Returned With Thanks

SAN FRANCISCO PRESENTS COMPLIMENTS to New York and ventures to express the hope that the report that New York is about to resume residential relations with Mr. Patrick Calhoun is not ill founded. The climate of San Francisco has been distinctly less salubrious since Mr. Calhoun took up his residence here and, while the odor of the fumigation he has undergone at San Francisco's charge will attend him to his dying day wherever he may go, San Francisco will feel safer from further contamination if there be a continent between. New York is so thoroughly infected that one more of the same can hardly be looked upon as objectionable. Therefore your gift will be returned with thanks, Father Knickerbocker.

The President and the Railroads

The President appears to have handled the railroads rather well. We shall know with more certainty, however, after that abominable conference committee has made its report and congress has acted on it. It was their purpose to forestall the action of congress in railroad legislation by putting themselves beyond the reach of the new railroad-regulation law before it went into effect. That law, thanks to the determined opposition of the insurgents, will not, unless emasculated in conference, exempt the railroads from the operation of the Sherman anti-trust law, and that law carries imprisonment as a penalty, and no railroad president or traffic manager contemplates imprisonment with equanimity.

Perhaps the railroads ought to be permitted to increase their rates commensurately with the increased cost of operation, and perhaps they ought not. It should not be for them to decide. When the power of decision has been left in their hands they have abused the power. Their measure of rate making is the value of the service performed. That value is reached by ascertaining the cost of production at the initial point and the salable value at the point of destination, and taking the difference for the freight, or so much of it as will leave it an object for the shipper to ship. This has tended to enable the railroads to take to themselves the net results of doing business in this country, and they have come far too near it for the good of the country.

Government and the Interstate Commerce Commission appear to be working out a doctrine of reasonable rates for freights and fares that shall return the railroads a reasonable income on a reasonable valuation of their investment. This should not be difficult. If we accept long term bonds or the rate of interest paid on savings bank deposits as a basis for an interest rate where risk is reduced to the minimum, and add a percentage for each element of risk, it should not be difficult to fix upon a rate of income for transportation companies that would be reasonable and which should hold the stocks of those companies at or near par value. Any going of the stocks much above par should be notice to the rate-fixing power that rates are too high, that wages are too low, or betterments too few on that line.

This problem can be worked out with justice to the railroads, justice to shippers, justice to consumers and justice to those sections of the country that require additional railroad facilities, provided that the powers of government are retained in the hands of the American people and are not permitted to be usurped by the railroad interests, but if the railroads are to choose our Presidents, our United States Senators and our members of the House of Representatives; if they are to name the Interstate Commerce Commission and the judges that sit on the bench of the Federal Commerce Court; if we are to have railroad control of government instead of government control of railroads, then all this effort looking to government control of railroads will come to naught.

That issue is before the people of California now. On the side of government control of railroads is Hiram Johnson and the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. On the side of railroad control of government is Mr. Alden Anderson and the "Regular" or "organization" Republican machine, with an alternative ally, in the event of the probable defeat of Anderson, in the person of Charles F. Curry, candidate of the Royal Arch and such of the associated villainies as may be thrown from Curry to Anderson, or Anderson to Curry, as the exigencies of the campaign may require. The issue is so plain that no man need err regarding it.

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The Ideal Laborer

Thanks to the injurious promulgations of one of the "organization's" serviceable officials, the public has been given official notice of what a certain agricultural constituency in California regards as ideal labor for their purposes. What they desire is a notch lower than slave labor in that it is required to take itself off when not needed and to bury itself when dead. This raises the issue as to what the ideal laborer really is.

The ideal farm hand is he who works and strives in the hope of by and by becoming a renter and, through prudent management of a farm on shares, of becoming a farm owner, head of a family, citizen of the commonwealth, calling no man master and owing suzerainty to no lord.

The ideal kitchen maid is the one who hopes some day to have a kitchen of her own, a rented roof over her head for a while, then one to be paid for perhaps on the installment plan, then one in fee simple absolute, a snug haven from which she and those she loves can never be evicted by the sheriff.

The ideal mechanic is the one who hopes some day to be a joint owner with his fellow mechanics and others in the business of the firm or corporation for which he works, to the end that the firm's interests shall be his interests, its success his success, its capitalization in part his own capitalization, supplementing the earnings of his hands with the earnings of his head. No other kind of labor can make a nation great, and no kind that cannot make a nation great can lay claim to being ideal.

How to Head Off the Commuter

Laying aside whatever advantages may accrue to commuters from living across the bay from San Francisco in either direction, it cannot be disputed that their so living is a distinct disadvantage to San Francisco.

The crux of Mayor McCarthy's opposition to the Spring Valley proposal, which this dense, megalomaniacal, obdurate person gave as a reason for opposing the purchase, was that he did not wish San Francisco to go into the real estate business. That is a business that it should go into as liberally as possible, and Mayor McCarthy, and those whom he assumes to represent, should be the first to lead in such a movement.

Many German cities have bought largely of their environs with great advantage to themselves and their people and every growing city should buy as largely as its credit will allow, and never sell. What if the city of San Francisco, at its inception, had owned the peninsula and had give ninety-nine-year leases at a moderate ground rental for so much as each person desired to improve and no more? By now the income from this source would meet all the requirements of a municipal revenue and yet furnish homes for the people at so much less cost than under private ownership that the transbay communities would not have been able to compete except on a similar basis. San Francisco would then have been a city of homes, and not of tenements, apartments and family hotels.

But, be it always remembered, society must move toward, rather than from, correct principles of government. It does not lie within the foresight of Man to provide for the future far in advance, but the world is now old enough, and the histories of peoples have been writ large enough to furnish modern cities a sure guide to needs for a generation or two at least and probably for a century. The greatest of these needs is homes for the people.

It requires about $2,500 to buy a bit of earth big enough to make a home for a middle-class family anywhere within reach of the factories and workshops of San Francisco. That sum represents many years of scrimping on the part of a wage earner. Eliminate it and he will get his home built and paid for in half the number of years that will otherwise be required.

Now let the city buy of Spring Valley, with its water system, all the land it has. Let that be set apart for the water system which the system requires and all the rest for homes for the people. Sell none of it. Lease it for ninety-nine years to persons who will improve so much as they will build on and no more. Upon this collect taxes as upon other property similarly situated and such a rate of interest as will reimburse the city for its outlay in process of time, but never part with the fee.

This idea, carried out, would, in the long run, cost the city nothing but the use of its credit, enable thousands to obtain homes of their own who otherwise would not, bring in a comfortable revenue forever and people this peninsula to overflowing before there would be any overflowing. This is worth thinking over.

There is nothing else so demonstrably certain to eat up the substance of a great city as its ground rents. The ground rent roll of New York City approximates $200,000,000 a year and is divided among a few hundred persons, not one of whom created a square foot of Manhattan Island. It was the gift of God to those who had use for it, but the laws and customs of men stepped in between God and his providence for his people and suffered the to be mulcted forever in the interests of a few.

It was God Almighty who made the Golden Gate, San Francisco Bay, the great intervalleys, the peninsula upon which San Francisco has pitched its tent. Ground rent is the tax which everyone not an owner of his home or office or store must pay for the right to live, and that tax should be paid, not to any individual whose grandfather chanced to own a bit of land, but to the community as a whole which, as a whole, has made ground rent possible. The city should be the ultimate owner of every foot of land within the city and the use of that land should pay enough to meet all the needs of the city. No man should charge or be charged for such use except by the city for the city.

Society did not lay its plans that way but it must work toward those plans or take the consequences. What those consequences are the life of every people under the sun lays open to our view if we will but look. The result is written in terms of aristocracy and poverty, idleness and sweatshops, a vicious plutocracy of landlords and a criminal proletariat of hate-infected misery.

Mayor McCarthy should have thought again before opposing the purchase of the Spring Valley lands.

Taft on Socialism

It is well for the country that the President is not blind to the menace of Socialism and it is encouraging to know that he perceives

source of it to be that exaggerated indi-alism that has turned over to the exploit-ew the heritage of the many. As the best dy for the faults of democracy is more ocracy, so the best antidote to Socialism ore of Socialism; that is, a larger devotion e common heritage to the common good. gist of Socialism is that "all the means of uction and all the means of distribution be owned and operated by government," eas very few of the means of production very few of the means of distribution ld be so owned and so operated. They be better owned and better operated by te enterprise, but there are things that ld be owned, if not operated, by govern-, and so owned and so operated that the itude shall not be forced to pay taxes to ne but government for the right to live. things that God made should belong to rnment as representative of our common nity. The things that man makes should ng to the man that makes them until he ses of them to some one else in free com-ion in a free market. But the preach-s of the President against the aggressions ocialism will count for little so long as urrounds himself with, and takes counsel ose exaggerated individualists whose dep-tions against the public welfare have ed all of Socialism we have in this coun-The Aldriches and Hales, the Cannons Paynes, and more especially the interests e servants they are, are the fathers of rican Socialism, fathers of all the Social-we have or are likely to have. Let the ident look well to his political advisers. A objectionable assortment no President had.

Knute Nelson on Conservation

ator Knute Nelson of Minnesota is an st man. Men of liberal minds have been ul of his influence on the Ballinger in-gating commission, and with reason, but ecause of any want of integrity of char-, rather because of an unfortunate bent ind. He believes, with Aldrich and his , that the only hope for the poor man n the activities of the rich, and that the will be active only when and where they chance to make much money.

ere is truth in this view, but not all of is in it. The world of industry is de-nt upon the man with initiative, and the with initiative must see large prizes in to spur him on. If he be spurred on he in making room for himself, make room any others. This is true. Knute Nel-s right.

must the prize be ever and always The ? Will the man with initiative put forth fort unless he can find an opportunity to he multitude rather than to serve it? It e so as long as The Cinch, and its greater are within reach, but there have been of great initiative who have been content e and let live.

e the anthracite coal beds of Pennsyl-were common property. They belonged the people. There were many coal op-s and they brought the people's coal where it lay buried to where it was d and sold it at $2.50 to $3 per ton. All ell. Then the railroads obtained control e coal fields by cinching operator after tor out of a chance to operate his mine rofit, ransacked eastern and southern Eu-or cheap help to displace the help of self-ting Americans, and proceeded to dou-e price of coal to consumers. It is this f application of The Cinch to the fencing the necessaries of life that moved Gif-Pinchot, Glavis, Secretary Garfield and s to suggest that the United States gov-nt retain the ownership in fee of the Alaska coal fields, but permit their being freely mined, coal transported and sold to the people on terms fair to the people and for preventing The Cinch.

It is not proposed to keep these coals in cold storage or Alaska in a straight jacket, but if the Guggenheims and the Morgans get their clutches on these coal deposits they will straight-jacket Alaska and the whole Pacific Coast in the twinkling of an eye.

It is a reproach to Knute Nelson that he does not perceive this and array his fine talents against that form of aggression instead of on the side of it. He is old enough to know better. His bent of mind may prove a national calamity, for his influence is great.

Charter Amendments

The San Francisco Charter Convention is doing good work. Its progress reports are full of encouragement. There is small use for national parties in municipal affairs, but there may be great use for voluntary associations, local in their scope, taking part in city elections. Therefore there should be places on municipal tickets for party designations of whatever kind.

There is some danger, too, that simplification of nomination may result in complication in the election. If ten or twenty persons may nominate for office the ballot may come to be as long as the charter itself. No man should become a candidate who cannot command at least a hundred sponsors.

The People should be free to make all the use that The People wish to make of the initiative, the referendum and the recall, but it should not be within the power of a handful of cranks to keep the machinery of election going all the time or the community stirred up without respite. The Charter Convention has dared much in that direction.

Majority rule is good, very much better than rule by a small plurality, but what about proportional representation? Has the Charter Convention looked into that?

The division of the supervisors into commissions, instead of duplicating by appointment of the Mayor from outside the board, promises well, provided that the Mayor constitute these commissions after the election and that the supervisors be not elected especially to fill particular places on such commissions. The minute that function enters into the question a premium will be put upon the election of certain men to certain commissions that they may be serviceable when they get there.

Democracy cannot be a success in the nation and a failure in the cities of the nation. The problem must be worked out in cities, but democracy does not consist in government by men of no reputation, or by that froth on the mug that is always in evidence but ever without substance. Nor can it consist of those incapacious enthusiasts who are ever in full cry after some panacea or other, and our Charter Convention must have a care how they put opportunity into the hands of such enthusiasts in the belief that they are giving The People a chance to be heard.

Finally, what about compulsory voting? True democracy cannot consist in the participation in government of every fourth man, while permitting the self-elimination of the other three. It would be more to the purpose, could it be done, to compel the participation of the negligent three and the elimination of the self-seeking fourth, who is usually a retainer of some anti-social interest bent on ravaging the many for the benefit of the few. The Charter Convention should grapple with compulsory voting. There is a chance for San Francisco to lead the municipal life of America. Let the non-voter be stricken from the great register if nothing more. He will have to be at some pains to get on again.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

There are times when one could wish that humans had been as the angels, that babies had grown on trees or the moon had brought them, and that Man had been sexless. It would seem that, in that case, half the world's misery had remained unwrit. Man's inhumanity to woman all down the ages, the stupid unconcern of both of them for their progeny, the rapacities of lust and the awful retributions inflicted upon those who live the licentious life—and upon their children and their children's children and grandchildren, on to the extinction of the strain! The world holds nothing more awful. The half, almost, of that which is awful owes its existence to the fact of sex.

Per contra, the writer has in mind a cozy cottage he saw in the building and heard it whispered that it was to be for a young couple soon to marry and found a home. They had selected the lot together for its outlook, not especially for the arability of the soil or the lay of the land, and by and by the house was ready, there was a wedding and the young people entered into possession. The dead grass clung to the doorsill, nothing grew but weeds and every stroke of shovel, pick or hoe into the ground tended to set the teeth on edge by reason of coming in contact with a rock, something like sawing on a nail.

But what fun have they not had digging out those rocks, fetching in good dirt, leveling and terracing, watering and tilling, haunting the woodsy places for leaf mold, planting and transplanting, watching for the buds and their opening into blossoms, training up vines where they would have them grow, conferring over color schemes for the different little plots and corners into which their home fraction of an acre is divided, making a home!

By and by, perhaps, the female of the species will nestle close to the male and say: "There is a ship upon the sea that will bring to you and me a baby, maybe." What a changed life from that day forth while the mystery of homunculus is being worked out! There is not, and will never be, in all the world another so great a mystery as the coming into being of a human soul.

And after it comes, what a new opening out in life's interest! Men join lodges and with solemn ceremonial are initiated from degree to degree until, by and by, if they live long enough, and their money holds out, they reach the holy of holies, the final niche in the maze of their own making. How trivial it all must be compared with degree after degree taken in ordinary family life betwixt cradle and grave!

So by and by there will, let us hope, be sons and daughters in this home to be put through college and to see, in their turn, settled for life. What an experience when sire and son, mother and daughter, stand shoulder to shoulder!

The crop marketed, so to speak, then follow the evening of days, the fires burning low and the embers faintly glowing, but the twain more dependent upon each other than ever before, the delicious period of restfulness in the cool of the day with the day's work done. Then curtains drawn and lights out!

Booker Washington has given it as his judgment that, putting on the debit side of the ledger the atrocities of the slaver and the injustice of slavery, the carnage of the war by which the slave was freed, the years of upward struggle and those other years that must follow before the black man may take his equal station with the white, and, on the other side of the ledger, merely the chance to be a man over-balances all the cost. It was worth it.

So, multiply the domestic experiences sketched above in barest outline and crudest form by the millions on millions of such homes and such lives the world has known and Sex stands justified notwithstanding its cost. It is better to be as Man than as the angels.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

How Our East Indian Imports Live

Now that State Labor Commissioner Mackenzie—California's political pick-up from the "organization's" San Jose Market—has made himself heard in behalf of the importation of Oriental labor, it becomes of interest to learn just how that Mackenzie-desirable class of immigrants exists when it is on its native heath. It opportunely chances that General Benjamin Le Fevre, formerly a Congressman from Ohio, has returned from a trip around the world, and has published his observations concerning how various alien peoples live. His Asiatic observations apply particularly to the Hindoos, but as they are a notable addition to our human imports in recent days, what he tells is apropos enough to our situation. The most permanent and regular work to be found in India, he ascertained, was in the jute mills of Calcutta, which employ 57,000 people. The unfortunate expert workers in these mills receive twelve cents a day, others from eight to ten cents, or from $38 down to $25 a year—this, of course, if neither sickness nor anything else prevents their working every day. This pay seeming scandalously small to the Occidental mind of the General, he set to work to learn how the workers lived, ascertaining that a family of five or six persons can and does live on five cents a day, practically the sole food being rice. This is about the cheapest of Asiatic labor, but in some degree it represents all of it. And of such are the human cattle of whom "Johnnie" Mackenzie would see American competition constructed! And he, by the grace of the machine, officially represents labor in this State! Verily, it is full time for the change which is impending.

What a German Claims for Germany

The figures given in this paragraph were prepared by Otto von Gottberg, a well-known German war correspondent, and, while presumably fairly authentic, they may be colored to suit the German point of view. If not, they are, to say the least, suggestive. Herr von Gottberg compares German gains in population and business during the period from 1900 to 1907 with those of England during the same period, with the following result: English gain in population 6,000,000, German 12,000,000; English in exports 62 per cent, German 116; English in imports 53, German 113; English in railway earnings 52, German 102; English iron production 26, German 174; English coal consumption 33, German 91; English savings deposits 100, German 151. Summing it up, Germany in the designated time doubled England in increase of population, and more than doubled it in increase of business. As has been said, these are German statistics, and may lead us astray, but it is difficult to suppose they are so entirely wrong that the comparative gain is not on the German side to some extent, at least.

Travel to Europe Increasing

Travel to Europe from this country is decidedly increasing, and during the present month it will exceed that in any June since 1907, the year of the panic. On the nine transatlantic steamship lines centering at New York City it is estimated that 17,535 first-cabin passengers will be carried to European ports, and these people will pay about $3,000,000 for their tickets alone. Add to this sum the fares paid by second-cabin and steerage passengers, and it is probable that the above figures would be fully doubled, or, say, $6,000,000 for fares in one month. Then, the travel during the first five months of this year was more than twice that estimated for the month of June, so that the sum total paid for fares alone would amount to $18,000,000 or $20,000,000, a sum which would feed several hungry people, were it diverted from the good time to which it is devoted in most cases. Steamship-travel experts estimate that the June crowd of ocean travelers will pay more than a quarter million dollars in tips while on the liners.

Saturday a Bad Day for British Rulers

Since the year 1700, and prior to the beginning of the reign of George V, Great Britain has had nine rulers, and it is a rather curious fact that all but four of the nine died on Saturday. The ones who died on other days were George I, William IV, Victoria and Edward VII, and of these George I missed dying on Saturday by only two hours, his passing taking place at 2 a. m. of a Sunday. William III died on Saturday, March 8, 1702; Queen Anne on Saturday, August 1, 1714; George II on Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III on Saturday, January 29, 1820; George IV on Saturday, June 26, 1830. The late Edward VII missed a Saturday death by barely fifteen minutes, passing away at a quarter before 12, Friday night, May 6. Five of nine, then, died on a Saturday, another escaped by two hours, and yet another by but a quarter of an hour. Britain's superstitious monarchs, if she have such, might look upon the last day of the week with dread.

Money in the Aviation Game

The pioneers of aviation may take chances on their lives as their machines mount higher and higher, but there certainly is some rich financial picking in the game. Witness the fact that the prizes already offered to the "bird-men" during this season will amount to almost, if not quite, a million dollars. Already Curtiss has received $50,000 and Paulhan as much more, while the prizes awarded at the Californian and French meetings amounted to nearly as much more. To this $200,000 add $250,000 in prizes offered in England for events to take place this season. Then, as prizes to be awarded at fourteen contests to be held in Europe and this country, $548,000 is offered. These sums amount to almost a million, and to them eventually will be added prizes for events as yet undesignated. As the number of successful aviators still is decidedly limited, it will be recognized that those who succeed are going to be well rewarded. Indeed, it will not be surprising if in the end they divide as much as $2,000,000 among themselves.

New York Law to Protect Boys

Whatever may be the faults of the New York legislature, or the scandals springing therefrom, it has done a good and righteous thing in enacting a recent law. The law forbids the employment of boys under 21 years of age in the telegraph messenger service between the hours of 10 p. m. and 5 a. m. The demand for the law came from those who were most acquainted with the details of night messenger service. It is a law which, for the welfare of our youth, should be adopted in all States, for there is no depth of depravity and vice to which the boys of the night service are not introduced, and unnamable debaucheries become familiar to their eyes. These facts have been often enough revealed by public or quasi-public investigations, but New York is among the first, if not the first, of States to act upon their evident suggestion.

A Place for Oliver Cromwell's Head

After all these centuries it comes almost as a shock to learn that Oliver Cromwell's head still is on earth, and that a movement now is on foot to secure a final resting place for it in Westminster Abbey. It appears, as the story is told with apparent veracity, that the embalmed head now is in the possession of Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman of the Church of England, in whose family it has been for a long time, but whether kept in the parlor or among the preserves in the cellar the report does not say. At any rate, Mr. Wilkinson has the head, its record is well authenticated, and the ghastly relic is said to be recognizable by comparison with portraits, etc. Now, as has been said, an effort is being made to secure for it a final resting place among Britain's great dead in Westminster Abbey. The effort should culminate in success, for among the illustrious ones the doughty Oliver of ri should take his place.

Railroad Building in 1909

During the year 1909 3,784 miles of railro were built in the United States and 1,487 mi in Canada, a total of 5,271 miles. The Sta in which the largest number of miles w laid were Texas, Nevada, California and Wa ington, as follows: Texas, 666 miles; Neva 303; California, 247, and Washington, 1 More than one-fourth of the building in b the United States and Canada was done these four States.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

THE LOVE KNOT

William Henry Rhodes

lliam H. Rhodes, a pioneer lawyer of San Francisco, nown to readers of a former generation as Caxton, ame under which he published various literary con- ions, notably a series of scientific hoaxes which for e deceived and excited credulous people. After his a volume of his writings was published under the Caxton's Book. This little poem is known to many are not aware that it is by a California writer.

n my bosom lies
knot of blue and gray;
ask me why; tears fill my eyes
low to you I say:

ad two brothers once,
arm-hearted, bold and gay;
left my side—one wore the blue,
ie other wore the gray.

e rode with Stonewall and his men,
id joined his fate with Lee;
other followed Sherman's march,
iumphant to the sea.

h fought for what they deemed the right,
id died with sword in hand;
sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
id one in Georgia's land.

y should one's dust be consecrate,
e other's spurned with scorn—
victims of a common fate,
vins cradled, bred and born?

! tell me not—a patriot one,
traitor vile the other;
was my mother's favorite son,
t Eddie was my brother.

same sun shines above their graves;
love unchanged must stay—
so upon my bosom lies
ve's knot of blue and gray."

OF CHARACTERS IN NOVELS

.e interest in a work of fiction lies in the ing of characters rather than in the un- ng of the plot. The plot is necessary be- e the characters must do something to how they react to the stimulus of ts, but in fiction, as in real life, what we essentially interested in is people, human gs, creatures of emotion, slaves or mas- of passion, re-enacting the eternal and rsal drama of existence.

id it is the strength of our great novelists they depict the children of their imagina- with uncommon vividness, and that the acters they choose to describe are in- ting characters and the scenes in which place them are interesting scenes. That s an obvious enough statement, but, let nquire, why is one character interesting another not, why is one scene picturesque e another offers no spur to the imagina-

ur notion is that, aside from other con- ations, the most interesting character is character with the most clear-cut pur- in life, and the character who pursues purpose with the most intensity. Given an (or woman) who knows what he wants who goes after it with all his soul, and man makes things interesting for all t him. He stands out clearly from his oundings; his personality is vivid because the same all the time, because it is readily ed to those who know him by defining predominating impulse. Given two such , and have their paths cross, and at once have the first elements of a drama, which onflict, the struggle for the supremacy of over man. Given a dozen such men and nen, and place them in the same scene, re all are acquainted with one another where their paths cross at various times, you have at once a miniature of real ety and the characters of a novel.

onsider some of the characters in fiction n this point of view. Take Dickens' "Tale wo Cities," for example. Charles Darnay one fixed purpose, to repay to France in service the debt of his ancestors' tyranny. Stryver, the bulldog attorney, his purpose is to achieve success at the bar, and he pursues it with the ruthlessness of a dragon. Miss Pross, who lives to serve and protect her mistress, and who plays her part with the fire and fearlessness of a game cock. Madame Defarge, who lives for vengeance and steadily and intensely follows it down the years and through labyrinths of intrigue and the horrors of the Revolution. The old Monseigneur, who lives for power and pleasure, and proudly pursues them to his death. Each person in this drama knows what he wants, and with all his soul strives to achieve it. Ah, but you say, how about Sidney Carton? We answer, did he not, more passionately than they all, long for two things, for a woman's love and for the approval of his own conscience? And does he not loom grander and more vivid in the picture because they were both unattainable? Did he not strive the harder just for that? And did these longings not lead him to the supreme test, and did he not meet it nobly at the end? Purpose and intensity, every character in the book reveals them.

Follow the same process in "Vanity Fair," with Becky Sharp, who sought conquest and pleasure, with the Marquis of Steyne, who sought evil, with all the other characters who crowd that sordid story. Or follow it in the most tremendous of all novels, "Les Miserables." See here how Javert stands out in sombre outline, with his grim determination to catch his man and vindicate the letter of the law; how Thernardier rises in evil shape, with his skulking but no less intense greed for gain; how Fantine makes a picture, with her devotion to her child; how Valjean eclipses them all with the melancholy grandeur of a soul determined to master itself and to conquer the untoward elements of fate.

And here we would suggest a weakness of the modern novel. Rarely do we find a character who stands out from the current commonplace. To speak out rudely, they are mostly uninteresting. Why? We think they are so mainly because they do not want anything in particular, or if they want something they seek it with lackadaisical interest. This is especially the vice of psychological novels. In them the characters are described mostly in those moments of irresolution when the mind is searching the soul to find what it should do. Sometimes this is dramatic, but in the psychological novel the only thing described is the process of making up one's mind and no description is given of what the soul does after it knows what it wants. The internal conflict is all very well, but the external conflict of man with man makes the story. And it illuminates character too.

OF BOOKS FOR BOYS

Adventure—that is the word that sets the nerves of boyhood tingling and fires youth's imagination. The instinct that impels all boys to play "robber and police" is the same instinct that calls insistently for stories of adventure. The mind of boyhood personifies all things; it broods upon conquests of which he is conqueror, upon daring enterprises of which he is the hero. The virtues of manhood glow in a boy's mind with vivid splendor, and he dreams of courage and self-sacrifice and loyalty and stirring action. The hymns he hears in church are more likely to form pictures of cavalry charges and the carnage of artillery than they are to suggest to him the motions and emotions of worship. A boy lives in a wonder-dream land, where he is a knight achieving noble deeds.

So the books boys choose are nearly always books of adventure. The story of Robin Hood holds a charm for them that time cannot wither nor custom stale. The knights of Arthur's Round Table imperishably feed the awakening fires of their spirit. And the Arabian Nights appeal perennially, and, most especially of these, the most adventurous, the tales of Sindbad the Sailor.

Of modern writers two have most keenly touched the heart of boyhood. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself a boy to his dying hour, wrote straight to the spirit of his fellows. Adventure loomed as gorgeously alluring to him as it does to other boys, and he wrote it from a full heart, in simple faith with his boyish nature. "Treasure Island!" Show any boy that title and he wants the book. "Treasure," ah, ha! Mystery is here; buried treasure, likely; pirates, perhaps; fighting, certainly. And "island," that ensures sailors and storms and loneliness and more daring possibilities. Give us the book. Once given us, how satisfying it is. All the golden promise of the title is fulfilled: pirates, fighting, treasure, mystery—all. Here is adventure, we are the hero, and bravely we breast the dangers of our part.

The other who reached to boyhood's heart was Mark Twain. The **adventures** of Tom Sawyer, the **adventures** of Huck Finn. Exactly! What boy of us that read them—what boy of us has not!—would not have given his most-prized possession to have gone camping on the island, to have floated with Huck on the raft, to have been lost in the cave with Tom? Perish the spineless Sunday-school Sidney who did not thrill to the adventure of it!

Of course, we cannot forget the Henty books, nor the Mayne Reid books, nor "Robinson Crusoe," nor "Swiss Family Robinson," nor Paul du Chaillu, nor "Darkest Africa," nor—well, you may finish the list as you please. But these and their kind are the books for the boys. Leave poetry to them that like it, sentimental novels to the girls, psychology to the esthetes, but for us boys, old and young alike, trot out the old, familiar, well-thumbed stories of adventure and leave us to the unclouded joys of wild romance.

Miss Janet Beecher has been engaged for the leading feminine role in David Belasco's production next season of "The Concert," an adaptation by Leo Dietrichstein.

VERSE THAT TOUCHED

A bit of New York Times verse, published last winter in the "southeast corner" of the editorial page, brought from the late Samuel L. Clemens a note to the writer in which he gave ample proof of his affection for the great mass of people who knew and loved their Mark Twain.

The verses, which touched him deeply, were as follows:

TO S. L. CLEMENS

(Mark Twain, on sailing for Bermuda, said that his cigar was his only pal.)

Your only pal. Since first you wrote
Your pals began to troop your way.
And Fate has never struck a note
Of sorrow, and the smiling way
Of fortune never opened wide
That we wern't by your side.

Your only pal! Why, Mark, you seem
To overlook ten million folks
Who weep when sorrows 'round you teem—
You can't discard us as old jokes!
Your chasms never opened wide
That we weren't by your side.

Your only pal! Sam Clemens you!
When you say that, don't treat us right;
Your pals are millions and they're true
Until the coming of the Night.
Mark Twain, mark thrice before you chide
Old friends who have not died!

JOHN A. MOROSO.

His letter to the author of them was as follows:

Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 24, 1910.

Dear Mr. Moroso: Many kind, good words have been said for the healing of my heart since the Christmas brought disaster to me again, but you have gone deepest and touched me most. I want to thank you for that eloquent utterance. Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS

FRANKLIN K. LANE

A BIG MAN WITH A BIG HEART AND A BIG BRAIN

Franklin K. Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner, first drew breath in Prince Edward Island, July 15, 1865. He soon removed to a less rigorous atmosphere, however, for at three years of age he was toddling alone to public school in Oakland, California, thus pretty nearly equaling Horace Greeley's record of precocity. At about thirteen he graduated from the Oakland High School, the most youthful graduate that institution had ever turned out. The University declined to admit him on account of his tender years, and he got even by going to work in the office of the Oakland Times and later showing how little he needed the University, anyway, by taking three years' work in two and leaving without his degree. He treated the law college in the same off-hand way, studying for a year and a half and leaving to take the bar examination, which he passed without any trouble.

But the usual fate of the precocious child did not get in its deadly work on Frank Lane. Instead of growing up to be a thin-bodied, big-browed, spectacled library recluse, he grew up to be two hundred pounds of the most human and sociable person that ever happened. He made friends as fast as he could talk, and kept them through the vicissitudes of an active newspaper, legal and political career. It was not that he sought for friendship—he simply couldn't help it. He loved human fellowship, enjoyed meeting and talking to people, and people were irresistibly attracted to him for these most human qualities.

In college, Lane reported Berkeley news for the San Francisco papers. Later, when he started to practice law in San Francisco and found it slow work, he accepted an offer to become Eastern representative of the Chronicle, and spent some time in New York, sending back special news items and editorial notes that would otherwise have got lost in the routine press dispatches.

In 1891, Lane went to Tacoma, Washington. Tacoma was then very much on the boom, and he bought a half interest in a daily paper, the Tacoma News, and went light-heartedly to the task of making a fortune. It looked as if he might do it until the panic of '93 struck town, and squeezed the everlasting bottom out of Tacoma's boom. Lane went broke with the rest of the country, settled his debts as best he could—as everybody else had to do—and came back to San Francisco. He had one achievement to the credit of his Tacoma experience, however: he had waged a newspaper war on the corrupt boss of that city, a professional gambler, and after resistance and threats to kill had proven vain, the gambler had to leave town. Some years later he met Lane in San Francisco, and was very friendly; he had gone up against a good fighter and appreciated the quality of the man who had whipped him.

In San Francisco, Arthur McEwen's "Letter" was the weekly sensation of the town. Frank Lane undertook the management of its small business interests and also wrote the lighter stuff that went in to make a background for McEwen's slashing comment. When McEwen went East, Lane went into the practice of the law again, with his brother George. The law was better luck this time. In 1898 it offered Frank a first-rate chance to make a name for himself, and he seized it. The new charter of San Francisco was then being drafted by a board of freeholders, who were being guided through their legal difficulties by an advisory committee. Lane was put on this committee. Here he distinguished himself by his laborious efforts to make the charter bullet-proof. These efforts were rewarded in 1899 by his election to the city attorneyship.

As city attorney under the first year of the new charter, Lane was put in an odd position. The charter was attacked by high-priced attorneys on behalf of the public utilities corporations, and Lane vigorously and successfully defended it. But it was generally commented on at the time that he should defend it so vigorously, because the defeat of the new charter would have added a year to his term in office. That did not worry him, and it really made no difference, as time proved, for he was twice re-elected. His first campaign for the office cost the magnificent sum of $470. But he did not need to spend a great deal of money. His very enthusiastic friends did so much of the work of his campaign that hired help was superfluous.

In 1902, he ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket. We had forgotten to record formally that he was a Democrat—everybody knows that, anyhow—but it is proper to add what many people do not know, that he was taken East by the national Democratic campaign managers, when he was only twenty-four years old, to stump New York State for Grover Cleveland for President. In his campaign for Governor of California, Lane made a fight of the "whirlwind" variety, and it was characteristic that he came out at the end of it weighing two pounds more than when he went in, with his smile as serene and his spirits as high as when he began. The campaign affected him as a vacation affects most people: he thrived on it; he so genuinely enjoyed meeting people that it was a pleasure instead of a task. He believed that he was "counted out" of his election, and that he was rightfully the Governor, but, again a characteristic of the man, he was not embittered. The failure of the party vote in the Legislature, a year or two later, to land him in the United States Senate, was likewise insufficient to ruffle his philosophy.

But a more distinguished fate than either of the two big things he missed was lying in wait for him around the corner. President Roosevelt was planning great things for the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body at that time with only perfunctory powers and composed of men of rather conventional abilities. The extension of the powers of the commission was one of the principal aims of Roosevelt's administration, and he looked carefully about for men to sit upon it who would measure up to its enlarged responsibilities. In 1905 he sent to the Senate the name of Franklin K. Lane. Upon his retirement from the presidency, Roosevelt expressed his satisfaction with his choice in the phrase, "The best appointment I made in the whole seven years."

Lane made good on the commission. He worked early and late, and he began to take life much more seriously than he ever did before. But he retained his sense of humor, and this fact saves him from the effects he might otherwise suffer from the strain. A hearty laugh at a good joke toward the end of a driving day puts him back to his accustomed easy good humor.

And he has retained also the human quality, the frank man-to-manness that won and held the admiration and respect of his old comrades in California. At the famous quizzing of Harriman on the subject of control of competing lines, this openness of character produced a startling result. The other commissioners had approached the subject they were trying to trap Harriman on, by a dozen different indirect methods. Harriman had skillfully avoided a direct committal. At length Lane, wearied with these tactics, frankly put the bald question to Harriman, what would he do with the railroads of the country if government regulation were stopped. Harriman was struck by the openness of the attack and met it as man to man, and as bluntly gave the reply the committee had vainly tried to drag out of him—he would consolidate the parts of a transcontinental system and boss the whole thing himself.

It is not the intention in this article to lead the reader into the mazes of Lane's routine work at Washington. It is enough to point out that the Interstate Commerce Commission seems likely to become one of the most important bodies in the American government, and that of that commission Frank K. Lane is considered to be the strong force.

His recreations are simple. A man who enjoys so thoroughly the mere give-and-take of ordinary human intercourse needs few avocations to relieve his mind. Lane loves good music, he loves a good story. Perhaps as much as anything he enjoys a long walk in the open country. But he does not qualify as a member of the "golf cabinet." He belongs to the Chevy Chase Club in Washington, which includes the President and the golf cabinet, but after he carried his golf stick once across the links he remarked that he had enjoyed the walk but that next time he would leave the sticks behind.

The real, deepest joy of his life is his home and the pet of the household is his young child, Nancy. In the account of his Tacoma experience we forgot to say that he there married Miss Wintermute of Chicago, and they have two children, Ned, aged thirteen, and Nancy, aged eight. Nancy is a very imaginative child, and Lane has for a long time had an evening duty to perform in the telling to her of a story. Once he gave a vivid account of the adventures of one "Big Chief" whom he manufactured out of his fancy for the occasion. Big Chief made such a hit with Nancy that she demanded that all future stories should contain Big Chief as the hero. This simplified the story-telling business for a while, until all the imaginable changes had been rung upon him, when it decidedly complicated Lane's job. At length he was driven to recall every story he had ever read and every play he had seen, and to reframe it so that Big Chief could qualify as hero. At last accounts the supply was holding out pretty well, but more adventures for Big Chief may not be a more trying problem for Lane than preferential rates or the long and short haul.

Ned rather startled Lane once. Mrs. Lane has found the Washington climate rather trying, and last summer Lane sent her and the children to Maine. Before they started he took Ned aside and said to him:

"Now see here, Ned; your mother would write it to me even if she were to get sick. I'm going to give you a dollar on the side and if she does get sick, don't say anything to her, but telegraph me."

Some weeks later Lane was sitting at a hearing before the commission, deep in some detail of rates, when a telegram was handed up to him. Hearings are usually disturbed by no such events, so he thought it must be important. When he ripped it open and saw "Ned" signed at the bottom he went weak all over. The telegram read:

"Have landed biggest land-locked salmon of the season. Six and a half pounds.

"NED."

In business, politics, or in any way, Lane has never been of the conventional type. He has done what appealed to him as the right thing to do, regardless of custom. If the years of college supplied his needs, he took that much and quit. If half of a regular law course was sufficient, he let the diploma hang. He never played by the rules. He simply took a human survey of the case and attacked it from that standpoint.

As a politician he would now be called a reformer. He was straight and clean, and enjoyed the respect, even the friendship, of his political enemies. His career has been a pleasant thing to look upon, the career of a man who loved work and loved his fellowmen, and who has found life a very joyous series of events, who took misfortune and reverses without bitterness and has endured success without vanity.

THE "LABORATORY BRAIN"

Henry James' attitude toward immortality which he reveals in the new book, "In Aft Days," is one of "desire." He describes it the outgrowth of the extension of his consciousness, and the vast immaterial fields traverses. In his own words, Mr. James declines to accept the limitations of the "laboratory brain."

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Monument to Will S. Green

ie Sacramento Valley Development Association will erect a monument at Colusa in ory of Will S. Green.)

ould it be; yet well 'tis known
granite plinth or marble shaft,
ugh graved with all the sculptor's craft,
add one glory to his own.

ple man, yet strong withal,
l kind and brave and true in deed,
lp others" was his life-long creed;
others, though reward seem small.

w while others still were blind
w waters stored of winter rains
uld turn to fruitage arid plains
closer Wealth and Labor bind.

s a dreamer," cried our throng,
throng unwise, both sire and son,
e'll trust to rains, as we have done."
e was right, and we were wrong.

e he built for better ways,
better ways and better deeds,
actions fitted to our needs,
dded blessings for our days.

raise for him with kindly art
shaft, yet know, though laurel-crowned,
truest monument is found
graven in the people's heart.

* * *

Mr. Stafford and I at Work

V. Stafford, president of the State Board rbor Commissioners, sends in two dol- or a subscription for The California ly—which was a most just, righteous tafford-like thing to do—with the an- ement that he conditions the subscrip- hat I shall during the coming year, and Weekly, settle "the many vexed prob- hat he and I left in a chaotic condition ago when we used to endeavor to settle fairs of the universe, while seated on urthouse curb in the city of Stockton." Stafford has an excellent memory, but betrayed him in this instance. We did ndeavor to settle the affairs of the uni- at the time to which he refers; we judicially and regretfully pointed out ose affairs were dead wrong in all im- t particulars, at the same time freely ing that either of us could have done er job.

y," Stafford would say, "look at the g poverty and the horrible injustice ry hand. If I had the fixing of—"

ld on, dear boy," I would interrupt, is the trouble with you; you don't want e others a chance. Now, if I had the unity of fix—"

here!" he would break in, "I don't your ability; in fact, you wouldn't have e any ability in order to fix things bet- n they are now, and so the job would uit you. But you are on the newspaper ill and have no time to spare, while I devote odd moments when I am off duty ng things up and making life sweet and ul for everybody. Oh, I tell you that

by this time I would have succumbed force of the argument, and would urge go ahead and fix things. Often and he has promised me that he would do t I never knew him to do it except in torical way which fed the mind, but t comfort the stomach. I think, though, e will do so some day, and even when s faintest in my breast it looks forward t day and is revived.

not doubt that Mr. Stafford will pardon r thus calling his attention to the pal- error into which his memory has be- him, and I am sure that as he looks ard he will recall that I am right.

The Opinions of Rufus

Job's patience stood boils middlin' well, but I can't help wonderin' what would have happened if they'd tried fleas on him.

Sometimes I can't help sighin' for Adam an' Eve. Without any neighbors to talk 'bout their days must have been mighty dreary an' monotonous.

The hull biography of some men's lives—all they've done an' all they've 'complished—could be written in a dollar mark with some figgers after it.

Men an' women are like books: Quite often the best article comes done up in the plainest bindin'.

I reckon they's nuthin' in the world that's fooler than a hen, 'less it is some men.

* * *

Thoughtful Man on an Impending Event

"It is rumored," said the Thoughtful Man, "that my friend, Patrick Calhoun, is to be gradually and gracefully removed from the presidency of the United Railroads. Soon, then, it will be time for a farewell banquet, which should be attended by any and all of our leading citizens who feel grateful to this great and noble man for showing them a way out of difficulties which may overtake them at any time. Add to these the ones who are willing to kowtow to the owners of money at any time, no matter how acquired, and the banquet would be certain to be largely attended. It would bring great relief to the realm of shades, would it not?"

"I don't understand why," I said.

"Then you hadn't heard about it? 'Twas like this: Two ghosts were wandering through the land of shadows, when they chanced to meet, and each was surprised to observe that the other was weeping bitterly.

"'What's the matter?' one inquired.

"'Why, dadburn it!' the other replied, 'I established a justifiably great reputation when I was on earth, but I was fool enough to leave a descendant to represent me there today, and now look at me! I—I—' He broke down utterly.

"'That's queer,' the other remarked. 'My case is precisely similar—great reputation, descendant to represent me, and all—all! Ah, woe is me! I—I—'

"For a long time they wept together. Then one brokenly inquired, 'What is your na—name?'

"'Patrick Henry, and you—yours?'

"'John C. Cal—Calhoun.'

"Then they fell to weeping again. Don't you think that a largely attended banquet might chirk them up a little?"

"It might," said I, "if they don't see the list of guests and know all about them."

* * *

Gems From a Gem-Factory

Mr. William T. Valentine has issued a large and glittering announcement that he is a candidate for the office of Mayor of San Francisco. It sparkles and scintillates, and, tenderly and lovingly, I select just a few verbal gems from its coruscating abundance, so that the public may realize what is open to it if it grabs quickly. Here are the sparklers—wear blue glasses and take a look at them:

"My knowledge of the law, coupled with the special training I have received as a business man, thoroughly fits me to fill the Mayor's chair."

"Mr. Valentine was greatly impressed by the appreciation of confidence showered upon him."

"William T. Valentine, the most prominent tailor in the city, * * is a brilliant, broad-minded, well-trained, right-thinking, energetic, aggressive man."

"He will be to our city what Roosevelt was to our nation."

"There is a great similarity in the physical and mental make-up of William T. Valentine and Theo. Roosevelt."

"He is a man of action and might, swift in doing things."

Add to the foregoing Mr. Valentine's modesty, which he strangely neglects to mention, and it will be realized that the people of San Francisco ought to jump at the chance. It should be mentioned, in conclusion, that Mr. Roosevelt's twin—of course, I refer to William T. Valentine—is "not an office-seeker," but he is willing. Now remove the blue glasses; it is safe to do so.

* * *

Young Bings, and a Parable

It is true, as you say, Malachi, that young Bings does seem to be a somewhat hopeless case. He is graceless, unpleasant and puts in his nights accumulating headaches for the coming days. If I were his father I am quite certain that I should worry about him a great deal. And yet, my boy, I am not so certain: sometimes—But listen to a parable, a parable based upon facts.

About fifteen years ago I was in Bakersfield, and there a friend took me out for a ride. We rode up the river valley a way, and then he said: "Now, I am going to show you the worst tract of land, probably, that lies out of doors in the United States of America." We rode up a little ravine, looked out upon the land lying between us and the foothills, and, Malachi, I judged that my friend was right. I wouldn't have given a cent an acre for that land unless I had money to throw away. Like young Bings, it seemed worthless.

Three or four years later I looked upon that land again. There was an oil derrick every few rods, and wells were being bored almost everywhere. The land was not worthless; on the contrary, men were paying about steen thousand dollars an acre for it. You see, my friend and I did not see beneath the surface.

Perhaps that is what ails us in the case of young Bings, Malachi. You see, we do not know in his case, more than we did in that of the land, what God has hidden beneath the surface. His exterior is rough and unpleasing, but who knows? Let's not get discouraged too soon; it may be that our young Bings—whatever his other name—will pan out more thousands to the acre than did the Bakersfield land.

* * *

From Some Unknown Singer

(Not long ago verses of mine, entitled "Let's Keep Hopin', were published in this department. The other day the mail brought to me a copy of them, and to them some kind but anonymous singer had attached the following verses, which were captioned, "To A. J. W.," and were signed simply, "One Who Reads." One need not be worthy of so sweet a tribute in order to appreciate it.)

"Hopin' for the morrow"—yes, too oft the heart forgets
That with Springtime and the sunshine always come the violets;
And the roses—smiles from Heaven!—with their hearts aglow with dew,
Dip and nod in balmy breezes, saying, "Howdy-do" to you.
And you, sweet singer of the heart, who know the causeway tares,
Sing on! That we may see, like mist, the fading of our cares.

Let's keep trustin', always trustin',"—aye, our faith oft turns to fear,
When the heart goes back in day-dreams, and there comes the blinding tear:
And we see gaunt, ghostly shadows leering at us as they thrust
Their grim shapes upon our pathway, till our hope is turned to dust.
So you, who know of heart's own pain and sorrow's pointed dart,
Sing on! That we may have more faith and trust within the heart!

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

In Justice to E. A. Williams As his sources of information regarding things political The Watchman appeals to the best men he knows in each community and that information seldom proves ill founded, but sometimes the best of men misinterpret indications and errors are made, albeit in the best of faith. Last week it was stated in these columns that "Ed" Williams of Fresno was "understood to be the machine candidate" for the Republican nomination for the Assembly in the Sixty-first Assembly District. Mr. Williams denies absolutely any such affiliations and his denial has been voluntarily sustained by so many persons in whose sincerity and intelligence one may implicitly rely that The Watchman accepts the denial as conclusive. However, Mr. Williams is not wholly to be acquitted of having given at least some color to the suspicion that his affiliations might be of the character "understood." In his letter to us he declares that, "I am seeking the nomination on my reputation as a citizen independent of any organization whatsoever." This is the position that is almost uniformly taken by "organization" candidates throughout the State. Outside of certain city districts, where an indictment for felony would be looked upon as entitling the indicted to the entree to the best society, no candidate dare stand up and say, "I am an 'organization' candidate. I owe allegiance to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau." On the contrary, they say: "I am a Republican, the candidate of no faction. I stand on my record." The bluff seldom works and very few voters will go to the polls on the 16th of August in doubt as to the affiliations of any candidate for Assembly or Senate. But we are assured from so many sources that we cannot doubt it that Mr. Williams' independency of candidacy is due to a temperamental independence of spirit that militates against his surrendering any part of his self-dependence to the keeping of any organization or association of his fellows, a trait of character that, by the way, often makes the best of men of little practical value in associated effort for even the best of causes, because it stands in the way of effective team work. Let it be understood, then, that Mr. E. A. Williams of Fresno is entirely acquitted of "organization" or other affiliations in his candidacy for the Assembly. He is going it alone, and if nominated and elected, will be guided by his own conscience and not another's.

W. F. Chandler Will Not Run It is with regret that The Watchman has to announce that Mr. W. F. Chandler will not be a candidate for the Assembly from the Sixtieth District. He is not a man to shrink from duty and not a man to shrink from a fight where the cause is just. The considerations which have persuaded him to refrain from being a candidate must have been weighty. To be sure, his district is a difficult one. It takes in the saloon district of Fresno and the rather wide-open town of Coalinga, and Mr. Chandler has little sympathy with that factor in our political life, but the district also includes a large number of men of patriotism and good sense and their displacing Mr. Chandler with Mr. Odom by a plurality of only 88 votes has proven so odious that there can be little question that Mr. Chandler could be elected this time. The next Legislature will need as many Chandlers in it as possible. If it could be made up altogether of such men, California could be advanced on the road to Right Things a quarter of a century in a single session. May we not hope that Mr. Chandler will move to reconsider his own determination not to stand for nomination?

Allison Ware A Live Wire In the person of Allison Ware, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican candidate for the Republican nomination for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the League has sent out a live wire. He is a young man, strong and capable, with a good voice and a fine delivery and, what is more important than all else, he has a real message to carry to the patrons of education in this State. He is ready to back that message with a boundless enthusiasm and, if commissioned to undertake the task, will make the State office what it was designed to be, a source of inspiration, information and stimulation of the educational spirit throughout the commonwealth. He is aggressive as well as progressive, and the grass will not grow under his feet in office or out of it, and, if life and health are spared him, he will prove a factor in the educational life of California. Without disparaging the clever gentleman who now holds the office of State Superintendent, it is within bounds to say that if Allison Ware reaches that office it will experience a resurrection.

Things Above Ground And Away Down Below So far as can be seen from everything that lifts its head above ground, the campaign of Hiram Johnson and his associates is making splendid headway. Johnson gets the audiences that no other candidate can approach and no man can challenge anything he says with a "'taint so." Everybody knows that what he says is true, but will all those who know these things to be true vote as well as they know? That is the issue that only the 16th of August can determine, but everything above ground indicates that they will.

But what is going on away down below? It is inconceivable that William F. Herrin, Jere Burke, Walter Parker, J. C. Lynch and the rest of the force that constitute the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company are asleep. The campaigning that Anderson is doing is scarcely creating a ripple on the sea of politics. The swashing around of Ellery kicks up more spray. In fact, Ellery is getting to be obvious on the horizon's rim like a whale spouting, while Anderson seems to be water-logged and drifting.

Of course, Curry and his friends are busy, mainly under the surface of things visible. Rumor has it that the Political Bureau is under cover, too, working to undermine Curry, but what profit can there be in that? It must be plain to both of them that Johnson is the man they must beat if they are to win. It is impossible that either Curry or Anderson can win by defeating each other, and yet neither of them is seriously opposing Johnson, that is above ground, whatever they may be doing below. One always feels easier when he knows what the enemy is up to, and the Bureau appears to have masked its batteries well.

"Dark Horse" Dodge Against Eshleman John M. Eshleman has the race for the Republican nomination for railroad commissioner in the Third District securely in his grasp, as against Theodore Summerland, the incumbent. Summerland does not realize this fact, but the railroad machine does, and is trying to pull Summerland out of the race. That failing, as it probably will—Summerland has had a good thing so long he hates to let go—the machine will probably try to bring out another candidate, not labeled as a machine candidate, but as an "independent" Republican or as a "leading citizen." It is known that the machine is now trying to find such a man. This paragraph is written to warn the voters of the Third District that the man who enters that race at this late date enters it because the machine wants him to, and because the machine hopes thereby to beat Eshleman. Now, Eshleman is the right man, a clean man, an able man, **the** man. Look out for his "dark horse" opponent.

F. F. Morse to Beat Bridge F. F. Morse is the man chosen by the Independent Republicans of the Second Supervisorial District of Alameda County to make the fight against William Bridge. The "courthouse ring" over there is intrenched in the Board of Supervisors by the votes of th out of the five members. Bridge is one of three. He is a political "me-too," who ta his voting directions from Kelly, the lea Kelly is up for re-election, too. Morse ha good chance to defeat Bridge. He should elected. With him on the Board of Sup visors, voting with Foss and Mullens, the t good members of the Board, the first big bl at the ring could be struck. Mr. Morse i lifelong Republican, is supporting Hiram Jo son for Governor, and has a good record a citizen and as a school director in the Lo wood district. He lives in the Old Kimb place on Seminary avenue, near Mills Colle Most of the supervisorial district that he wo represent is in the district recently annexed Oakland—East Oakland, Fruitvale, Elmhu Fitchburg, Melrose, etc. The evils of Kelly-Bridge domination of Alameda Cou show up in the finances of the county. In 19 when Kelly got control, the taxes of the cou yielded $795,981. In 1909, after six years Kelly rule, taxes were $1,795,200, or an incre of an even million dollars. And yet to there is a deficit in the county treasury!

A Disadvantage In Taking Turns It is unfortunate that wh citizens contemplate sembly district lines th can not forget the county lines that run acr and cut the assembly district up, but it not easy to down a county line even the interests of good government. In last session of the legislature Harry Polsl represented the fifth district in the assemb This district is composed of Tehama, Plum and Sierra counties. Polsley comes from T hama. It is claimed to be Plumas' turn name the assemblyman and the candidacy George S. Redstreake is announced. He i Republican and is well spoken of. Mr. Po ley has the infirmity of being a Democrat. his record in the last legislature was hard beat. According to the Hichborn test voted right eleven times out of eleven chan to vote right and there wasn't anybody w did better. Other things being equal paper wants to see Republicans elected office in preference to Democrats, for the r son that this is a Republican and not Democratic paper, but the people of the fi district would do better to elect Polsl Democrat though he is, than to take chances with a Republican of unknown affi tions. Mr. Redstreake may be as true b as Polsley for aught this paper knows. hopes that he is and knows no reason suspecting that he is not, but Polsley proved his quality by a record that was beaten during the session. At all events record should count for more than cou lines in an assembly district.

Mr. Herrin's Grievance Against Charley Curry Men have wonde why, if it be inde true, Mr. W. Herrin should cherish a grievance agai Charles F. Curry, a politician after his o heart and one who has never been disobedi to the policies of the Political Bureau of Southern Pacific Company. Well, here it Mr. Herrin has felt that, when through influence, any candidate for office has b landed in office the least he could do by w of showing gratitude was to allow Mr. H rin's handy men, Hatton, Parker or Burke, name his subordinates or most of them. this particular, and this alone, Mr. Curry h been disobedient. He not only would permit Mr. Herrin's men to name the attach of his own office but, by hook or by cro he has stuck into nooks and crannies in the institutions of this state men who w Herrin men all right, but were Curry m first. See? This has moved Mr. Herrin express the opinion that Mr. Curry is a da gerous man. If made governor he would ha a political bureau of his own and he wo so entrench it, re-enforce it and hedge it ab

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

perhaps the Political Bureau of the thern Pacific Company might not be able revail against it. This, away down low, Ir. Herrin's one and only cause of griev- against Mr. Curry. It will be noted that ins merely to patronage and not to prin-.

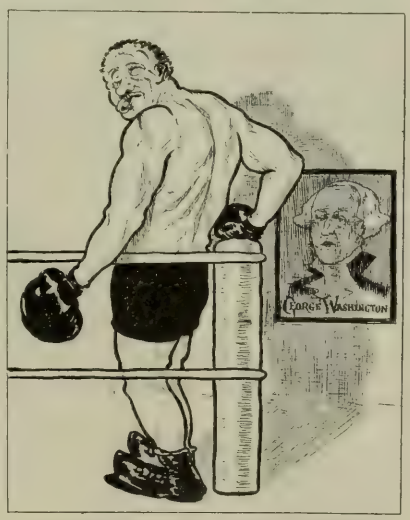
Records But So Different The San Diego Union congratulates San Diego county on the fine rec- made in the last legislature by Senator y Wright and Assemblyman E. C. Hin- That Leroy Wright proved himself a ig man in the last legislature no one cog- nt of the facts will question. That his rd was fine depends upon the point of . No doubt Mr. Herrin pronounced him od and faithful servant. He helped to le the direct primary law in the very of time, and he dug his railroad regula- bill up out of nowhere and contrived to it substituted for the much better Webb- son bill greatly to the joy of the South- Pacific's Political Bureau. Judged by the born standard he voted against progress reform seven times and for them nine, so outrageous a record if the votes told the story, which they do not. He was ed upon by many as a friend to the South- Pacific's Political Bureau stationed in the sition camp, or as far in as he could get, he might render more important service n needed.

w with Hinkle it was different. He was ed as an "organization" man, nobody ex- ng anything but that he would "take s," like Percy Johnson, for instance, who, he Hichborn test, voted right once, g nine times and was absent once out of ssible eleven points to score. But Hin- urprised everybody by standing up for t Things every time, manifesting a clear- of understanding and integrity of char- that had been little looked for. He right ten times out of Hichborn's eleven votes and the one he got off wrong on the party circle which did not involve issue of corporation domination. San cannot do better than to return Hin- nd keep Leroy Wright at home. As for Johnson, he is unthinkable.

Works' of God In the Twentieth Century for June is an article on "Two Conceptions of God," from en of Judge John D. Works, Lincoln- velt Republican candidate for Repub- endorsement for the United States Sen- It is a reverent, well written article, the view that God is spirit and not a r Goliath sitting up in the heavens here with his feet on the earth that he udge men with stern relentlessness ex- hey cringe and crawl before him. The ner has undertaken to make it appear the article that Judge Works is some f an advanced, rationalistic, unorthodox infidel chaser after "New Thought." urse anyone who can entertain two regarding God is twice blessed above aminer, which is incapable of entertain- ıy, but when the Examiner comes to fense of a personal devil it has Judge at a disadvantagee. Having main- contractural relations with his Satanic y from the beginning it knows whereof ks. Judge Works' article is very well sed by the Scriptures and his view od is Spirit, and not a corporeality, tter presented than by Judge Work's e Jesus of Nazareth, who made the t intelligible to even an ignorant tan woman at the well, to which she o draw water. If the article squints at ıg out of well-beaten orthodox paths : Christian Science, not a bad sort of when there isn't much the matter with there is not with Judge Works, but ing of trying to arouse religious that it may be made to "do politics," es the Judge's intimation that there ot be a literal hell. If there is not ught to be, in order to furnish the proper entertainment for men who print papers after the character of the Examiner.

Assembly Candidates In San Francisco The legislative candidates in San Francisco are mainly in the field now, and a rapid survey may not be amiss. It is pertinent to note beforehand that nearly all the undesirable candidates are out, while many who should be elected have so far failed to announce themselves. Only assembly candidates will be considered in this review, Senate candidates will be discussed next week. In the Twenty-eighth Assembly District the only conspicuous candidate is one Cunningham, a politician of the Tom Finn type. No desirable candidate has yet been announced in this district.

Twenty-Ninth The Republican aspirants in the Twenty-ninth are J. P. Tighe, Daniel Reminger and Chris Walsh. Tighe is a small real estate dealer, of unknown political affiliations and equally unknown ability. He is a business partner of Lon Schaefer, candidate for the assembly from the Thirtieth. Reminger is a machine man, and should be beaten. Walsh is a young cement worker, manager for and member of the firm of Wesley & Co., a clean, forthright man, who has stood consistently for Right Things.



OVERSHADOWED THIS FOURTH

Thirtieth District The only Democratic candidate announced in this district is William Doell, an average type of the "Sout' o' Market" candidate. Three Republicans are in the field so far—McAllister, Lon Schaefer, and T. H. Horn. McAllister is a teamster and little known. Schaefer's campaign cards are printed in green, red and white. T. H. Horn is an ex-assemblyman who made a bad record, an ex-Ruef man, an ex-Schmitz man, a McCarthy man, and probably the organization candidate. There is room in this district for a good candidate.

Thirty-First The only announced candidate is a Republican, universally known as Roughhouse Billy McDonald, an ex-prize fighter, and the hero of many a bar-room brawl. He is in the field at the behest of Tom Finn and of Hopkins, who represented the district in the last legislature. Hopkins insists that McDonald would make as good a record as he did. That is the reason his candidacy should not be encouraged. Probably the best man to run would be Fred Haws, manager of the Central Hotel, who is the right sort, but who is very reluctant to enter. He should be urged.

Thirty-Fourth Two Republicans are announced here: Eugene E. Pfaeffle, who served a term in the assembly in 1905, and Thomas J. Feeley, who is "machine." There are two good men in the list of possibilities, one of whom will probably be persuaded to go into the fight: Matt Harris, Jr., and Robert Hampton. Both are clean men, with good brains, members of the Olympic Club, and equally qualified for an argument or a fight They are for Right Things, both of them The one Democratic candidate announced is John J. McKeon, former associate of Florence O'Neill.

Thirty-Fifth Morris J. Winter is a "push" politician and candidate for the Republican nomination. Frederick C. Pattison is unknown to The Watchman. Two equally good possibilities for the Republican nomination are Fred Gerdes, the incumbent, whose record in the legislature is good (Hichborn gives him 9 votes for reform, 1 against and once absent), and C. L. McEnery, a civil engineer and adviser to the Mission Promotion Committee. One or the other of these men will probably be nominated.

Thirty-Sixth L. B. Sibley is the only candidate out for the Republican nomination here. He is a contractor, a man of means, clean, and has always stood for Right Things. He will have opposition, however. Tom Finn will bring out a candidate here, not yet known. Fred Eggers will also bring out a man.

Thirty-Seventh E. J. Baumberger and John J. McManus want the Republican nomination. Baumberger is a young lawyer, and a member of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican movement. McManus is the incumbent. His record in Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," on eleven test votes is: for reform, 0; against reform 10; absent, once. He missed one chance to go wrong. He should be provided with a permanent leave of absence by his district.

Thirty-Eighth The best candidate so far in this district is a Democrat, Herman M. Levy, son of Rabbi Levy, and a clean man. The Republicans are Gus G. Brown, a young attorney of unknown possibilities; Edward Barron, alleged to be a tenderloin politician; Mark Sena, whose candidacy is not considered seriously; Isaac Leipsic, another unknown; and Edward Nolan. Nolan is the organization candidate, and would probably follow Johnny Lynch's advice in the future as he has in the past. Pugh, the incumbent, is afraid to run again. Hichborn's record shows him right once, wrong eight times, and absent twice.

Thirty-Ninth Two Republicans are announced, J. E. White and Julius Frankel. White is a lawyer, a fine, clear-cut fellow, who knows right from wrong and prefers to choose the right. He should be vigorously supported and elected. He would make a first-class legislator. Frankel lives in the Sunset district, has associated all his life with the vicious saloon element in politics, and supported McCarthy last year for the promise of support in his assembly ambitions this year.

In the Fortieth Three Republicans possibilities here: Milton L. Schmitt, incumbent, whose record leaves much to be desired—2 right, 6 wrong, 3 absent; Henry Thompson, a former representative of the district, with a non-reform record; and Milton G. Banner, who should run, but so far won't. He is the right man if he can be persuaded. He ought to be forced into the fight.

Forty-First Nat Coghlan and Abraham Perry Harris are out for the Republican nomination. Coghlan is the familiar Nat, former aspirant for district attorney of San Francisco against Fickert, "machine" through and through, and an impossible person politically. Harris not well known, but

(Concluded on Page 460.)

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir: Find enclosed a check for $2, for which please send me The California Weekly for one year, beginning at once. The Weekly is fighting for a mighty good cause and I wish to be posted on the progress of the fight.

Yours truly,
LARRANCE PAGE.

Greenville, Cal., June 4, 1910.

In the opinion of a newspaper man of state reputation, and himself the editor of one of the best papers in the state, the review of current political affairs to be found in The California Weekly is the best to be found in any paper in California. Anyhow, whoever reads out Table Talk will get as near to the pith of politics as he can get without being in politics himself.

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir: In response to yours of June 1st, I en-

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

close my check for $2.00 to pay for The California Weekly for the ensuing year. I read no paper with deeper interest. I find no abler editorials anywhere. I detect no keener insight into affairs civil, social or moral. The only fault I have to find is that sometimes the issues fail to reach me. This occurred for several weeks in succession lately, so that I feared that a journal standing for righteousness had failed for lack of support in a community like that of California. I am relieved to find that this is not the case.

Cordially,
WM. C. POND.

Redwood City, R. F. D., June 8, 1910.

If those who miss their copy of The California Weekly would take the trouble to drop us a postal card this office will not only forward another copy immediately, but will do all it can to find where the trouble is, and we generally find it.

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir: I am handing you herewith my check No. 9, your favor, for $2.00 in payment of my subscription for the ensuing year. Kindly acknowledge receipt.

I desire to thank you for the pleasure I have derived from reading your paper and have often thought I would avail myself of your kind invitation to express my opinion of the way you conduct it.

In this day and generation when the pursuit of mammon seems to be the ruling impulse of most business enterprises, it is truly refreshing to find one conducted along the lines of public righteousness, as exemplified in your editorial and other departments.

I am particularly impressed with the department headed: "The Deeper Significance of Living." It has provided me with much comfort, especially when I notice my young son taking a great interest in it also. He is just at an age when the lessons such as you seek to impress are readily absorbed and I have to thank you for your influence in the right direction with this young man.

California certainly owes you a debt of gratitude for the stand you are taking against all forms of evil and in favor of clean living.

Yours very truly,
T. W. MADELEY.

Sacramento, Cal., June 3, 1910.

Letters like the foregoing make it seem worth while to be alive and trying to do something to make things better than they are, especially to those who, like the writer of the "Deeper Significance of Living," have been, figuratively speaking, pouring water down gopher holes for thirty years without ever seeing a gopher come out. It is one of the penalties of writing things that the writer seldom sees that anything comes of it. A builder can point to this structure and that one and say, "I built them." The lawyer can say that he won this case or lost the other and point to the record in proof of it. The man who sets posts around a field can point to the posts as evidence of something done. Even the minister can point to now and again a person received into the church, but the writer, he whistles down the wind for a lifetime and rarely hears so much as an echo from all his puffing and blowing. To such an one the report that some growing boy is perhaps being helped to be a Man and Citizen, through reading the things that one writes, comes like being given a lift along a dusty road on a hot day by being taken into an automobile going his way. Thanks!

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir: I am an appreciative reader of your paper as it appears, but your issue of last week (June 3) calls for special commendation.

From your initial paragraph alluding to the address of Mr. Roosevelt in London, proceeding with your comment on the relation of the Federal government to the railroad, and great corporations, in the exercise of its power to supervise their action in the interests of the public; in your article "The Deeper Significance of Living"; in your reference to politics and politicians in connection with the present campaign in this state, and particularly in your sketch of the career of William Kent as an incentive to others of his class to exert themselves in promoting civic and general righteousness, there is more to induce clear thinking, and right action regarding the vital issues of the day, than can be found in a week's reading of the three daily morning papers of your city. I take them all, and read them with some care, but, with little profit, apart from merely material interests. As to the London address of Mr. Roosevelt's, anyone who expects on such an occasion to hear from him meaningless platitudes, or brilliant generality, manifests an entire ignorance of the spirit which animates him. Theodore Roosevelt is a MAN, and because of this fact, he in consonance with the old Roman poet, feels "that nothing pertaining to the interest of humanity is a matter of indifference to him." Whenever he has an opportunity to serve those interests, no one who knows him need be in doubt regarding his position. Long life to the man, success to his principles, and ever increasing extent to his influence in behalf of righteousness among men and nations.

With all good wishes for the success of The California Weekly.

Yours truly,
E. C. WILLIAMS.

An especial reason for appreciating the foregoing is that it was written by a man who has seen ninety years of American histo made under his own eyes, a man whose cle ness of vision and keenness of interest in t affairs of men, and sympathy with whatev helps to make for human welfare, is not ceded by any man in the prime of life. prize this because it comes from Oaklan Grand Old Man, old in years but young spirit, in hopefulness, in love for his ki Profoundly religious all his days, and looki upon his church as dedicated to that o which is holy and into which there sho come no unworthy thing, yet it was this m who rose in his place before his church pack with men as never before, and proposed th cheers for Rudolph Spreckels and Francis Heney, inasmuch as they were doing Go service in striving to redeem San Francis from the clutches of organized graft and noble greed. Will not our readers join wi The California Weekly in venturing the he that Deacon Williams may turn the cent corner as young in heart and sympathy wi Right Things as he is now?

TINIEST DOLLS IN THE WORLD

The smallest dolls in the world are m by Isabel Belauzaran, a Mexican Indian of such skill that she is known as the "Qu of the Needle." The tiny manikins are bar three-fourths of an inch long but are perf in all details.

She first makes a diminutive frame work wire. This she winds with fine silk thr until she has secured the proper figure. clothes are then cut according to the ch acter of the doll and fitted carefully to

With a needle that can scarcely be held the fingers and whose eye is almost invisi various designs are actually embroidered the clothes with the finest of silk thre So cleverly are they executed that through a powerful magnifying glass the tails appear to be perfect, yet the entire wo is done without the aid of an enlarging de of any kind.

After the dressing has been completed necessary to add the hair. What is undoubtedly an example of the tiniest hair dressing on earth is then performed on each doll, writes Russell Hastings Millward in the Bulletin of the American Republics. Even to the details of the braids and ribbons, the wo is most completely carried out. The eyes, nose, mouth, hands and feet are then forced.

They are sold for the ridiculously low sum of 25 cents gold. It takes two hours of pa taking work to make one of the simple of these little dolls. Many of them are provided with tiny baskets of flowers, fancy sombreros, water jars and other paraphernalia. The tiny baskets are made of fine hair by the Indians of Guanajuato. The little pieces of pottery are made of clay in exact imitation of the practical sizes. All these accessories are sewed to the dolls.

Miniature roses are actually embroidered in the dresses of the dancing girls and garments are arranged in their hair. Wreaths of flowers are hung about the shoulders and the arms are formed in graceful and lifelike attitudes of dancing. The matador is complete in every particular, his costume being richly decorated in many colors, the hair dressed in true Spanish fashion, including the conventional queue.

The first dolls of this kind were made eight years ago, since which time specimens have found their way into the possession of almost every royal family in the world, as well as into many private collections.

The New York Times has found something new in obituary notices. It quotes a small western paper's account of a funeral, which concludes with the statement that the deceased "was dressed in the conventional black."

While in India Lord Kitchener visited an out-of-the-way district where a new fort had been erected. He was astonished to find that it was commanded by a hill close by. "Congratulate you, colonel," said Kitchener to the officer who had selected the site. "What a capital fort! Er—when do you begin to remove the hill?"

SOME TRENDS IN HIGHER EDUCATION

AND SOME STATISTICS TO ILLUSTRATE THEM

By PROFESSOR GUIDO H. MARX, of Stanford University

modern social phenomenon is more
y of the attention of the thoughtful citi-
han the remarkable growth and spread
terest in higher education, and the con-
nt tremendous increase in the number
ose pursuing advanced studies and re-
g higher training, for none is fraught
he possibilities of more significant social
quences. The purpose of this brief
is to present to the readers of The
rnia Weekly in compact form some of
ore salient features of this movement.
writer is indebted to the editor of
ce" for the privilege of using a por-
f the material which he orignally pub-
in that journal at greater length. Some
data, however, are here published for
st time.

he modern recognition of the value of
l intelligence Germany has been the
nced leader. If we plat the combined
nce at the twenty-two German uni-
s for the last seventy-five years, year
r, the resulting chart reveals at once
t striking fact.

ill be seen that prior to 1870 (the year
Franco-Prussian war) this attendance
irly uniform (the yeast of the spirit of
can, however, be seen to have been
working), keeping regular pace with
ulation and thereby betokening a cer-
ible condition of the social order. Im-
ly after this date we find the curve
a sharp upward bend and an in-
in attendance growing much more
than the population. Nor does this
show the slightest tendency to fall
is even more marked if we plat the
ed attendance at all the German uni-
s, polytechnic and professional colleges
gymnasial rank.

e beginning of the period of rapid de-
nt (1870) we find one matriculated
for every two thousand inhabitants,
1907 we find one for every thousand
nts. This denotes twice as wide-
participation in the benefits of higher
n—and, involving, as this must, higher
efficiency, needs and aspirations, it
o much to claim that we are well on
toward an entirely new social order;
are in the midst of an intellectual
nce of profoundest import, of a move-
ich is one of the most significant in
ry of the development and progress
ce.

Germany alone in this movement so
statement would be unjustifiable—but
not stand alone, she is simply pre-
he other nations.

w this, we may take the official sta-
the United States, as given in the an-
rts of the Commissioner of Education,
r by year, plat the combined attend-
ll the colleges, universities, scientific,
and professional schools, omitting
ry departments.

the year 1885 we see a condition of
stability, but beginning with that
curve takes an upward bend and con-
th no sign of falling off. We see re-
e same story told by the German
t beginning fifteen years later. In
nd one student for every seven hun-
bitants, twenty years later, in 1905,
very four hundred—or, if we include
nal School attendance as given by
one for every three hundred in-

hough the United States shows the
nomenon, our broad statement might
e qualified. But the following table
s that the movement is not confined
two countries. Here we see that
the only western country of promi-
ch has not passed Germany's figure
r 1870, namely, one student for two
inhabitants.

ures given in Table I. are the most

TABLE I.

Country.	Population.	Number of Students in Higher Educational Institutions, 1906-7.	Population per Student.
United States	83,941,510 (Est. 1906)	283,395 (Incl. Normal Schools)	296
Switzerland	3,463,609 (Cen. 1905)	212,956 (Excl. Normal Schools)	394
France	39,252,267 (Cen. 1906)	10,511	330
Denmark	2,605,268 (Cen. 1906)	50,935	771
Germany	60,641,278 (Cen. 1905)	3,363	775
Austria-Hungary	46,973,359 (Est. 1906)	73,020 (Incl. Hearers)	830
Greece	2,631,952 (Cen. 1907)	51,691	909
Italy	33,640,710 (Est. 1907)	2,836	928
Belgium	7,238,622 (Est. 1906)	33,174	1,014
Netherlands	5,672,237 (Cen. 1906)	7,139	1,014
United Kingdom	44,100,231 (Est. 1906)	5,435	1,044
Spain	18,831,574 (Cen. 1900)	41,305 (Excl. 22,159 "Evening Students")	1,068
Roumania	6,585,534 (Est. 1907)	15,642	1,204
Sweden	5,337,055 (Cen. 1906)	5,336	1,234
Portugal	5,423,132 (Cen. 1900)	4,032	1,324
Norway	2,321,088 (Est. 1906)	3,923	1,382
Servia	2,676,989 (Est. 1904)	1,500	1,547
Russian Empire	149,299,300 (Est. 1906)	1,022	2,619
Bulgaria	4,035,623 (Cen. 1905)	54,208	2,754
		1,324	3,048

Note—Population from "Statesman's Year Book—1908."
Number of students from "Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1908, Vol. I."

complete which the writer has been able to compile from official sources. Insofar as they err, it will probably be found that they understate, rather than overstate, the number of students for some of the countries. It is not likely that the errors of omission are very great or that they would make any marked change in the order of the countries as here given, except possibly that Norway would move up several places. The striking fact brought out by the table is the leading position of the three great republics. In this connection the following words from the inaugural address of President Bryan of Indiana University should have place: "What the people need and demand is that their children shall have a chance—as good a chance as any other children in the world—to make the most of themselves, to rise in any and every occupation, including those occupations which require the most thorough training. What the people want is open paths from every corner of the state, through the schools, to the highest and best things which men can achieve. To make such paths, to make them open to the poorest and lead to the highest is the mission of democracy." Our table discloses the encouraging fact that in this respect democracy appears to be fulfilling its mission.

To analyze the forces underlying this great wave of emancipation, fascinating as the study may be, is a task lying beyond our present powers. It remains a problem for the future historian. We must content ourselves with noting the phenomenon and passing on to some of its effects. It is also to be noted in passing that going side by side with the great increase in numbers there has been a vast improvement in the standards of the educational institutions as affecting both their entrance requirements and their own grade of work. Whether as cause or effect there has also accompanied this wonderful growth a remarkable broadening of curriculum and quite

TABLE II.

Ratios of Attendance of Various Courses at the German Universities, Technical and Professional Colleges

Faculty.	1830	1869	1905	Ratio 1869/1830	Ratio 1905/1869
Universities					
Theology	6,076	2,986	3,846	0.49	1.29
Law and Finance	4,502	3,178	12,456	0.71	3.92
Medicine (Including Dentistry)	2,355	3,140	6,142	1.33	1.96
Philosophy (Incl. Philology, Mathematics and Science)	2,937	4,853	19,494	1.65	4.03
Polytechnica					
Architecture and Civil Engineering[8]		942[8]	5,443		5.75
Mech. and Elec. Engineering[8]		241[8]	5,161		21.50
Chemical Technology		213[8]	1,431		6.70
Special Branches		418[8]	1,577		3.77
Professional Colleges					
Mining		144	686 [835 Incl. hearers]		4.77
Forestry		306	309 [366 Incl. hearers]		1.01
Agriculture		357	1,517 [1,698 Incl. hearers]		4.25
Veterinary Medicine		267	1,120 [1,260 Incl. hearers]		4.20
Commercial Universities			1,076 [3,098 Incl. hearers]		

Unless otherwise stated, the numbers are for matriculated students only. The ratios are for matriculates.
Population: 1869, 40,805,000; 1905, 60,314,000. Ratio: 1905/1869, 1.5.
[8] Original data not segregated.

TABLE III.

Comparison of Attendance of Various Courses in Germany and the United States 1905-6

	United States	Germany	Ratio U. S./G.
Population	83,935,000	60,314,000	
Theology	7,968	3,846	1.39
Law	15,411	12,456	2.07
Medicine (Incl. Dent. and Pharmacy)	24,924	6,142	1.22
Philosophy or Liberal Arts	36,945	19,494	4.05 [6.01]
Arch. and Civ. Engineering[9]	94,200[10]		4.83
Mech. and El. Engineering[9]	10,200[10]	5,443[11]	1.86
Chemical Technology	15,150[10]	5,161	2.95
Mining	1,420[10]	1,431	1.00
Agriculture	3,260[10]	686	4.75
Veterinary Medicine	5,000[10]	1,517	3.3
	1,445	1,120	1.29

Data from Ascherson, Lexis, Minerva and Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1906.
[9] Not segregated in German data. In United States, 900 Arch., 9,300 C. E. and 2,700 Gen'l. Eng.
[10] Computed on basis of returns for 86.5 per cent. of total. See Report U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1906, p. 446.
[11] In 1902 there were 1,995 Arch. and 2,852 C. E. On a proportionate division this gives in 1905-6, 2,220 Arch. and 3,223 C. E.

a complete change of emphasis on what constitute the essential factors of higher training.

It is of interest to compare this vast and increasing throng of students to a powerful stream which, refusing longer to be confined within narrow, artificial banks, has burst through and found its own natural channels. What these have been can be seen from the accompanying table (II.), comparing the German student attendance in the various channels of work for the years 1869 and 1905.

The accompanying table (III.), comparing American and German attendance, also throws light upon this phase of our subject.

In making this comparison too definite conclusions must not be drawn, as the writer is well aware of the differences in standards and curricula. Thus it is probable that quite one-half of our collegiate students are doing work of German gymnasial grade. In the technical and professional fields it is possible that the work is more nearly commensurate. Another item not indicated here is the much larger proportion of women students in the United States. However, this broad subject of comparison can only be touched upon and left with the statement that American standards are rapidly improving, more rapidly than they are aware who have not been giving attention to the subject.

In the light of these charts and figures is it too much to claim that they betoken a rapid breaking down of old forms of caste, class and privilege—a great social upheaval signaling the imminence of a new social order? Can no connection be traced between this increasing stream of trained young men and women taking up their duties of citizenship, and the great wave of awakening to a higher sense of social obligation and civic righteousness now rising in our country?

In view of recent happenings, however, this query may not be pushed too far by one who writes from Stanford for readers familiar with San Francisco's late political history. But viewed nationally the query is more than justifiable.

It is folly to dream of checking this mighty stream or of turning it back into the banks of a narrow scholasticism. Our problem is to provide adequate and suitable channels for it. Conditions are rapidly changing and educators must face the facts as they are.

The profound demand of this army of nearly three hundred thousand students in our country to-day is for an education which will enable them to live most worthily and effectively the life of to-day and to-morrow. The demand, which will not be denied, is for breadth of culture coupled with an effective bearing upon the needs and problems of life—a culture whose key-note shall be efficiency in action and service.

It is toward this end of service to humanity that our institutions of learning are receiving generous public and private support—not for the selfish development of a higher capacity of enjoyment in the few—not for the training of men away from life. The world looks to the universities for citizens trained to do useful and necessary work and anxious to carry their share of its burdens—not for men and women who desire to evade these responsibilities, to gain special privileges, or to prey upon their fellows by exercise of the very training which has been bestowed generously upon them. Moreover, it looks to the universities to inculcate and preserve the ideals of high character applied to these tasks of ordinary citizenship. From those who have enjoyed the privilege of university training it expects superior devotion as well as individual efficiency.

These demands upon the universities, and the changes brought in the train of their phenomenally rapid growth, involve new, reciprocal obligations on the part of society toward the institutions. The discussion of the nature and extent of these, however, lies beyond the scope of the present paper.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

his inclinations and affiliations have always been right.

Forty-Second Arthur Joell, a clean, upright young fellow, is the proper man of the two announced candidates for the Republican nomination. The other man is F. V. Kingston, formerly an understudy of the convicted perjurer, George D. Collins. Kingston was one of the men whose names were unpleasantly associated with the wrecking of the State Commercial and Union state banks. He should be defeated.

Forty-Third Frank N. Rodgers is a young printer whose ambitions politically have led him into the mazes of tenderloin politics, where he is reputed to accept the orders of the machine bosses. A man who should be a candidate, if he can be persuaded to run, is Francis Dunn, an attorney and a clean and able man.

Forty-Fourth Daniel Giovannini is probably the best of the offerings in this district. The other Republican aspirants are Melville Hermann, formerly secretary of the Schmitz Central Club; Victor A. Sbragia, S. P. Blumenberg, Walter J. Bryant, and Henry Stern, the last named a small real estate dealer and a machine follower. The picking is poor in the list.

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THE REGENERATION OF WILKERSON'S FLAT

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

I.

ELL, young man," observed the Superintendent of Schools, as a modest appearing young gentle- entered his office, "I have been look- over your credentials and find them d, very good, and your examination rs speak well for your attainments; but come late, and the fact is there is but ol in the county which has not engaged acher for the coming year and that one ld not be left unsupplied if a teacher could found who would have it. Sorry, but it at or nothing, and probably nothing would referable to you."

Where is this school and what is the mat- with it?" inquired the applicant, brighten- a shade at the prospect of securing em- ment of any kind.

'hereby hangs a tale," was the reply; and venerable chief of our educational depart- t interlocked his fingers above his head, ed a notch lower into his chair, extended egs and otherwise composed himself for narration.

'his district is in the most benighted hborhood in all California, and I doubt if nsas or the Cracker settlements in gia can produce its fellow. It is the one t humiliation of the county, and the only ionary work I have ever done in my life I up there, and even that has not borne to speak of so far. Would you believe Those people have been up in those)-oak hills—up where one may see out by looking straight up—for twenty years ave just built their first school-house and open their first school when I can send a teacher.

h, no! they are not at all vicious," the intendent hastened to assure his inter- or. "They are as harmless as so many); but they are 'dumb' and thriftless and stitious beyond all things. Hot sour biscuit, bacon fat and black coffee three a day, year in and year out—bah! I'm I'll never be able to send them a teach- What? No! Will you? Goodness gra- ! but that takes a load off my mind. come up into the cupola and I'll show just where the district is"; and the old eman led the way, puffing, up the wind- tair.

was a leg-wearying climb up into the age of a cupola surmounting the great courthouse; but an airy height was y reached where the view was unob- ed by house or treetop. Miles upon of level plain lay unfolded below them from above the Sierras looked gravely through the dusky murk; for the long, ss summer was not yet at an end, and opy of dust overhung the valley like an n summer haze.

) you see that bank of snow up yonder? below and a little to the right, that big, mass of wooded mountain? That is Mountain. Halfway down it now a d line of naked rocks, extending across e and away beyond on either side? That tchet Mountain, thirty-odd miles away. id the base of that mountain are Wil- n's Flats, called 'flats' not all because are flat, but because there are limited a trifle flatter than their surroundings, pretty generally stand on end. Your way to get there will be to cut straight the plains. Drop into the office as you and I'll give you a letter to Borden. n can't read, but his wife can a little, is king bee of the community. Better nd take in this view while I'm writing. to beat, hey? Strikes me that way. So

And the old gentleman picked his way usly down the stairs, leaving the newly yed teacher to his own thoughts and the

al Archer had been out of Ohio a month, f Oberlin College a year, and the un- possessor of a broken heart for just eeks. His refusal had been kindly h, but so unequivocal as to leave no as to its finality.

ilda had been his nearest neighbor and it playmate all her life long. He could ber well when she was born, and often pled infancy she had been intrusted to re, and it had given him joy to wheel her in her tiny buggy up and down the shaded avenue. From that time until within a few short weeks he had confided in her his most cherished ambitions, and it had always seemed to him that the interest she took was sincere, and yet when he offered his hand she refused him.

"No, Royal," she had said, "I respect you sincerely, as all must who know you; but I have thought of life a great deal of late, and know that I have no heart for the career you offer me. Frankly, now, you have not talent enough to secure the better paying charges, and to live the dependent life of the wife of a poor clergyman, a stinted pensioner upon the meager bounty of a small community, would embitter my existence. The spirit of martyr- dom is not in me, and if I ever marry, the one of my choice shall be a hearty, generous man of affairs, who shall love me so truly that, if need be, he will sacrifice all other interests to our common good, not our common good to all other interests. Such a man in making room for himself, and me, will make room for many incapable ones; and he who, by promoting industry, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, cannot be least among the servants of God."

Archer had dreamed of a great work for the Master done in the world; and a full half of the dream, and half of the work too, it may be conjectured, had concerned Matilda, her positive, hopeful, stirring nature so supple- mented his more negative temperament; but now that she was to bear no share in the world-work that he had dreamed of doing rather than planned, it seemed that it could not go on. His little bark had been set adrift, and, simply because it had not drifted else- where, had drifted to California.

Feeling that he must have something to do, Archer had applied for a school to teach; but was there nothing better anywhere for him to do than to immure himself in this cast-off community? It was a far more important work than this, of which he had dreamed. Left alone in the cupola he cast a half-inter- ested glance at the view, sank upon a bench and proceeded to enjoy anew the exquisite torture of his great disappointment. It was wonderful how much misery persistent brood- ing contrived to make it yield.

"Feed my sheep." Archer started. Whence came the thought? Dreamer that he knew himself to be he could scarcely believe this inward voice a dream. "Feed my sheep." Was this to point the path of duty? He would so interpret it anyway; for he had always loved to think that some time a spe- cial and not inglorious mission would open at his feet, and a sweet but exalted voice would call him to his work. Yielding to a sudden impulse, the dreamer dashed down the stairs, secured his letter of introduction to kingly Borden, and turned his face toward the hills.

It was an exhilarating canter across the plains that afternoon, exhilarating because the spirited young mare Archer rode would have it so, for otherwise it would have been dull enough. A long and rutted, dusty lane, then out upon the billowy hog-wallows, limitless fields of stubble, a jack rabbit bounding away on the segment of a circle—surely nothing could be more uninteresting. But the mare's pace was rapid, and the veil of dust which hangs before the face of the mountains in summer time soon began to lift, disclosing the velvety, angular, grass-covered foothills. Archer thought he had not seen anything more beautiful.

As he drew nearer he saw that myriad hoofs of sheep had trampled the faces of the hills into tiny terraces, and in the shimmering sunset light, the landscape seemed to flow and flicker like dissolving views from a stereopticon lantern; and above, their granite peaks bathed in sunlight, the Sierras looked down in sol- emn majesty. "Surely the souls of men accus- tomed to scenes like this cannot be wholly dead," Archer reflected, hopefully, as he rode along.

Turner's wheat ranch was the last place "fit for a white man to stop at," the superin- tendent had said; so Archer spent the night at Turner's.

It was Friday, and the forenoon was half spent when a dusty horseman drew rein be- fore a little corral of poles filled with lithe, long-horned, impatient, lowing cattle, and one was being milked by a fuzzy faced youth, long of limb and lank of body.

"My friend, are you not a trifle late about milking?" the traveler called, cheerily.

"The world owes us a livin', 'nd I reckon we ort er git it the easiest way we kin," the young man drawled, as he rose from his stool and moved toward the bars. "Thar ain't no hurry in these parts no way. Won't ye light?"

"I might if by so doing I could get a drink of water for myself and another for my mare. We have found it rather a dry road coming to Wilkerson's Flats this morning," Archer replied.

"I reckon ye kin git it, stranger. Thar ain't no better water 'n the hills than we've got down back of the house. Runs the y'ar roun.' Better look out fer that thar cow brute with the bell on," he added, "she's kind er handy like with her horns long er strang- ers; but she's tolerable peert for all that. Every one of them thirty critters thar 's her kin, 'nd Pap's sold nine hundred dollars' worth from her besides. It's a power of terbacker 'nd caliker she's fetched us, 'nd she hain't cost nary a cent yit. The world owes us a livin', 'nd I reckon we ort er git it the easiest way we kin; 'nd critters like that ar fetches it erbout the easiest, I reckon."

By this time they had reached a gap in the fence which served for a gate, where a meager sow was suckling a litter of starveling pigs. A pack of baying hounds came bound- ing toward them and, being so directed, set upon the pigs and sent them squealing off up the hills making way for the entrance of the mare and her rider.

Three women, representing as many gen- erations, attracted by the din, filed through the cabin door and stood with arms akimbo staring. A grizzly-headed man sitting with chair tipped against a poplar tree took his pipe from his mouth and blurted, "Howdy, stranger," resuming his pipe again. Two other men, lank and long as the youth at the cow pen, got up from the ground, shook them- selves a notch or two further into their pan- taloons, and gazed upon the well-dressed stranger with open-mouthed but speechless curiosity.

"You appear to have a nice, quiet place up here among the hills," Archer observed, as he rinsed, refilled and raised to his lips the prof- fered cup (oyster can) of water.

"Y-e-e-s," the old man drawled, "thar ain't much rar'n roun' hyer'bouts; but we've ernough ter eat and ernough ter w'ar sech as 'tis. The world owes us a livin', 'nd I reckon we ort er git it the easiest way we kin."

The house was a low, unpainted, weather- worn shanty of one story, made from a single thickness of rough boards put together box fashion. To serve for a porch, poles had been put up and covered over with scrub-oak boughs, and fallen leaves cluttered the ground about the doorway. A big chimney, built out- side from sticks and stones and mud, just tall enough to clear the shake-covered roof, com- pleted the habitation, and therein dwelt in tol- erable harmony five men, three women and four children.

And yet some suggestions of refinement were not wanting. A pretty curtain shaded the upper half of the one window visible from Archer's point of view, and through it he saw that tiny pictures in homemade frames hung against the walls. While taking observations Archer's blue orbs caught for an instant the gleam of a pair of dancing brown ones; but

they vanished at the moment of contact. He wondered to whom they could belong, and looked again and again; but they eluded him after that, though he felt sure that they were watching him constantly.

"Can you direct me to Borden's place?" the visitor inquired, without addressing his question to any one in particular.

The pipe slipped from the old man's mouth, and its stem, with an accompanying grunt, was thrust over the right shoulder. The younger men canted their heads in the same direction. The women faced to the southeast and stared, and Archer's acquaintance of the cowpen extended his arm, unfolded the index finger joint by joint, opened his mouth and spoke: "Over yen, beyant that gap er mile 'nd er half. Ye cayn't miss it." Six pairs of lusterless eyes returned from a southeasterly direction, and dumbly certified to the accuracy of the information given.

"And the schoolhouse, where is that?"

Once again the pipestem pointed, the eyes focused on the gap between the wooded hills, the long arm extended and the finger protruded; but before a word was uttered there came a rushing from the cabin door, bare feet pattered across the beaten yard, and a pair of big brown eyes scintillating with excitement looked up into Archer's, and an eager voice asked: "Be you the teacher? Did the superintendent send yer? Will school take up er Monday mawnin'?" Without waiting for a reply the voice went off into a succession of uncontrollable oh, oh, oh's, and its owner danced up and down in a delirium of expectancy.

"Jess! Jess! Jess! You Jess!" broke simultaneously from a half-dozen throats. "That gal's gone plumb crazy sence the fust nail was druv in that thar schoolhouse," the old man explained, apologetically.

"'Pears like she's gwine ter turn the settlement upside down," added the middle-aged woman, taking her pipe from her mouth for the moment.

"Yes, my child," Archer replied, soothingly, taking the child by her hand and drawing her toward him, "I am the teacher, the County Superintendent sent me and, God willing, we will open school Monday morning. You will be there, I know."

There was something in those wide, starved eyes upturned and filled with gathering tears of joy which affected Archer strangely, and he made haste to be off about his business. "Feed my sheep." Surely here is one hungry little lamb, Archer thought, as he rode along.

"The world owes us a livin', 'nd I reckon we ort er git it the easiest way we kin." So that was the philosophy of Wilkerson's Flats. Not so bad if accompanied with a knowledge of how to employ one's leisure. Archer had always looked upon the world of business with abhorrence.

Money-making impressed him as being such a spendthrift squandering of precious time. Work was necessary in some measure, but people ought to transact business that they might live, not live that they might transact business, as most people seemed to do. Possibly the people of Wilkerson's Flats might teach him how to make his wants few and supply them easily, and he, in turn, might teach them how better to employ their leisure hours. Straightway our hero fell to dreaming and, long enough before reaching Borden's place, saw a wonderful work performed in Wilkerson's Flats, under God, but by means of the invaluable services of Mr. Royal Archer.

When, after studying the life and work of Abraham Lincoln, one turns to trace his ancestry, it seems almost that God in his providence saw fit to keep the Lincoln family impoverished, intellectually, for successive generations in order that those great qualities of mind and heart might be husbanded against the time of the nation's greatest need. So, in lesser degree, with this delicate flower of Wilkerson's Flats, otherwise whence came those speaking eyes of Jessie Ware's? That grace, intelligence, ambition, hope? The eyes of her kindred lacked luster, their movements were clumsy, intellects dull, and habits shiftless beyond all things.

Jessie Ware was thirteen years old, and she had been so far from home as the county seat but once in her life. The County Superintendent of Schools, upon one of his visits to the Flats, became greatly impressed with Jessie's intelligence and, after much persuasion, was able to take her home with him for an extended visit.

This stay of a few weeks at the county capital was a profound experience for Jess, and opened bud after bud of her being. How her eyes sparkled at the wonderful things she saw in the shop windows! The superintendent and his wife took pains to show her whatever might excite interest or quicken ambition, and not many things escaped her vigilant eyes. The great buildings and cozy cottages were so unlike the little brown cabins people lived in up at the Flats; and the women and little girls looked so beautiful with their ribbons and feathers and nicely fitting clothes. Jess never wearied of watching the people go by, and not once did she see a woman smoking.

The greatest event of all was the visit to the public schools. The superintendent took her through ever so many rooms filled with children, and they were doing such wonderful things, what, she had not the smallest idea, for she had never been to school a day in her life before. But she said very little about it, for thinking very much about it, and spent the entire evening in looking at the books in the superintendent's library, though she could not read a single word in one of them.

Late that night the old gentleman and his wife were awakened by sounds of sobbing coming from Jess's room, and the good woman hurried to see what the trouble was. She found Jess curled up into a little heap in the middle of her bed, crying as hard, yet as softly, as ever she could. For a time nothing could be learned from the child as to what the trouble was, who only sobbed the harder for the caressing and motherly comforting; but by and by her reserve was broken through and her trouble all came out.

"I want to learn to read," she said, her bosom heaving, her breath coming in great gasps; and though the confession wounded her pride not a little, "I want we-uns ter be like you-uns—oh! oh! oh!"

It seemed the child's heart must burst its bonds, so hard it beat, so great her distress; but the good mother of children grown pressed her tight to her own bosom, gray locks mingling with brown, and tears streaming down furrowed cheeks as well as fair; for the enormity of the child's deprivation weighed upon the motherly heart oppressively. She promised to teach Jess to read before she went home if Jess would try very hard to learn, and the child's paroxysms of grief at once gave place to large-eyed, rapturous joy.

"I declare, Josiah," the wife exclaimed upon returning to their room, "it is a burning shame that those heathen up at Wilkerson's Flats are allowed to act as they do. The idea of their living in a country for twenty blessed years without so much as teaching a child its alphabet! It is a disgrace to the county, and I wonder that you allow it. There is that child, as bright as ever a child was, breaking her heart because she cannot read and dress and be like other children, and her people be like other people. You really ought to make them build a schoolhouse, Josiah, and support a school. You can bring it about in some way if you set your mind to it, I know; and you will deserve to lose your office if you do not. I'll work against your re-election myself. I declare I will if you don't take those people in hand."

"That settles it," the old gentleman answered, laughing; "but really, Mother, I do not know whether anything can be done with those people or not. I exhausted every argument I knew long years ago. They are a strange people. They came from down in the White River country somewhere, and the War stripped them of about all they had. The War was a great mystery to them, and they never understood what it was all about; but they did understand that the people who made the war, on both sides, were educated people, so they concluded that education must be a very bad thing indeed, and as for them they would have none of it. When the war was over they gathered up what remained of their effects and traveled west, to seek an asylum from educational, not religious, interference, and it cannot be denied that they have found it."

"I am afraid that nothing can be done for them, Mother," he said, with a yawn. "Persuasion will not reach them, and if ever anything is accomplished it will have to through some sort of compulsion; and I'll t compulsion if ever an opportunity offers And the good superintendent turned over a dropped into restful slumber on the streng of his newly formed resolution to try compulsion if ever an opportunity offered.

Such an opportunity did offer itself, a most unexpectedly. Few of the settlers Wilkerson's Flats had perfected titles to th lands, and squatters began to take advanta of their neglect. They suddenly found the selves in danger of being divested of the homesteads, and, knowing no one else to who to turn, came to honest Josiah Bartlett f aid and counsel. He gave, but not witho condition. He exacted a solemn pledge th in case they were successful in retaining th homes, Wilkerson's Flats should be organiz into a school district, a school-house built a teacher employed. The conditions we thought to be hard, but their need was gre and, after fullest deliberation, the promise w given and the superintendent put them in t way of straightening out their land titles— matter of no great difficulty.

This was great news for Jess, and came her while yet under Mrs. Bartlett's tutelag She studied every waking moment, almost, a with so much success that she could read, spelling out, almost anything at all easy wh her visit ended.

When the wagon which was to take Je home was ready to start, a package of boo was put in, elementary school-books, main which had cumbered the superintenden closet. What a comfort those books were Jess during the long months which interven before the opening of school no one but Je herself will ever know; but many of the wor were strange and conveyed little meaning the child's mind, and there was no one in t settlement who could help her, and she h counted the days and even the hours until t teacher might be expected.

The building of the schoolhouse occasion much talk in the settlement, and not a few the older heads were shaken dubiously. Th were many who "'lowed" no good would co of it; but their promise had been given, a with these simple people a promise made w as good as a bond executed. The scho house was built, the superintendent hims coming to the Flats to select the site and s cure the adoption of suitable plans for t structure. When at last the work was do one thing at least could be said to the cre of the Flats. It had as pretty and well- pointed a rural schoolhouse as there was the county, and scarcely a nail had been driv without Jess's having witnessed the operatio

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(To be Continued)

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

The school census of Stockton shows t number of children in that city between t ages of five and seventeen years to be 3,776

There are 2,610 children between the ag of five and seventeen years in Santa Cruz cording to the school census.

The Humboldt Times has issued a 56-pa "promotion edition" which is calculated to much good for Eureka and Humboldt Cou in general.

The Gilroy Hotel, which, as travelers w remember, was located opposite the South Pacific depot, was burned last week, as w two Japanese stores adjoining it.

Dr. Samuel T. Black, during the last twe years president of the State Normal Sch at San Diego, has resigned.

Although the Los Angeles Express mov into its own home but eight years ago, already has outgrown it, and is about to m into a new and larger building which has b constructed for it.

About ten miles south of Chico 800 acres ripe grain recently were burned over. T loss is estimated at $40,000, with some ins ance.

SHEAR WIT

A stingy angler was fishing on a Scottish
h on a pouring wet day. He had been con-
ing himself from his flask and forgetting
gillie. Presently he asked the gillie if
re was a dry place in the boat on which to
ke a match. "You might try my throat,"
l the gillie. "It's dry enough!"—Fishing
zette.

Even the brightest boy in the class can be
red into stupidity by the wrong kind of
cher. "You boy over in the corner!" cried
man behind the desk. The boy over in
corner shot up like a bolt. "Answer this,"
tinued the examiner. "Do we eat the flesh
the whale?" "Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the
olar. "And what," pursued the examiner,
we do with the bones?" "P-please, sir,"
ponded the boy, "we l-leave them on the
sides of our p-plates."—Answers.

young college man, city bred and reared,
Success, answered the call for harvest
ds in Kansas. Reaching a farm house late
night, he was promised work and assigned
room. It seemed to him that he had
lly fallen asleep when he was asked to get
Disgustedly, the young man dressed him-
in the darkness, and, picking up his grip,
ed downstairs. "Say, there, young fel-
" said the farmer, trying to be helpful,
don't need to take your valise out to the
with you." "I know it," replied the
ng man tartly. "I'm going to look for a
e to stay all night."

casionally the fashionable English break-
parties of a generation ago were not a
ess from the point of view of some of the
ts. A foreign artist, for example, who
felt flattered by an invitation to break-
with Whistler, was subseequently asked
had lately seen anything of that militant
ortal. "Ah, no, not now so much," he
ed, and proceeded to explain as follows:
ask me a leetle while ago to breakfast,
I go. My cab fare, two shillings, 'alf
n. I arrive, very nice. Gold fish in
, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg,
toast, no more! Ah, no! My cab fare,
shillings, 'alf crown. For me no more."—
lon Chronicle.

n. Stewart L. Woodford has a unique way
oiding after-dinner speaking when called
t a late hour. "I always have a speech
for impromptu delivery when I am
t on unaware," he says. "But I hesitate
liver it. I delivered it in St. Petersburg
g the reign of the uncle of the present
and the next morning his Imperial
sty was assassinated. I delivered it in
id and war broke out soon afterward
en Spain and the United States. I gave
Germany and the American insurance
anies were expelled from the Fatherland.
last occasion on which I delivered it in
country was followed by the panic of
You can understand why I hesitate to
r it to-night."—New York Times.

ncis Wilson, the comedian, said at a
r in New York apropos of the law that
le the performance of his play, "The
lor's Baby": "The law against child
is an excellent one, but it is an abuse
s law to forbid children, properly pro-
, to appear on the stage. The best of
are open to abuse, you know. Even
meetings; William Spargus rose in
meeting one night and said he desired
l the dear friends present of the great
e of heart that had come over him, so
e now forgave, fully and freely, Deacon
for the horse he had sold him. Deacon
was too shocked at first to reply. He
recovered himself, however, and he rose
pew and said: 'I am, indeed, glad,
Christian friends, to have gained Brother
us' forgiveness, but all the same he
paid me for the hoss yet.'"

PERSONALIA

Mme. Rejane says she always seeks out the face of a child in the audience and plays to it.

Francis Wilson has invested $40,000 of his earnings as actor and author of "The Bachelor's Baby" in a private golf course on his 170-acre estate near Lake Mahopac, New York.

Miss A. Van Dyke of San Francisco, who has been a pupil of Jean de Reszke for the last three years, has been engaged to sing at Covent Garden. She so pleased Harry Higgins when she sang for him recently that he is arranging for her debut in "I Pagliacci."

Miss Jane A. Delano, superintendent of the army nurses' corps, has reported to the American Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses that nearly 10,000 nurses have already been enrolled as members of the corps. Miss Delano was at one time superintendent of nurses in Bellevue Hospital. She makes her headquarters in Washington but will leave shortly to make a tour of inspection through the hospitals of the Philippines.

Miss Margaret Anglin's appearance in the "Antigone" at the Greek theater of the University of California has been set for the night of Thursday, June 30. George Riddle is producing the tragedy; Percy Anderson of London has designed the costumes in the primitive Greek style; Prof. Fred Wolle of the California University will direct a symphony orchestra for the music which Mendelssohon wrote for the tragedy. Miss Anglin is bringing several actors from New York for this one performance.

Mrs. Charles Netcher of Chicago is acting manager and owner with her children of one of the largest department stores in the world. The store covers fifteen acres of floor space, represents an investment of more than $15,000,000 and employs upward of 3,000 persons. Six years ago when her husband died the store occupied an old building. Mrs. Netcher has replaced it with a fireproof structure more than five times as large as the old one. Besides maanging her store, Mrs. Netcher is bringing up three sons and a daughter.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich is to become a farmer. He is to head the Warwick Farm Company, which has been incorporated in Providence, R. I., by the senator and two of his sons, Stuart M. and Richard S. Aldrich. Under the articles of association which have been filed at the Secretary of State's office the newly organized company has the right to go into the real estate business not only in Rhode Island but in any other state. Other activities of the company will be the raising for sale of all kinds of farm products, cattle and poultry. The capital stock of the Warwick Farm Company is placed at $10,000 with shares at $100 each.

FOR SALE—Complete set, from first year, of 108 volumes Harper's Magazine, bound in cloth and morocco; excellent condition. Address Dr. L. C. Marshall, Vacaville, Cal.

Ross Valley Real Estate

$90—Lots for a few days. So many people were delighted with the unique grandeur of Los Lomas Terrace at last Sunday's auction that I have determined to make a few more sacrifices in my educational campaign.

Many hundreds of visiting people were amazed to find such natural forests of redwood, madrone, etc., so close to San Francisco, and only 4 minutes from trains. It was hard for them to realize there was such a rustic spot so near.

$1000—4-room furnished cottage. Terms like rent.

$175—Lots, 5 minutes from station, Stadium and Speedway, in the heart of Kentfield, on established street, sewer, water, all conveniences of city, gas will be in soon. Street lights, without the usual towering municipal bond issue and high taxes.

$1100—4-room furnished cottages, same location.

These properties were taken in a deal at a great bargain and must be sold.

Terms 20 per cent cash, balance 36 monthly payments.

J. E. LEWIS, Kentfield.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HELEN S. TRIPP, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON.
Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

6-3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS.
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE A. CONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

6-3-5t

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF GIGANTE MINING COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of Gigante Mining Company, duly adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 31st day of March, 1910, a special meeting of the stockholders of Gigante Mining Company will be held on the 14th day of June, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that day, at Room 269 in the Russ Building, on the west line of Montgomery street between Pine and Bush streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business, and the office of said corporation, and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet. That the object and purpose of said Stockholders' Meeting is to take into consideration and then and there act upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said Gigante Mining Company by the amount of $25,000.00, that is to say, from $100,000.00, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, its present capital stock, to $125,000.00, divided into 125,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each.

Dated at San Francisco, California, the 31st day of March, 1910.

AUG. WATERMAN,
Secretary of Gigante Mining Company.
4-8-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Nomination By Petition

As many times explained, government, where there is any measure of self government, is generally by and through political parties, and nearly all voters belong to, or affiliate more or less closely with, some political party. But there are those who either do not find any political party going their way, or else the nucleus of a political party to which they belong has not yet been able to cast as many as three per cent of the total vote cast at the previous election. In such cases the only way left for a candidate for office to get his name on a regular election ticket that he may be voted for is by petition, not at all a bad way of being nominated.

Where a person wishes to run for an office, and has no political party to nominate him, the law virtually forces him to create such a party in order to be nominated that his name may have a place on the ticket. He can give it any name he wishes to give it, or call it by his own name, and those who make up his party must sign their names to a paper certifying the facts in the case and must make oath to it when signed. And there must be enough of them to equal three per cent of the total vote cast in the state, county or district to which the office relates.

The petitioners may appoint, of their own number, a committee of not less than seven or more than twenty-five, to act as the committee of this new party and to have in charge the interests of their candidate. In order to be valid petitioners they must not have signed the petition of any one else for the same office, or participated in the primary election for the nomination of a candidate for such an office. These petitions must be on separate pieces of paper and treated as nomination papers are treated under the direct primary law.

The county clerk to whom these certificates of nomination, or petitions, are presented must verify them just as he would verify nomination papers, disregarding all signers who are not qualified voters, and if he find the requisite number of bonafide names of electors on the petition of any candidate he must place his name on the general election ballot. In fine, the proceeding in all essential respects, even to the power to appoint special verification deputies, is the counterpart of the proceeding for placing the name of a candidate for nomination on the primary election ballot.

The direct primary law has no purpose to shut incipient political parties out of taking a chance at popular favor at a general election. Electors of similar minds may come together in number no greater than five, name an entire state ticket, adopt a party name and, by filing a document embracing these facts with the county clerk, together with a statement that they desire to proceed to secure the requisite signatures of electors to nominate their ticket, secure the appointment of one verification deputy to each 500 voters in the field to be covered, and proceed with their work of getting 3 per cent of the voters, who have not helped to nominate other candidates to nominate their own. If it were as easy to make a political party live as to start a new one, we should have as many political parties as religious sects or secret orders.

When the county clerk comes to form the general election ballot he will begin at the left hand and place the ticket of the political party that cast the largest vote at the preceding election and, next to that, in parallel column, the ticket of the party that cast the next largest vote, and so on until all the tickets of all the parties that had tickets in the field at the last election are provided for.

This done, he will place the tickets of such new political parties as may have been created under the system of nominating by petition or, if no full tickets have been placed in the field by petition, then such independent nominations as may have been made by petition, placing the name of the nominee opposite the names of the nominees for the same office on the party tickets. At the head of the independent nominations columns will be placed the party circle so that a voter may vote for all the independent nominees in a lump if he desires to do so.

While government is by party, and political parties must be very large and have an immense constituency in order to hope to assume the control of government, yet it is difficult to see wherein the election laws of California discriminate against the member of a small party or of no party. If a candidate for office cannot get as many as 3 per cent of the total electorate to join in nominating him as many of his friends as wish to do so may write his name in the proper place on their ballots and so elect him, anyhow, if there be enough of them.

The Shuberts announce that they have a new play by George Broadhurst and three by Eugene Walter, one of which, "Boots and Saddles," was put on as "Sergeant James" at the Boston theater several years ago.

W. A. Brady announces that he has added the following players to his list of stars: James K. Hackett, Arnold Daly, Henry E. Dixey, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Virginia Harned, Andrew Mack and Guy Bates Post. Mr. Hackett will revive "The Corsican Brothers," it is said, and Arnold Daly is to be offered as Hamlet, among other plays, new and old. Mr. Post will appear in Sheldon's "The Nigger" by arrangement with the New Theater Company. The others will appear in plays along the lines of their past performances.

Mme. Bernhardt has begun an acting tour which will keep her ten months away from Paris. She plays first in the French provinces in "L'Aiglon," "Le Proces de Jeanne d'Arc" and "Dame aux Camelias," the three roles which are the least effort for her. She is to play right through to Brussels, then strike south through Luxembourg, Switzerland, and the south of France, reaching Paris again about July 1. After that she takes a brief respite at Bel Isle before crossing the Atlantic.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "NEEDS OF THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN"

—By Hugh W. Gilchrist

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JUNE 17 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

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Home Again

EN JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER RETURNED from Eu- rope members of his family were at the pier to greet him. Pierpont Morgan returns from abroad his coachman stands pen door to close it after him, and then he rumbles away. he late E. H. Harriman returned the newspaper fellows own the bay to get a story out of him. This was the that a nation paid to millions! Tomorrow, when Theo- osevelt steps from the Kaiserin Auguste, it will be to ted by the mayor of his city, the governor of his state, the nt of the nation, the populace of the metropolis of the and the nation itself, if not in all cases in person, then r evidences whose sincerity cannot be questioned. And Because he is a human man, like as we are, and yet in- y a dauntless zeal for the well-being of his race and with ity for work hard to do but needful to be done. Search as one may and a fellow to this home-coming cannot be It means that the nation knows the difference between ss and greed, loftiness of ideals and ability to grab. A ful spectacle, wonderfully instructive. It should do much fy the aspirations of America's young manhood.

Seven Millions and a Half

GRESS IS REPORTED to have said, in effect, that the merican city that would have the celebration of the com- of the Panama canal must first pledge itself to raise seven alf millions of dollars as a guaranty to the nations that, if e to be represented there, the result will be worth their That is not an unreasonable requirement or difficult of nt. Lucky that Congress did not require that San Fran- st put her big rascals in prison and her hoodlums out icipal office!

Shame's Crown of Shame

AT SAN FRANCISCAN READ the fulminations of the ity's mayor, telegraphed from Chicago, without blushing oots of his hair and to the backs of his ears? And how it was! Nothing counterfeit about that! Be it remem- at San Francisco is indebted for this intolerable affliction, putting its capacity for feeling ashamed to the final test, organized villainism that has assumed to govern San co and all California for more than a generation. The ion is galling, but shame's crown of shame is the con- ss that the infliction is well deserved.

The Merchants of San Francisco

Y ARE A PATIENT and long-suffering brotherhood, ese "merchants of San Francisco." When it was sought before justice malefactors of great wealth, and punish r their crimes, the arm of the law was holden with the ion: "You must not. It will hurt business. We speak name of the 'merchants of San Francisco.'" When it posed to turn night into day and spread the tenderloin in the city the authorities were sanctioned in so doing ame of the "merchants of San Francisco." When, on day of this week, the Governor of the State took a hand ing a much advertised prize fight a prominent hotel- mmediately declared: "We must protest. I shall at once eeting of the 'merchants of San Francisco.'" Now San Francisco has merchants who know no god but gain, understand no symbol but the sign of the dollar, but they are one in ten of the "merchants of San Francisco." The habit of justifying every iniquity by making appeal in the name of the "merchants of San Francisco" is slanderous. Is it not about time for the "merchants of San Francisco" to make their voices heard in defense of their own honor? In Japan the merchant class has ever swarmed the bottom rung in the social ladder. There are workers in iniquity who, if unhindered, may duplicate that condition here.

Knox and the Arbitral Court

SECRETARY PHILANDER C. KNOX has again announced the practical acceptance on the part of the great nations of the earth of America's proposal that a permanent arbitral court be maintained at The Hague. God grant that the acceptance be not for politeness' sake, but in sincerity and truth! Next to the millstone of vested greed that hangs about the neck of the world there is none other so heavy to bear as the dead weight of ever impending, but seldom occurring, war. That achievement alone, once placed beyond peradventure, will suffice to redeem the Taft administration from ignominy if nothing else does and to make the names of Taft and Knox imperishable.

Pay of Professors

IT HAS SEEMINGLY BEEN the philosophy of the State University management that two hundred-dollar men in the teaching force are to be preferred to one two-hundred-dollar man. If the purpose be to cheapen education and make the university a huge secondary school, that policy persistently adhered to will reach the goal. Without being unmindful of the pressure of numbers upon the resources of university subsistence, let it never be forgotten, by president or regents, that nothing the youth of California can receive at the hands of cheap instructors can make up to them the impoverishment of failing to come into reciprocal relations with first-class minds.

Register

WHAT A CATASTROPHE IT WILL PROVE, if after all the effort being put forth by Hiram Johnson and his associates, and the sterling spirits of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, to redeem California from corporation control, that effort fail merely because thousands of men, real men, throughout the state, men who love liberty and would die for it if the need were, had failed to register and so to qualify themselves to vote! That is the danger to the cause of freedom in this state and the only remaining danger. The enemy is counting on it. Not a son of the slums or male habitue of the tenderloin of the whole state will fail of being registered that he may vote against Johnson and for suzerainty to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, but there will be many thousand men, real men, whose indifference and inertia will put them out of the fighting. Every man who has not registered since January 1, 1910, and does not register on or before July 26, and as a Republican, will be debarred from voting for Johnson and a free commonwealth when the primaries are held, and this year the primary election will be The Election. Pass this along.

It Should Have Been Plain Enough

It should have been plain enough to the Men of San Francisco that this city is in no position further to outrage the moral sense of this nation. That the city has done admirably in the work of its material rehabilitation will but poorly furnish absolution for that moral delinquency that acquitted successful rascality merely because it was committed by successful men. To add to this record of shame at the time that this city is a suppliant of Congress, both for a source of water supply in the Sierras and for governmental recognition as the place to hold an exposition in honor of the completion of the Panama canal, would be as unintelligent as to strike a blow with the expectation of receiving a kiss in return. The moral sense of the nation has revolted against such exhibitions as that proposed to take place in this city between a grizzly and a gorilla in order that a disreputable crowd may be drawn here to spend its money.

It was in vain that decency in San Francisco looked to that organized and all too successful indecency that controls the government of the city, an element in our life, by no means in majority, that regards the half-world of Paris as the acme of urban excellence, that element to whom the word "Paris" connotes nothing of literature or of art, of beauty or of scientific achievement, but only of a "hot time," and a place where champagne and absinthe flow as flows beer in San Francisco, and bedizened females expose their charms in public. It was in vain that the spirit of decency looked to that element to ward off the impending disgrace. It not only refused to use its authority to prevent it, but formally and publicly invited the "contest" as an intellectual diversion, desirable within itself and to be obtained if possible.

When the cause of decency seemed lost, when San Francisco seemed foredoomed to expose its vulnerable side to the resentments of an outraged nation, there came, as lightning from a clear sky, the command of Governor Gillett to the Attorney General to stop the fight.

It were ungenerous to look too searchingly into the gubnernatorial reasons for an eleventh-hour interference. Repeatedly the Governor had washed his hands of this affair, as he did of the movement to outlaw the race-track evil. It is well that gubernatorial hands be washed upon occasion with suds, but from Pontius Pilate to James Gillett no man in authority ever escaped moral responsibility by washing of the hands. The taint of moral cowardice will not out.

It were better had executive action been taken weeks ago, but better at the eleventh hour than not at all. The public will forgive the delay. The fight promoters are not so likely to. It can hardly be doubted that the determining factor was the alternative of losing the Panama Exposition to New Orleans or foregoing the fight. The choice made does not rest upon grounds of the highest morality, but upon grounds of reason and judgment that no social upheaval will shake.

What will the courts do? Is it indispensable that the august supreme court of the commonwealth must first define that a fight is a fight? What any "kid" on the street may know to a never-to-be-shaken certainty may cause our highest court to stumble, but to the mind not enmeshed in hoary subtilties the Governor's letter of direction to the Attorney General is unanswerable. San Francisco has had no sparring matches. If there had been no one would have gone across the street and paid a dime to see one. They have been fights one and all, and promoters and participants should have "done time" for felony for "pulling them off."

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In justice to executive and judiciary let it be admitted that the statute in such cases made and provided is not as explicit as it should be. Section 7 of article V of the constitution declares that, "The Governor shall see that the laws are faithfully executed," but legislation has not gone as far as it should in giving him power to execute them. Although the opening for executive interference with the threatened desecration of Independence Day is neither as deep as a well nor as broad as a barn door, it may be made to suffice if Attorney General and courts are disposed to defend the name and fame of San Francisco. We have faith to believe that they will prove themselves loyal to the trust reposed in them.

The Indian

It may not be a great misfortune not to be born. Anyhow, it is a misfortune not likely seriously to be felt, and the death of the "Amerindian" race is like enough to be accomplished by that means; but it is a very different thing to be born only to be preyed upon by unscrupulous men, to be ravaged with disease, wasted by poverty, blighted by evil habits too strong to be resisted. That has been the misfortune of the American Indian. He has had little chance to prove his right to survive. Perhaps he cannot. It may be that he has no such right and that the denial of it is written in the warp and woof of his being. Of that we cannot tell and may not determine, but this we do know: the Indian should have his chance. There is a moral obligation resting upon those of us whose progenitors passed through some thousands of years of savagery akin to his, and whose emergence therefrom was not so long ago as to justify exaltation of mind or pride of ancestry, to see to it that he gets that chance. Our "backbone" article this week deals with the case of the California Indian. It is commended to all those whose hearts and pockets can be touched by such an interest. Who knows but this once virile, lithe-limbed, stalwart, courageous race has a right to live and to become a helpful factor in human history?

Statue to Will S. Green

He was no captain of industry or master of men. He was not one whom the unheeding would call great. Every dollar he ever owned came to him as an incident and not as an object. His purpose was to serve. Had he given the thought and time and patient endeavor to the acquisition of Sacramento Valley lands that he gave, without heeding what it was costing him in vitality, in solicitude, in anxiety that the people of that valley should be happy, should have children born to them, have roofs of their own over their heads and well kept farms to leave to posterity,—had he been a grabber, he might have died a great landowner, to parcel out great estates for his children to contend over, but in that case no one would have suggested that a statue be erected in his memory. There is such a movement under way. It has been too long delayed. The sod should not have been permitted to encroach upon the ground broken for his grave ere the men of his county had taken this enterprise in hand. He was an Abraham Lincoln type of man without knowing it. Therefore, let the statue to the memory of Will S. Green be made life size, as unkempt as he was, eye upon the stars, the common good his goal. He was one of the master builders of this commonwealth and, even though he built the best he knew, he built better than he knew. Not too much of honor can be paid to the unselfish career of Will S. Green of Colusa.

The Margin of Safety

It is hard to believe that men will knowingly sell for food that which is unfit to be eaten, but we do know that they will. Without laws to forbid, and heavy penalties for the enforcement of such laws, babies would be furnished a mixture of milk, water and chalk, stale at that; sawdust would be sold as cereals, grease as butter and gelatine and grass seeds as the product of orchard and berry garden. To the certainty of the crime of cupidity must be added the risk of ignorance on the part of those who deal in meat products. It became necessary for the United States government to certify the healthfulness of meats for export in order to prevent the annihilation of the export trade in American meats. As a result of this the only market for diseased animals is the home market, and who doubts but every such animal finds a market? The time will come when no animal will be allowed to be slaughtered for food without inspection. It is so now in Germany and should be so here. The time will come, too, when, the better to protect the consuming public from disease, the slaughtering will all be done in concrete, public abattoirs as easily sterilized as an operating room in a hospital. Meantime, the least that can be done to safeguard the public is to require rigid inspection. The city that does not so protect its citizens cannot be commended as a fit place of residence. But there be no temporizing. It will cost, but what profit will there be in escaping the meat inspector only to run into the arms of the undertaker?

Enthusiasm of a Young Republican

The attention of the reader is called to a communication, elsewhere in this paper, from Mr. Rolfe Thompson, a young attorney of Santa Rosa. It is a thing to warm the heart of those whose spirits are not weighed down by the cupidity of the few and the stupid indifference of the many to those things which concern their own social salvation and that of their children.

Optimism is good if it be not the optimism of unconcern, that optimism which owes its cheerful existence neither to faith in God or man, but to selfish indifference to both God and man. Then it is not good. It is ignoble, brutish, the optimism of the ox oblivious alike to the history of his race and to his own refrigerated, desiccated, canned or barreled destiny. Such optimism is to be met with everywhere, every day. It is cheap and not satisfying.

But that optimism which comes of having found something to which one may pin his faith in better things for the race, in the establishment of justice, in industrial freedom, in the Rights of Man; that optimism which comes of having found the gospel of glad tidings and disciples ready and willing to carry its banner without material recompense, those solid characters who can be depended on to "swear to their own hurt and change not" if the best interests of humanity require it—that kind of optimism, the kind which

g Thompson has found, we cannot have
nuch of it.
r, be it remembered, there are patient
rs in history searching for the laws of
n society. Some of these tell us that
the fittest have survived while the weak
owly have ever been trampled into the
that the strong might climb up; that
lism changes its forms, but not its es-
l character, and that it dominates the his-
of mankind; that society resolves itself
scendant and descendant classes, whether
oublics or in monarchies; that the many
arly and late for so much as will suffice
ep soul and body together while the few
in luxurious, licentious ease until they
by themselves as they have destroyed
s, both to be succeeded by red-blooded,
rian hordes, beastly but brave, who de-
ravish and burn until upon the wreckage
e past they begin the repetition of a new
of effort to reach Utopia, an effort fore-
ed to failure. Acceptance of this phil-
y of human society takes all the hope,
e nerve, all the fight out of a man.
s we do know: aggression unresisted,
s to nature's bounties walled in and made
itary, laws enacted for the spoiling of
any and for the benefit of the privileged
hese things must and will result in end-
epetition of cycles of hopeless endeavor,
ery contemplation of which makes the
sick.
at Rolfe Thompsan has found other
men may find if they will take the
le to look for them,—a body of faith-
hing men, able as well as willing, men
believe in free government and will fight
ork for just laws; men who ask no spe-
rivilege for themselves and will grant
to others; men who believe that the his-
of Asia and of Europe need not be re-
l in America and who are determined
God willing, it shall not. Such men,
ng for such measures, are both an in-
ion and a prophecy, an inspiration to
ed effort for the common good and a
ecy that such effort shall not have been
rth in vain. The insurgency of the East
liddle West, and the Lincoln-Roosevelt-
f California, constitute the most hopeful
f our times and challenge the enthusiasm
he championship of every young man
n ideal above that made manifest in the
nsity to grab.

The Case Summed Up

charge against Secretary Ballinger was
y reason of his associations and senti-
he was out of accord with the policy
nservation of our nation's resources for
enefit of The People as a whole, and
re unfit to be Secretary of the Interior.
purpose of bringing Ballinger to book
ose charges was strategic. It was
ly with the hope or expectation of con-
him before a court constituted by those
y to him. The purpose was to forestall
event the alienation to great syndicates
more of The People's sources of wealth
velihood, with the result that The Peo-
er after may be mulcted for the necessi-
life to the extreme of what the traffic
ar. The purpose was to put that issue
The People so hard that its determina-
nnot be postponed.
ject for manhood would make it seem
that the committee before whom these
were formally tried will bring in a ver-
at the American public can accept as
it partisanship, upon honor and with an
ctual capability that will not leave room
o opinions.
the intellectual capability of the com-
is the only unchallenged attribute of
mmittee. It was not a jury of fools or
tional neurotics to be wheedled out of
ober senses by cunning petifoggery, yet
few expect an honest verdict from it. It would not be a dangerous hazard to forestall the committee's action by undertaking to write out the substance of the findings in advance of their being made and to align the members of the committee on their respective sides. The verdict will be rendered not so much on party lines as upon lines of loyalty to the common good or adherence to predatory financial interests, although the disposition to stand by, or to discredit, the existing administration of government will not be wholly absent from the judgment rendered. These very general expectations regarding the findings of this committee discount those findings and render them unimportant. Appeal is taken to the American people and the verdict that will stand will be the one that the people will render.

Nevertheless, a summary of facts proven may not be out of place. If Glavis had held his peace the Guggenheims would have secured the Cunningham claims before this. They may get them yet, but if they do it will damn beyond hope the administration that suffers it.

Ballinger has shown himself malignant, shifty, irresolute and ill-disposed toward the policy of conservation, and his associations and connections were of the spoilers and not of the preservers.

The treatment of Glavis by the President, his Secretary of the Interior and Attorney General, was high-handed, ruthless and unjust, and his treatment by the underlings of those departments was in accord with that meted out by their superiors.

The order of the President which Gifford Pinchot disregarded, when he gave to Senator Dolliver information that Dolliver desired and the public was entitled to receive, was an order not fit to be made and there was more of glory in its being disregarded by Pinchot than in its being vindicated by Taft, and yet, after the first false step had been taken by the President, neither could have done differently from what he did. The loyalty of the President to his subordinates in difficulty is the only feature of it all that reflects credit upon him, or makes claim of sympathy for him; even that is suggestive of the fatuous.

And yet Richard Achilles Ballinger has been proven guilty of no crime, that is, of no statutory offense. The great crimes against humanity are committed in accordance with the statute, not in contravention of it. Those land laws which made it possible for the United States Steel Corporation to possess itself of three-fourths of the iron ore on the continent were crimes, but they were lawful. The Aldrich-Payne tariff bill is a crime, but it is law; the slaughtering of our forests, the massacreing of our railroad trainmen, the making of the earth to tremble by the marching of great armies and the booming of great navies—all these things are crimes against the generation that is and generations yet to come, but they are in contravention of no statute. There is a higher law than is written in the books and by that law R. A. Ballinger is guilty of wrong intent, but, thanks to Glavis and Pinchot, Garfield and the other "conspirators," the trap was sprung before he could carry his intention out. For which glory be to God! The consuming mass has another chance for its life.

Hichborn's History

Of the men who are, or are soon to be, up for election, many have made records in the last session of the legislature, records that determine fully their fitness for the trust. These records are arranged in unmistakable clarity in Franklin Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature of 1909." Every voter should have this book, and base his vote upon it wherever possible.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

We have been hearing a good deal in recent years of probation as applied to those who have transgressed the law. Some believe in it and some do not, but it is coming to be a factor in our civic life. There are those stern, unflinching personalities to whom retribution appeals more strongly than mercy. They are glad when someone, not kin to them, gets roundly come up with for his fault and is given the full limit of the law. They think that it serves him right. Very likely it does.

And we have to admit that nature herself shows small compassion for those who undertake to break one of nature's laws. No one really ever does quite that. Nature's laws are unbreakable. They are always just as sound after a person has done his best to break one as before, but the would-be breaker is not unlikely to come off broken or seriously discomfited. In the physical world we deal with things inexorable. Fire will burn, water drown and tornadoes blow us away.

But if we found probation nowhere in our travels through life our sojourn would be short and not too sweet. Probation is trying-out. Take that factor out of life and there would be precious little left. From morning till night, all the week through, all the year through, and all through life, we are trying ourselves out. If we fall short of our goal the very first thing we do, if we can, is to give ourselves another chance. The writer of this is trying himself out on this week's installment of the "Deeper Significance of Living." If, after the thing is written, and has laid over a day or so to cool off, or to season a bit, so that he can judge of it in some degree impersonally—if, then, it does not seem to have the right ring to it, the writer of it will remedy it here and there if he can and, if he cannot, into the waste basket it will go and he will give himself another chance. As a writer he is a probationer. Every subscriber to The California Weekly takes it on probation and, if enough of them are kind enough and merciful enough to give the staff another chance about fifty-two times a year, the paper may get on.

During early childhood the mother places her progeny on probation anywhere from forty to four hundred times a day owing to the degree of activity of the probationer. During school and college years probationary intervals are not rare. If every delinquency were treated as a finality it would go hard with most students.

While probationary marriage has furnished subject matter for discussion, no good way has been found of bringing a probationary period to a respectable and self-respecting termination, with the result that, in most cases and with good people, probation goes right on through life until terminated by death, but it has been in full operation all the while. Times without number each partner has had to give the other a new chance to be more kind.

Now, in view of the probationary character of life, from cradle to grave, in all the activities and relations of life, is there any very evident reason why probation may not work well, in most cases, when applied to those who transgress the written law? As a matter of fact, it does work well in a great percentage of delinquency and criminality. Probation Officer Ruess, of Alameda county, reports that out of forty-two cases entrusted to him only five failed to live up to the terms of probation. It is probable that the greater part of these probationers felt the grip of the law upon their shoulders for the first time and that first time may easily prove their last.

Without probation in its many forms this world of ours would be a very grim reality. Need we wonder, then, that there are those who would part the curtain suspended betwixt this life and the next to see if, perchance, probation may not be as mercifully and as beneficially extended there as here? Of this we may not surely know, but to entertain the hope must mean to many the difference between fond expectation and dark despair.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Superstition Among the Educated

Professor F. B. Dressler of the University of Alabama has been conducting some experiments relating to the prevalence of superstition among students in higher institutions of learning, selecting for his purpose those who are preparing to be teachers, their average age being nineteen years. The number of students investigated was 875, and to these a list of questions covering about 3,000 superstitions was submitted. The number of answers obtained was 7,176, and of these 3,225, or about 45 per cent, confessed complete or partial belief in some superstition. The character of these superstitions is of interest, and so samples from a typical list prepared by the professor are given: Twenty-three believed (either wholly or in part) that hair cut in the new moon will grow better than hair cut at other times, while seven did not so believe; 27 believed, and 29 did not believe, that seeing the new moon over the left shoulder for the first time brings bad luck; 16 believed, and 11 did not believe, that if a bird flies in the window there will be a death in the family; 23 believed, and 17 did not believe, that a dog's howling is a sign of death in the family; that breaking a looking-glass brings bad luck for seven years was believed, in some degree, by 65 and disbelieved by 48; that dropping a dishrag indicates that company will come was believed by 61 and disbelieved by 77. These are but typical examples, and the answers were given by those who propose to be educators of the next generation. On the whole, perhaps we are not so far away from the dark ages as we have fondly imagined.

Church Membership Increasing

The Census Bureau's special report concerning church membership in the United States now is in press. Its statistics relate to the year 1906, and its comparisons generally are between that year and 1890. The most striking feature of the report, perhaps, is its announcement that there was an increase of church membership in proportion to population during that time, as there also was between 1900 and 1906. As compared with 1890, there was a gain of 90 to each thousand of population in the principal cities, and of 51 to the thousand outside of those cities. It is not surprising to learn that female members outnumber the male in the principal cities by 23.5 per cent and by 32 per cent outside of those limits. The total number of members of all religious bodies, in 1906, was 32,966,884, or about two-fifths of the total population, and of these 20,287,742 were members of the various Protestant denominations, while 12,679,142 were Roman Catholics. That is, the Protestants outnumbered the Catholics nearly 60 per cent, but the latter are one body, while the former are divided into many sects. Of the Catholics, 27.7 per cent were in cities of the first class, while the Protestant percentage in the same cities was but 7.3 per cent. In the five largest cities the proportion of church membership to population is as follows: Boston, 62.6; St. Louis, 46.6; New York, 44.7; Chicago, 40.7; Philadelphia, 38.8. Only the Protestant Episcopal Church reports a majority of its members as residing in principal cities, its proportion there being 51.2.

Edison on Electricity

Thomas A. Edison, in an article recently contributed to Popular Electricity, advises young men not to hesitate about becoming electricians because of fear that the field will be overworked. It is his expert opinion, not only that the field is not overworked, but that we are just entering upon it. He enumerates many instances in which electrical knowledge and its application are certain to be increased. Such an instance is the use of electricity for lighting, heating and cooking, claiming that the appliances for these purposes are yet very defective and are certain to be vastly improved. Concerning the electric motor, he says: "It will not be perfectly utilized until everything we now make with our hands and every mechanical motion can be effected by throwing a switch"—which is stating the case strong, but it must be admitted that Edison comes as near to knowing whereof he speaks as any one who lives or has lived. Then, too, he looks forward to the day when no horse will be allowed within the limits of a city, as electricity will do its work. His electric store—everything to be distributed to customers by electricity—has been much discussed in newspapers of late. On the whole, Mr. Edison makes out an opportunity still wide open to aspiring electricians.

A Ground-Traveling Aeroplane

It was certain to come sooner or later, and it has arrived; the aeroplane which will travel either in the sky or on land is here. That is, it is not exactly here, but it is on the earth and as close to us as Germany. By means of it a traveler can journey along the ground as long as he pleases, and then he can soar upward and play tag with the merry songsters. The people of Berlin were the first to see this aeroplane, which is known as the Grawert, in action, and they were greatly surprised the other day to see it taking a stroll across the city, being propelled by its own screws. At that time it "walked" to the headquarters of the airship battalions, whence it was billed to fly. Thus science progresses. Now let a swimming attachment be added to the aeroplane, and it would seem that perfection will be pretty nearly attained.

Secrets of the French Duel

For a long time now the French duel has added its appreciable modicum to the hilarity of the nations, but it has remained for a French newspaper to reveal its true inwardness. This it has done by issuing a published description of how fatal results are avoided and the mortality tables left unscathed. Here are some of the methods it describes: Sometimes a bullet that looks like lead, but crumbles when fired from a pistol, is used. Again, the wad may be left out, so that the doughty champions of honor need but lower the muzzles of their pistols and the bullet drops out, making it quite safe to shoot. In yet another instance only a third of the right amount of powder is used. A death-defier is a pistol fitted with a secret valve through which the bullet drops. In more serious cases a bullet smaller than the caliber of the pistol is used, thus rendering severe wounds improbable. By such means is sacred honor vindicated, safety assured, the taste of the coffee made agreeable, and all is sweetly harmonious, and this is as things should be in connection with a French duel.

Casualties on Railroads

The Versicherungs Zeitung, a leading German insurance journal, publishes statistics relating to casualties on railroads which are of interest outside of Germany. Its statistics, which are based on latest reports, show that among every million travelers a year casualties occur as follows in various countries: Germany, 0.08 killed, 0.39 injured; Austria-Hungary, 0.12 killed, 0.96 injured; France, 0.13 killed, 0.18 injured; Great Britain, 0.14 killed, 1.95 injured; Switzerland, 0.15, 1.12; Belgium, 0.22, 3.02; United States, 0.45, 6.58; Russia, 2.24, 11.63. Adding the killed and injured in each instance so as to get the total casualties, and we have the United States 15 to Germany's one, seven to Austria-Hungary's one, 22 to France's one, three and one-half to Great Britain's one, six to Switzerland's one, and two to Belgium's one. Not a very cheering situation to face, but then there is Russia, with her two to our one. It is a great consolation to look upon Russia at such a time. At the same time, it would be yet more consolatory if our railroads would cultivate a habit of killing or maiming a great many less of our citizens annually.

Larger Steamships Being Built

The Lusitania and the Mauretania, each of nearly 35,000 tons burden, now are the largest of steamships. However, they will not long maintain that distinction, as larger ones are being constructed. Two of them, the Olympic and the Titanic, are well under way and will be of 45,000 tons each. They are being built for the White Star line, to run between New York and Southampton, and will be slower than either the Lusitania or the Mauretania. A third vessel, of 40,000 tons, will be built in Germany for the Hamburg-American line. It also will be slower than its smaller predecessors.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

CREPUSCULUM
By Frank Norris

ese verses were written by Frank Norris, the well n novelist, and have been republished in the col- l edition of his works.

ar them say our little life's "a day"—
t, born with light, at dusk it fades away;
ear them say that Death is that Life's
ght—
t we but wax and wane with changing
ht.
Blind! The Day's not yet. This Life of
rs
ill the night's slow retinue of hours;
sorrows, nightmares, phantasms of shade;
pleasures, dreams that only form to fade.
Life's a night through which we blindly
ope
outstretched palms, hoping 'gainst fail-
g hope.
h ushers in the dawn of Life's true day;
ugh gray the eve, so is the morning gray.
hou uplift, O Heart! Death's visage wan
ghted not with twilight but with dawn.

'RIVILEGE AND DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA"

we are not having a soul-searching time merica, we are having such a searching conomic creeds as such creeds have not subjected to since the French Revolu-

The colossal fortunes that have been ered by men still living, fortunes that o have stupefied the imaginations of their rs, the giant combinations of giants for purpose of getting into a few privileged s the resources of a continent, these gs have tended to give those not wholly ferent to the welfare of their kind a pro- d concern for the future of the race.

ere are those who have hugged to the t the hope that this continent might not at the wrongs, the follies, the failures, the stices and hardships that the continent of pe has written into its history, written lood and tears, a history twenty centuries e making and the writing; but there are e, too, who begin to cherish the fear that ry here is but repeating the history made e, changed in form, but the same in sub- ce, and as destructive of liberty and lity.

nong those who so think and so fear is perhaps no modern writer who thinks clearly, or fears more keenly, or who with clearer vision than Mr. Frederic C. e, author of "Privilege and Democracy merica."

e are wont to declare that there is in rica no such thing as privilege, but Mr. e disabuses the mind of that fallacy. finds our industrial and commercial life arged with it and, too, he finds that privi- has been deliberately created by legis- n, legislation obtained by and for the ntage of an ascendant, predominating, perpetuating, power-holding class which taking to themselves, and fencing off, ugh laws enacted at their request, through ts reflecting their points of view, all those urces of the earth that God Almighty e a heritage for all.

Mr. Howe reads the verdict of history, inds that "the class that has ruled was lass which owned," and that "man's whole is molded by his economic environment. this environment is made by law, not natural law, or moral law, or wholly by Common Law, but by laws enacted by gress and legislatures and councils in our s," that "more than any statute law rmines the well-being of the people. e than anything else it controls the distri- on of wealth." If this be true, it stands People in hand to look more closely than have been looking to their congresses. latures and councils. It has been our mal custom to look to the locks on the s of our barns after the horses have been n.

hether or not one can agree with Mr. Howe as to the remedy which he proposes to apply to existing mal-conditions, through legislation, inasmuch as it was by legislation that these conditions were brought into existence, no reader can restrain a sentiment of admiration for the masterly way he has marshaled his forces or for the relentlessness with which he has applied the implements of dissection that he may search for, and lay open to view, the source of difficulty. It is an attribute of genius to be able to carry one's idea to its finality, and this Mr. Howe is able to do. He neither asks nor gives quarter.

As Mr. Howe views the economic field, there are but two possible avenues of escape from the fatality of Europe and Asia, where privilege sits enthroned and the mass of mankind are never filled. One path is offered by Socialism, the other by the Single Tax; one possible deliverer is Karl Marx, the other Henry George. Mr. Howe is no Socialist, but he is a reverent and whole-hearted follower of Henry George.

Mr. Howe is possibly less happy as a physician than as a diagnostician. His analysis of the causes which have led to existing conditions is as keen, as searching and as lucid as the literature of our day has produced, but his arguments in support of the single tax idea are no more convincing than those of Henry George.

And yet the line of progress may follow the guide boards he has set up. The tendency to eliminate personal property and improvements from the assessment rolls, and punatively to tax the speculative interest out of resources unoccupied and unused, is world wide and, supplemented by inheritance and income taxes, may so approximate the single tax idea as to ameliorate, if not remedy, existing conditions.

(Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.)

A. E. THOMAS'S NEW PLAY

A. E. Thomas, the author of "Her Husband's Wife," a farce which Henry Miller is appearing in with much success, is a newspaper man as well as a budding playwright, and fully appreciates the value of advertising. So to those who appreciate let it be given. He has been having a lot of fun, as have many other newspaper writers, with the idea of writing a fish play which will rival "Chantecler." His description of his intended magnum opus is worth reading, and follows:

"My next play will be a tank drama. Far from believing that the day of the tank drama is past, I am of the opinion that it is just dawning. The tank drama to which reference is made here, however, will differ in several material points from the one with which a previous generation of theatre-goers has been familiar. A tank drama, however, it must be called, since all its characters will be fish.

"The play will be called 'Piscator.' Naturally, all four of its acts will be laid in Finland. This is a locale which, so far as I am aware, has not been heretofore employed by any American dramatist, playwright or dramaturge. I have got the order of these creatures wrong. I should have said playwright, dramatist and dramaturge. When a man begins to try to learn how to write plays, and finally succeeds in finding a manager sufficiently weak-minded to produce one of his attempts, he is called a playwright. After he has found several such managers in succession, he becomes a dramatist. But not until he gets to the stage where he writes plays of symbolism, filled with deep, dark, hidden meanings—not until then does he get to be a dramaturge—whatever that is.

"But to get back to the tank drama. Of course the leading character will be the bull whale, and if anybody objects that a whale is not a fish, but a mammal, all I've got to say is that a horse is a mammal, and yet he is also a horse. Anyhow, the bull whale is to be the hero. Of course the hen whale is the heroine. At the opening of our story the hen whale has not yet capitulated to the importunities of her lover. Of course, as in all well-regulated plays, the lover has a rival. It sometimes happens so in real life. Every once in a while we are surprised to find that things that happen on the stage also happen in real life. Every now and then—but one wanders from the subject. The bull whale's rival in love is the swordfish, a crafty creature, as the development of the plot will show. The bull whale has an idea that the rise of the tide is caused by his spouting joyously twice a day, and he is convinced that if he should forget to spout the tides would not rise at all. This belief fills him with a sense of his own importance and his mission in the world. But the swordfish catches him asleep, and with his sword plugs up the whale's blowhole, so that he can no longer spout. Upon finding what has happened, the bull whale laments as follows:

"'Alack! Alas! And woe the wretched day when pale misfortune comes my weeping way! Ah, me! That ever—' But one cannot give away the dialog in this manner. Suffice it to say that the whale laments bitterly, for he is convinced that the tide will no more rise, and who knows what may happen then? But the tide goes on rising and falling just the same as ever. And when the bull whale finds out that he is, after all, of small importance in the scheme of the universe, he commits suicide by swallowing a school of young shad raised in the Hudson river, ptomaine poisoning setting in at once. So the swordfish marries the hen whale and they live happily ever after.

"Of course there is a sub-plot involving many other characters. The bull whale is to be played by Tom Wise; the hen whale by Marie Dressler. James K. Hackett will probably be asked to play the swordfish. The dogfish, one of the minor characters, will be in the capable hands of the distinguished English character actor, Grenville Barker. The oyster will be impersonated by George Bernard Shaw. James Lackaye will probably be the porpoise. One of the features of the third act will be the appearance of a school of sharks, impersonated by a group of ticket speculators. There will also be a pony ballet of minnows. The part of the lobster has not yet been assigned, though there are many available candidates. The shad will probably be interpreted by Raymond Hitchcock, since it is most important that this part shall be in the hands of an actor who is capable of looking the part. No actor has yet been chosen for the part of the shad roe. It is a great pleasure to announce that the costumes will be manufactured from designs prepared by the celebrated decorator, James Wall Finn. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will occupy a box at the opening performance. The actors will positively not appear behind a net."

A POET IN EXILE

In 1858 John Hay, then twenty years of age, graduated from Brown University and went to study law in a dingy law office in Warsaw, Illinois. This was his poetic period of storm and stress. Remote from the literary friendships that had been a delight and inspiration in college, exile as he felt himself, he poured himself out in some interesting unpublished poems, and particularly in a series of letters to his friend, Miss Nora Perry, the poet of Providence, who was one of the most interesting women of her time. These letters and poems, woven by Miss Caroline Ticknor into an illuminating narrative entitled, "A Poet in Exile," are now published in a Riverside Press edition.

George Meredith's unpublished novel, "Celt and Saxon," will be brought out some time during the summer. This novel, although it was not completed by Mr. Meredith, yet is, as far as it goes (perhaps two-thirds of the entire book), an entirely finished piece of work and one which will stand among the most important and delightful of his books.

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

WHY SOME SUCCEED AND OTHERS DO NOT

BERKELEY, June 13.—The energy that his children put in their play has been captured by J. H. Holland, a well known resident of West Berkeley, and the harder they play the more water will be pumped into the family tank for household use.

The swing with which the children of the neighborhood find enjoyment has proved so popular that the pumping device had to be removed owing to the lack of storage facilities for the surplus water.

The swing to which the pumping apparatus has been attached operates as a pendulum, and at each oscillation a downward stroke of the piston of the pump is made and water drawn. This continues indefinitely until the children tire of the swing. The backward and forward movements make possible the double stroke with little energy lost through friction.

Holland, who lives at Tenth and Harrison streets, West Berkeley, has to his credit a number of other inventions of household worth, with the pendulum idea as the basis of operation.—San Francisco Call.

Probably this inventor got his name into the paper because he lives near an enterprising newspaperman who was hard up for copy last Monday—Monday is a dull news day for the papers, always—but his story illustrates an almost universal passion of Americans. We doubt if any man lives in the United States who has not, at one time or another, hugged to his imagination the thought that he had given birth to a potentially great invention. The writer recalls off-hand that he once devised a scheme for making fine paper from a new and cheaper source; a brother who invented an improvement to the typewriter; and an uncle whose device for developing power from the slow current of an ordinary river was going to put the Pelton wheel back into the class with the 1902 models of the automobile.

Everybody is an inventor. Everybody has an idea that he can vastly improve some machine in present use or can built a machine for some unfilled need. Everybody also has the idea that a great fortune is in sight when he perfects his machine. And, finally, everybody except those that have tried it has an idea that the idea is half the battle.

As a matter of fact, the number of fortunes that are made out of inventions, in proportion to the number of even patented inventions, is about as one to one million. Furthermore, the inventor is usually the last one to make the fortune out of all those who have anything to do with an invention. And, again finally, the idea of an invention is about the most nearly infinitesimal part of making either the invention or the fortune.

The invention of a new workable device is, primarily, a process of unremitting, patient, sometimes almost interminable, experimentation. This means not merely infinite labor and great lengths of time, but usually vast expense. To cite an example: There is now on the market the first model of a new typewriter of the same grade as the Remington and Underwood machines. A skilled mechanic could probably take in most of its simple construction in ten minutes, and could build a duplicate of it in a week. And yet the writer knows that that first model cost more than $1,000,000 and the labor of scores of men for nearly fifteen years before they could put the machine on the market.

Why? Well, because the machine is so simple. That sounds foolish, but it isn't. A typewriter has to be simple because all kinds of non-mechanical people must use it. It must be able to stand all kinds of hard usage from inexperienced and careless people. It must be easily repaired. And—it must do good work. That all sounds simple. But it must work easily, and not jar the nerves at every stroke. Every letter must make the same quality of an impression. Every line must be even. The unitiated have no idea of the amazing precision of calculation that goes into the length of the bar that holds each little type, or into the material to be used in the bearing that the joint in this bar works on. This last point alone cost nearly $100,000 in the evolution of the machine described above.

The idea, in this case, was simple enough: invent a new style of typewriter that we can patent. But the execution of the idea was the rub.

Edison had no trouble in getting the idea for the phonograph. In fact, the idea obtruded itself upon him by accident. But when he set about to devise an apparatus that would accurately reproduce sounds as he knew they could be reproduced, that would reproduce them every time without fail, that would not cost so much that nobody would buy it, he set about a process of experimentation that consumed years. He had men searching every corner of the globe for waxes for the records that would not melt at ordinary temperature, that were free from grit, that were cheap, that would not break easily, that could be manufactured in uniform grades. He spent thousands of dollars in this search. He spent months in trying every wax offered. And at last he found what he wanted, and it was not wax at all but a cheap black soap that he had been washing his hands with all the time. That soap, with the addition of hardening ingredients, is the substance of the Edison phonograph records today.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have your invention all worked out. Now comes your patent. A patent is not hard to get, provided you do not too obviously infringe somebody else's ideas. But most people think that when they have their patent the United States Government has thereby taken a contract to protect them in the enjoyment of its use.

Not at all. Everything that a patent does is to give an inventor a standing in court if somebody else contests his patent rights. A patent is simply Uncle Sam's record that, on such a day, So-and-So filed in the Patent Office a legal notice that he claimed a certain device, operated upon certain principles, to be his original invention and that, so far as the Patent Office can discover, his claim is true. But another inventor with the same idea can still go into court and claim that he had that idea before the patentee, that he has used "due diligence" in perfecting the idea for commercial use, and that the patentee simply happened to strike the same solution as the contestant some days or months earlier. The law says that, other things being equal, the man who has the idea first is entitled to the fruits of it. So the patentee may be thrown out by the courts. In brief, a patent is simply the starting point for a series of lawsuits if anybody wants to contest it.

But assume that the invention and the patent are both all right. The next problem is to invent machinery to manufacture the machine you have invented. Back of every new machine is another machine that made it. And it often happens that no machinery exists that can be utilized to manufacture the parts of a newly invented machine. That means more invention.

But after all these difficulties have been removed, there comes the problem of financing the manufacture of your invention. In the case of the typewriter mentioned above, it is obvious that only men of great means, able to wait a long time for the returns from their investment, could possibly handle the financial end of the invention. And, of course, many inventions are not put upon the market upon a scale so great, amounting practically to covering at once the entire field for the sale of typewriters.

An example of a succeessful invention on a smaller scale occurs to the writer. Some years ago the California Wine Association employed a traveling salesman who sold their goods from Mexico to Seattle. His home was in San Francisco. He was a pretty liberal spender, and saved little or nothing. One day he suggested to his wife that they try to save the beginnings of a bank account by occasionally dropping some money in a "pig" bank on the mantelpiece. He found that it was easy enough, when he felt "flush," to drop in a five or ten-dollar gold piece. One day he thought to break the pig and deposit the money. He found it empty. His wife confessed to having yielded to the allurements of a pretty dr pattern and had used the money to buy it.

The salesman immediately conceived idea of making a little bank with a good l and depositing the key with the cashier o savings bank, so that the money could o be removed by the man who would keep it a savings account. The invention was eas perfected and a patent obtained. In this the inventor also had a business head. evolved the plan of leasing the little banks savings banks, to be distributed by them their depositors as an incentive to incre their deposits. He took in a partner and two scraped up enough money to pay to trip through Oregon and Washington. T sold several hundred banks in Portland a enough more in Seattle to make expens They had no banks to fill the orders—nothi but the sample. The inventor decided that East offered a better field, and spent his l money to buy a ticket to Chicago. The vance payments on the sales he made in C cago were sufficient to pay the cost of ma facture of the previous orders. In a f months he was able to start a factory of own. In four years he had two factories the United States and one in Germany, a was selling his banks in half the countries the civilized world, operating from a selli headquarters on Fifth avenue, New York

This man built from the little to the b and he had the advantage of being a go business man—something most inventors not. And his invention was so easy to ma with existing machinery that the problem manufacture was slight.

On the other side of the picture, the ample of the turbine engine is a case to sta ger the embryo inventor. The English, Parsons, type of turbine has been in gene use since the late '80's. The General Elect Company, at Schenectady, N. Y., underto to perfect the American, or Curtiss, type f commercial use. One of the principal d ferences is that in the Parsons type the a on which the little fans are set is in a ho zontal position, its ends being supported bearings, whereas, in the Curtiss type, t axis is in a vertical position, the lower e only resting on a bearing. The General Ele tric Compnay, to the writer's knowledge, spe more than $100,000 in correcting defects in t Curtiss type, and probably spent a great de more before they could offer it to the co mercial world as a perfect invention.

The General Electric Company, like most the very large manufacturing concerns, r tains permanently a staff of inventive genius whose whole time is devoted, partly on sa ary and partly on a royalty basis, to inventi improved types of machinery. These are t inventors who do the bulk of the practical i ventive work that is done in the country. The are, so to speak, professional inventors. T occasional, or sporadic inventor, like the sale man noted above, has a much harder road travel and is usually far less successful, finan cially.

But, for fear of deadening the really usef inventive ardor of his countryman, the writ will conclude with the story of a successf sporadic inventor, now dead, by the name Coffin, but for years known in New York an Washington as "The Lone Fisherman of Ca Cod."

Coffin was a very poor bachelor, who mad a precarious living as a fisherman off Cap Cod. He lived in a little shack and had ver little to do with anybody else. Once he too a trip to New York in his boat and ther when he bought a dozen oranges one day, th dealer gave them to him in a paper bag. H took the bag home. He became interested i the way the paper was cut out and folde to make the bag. Opening it out flat, he trie to figure out a better pattern. He noticed among other things, that the pattern of th bag he had compelled the manufacturer t waste several square inches of paper on ever bag, and he soon devised a pattern that save this waste. A calculation showed him tha this saving, applied to the millions of pape bags used every year, would mean a tremen dous saving in the cost of manufacture.

Next he devised a machine to make bag

(Concluded on Page 479)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Little Willie on the Fourth

ba, he says we orto have
Fourth that's safe an' sane.
recklessness upon that day,"
says, "gives me a pain.
hours is filled with danger then,
blood is frequent spilled.
w a man that knew a man
ard of a man got killed!"
I s'pose you're right," I says to pa,
"In feelin' some annoy,
But did you feel the same 'bout it
When you was jest a boy?"

a, he didn't ans'er that,
t, oh," he says, "sech noise!
't essential for to make
od patri'ts of our boys.
napp in' crackers an' the bombs
all that trouble brings,
dessicate our Natal Day;
percate sech things."
But did you when you was a boy
Then depercate 'em, pa?"
says, but pa, he cleared his throat
An' only says, "Er—hah!"

ma, she says, "Sech dretful noise!"
pa, he says, "Amen!"
o I s'pose we'll never have
good old Fourth again,
est a Fourth that's safe an' sane
ladylike till done.
hat's the use to patri'ts be
ve can't have no fun?
ut when I ask if my pa liked
The Fourths that made things hum,
wish he wouldn't clear his throat
An' ans'er, "Er—hah—um!"

* * *

The Three Editors

seems that the habits we form in life
with us after the change called death.
hanced that as one editor turned away
the narrow gate another was just ap-
ning it.
llo, Bill," said the latter, "I hope you're
oing below, with your delinquent sub-
rs."
ll, the way Peter acted was discour-
" the other replied, with evident emo-

at did he do?"
asked me what would be my opinion
question of right and wrong in which
elfare of the people was involved, and
I told him I wouldn't have any, he told
press the elevator button marked, 'Go-
wn,' and then called, 'Next!'"
ll, thank goodness, I always have opin-
the other replied, and advanced to the
gate.
at would be your opinion of a question
ht and wrong in which the welfare of
ople was involved?" St. Peter at once
d.
er—on which side would the cash be?"
itor eagerly asked.
ss the button marked, 'Going down,'"
t. Peter.
appened just then that yet another ed-
me to the gate, and when he said that
uld support the right regardless of the
hey hustled him through and up to a
front, and gave him a harp which, be-
editor, he couldn't play, and there he
any of his paid-up subscribers, and all
ell with him.
as for the other two editors, it was too
bout the habit they formed while on
was it not?

* * *

Where I'm Fishin'

Settin' here an' fishin',
While the sun is sendin' beams
To set the shadows dancin'
An' to silver all the streams,
While the fish are bitin' freely
An' all nature's actin' kind,
Oh, there's lots o' fun a-fishin'
Like I'm fishin'—in my mind.

The Opinions of Rufus

The trouble with folks that take their own time 'bout doin' things is that they gener'ly take other folks' time, too, an' without payin' fer it.

I don't take much stock in prayin' that ain't backed by common sense. The cullud lady that asked the Almighty to send her a large hen that would lay watermelons never got any answer to her prayer.

Don't be too proud of the place you occupy in the world. The lowest layer in the box of apples was the highest after the box was turned over.

If your disposition's sour, try religion on it; if that don't work, try liver pills.

I'm like most of the rest of you: My sympathies is fer the oppressed poor, but my glad hand is fer the predatory rich.

Under the law, es I understand it, stealin' a loaf of bread is a crime; stealin' a million dollars is a problem in technicality.

Es long es we haven't got X-ray eyes I don't know es the fact that beauty's only skin deep is much of a drawback to it.

I have less rev'rence, but more sympathy, fer parsons sence I've grown up an' found out that they're jest human like the rest of us.

The Scripcher says, "The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury," but I s'pose an exception ought to be made of life insurance agents.

A modern "affinity" by any other name wouldn't smell any worse.

The 'pinion of a married man that the dear girl is the sweetest ever is worth the 'pinions of 'bout 999 unmarried lovers to the same effect.

Did you ever reflect, Ezry, that if we wus es good es we pertend to be there wouldn't be any 'casion fer pertendin' it?

* * *

"Don't Forget to Say Your Prayers"

Our old clock upon the wall,
Ticking solemn-like and slow,
Just like this to me would call,
"Time to—bed to—bed to—go."
Then my mother said "You hear
What it was the old clock said?
Guess the clock was right, my dear;
Time that small boys were in bed."
Kissed me good-night at the stairs—
"Don't forget to say your prayers."

Sometimes I had naughty been;
Didn't want to say my prayers;
Felt a preference for sin
And the penalty it bears.
But my mother knew, I guessed—
Wonder how our mothers know—
For she held me to her breast,
Whisp'ring very soft and low:
There is One who knows and cares—
"Don't forget to say your prayers."

Some may think such prayers may bless
Ne'er a one who goes astray,
But a mother's love, I guess,
Helps them on their upward way,
Helps them o'er the earthly fray,
For her kisses prayers record,
Which the angels haste to lay
At the feet of her dear Lord,
And He heeds how her love fares—
"Don't forget to say your prayers."

Mother dear, full oft, I know,
I've forgotten what you said
When the old clock, ticking slow,
Summoned me to go to bed;
Yet I've not forgotten quite,
Oft when I had gone astray
I have turned unto the right,
Deeming that I heard you say:
"There is One who knows and cares—
Don't forget to say your prayers."

* * *

She Knew How

"I don't see how Mrs. De Style keeps up with the fashions as she does."

"Oh, easily enough."

"Well, how does she do it?"

"Why, she attends church regularly."

Words as Proofs of Man's Iniquity

"The studyin' of words," said Sister Biggins, "is reel improvin' an' helpin' to women folks that reelize 'bout man's innard depravity an' nat'ral cussedness, but hain't known how to prove it."

"I don't see what on airth them two subjicks has to do with each other," Brother Biggins mildly suggested.

"No, I s'pose you don't, but that's cause you ain't studied 'bout words an' don't know what they tell on the subjick. If you did, I don't s'pose you'd ventur' to show your face in sperience meetin' agin."

Brother Biggins wriggled uneasily on his chair, and Sister Biggins continued

"You're actin' some as if you doubted my word, so I reckon I'll prove it to you. What's diction? It's talkin', ain't it? Course it is. Then what's bad talkin', cussin', an' sech? Why, it's male-diction, an' it's right here in the dictionary; 'tain't female-diction, fur from it. What's a factor? It's somebody that does things. S'posin' they're wicked things, what kind of factor is it then? Why, it's a male-factor, an' 'tain't ever a female-factor. What's volent? It's willin' somethin', an' if it's willin' a wicked thing, it's called male-volent. A malodor is a bad odor, an' a malformation is a bad formation, an' the words used to be male-odor an' male-formation till men got nervous 'bout havin' so much proof aginst them in the language an' changed the words. An' they's more sech cases, all pintin' to man's disg— Got to go an' milk the cow, hey? Sh'd think you would! If I had sech a record 'ginst me as this here dict—"

But Brother Biggins was gone, and Sister Biggins cast one last glance at the lexicon and then prepared to get supper.

* * *

Such an Ungovernable Temper

When you were a small boy, Hobart, your father and mother—and they were nice people, too—used to say, "Hobart is a dear little fellow, but he has such an ungovernable temper!" They would not have said, "Hobart is a dear little fellow, but he has an ungovernable disposition to steal anything he can lay his hands on!" No, they would have taken that "ungovernable" disposition out of you if it used up every strap in the house.

But the other thing they said, and it didn't take you long to discover that it served very well as an excuse for almost any display of ugliness. Can you not, in your mind's eye, see your small self lying on the floor, kicking and bellowing, while your parents are regretfully commenting on what an "ungovernable temper" Hobart has? It was their fault then that they tolerated such a display, but now that you are a grown man, it is both your fault and your disgrace that you still are whining about your "ungovernable temper."

For there is no such thing as an ungovernable temper more than there is any other human fault or frailty which is absolutely ungovernable and uncontrollable. We may and will yield to such frailties sometimes, but that they must own and drive us is such rank heresy as should be disowned by any man who proudly believes that "the mind is its own place." I have known many a man and woman who conquered the "ungovernable temper" of childhood, and he is a poor specimen who claims that he cannot. Quit whining about your "ungovernable temper." It is as much to your dishonor as would be an ungovernable disposition to invade your neighbor's hennery. You ought to be big enough to own yourself.

* * *

Why Methuselah Died

"Say, father," said Lamech, "you remember that suit you began when you were 43 years old?"

"I do," said Methuselah, with a weary sigh. "The Supreme Court has just ordered it back for a new trial."

So the old man, realizing that it was in vain to endeavor to hang on till the end, closed his eyes and was no more.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

William F. Herrin Speaks at Corvallis It requires nothing extraordinary in the powers of imagination to make a mental picture of William F. Herrin as, thirty-seven years ago, he received from the hands of the president of the little college up in Oregon his well-earned diploma and, with the fire of enthusiasm in his veins, hope in his heart and determination in his cold, gray eye, went forth to do a man's part in life. He was a smart boy then, as he is a smart man now, and there is no question that he went from that college with a purpose to live a blameless life as well fixed in his mind as ever any convict went forth from prison. Unfortunately for the convict, his purpose is not unlikely to forsake him at the door of the first saloon and, unfortunately for Mr. Herrin, his purpose forsook him at the door of opportunity. Seldom has man intended better or done worse. It was then no part of his purpose to make himself the most heartily hated man in a great commonwealth, but he has achieved that distinction. He did not get the thing he did not earn. His address is notable and able. There is little in it to which exception may be taken. It is only when what Mr. Herrin has said is compared with what Mr. Herrin has done that criticism is in order. The address was splendid and splendidly able and, were it not neutralized by twenty years of open and notorious nullification of it, it would work nothing but good in California as well as in Oregon.

The Philosophy of Our Political Institutions Mr. Herrin's exposition of the philosophy of our political institutions was correct and convincing. It is true that our national Constitution was a well worded expression of the innate conservatism of the makers of that document; that it provided checks and balances with the purpose of forestalling and preventing the precipitate action of the clamorous mob; that elections at stated times with stated tenures in office were wise provisions; that pure democracy is little suited to a vast population and that our scheme of government contemplated the representative, and not the direct, form of government. It is perfectly clear, too, that the initiative, the referendum and the recall are inconsistent with and antagonistic to the representative idea in government. All that Mr. Herrin said to the youths and maidens who listened to him at Corvallis was true and profitable for them to hear.

But Mr. Herrin neglected to tell the people of Oregon that, but for himself and the cheap but convenient tools he is able to employ to do his will, California would not have cared two straws for the direct primary, would not be interested in any campaign for the initiative and the referendum and would have as little use for the recall as for consulting the Delphic oracles. The reason why California "clamored" for the direct primary was that Mr. W. F. Herrin and his hired handy men so manipulated the conventions of political parties that they misrepresented, deliberately and purposely misrepresented, that public sentiment which those conventions were constituted to carry out. The reason why there is a growing sentiment in California in favor of direct legislation is that, for twenty-nine years if not longer, the legislatures the people have elected have, by Mr. Herrin and his predecessors and their hired tricksters, been manipulated, fenced in, corked up and prevented doing what public sentiment required of them. When through the pernicious activities of such hirelings as these the men of a commonwealth find that representative government fails to represent they have two courses open to them: to submit to absolutism or substitute direct methods, so far as they may, for those indirect methods that have failed of their purpose. All that Mr. Herrin said in relation to the recall is true. No such device ought to be necessary, but if the people elect a man to office only to find that he is representing Mr. Herrin and not themselves, what better thing can the people do than to recall that man from office? In fine, Mr. Herrin, there is not an evil of which you complain in your address, or of which the people of California are now complaining, of which you and your associates here, and men like unto you and your associates elsewhere, are not the authors, the proximate if not the ultimate cause. It would have been more to the purpose, Mr. Herrin, had you, out of the fullness of your experience, spoken of practical politics under, rather than of the philosophy of, our institutions.

The Superlative Need of Our Time Mr. Herrin was right in declaring, at Corvallis, that "never in the history of our country has there been greater need for intelligent public leadership than now," but he should have gone farther and declared that that leadership should be as moral as intelligent, as patriotic as wise. Satan has not been charged with lack of intelligence, and neither has William F. Herrin.

Mr. Herrin rightly says that government should be by public opinion, by the deliberate and reasoned judgment of the community, and so it should, but, once more, whose fault is it that it is not right here in California, now? The reasoned judgment of California is that California should be governed by the people of California rather than by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, but so splendidly have Mr. Herrin and his associates organized all the forces of political evil in this State that, except public opinion clamor and threaten, its will is frustrated at every point again and again.

Mr. Herrin regrets the effervescent and insincere quality of journalism here and elsewhere and ventures the suggestion that journalism might properly be endowed. Here he speaks advisedly and out of the fullness of a ripe experience. Did not the company for which he works endow the Sacramento Record-Union for thirty years, the San Francisco Post for a considerable time, the San Francisco Chronicle and Examiner upon occasion, and is not the Post-Globe, that unspeakable gutter-snipe of the under-world, endowed beyond the reach of present want by Patrick Calhoun? Are these journals fit leaders or reliable exponents of public opinion?

But Mr. Herrin's address to the students of the Agricultural College of Oregon is not without its undertone of sadness. Reading between the lines, one is prompted to feel for him what the right-minded must always feel toward the transgressor who has found his way hard and his life disappointing. The note of melancholy was not unlike the one dropped by the able but unscrupulous owner of the Los Angeles Times, who complained to a fellow-citizen that he had made a million dollars in Los Angeles, but not one friend. So with Mr. Herrin. Speaking from a full heart and thirty-seven years of what the world calls a successful career, he said: "It seems to me that the rewards of the scholar are more fruitful of real happiness, and make more for permanent satisfaction, than the rewards gained in business or professional pursuits, for the scholar deals with that learning which is the finer essence of our intellectual life, which 'has been purified and sifted in quiet rooms to which the passing fashions of thought do not penetrate.' The pursuit of truth for truth's sake brings us to know the human spirit in its unchanged and unchanging nature, to know the things which abide with us and to reject that which is ephemeral and of only passing interest."

Splendidly said, and yet there is a better thing and a greater happiness than that which may be found in "pursuing truth for truth's sake." It may be found in upholding righteousness for the sake of one's kind. Would that William F. Herrin, thirty-seven years ago, had devoted his splendid powers to that ideal. And yet he might undo much were he to so devote them now.

Senate Candidates In San Francisco In the Eighteenth Senatorial District, which comprises the Thirty-first and Thirty-sixth Assembly Districts, two candidates for the Republican nomination were announced, J. D. Toomey and Henry N. Beatty. Early this week Beatty decided that he could be more useful by returning to his present place as the Assemblyman from the Thirty-sixth, and announced his withdrawal from the senatorial race. Beatty was sent to the Legislature last time by the "organization," but soon showed that his sympathies were elsewhere, by making one of the best records made by any San Francisco Assemblyman. He will be supported by the Independent Republicans in his campaign for re-election. His withdrawal from the senatorial race leads Toomey the field alone until the Independent Republicans can find a proper man to contest the district. Toomey is a Royal Arch candidate, a saloonkeeper, and was an Assemblyman in the Legislature of 1907, in which he made a bad record.

Twentieth Senatorial John W. Sweeney was endorsed last Thursday night by the Independent Republican Clubs of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Assembly Districts for the Republican nomination for Senator from the Twentieth District, which comprises these two districts. Sweeney is the right sort of man for the place and the right man for it this time. His principal opponent will be Tom Kennedy, the Democratic incumbent and Democratic candidate, who will be backed by the Republican "machine" bosses, Bunkie and Lynch, at the November election. Kennedy's record in politics and in the Legislature is bad. Sweeney's Republican opponents at the primary are Louis F. Compton, who was put up by the bosses to be bowled over; Edward F. Bryant, who once trained with the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, but who switched to John Lynch's camp at the election; J. B. Newby, who was a delegate last year to the Democratic convention at Stockton as supporter of Harry Flannery for presidential elector and who is now a Republican candidate under the tutelage of Cleveland Dam and Harry Flannery; and Fred Severance, who seems to be running because he is running.

Twenty-Second This district comprises the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Assembly Districts. The Thirty-ninth is the heaviest Republican district in California and usually goes for reform. It was represented in the last Legislature by E. J. Callan, who made the best record of any San Francisco Assemblyman, and as good as that of any Assemblyman in the State. In Hichborn's record, Callan's is perfect. He also made one of the very best records from the point of view of organized labor. Callan is now candidate for the Republican nomination for the State in the Twenty-second Senatorial District. He ought to be elected, by all means. His only opponent so far is Edgar C. Levey, formerly an attache of the district-attorney's office when Langdon was in charge. Levey "double-crossed" Heney at the eleventh hour at the last election. He should be defeated. The only Democrat out for the nomination is Edwin E. Grant, who is clean but who has no influence nor vote-getting qualifications. This is a hopelessly Republican district, anyway, and the Democrat does not matter.

Twenty-Fourth The incumbent, Marc Anthony, is out for the Republican nomination to succeed himself. Anthony was sent to the Senate by the "machine," but disappointed his sponsors by making the best record any Senator from San Francisco in the Legislature. That is not a perfect record. Hichborn's test votes show him for reform seven times and against it eight—but it is worth considering by those who hope he may still further improve it. Personally, Anthony is erratic but honest. His opponents for the non

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

tion are D. J. Beban, George M. Perine, mes W. Boyce and Howard Herron. Beban s Assemblyman from the Forty-third Dis- ct to the last Legislature and to the session 1907. In 1909 he scored ten votes against orm, none for it, and was absent once, shar- with Macauley and McManus the distinc- n of having the worst record in the whole sembly. Perine is an ex-contractor, a peri- etic banker, a politician whose support nes mainly from the tenderloin, and a man o is proud of his championship of wrong. yce is a saloonkeeper whose political ideals those of the "push," but who is somewhat ot enough—redeemed by a degree of per- al independence. Herron is a young attor- who has said that "Uncle Joe" Cannon is reater man than Roosevelt.

nson's erary Hiram Johnson will resume his tour of Northern California next week. He will address evening tings as follows: Monday, June 20th, Mar- z; Tuesday, the 21st, Richmond; Wednes- , the 22d, Petaluma; Thursday, the 23d, ldsburg; and, on the evening of Friday, the , at three places, Burlingame, San Mateo Redwood City. On Saturday, the 25th, he make an all-day tour through a part of ta Clara County, ending with evening tings at Santa Clara and East San Jose. Monday, the 27th, he will complete his of Santa Clara County, concluding with vening meeting at Los Gatos.

ıson's Effect Registration Johnson's great meeting in San Francisco at Dreamland Rink is still the sensation of campaign. Of the 5,000 in the audience at meeting, fully 4,000 were voters, and of best class of citizenship in the city. The ing was of itself a tremendous success, its effects were far-reaching beyond the ɔst hopes of its promoters. These ef- were most strikingly evidenced by the registration of voters during the two following, when the special registration hs were open throughout the city. Prior e Johnson meeting, the total registration January 1st was 30,000. Former Regis- Zemansky estimated that the total pri- registration this year would amount to , or, at the outside, 55,000. In the two following Johnson's speech, the registra- was 22,000, or 11,000 a day, bringing the registration up to 52,000, or within 3,000 emansky's highest estimate of the total ıe year. And it is still five weeks to the of the registration. And a very large ɔity of this latest registration is John- upporters, as was shown in the Twenty- District, one of the hardest points of at- for the Johnson forces. In this district, ters, registered in one of the two days, approached by a Johnson leader, to ı six announced their support of Curry, the remaining 61 signed Johnson club ɔership cards.

Fails to ıe Light The Good Government Republican Club of Alameda gave Frank Otis an opportuni- declare himself in sympathy with the re- movement, and Otis failed at his oppor- . He sought the club's endorsement of ndidacy for the State Senate. The club him to declare that, in a showdown, he vote with the reform members upon the on of organization of the Legislature, e refused to so declare himself. That is ucial test of the "organization" or anti- zation sympathies of a legislator. Such nise would not have bound Otis to any tive program nor put him under any tion to any faction. It would simply ledged him to help free the legislature of ıe control of the two houses. It is fair that Mr. Otis has usually voted right on ɔut the question of house organization ɔund, at the last session, to be the crux issue of reform advance. Mr. Otis has to see its importance and the support of ɔod Government Club will go to John Wilson, whom the club endorsed June ter satisfactory answers to the same questions as those propounded to Otis. Mr. Wilson's first political prominence was as chairman of that minority of the Republican convention in San Francisco which refused to support Daniel A. Ryan for mayor and threw its support to Mayor Taylor. Mr. Wilson's record in that campaign earned him high praise for ability, energy and right principles. He was endorsed on June 11th by the Melrose Good Government Club. His opponents will be Otis and Hans. He should be elected over them.

Frank J. Browne for Roncovieri's Place One of the last legacies of the Ruef-Schmitz regime is Alfred Roncovieri, superintendent of schools of San Francisco and perpetual politician. During his incumbency of the office the school department has been continually in turmoil and, if the common reports are true, a great deal more politics in the selection and dismissal of teachers than there should be. One of the teachers ousted was Frank J. Browne, whose reduction from the high school department to night school work was certainly not based upon any deficiency of ability or character. It seems now, however, to be Mr. Browne's turn. He is a candidate for the Republican nomination against Roncovieri, and his candidacy seems to be making good headway. This is as it should

WHICH?

be, for Mr. Browne has always been a sturdy supporter of good government in San Francisco. His record is good, and his candidacy is commended to his party by The Watchman.

Indifferent Landlordism That Was Different In her "Autobiographical Notes," appearing serially in the American Magazine, the splendid life of a splendid woman, Miss Jane Adams relates this incident in her Hull House experience. She says: "A young man owned a large block in the neighborhod occupied by small tenements and stables unconnected with a street sewer. One of the Hull House residents (it was Miss Addams herself), in a public address on housing reform used this conspicuous block as an example of indifferent landlordism, sparing neither a minute description of the property nor the name of the owner. The young man was justly indignant at this public method of attack and, that we might realize the difficulties of supplying south Italian peasants with modern sanitary improvements, he rashly put the entire tract at the disposal of the Hull House with the statement that if we should choose to use the income from the rents for such improvements we should be throwing the money away. Even when we decided that the houses were so bad that we could not undertake the task of improving them he was game and stuck to the proposition that we should have a free lease. We finally submitted a plan that the houses should be torn down and the entire tract turned into a playground. The public-spirited owner consented to the plan and the space was cleared and a public playground established. Hull House became responsible for its management for ten years, at the end of which time it was turned over to the city playgrounds commission."

The foregoing becomes especially interesting to Californians when connected with this "different indifferent landlord" in person. A Californian, sojourning in Chicago, sends The Watchman a page from the Chicago Evening Post of June 10th, which goes into the incident more fully. This paper tells that the young man bought the block through an agent without having seen it, in the expectation that it would sometime be wanted for a factory, and had no idea of its condition. That owner was William Kent, Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican candidate for the Republican nomination for congress, in the second district, and his action in making a playground of it was characteristic of the man. It will also be characteristic of him to be hot at The California Weekly for making the incident public, but we venture to do it, not in his interest, but in the interest of sending the right sort of man to Washington, a man whose actions have ever spoken louder for Right Things than his words, although his voice has been heard, too.

A Mean Advantage Of Chas. F. Curry The friends of Charles F. Curry feel outraged at the onslaughts being made on his candidacy in those hallowed precincts, such as the tenderloin, the saloon and the following of Mayor McCarthy, which, by a long sustained political fraternity of feeling, Mr. Curry has felt he had a right to claim as his peculiar preserves. It has been noticed of late that in the saloons of San Francisco the poster pictures of Curry have been disappearing and, in their places, have been placed the likeable likeness of Alden Anderson, the putative candidate of that "organization" that is largely composed of wheels. As Mr. Anderson himself has said, if there be one thing that he likes more than another, it is to see wheels go round. It is even being declared that the efforts making by the Governor of California to stop the fight of the grizzly and the gorilla are being made more to hurt Curry than in defense of the fair name of San Francisco. No doubt the stopping of that fight will hurt more of the friends of Charley Curry than of any other candidate, but that probably is not the reason for gubernatorial action. It will give a pain also to most of the political subordinates of Mr. Herrin. The making of these incursions into Mr. Curry's special preserves at this juncture seems to be taking a mean advantage of an untoward situation, and yet it becomes the duty of The Watchman to make an incursion into his last remaining preserve, the race track fraternity.

It will be remembered that, in Mr. Curry's platform published in the Call, he took strong ground in favor of resurrecting the district fair system and extending State aid thereto. A few facts to refresh the public mind in relation to those fairs may not come amiss. There are forty-five such districts still existing, but in a comatose condition for want of State aid. When they were at their height they were racing propositions in the main, and attracted to them whole circuits of gamblers and confidence men. The last "pull-down" they got was for the year 1894, when they depleted the State treasury to the tune of $100,131. They got that under the Markham administration. Since then neither Governors Budd nor Gage, Pardee nor Gillett, have been willing to turn that rabble loose upon the State or the State treasury. Mr. Curry evidently thinks that by now all except the racing men have forgotten what that carnival of criminality was like. As for the racing interests improving the breeds of horses, that is and always was a myth. The

(Concluded on Page 476.)

SOMETHING TO WARM MEN'S HEARTS

Editors California Weekly.

Gentlemen: This is truly a great campaign. My past experience in politics rather disgusted me. I gloried in the great principles of the Republican party from the splendid fight of that great American and Republican, Abraham Lincoln, who gave "**Liberty** not only to a class, but who gave hope to all the world, for all future time," who helped to "lift the burden from the shoulders of all men, and give to **every man an equal chance,**" down to the brilliant administration of that dauntless American and Republican who gave us an administration of **"even handed justice—the square deal"**; the man who hunted the lion of oppressive greed from its lair; who drove the skulking hyena of commercial graft from its prey; who tamed the lumbering elephant of prosperity; the man who dared—and who still dares—to hunt "big game" without fear, and without favor; that man of whom every honest citizen of our beloved nation is proud, Theodore Roosevelt.

But aside from this prime hero of ours, together with a few stalwart, honest and unselfish men, who are fighting in national politics against such tremendous odds, my experience had brought me in contact with so many politicians who were working either for personal, selfish motives, or in behalf of some special interest for which they were liberally rewarded at the hands of the master that bribed their conscience with a few paltry dollars, or with a petty office, that I became discouraged. I came to feel that the great heroes of our nation, for the most part, were confined to the pages of history, or were peacefully resting beneath grassy mounds.

May I be permitted to say, **my faith has been restored.** My association with the Central Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League; the quality of character I have discovered in the unselfish and honest men composing that committee; their tireless energy and devotion to the interests of the people with no desire to benefit themselves; the exceptionally high standard of men, from a point of honesty and efficiency, who were selected for the endorsement of that League, as candidates for state office; the paramount object of purifying the social and political atmosphere of our glorious State of California; and its practical, effective and honorable effort to free our state from the intolerable and mercenary grasp of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, have led me to become once more a zealous Republican.

I want to lend a hand in this splendid fight. I want to help purify our party, and redeem our state. I wish every plain citizen who minds his own business more than he ought to for the public good; or rather who fails to recognize political affairs as really a part of his own business, might understand the importance of this great fight to the welfare of our party; to the purity and the decency of our homes; to the success of our business, and to our own personal advantage and the perpetuity of our government.

This is the people's fight. This is our opportunity. Every man who respects himself and his neighbor; who loves fairness and decency, who seeks happiness and hopes for the future prosperity of our nation, ought to desert his counter or his desk; drop his tools of industry; leave his plow resting in the furrow of the fields, and go out and take a hand in this battle. Let him "hew to the line, and let the chips fall where they may."

The League has done much, and no small credit is due to The California Weekly, toward awakening the conscience of the people. But too much lethargy exists among the average citizens. Our farmers and our plain business men are not fully aroused. They have not registered. They refuse to give their party affiliations. These things are fatal to a fair choice of the people. Under the direct primary we are playing a new game of politics in which every man has a chance to participate. Our men **must register on or before July 26th; they must declare their party affiliations,** or they will be disfranchised in this election. The election in this most important campaign in recent days in California is to be held **at the primaries,** August 16th, not in November. The man who fails to qualify for the August primaries will discover to his regret and chagrin that the battle is all over before he wakes up to the situation. Let us "get busy." It's worth while.

Any California citizen ought to be proud of the opportunity to vote for such men as these:

Hiram W. Johnson for Governor.
A. J. Wallace for Lieutenant Governor.
John D. Works, for United States Senator.
M. C. Sloss and **Curtis Wilbur** for Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.
Thomas J. Lennon for Justice of the Appellate Bench, First District.
Florence J. O'Brien for Secretary of State.
A. B. Nye for State Controller.
William R. Williams for State Treasurer.
U. S. Webb for Attorney General.
W. S. Kingsbury for Surveyor General.
B. G. Taylor for Clerk of Supreme Court.
Allison Ware for Superintendent of Public Instruction.
Friend W. Richardson for State Printer.
Alex Gordon and **John M. Eshleman** for Railroad Commissioners.

Each of these men was sought and endorsed by the League for his personal fitness and integrity. All were endorsed without their own personal solicitation for such endorsements at the hands of the League. They ought to be nominated and elected, one and all. If elected, they will give California such a fair and capable administration of public affairs as we have not enjoyed for many a long day.

May I add that this campaign seems to have brought to the surface brave and honest and efficient men of the Lincoln and Roosevelt order, who dare to stand square and aboveboard for the principles in which we believe. They dare to tell the public what they stand for, and who stands for them. They are telling the people "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Isn't that refreshing for a political campaign?

Many of these men are sacrificing their time, their business and their money, not for personal gain, not for political preferment, but for principle. I have learned to love and admire many of these men, as all who know them do.

Mr. Johnson is a big, broad-minded, honest, practical, unselfish, energetic American man. He is making a gallant and a winning fight. Mr. William Kent, who has finally consented to sacrifice his time, his business and his comfort, not to beat a petty, spying politician for Congress, but to help advance the just and decent principles of government for which he has so hard and faithfully and successfully fought in Chicago, and National politics in the past, is another big and broad-minded and refined and cultured, honest and true friend of the people. In Congress, where he will go from this Second District, he will be a prize to our State and to our Nation, and he will be a better friend of our President, by far than many of those in whom he is now reposing faith, and who are betraying the President for the sake of the special interests they represent. Mr. Kent will be a true friend to the President.

And the President certainly needs friends in this time of strife, when "big business" threatens to devour the government. If only our men could know what an unselfish and able fellow this man Kent is; how very valuable he would be to our Nation and our State and our District, I feel assured his election would be unanimous. But I am sorry to say it won't be quite unanimous. Mr. Kent says himself he don't expect it to be unanimous. Why, in a little tour through a portion of this district a few days past, we found a man in every town where there was a postoffice, who was not for Kent. There seems to be one man in every postoffice town, holding a Federal job, who seems to think his loyalty to the Government depends upon his loyalty to the Congressman who made that man think he holds his job by grace of the "stand-pat orator of Cannonism;" the sometime Chautauquan lecturer; the conservator of Alaskan coal mines (for personal profit); the congratulator, by telegram, of the reversal of the Schmitz case; the child of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau; the friend of machine politics. No, Mr. Kent's election won't be quite unanimous. But if the growing sentiment in his favor up our way is any indication, he will have plenty of votes to carry him to Congress, and to spare.

Prospects for the election of our ticket are excellent. In Sonoma County alone we have five active clubs with large membership. No other ticket or candidate has a vestige of a club. This spells victory.

Sincerely yours,
R. L. THOMPSON.

Santa Rosa, June 5, 1910.

There was an interesting happening in Pittsburg recently, when a mysterious man, at the risk of his life, saved an oil-spatted chauffeur from burning to death. The Carnegie hero fund commission promptly sought the name of this hero, who had escaped the reporters, and so ran down Albert J. Barr, proprietor of two newspapers, himself a member of the commission. No medal will be voted. Mr. Barr's afternoon paper, not knowing the name of the rescuer, printed a glowing account of his heroic behavior.

When J. R. Conley, whose death at the age of 90 years has just occurred at Surfleet, Lincolnshire, Eng., was 10 years old, his mother presented him with a silk hat and told him to wear it always. He wore the hat indoors and out of doors until the day of his death

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

NEEDS OF THE CALIFORNIA INDIAN

A PLAN TO SAVE THE VANISHING NATIVE TRIBES

By HUGH W. GILCHRIST

n the early "Thirties" of the past century ,000 Indians lived in peace and plenty with- California. Food was abundant for them well distributed over the vast area. The ains of their villages show their wide al distribution and their peace among mselves.

r. C. Hart Merriam, of "The National logical Survey," spent ten years of exhaus- study of Indian conditions in this state. says:

California at the time of its discovery was e densely populated than any other area qual size in North America. Not only was the case, but the number of tribes and distinctive linguistic stocks within its ndaries nearly equaled those of all the of the continent north of Mexico."

here were more than 200,000 Indians then ere are 18,000 now. Two periods in par- lar mark the great decrease. In 1834 the sion lands were "secularized," and the s were occupied principally by Spanish- ican ranchers. From 1834 to 1849 over 00 Indians perished. Then came the gold ers of '49, and with them came the second h of death to the Indians. Seventy-seven sand immigrants came over the moun- in that year. Some of them were men ne noblest type, but more of them were ess, to whom the Indians were an easy

he tremendous decrease that has taken during the last century, a decrease inting to the complete annihilation of s of tribes and the reduction to scat- remnants of scores of others, is due ly to the coming of the white man. It n in the early days of the Mission Padres has continued to the present time."

he two destroying armies, Spanish- can ranchers, and American gold seek- covered practically the whole of Califor- eaving only the deserts on the east, and were not wholly exempt."

llages were broken up, and the inhabi- massacred or scattered, men and women ched with whisky, men were ruthlessly , women appropriated, and seeds of dis- sown which undermined the constitution cceeding generations."

ee causes have been the chief contribu- to the decimation of the Indians: sky," disease and eviction.

Whisky

one word the Indians use for all in- ting drinks is "whisky." Wm. Benson n) said to Capt. Tack, "In the old days cople were kind to each other. They ot quarrel and fight and kill, but since y come they fight each other and kill. n, we must cut out whisky."

rge number of inquiries were sent out Indians themselves about the effect iskey among them. The following se- s are examples of many replies:

ir Sir: As you have told me to find om these Indians here whether it was ctory to them to quit drinking intoxi- liquor, and I am evident that they io contradiction to my request.

ce I have returned I have only seen rson under the influence of liquor in ule River Reservation. I am positive ney will quit using strong drink from ne forth.

ouldn't answer your letter right away. to see the boys one at a time, they out at work.

y are all willing to quit drinking and ng here.

" SAM GARFIELD, Porterville."

t of all the Indians from here do not hisky, they say it's bad.

my part I do wish there would be cople to help to fight this liquor busi- Many times I have often thought the government would find a stop to it. Some of the Indians are glad that some help is coming, and hope that it will work for good of my Indian people. Hoping and trusting God, that the work will be pushed along. From your brother in Christ.

"JOSEPH MIGUEL, Morongo."

"When the half-bloods get the whisky, they bring it to the camp and give it to the old people and young ones in camp and this is the way they get it.

"The Indian people have lived here for many years before the white people came here and did not know what whisky was, we get along well without whisky, so let us see what Uncle Sam can do for us Indian people.

"I have talk with my tribe and they are glad if the whisky can be kept from the tribe.

"I know myself if we can't get a law to keep the half-bloods from buying whisky for the Indian people in this county and from my tribe, I am doing all can to keep it from my tribe.

"CAPT. SHERWOOD, Sherwood, Cal."

"Dear Friend:

"In answer to the letters that you wrote to Capt. I. Bucknell, John Dennison and George Vincent, we say:

"We are very glad when we received that good news, that you are trying to help us in the wiskey matter. Not all of us are wiskey drinker: some of us do not drink wiskey, some that have turned in the good Christ way.

"We that have stop from wiskey knows from experience, what wiskey does to us. And this is the fact that is submit to you.

"Wiskey is ruining our homes. Wiskey takes away our hard earned dollars. Wiskey don't makes us keep friends to each others. When wiskey gets into anybody, there is sure to be trouble. Somebody window or door is sure to be smashed. Somebody is sure to be cut or shot. More money that should be spent for food and clothing goes for wiskey. All is the work of wiskey. We do not make wiskey ourself. We do not go in the saloon, and buy wiskey.

"It is the White people, around here that buy wiskey for indian: the road to our camp seem to be free to white people. The way they bring liquor in there and do whatever they please, there is nothing to stop them from doing so, and we will say that ought to be stop.

"We would be glad if you could help us out of this, in some way. And we are willing to help ourself out of this troublesome wiskey.

"We been thinking this from day to day how we could stop this wiskey from our young boy's, because we know what wiskey is, and what it does to us.

"We do not have much more to say, but we want to have good homes, free from wiskey."

This letter was written and signed by Vicente for himself and thirty-five additional Indians, including the names of the three men as given above and twenty-two other men, and ten women, of Upper Lake, Cal.

A large number of inquiries were sent to Judges and District Attorneys in the thirty-six counties of Northern California in which the Indians chiefly dwell, asking about the Indians as they appear in the court-room and on what charges they are usually arraigned. The almost uniform answer to these inquiries was that they appear as defendants in cases for deeds of violence done while drunk.

Disease

The coming of the white man brought to the Indians diseases which they had not known before. Smallpox and other contagious diseases, tuberculosis and diseases of immorality. The Indians met the worst class of whites principally and have suffered from Anglo-Saxon depravity.

Eviction

Dr. Merriam, whom we quoted above, concludes his address, delivered in San Francisco, in the following strong words:

"The principal cause of the appallingly great and rapid decrease in the Indians of California is not, in my judgment, the number directly slain by the whites, or the number directly killed by whisky or disease, but a much more subtle and dreadful thing: it is the gradual but progressive and relentless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions. Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the whites, outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit, and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their condition, must we wonder that the wail for the dead is often heard in their camps and that the survivors are passing swiftly away?"

The causes given above are responsible in the highest degree for the destruction of the Indian people, reducing their number from 200,000 in the middle of the last century to 18,000 now.

Land

The Federal Government has appropriated $150,000 for the purchase of land for homeless Indians. Mr. C. E. Kelsey, special representative of the government, has almost completed the purchase of these lands. The amount of money allows but a small tract per person, little more than enough for a place of residence and a garden. The title to these tracts will pass to the Indians after twenty-five years. Much is yet to be done in adjusting the Indians in the national forests and upon the reservations for better home conditions. We who have had our settled homes from childhood can hardly appreciate the Indian's sufferings because of his homeless state. On the land where their fathers lived in peace, they sometimes have no other place left to them but the public roads—shut out from wood and water and from the oak groves where, today, the white man's hogs eat the red man's bread.

Three years ago Capt. Tack said at the Indian conferencee, "I fifty-two, fifty-three year old. Never had home. When I little kid, 500 my people. Now 110 my people. I see them all go away." This past year Captain was again at the Indian conference at Mount Hermon. In the meantime land had been secured for him and his people. He tried to tell his feelings when at last he had a home. He said, I go on land. I say, 'Tack, this your land. You got home now.' Then I say, 'No, Tack, you got no home. This just beautiful dream.' When I get that land no sleep four nights. Feel just like bird. have wings, fly."

Common Schools

The laws of California make special reference to the Indians in only two regards. It is forbidden to sell intoxicating drinks to the Indian people, and supervisors are granted the privilege of establishing special schools for them, as for Japanese and other foreigners. It is worthy of note that they are counted in the school census, for the appropriation for school purposes is measured by the number of children, and in this an Indian counts. But the same Indian children are usually forbidden or prevented from attending the school. This is sometimes the fault of the Indian parents, sometimes through the ugliness of the white children, sometimes it is the fault of the supervisors. There is

need for a thorough consideration of this subject by our legislators and public men, in order to develop a proper public sentiment upon the subject, provide more sufficient laws, if that is necessary, and insure a reasonable justice to the Indian people.

Of the 14,000 Indians in Northern California over 10,000 are outside of educational privileges. There are in Northern California four government boarding schools and seven government day schools, but the entire provision for their education reaches a comparatively small number of them.

Religious Privileges

The Missions of California, remaining from Spanish days, are now doing almost nothing for the Indian people. In a few places the Catholic Church is giving them attention. Beside the Catholic Church the Presbyterian denomination has five missions, the Methodist Church four, the Episcopal three stations, the Baptist one and the California Indian Association one. Most of these missions were begun by the Indian Association and, when established, passed over to some one of the denominations.

There are in Northern California ten field missions under government employ, who give a considerable amount of religious instruction, but all of these agencies reach only about 4,000 Indians.

The Indian Industrial School

There is need in Northern California, situated within easy reach of as many bands of Indians as possible, of an Indian Industrial School, in which the students should learn to raise grain, fruit, vegetables and stock, and be taught carpentry and blacksmithing, sewing and housekeeping, house and homemaking, sanitation and hygiene and the care of person and property, the value of pure air and a pure heart, and the likeness to Christ, while at the same time learning to speak, write and use the English language, and pursue other lines of education necessary to the industrial citizenship and home life of the Indian people.

The course of training must be adapted to develop the native Indian abilities and fit the students severally to lift up their home tribes. Therefore, the Indian student during his training should not have his eye on the white man's town, but on the Indian's rancheria, and when he is qualified in character and education to fill a place among his people now filled by a white worker, the Indian should have the place.

It is but a reasonable justice that 1,000 acres of land, more or less, should be provided for such a school and that a permanent fund of about $100,000 should be secured to provide for its operation. There are in Northern California in thirty-six counties, 13,991 Indians, scattered in 218 bands. There is no way to reach these Indians so widely scattered without the help of the Indians themselves. It is necessary to select young Indians of ambition and ability and train them for their own people. We must appreciate that the racial law still prevails with the Indians as with other races. It is necessary to cultivate in the Indian people the spirit of self-help. The help that really helps. The Indian race must climb for itself. Only the self-raised stay up. No amount of lifting power by the white race can put the Indian on a civilized plane and retain him there, unless the Indian has struggled hard for himself and for his people.

Will the Indians Make Good?

This, after all, is the fundamental question. There is good reason to believe that they will make good. Men who have employed them on their ranches and elsewhere almost uniformly pronounce them faithful and competent. There have been four Indian conferences at Mount Hermon. In each of these conferences they have shown marked interest for themselves, individually, for their bands and for the Indians as a whole. The men and women who have been there have also made good progress in the ability to understand and deal with the Indian situation. In the first council they showed but little initiative, in the second they displayed more, in the third they helped their own sessions and continued sometimes far into the night discussing questions of land tenure, and how to transmit the land from father to sons, and kindred questions. There are leaders developing among the Indian people and if these are properly trained they will develop good ability and willingness to help solve the Indian problem of California. Shall they have this help?

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded.)

race-horse bears a similar relation to his reputable equine brother that the coyote bears to a well bred collie or St. Bernard. As Caspar Whitney says of the race-horse, "He is a craven at 2, a rogue at 3 and a wreck at 4." He is only good to split the wind with, that does not need splitting, for a mile or two and then he is all in. It was thought that fairs could not exist without racing, but it was the racing and attendant evils that killed the fairs all over the United Sttes. Fairs are being resurrected now, but on different lines. It is not to the advocates of the new order that Mr. Curry is making appeal, but to the old and that order is in bad odor.

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THE REGENERATION OF WILKERSON'S FLATS

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

MONDAY came. Jess was at her desk hours before it was time to open school; and Archer, too, was there in ple season; but although he delayed ringing bell until past nine o'clock no other child eared. "Perhaps they will come at recess," said to himself, consolingly, "or in the rnoon"; and he continued to pace imently up and down the aisles looking out the doors and windows, but not another d came near the schoolhouse all day long. he teacher was despondent. It had not urred to him that any people would build furnish a schoolhouse so expensively and not send a single child to school; for Jess come because she **would** come and not at for being sent. Josiah Bartlett had not cted a promise from the people of Wilker- s Flats that, having provided house and her, they would also send their children to ool; and the omission seemed likely to ve fatal to his plans.

ss was dismissed early that night, and her set off upon a tour of personal solicita- through the settlement. "Jess," he called, parting, "do you suppose that any of the ple can be induced to send their children chool?"

reckon the' won't keer much erbout it," the reply; and, seeing the mists gathering ie child's eyes, he bade her good-night and away upon his errand.

ie teacher was received civilly enough rever he went; but all his invitations to children to come to school or to their nts to send them were answered in the ame words: "I reckon we don't keer h erbout it." Jess had given him the key he situation. It was in vain that Archer ged upon the advantages which education erred, the broadened existence, power ob- d, beauties of poetry, enchantments of ince, one's duty to the State—in short, i his powers of persuasion were finally ex- ted and he stood helpless before them, his reward was a drawling repetition of the d refrain: "I reckon we don't keer much ut it."

yal Archer went to his boarding place a heavy heart that night, and his spirits not elevated by the inevitable bacon, hot its and black coffee which were set be- him; but he was desperately hungry, ate ily, and went to bed with a stomach as y as his heart.

eed my sheep." But what if they will not and eat? "Feed Jess." What, spend the e year feeding one little lamb? Was his on to be so very humble? What wonder Matilda had thought him unworthy of the r-paying charges! How she would laugh she to know of his teaching one little, d child of poverty away off up there in ack-oak hills! A hen with one chicken. ! "Feed my sheep! Feed Jess"; and er slept.

rning came, and with it came a breakfast ot biscuits, fried bacon swimming in fat a big cup of black coffee. The young soul began to abhor this fare as the of Israel abhorred the manna of old; but er felt quite sure this food came not down heaven. He rode away to the school- at the appointed hour oppressed by a of dread and a heavier sense of humil- at his inability to lead and feed this amishing people.

s was at the schoolhouse before him. "I n they don't keer much erbout our l, Jess," he called, with a feeble attempt mor as he passed to the shed.

reckon," the child replied, and Archer d that her eyes were red and eyelids en; but she went at once to her desk and red to be absorbed in her books.

vas a heavy day for Archer. The morn- ours were passed in mentally reviewing xperiences of the previous day to see if me chance he might not hit upon some e which would lead him to the hearts settlers of Wilkerson's Flats; but in ever way he directed his thoughts the ect appeared equally trackless. Bending rd upon his desk and burying his face arms he gave himself up to unqualified ndency, for, after all, was he not himself ire?

w long he had remained in that position l not know, for in the depth of his de- n he had been oblivious of all things; but by and by there was a pressure of a hand upon his arm and, looking up, he found Jess standing before him, her long lashes wet with tears and a look of anguish upon her face unspeakably pathetic.

"Be yer goin' ter quit?" she asked, her lip quivering and her bosom swelling; "I allow as maybe I kin fetch some of 'em ef you'll let me try."

"Feed my sheep. Feed Jess!" A sudden determination possessed Archer, and, taking both her hands in his, "No, Jess," he declared, "I shall not give up the school. If it please God I will stay the whole year through to teach you, only you, if you will come to me. This house shall not have been built wholly in vain, and this people shall not be given up to senseless ignorance forever"; and he fell to teaching Jess, and never did teacher have pupil more apt or pupil have teacher more deeply in earnest.

As soon as her lessons were over that afternoon Jess galloped away to Scruggins's place to try what she might do toward increasing the attendance at Archer's school.

"Howdy, Mis' Scruggins," Jess called, as she drew rein at the door of a little double cabin of logs with weather-worn slabs to cover the cracks.

"Howdy, Jess, won't yer light? How's that ar school gittin' on we've been so pestered erbout?"

"Right peert, mum, only thar ain't nobody thar 'cep'n but me; but I gits erlong right smart."

"Much good may yer edication do yer when yer done got it, Jess; but as fer our chillun, I reckon they won't keer much erbout it. Peers like er body ain't so contented like when they's edicated. These hyer hills hain't nowhar near good ernough for Mis' Borden 'nd never has been."

"Yer eats peaches 'nd sech like when ye kin git 'em, don't yer, Mis' Scruggins?—Howdy, Nance," Jess called to a tall, barefooted girl who came lumbering across the teetering puncheons with which the narrow portico was floored.

"In cose I eats 'em when I kin git 'em," the mother replied, making room for her visitor beside her on the stoop; "but sech like ain't noways common hyer'bouts, I'm tellin' ye."

"Yer eats 'em 'cause ye likes 'em, don't yer?" Jess asked, dropping a partially opened book by her side with apparent unconcern.

"'Spects I does; fer ef I didn't like 'em I wouldn't eat 'em, that's shore."

"Well, that's like me erbout school. I goes 'cause I likes ter powerful bad, 'nd I wouldn't ef I didn't.

"Nance, yer ought ter come over some day, it's the mostest fun."

"What's this yer got hyer, Jess?" the girl asked, looking at the open book.

"Oh! that's a book the teacher giv' me ter tek home. He's got heaps er pertier books than that ar, 'nd with pertier picters in 'em, too."

"Lem-me see it," the girl demanded; and Jess pushed the book toward her as though it were a matter of no concern, but not without taking care to have it opened at an illustration of startling interest.

"What's that ar?"

"Monkeys."

"Well, I reckon I kin 'spicion as much, but what on arth be the critters er doin'?" asked the girl, looking at the picture intently. Mrs. Scruggins, too, became sufficiently interested to pull the book from the daughter's hand and gaze at the picture with a half-interested stare; but Jess made no haste to satisfy their slowly quickening curiosity.

"Hello, Burt!" Jess called, as she caught sight of a half-grown youth, leading his broncho out of the horse lot, preparatory to going after the cows. "Hain't yer got time ter drap roun' 'nd say howdy? The notion might tek me ter give that plug o' yourn a chance ter try his legs keep'n up with me while I runs in our critters."

"'Twouldn't be perlite fer me ter leave yer else you mightn't be able ter find yer critters, fer the dust I'd be kick'n up ahead of ye," the youth retorted good-naturedly, as he came shuffling up leading his raw-boned but agile broncho. "What's that ar ye got?" he asked, catching sight of the book and picture.

"What's all this 'stravergance erbout anyway, Jess?" Mrs. Scruggins demanded.

"Them? Oh, them ar's monkeys erslingin' cocoanuts down at the natives. That's the way the natives picks the crap, fer the trees are too tall and straight ter climb handy like; so they runs the monkeys up the trees and slings sticks at 'em, and the monkeys slings the cocoanuts back, kinder fightin' like—jes what the natives was a-projeckin' fer all the time."

"Them ain't no natives, them's niggers. I reckon I knows niggers when I sees 'em ef I don't know nothing else out'n a book," the mother declared. "But they be dretful cunnin', the little varmints!" And mother and children gazed with absorbing interest upon the old, old picture.

"The teacher's got a power of books with a heap funnier pictures than this hyer," Jess remarked, as she turned the leaves, stopping at each illustration that all might see, commenting as she went along; then, raising her eyes suddenly to the mother's, "How's Mis' Borden?" she asked.

A shadow passed over the woman's countenance, but cleared away in a moment, and she replied: "Peert ernough, I reckon. I hear how she was powerful set agin the school till the teacher axed to board thar. 'Pears like she'd want it to go on ef she 'lowed edication's sech a a blessin' as she's been lettin' on these twenty years."

"Wonder what Mis' Borden would say ef Nance 'nd me 'ud spurt up sudd'nt like 'nd read better out'n the Bible than she kin some Sunday mawnin'," Jess remarked, half musingly, as she slowly turned the leaves of her book. This had been Mrs. Borden's not unwelcome task for many years; for it was seldom that even an itinerant minister came into the settlement, and the people were quite religious after their manner.

"I reckon she'd die afore meetin' was out," was the startling prediction of Mrs. Scruggins. "The way that woman's lorded over the settlement 'cause she kin read er bit 'nd we-all cayn't is plumb scan'lous. But I reckon Nance won't keer much erbout it," she added, dubiously, raising her eyes to her daughter's with a look not so expressive of desire for her child's enlightenment as of satisfaction at the possible taking down of Mrs. Borden. Mrs. Scruggins was not without decision of character, and but for what she regarded as the too officious forwardness of Mrs. Borden, she might easily have been the first lady in the settlement.

"Mis' Borden cayn't read nothin' like teacher kin," Jess declared at length. "He don't read this-a-way: 'And I saw and h-e-a-r—heard, an e-a-g—eagle, flyin' in mid h-e-a-v—heavens, sayin' with a great v-o-i—voice, wo, wo, wo.' He reads same as talkin' and 'lows he kin teach me ter read better'n Mis' Borden agin spring; and Nance kin learn as quick as I kin."

Mrs. Borden's Scripture lessons were always taken from Genesis or Revelations, and were so little varied that Jess knew most of them by heart. The worthy lady had not ventured far from either cover, doubtless through fear of losing her place irretrievably.

"Nance kin go ef she wants ter," Mrs. Scruggins at length declared, heaving a sigh of such pronounced indifference that her daughter hastened to capitulate upon the best terms she could. The prospect of a Scruggins outdoing Mrs. Borden in her chosen field was not to be lightly thrust aside.

"I'll go ef Burt will," Nance announced, with

(Continued on Next Page.)

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("Wilkerson's Flats"—Continued.)

a boldness born of the conviction that Burt would not and could not be made to go.

"Oh! you'll go won't you, Burt? You'll go ter please me, 'nd thar ort er be one man in the settlement as kin read and not leave it all ter the women. Come, Burt, let's go after the cows. Burt'll go, Nance. I'll drap by fer ye in the mawnin';" and away the youngsters went at a breakneck pace on their iron-willed though surefooted California horses.

With only Burt to win over, Jess knew that she was mistress of the situation. She had laid her plans thoughtfully, and having conquered unequivocally, knew no better way of celebrating her victory than by distancing bantering Burt in a half-mile dash.

Jess took affairs into her own hands in school the next day, sparing no pains to keep the Scruggins contingent thoroughly interested; and Archer, perceiving the policy of it, gave her the fullest liberty, with the result that Nancy and Burt went home that night as nearly enthusiastic over their school as was consistent with the prevailing apathy of Wilkerson's Flats.

Other visits were paid by Jess on successive nights to other neighbors, but her successes were achieved in small measure and by slow degrees; for at the end of a fortnight the roll contained the names of only six new pupils. Still the child's zeal knew no flagging, and her little head was busy devising plans for bringing recruits into the school.

II.

"Kin ye sing?" Jess asked Archer one evening, as they were riding toward his boarding place.

"Yes, a little. Why?"

"Ef you'd start a singin' school?"

"Would they 'keer much erbout it,' do you reckon?" he asked, quizzically.

"I reckon they would, and a heap. They'd come from mos' everywhere. Ye fiddles, too, don't yer? I hearn how Mis' Borden said ye had a fiddle but didn't fiddle none; but I 'lowed ef ye had a fiddle ye'd fiddle sometimes when ye felt like it."

"Why, yes, I have a violin; but the truth is I haven't felt so very much like playing since coming to Wilkerson's Flats."

"Kin ye fiddle real good? Kin ye beat Bud Larkin, do ye reckon? Bud's a power at fiddlin'. Grandpap says thar ain't no man in the Flats kin hold a candle to him, and Grandpap ain't called no bad fiddler hisself."

"Why, Jess, I do not know whether I can beat your crack performer or not, I am sure; but my friends have said that I play very well. But," he added, a little suspicious as to what might be coming, "I never play for dances. Most of my music is religious or classical."

"'Ligious fiddlin'!" exclaimed Jess, "I never hearn tell of that afore; but it'll be right peert. We-uns be powerful 'li'ious. Ef you'd give out thar'd be singin' school Saturday evenin', and then, kinder keerless like, pick up your fiddle 'nd drap 'em a chune beatin' Bud Larkin scan'lous, everybody'd sen' thar chillun ter school and come theirselves ef you axed 'em. But ef ye cayn't beat Bud Larkin 'taint no use ter say fiddle ter nobody. Cayn't ye fetch yer fiddle over this evenin' so Grandpap kin hear ye oncet?" Archer assented readily enough, and Jess cantered off home, greatly solicitous as to the quality of her teacher's "fiddlin'."

Archer kept his appointment and arrived at Old Ben Ware's just as the sun went down. "I came by invitation of Jess," he said apologetically, accepting a stool she had brought into the dooryard and beginning at once to tighten his bow and put his instrument in tune. Little attention was paid to his coming, and if he had waited for an invitation to play he had waited until doomsday.

"What can I play that will reach these people?" he mused, as he improvised a strain of one and then another quality. "Anything classical will certainly be lost, and as for sacred music, I am sure I haven't an idea what they are familiar with. How stupid that I did not inquire of Jess! Let me see, though, Old Ben and Grandmother there came originally from Tennessee, not so very far from the border, I think he told me. Wonder if they will remember this"—and he struck boldly into "Old Kentucky Home."

Not many measures had floated out betwe the oaks toward the brown, grassy hills bef pipes came out of listening mouths, if mout which are distended rapturously may prope be said to listen, and lank forms gathered n and squatted upon the ground. Even t hounds forsook their vigils at the gate a sprawling at the player's feet, wagged th tails and blinked their eyes in conscious proval.

Archer had made a hit and knew it; but wit out waiting for a breath to be drawn switch suddenly off upon the "Mocking Bird," a tu that every one who fiddles fiddles as soon a as often as ever he can, and which the you man shrewdly conjectured would be Bud L kin's strong suit; and he played with all t skill he could command. He did not grea care for the piece except for the opportunity gave for a display of skill in execution, and served its purpose.

"I reckon Bud Larkin will have to put a other kink in that ar bow of his'n afore he k ekill that ar," one of the young men drawl as the concluding strains died away.

"'Ekill that ar!'" exclaimed Old Ben Wa rising from his seat and reaching his clench hand high above his head—"'ekill that a Bud Larkin ain't nowhar! Stranger, give yer han'. Thar ain't no man what kin fide like that ar what Old Ben won't be a frie to ary day in the week. I'm proud ter kn ye."

The vehemence of the old man's comi over nearly took Archer's breath away; t when each man, woman and child in that nu erous household formed in solemn processi and, filing by, shook him by the hand with fervor little short of devotional, the ludicro ness of it became irresistible, and the h broke the spell with a peal of laughter su as had not awakened the sleepy echoes at Flats for many a day; but the verdict was and the victory won.

The fame of the teacher's playing went through all the Flats the very next day. So were incredulous, and some, relying upon vehement proclamations of Old Ben Ware, what they could to belittle the performan of Bud Larkin and extol the musical prow of the teacher whose playing they had heard. Others stood by their local hero a professed to having repeatedly noticed t Old Ben liked best the thing he heard la but upon one point all were agreed, and if teacher was really going to start a singi school and would "drap a chune er two," the beginning, they would be there to h him.

The appointed day came, and the peo began to arrive before it was yet dark. H they came or where they came from was mystery; but, for the first time in its histo the schoolhouse became filled almost to bur ing.

Archer opened the school with a famil talk on music. He spoke of it as one of chief blessings which God had given, and h precious it is to those who love it. He thoug too, that people who loved music could le to love other of God's blessings not less swe —finally closing his remarks by saying t there were musicians in the world the latch of whose shoes he would be unworthy loosen, and they must not expect too mu from him; but he would gladly teach them he knew.

He took up his violin. It was an old strument, an heirloom in the famly, and tones were sweet and clear and strong. thrummed the strings, turned one a hair, tig ened his bow and swung grandly out into full current of "Sweet By and By." It always been a favorite, but he had never r dered it better than then; and yet he was without misgivings as to its effect upon audience. His ear had detected sounds half-smothered turbulence in the back part the house, and there were faces bearing pressions which he did not like to see; with the first clear notes all was hushed the performer had his audience at comma Perceiving this, he did not stop at the con sion of the piece to permit a verdict to formed, but glided softly into "Hush, Babe, Lie Still and Slumber."

They were a simple people, these "Wilker

tters," and almost the only bright spot in
r starved lives was their "fiddlin'." They
e not, many of them, without skill in a rude
; but Archer's trained and sympathetic
ution was a revelation. Streaming eyes
him how unequivocally he had conquered
laying his instrument gently upon the
, he folded his arms and stood silently
ng upon the enraptured and mellowed
ence. Suddenly there was a stir in the
of the room and a tall but beardless youth
le to the desk and confronted him.
Stranger," the young man said, "I am Bud
cin, and the way people talked about your
in' and mine riled me. Ef you hadn't been
oumpkins ter speak of 'tain't unlikely we'd
d ye out'n the Flats afore mawnin'; but
Ben Ware's plumb right. Bud Larkin
nowhar aside of ye; an' ef you'll show me
ter fiddle like that ar I'll be your faithful
forever. I'm six feet two in my stockin's
wouldn't know my name ef I was ter see
prent'n' big as the side of Hatchet
nting, 'nd I am er comin' ter school er
day ef you'll let me."
cher's triumph left nothing to be desired.
announced a Sunday-school for the suc-
ing day and had it well attended. Mon-
his school was not only filled with chil-
but there were bearded men and mar-
women among his pupils, and all were
ous and respectful. As the fall term drew
rd its close the teacher was able to send
a report to the County Superintendent
ew forth unstinted praise—And then the
heria came.

(To Be Concluded.)

nventors and Inventions"—Concluded)

is pattern. This machine he made of
wood and old nails and wire. He got
lea of feeding the paper from an endless
is newspaper presses now do. His ma-
worked all right, and as a fancy touch
ded the idea of printing the dealer's name
ch bag, as it went through the machine,
type set on a revolving cylinder. He
patent.
:t he went to New York and found that
Union Paper Company was the "bag
He interested the officials of the com-
in his bag and his machine. They saw
une in it, but pretended to him that it
nly a small improvement and offered
small price for the patent.
the Lone Fisherman had more than
mechanical genius. He went away. The
ime the salesmen of the bag trust tried
bags to the jobbers they were told that
iad contracted for a year's supply at a
price from "a man named Coffin." He
any bags to deliver right away, but his
was so attractive that they would will-
wait ninety days for delivery.
trust concluded that Coffin was clever
n to beat them, and made him a royalty
ct that netted him a fortune. But there
e to the story. When the late Robert
the printing press magnate, sought a
on his then new device of a rotary
r printing press to supplant the old
ower flatbed press, the Patent Office in-
him that "a man named Coffin" had
patented that idea in his bag machine.
nally got Coffin to let him apply the
le of his patent to printing presses in
ration of a life-salary of $10,000 a year
l the accessories of an inventor's ex-
nt shop. It was a good bargain for
s Coffin later invented the folding de-
now universally used on newspaper
, and Hoe had the use of it on his brand
ses.
rting to the fact that the idea is a
part of the invention, any competent
attorney can give any ambitious in-
a list a yard long of things to invent
ll certainly make money for him, if he
ivent them. For example, a fortune
the man who can invent a red printers'
t will not fade, or a green dye for
or wallpaper that will not fade, or a
cially practicable white paper made
straw, or a commercial substitute for
The list is easily extended to great

the simplest inventions, usually, are the most successful for the sporadic inventor. The man who patented the toy made of a rubber ball attracted to bmhbmhbmhmhbm clastic made a million out of it.

SHEAR WIT

First statesman—How is the official investigation into those boodle charges coming on? Second statesman—Splendidly, splendidly. We've succeeded in not finding out a thing.—New York Weekly.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "what's a test case?" "A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, Sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."—Lippincott's.

Two women were talking over the backyard fence, when one of them remarked: "My husband always wears a clean shirt every Sunday morning." "Well, now," said the other, "I never cares about Sundays; but I allus do see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, 'cause that's the time he's generally drinkin', and when he does take his coat off to fight, I do like to see him looking nice and clean."—Lippincott's.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff, vs.
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HELEN S. TRIPP, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate

6-3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE A. CONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

6-3-5t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BOLE, deceased.

No. 5905 New Series.

Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order of sale of real estate duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 9th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of James Bole, deceased, the undersigned, David C. Bole, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidders, subject to the confirmation of said court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said James Bole, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the estate of said deceased has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than or in addition to that of the deceased at the time of his death, in or to

All those certain lots of land situate near the Town of Colma, in San Mateo County, State of California, to-wit: Lots 48, 62, 64, 65, 66 and 67, as the same are delineated and so designated on that certain map marked "Map of the Property of the Villa Homestead Association, situated in San Mateo County Township 3 South, Range 5 West, surveyed September, 1872, George W. Doherty, Surveyor," which said map is on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of San Mateo in Book 4 of Miscellaneous Records at page 421.

Also all those certain lots of land situate in the said City and County of San Francisco, described as follows, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Lobos Street, distant thereon 550 feet Easterly from the Eastern line of Plymouth Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northern line of Lobos Street, 150 feet, thence at right angles Northern 125 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 150 feet, thence at right angles Southerly 125 feet to the point of commencement, the same being three lots, each with 50 feet frontage in Block "Q" as per map of Railroad Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

2. Lot 9 in Block 40, and Lot 3 in Block 41, as the said lots and block are delineated and so designated on that certain map known as the Map of Sunny Vale Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

That said real property situate in the said County of San Mateo will be sold in one parcel, and that said real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco will be sold either in one parcel or in subdivisions, as shall appear to the said administrator from the bids at the sale to be most advantageous to the estate.

That said sale will be made on Monday, the 11th day of July, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the street entrance to the Grant Building on the South-eastern corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the terms and conditions of sale are cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the said administrator on day of sale, and the balance thereof on confirmation of the sale by said court and the delivery of a conveyance. Deeds at expense of purchasers.

Dated June 10, 1910.

DAVID C. BOLE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Bole, deceased.
EDGAR M. WILSON and POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administrator. Mills Building, San Francisco.

6-17-4t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Attorney General

Those who have followed this course in citizenship will remember that we dropped the state officers in order carefully to analyze the new direct primary law. This done we return to the form of government of the State of California and the functions of the state officers who constitute the executive department of that government. One of the most important of these is the Attorney General.

As suggested a number of times in the course of these lessons, and will be suggested at intervals hereafter, the framers of our state constitution would have done better to follow more closely the general form of the national government. For instance, our state constitution declares that the governor, "Shall see that the laws are faithfully executed," yet the constitution and the laws give him small power and responsibility in executing the laws. The Attorney General, the chief law officer upon whom he must rely for legal advice, is not of his own selection and therefore not entirely responsible to him either for how he conducts his office or for how he aids the chief executive in seeing that the laws are executed. The Attorney General of the state is elected by the people of the state and derives his authority from and is responsible to the same source of power that the governor himself does. He is a co-ordinate but independent official. He should be appointed by the governor, be made responsible to him and hold office at his pleasure. When the "short ballot" comes this will be so.

The duties of the Attorney General are, in part, to attend the supreme court and prosecute or defend, as the interests of the state may require, all causes to which any state officer is a party, and all causes to which any county may be a party, see to it that the decrees of the court in the state's interest are carried into effect, keep a proper docket of all the cases in which he is employed, exercise supervisory powers over district attorneys and require reports from them relating to public business; to give his written opinion on any question of law to the legislature, or to any of the executive officers or institutions of the state, or to the district attorneys when called upon for it, and, when given, such opinion has the force of law in the absence of a judicial decision to the contrary.

When, in the opinion of the Attorney General, it is necessary to institute suit to collect judgments due the state, he may institute such suits and, when required by the public service or directed by the governor, he must repair to any county in the state to assist the District Attorney of such county in the discharge of his duties; he is ex-officio member of the State Board of Examiners and of the State Lunacy Commission, and he must make biennial reports to the governor of the business of his office.

There are certain boards that have power to employ attorneys of their own, such as the Board of Regents of the State University and the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. In such cases the Attorney General is exempt from service on behalf of such boards.

Now it is manifest that no one lawyer, however able, can do all the work required of this office. Therefore, the legislature has authorized the Attorney General to engage the services of one assistant, one chief deputy and three other deputies. In addition to these he may appoint attorneys to discover and recover property anywhere found that should escheat to the state through want of heirs, but these can be paid no more than 10 per cent of the value of such estate, to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of it.

In addition to the above force the Attorney General may employ two clerks, one phonographic reporter, two stenographers, finally a porter. Aside from the Attorney General, his office comprises eleven persons, including the porter, and there is probably enough for them all to do.

For many years the main office of the Attorney General has been maintained at San Francisco, while at the state capitol there is maintained one deputy and one clerk. The Attorney General himself divides his time between the two offices as pressure of business requires. The code provides that the Attorney General, in common with other state officers, shall reside in Sacramento, but he does not, and some others do not, and the legislature recognizes that they need not by authorizing them to rent offices in San Francisco and pay the rent for the same out of the state treasury.

There are certain specific duties imposed upon the Attorney General from time to time by the legislature, not necessary to be set forth here, but enough has been said to show the general and very essential functions the office performs for the state.

HICHBORN'S BOOK

Here and there, scattered throughout the State, are men who were members of the last Legislature and who would like to be re-elected. These men have made records by which they may, and should, be either approved or condemned, and at this critical time in California's history there is no intelligent and honest voter who can afford to neglect or overlook these records. Fortunately, for the first time in our history, they are written down in readable black and white, and are accessible to all men, in Franklin Hichborn's "Story of the Legislature of 1909." That it is a book which no man who loves his commonwealth, and desires to vote intelligently in its interest, can afford to be without, is a fact which cannot be too much emphasized. Its arguments are unanswerable, its facts undebatable. The California Weekly can supply it for $1.25, and you cannot afford to be without it.

Theodore Roosevelt's favorite heroes are Timoleon, the Corinthian who overthrew the Tyrants of Sicily in the fourth century B. C.; Hampden, the English patriot, and Washington and Lincoln.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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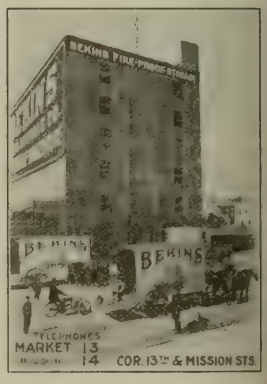

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s Week: "STATE INSTITUTION FOR HABIT VICTIMS"

—By Ir. R. E. Bering

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JUNE 24 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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The Man With Charm

IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," that rueful gie says, "Charm is that which if a woman has it matters at she has not, and if she have it not it matters little what " So with a man. Ray Stannard Baker, in the July n Magazine, gives a pen portrait of the President that e should read. The President has been more adequately by Baker than by anyone else. Our President is a man less personal charm, a splendidly capable lieutenant, but ferent captain, and for the reason that his environment such all his life that he never had to stand alone. Now

The Amended Rules

VICTORY OF INSURGENCY in the House of Repreatives was made complete when the majority was em, without consent of the speaker or of the rules committee, ny bill from any committee and discharge the committee ther consideration of it to the end that the house itself it. It was, more than anything else, the abuse of the the speaker to put measures distasteful to him in cold that goaded the insurgent spirit to exasperation. With er gone "Uncle Joe" will more resemble a rooster whose iers have been left in pawn with a coyote than the Czar of the House.

Pinchot To Lend a Hand

GOOD TO KNOW that Gifford Pinchot is coming to hand in the Kent campaign, and it is to be hoped that Secretary Garfield may come also. Why not? The t will do all in his power to secure the renomination of y, for the reason that he has proven himself useful as a ing apologist for the Payne-Aldrich tariff. By the way, verification deputy, circulating Mr. Kent's petition in inty, out of fifty-five Republicans interviewed, found two essed the intent to vote for McKinlay, five or six others undecided, while forty-seven not only signed Mr. Kent's but "rose to it like a trout to a fly," albeit with con- less serious to the trout.

Mr. Justice Moody

JE MOODY OF THE SUPREME COURT of the d States is an invalid. Congress has passed a special ing him to retire from the bench on full pay that a place iade for a man capable of performing his judicial duties. should go farther and offer a bounty to those who, ached the age of superannuation, neglect to avail themits privileges. That court should be constituted of men prime that they keep step with the march of national

Their Differing Ways

URRY CARRIES FORWARD his campaign chiefly 'passing the word down the line"; Mr. Anderson's post bills and issue orders; Mr. Stanton keeps the public what he is likely to do next; Mr. Ellery keeps up a sound of sizzling of hot iron in cold water; Mr. Johnson way to victory by going to the Men of California and them face to face, answering all their questions and opening his heart to them man to man. Johnson, better than any of the others, will know the People of California at first hand, and they will know him to love him. He plays no game and acts no part. He is the part he stands for. He lives it, feels it, believes it and, when elected, will fulfil it to the letter. Johnson's way is the best.

Making a Fool of the Law

IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE of Illinois against Browne, charged with bribing legislators to vote for Lorimer for United States Senator, the court held evidence showing that the legislative "jackpot" was opened in St. Louis inadmissable for the reason that St. Louis is beyond the jurisdiction of the court—just across the river. That is probably the law, but what a fool it makes of the law! And what business opportunities that precedent affords those who would influence legislation in California by the old-time use of cash! All that the bribers will have to do to ply their trade without harm will be to establish their cashier's office at Reno. If the law were less to be trifled with it would be more to be obeyed.

To Fight Local Option

THE ROYAL ARCH has thrown down the gauntlet in opposition to that local option which seeks to drive saloons out of residential districts. The challenge should be met with acceptance as often as tendered. If there be any right that should never be questioned it is the right of a residential neighborhood to shut out of that neighborhood tanyards, boiler factories, houses of ill repute and saloons. The home is the social unit. Without its protection civilization is not to be hoped for. Good citizenship should fight the issue out on that line if it takes forty years in the wilderness of McCarthyism to reach the promised land.

Nevada and the Fight

PUBLIC CENSURE should be lenient with Nevada. For many years it has been a pocket borough of the Southern Pacific Company and therefore has had small opportunity to develop a moral sense. We should think leniently also of the governor of Nevada. Our governor stopped the fight because it was manifestly going to be a fight, but he could not have lawfully done so had it been evident that it was to be only a fake. But the governor of Nevada is powerless to stop the fight because it is to be a fight, though he might stop it if he could prove that it is going to be a fake. It will be both of 'em.

How Very Mum!

THE LEAST THAT WAS ANTICIPATED from Mayor McCarthy when he came home to find that Governor Gillett had deprived him of the great intellectual treat of the year, the Jeffries-Johnson "contest," was that he would roar so loud as to drown the rush of the wind and the pounding of the breakers upon the beach. Timid folk anticipated that the Mayor and San Francisco would undertake to lick the governor and his state. To the contrary the Mayor contented himself with a calm and dignified protest and then went away back and sat down and kept still. When a stern front is presented to the low quality lawless element how quickly it wilts! The whole fighting fraternity has slunk out of sight.

To Governor Gillett, Greeting

Your action in regard to prize fighting in California was splendidly, albeit a little tardily taken, but there is another iniquity more demoralizing than prize fighting. The constitution which you have sworn to uphold declares that you "shall see that the laws are faithfully executed." You cannot be unmindful of the fact that there has been graft in San Francisco; that a board of supervisors was debauched entire; that a former mayor was convicted of felony and released on technicality; that one Abe Ruef is under conviction, yet out on bail and leisurely taking appeal; that known grafters have been so emboldened by their success as to venture to show their faces at all kinds of public functions, not excluding doing the honors of the city of San Francisco to the chief executive of the nation; that the guilt of these persons is as certainly known as that the prize fights you have placed under ban were fights and not sparring matches; that the District Attorney of San Francisco is averse to prosecuting these malefactors of great wealth and social position; that, in the seclusion of the woods across the boundary line to the north, there basks an important witness in these cases who is evidently being paid to keep outside the jurisdiction of the court; that nevertheless the deposition of this witness, taken to preserve his testimony in the event of his assassination or purchase by higher-ups, is extant. Why not, therefore, order your Attorney General to take charge of these cases in San Francisco as you ordered him to act in the prize fight cases? Why not order him to sift these cases to the bottom and report to you and the public what chance there is for securing convictions in instances where guilt is not even candidly denied? Can you be true to your constitutional obligations and refrain from this action? If you are now acting under the impulse of an awakened moral enthusiasm, as your friends and admirers claim that you are, why not extend that enthusiasm toward vindicating the law in these cases where failure to convict has done the state and its metropolis infinitely more injury in the eyes of the world than holding a dozen prize fights could inflict? If your moral enthusiasms are quickened this call to duty must roar in your ears like the breaking of seas upon the shores of the state that has honored you with the highest office within its power to give. The time is short. The crucial issue is to be heard on habeas corpus by the Superior Court on Tuesday next. Unless you act with that intrepidity for which you are noted irreparable injury may be done. Guilty men may be placed beyond reach of human justice, fortunately not of divine. If this happens you cannot be held guiltless, and neither can your Attorney General.

Give the Governor Power

Let the blunt truth be told. On the 9th of June, to a Call reporter at the Fairmont Hotel, over which the Governor's pennant was flying, Governor Gillett said: "I have made up my mind not to discuss the matter (the Jeffries-Johnson fight) at all. It is not of sufficient importance to pay any attention to." Exactly one week later that same uninterested Governor delivered a solar plexus to the whole fighting fraternity and put them out of commission. What it was that came over the spirit of the Governor's dreams during that week this paper does not know, but it was a mighty good thing. Criticism has been indulged in because the Governor spoke of calling out the National Guard to enforce his order. Perhaps that may have been farther than was necessary for him to go, but when local authorities fail of their duty the Governor has no instrument to use other than the National Guard, and it must be remembered that District Attorney Fickert had publicly refused to interfere, that Mayor McCarthy had publicly aligned himself with the fight promoters and that Chief of Police Martin had expressed his sympathy with both his superiors. The Governor had reason to believe that the peace-preserving forces of San Francisco would be exerted on behalf of the fighters and not in opposition to them. The Governor of every state should have a state marshal and a trained state constabulary to enable him to discharge his constitutional obligation to "see that the laws are faithfully executed." The Governor's action will probably put an end to the prize fighting fraud and iniquity in California. All honor to him for it! If Nevada has an ambition to succeed to the status of the Gehenna of America, let it. California has passed out of that class.

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Will Support the Ticket

While it was an impertinence on the part of the State Central Committee of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau to presume to apply a test of loyalty to candidates for Republican nomination for state offices, and an act which candidates may properly disregard so far as that committee is concerned, it will be proper for all candidates frankly to tell the public, through the press and on the rostrum, that, in the absence of fraud, they will loyally abide by the decision of Republican voters at the polls. The issue is put up to the voters themselves and from their decision, so rendered as to make it clear that it is their decision, no appeal will be taken. They are the ones to decide. Of course there is no knowing what election frauds may be committed in certain wards in all our cities where the "organization" will have the selection of all the election officers, and fraud vitiates all obligations, but, apart from fraud, a plurality expression of public opinion must rule under the law as it is. The law should be changed in accordance with the Berkeley plan, by making a clear majority over all elective on the first ballot and only the two highest of all votes cast go to the people on the second, but until so amended a plurality vote must suffice to nominate. So much regarding candidates. Voters will vote as they please at the general election. Nothing can or should stop them. And the press should be as independent as the voters.

An Unjustifiable Reason Why

The physical-valuation-of-railroads measure was dropped out of the new national railroad law almost by mutual consent. The railroad forces did not want it, nor did the insurgent forces care to press the matter. Neither side could foretell just what the result would be. That the capitalization of the railroads was nearly drowned out with water at the beginning no one denies, but it is not certain that this water has not all been soaked up by the general appreciation of values in the capitalizing was done. From the Springfield Republican we take some figures that would seem to show such to be the case. It may be remembered, Theodore Roosevelt, while president, expressed the opinion that the railroad properties then equalled in value the sum total of stock and bonds. In 1907 Minnesota made a physical valuation of its railroads and found them actually worth $45,201 per mile against a total capitalization of $44,206. Wisconsin found her railroads worth $34,630 against a capitalization of $3,24. Washington found the Great Northern actually worth $73,930 against a capitalization of $44,678, and the Northern Pacific worth $106,500 against a capitalization of $78,278. Value the strips of right-of-way at the same per acre as abutting farms, and the terminal grounds at the same front-foot as abutting city lots, and the total count up enormously. If a fair profit on a fair valuation is to be the measure of service it is hard to see why sound principles of justice should not require the valuation to be made. The only ground for public complaint is that some of the elements of value cost the railroads little or nothing, being that unearned increment which the whole public created and on which the creator ought not to be required everlastingly to pay interest. But this is another issue.

Those Pork Barrels

Retrenchment was the shibboleth of the Taft administration. It was hinted from executive quarters that while Theodore Roosevelt had done much to force the square deal upon unwilling special interests, he had lost sight of economy in administration. Aldrich declared that he could help his friend William to save $300,000,000 a year without hurting the service, and the order for retrenchment was passed down through all the departments of government, with the net result that the present congress has appropriated $1,080,000,000, or about $36,000,000 more than had been appropriated at any previous session. Some $30,000,000 was saved from the estimates of the different governmental departments, only to be salted down, with more than as much again added, in the two pork barrels, government buildings and rivers and harbors. The government needs buildings as it needs rivers and harbors, but these needs are met in congress by the true policy of logrolling that is employed in making a tariff schedule, and that policy is as much out of place in one instance as the other. The tapering end of economy has proven the bigger of the two. But if there were no "pork barrels" how would the interests" be able to recompense their stand-patters for standing pat? Here is a demand for at least two more expert commissions to advise congress, not congressmen, as to what is needful.

An Ocean-Bound Republic

Peanut politics at Washington has done its best for half a century to drive Canada and the United States apart, but Goldwin Smith died in the belief that time, and the exigencies of oriental competition on the greatest ocean of the earth, will drive Our Lady of the Snows into the protecting arms of Uncle Sam. It is to be hoped that the prophecy will be fulfilled. The concept of an ocean-bound republic is one to warm the heart of patriotism as nothing else can. If the ideal of republican government be true, then its extension to embrace the North American continent is worth living for and dying for. It will come to pass, not by conquest or by failure of Canada to govern herself, but by a common necessity and propinquity protective of an abiding affection and sympathetic mutuality of sentiment, the foundation of all

unions. With Mexico it will be differ-
The rumble of discontent, the menace
revolutionary spirit, now threateningly
along our southern border, affords an
tion of what the coming years have in
The time will come, probably with the
e of Diaz, when that volcano that has
smoldering so long under a dictatorship
lling, and yet so indispensable to stable
nment among the American Latins, will
a condition intolerable to be endured.
sentiment at home and in Europe, and
y of the distressed in Mexico, will force
this nation, first a suzerainty and finally
malgamation and assimilation. The
ecy regarding Mexico was foretold in
story of California, Arizona and New
o.

The New States

gress will not adjourn without opening
ay for two more states in the American
Neither Arizona nor New Mexico is
itted to be a state, but they are as well
as Nevada, ambitious to become the
na of America; as well fitted as Cali-
was when it was admitted to the Union,
as Utah was and is, and so no great
is likely to result from taking them in.
, in the fulness of time, Texas shall
ved and California divided, with the
in of these states state-making is
to come to an end, at least until the
ries of the Great Republic are moved
north and to the south, embracing all
he pole to the big ditch. Eight and
commonwealths bound into one indis-
Union! It is big and it is rich and
ur business to make it great, great in
intenance of equal justice and in equal-
opportunity to the sons and daughters
and poor, black and white. It can be
We shall probably have some very
iterial sent up to the United States
from these two commonwealths. The
ts" are likely to commission their at-
to represent themselves rather than
states, but that is to be endured until
be cured by growth of grace in the
hemselves. Discretion will doubtless
ith added years and, anyhow, Cali-
as no call to gird at them. Howbeit
coming into the Union under a cen-
of congress as to what their constitu-
ay contain, a doubtful limitation upon
nt of free government, no doubt im-
y presidential influence because of Mr.
islike for the constitution which the
of Oklahoma saw fit to frame. We
ut if these new commonwealths see fit
porate in their scheme of local self-
ent the initiative, the referendum and
ll they will have the nerve to do it,
able reluctance of congress to approve
ontrary notwithstanding. The menace
government in Arizona and New
will not be these things, but the pre-
ce of great Eastern, mining, ranching
oad interests. Let congress make
e national if it dare.

Reckoning Up

ted in these columns many months
success or failure of the Taft policy
judged by the work of this session
ess. That session will probably close
. A definite summing up cannot be
another week, but the next few days
liscounted at least in part. A tenta-
unt of stock may be taken now.
start at the beginning the tariff was
vised downward. It was equalized
t, but revised upward or on a level
to the point of view of the on-

was to be a commission to revise
edure of the United States courts.
en forgotten

Legislation restraining the abuse of the power of injunction. Likely to go over as unfinished business.

A ship subsidy bill. No nearer materialization than it was twenty years ago.

The wiping out of the postal deficiency. Not wiped.

Issuance of bonds in aid of the Reclamation Service. Ordered issued, but cut from $30,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Statutory power to withdraw from entry public lands for reservation purposes, a power never before in dispute. Granted.

Admission of Arizona and New Mexico as states. Admitted, with a lasso attached to guard against eventualities.

A national incorporation law. Not yet.

National control of water power privileges on government lands. In statu quo.

The establishment of a Commerce Court. The President got it, although he was the only man in the United States who really wanted it.

A new railroad regulation law. Got it, and, thanks to months of resolute fighting by the insurgent members of the senate especially, the new law marks a distinct advance on the old.

Government savings banks. Got them.

Out of thirteen measures he got six through in some shape or other and, if we include the tariff, he got seven. Not a bad record for President and Congress. In short, the nation got what the nation itself would have, except as to the tariff, and on this the nation is likely to be heard from this fall in the form of a demand that schedules shall be revised, as they need it, upon the advice of expert information and not political log-rolling.

On the issue of retrenchment, as explained elsewhere, the tapering end is the bigger.

Yes, and there is the Federal corporation tax. He got that, but it is doubtful if he will have it after the supreme court shall have had its chance at it.

On the whole the administration has gone far toward making good.

Why the Postal Savings Banks?

For many years there has been a demand for postal savings banks. They come at last. The demand has not arisen because of a grinding monopoly. Our state-chartered savings banks have been neither oppressive nor derelict. No injurious influence in legislation or administration of government has been chargeable to our savings institutions, and they have been as conservatively managed as other banks, if not more so. The only excuse for Postal Savings banks is that there exists a need that private enterprise has not filled. That need appears to justify the adventure. The efforts of Bristow, La Follette and Cummins to chain money to the locality was unwise. Money must be fluid that it may go where it is wanted most. If the Wall Street gamblers can bid highest for it go after the gamblers, don't chain up the money. Now for the Parcels Post. For that there is a bigger, broader, better justification.

Infant Poor

Of 2054 infants, under two years of age, that fell into the hands of public charity in Massachusetts last year only 204 died during the year, barely ten per cent. Time was when of bottle babies that fell into the hands of charity barely ten per cent were saved alive, even in Massachusetts, and at Tewksbury almshouse the mortality once reached ninety-eight per cent. There is nothing else so hard to rear as a bottle baby, and when babies are herded together like sheep they die like sheep. Records made by certain institutions here in San Francisco suggest a slaughtering of the innocents, records culpable only because of an unintelligent conformity with old-time methods.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

We have all of us heard much said in recent years, and many of us have said much, about sending the whole child to school. The idea is excellent, in fact, to employ a feminism, "perfectly splendid," but how are we to do it? Will there ever be a school big enough and broad enough to take in the whole child? Was there ever an environment big enough or broad enough to take in the whole man or the whole woman? Why, the earth and the fulness thereof is so cramped and insufficient in its dimensions that men must needs search the heavens, weigh the planets, resolve the farthest suns into their constituent parts and, out of fragments of thoughts ventured by the good and great through successive generations, seek to construct and visualize that world unseen but hoped for.

But it is right that we should send more of the child to school than we have been sending. That fraction of the child that is content with reading, writing and arithmetic is pitifully meagre. The child needs to know how to use his hands, his eyes, his hearing, how to use his brain, his understanding, his nervous energy. The boy needs to know how to hammer and saw, the girl how to cook and sew, and they both need to know how to throw up the windows of their beings that they may see out, how to arrange objects in life in a true perspective, how to compare values, how to order their lives harmoniously.

Yet not even this would be sending the whole child to school. There would still be more left out of school than sent to school. The intellectual life is a splendid factor in life, but that life that is wholly intellectual is dwarfed and half dead. Of what avail is a beautiful body without a spirit? It is food for worms. So a beautiful intellectuality is unprofitable if that be all there is to it. There are still the affections, the humanities, behavior, the religious faculties, for man is a worshiping animal and must reach up to that source from whence cometh his help. We are not sending the whole child to school as long as it finds little in its school work and life appealing to these, the highest and most important attributes of its nature.

And just here comes the crucial difficulty of our generation. We can agree as to what kind of arithmetic, geography, grammar, even history and physiology, shall be taught in school, but not at all as to what kind of religion. There are some six hundred religions or phases of religion to choose from. Which shall it be? Not mine if you can help it, not yours if I can help it, and help it we will if we have to fight over it as the world has fought through blood to the bridle bits. What, then, shall we do, give up trying to send the whole child to school?

Yes, if any part of the nature of a child requires instruction in dogmatic theology we must keep so much of the child out of school for the reason that there can be no agreement, and if we undertake to separate our educational system into as many factors as we have phases of religion we destroy the system and shall have few schools worth mentioning. We must then leave something to be done for the child outside of school, through the church and the home.

After all, that part of the child that is formed at home is the greater part and that part that is formed through the church is not insignificant. We shall never be able to send the whole child to any school, nor will the whole man ever find this world adequate to his needs. He must reach in into the unseen farther than the longest telescope can reach. The best music he will ever hear must ever fall short of his imaginings. After the prima donna shall have touched her highest note the listening ear must go on hearing whole octaves above her, and after the deepest bass of the organ has thundered the mind must descend to depths the organ cannot voice. Nothing that we shall ever see or hear or do will be wholly satisfying. The whole man is a bigger thing than the world can hold.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Food Prices Then and Now

According to various poets comparisons are both odious and odorous. Nevertheless, they frequently are interesting, and again they are useful. They are the former, at any rate, in the instance here recorded. As long ago as 1823 —when our old men and women were young —one Moses Guest visited Cincinnati and recorded his impressions of the incipient city in a little book. With all the rest, he gave the prices of food there at that time. Here they are, and if they do not sound easy to the weary head of a family today we shall miss our guess. Beef, mutton and veal sold for 2 to 4 cents a pound, pork 1½ to 2½ cents; butter, 12½ to 18¾ cents; cheese, 6 to 8 cents; eggs, 4 to 10 cents a dozen; wheat flour, $1.25 to $1.75 per hundred weight, and buckwheat flour the same; cornmeal, 18¾ to 25 cents a bushel; wheat, 45 to 50 cents; corn, 18¾ to 25 cents; oats, 12½ to 18¾ cents; chickens, 10 to 25 cents a pair; turkeys, 3 to 4 cents a pound; potatoes, 25 to 37 cents a bushel; turnips, 18¾ to 25 cents a bushel. How smoothly, how delightfully, it all does read in a comparative way, but unfortunately we are on the wrong end of the comparison. Beef two to four cents a pound! Turkeys three to four cents a pound! It is impossible to avoid a feeling that our grandfathers should have been good, easy-going, unworried men—and perhaps they were.

Paris To Be Vastly Improved

The most tremendous scheme of municipal improvement devised by any city since the history of cities began to be written has been decided upon by the officials of Paris. The scheme calls for the expenditure of $180,000,000, for which enormous sum municipal loan stock will be issued. The following amounts will be devoted to various improvements: For new school buildings and improvement of the old, $18,000,000; for new waterworks and increase of the water supply, $25,000,000; for public hospitals, $7,000,000; for reconstruction of abattoirs, $8,000,000; for improvement of roads and pavements, etc., $9,000,000; for the prevention of consumption $6,000,000; for various other improvements, including that of promenades and parks, $21,000,000; for improvements in the plans of the city and suburban changes, all involving the beautification of the city, $86,000,000. All of this vast expenditure is to be made within the next fifteen years, and it is expected that at the end of that time Paris will be the most beautiful city in the world. The expenditure of $6,000,000 for fighting the "white plague" is particularly notable, as Paris is the first city to devote a large, definite sum to this purpose.

Dead or Injured in Coal Mines

The United States Geological Survey has issued a bulletin treating of accidents and casualties in the coal mines of this country. It is a disheartening story that the cold figures tell, as the reader may judge. For purposes of comparison take the four years beginning with 1896. In that year there were 1,103 deaths due to coal mine disasters; in 1897, 934; in 1898, 1,032; in 1899, 1,217. Now take the four years just a decade later. The deaths in 1906 numbered 2,092; in 1907, 3,125; in 1908, 2,450; in 1909, 2,412. The total of the latter four years was 10,079, of the former four, 4,286. That is, in a brief decade the casualties increased by 135 per cent. Between these two four-year periods intervened six years in which the total of deaths was 10,765, or little more than in the four following years, the annual average being 40 per cent less than that of the immediately succeeding four years and 67 per cent greater than that of the four preceding years. So stands the record when it is reduced to coldest black and white. It is not encouraging; it leads to a reasonable supposition that an increasing criminal carelessness is involved in the ghastly facts and woven into the indifferent statistics.

Pauperism in England and Wales

Writing of statistics, here are some more from an official source, but they apply on the other side of the oceans. There are in England and Wales 35,750,000 inhabitants, and of this number 789,000 are paupers; which means that this number receive public assistance, the number not including those who need it but are too proud to ask for it. There are, then, more than 22 paupers to each 1,000 citizens, or, to state the case in another way, of every one hundred average residents whom one may there meet some two or three would be acknowledged paupers. It is small wonder that England is looking with a serious eye upon its method of taxation, for the system that produces that kind of a crop appears to need attention. There is too much chaff in proportion to the wheat.

Favors a Nationalized Roulette

Sir Hiram Maxim, who has added no small amount to the gentle art of making war terrible, is the latest notable apostle of the doctrine that, inasmuch as people will sin, it is well to license their iniquity and make money out of it, the doctrine under whose blessed tenets some peoples have devoted most of their earnings to running a national lottery. It is but justice to Sir Hiram to give him the benefit of his own language in advocating his theory, for if he cannot make it convincing, who can? He says: "I would have national roulette substituted for betting on races. Betting on races should be penalized so that ultimately racing would cease except between genuine horsemen. By organizing roulette, with minimum odds against the players, which would mean that about $10 out of every $500 passing over the tables would go to the state, the latter could pay off the national debt in a few years." At the expense of a foolish and self-impoverished people, of course. That is evil commercialized with a vengeance again. It is well to say, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows no signs of grasping at Sir Hiram's suggestion.

A Tremendous Corporation

As compared with some other corporations, little is heard of the Singer Manufacturing Company, yet its plants and agencies encircle the globe and it does an almost inconceivably immense business, with financial returns in proportion. In 1900 its capitalization was $10,000,000, but that year it declared a stock dividend of 200 per cent, increasing its capitalization to $30,000,000. Again, some two or three weeks ago it declared a stock dividend of 100 per cent, thus increasing the capitalization to $60,000,000. That these increases have been justifiable is indicated by the fact that the company now has on hand a cash surplus of $40,000,000 or $50,000,000. More than that, the company has distributed to its stockholders since 1898, $65,550,000 in cash dividends. Before the latest stock dividend the cash dividend rate was 40 per cent, but it is understood that this now will be reduced to 20 per cent, so that the actual disbursement will not be changed. Clearly the man who bought a few shares of Singer stock some forty and odd years ago, when it still was below par, did a good thing for his family, if he managed to hang to it.

A Cheap Substitute For Cotton

Now that the price of cotton, with that of a considerable number of other things, gives indications of wrenching and warping the ordinary pocket-book, a company has been formed for the manufacture of near-cotton; that is almost-cotton which has no cotton in it. For this purpose marine fiber and wood pulp will be used. Experiments with yarn manufactured of this combination already have been made, and the results have given so much satisfaction that the organizers of the company are convinced that they can turn out a commercially acceptable article. It is expected that the product will be used for dress materials, sail cloth, bags, towels, stair carpets, etc. It will be cheaper than cotton.

The Number of Stars We See

According to astronomers, 7,000 stars within the range of vision of a person of average eyesight. This seems like a reasonably large number, but when we compare it with the number within telescopic vision it shrinks tremendously in importance. It is estimated that the number of stars seen through a telescope is between 75,000,000 and 80,000,000, or, say, 11,000 times as many as the unaided eye sees.

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LOS ANGELES

...estra Senora Reina de los Angeles"
By Frances L. Mace

...ts amid her orange trees,
...ady of Los Angeles,
... smiling city of the sun,
...ounts the seasons as they flee.
...eads from off a rosary
... slip and sparkle one by one.

...the outer solitudes
...cmon of the desert broods,
... ocean chafes and murmurs near;
...fe within her garden wall
...ears these ancient foemen call,
... tranquil, inattentive ear.

...se of day from yonder height
...her robed in evening light,
... white star like an opal showing;
...ses Grooped in slumber sweet,
..., the lilies at her feet
...eld their censers overflowing.

...me," I said, "O city fair,
... dreams pervade this sunset air,
...t memories stir this purple splendor?
...irely magic worketh here,
... the stillness I can hear
...rberations wild yet tender."

...rances L. Mace came to California after she had ...ed a reputation as a writer, but some of her ...rk was done here, where her death took place ...years since.

TOLSTOY'S LIFE CRISIS

...y years ago Count Tolstoy was asked ... as counsel for the defense in the case ...oldier named Shibunin, who was court-...ed for having assaulted his superior ... Tolstoy defended the soldier, but the ... was convicted and executed. In a re-...tter to M. Biryukov, Tolstoy's biog-... the Count describes the incident and ...ct it had upon his entire life. The let-... translated for the New York Times, ...rman Bernstein, is as follows:

... very glad to fulfill your wish and to ... you in greater detail what I thought ...t in connection with my defense of the ... of whom you write. That incident ... a greater influence upon my whole ...n all the seemingly important events ... life—such as the loss or recovery of ...ldth, my successes or failures in litera-... even the loss of some of my nearest

... not remember with what I occupied ... and what attracted me particularly at ...ne; I simply know that I led then a ...elf-contented, and entirely egotistical

... summer day Stasulevich came to our ...nd told us about the soldier who ... the Captain a blow on the face. He ...with particular anxiety about the fate ...is awaiting the soldier—capital punish-...nd he asked me to appear for the ... of the soldier before the military

...st say that death sentences pronounced ...e people over others, and orders to ...er people to carry out the executions, ... not only filled me with revolt, but ...emed to me as something impossible, ... as one of those acts in which you ... to believe, notwithstanding that you ...hat these acts have been and are com-... by people.

...lerstand that under the impulse of a ...t's excitement, anger, revenge, loss of ...usness of one's humanity, a man may ...fending another man who is near to ... even himself. He may, under the in-... of patriotic, mob enthusiasm, risking ... life, participate in wholesale murder ... battlefield. But that people could ... and deliberately, in the full possession ... human qualities, recognize the neces-... murdering a human being like them-... and could compel other human beings ...y out this deed which is repugnant to ... nature—this I never understood. I ... understand it in 1866, when I lived my organic, egotistic life, and, therefore, however strange that may seem, I undertook the case with hope for success.

After certain formalities, which I cannot remember, I read my speech, which I am simply ashamed to read now. The judges, concealing their tediousness out of politeness, listened to all the commonplaces which I said, referring to certain articles of certain volumes, and after I had finished they went out to decide the case. * * * And then they read the death sentence—execution by shooting.

Immediately after that I wrote a letter to Alexandra Andreyevna Tolstoy, who was near to the imperial court, and asked her to speak to the Emperor, Alexander II., about pardoning Shibunin. I wrote the letter to her, but forgot to mention the name of the regiment in which the episode occurred.

Alexandra Tolstoy communicated with the Minister of War Milyutin, but he said that he could not ask the Emperor without indicating the regiment to which the condemned man belonged. She wrote me about it. I hastened to answer, but the authorities of the regiment also made haste, and when there were no longer any obstacles in the way of petitioning the Emperor the soldier was executed.

Yes; I am ashamed now to read the wretched, stupid speech I made in his defense. If a man understands what people are contemplating to do when they sit down in their uniforms at the three sides of the table, imagining that because they seated themselves in this order, and because they wear uniforms, and because certain words are printed in certain books and certain words are written on certain sheets of paper—that because of all this they can break the eternal, general law which is written not in books, but in all human hearts, the only thing he can and should say to such people is to implore them to recall who they are and what they want to do; but not to prove to them by all sorts of tricks, based upon the false and stupid words which are called laws, that a human being should not be killed. For to prove that the life of every human being is sacred, that no man can have the right to deprive another man of life; everybody knows this and therefore it is unnecessary to prove this.

At that time I did not yet understand all this. I merely felt vaguely that something had happened which should not have happened, and that this case was not accidental, but was deeply tied with all other errors and miseries of mankind, and that this indeed lay at the very foundation of all errors and miscries of mankind.

I felt vaguely even then that the justification of murder by the Church and by science, instead of attaining its aim—the justification of violence—on the contrary showed the fallacy of the Church and the fallacy of science. I experienced this vague feeling for the first time in Paris when I witnessed from afar an execution; now I felt it more clearly, much more clearly, now that I participated in this case; but I was still afraid to believe myself and to differ with the judgment of the whole world.

Only later I was led to the necessity of believing myself and of renouncing the two dreadful deceptions which hold the people of our time in their power and which cause all the miseries from which mankind is suffering—the deception of the Church and the deception of science.

In the scientific works of two kinds, in works on what is called jurisprudence, with its criminal laws, and in works which are called purely scientific, the justification of violence is proved more definitely and boldly. As to criminal law, it goes without saying it is a series of the most obvious sophisms, whose purpose it is to justify every violence of man over man, and even murder. In scientific works, beginning with Darwin, who placed the law of the struggle for existence at the foundation of the progress of life, this justification is self-understood. Some of the opinions terribles of this doctrine, such as the famous Prof. Ernst Haeckel, say so openly.

And people read it, study it, calling it science, and it enters nobody's mind to ask the natural question that if it is useful to destroy the bad people who shall decide who is harmful? I, for instance, believe that I know nobody worse or more harmful than Mr. Haeckel. Must I, therefore, as the people of the same opinion as mine consider me? The graver the blunders of Mr. Haeckel the more I would wish him to come to his senses, and I would not want to deprive him of this opportunity under any circumstances.

These falsehoods of the Church and of science have brought us now to the position in which we find ourselves. It is no longer months but years that pass in which there is not a day without executions and murders, and some people are glad when government murders outnumber the revolutionary murders; while others are glad when more Generals, estate owners, merchants and policemen are killed. On the one hand, rewards of ten to twenty-five rubles are distributed for the murders; on the other hand, the revolutionists honor murderers, ex-proprietors, and sing their praises as though they were great heroes.

I understood all this much later, but I had felt it vaguely even at that time, when I defended that unfortunate soldier so stupidly and so disgracefully. That is why I said that this case exerted the most powerful and most serious influence upon my life.

STORIES OF WHISTLER

Whistler enjoyed his controversies with the critics. Thanking some one who had given him the name "Nocturnes" for his moonlight pictures, he said: "You have no idea what an irritation the name is to the critics, and what a consequent pleasure to me." Of his own method of painting flesh he said that people thought he painted it lower in tone than it really is, because nobody ever really looked at flesh with an eye to its pictorial effect. They merely knew how it was conventionally treated in painting, and in looking at a picture mentally referred it to other pictures rather than to nature. He also condemned the notion of painters that they must make their picture stand out from its frame. He held that the frame was the window through which and beyond which the artist sees his picture and the painting must therefore lie behind the frame at the distance at which the painter looks at his model.

A characteristic note has been preserved written by Whistler to an art commissioner who was coming to Paris to arrange an exhibition. He notified Whistler that he might come to see him at 4:30 precisely. Whistler was annoyed at the businesslike nature of the letter and wrote back: "Dear Sir—I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the ——th. I congratulate you. I have never been able and never shall be able to be anywhere at 4:30 precisely. Yours most faithfully, J. McN. Whistler."

The manager of a rural opera house had booked "Camille." When the company arrived in town the leading woman, who was also the wife of the manager of the show, proved to be a healthy blonde of some 200 pounds. The house manager got worried. He called the woman's husband off to one side and expostulated. "Do you mean to say that lady can play she's dying of consumption?" he asked. "Well," said the husband, "in the common version of 'Camille' she does die of consumption, but our show is the revised version. In our performance Armand hits 'er over the head with a table leg, and she dies natural."

O. Henry left the manuscript of an unfinished play named "The World and Dorr." Before his death he had sold the dramatic rights of all his short stories to Lieber & Co.

J. E. WHITE

AN EXAMPLE OF MORAL ENERGY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS

J. E. White is the candidate of the Independent Republican Club of the Thirty-ninth Assembly District for assemblyman to represent that district in the legislature next year. The Thirty-ninth is, with the possible exception of one Los Angeles county district, the strongest Republican district in California. The Independent Republican Club is the strongest Republican organization in the Thirty-ninth district. This club has a membership of nearly 1,100, and it usually swings the Republican nominations in the Thirty-ninth. Its members are "progressive," "insurgents," red-hot believers in the "Roosevelt policies." The Thirty-ninth is known everywhere as the "fighting district." The regulars and the Independents fight every year, with unrestrained ardor. But after the primaries it is always the "solid Thirty-ninth." The hatchet is buried and the whole party unites for a solid attack on the enemy that lands Republican candidates in victory to the tune of about 4,000 majority.

It is from this district and from its progressive element that Mr. White comes. He has been for years active in the Independent Republican Club out there; he knows everybody and everybody knows and respects him. He is not followed by everybody; he will have his fight at the primary; but when he is nominated—as he probably will be—they will all get behind him.

Mr. White belongs naturally with the clean and the progressive element in the Republican party. He was born and reared in Iowa, and how Iowa stands toward Republicanism is known of all men, and especially how Iowa stands toward insurgency was lately exemplified by the remarkable success of the insurgent tickets at the recent primary there.

Mr. White was born on an Iowa farm in 1870. His common school education was received in the public schools of the nearest town, Rockford, from whose high school he graduated in 1889. For a year after he completed his high school course he worked in the shops of the Rock Island railroad, at Rockford. But he wanted a college education and was willing to work for it. He therefore worked his way through Cornell (Methodist) College, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, graduating in 1895. In college he took the classical course, which gives the student an all-round education in mathematics, the sciences, and the literatures of the world. He was known as a clever college debater.

Even in boyhood Mr. White took an intense interest in politics. "Many a licking I got," he says, "because I insisted on hanging around election day, waiting for the last returns from the count." The year he was twenty-one he entered actively into political life in Rockford. Politics there meant Republican politics. The only Democrat in town was an old man who ran every year for city clerk, and whom the boys finally elected, partly as a joke and partly as a reward for persistence.

But inside Republican politics in the county was the same struggle that now engages the attention of the whole country—the struggle between a corrupt "machine" and a reform wing of the party. Mr. White's first political achievement was to lead the reform movement that overthrew this machine and placed the reformers in power—an achievement that revolutionized the politics of the county and whose effect is felt there to this day.

Mr. White came to California in 1896, settling at Riverside. Here he taught as a private tutor, besides running a private school for three years. Here also he met the lady who, some years later, when he was established in San Francisco, became his wife.

Mr. White moved to San Francisco in 1899, and at once entered the Hastings Law School, taking the full three year's course and graduating in 1902. He immediately entered upon the practice of the law, with an office on California street until the fire and, since that time, in the Monadnock Building. His practice has grown steadily, built up by conscientious work and by the widening circle of appreciation of his integrity and force of character.

In 1904 Mr. White married, and immediately after the fire he bought residence property in the Sunset Heights district, where he has lived ever since.

Mr. White early entered into public life in San Francisco in behalf of civic improvement. The first subject to engage his assistance was the fight to compel the saloons of the city to pay their fair share of the burden of taxation by compelling them to pay an adequate license. The additional police protection made necessary by the presence of saloons justified this demand. And the moral sense of the community made desirable the other

MR. J. E. WHITE

result likely to follow from the increase in license, viz., the reduction in the number of saloons.

The sentiment in favor of higher license was embodied in the $500 License League. The license thitherto paid by the saloons was $84 a year. The proposition to increase this amount to $500 met with fierce resistance, which was successful for a time, because this was the time of highest power for Ruef and Schmitz. Beginning in 1903, Mr. White prepared a referendum petition calling for a municipal vote on the question of high license. The Schmitz administration refused to entertain the petition, declaring that the signatures were defective. The next year, however, Mr. White forestalled this plea by preserving duplicate copies of the petition, and the administration, seeing that there was no escape, permitted the question to come to a vote in November, 1905. The high license ordinance was defeated by only 2,000 votes. This result so frightened the Schmitz crowd that, during the period following the fire in 1906, when the saloons were closed by proclamation, the board of supervisors passed the $500 ordinance. They were especially impelled to do this by Mr. White's threat that he would force another referendum and that he would set the license at $1,000 instead of $500.

Mr. White is probably the only man who ever held a public debate with Abraham Ruef during that boss's term of power. The debate was held in Scottish Hall, on Larkin street, on the night of March 17, 1904, under the auspices of a young men's club and before an audience that packed the hall beyond its proper capacity. In his opening sentence Mr. White, who opened the debate, charged that the Ruef-Schmitz administration, with the possible exception of the school department, was corrupt in every department and reeking with graft. Ruef, in his reply, evaded the issue and devoted his speech to an association of the Evening Bulletin.

Mr. White's speech was the first gun fired in the campaign that ended in the downfall of Ruef and Schmitz. In the following November, Francis J. Heney made his epochal speech in which he declared that he had in his possession and would use the evidence necessary to send Abraham Ruef to state's prison.

In 1906, Mr. White went to Vallejo and organized the campaign for a reduction in the number of saloons in that town. At his instance, Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte issued an ultimatum that the number of saloons near the Navy Yard must be cut in half as a matter of the preservation of discipline. Mr. White used this ultimatum and the organized power of the Municipal League of Vallejo to force a referendum election, which resulted in an ordinance reducing the number of saloons in Vallejo from 106 to 50, and in raising the annual saloon license from $21 to $400.

Mr. White has been active in other municipal movements for progress. He is chairman of the Civics Department of the Church Federation of San Francisco. This federation is composed of representatives of every Protestant church in the city. As chairman of the Civics Department, Mr. White has for some years led the fight against the spread of the tenderloin district, and in the campaign to stop prize-fighting. He also worked for the Anti-Racetrack Gambling Bill and for the Direct Primary Bill when these two laws were up before the state legislature. The Civics Department sent committees, led by Mr. White, to appear before the appropriate legislative committee to urge the passage of these laws.

Governor Gillett's published explanation of his action in stopping prize-fighting refers to a notice received by him on June 9th, that District Attorney Fickert, of San Francisco, had refused to enforce the law. This letter was written by Mr. White, after a formal demand for action made by him upon Fickert. This action by Mr. White was the culmination of a long campaign, assuming national scope, to bring the pressure of all Christian bodies in America to bear upon Governor Gillett to persuade him to stop the fight. Probably as much as any one man, Mr. White deserves the credit for that result.

Mr. White is a member of the San Francisco Charter Amendment Convention, which is composed of 100 men who are working out plans to have the charter amended for four particular purposes: 1, the elimination of party designations from the ballot in municipal elections; 2, the elimination, by the primary, of all but two candidates for every office; 3, the simplification, in the interest of greater efficiency, of the provisions for the initiative, referendum and recall; and 4, a method for better dealings with public service corporations.

Mr. White was, until last April, vice-president of the Independent Republican Club of the Thirty-ninth District. When his candidacy for the assembly was announced, he was only opponent for the club's endorsement was Mr. A. Kennedy. After Mr. White received the endorsement, Mr. Kennedy moved to make it unanimous, and he is today perhaps Mr. White's most ardent supporter in the campaign for the Republican nomination.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Family Called Her Blossom

ily called her Blossom.
ever exactly knew
s was the reason for it;
pose that they thought 'twould do,
for her baby graces,
for her pink and white—
s that they called her Blossom
ause no other name seemed right

ily called her Blossom,
d, oh, as the Blossom grew
ned that she made the daylight
ighter for all she knew;
ned that the skies were bluer
henever her laughter trilled,
ned that the cup ran over
at Nature with joy had filled.

ily called her Blossom,
t never a blossom white
king the dews of heaven,
as ever so fair a sight
but her feet went tripping
raight to the heart of you,
she was your Queen of Loving,
d you were her subject true

ily called her Blossom—
t where the white hearse leads
ee, little headstone glimmers,
d, "Blossom" is how it reads.
whisper, "Perhaps it is better,"
t skies are a sadder blue
: He took her into His keeping,
r He loves the Blossoms, too.

* * *

e Meadow Lark's "Plaintive Song"

ring to renewed attacks upon the
w lark by certain estimable citizens
parently feel that this bird's continued
ce ultimately must annihilate agricul-
d horticulture in California, the Sac-
o Bee, in an editorial caption, says:
rk's sole refuge is its plaintive song."
tive! If it were not for the present
of provisions and other family supplies,
d bet a dollar that when the editor
Bee reaches Heaven (and I cannot
e of him as going to any other place)
mistake the songs of the angel choir
eral odes, and I would bet another
hat always when he has heard a band
"A Hot Time in the Old Town To-
he has supposed that it was rendering
d March from Saul.
ive! Why, take all the happiness that
ows or conceives, add to it the ecstacy
ns wherein his soul reaches out unto
mist-hid Arcady, let some mightiest
express the sum of all in terms of
and the outcome will be the rapture
g of the meadow lark, neither more
. I do not know that the lark's song
nposed in Heaven, but if it was not,
faith to believe that listening angels
rried it above, so that it is not un-
there now. Why not? Is not man's
ss heeded in the Unseen Country, and
e can so write peace in the troubled
men as does the perfect, if brief,
of this yellow-breasted warbler?
ive! Editorially, I look upon the Bee
rightest thing that wanders down the
ian pike, but as a judge of the quality
dy I am going to move that it go
k and sit down.

— — —

rowdpop—I dreamed that Gabriel
horn.
oodlisher—Yes?
ighty reverberations shook both land
"
sponse to that dread summons all the
all times came flocking from their
he blast didn't wake me."
not?"
ught it was the baby."

The Opinions of Rufus

Better not drive any man too hard. Even the sorriest cur may bite if you corner him.

I reckon 'bout the only man that deserves much credit in this world is him that makes himself better an' more decent than Nacher 'parently started him out to be.

It saves consider'ble mental wear an' tear for us to b'lieve our pas an' mas knew the only true releegion that ever blossomed in this world, but the idee's too flatterin' to apply to sech pas an' mas es I've met.

Middlin' often Fame's a monument men set up in lovin' token of the fact that they neglected to feed the late departed while he was livin'.

Love in a cottage alwuz was a tender subject with young folks, but with cottages sellin' at $3,000 "and up" it's gettin' even tenderer.

Josh Bings says he b'lieves the invention of the aeroplane was providenshal; says he reckons 'twas sent so's to give man a chance to ketch up with prices.

The more I meet folks that has jined the Smart Set, the more I can't help reelizin' how the feller that give 'em the name must have laughed.

'Fore you raise a family, Ezry, kind o' consider how many children are handicapped by the pa an' ma they s'lect.

I don't b'lieve any reel boy-boy ever lived that would love his country more'n half es well without any firecrackers on the Fourth.

Many a man has found out that the best thing to do with a failure is to make it a steppin'-stone to somethin' better.

We're all part of the orchestry of life, an' it's kind o' consolin' to me to reflect that the Leader won't expect es much of the one He give a jewsharp es he will of the one he give a cornet.

* * *

A Prize Fight and Some Other Things

A prize fight was impending in San Francisco. Now, a prize fight is not a good thing, not a commendable thing, not a pretty thing. It is a call to the brute-worshipers of all mankind to assemble and look upon their sinewy god in action; it is a laudation of the animal to forgetfulness of the mental. Therefore it was that a protest went up, and California will not mother the fight.

But,

There is a saloon on every corner and between most corners, and there is more injury to mankind in saloons than in a multiplied multitude of Jeffries-Johnson fights.

Have you noticed that many who protested loudest against the fight have little or nothing to say anent the saloons?

White slavery exists, and because of its unspeakable iniquity young girls are dragged down to mankind's unforgivable estate.

None justify this basest slavery, but I have heard no such clamor of declamation against it as I heard against the prize fight. Have you?

For the first time in three decades the Men of California show a readiness to remember that heritage of freedom which their fathers bought for them with their blood; for the first time in all those long years they are preparing to say, "We are free men. We will walk in no corporation's chains." There is no duty in life higher than this; there is none which so directly appeals to every man who loves his country and is determined to do no less for his children than his forefathers did for him.

Yet among those voices which were lifted in prize-fight protest were not a few which are mute anent California's 40-year vassalage, and I am sure that some of these very good people have not even registered for this battle royal between right and wrong, freedom and serfdom.

Verily, we are prone to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

A Tragedy of Doomed Pompeii

The black, flame-distorted cloud which long had hung its threatening mantle over Vesuvius had reached out until it overspread the whole heavens like some vast upas tree of magnified evil. Already the affrighted male Pompeiians were in full flight—that is, the ungallant and cowardly males were; the rest were waiting for their wives to get ready.

In the marble outer hall of his palace a man paced restlessly to and fro, occasionally pausing to kick a few lares and penates out of his way. He was all alone, even the family cat having started for Naples. Blacker and blacker grew the mantle of darkness until it was quite black, the atmosphere was laden with an impalpable, suffocating dust, etc.

The man would not wait for the description to be completed. Suddenly he strode to an open doorway.

"Laura!" he shouted, "For great Jupiter's sake, when are you coming down?"

A silvery voice responded, "In just a minute, Cassius."

Time dragged on, as male readers are aware that it does on such occasions. It could not have dragged slower if it had been an automobile out of commission. The suffocating dust grew denser, the badean blackness was illuminated only by the play of sulphurous lightnings, the—

"Laura, Laura! In the name of all the offended gods I implore you to get a move on."

"In just a minute, Cassius."

Among the awful relics of dead Pompeii are the scoria-encrusted forms of a man and a woman. That of the man was found at the foot of a stairway, the lips opened as if he were imploring someone to hurry. That of the woman was found in a chamber at the head of the stairway, and before an ancient mirror, and it is evident that she was almost dressed.

Thus near to escaping did the doomed two come.

* * *

Song of the Smith

I am the blacksmith. Beat it out,
Iron to iron and steel to steel!
Let the anvil ring, let the anvil shout,
Salvo on salvo and peal on peal!
Ho, but the toiler buys the right to live,
But the pale-faced dreamer hath naught to give.

Iron to iron and steel to steel!
White-hot the metal that hisses or rings
As I to its soul (that is lost) reveal
Its place in the Country of Useful Things
This, this is my gift to our whirling ball,
But the pale-faced dreamer gives naught at all.

Mighty my sinews for blow on blow.
Ho, for the sparks as they outward fly!
And red is my blood as my red fire's glow,
For Toil is a king, and its liege am I.
By my arm of might is the world's good wrought,
But the pale-faced dreamer gives naught, gives naught.

* * *

A Thoroughly Modern Popular Joke

"There is no doubt," the Office Philosopher contemplatively remarked, "that there is no such thing as a popular joke which is of modern origin; all are ancient. Legend relates that Noah whipped Japhet for telling him the mother-in-law joke again, and it is recorded on a stone tablet taken from the pyramids that one of the Pharaohs ordered the execution of a humorist who sprung the plumber joke on him. No, there is no popular joke which has not grown old with the creeping aeons."

"Aw, you've gone woozy again," the Office Chump declared.

"Do you mean to suggest," the Philosopher gravely inquired, "that there is such a thing as a popular joke that is new?"

"You bet I do."

"Well, name it—if you can."

"Willie Hearst's political aspirations and record."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Republican Convention Called For September 6 It is not true, as many have supposed, that the new direct primary law did away with holding party conventions. The law still requires conventions for the purpose, first, of formulating and adopting a party platform, to which not the slightest attention will be paid inasmuch as all candidates will have been nominated three weeks before on platforms of their own making. A platform made several months after the opening of a campaign, and three weeks after it has closed, won't even catch flies.

The second and more important function of the state convention, which in this instance is to consist of 428 delegates, will be the selection of the new governing body of the party. This will be extremely important. Not since the Estee campaign, at any rate, have the Republicans of California had anything to say about the control of their own party. That function has been performed for them by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, through the naming of the executive committee of the state committee. The only function the state committee has performed is that of calling the next convention. Even that function was programmed for it by the executive committee, cut and dried and made ready to serve. Monday's session afforded no exception to the rule. The whole thing was framed up in advance. Now whoever controls the government of the political party in power controls the government. The fact that the present Southern Pacific committee of the Republican party will organize the convention September 6th will give it great advantage in controlling that convention and, in making Federal appointments in this state, possession of the governing body of the party will be a most important if not a paramount influence with the administration at Washington.

The September state convention will be composed of delegates elected by county conventions held within two weeks after the August primary election is held. At that primary electors will vote, at the bottom of their ticket, by writing in or pasting on, the names of persons they wish to send to the county convention. As the county convention will have nothing to do but select a county committee it will be a perfunctory task that no one not having an ax to grind will wish to attend to. Right here look out for Herrin's handy men. They will lay their wires to capture the county conventions in order that they may capture the state convention and so continue their control of the governing body of the Republican party. Send only your best men to the county and state conventions. Suffer no political odd-jobs man to go. He will sell you out and your party, too.

The Division Line Now Clearly Drawn While the only legitimate function of the State Central Committee of the Republican party was to call the next state convention and apportion the delegates thereto, the Southern Pacific's executive committee was good enough to go out of its way clearly to define the issue between the "organization" and anti-organization forces within the Republican party. There has been fear that the "push" would side-step the issue, but they met it fairly. They laid down the dividing line. Let us see where it leads and where the ways part.

The resolutions adopted endorse President Taft. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers also endorse the President for his good intentions and sincerity of purpose. They are unquestioned. So far both factions travel the same road.

The Central Committee "commends with unstinted praise the President's method." That method consisted in going to the enemies of the Roosevelt policies for the enactment of laws designed to put those policies into operation, and the President did it because the enemies to whom he went chanced to be in the nation, as they are in California, in possession of the governmental machinery of the Republican party. In this the Lincoln-Roosevelt League wing of the Republican party believe that the President made a mistake, as he made a mistake when he surrounded himself with such machine politicians as Ballinger, Wickersham, Hitchcock and Cannon, Aldrich and Elkins as cabinet members and advisers. Here a line of cleavage begins to appear.

But the committees goes on to "deplore and denounce that form of insurgency which, under the cloak of Republicanism, refuses to aid our President in his great work." There has been no such insurgency. The insurgents in congress have fought the concessions which the President, under pressure from his advisers, weakly made to the railroad presidents and, despite President and railroad influence, forced into the railroad bill remedial features of the first importance. They whipped the representatives of the "interests" to a standstill, and snatched victory from defeat. There the dividing line is clearly drawn.

The insurgency against which Mr. Herrin's committee inveighs is one that stands for the Roosevelt policies without injurious compromise. The insurgents have stood by the President when their so standing meant not only the salvation of the Roosevelt policies, but the salvation of the President himself and in spite of himself. Not a law of them all will be written into the statute books, that is fit to be there, that was not made fit through insurgent influence in congress, backed by an overwhelming insurgent public sentiment outside of congress. Here the committee made the issue plain.

It Refused To Be Free The domination of the governing body of the Republican party by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific has been open and notorious ever since the Estee campaign, if not before. Out of the goodness of his heart, Chester H. Rowell, President of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, gave the committee a chance to emancipate itself. The opportunity was spurned. Mr. Rowell's resolution read as follows:

"Resolved, That this Republican State Central Committee hereby repudiates the influence heretofore exercised by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company in the councils of the party and in the government of the state, and calls upon all candidates for Republican nominations to declare unequivocally their opposition to this influence and their purpose, if elected, by all means in their power, to remove it from further influence in the politics and government of California." The resolution was promptly laid on the table by vote of the committee.

Why laid on the table? Because it implies the truth of what everybody knows to be true? Or was it because the committee has no notion of affronting that very puissant corporation from whence comes its help? Here the line of division between the two wings of the Republican party becomes a chasm.

But what would have been Mr. Rowell's predicament if the committee had had the sagacity to adopt that resolution? Would it have spiked the League's guns? He must have relied on the well-known inability of Bourbonism to sieze an opportunity when offered on a silver platter. The adoption of the resolution would have meant nothing to the "organization," but would have confused the main issue seriously.

The Advisory Vote To Be Made a Farce If there be one thing more than another that the People of California want, politically, it is a direct voice in the election of United States Senators. They feel that if they have this they may be able now and again to elect a United States Senator who will represent the State of California rather than the Southern Pacific Company of Kentucky. This demand forced [illegible] hands of the "organization" legislators [illegible] session to give the people at least the [illegible] lance of a chance to advise the legislator[illegible] to their preferences, but hardly more [illegible] that. Still, if carried out in good faith [illegible] would be possible, under the grotesque sub[illegible] ute for a state-wide expression of preference [illegible] for the people to express a real preference [illegible] when they have one to express.

Knowing that it would be useless for [illegible] candidate tarred with the Southern Pacific [illegible] stick to go before the people for endorsement [illegible] and not having any candidate not so tarred [illegible] the "organization" has preferred to offer [illegible] candidate at all in opposition to the eminent [illegible] jurist whom the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican [illegible] League has named for senatorial honors.

It has been suspected that the policy of the [illegible] Political Bureau would be to ignore the [illegible] pressed preference of the people, whatever it [illegible] might be, and throw the issue into the legislature as though there had been no such expression of preference. At Monday's meeting of the Republican state committee Mr. Rowell developed this tendency by offering a resolution setting forth the truth that the advisory vote should be held to be morally binding upon members of the legislature. His motion was laid on the table by action of the committee.

Which makes it necessary for Republican voters to look well to their candidates for the legislature. The legislative candidate [illegible] will not pledge himself to abide by the result of the advisory vote should neither be nominated nor elected. Furthermore, it would be well to exact a pledge from candidates for legislative honors to work and vote to make that advisory vote state wide and as unequivocal as possible.

All things considered, Monday's meeting of the Republican State Central Committee was interesting and illuminating. We now know where the "organization" faction stands on the crucial issues of the day.

We Got What We Want. What Kick Have We? It is clear from the action taken by the Southern Pacific's State Executive Committee, and concurred in by the "organization" State Central Committee, that the Bourbon line of battle is to be formed on the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The precise issue is, "California got what it wanted in that deal, what care we for the rest of the country?" That line of defense is advantageous. It makes appeal to every beneficiary of protection. We, less than two millions of people here in California, got what we want. What care we for the eighty-odd millions elsewhere in our common country who did not get what they need? What care we that cotton and shoddy must take the place of wool; that the door to competition in the iron ores of the world shall be closed for the benefit of the United States Steel Corporation which owns three-fourths of the iron ore of this country? What care we that behind the Chinese wall of excessive protection the feudal lords of industry grow more and more opulent and powerful, while an increasing proportion of the toilers in the factories are reduced to the condition of the Hunkies of Pittsburg, the industrial hell of the continent? It is humiliating to confess it, but strong, and perhaps a winning, fight may be made on that line of battle. The Watchman cannot speak for the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League but, as for himself, he would have rejoiced to see the President veto the Payne-Aldrich atrocity and go to the American people on the issue that there shall be "All the protection that is needed, but not one dollar for monopoly," and that tariff schedules shall be formed upon information ascertained by an expert tariff commission and not by a system of log-rolling and barter counter huckstering based on the proposition that, "if you will stand in for my stealing

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

stand in with your graft." The mistake Cleveland's life was his side-stepping the son bill, and nothing that Taft will ever do quite atone for his weak surrendering to interests on the tariff issue. The issue is veen the "get something" idea and the at sense. Over and over again it is, "Damn moralities, what we want is prosperity," and conception of statesmanship is not with- able advocates. It has sometimes tri- hed in San Francisco and has not always n defeated in California. Right minded may well take notice that there is a fight hand and a fight for principle against pelf.

Democratic Dough To Hurt This paper has been taken to task, on its loyalty to Republicanism, for having a good word for the candidacy of Wal- Macarthur for Congress in place of Julius n. The writer of this has been a Repub- n from childhood. He has voted the Re- lican ticket straight,—after the Starr Jor- method of scratching the crooked Re- licans off it, and putting straight Demo- s in their places.—and if he were in Fourth Congressional district would vote Walter Macarthur in pursuance of the cy of making the Republican ticket ight. Whoever serves the Herrin ma- ne with the purpose of keeping it in the ublican saddle instead of unhorsing it casting it out of the ranks, is no good ublican. Walter Macarthur is a better. ides, Walter Macarthur is a near-Repub- n anyhow. He is a Democrat more out protest to the gross materialism of the ublican control than from any other se. On tariff, expansion, finance, conser- on he will be found acting and voting in rd with the best Republican sentiment of time. The great, splendid Taft program legislation makes stronger appeal to him to Kahn. It would not be with reluct- e that he would vote and work for postal ngs banks, conservation of forests, waters power. He would stand for them more mpromisingly than the President him- If it be Republican to be loyal to the mon good, to the highest and best ideals ur time, then Walter Macarthur is a good- gh Republican to justify anybody in sup- ing him, while a Republican who works and with a railroad political machine is cely Republican at all.

Galling Handicap a Good Conscience There are occasions when the possession of a good con- nce, one of those New England appur- nces which forever is wanting to know: it right?" becomes an impediment, if not ownright handicap. To illustrate: Two cs after the primaries shall have been , and all party candidates for office have nominated, a convention will be called dopt a party platform. It is now pro- d to be made a test of loyalty to party gree to adopt and stand on that platform ly two months before it is written. To man of easy political conscience, the man goes around fairly bulging with mental vations in mitigation of the insincere ises he has made, nothing can be easier, with the candidate who has principles and espoused policies that he regards as vital e well-being of state and nation, well, it ot so easy for him. The Watchman fully cts the Republican State convention to t a party platform that he can endorse, he is not now endorsing that platform- . Any candidate who makes oath in ad- e to such a platform writes himself down f easy conscience. The Herrin organiza- of the Republican party will organize convention. If possible, it will constitute committee on resolutions. If it can ac- olish it, it will strive to make that platform alify every progressive Republican nom- d, and it were the part of prudence to diate the platform in advance rather than rse it aforetime. All the platforms that going to count in this campaign are being now by the candidates themselves and who are championing their candidates. others will be superfluous.

Johnson's Itinerary Hiram Johnson will speak next week at Los Gatos next Monday evening, June 27th, and at Santa Cruz Tuesday evening, the 28th. On Wednesday, the 29th, he will speak at Soquel at 12:45 p. m., at Pajaro at 2:30 p. m., and at Watsonville at 8 p. m. On Thursday, the 30th, at Castroville at 12:45 p. m., at Pacific Grove at 3 p. m., and at Monterey at 8 p. m. On Friday, July 1st, at San Juan at 12:45 p. m., at Hollister at 2:30 p. m., at Spreckels at 5:30 p. m., and at Salinas at 8 p. m. On Saturday, July 2nd, at Paso Robles at 1:30 p. m., and at San Luis Obispo at 8 p. m.

Attorney Meserve Held In Reserve Months ago it was bruited about that at the psychological moment, in default of another candidate for senatorial honors, E. A. Meserve, a noted corporation lawyer of Los Angeles, would be brought out as the "organization" candidate. He has ventured into the open. In an interview in the Los Angeles Times of recent date he took high ground against Southern Pacific influence in California politics and pledged himself to take the people's side whenever an issue is squarely drawn between people and railroad. Doubtless Tom Dozier could purge himself with similar facility, solemnity of unction and like effect, but the fact is that for many years

A HARD ONE TO TAKE

Edwin A. Meserve has been a first lieutenant of Judge McKinley, a known Southern Pacific war horse. On the floor of conventions Meserve has been an effective ally of the Southern Pacific Bureau and he will not get forty rods from home on his campaigning of the state before the tar from the S. P. stick will begin to show on him. It may have begun to show already, for rumor has it that he has thought better of his candidacy and that one Perry H. Weidner is to be "it." The trouble the "organization" has been having in getting its campaign shaped up is almost pathetic. Nobody stays put.

Perry H. Weidner A Little Removed If it be true, as reported, that Meserve is really out of the running for the United States senate before he had fairly begun to run at all, then it is because his candidacy, notwithstanding it was launched by Mr. Herrin himself, was thought, upon reconsideration, to be too raw to have any health in it, and Weidner has been turned to as less objectionable on that score, while sufficiently allied to the "organization" to be reliable in case of his election. He is a banker and has been prominent in Chamber of Commerce work, and whoever has done effective work for Los Angeles in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is not a stranger to the hearts of Los Angeles property owners and real estate dealers. Flint, Gillett, Garland, Gage, Booth, Meserve, Weidner, verily many have been called but few chosen. The prospect of trying conclusions with Judge Works does not, on mature deliberation, look good to any of them. And then, besides these, there is talk of Phil Stanton stepping out of the gubernatorial race and into the senatorial, or, in other words, out of the frying pan and into the fire. It must be hard for one as kindly disposed as Mr. Herrin to know that to be caught lending a hand to a friend is to be made guilty of his political assassination, but so it is.

A Bad Half Hour With the Big Boss It may safely be inferred that the Southern Pacific's steering committee had a bad half hour with the Big Boss after the session of the Republican State Committee had come to an end, and yet Mr. Herrin probably knows by this time that, with the exception of a very few adepts, trained under his eye, he has not a political hanger-on who can be trusted beyond where specified orders terminate and personal initiative begins. But why should he grumble? In the nature of things it must be so. The man who will surrender his manhood into another's keeping usually has little to give up and nothing to retain by way of surplus. The Big Boss has been able to develop no more capable bell wethers than he can count on the fingers of one hand. The rest are mere muttons, and there wasn't a Southern Pacific bell-wether at the meeting.

Political Significance Of Stopping the Fight Politicians have racked their brains to little purpose in trying to figure out the political significance of Governor Gillett's having stopped the big fight. When they ask, "Why did he do it?", "In whose interest was it done?" echo answers with a hollow sound repeating the words. It is fairly easy to see that, on the one hand, it has solidified Curry's forces as nothing else could have done and, on the other, that if Gillett should come out for Alden Anderson, his action regarding the fight might draw some good men's votes away from Johnson, but the idea that either of those effects was pre-arranged does injustice to the Governor. Governor Gillett acts first and thinks afterward. He had been annoyed by the criticism of his non-action. When, on the 9th, he told a Call reporter that the matter was not of sufficient importance to pay attention to that was the way he felt about it then, but so many thousands of good people paid attention to him that, two or three days later, he sent to the state law library for books and went through them. He found that he had better warrant for interfering than he had supposed. The notion struck him to act. Now when the Governor gets in a mind to act he acts. He isn't afraid. He goes at it hammer and tongs. He acted. The first his own secretaries knew of his action was when he had "done acted." As for meditation and consideration, the Governor being in the prime of virile manhood, there is time enough for that hereafter. Those who presume premeditation are presumptuous.

E. J. Callan Should Be The Nominee The candidacy of E. J. Callan for the state senate from the Twenty-second district offers to San Francisco a brilliant opportunity to help redeem itself in the eyes of the state, a thing San Francisco has especial need to do at this time. Mr. Callan was the representative of the Thirty-ninth Assembly district in the last legislature and made one of the most admirable records made in that body. He showed himself to be possessed of character, courage, good sense and sound judgment. He is clean and progressive. He deserves the promotion. And the Twenty-second District deserves the promotion of having such a man as Callan represent it. Its representative last year was Gus Hartman, who, according to Hichborn's record, voted wrong on every one of the sixteen test votes, making the worst record of the whole forty members of the senate—the one flawlessly

wrong record in the lot. That this kind of a man does not really represent the Twenty-second District is indicated by the fact that Hartman has not ventured to try for re-election. The Twenty-second is normally a decent district, standing for better things, and in Callan it will find the man of its own type. Callan will be opposed at the primary, but The Watchman has more faith in the spirit of the district than to believe that he can be defeated.

Thos. M. Robinson To Beat Jack Cook Thomas M. Robinson is the candidate of all factions of the Republican party in Alameda County, except the "push," for County Clerk to beat Jack Cook. The brains and the guiding hand of the "court-house ring" of Alameda County—one of the most vicious of its type—Jack Cook, is facetiously known as "the sixth member of the board of supervisors." The humor of the phrase is grim rather than light. What he has told them to do the supervisors have done, and these things have not added to the lustre of the good name of Alameda County. Thomas M. Robinson is a man of a very different type. He has always stood for clean politics, and has always had the opposition of Cook and the machine. He has been for fifteen years the chief deputy in the county assessor's office. It is worth noting that the general belief in Alameda County today is that he will put Cook down and out of the political game. May that good hope come true!

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco
As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.
William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley
Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.
The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.
Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.
THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

News of the Democrats A contest is on for the Democratic nomination for State Railroad Commissioner from the Northern California district. Richard F. Rammers of Vacaville was for a time the only candidate, but lately Dr. C. L. Browning of Chico has decided to go up against him. Beyond this new development, however, little seems to be doing in Democratic politics beyond the candidacies announced by The Watchman a few weeks ago. Candidates for the State Board of Equalization are yet to be found. The central organization of the party will soon, however, be advised as to candidacies for the Legislature. It has just now got around to that phase of the political situation.

Is the President's Way Justified By Results? It is being affirmed with zeal that the President's way of accomplishing results has been fully justified by the results obtained. Is that true? His method consisted in two things: In presenting the measures he wished congress to enact, in the shape of bills carefully drawn; in appealing to his party to make his measures party measures and procure their enactment through party machinery for the reason that such measures chanced to have been endorsed in general terms by the Republican national convention.

The first part of this method has been justified. It was an innovation likely to prove memorable and to be accorded long continuance. There was, in congress, a good deal of chafing under it and many anathemas were hurled against it, but it is a way of doing things that has come to stay. It is calculated greatly to increase the efficiency of congress and to give power to executive influence speaking in the name of the whole people.

In seeking to make his measures party measures, and force their enactment because they were party measures, the President exalted party organization above congress itself. This was logical enough but not wise, and was not submitted to. It was through resistance to it that bad legislation was transformed into good legislation.

Whoever, from President down to member of a state assembly, opposes what he believes to be a good measure, or supports what he believes to be a bad measure, because the one comes from the political party in opposition or the other is espoused by the party to which he belongs, is less than a good citizen or conscientious public official. In this particular the President has shown himself more of a party man than states' man. That part of his method failed in its application. His measures were whipped into proper form in despite of party leaders, party management and party lash.

The Railroad Bill In Its Final Form The President's intentions regarding railroad control, as announced in his keynote address at Des Moines, while on his great swing around the circle, were admirable. As those intentions took form in the bill drafted in New York in August, 1909, they were good. As the bill, after being revised to conform to the views of the railroad presidents who were heard by the President and his Attorney General, was finally submitted to congress, it was abominable, a hundred times worse than no legislation at all on that subject would have been. As the measure was then framed it bore the finger prints of a malign and cunning rascality, which, however, was not that of the President. As it is after twelve weeks of successful warfare against the worse of its provisions, and unsuccessful struggle on behalf of some of the best things that should have gone into it, it marks a good, long, hopeful stride in advance. It was only by defeating, again and again, those forces upon which the President relied for securing the legislation he wanted, the "regular" "organization," that the measure was preserved from perversion and the country from disaster. To the embattled insurgents must be given the greater glory.

OF WOMEN IN BOOKS

The lives of women lend themselves less readily to the purposes of the novelist than the lives of men. Perhaps it is—probably it is—that the lives of women are more circumscribed, more sheltered, more conventional, negative rather than positive, following the course of events rather than shaping them. Thus they rarely enter actively into those scenes of stress that are the basis of dramatic action.

It is easy to write interestingly of conflict; difficult to write interestingly of peace. The storm stirs the imagination, the calm soothes it; fiction is devised to stir it. A man may be great and admirable and pure in the midst of tremendous conflicts of which he is an active participant. A man of great soul is admired and loved if he fights his way up from sin to righteousness. But a woman may not, according to the canons of civilization, sin at all and be at all admirable. This is wrong. Woman should have the same chance of redemption as man. But the world has decreed otherwise: a woman herself the most rigorously of all. So our heroines must be spotless or they may not be heroines. And the life of angels is, by human standards, dull. Hence the rarity of a loveable woman in fiction who is not also uninteresting.

For confirmation of the idea, follow our English literature of the imagination, from Shakespeare down, and see how vastly the heroes outnumber the heroines. In Shakespeare himself, how quickly the great roll of admirable male figures springs to memory—Brutus, Coriolanus, Horatio, Lear, Antony, the Banished Duke, Orlando, Adam, Othello—the list is too long to copy—men for all their sins and shortcomings. Of the commanding female figures in Shakespeare, Cleopatra is a siren, Lady Macbeth an ambitious murderess. Shakespeare has, however, to his credit more loveable women who also interest than, we are tempted to say, can be found in the whole body of English literature beside—Juliet, Portia, the lovely Rosalind, Celia, Cordelia, Brutus's Portia—as winsome as they are pure.

But even in Shakespeare the men far outnumber the women and, generally, outrank them in interest. And in subsequent English fiction and drama, the proportion dwindles to a thin stream. The women of the early novels are silly nothings. Goldsmith painted one interesting portrait, Kate Hardcastle, amongst a half dozen interesting men. Sheridan's women are gossips and shrews. Thackeray's best female portrait is Becky Sharp, an adventuress; the rest are nobodies. Dickens' women are preposterous caricatures or wax figures. Sir Walter Scott's are unreal. George Meredith's Diana is loveable but, at the end, unbelievable as a type of anything human.

We cannot, at the moment, recall one character in fiction that could conceivably suggest to any man an adequate portrait sketch of his own mother. Shakespeare drew several that appeal to men as their sweethearts do. Perhaps it is the highest, because unconscious, compliment to womankind, that genius, even, has found in her few resources for dramatic art. It may be that this fact signifies most strikingly of all things the superior virtue and self-control of the sex.

From another point of view it may suggest that most women's lives are so devoted to a projection of their own personality upon the character of those men who are nearest to them, husbands and sons, that they exhaust their possibilities of action inside the limits of their threshholds, leaving no time nor place for outward show of character in the world. This is probably true, that women do play their part in the world mainly as Maggie Wyllie does in "What Every Woman Knows," by shaping the lives and characters of the John Shands who go forth to fight and win renown. In this view, the story of every hero is the story of himself and The Woman.

A STATE INSTITUTION FOR HABIT VICTIMS

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG HABITS ARE CURABLE DISEASES

By DR. R. E. BERING

During an experience covering eight years ıave received many pitiful letters from men l women who were addicted to the alcohol, ›rphine and cocaine habits, who had an nest desire to be freed from its terrible very, but unfortunately had no means erewith to pay even a portion of the neces- y expense. I have investigated a number these cases and found them of much merit. ny I treated and sent home happy and ful citizens.

'he appeal has been from husbands using drug without the knowledge of the wife; m a wife using it as a result of some pre- us illness who has tried but was unable throw off the yoke of bondage; from a ther appealing for the restoration of her ; and from sisters looking after the wel- : of some errant brother.

t is in behalf of this class of sufferers that ›resent this article in the hope of some on to the end that legislation may be had :ting the requirements of these ever in- ısing evils, so that many people now con- ·red useless may be restored to their per position in life, thus bringing happi- s and comfort to blighted homes; and that ractical economic measure may be started will result in saving to the state large s of money through the lessening of ıe.

Habits Lead to Crime and Insanity

ccording to the biennial report of the e Board of Prison Directors there were ined in the penitentiary at San Quentin oners with the following habits:

Addicted to liquor	39
Addicted to tobacco	389
Addicted to liquor and tobacco	876
No habits	487
Habits not stated	348

showing a large percentage of the ›ners are addicted to some noxious drug, h upon a close investigation would show y of the offenses against the law were mitted while under the influence of one ıore of the various drugs mentioned.

›isholt says: "There were received in department at the State Hospital at kton, between July 1st, '03 and July 1st, 734 patients, out of which number 138 ;, or 18.10 per cent of the total number tted, were caused by alcohol. The 138 al- lists included 48 cases of delirium trem-

The proper place for the cure and treat- of this form of alcoholism is in a home nebriates.

pplying the above percentage to the total ›er of male patients admitted at the five ornia State institutions during the past years—that is, 4505—the number of cases ·lirium tremens committed during this d may be estimated at about 350, or 70 yearly.

he cost of transporting and committing number of patients an average distance have been more than $3000 judging from ›ill, a copy of which is in my possession. nted to the State for a patient sent from ınd to Stockton. This sum, and perhaps derable more, is annually expended in manner and does no real good to the ıt. It only serves to increase the income e sheriff's office."

Huge Importations of Drugs

ring a period of four years 2,436,771 ls of crude opium containing 9 per cent ›re of morphine, 783,259 pounds of smok- pium and 59,000 pounds of morphine imported. Out of this amount, 50 to 90 ent was used illicitly. When we consider ıse of such an enormous amount of a which reduces the user to the lowest s of depravity, then it is no wonder that rge a percentage of crime is attributed s class of citizens.

:re is no poisoning so widespread and so y increasing as is the poisoning by whisky, morphine and cocaine, and there is nothing else in life that will cause the same amount of want, distress, unhappiness, heart- ache and crime as the above mentioned drugs.

According to reliable information 84 per cent of crime, 85 per cent of pauperism, 70 per cent of insanity, 70 per cent of feeble-minded- ness and 60 per cent of dependent childhood are caused by alcohol.

Warden Hoyle of San Quentin prison says: "There is little doubt in my mind but that such an institution as it is proposed to estab- lish, if conducted on sane and practical lines, would prove of considerable benefit to hu- manity in general and in consequence become more or less a factor in lessening crime."

Degenerating Effects Upon Humanity

There are no other kinds of poisoning that so degrade brain structure and disturb men- tal function while physically degenerating bodily texture and undermining vital organs or which are so far reaching in their evil as to literally follow the Biblical teaching "that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations."

With regards the effect of alcoholic abuse upon the progeny of the individual, Hoisholt says: "There can be no doubt that such chil- dren are more apt to become insane or de- velop criminal instincts than children of healthy parents. They are more apt to de- velop symptoms of other nervous diseases, or apt to be feeble-minded, epileptic, show phys- ical deformities or have marked drinking habits. Aside from neuropathic tendencies the children in a drunkard's home usually re- ceive a poor education surrounded by untidi- ness and misery and are influenced by the bad example before them."

Bourneville, who studied 2,554 children ad- mitted to the Bicetre and Fondation Vallee— 2,072 boys and 482 girls—all of them suffer- ing from idiocy, epilepsy, imbecility or hys- teria, found that 1,053 of them were the off- spring of drunken parents, 973 having drunken fathers and 80 drunken mothers.

If this dreaded curse is not eradicated or held in abeyance it is with sadness we may picture the coming ages. There will be re- trogression and, instead of having stalwart men and women expressing the highest pos- sible mental, moral and physical faculties and exercising them for good, we will have a de- teriorated race living for their own selfish aims.

Drunkenness a Curable Disease

Although it has been several years since Benj. Rush declared that habitual drunkards were diseased persons, there are even yet many men and women to-day who do not agree with him and consider it a waste of time to help them throw off this terrible bur- den under which they labor. It has been con- sidered almost useless to undertake to cure any one addicted to these habits, that all users were out of the pale of society and could never be restored to good manhood or woman- hood, but from an experience of several hun- dred cases covering every phase of the situa- tion, I am sure that these habits are as pos- itively and certainly curable as are any of the curable diseases. This is a bold and broad statement and one not yet accepted by the general medical profession in all of its detail, but it can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of any one.

As to the ability of science to cure these habits I mention some opinions from men who have devoted a lifetime to this work.

Dr. Day, for many years head of the Wash- ingtonian Home, Boston, an institution now in the fifty-second year of its existence, made a study of 8,000 cases that had formerly been under treatment and found over 30 per cent sober and temperate. He says that "twenty- two years' experience in this work has taught me that the task is neither hopeless nor thank- less, nor would it be if the measure of success had been lessened one-half from the known rate of percentage of cures."

Dr. Mason, formerly of the King's County Home, New York, examined the records of 2,000 cases that had been away from the asylum for ten years and found 36 per cent of all cases cured.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., editor of The Journal of Inebriety, an author of much note, says: "The best authorities unite in considering 30 per cent of all patients re- maining under treatment for one year or more as permanently cured."

The reports of the Foxborough State Hos- pital, Mass., show 30 or 40 per cent of the patients remain temperate for a long period and from 15 to 20 per cent show definite im- provement.

Success of Curative Institutions

Switzerland has long since learned that in- ebriety is a curable disease and that it pays to maintain hospitals for this purpose. At Ellikon, near Zurich, such a hospital has been maintained for the past nineteen years. The results of its labors are most encouraging and prove conclusively that the treatment of in- ebriety has long since passed the experimen- tal stage.

From the eighteenth annual report we learn that out of 531 patients discharged between '99 and '01 there were cured 240, or 45.2 per cent; improved, 125, or 23.3 per cent; relapsed or unheard of. 165, or 31 per cent.

Of 255 patients discharged between '01 and '06 there were cured 104; improved, 61; re- lapsed or unheard of, 50.

At Knoxville, Iowa, there has been in ex- istence for the past three years a state hos- pital for inebriates, whose results thus far are very satisfactory. From the second biennial report we learn that out of the entire number of patients admitted, 774 (41.1 per cent) are known to be cured and living up to the con- ditions of their parole.

When we consider that in the above men- tioned institutions the worst cases are en- countered, the percentage of cures is en- couragingly high.

The states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota and Pennsylvania have state institutions for this work. Tennessee has laws committing patients to such institutions.

When the Southern California Hospital was established by the state it was intended as an institution for inebriates, but the number of insane people increased so rapidly that the provisions permitting the committment of in- ebriates had to be repealed.

New York and New Jersey have a bill be- fore the legislature favoring this plan.

The Federal Government is now providing accommodations at Washington for this work.

Dr. T. J. J. Burgess, medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, Quebec, says that "I am of the opinion that state institutions for these cases would be of distinct value."

Opinions of Experts

The trustees of the Foxborough State Hospital, Mass., are so well satisfied with the results of that institution that they have rec- ommended to the Governor that the present institution be disposed of, and a new site purchased whereon to erect three institutions, one for men, one for women and the third for a detention colony where hopeless cases are to be kept.

Dr. R. H. Hutchins, superintendent of the Lawrence State Hospital, New York, says: "I am of the opinion that there is a large number of alcoholic and drug habitues who require treatment in an institution conducted by the state. It is not desirable to admit such patients to institutions for the insane, as their influence on insane patients is not good. I believe that such patients may be committed

to a proper state institution for an indefinite period dependent upon good behavior and appearance of recovery, but that each relapse and re-admission should be for a longer minimum period, and if it is found, after proper treatment, that the patient can not resume his place as a useful member of society, he should be committed for life with opportunities for liberty and employment within some industrial colony."

In its report to the Hon. John Franklin Fort, Governor of New Jersey, the Dependency and Crime Commission says: "The state needs most urgently a hospital for inebriates as a means of preventing insanity, disease, degenerate offspring, dependency and crime. Aside from its incalculable value as a life-saver of men and women it would be a great financial gain in the end."

Rossenwasser of New York says: "Such an institution could serve as a center of learning for the medical profession with a field fertile with opportunity." He further says: "It seems to me that there is no branch of medicine which is more important and none in which the physician can do more good for humanity. Unfortunately, as the field was neglected by the regular profession for many years, the work fell into the hands of quacks and is still looked down upon by many. At least I have found it rather hard to convince physicians and others that the treatment of inebriety is a legitimate specialty." Rossenwasser is entitled to much credit for the educational work he has done in this line in the states of New York and New Jersey.

Judge Wilbur's Opinion

A letter received from Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, Los Angeles, of the Juvenile Court of that city, is so pertinent to the subject that I quote it in full. He says:

"There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the state should provide an institution for the treatment of chronic alcoholics and drug habitues. The trouble with our present system is that many of these cases we require to wait until they are absolutely insane before they can be taken charge of by the state in any way, except in jails or prisons. The mere fact that a man has a strong desire for alcoholic drinks or narcotic drugs does not constitute insanity or justify incarceration in an insane asylum, though judges sometimes yield to the appeals of friends and relatives and even of the victims themselves and send such people to insane asylums, where they are usually released in from three weeks to three months and frequently go back to the same habits.

"I have for some time advocated the establishment of a state institution for the care of inebriates. The fact is, that many men are sent to our jails and penitentiaries for crime who, if it were not for the drinking habit, could be safely placed on probation. If, instead of placing these men immediately on probation from the criminal court, they could be committed for the necessary length of time to a state institution and released on probation it would be vastly better. The fact seems to be that most chronic alcoholics and drug habitues do and will commit crime for the purpose of satisfying their appetites.

"It would be vastly better to treat such cases in an institution for that purpose than to attempt to handle them in the ordinary prisons of the state. For instance, it may be cited that last night a drug habitue died in the city prison after having been in jail only twenty-four hours."

California Needs Institution

It is my firm belief that the time will come when California will have a state institution for this class of unfortunates. Further, laws will be enacted to compel a known habitue to go to this central institution and submit to treatment, and the present laws will be changed so that the Superior Judge, upon proper showing of a relative, supported by the evidence of a reputable physician, may commit such a person to a private sanitarium for a stay sufficiently long to accomplish a cure. As it is at present, there is no way of restraining a patient and forcing him to take treatment if he will not do it voluntarily, without having him declared incompetent, and this means publicity and delay.

This may seem a Utopian dream, but I firmly believe the time is not far distant when it will be taken up as a battle cry not only by members of the W. C. T. U. but by all men of whatever political faith or religious belief.

HOMELY PHILOSOPHY

If you want to git the support of some folks for any proposition, prove to them that it's wrong.

If lots o' reformers would rickollect that God takes thousands of years to work out His plan o' salvation, seems ter me it would make 'em more reasonable an' easier to work with.

Still, Ezry, don't you forgit that even an unreasonable reformer is 'bout ten million per cent better than the feller that fairly dotes on vice jest es it is.

The Scripcher says, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing," but o' course a man can't be too keerful 'bout whose wife it is.

Seems to me the sayin' that a hoary head is a crown of glory must have been intended to be discouragin' an' disheartenin' to bald-headed men.

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THE REGENERATION OF WILKERSON'S FLATS

(Concluded)

BY

ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

T was a great disappointment to gruff old Dr. Archer that his only son should choose a path through life other than the he himself had trod; but then he had n disappointed in Royal in more partic- rs than one, and he could bear this also. e boy's dreamy, unpractical ways perplexed l nettled him; and yet Royal had been a ued assistant at times and had learned quite ugh first and last to entitle him to a physi- 's diploma, but had not taken it. He had n found particularly useful in the sick m and, moreover, had assisted his father ough two distressingly severe epidemics diphtheria.

When, therefore, upon the last day of school or to the holiday vacation, a little child ie to him and complained that her throat t her, Archer needed no second glance to assured that his little pupil was stricken h diphtheria in a virulent form. Sum- rily dismissing school he wrapped the ail- one snugly in his greatcoat and quickly e her home. Then, securing a pack ani- , he spurred away to the nearest town ing the pack horse before him.

: was late that night when Archer returned; the trail led over the mountain and was g and rough, and the tired pack animal glad enough to be relieved of his bur- . There were tinctures, powders and lini- its, delicacies for convalescents and con- iences for the sick room. The diphtheria been very severe down in the valley that but Wilkerson's Flats were so high and so secluded from the rest of the world, Archer hoped it would be spared a visita- ; but now that the disease had found a ging place he was fearful that it would ep the whole settlement through; and so lid. The ill-housed, ill-clad and blood- overished people offered but a feeble re- ince to the disease, which was of a ignant type; and there was scarcely a ie in all the Flats which did not mourn loss of one or more from the fold. Old well as young were taken.

or days and nights together Royal Archer cely touched his head to a pillow, and did not lay aside his clothing for weeks. oping from house to house, at all hours he day or night, he ministered to the sick, ied and disinfected, made gruels and hs, instructed, scolded, commanded, spoke ds of comfort to the stricken, and closed eyes of the dead. Wherever he went in ight hours, and often in the night, Jess at his elbow. Archer protested; but, "I on I kin go whar you kin," she said; and re Archer's mare galloped Jess's pony

was well for others that Jess had her ; for when children struggled against the l of Archer, screaming with agony, they nitted to have their throats cleansed by with scarcely a murmur. Jess seemed onger a child, but to have leaped at once he estate of capable womanhood, with a l ever steady, and eyes which did not h when gazing into the very face of death. ple stood aghast at her behavior and, ever rstitious to a degree, whispered from one nother that Archer had her under an evil l, and no good would come of it. Their g and coming were everywhere attended sullen looks though their errand was cy; for it was said that the affliction came n the people because of the school, and the fault lay at the feet of Royal Archer Jessie Ware.

ie holidays went by—such holidays—and tary was far spent before the scourge ed; but at last no new cases were re- ed and those not dead were convalescing. , worn out with watching, had remained ome for a day; and Archer, haggard, un- en, soiled and weary nigh unto death, t away to his cabin and to his bed; for o longer boarded at Borden's. Unable to ire the unvarying fare of biscuit, bacon black coffee, he had, at Jess's suggestion, hased a squatter's possessory right to a n with a cabin on it, and now had a e of his own where he was master and on, cook and chambermaid, all within his person.

was not much of an affair, that bach- s hall; but it was clean and sweet and t, and served the teacher's purpose well. des, there was a full quarter section of the claim, and much of it was arable and could be irrigated from a stream which came rollicking down from the mountains all summer long. Jess loved the riotous little river even more than she loved the great, jagged mountain which gave it birth; for the mountain was a solemn old fellow, and only put on a glad face when sun and cloud were playing at hide and seek among its hundred canons; but at such times it appeared to have forgotten sorrow and laughed outright. As for the stream, well, it was almost always happy—much happier than Jess and more noisy, too; but once in a while its waters ran high, and then it was terrible. Jess had often wished that Grandpap lived on the river instead of on the "branch," where she could see the great mountain standing full and square against the morning sky; but when the teacher bought the place she was almost as well content as though Grandpap had gotten it.

The sun was getting low when Archer awoke. He had slept through the night and nearly through the day, and would have gone right on sleeping through another night had not Burt Scruggins come tugging at the bedclothes, calling: "Teacher, teacher, wake up! Jess is tuck—tuck this mawnin,' 'nd I reckoned I orter tell ye."

"What's that?" Archer exclaimed, springing from his bed and grasping the boy by the shoulder; "what's that you say?"

"Jess is tuck. Tuck this mawnin'!"

"Jess? What time is it? Bring my horse, quick!" and the enfeebled youth, scarce half recovered from the disease, hastened to obey; but he had no more than reached the pasture gate when Archer, half clad, dashed by him, threw the saddle upon the mare, and spurred away as fast as she could carry him.

Archer had used every means within his power to fortify Jess against the disease, and, having escaped so long, he hoped she would escape it altogether; but it was not to be so. A single glance sufficed to assure him that his little friend and helper had taken the disease, and that her case was likely to be a severe one. It sufficed also to bring the hot blood to his cheeks, and rouse within him an indignation he had not felt before.

The child was lying upon a pallet in a corner of the living room; peevish children were fretting about her, women were scolding, and men with heavy boots were tramping in and out. Tobacco smoke so pervaded the atmosphere as to render objects half indistinguishable; and, if anything at all had been done for the little sufferer, there was nothing to indicate the fact.

Jess raised such pleading, distressful eyes to Archer when he entered that he forgot the customary civilities of greeting and, rushing at once to her side: "This is no place for you," he said, "you must come with me"; and, stooping, folded the coverlid about her as if to take her in his arms.

"Well, if that ar ain't tollerable peert!" snarled the grandmother from her corner; "tekin' our own chile from out'n our own house without'n so much ez sayin' howdy! And a house full of men a-stan'in' round' a-lettin' of him do it! Sech oudacious doin's I never seed nowhar! Curse the day ye ever came!" she screamed, rising from her chair and pointing her long, withered finger at Archer. "Curse the day ye ever came, I say! Ye fetched fuss 'nd worry 'nd pestilence 'nd death! Ye've bewitched the chile, 'nd now ye'd be a-tekin' of her away; but ye shay'nt do it!" Then, advancing again upon the intruder, hissing and snarling like a witch of the heath, "Be off with ye!" she shrieked—"be off, I say! Thar's been no peace sence ye kum hyer, 'nd thar'll be no peace till ye'r gone!"

Her venomous words roused the men from their lethargy, and they strode toward the door as if to bar the teacher's passage out.

Then broke forth that spirit of the lion which, all unsuspected, slept within the breast of this tall Ohioan. "Old Ben Ware!" he cried, rising to his full height, and shaking his clinched hand before the old man's face, "you shall not keep her here in this kennel of human hounds. That child is an angel. You were not worthy that she should be born under your roof. Your son, whom we buried, was not worthy to be her father, and that woman there was not worthy to be her mother. God sent me to her half across this continent, and she shall not be murdered by your brutish ignorance and dumb neglect. The man who stands betwixt her and me in this extremity endangers his life; do you understand? Stand aside there!" and gathering the child to his arms and crying to the mother to follow, he swung into his saddle and, tenderly bearing his burden, rode away to his cabin.

The mother came cantering after on Jess's pony; the child was slipped between fresh, white sheets; the room was made fragrant with evergreen, and a partly opened window afforded needful ventilation; but there were dull and heavy days to come. There was never a complaint, never a protesting hand raised against the cruel swab, nor a whimper because of the burning medicine. Day after day she suffered in silence, speaking only with eyes which followed Archer everywhere. If Archer slept, it was sitting in his chair with head bowed upon the sick one's bed. Every dose of medicine was administered by his hand alone, and the mother's ministrations were directed by signs rather than by word; for the teacher's heart was too full to admit of speech.

"Please, dear God, let me keept my Jessie! Please, dear God, let me keep my sweet Jess, and I will feed thy sheep!" No other form of prayer had place in Archer's heart; but a thousand times a day was this inarticulate petition reverently laid at the foot of the throne of grace.

It was afternoon. The watcher had done all he could, but the disease had not spent its force, though it was evident that the crisis was not far off. There had been showers at times during the day, and the sun, bursting through the clouds and falling upon the little pepper tree at the gate, made the raindrops clinging to its pendant foliage dance and glisten like burnished jewels. Jess saw it through her window and smiled, then, turning her eyes to where Archer's violin hung against the wall, looked upon it wistfully; and he, comprehending, took it from its peg and drew the bow lightly across the strings, aimlessly at first, but soon, accompanied by it, his voice floated gently out upon that hymn of resignation:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies;
Accepted at the throne of grace,
Let my petition rise."

Never before had Archer felt the burden of that hymn as he felt it then, nor had he ever played or sung as he played and sung that afternoon; and when the departing sun fell athwart the landscape it seemed that the gates of glory had opened wide and Heaven's own effulgence bathed the earth. He ceased to play and bowed his head for the thousandth breathing of his prayer. A little, wan, transparent hand stole out from under the coverlid, and, taking his, raised it to blistered lips and kissed it; and Archer, looking up, saw through his own hot tears the streaming eyes of Jess; but she was smiling.

"I am goin' ter git well," she said, slowly and softly—"goin' ter git well ter help you. I am goin' ter help you always, I reckon. It 'pears like I be somehow—help—you ter—make we-uns like you'uns," and pressing Archer's hand tight to her bosom, Jess slept, slept peacefully, breathing deep and regularly. There was no more strangling, no more catching at the breath, fighting for life. The crisis had been safely passed, and Jess was going

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THE REPUBLICAN,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

to get well and help Royal, help him make her people like his people. Kneeling at the bedside of sleeping Jess, Archer consecrated his life, and hers, to the work of the regeneration of Wilkerson's Flats.

For seven full years did Royal Archer and Jessie Ware serve the people of Wilkerson's Flats, studying and teaching, planning and working—striving to make the settlers industrious, frugal, intelligent; and that an example of thrift might not be wanting in their midst, Archer himself plowed and planted, pruned and grafted; made his own fields productive and his own affairs prosperous, and their efforts were not lost on the community. It was not an easy task to re-establish the school when at length the diphtheria had departed; but the class in practice upon the violin was the nucleus about which the rest of the people were gathered and school and scholars prospered.

Seven years, and there was a wedding at the church, for Jess had returned from Berkeley, where she had spent two years at school, and was going to help Royal—help him always as she had promised.

Surely it is a well-dressed and comely throng pouring forth from the little white church among the slender, trembling poplars, showering congratulations and roses all the way to the coach in waiting at the gate. If one were curious enough to listen, critically, to the hum of happy voices one might catch a quaint expression now and then and his ear certainly would detect a strange intonation and languid drawling of the words; but he could not find a soberer, kindlier people anywhere or one more tenderly sincere in wishing godspeed to a bridal party. Some of the older women wear sunbonnets, it is true, and some of the older men may be caught surreptitiously chewing away as though their lives depended upon the rapidity with which they moved their jaws; but every face is beaming, and many pairs of young eyes sparkle with intelligence.

But the reins are tightening in the hands of the driver, the long lash swings free, there is a falling back from the big coach, the leaders rear and the wheelers spring to their places, a hundred goodbys are shouted, an old shoe or two is flung awkwardly into the air, rice rattles upon the roof, handkerchiefs wave, and Royal and Jessie Archer are borne away from Wilkerson's Flats.

The stage stops at the "gap" to allow two newly wedded lovers to scramble to the summit of Old Storm Rock for a parting look at the old scenes. It is past Thanksgiving time, and the first rains of winter have cleared the atmosphere, washed the summer's dust from the trees, and faintly tinged the hills: but roses are still blooming, and orange and lemon trees are glossy and green. It is true that the fig trees are bare save for solitary leaves clinging pendant here and there to pudgy boughs like clumsy-fingered mittens hung up to dry; and the orchards and vineyards are more than half denuded: but it is a pleasing picture the young couple see looking down from the lofty cliff upon the lowlying flats and valleys betwixt the steep hills and ridges.

The old worm or brush fences are gone, and stout posts and boards or cypress hedges have taken their places. The rickety shanties, too, are nearly all gone, and in their stead are neatly painted cottages of modern pattern. The church stands clean and white among the oaks, and its spire o'ertops them; but it is not so imposing as the big schoolhouse recently built across the way. The box factory, that first venture in mechanics, which furnished winter work and made the rushing river work as well; the packing house, where fruits and raisins are made ready for the market; the creamery and sawmill—all help to impart a prosperous appearance to the view; and then there are those threads of silver, the irrigating canals, spun all along the slopes and hillsides, and which appear to carry water uphill, but do not. Standing upon that pinnacle of rocks the young husband and wife were in full view of the villagers. The mill whistles shrieked a parting salutation, and handkerchiefs fluttered from every garden gate.

"'He who, by promoting industry, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked cannot be least among the servants of God.'" And Jes looking up, wondered why Royal had said

"I ought to have told you before," he sai noticing the look of inquiry upon the face his wife, "but the truth is I have been very busy. I once asked a young woman be my wife. That was before I ever saw yo but I was a dreamer then and fancied that was only in the ministry that one might tru serve God. She rejected my suit, frankly d claring her preference for a hearty, pushin man of affairs who, in making a place for he self and him, would also make room in th world for many incapable ones and find the honest work to do. Such a one, she though could not be least among the servants of Go I thought very ill of the doctrine then, bu thanks to you, my little wife, I believe I se clearer now.

"We are going to Ohio, dear," Royal sai drawing the little woman closer to his sid "to see if we have indeed made your peop like my people as you wished; but I fear w have not. I doubt if in all Ohio we shall fin a community so truly prosperous, so co tented, so beautiful as this one at our fee for here we have ambition without greed an contentment with neither poverty nor sloth fulness. It may be, dear," he added, "that shall want you to stay in Ohio to help m make we-uns like you-uns."

"No, no, not one bit of it," Jess declared "if we find that your people really need makin over we shall have to bring them here to d the making; for you cannot be spared fro the Flats just yet, and there is that pretty co tage among the orange trees. I cannot giv that up on any account; but that young woma who was so good as to jilt you for my sak I must look her up and—and thank her. shall not be jealous one bit, for did not he little speech lead to all of this at our feet Say it again, won't you? I want to commi it to memory. How does it go? 'He who b promoting industry'—I declare I am stuc already."

There was a laughing scudding down th hill, the long lash cracked, the leaders plunge the wheelers bent to their work, and the grea lumbering coach went spinning down th grade, bound for the nearest railway station

[The End]

THE LITERARY GENIUS

Genius in any art signifies the possessio of the power to practice that art most nearl to perfection. In the art of literature thi power presumes a wonderful congregation o diverse qualities in one person. These quali ties are of the heart, the head and the char acter.

As literature is the representation of life the literary genius must live fully. As tha representation takes the form of pictures, he must see things and events with extraordinary acuteness. As those pictures are transmitte to the reader by means of words, he mus have an extraordinary power over vocabulary and grammar.

The literary genius need not live the event he transcribes, but he must live, through the vitality and perception of his imagination through the same emotional reactions tha those events would have produced upon him had he passed through them in actual experi ence. This fact presumes a prodigious imag ination. It presumes, besides, a prodigious capacity to endure the shock of great emo tions. The little man, the everyday man finds all the resources of fortitude, religion and philosophy none too much to help him bear the common experiences of the common vicissitudes of life. Think, then, of the great ness of soul required of Shakespeare, who en dured his own experiences and, in addition the vast torments of the spirit of his Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet, and of that long roll of other names of them that suffer in his dramas.

Victor Hugo, in an essay published since his death, marvelously describes the travail of such a poet's soul. As he writes, says Hugo, the actual world fades from the poet's vision and in its place springs up another world, as vivid as the actual, wherein the poet sees a vast multitude of human beings, some decked with flowers and happy as the stars; others a great horde, writhing like the figures in Angelo's "Last Judgment," racked and

ured by the misery of life. From this
less, striving multitude the poet chooses
e he would describe and, with them, lives
y anguished torment that they feel. The
r physical power to endure such an ex-
ence is part of the equipment of a great
ary genius.
ith this gift for life, he must combine
gifts of speech and music. Even prose
its rhythm, its music. Much of the en-
ment of great literature springs from the
e of expression that, when read in silence
n the page, "sings to the spirit ditties of
one."
ords are the common possession of a
. Each word is but an arbitrary symbol
express an idea or an emotion. But he
can arrange these symbols to invoke
t ideas by their choice and great emotions
their connotation, possesses a peculiar
er over language that is an attribute of
us.
e may not weary the reader with an
omy of genius. But we would suggest
wonderful coincidence of gifts that make
. To one man, great emotions. To one,
t fluency of speech. To one, the gift of
g. To one, great ideas. To the great
er, all these gifts and more, locked in one
le heart and brain.
hat, then, is literary genius? Accident,
ivine design. If there be no God, or if
be not imminent in the affairs of men,
the great writer is simply a coincidence,
ccident, a prodigy. If there be an over-
g Providence, then surely he is a gift of
, a divine beneficence. Either way, man-
profits.

SCHOOLBOY "HOWLERS"

ie earth is an obsolete spheroid.
ord Raleigh was the first man to see the
sible Armada.
ennyson wrote "In Memorandum."
ing Edward IV had no claim by geological
t to the English throne.
eorge Eliot left a wife and children to
rn his genii.
ie capital of Russia is St. Petersburg on
Douma.
ie test act of 1673 was passed to keep
an Catholics out of public houses.
enry I died of eating palfreys.
uis XVI was gelatined during the French
lution.
ie Rhine is boarded by wooden mom-
.
nder shows whether a man is masculine,
nine or neuter.
nes I died from argue.
angle is a triangle with only two sides.
gebrical symbols are used when you don't
what you are talking about.
ometry teaches us how to bisex angles.
rallel lines are the same distance all the
and do not meet unless you bend them.
e whale is an amphibious animal because
es on land and dies in the water.
parallelogram is a figure made of four
lel straight lines.
orse power is the distance one horse can
a pound of water in an hour.
e megnesium salt in the sea creates the
rescence when the tides comes in.
the air contains more than 100 per cent
rbolic acid it is very iniurious to health.
avitation is that which if there were none
ould all fly away.
e press of today is the mouth organ of the
e.
deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.
e isles of Greece were always quarreling
which was the birthplace of Homer.
s has the most right to claim him.

An Unkind Advertisement

50 for long, wavy switches."—A clipped advertisement.)

The little boy he looked at it;
The little boy he read,
And the little boy he dropped a tear,
A pearly tear he shed,
As he said, "It don't appeal to me;
I will not mention why,
But I think I'll hide this ad. away
For fear my dad 'll buy."

SHEAR WIT

Mrs. Dobbs was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction. "Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked. "No, I thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much." "That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind o' finishing touch to the day; but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."—Youth's Companion.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ranse?" "Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah." "That's good, Ranse, and I hope they succeeded." "They did, sah." "And how did they teach you to be honest?" "Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nailin' pasteboard onter shoes fo' leather soles, sah."—Salt Lake Herald.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.

For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st. Money deposited between June 15th and Monday, July 11th, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
6-24-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near 22nd; Richmond district branch, 432 Clement Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1st, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.
6-24-2t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HELEN S. TRIPP, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.
6-3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE A. CONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.
6-3-5t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BOLE, deceased.

No. 5905 New Series.

Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order of sale of real estate duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 9th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of James Bole, deceased, the undersigned, David C. Bole, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidders, subject to the confirmation of said court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said James Bole, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the estate of said deceased has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than or in addition to that of the deceased at the time of his death, in or to

All those certain lots of land situate near the Town of Colma, in San Mateo County, State of California, to-wit: Lots 48, 62, 64, 65, 66 and 67, as the same are delineated and so designated on that certain map marked "Map of the Property of the Villa Homestead Association, situated in San Mateo County Township 3 South, Range 5 West, surveyed September, 1872, George W. Doherty, Surveyor," which said map is on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of San Mateo in Book 4 of Miscellaneous Records at page 421.

Also all those certain lots of land situate in the said City and County of San Francisco, described as follows, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Lobos Street, distant thereon 550 feet Easterly from the Eastern line of Plymouth Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northern line of Lobos Street, 150 feet, thence at right angles Northern 125 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 150 feet, thence at right angles Southerly 125 feet to the point of commencement, the same being three lots, each with 50 feet frontage in Block "Q" as per map of Railroad Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

2. Lot 9 in Block 40, and Lot 3 in Block 41, as the said lots and block are delineated and so designated on that certain map known as the Map of Sunny Vale Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

That said real property situate in the said County of San Mateo will be sold in one parcel, and that said real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco will be sold either in one parcel or in subdivisions, as shall appear to the said administrator from the bids at the sale to be most advantageous to the estate.

That said sale will be made on Monday, the 11th day of July, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the street entrance to the Grant Building on the South-eastern corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the terms and conditions of sale are cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the said administrator on day of sale, and the balance thereof on confirmation of the sale by said court and the delivery of a conveyance. Deeds at expense of purchasers.

Dated June 10, 1910.

DAVID C. BOLE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Bole, deceased.
EDGAR M. WILSON and POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco
6-17-4t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Superintendent of Public Instruction

California has more reason to be proud of than satisfied with its system of public instruction. Compared with what most other states in the union are doing California's public school system looms large. It is only when compared with what urgently needs to be done that the system becomes inadequate and unsatisfying.

At the head of this system is placed, by popular election, a State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He holds his office for four years and receives a salary of $5,000 a year besides traveling expenses. It is a position of influence rather than of authority, for, in truth, the State Superintendent does not do much superintending, although by law that is declared to be his first duty. The word "superintend" implies power to regulate, supervise, manage, control. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction does none of these things. He watches, advises and reports to the public on what is done in the schools of California rather than directs what shall be done or determines who shall do it.

For, in educational matters, as in most others, we have home rule in California, or at least county rule, and, to some extent, district rule. The districts employ whom they will for teachers and even the State Superintendent cannot discharge one of them for incompetency and hire another in her place. Authority over our schools is partly vested in the legislatures, which never fail of tinkering at the school laws, partly in state and county boards of education, partly in county superintendents of schools, and only very imperfectly in the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Perhaps the school system might be improved by giving the state superintendent a real power to superintend, and this might be done with a real warrant in justice, inasmuch as the state, as a state, collects and distributes the greater part of the school funds.

Briefly, the law makes it the chief duty of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to report to the governor and, through the governor, to the people and the legislature, the condition and the needs of the educational institutions of the state; to gather and tabulate statistics relating to the schools of the state and the teachers in the schools; to ascertain the number of children of school age in the state and the number in the schools of the various grades; to apportion the school funds among the several counties of the state according to a ratio fixed by law, and draw his warrants in favor of the several counties for their due shares; to prepare and have printed copies of the school laws and distribute them among school officers; to prepare and furnish requisite blanks for reports from teachers and school officers and forms for teachers' certificates; to visit schools maintained in orphan asylums receiving state aid and examine into their courses of instruction; to visit schools in the different counties and inquire into their condition; to call and hold yearly conventions of county and city superintendents of schools for conferences and discussions regarding education and school needs. In short, his office is the center to which, rather than from which the educational activities of the state proceed.

Besides being a so-called superintendent of public instruction the one who holds that office is ex-officio member and secretary of the State Board of Education, whose activities may make the subject of a future article, and also of the State text book committee. Although weak in authority the State Superintendent of Schools holds no sinecure. Much of his time is spent on wheels going from county to county, and from school to school. He is a busy man or else a very unfaithful official, and those holding that office have generally been busy enough.

Nor can one person do all the work required to be done. Besides the State Superintendent he has first of all a deputy and, in recent years, it has been the custom of the superintendent to choose his own wife for his deputy and, inasmuch as he draws a salary of $5,000 a year as superintendent, and she draws $2,400 as deputy, they make it a good paying job for the family. Then there is the statistician, who receives $2,000 a year, a text book clerk, who receives $1,600, a stenographer at $1,600 and a porter at $480. These officials, if competent and industrious, are not over paid.

In the judgment of the writer of these lessons the state would do better to establish a department of education with a superintendent at the head with enlarged power, appointed by and responsible to the governor, a man fit to rank with the president of a university and with powers to match. Such a man with such powers could vitalize our educational system beyond compare.

LOOK WELL TO DELEGATES!

A fact important to be noted is that the delegates elected to county conventions at the August primary election to be held this year will be the delegates who will constitute the county convention to be held in 1912 for the selection of delegates to go to the state convention, which state convention will select the delegates to go to the national convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. The new law provides for exactly that situation, and there will not be another general primary after the one to be held on the 16th of August, 1910, until after candidates for President and Vice-President shall have been nominated. This makes the selection of county delegates this year doubly important. They will name the men who will name the men who will name the next party candidates for President and Vice-President. Therefore, look well to those delegates!

It is expected that the Stockton Terminal and Eastern Railway will be in operation between Stockton and Jenny Lind, Calaveras County, about July 1.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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his Week: "THE EVOLUTION OF A WOMEN'S COLLEGE"

—By Josiah Keep

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JULY 1 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

II Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal. GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00. In Advance. No. 32.

Take the Joy Out of It

ME OF SAN MATEO'S smart women have been finding joy in speeding their automobiles in competition with express s in contravention of law. One of them, a Miss Slade, e papa has much money, is reported to have paid her fine 5 without a grimace, declaring the joy of it to be well worth rice, but what if the magistrate had imposed thirty days il? A fine that may prove crushing to the poor becomes ly inconsequential when assessed against the rich. The province of a fine is to re-imburse society for the cost of ecutions. For penalties imprisonments should always be ted, and none merit imprisonment like those who violate ws because they find the joy of it worth the price.

One Or None

ERE CAN BE NO MORE justification for undertaking o hold two great world-participating, simultaneous exposi- in honor of the opening of the Panama canal than there l be in undertaking to build two such canals. The attempt ave but one result, a double, disastrous financial and in- ial failure, and the compromiser, be he President or mem- of Congress, who would sanction two such fiascos rather muster the resolution to say "yes" or "no" to one or other ant is made of too mellow material to be exalted to any on where tough fibre is likely to be required. Let there e exposition or none, and if San Francisco cannot have that t should keep its money in its pocket and abide its time.

Hope and Fear

ERE WAS PATHOS in the statements of Theodore oosevelt at Harvard when he declared that, abroad, he the multitude swayed by two powerful emotions concern- s—hope for the emancipation of the common man and hat our ideals were being submerged by a greedy material- There is reason for hope and reason for fear, for the battle neither lost nor won. And yet progress is making. We ee it right here in San Francisco. Grafting has been made s if it has not been punished. Those who stood openly ie spread of the night life of San Francisco have felt the mpt of their fellow citizens. The slot machines have been ut of commission and now that survival of the cave-bear he prize fight, has been driven over the mountains.

In Fighting Trim

JATOR LA FOLLETTE recently visited Theodore Roose- elt at Oyster Bay, coming away to report him in fighting There will be fighting enough to do and already the New machine is feeling the weight of his influence. His sal of a direct primary election law was characteristic. sentative government is best when it represents. When s not represent with fidelity it is no good at all and direct ation is the only recourse.

Good Luck to the Gorilla

E SOMEWHAT HUMANIZED and regulated survival of oth-and-claw combat betwixt the California grizzly and frican gorilla will signalize the celebration of the nation's day at Reno. So mote it be. Here is hoping that the a may mop the arena floor with his adversary and expec- in his eye, not out of any spirit of enmity toward the y, but as a fitting humiliation to the race that has capital- ized the brutalized instincts of humankind and commercialized a day that should be sacred to high thoughts and hallowed memories. Physical prowess is to be despised only when bereft of moral purpose, but so bereaved man is hardly the equal of the orangoutang which he so much resembles.

The Grafters

ON THE SURFACE it seems a hardship that San Francisco grafters should be forced to pay large fees to surety companies or remain in jail, but whose fault is it that they are not being tried? Who was it that made an infamous deal with the forces of political evil in this city to defeat Heney for district attorney, and so put the administration of the law in the hands of one who has betrayed reluctance to administer it? And who is it that is paying Gallagher to stay away from San Francisco so that the trials of the grafters cannot proceed? As they have made their beds let the grafters lie in them.

It Is Time to Act

THE BIGGER BROTHER who, seeing the little fellows trying to scratch each other's eyes out, does not interfere to restore order and maintain the peace of the family is not fit to head the family. That is the case of Uncle Sam with reference to Nicaragua. Every day that passes adds new emphasis to our national neglect of duty. It is not more territory that we want, but that peace without which life is intolerable and that order without which life scarcely is worth the living. It is time for our government to act toward Nicaragua with firmness and with fairness, but for our common, not our special, good.

The Ridiculous Ideas of Kent

DUNCAN McKINLAY HAS PROMISED himself the pleasure of showing up the "ridiculous ideas" of William Kent regarding tariffs, taxation and other reformatory measures, in their true light throughout his district at an early day. It may well appear ridiculous to one with McKinlay's recent associations, for any man of wealth to hold that taxation should be upon anything except consumption of product, or that tariffs should be based upon what protection is needed, impartially and systematically ascertained, but he will find thousands in his district just fools enough to swallow those ideas whole. They have a taking way with them because they are true.

The Heinze Fee

IF, AS REPORTED FROM NEW YORK, F. Augustus Heinze had to pay his attorney $800,000 to keep him out of prison, where was the harm? Was it not worth the price to beat the law at a hundred points? No malefactor of great wealth ever yet became so reconciled to that prison pallor, cell odor and convict garb that, caught in a tight squeeze, he would not give half he was worth, if he had to, to the criminal lawyer or lawyer criminal who could get him out of his predicament.

Wholly Impersonal

THE ESTEEMED ARGONAUT says of Mr. Herrin's Oregon address that it was "wholly impersonal." So it was. That was the trouble with it. If the eloquent and able gentleman had seen fit to make the occasion one for a full and frank confession of his experiences in practical politics he could have dwarfed the big fight both in interest and lack of reputability.

Union Labor Here and Elsewhere

Skilled labor in and around San Francisco is pretty well unionized. It is not so at Portland, at Seattle, at Tacoma or at Los Angeles. These cities are all competitors with San Francisco in markets along the Pacific Coast, in Alaska, in the territories and inter-mountain states and with such countries bordering other shores of the Pacific ocean as maintain trade relations with our western coast.

This situation cannot permanently continue. Manufacturing cannot endure one-fourth unionized and three-fourths non-unionized. Wages of skilled labor are higher in San Francisco than in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma or Los Angeles, and production costs more in San Francisco than in the other cities named. This difference in the cost of production militates against San Francisco in all markets common to these ambitious and aggressive competitive centers of production. The contest is unequal. San Francisco enjoys no advantage of ore or coal supply, of oil or electric energy, that can equalize this difference in labor cost. The executive abilities of her employers are not of a higher order. Her skilled workmen are not more skilled. The cost of production in San Francisco is greater than in any of the cities named and must remain so as long as the skilled labor of San Francisco is unionized and that of her competitive cities is not.

Shall our energies be put forth to disunionize skilled labor in San Francisco or to secure its unionization in the other cities named? That is the question. It cannot be ignored. The only other choice open is for San Francisco to be content as a local trading center buttressed by such excess of transportation rates from these other cities into San Francisco's commercial preserves as her influence with transportation companies may make shift to maintain, an uncertain protection if not an ignoble.

The answer springs to the lips: "Disunionize San Francisco. That would be easiest, cheapest, speediest." On second thought, would it? San Francisco cannot be disunionized without a struggle as long drawn, as costly and as severe as would be required to unionize the other cities. It would be working against the spirit of the age, against the rise of the common man, against the enjoyment of a right to unite in defense of one's occupation, home and kind that the best thought of our time no longer questions. It would be reactionary in principle and destructive in application.

Once disunionize the skilled labor of San Francisco and adjacent districts, lengthen the working day from eight hours to nine, and lower wages, and Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle will be under competitive pressure to lengthen their working day from nine hours to ten and to reduce wages farther. The consummation of that policy must be the impoverishment of labor without benefit to any of the cities involved, for cut in labor cost must be met by cut in labor cost until that bedrock of mere subsistence is reached which spells poverty, squalor and such a hades of industry as now prevails in Pittsburg, contemplation of which brings the blush of shame to the cheek of every lover of his race.

But if these competitive cities can be unionized, as efforts are now making to bring to pass in all of them, essentially identical labor conditions will exist in all of them. There has never been another device for preventing a competitor cutting under in prices as reliable as the unionization, and consequent equalization, of labor cost. All price levels tend to conform to that initial element in production.

Frankly, in self defense, it would be good policy for San Francisco employers, as well as laborers, to contribute their sympathy, their influence and of their means to aid organized labor in the work of organizing labor in Los Angeles, in Portland, in Tacoma and in Seattle. It would tend toward stability in prices, equality of opportunity and that human uplift that should challenge the championship of every right minded man.

If the unions, intoxicated by their success and animated by a narrow and greedy disregard of the common good, seek either to extort more than a just wage from all these cities, or conspire together to such a limitation of apprenticeship and admission to unions as will create an artificial and injurious scarcity of skilled mechanics, then all the employers of all these cities may stand together to resist such aggressions, as certain of the co-operation and support of public opinion as organized labor is now certain of it in its fight for the right to unionize. The policy here commended makes large demands upon the foresight, the magnanimity, the moral courage of San Francisco employers, but The California Weekly ventures to hope that the demand will not prove greater than will be honored.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

Enemies to Protection

A concerted effort is making to deceive Republican voters into the view that those who do not approve of the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure are enemies to protection. Duncan McKinlay will ring the changes on this idea. Mr. Herrin's State Central Committee declared it. The "organization" press iterates it with one voice. The allegation is not true. The enemies of protection are those who, by combination and trustification of industries, destroyed free competition within the tariff wall, without which the protective theory has not one justification in theory or in practice. There is but one sound principle to apply to the issue and that is this: "All the protection that is needed without one dollar for monopoly." Whoever espouses any other tariff doctrine is an enemy to protection and deserves to be branded as such.

Over the Border

In round numbers, a hundred thousand "Unitedstatesuns" are crossing the line into the Canadian northwest every year, taking a hundred million dollars with them. They are being attracted thither by a land hunger that cannot be satisfied on this side of the line. It is not a bereavement to brood over. They will not be poorer Americans for crossing the line northward than the Canadians have proven through coming to the United States to cast their fortunes with us. When the time shall be at its fullness, they will count in the scale for that ocean-bound United States of America that shall open the way for a United States of Europe, another of Africa, a fourth of South America, if not sometime of Asia. When nations shall be continental in their dimensions the peace of the world will be subjected to few disquietudes.

Tendencies Maniacal

The accusations contained in Ellery's last, to the effect that Hiram Johnson is insincere in his opposition to railroad domination of the politics of this state, and that William F. Herrin is backing Johnson as certainly as Anderson, give rise to the fear that State Engineer Ellery may not get the reconstruction of Agnew hospital so far advanced as to furnish fit accommodations for candidate Ellery's comfort against the time of need. His symptoms suggest a liability to become maniacal at any moment. Too bad! Such a promising young man, too!

Making-Up to Save From Prison

One Leland H. Barnard, of Oakland, is a defaulter. Report has it that if his delinquency be made up he may not be prosecuted. That were outrageous if true, which it probably is not, and yet not without precedent. It is not every embezzler who should be put to prison. There are single, sudden, unpremeditated lapses from honesty that should not be even prosecuted to conviction, but in all such cases the rich and the poor should be treated exactly alike. The poor cannot square accounts with justice by making up the deficiency and the rich should not be permitted to square accounts with the state that way. Unless identical restitution can be made of that which was stolen any restitution on the part of the family should not stand between the culprit and what should be his due at the hands of justice. If embezzled funds are made up it should be to protect the honor of the family, not the liberty of the accused. Another point in the case demands consideration: It is reported that the young man's accounts had not been investigated by his superiors for two years. That was leading into temptation and was blameworthy. No one who has not forgotten the Lord's Prayer should be chargeable with that neglect. May a weakling has gone to prison because his employer was careless, a fact to be taken into consideration by the court in meting out punishment.

Gracious Goodness

With renewed assurances of his distinguished consideration and personal regard the Mayor of San Francisco has forborne to reappoint Mr. Flannery to the police commission in his own despite. With what justice therefore dare anyone charge P. H. McCarthy with a truculent disregard for the feelings of others? Nothing becomes the great like magnanimity. Again is the saying vindicated that, "Mercy is twice blest, blessing him that gives and him that takes," for nothing could be more fitting to his circumstances than that Mr. Flannery should be excused from having further honors thrust upon him. To be sure he was exonerated by a jury of his peers, but there was evidence of associations and affiliations with bunco men and convicted and confessed criminals that make discretion on Mr. Flannery's part the better part of valor. Mayor McCarthy's forbearing to reappoint Flannery whether or no descends upon the city as dew from heaven, a sigh of relief is yielded up from four hundred thousand grateful hearts.

The Slot Machines

The dove-like quality of the roar which Mayor McCarthy uttered when the Governor ruthlessly removed the Mayor's intellectual pastime to Nevada, his forbearing to reappoint Harry Flannery to the police commission, and that unwonted suspension of hostilities toward every good thing remaining to San Francisco which has prevailed for so

s, afford ground for hoping that his lence will hardly be equal to attacking lot machine ordinance now fortunately rce. All the same it will be well to the movement for the reinstatement e machines. The number of those who the careers of San Francisco's youth as ss value than nickels is legion and sel- caught napping. The children of light imes sleep. Watch!

Low Wool

withstanding that the wool tariff sched- mains untouched, and that the woolen ry has more tariff protection now than during the Civil War, wool rules low American market and nearly fifty per of American machinery for woolen acture is idle. What can the matter be? the industry need more protection? Or e substitution of cotton and shoddy for and the inability of the purchasing pub- pay trust prices for all-wool goods, zed the industry? It looks as though n of greed had inflicted its own well d punishment.

If Cities Knew Their Power

decision of the Supreme Court of nia in the Geary street railroad case blendidly liberal. It is to be accepted atisfaction. It opens the way for relief a galling monopoly that had for its not alone the debauching and mulcting people of San Francisco, but such an pitalization of enterprise as must, if un- upon a confiding public, inasmuch as of reckoning between people and cor- n will sometime come, prove a sorry nce to investors.

the supreme court has opened a way n Francisco to help itself and in a way invalidate any honest dollar invested existing street railroad enterprises. It retribution that is wanted, but deliver-

merican cities could learn their own there is scarcely a wrong they suffer uld not be remedied. The municipali- continental Europe have learned their h and British cities have learned theirs. hould American cities be less self con- resolute, daring?

n lately asked the legislature of Massa- s to empower that city to buy suburban ies in large holdings, that the city may te them into small and sell them on rms of payment to persons ambitious homes of their own, not being able of those promotion companies that at they must quadruple their invest- very time they reduce a farm to city villa tracts. Learned legalists are zing the proposal over their spectacles oubts as to its constitutionality, with as to whether or not a city should the sacred precincts of private or as- enterprise having extortion as its Meantime, tuberculosis ravages con- Boston districts and babies are born die babies, ill requiting the pain their entails. What Boston is striving to ver to do all American cities should en doing for decades.

Angeles has begun to appreciate its ength. It is fetching water more than es over desert and mountain. It is g to generate its own light and power San Pedro, it is planning to make a fit to supply the needs of the southern commonwealths through to the Gulf ico.

Francisco is just beginning to feel the life along its keel. It, too, is trying the mountains for water and, whether inality it goes there for water or not, ld go there for its own power, every whit as important as water, and get it, too In no other way can it be sure of slipping out of the grasp of the extortioner, the corruptionist and the exploiter of the wealth of the many for the advantage of the few.

The supreme court has given San Francisco a hint as to the power it may have if it will use it. That power should be limited only by the city's need. That need is mainly for self defense, the first of nature's laws and therefore well grounded, buttressed, validated. If any city be half slave and half free it is because it has not known its own power or had the courage to use it.

The Inter-Mountain Rate Cases

While the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission relative to freight rates into and out of the intermountain district has promptly been taken up to the supreme court of the United States it will come down again in due season not much impaired. By the court's own limitation of judicial powers in such cases those powers are confined within narrow limits and, unless the evidence shows that the commission has wantonly abused its prerogatives, its decisions will not be disturbed.

The commission decided, in brief, that the rates from Pacific Coast ports to intermountain points, and also from Missouri river common points to the same, were unreasonable and should be reduced. This was not saying that a differential should not exist in favor of Pacific Coast ports, but only that that difference should be reasonable, not extortionate.

This should be satisfactory to all Pacific Coast cities. No permanent value is to be gained by placing artificial barriers betwixt our patrons and our competitors within our common country. That spirit has been under the ban for three generations. In a generous rivalry there is stimulation and virtue, but not in ungenerous. That breeds rancor in the hearts of those who should be our friends. Neither love nor trade was ever won by a cut across the face with a riding whip. If seaport cities would derive advantage from being seaports let them develop a free and independent water transportation. That way lie the markets of the world.

Make Assurance Dead Sure

At the little station of Manteka there were forty registered voters at a Johnson meeting and every man of them signed the Johnson nomination papers. Now the danger was that those men would go to their homes justified, half of them neglecting to vote, as likely as not, in the firm belief that everything is coming Johnson's way anyhow and their votes will not be needed.

Now it is true that, on the surface, or so far beneath the surface as one may see, the nomination of Johnson is safe—provided that every Johnson man votes for Johnson and has his vote recorded for Johnson and not for someone else.

But, if the disreputable element in our political life, that element that is bound together by the cohesive power of graft, spoils of office and low conceptions of citizenship—if that element, on the 16th of August, be divided betwixt Anderson and Curry, 'alf-and-'alf, or anything like it, it will be the first time such a thing has occurred in the political history of this commonwealth since the advent of the Southern Pacific old guard. Good men differ on principle so that nothing can bring them together. Bad men can be brought into agreement on the instant with just one touch of personal or class advantage.

Moral, keep a-fighting till the sun goes down on Primary Day and then watch by the campfires until the votes are counted. That will make assurance dead sure and nothing else will. Please pass this along.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Somehow the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, and that of passive resistance to evil as well, has not taken a strong grip upon the world. This is not to question the soundness of these doctrines. The sanction they have is too high for that, but it is a truth that the hold they have upon the minds and hearts of men is feeble, and likely to remain so beyond our ken. There is, or was, one sect, now fast assimilating with an evil-resisting world, that made non-resistance a cardinal principle of life, but they do say that if any trouble breeder finds himself suffering for a walloping all he has to do is to goad a Quaker beyond the boundary of forbearance and he will get it.

The problem of evil in the world is not easily explicable, but the fact of it is plain to be seen. Every issue of a daily paper bears a hundred testimonies to the fact that evil exists, sometimes unknowingly, sometimes uncaringly, sometimes premeditatedly, and the call to arms to war against it is ever ringing in our ears. The hymnology of the very religion that dedicates itself to passive resistance to evil is surcharged with the spirit of militant resistance to it. From, "Fight on, ye little soldiers," to that splendid, martial-moving, "A safe stronghold our God is still, a trusty shield and weapon," we express our highest emotions in terms of war, and they are calculated to impart to youth and age alike that "fighting edge," which our first citizen admonishes us must not be allowed to become blunted lest the cause of righteousness be lost through a supine tendency to suffer evil rather than to resist it tooth and nail.

This warfare against that which would work us evil is going on in each of us every instant. Introduced into one of us the germ of typhoid, of ague, of diphtheria or smallpox and at once war rages from crown of head to toe of foot. The forces of righteousness in our blood are seizing upon the invaders and casting them out, and sometimes the carnage is so fierce that the patient is destroyed with friend and foe alike. The most hopeful advances of medicine and surgery have been made along lines of finding the most puissant enemies of our enemies and turning them loose within our veins to fight our life battles for us. We are led to hope that the great white plague, which is bad enough, if not the great red plague, which is worse, may be eradicated by enlisting in our service the good germs to fight against these microscopic enemies that will slay us if they can, and generally do before they have done with us.

If our enemies do not attack us bodily, then they attack our sustenance by destroying our fruit trees, our vines, our fields of grain, our herds of cattle, our sheep and our swine. California is having the world searched for insects that are the natural enemies of insect pests, and the national government is spending millions to the same end. Were these two governments to lose their fighting edge in these warlike activities there is no knowing what famines and what pestilences might sweep us and our substance off the earth.

Our navy is great and costly and our army, though small, is no small burden, and yet our greatest dangers from enemies, as a nation, as a state and as individuals, are from within rather than from without. It was an internal conflict that came nearest to costing this nation its life. When we die it is likely to be from the assaults of enemies within our own bodies, and if we fail of making our lives worth while it will be because we have somehow lost the fighting edge needful for resisting our own evil tendencies or the evil tendencies of those common enemies of mankind who are parasites upon their race, yielding it no benefit, but ever feeding upon its substance, its blood, its very soul. Of a truth the fighting edge must not be suffered to grow dull, and the forces of evil must be resisted in all the ways we know. They set snares for the feet of our children and none, not one, is safe from them while life lasts.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Rabies Practically Annihilated in Paris

The success of the Pasteur method of dealing with rabies is best demonstrated where it has been most tested; that is, in Paris. In the French metropolis the dread disease has been practically annihilated, there having been no record of a human being afflicted with it since 1905. In 1809, with a registration of 185,000 dogs, but thirteen cases were reported, while in 1902, with a registration of 140,000 dogs, there were 846 cases. The proportion of cases among dogs was about 85 times as great in 1902 as in 1909. Among 68,109 ownerless dogs taken into the charge of the police in the last four years, but four cases of rabies were found, while 155 cases were found among 78,768 such dogs taken in charge during the preceding six years. Looked at from any point of view, the figures indicate that hydrophobia is all but absolutely exiled from the great French city, and to the Pasteur method of treatment belongs the entire credit.

"Uncle Sam Is Rich Enough"

The old song asserted that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." At the present time his capacity for giving farms is becoming somewhat limited, but it is a cheering thought that he still is rich enough to own about one-half of the world's distributive and productive resources. He owns just about half of all railroad and telegraph mileage. He also owns over half of the trolley lines, and much more than half of all telephones. The list of such public or quasi-public utilities in which the ownership is half, or more than half, in Uncle Sam, might be extended almost indefinitely. Take the matter of automobiles, which are privately owned, but are a public blessing or nuisance. At the present time 130,000 are owned in this country, as against about 160,000 owned elsewhere, but our increase this year was 50,000, as against 38,000 in all the rest of the world, and it is estimated that by the end of 1911 we will own more than half. Oh, we are living high, but, Query: When we view some features of the situation, does it strike anybody that we are paying high, and may pay higher, for the privilege?

Interesting Facts Concerning Roses

Here are some facts concerning the queen of all flowers, the rose, to which attention was called during a rose show recently given in Paris by the French Horticultural Society: What is believed to be the oldest rose tree in the world adds its beauty to the wall of a cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany. Its exact age is lost in the murk of antiquity, but eleventh-century records mention expenses incurred in caring for the tree, so that it is at least nine centuries old. The largest rose tree in Europe, it is claimed, also is found in Germany. It grows in a private garden in Freiburg, and its top covers a space of 115 feet, forming an immense bower. It is a wild rose, on which a Chromatella tea rose was grafted in 1881. The finest rose tree, according to Frenchmen, is found in the marine gardens at Toulon. It is a Banksia, which covers a fifteen-foot wall for a distance of eighty feet and has been known to bear 50,000 blossoms at a time. The foregoing figures would seem surprising in almost any country except California. Here they are most likely to set the reader to wondering what are the dimensions of the rose tree in his own or his neighbor's garden.

Rat Catcher vs. Laureate

Some of the salaries paid to King Edward's domestic officials—thus to term them—are rather surprising, and they are particularly so when certain comparisons are made between them. It is not surprising, presumably, that housemaids depleted the royal exchequer annually to the extent of $11,180, nor is it astonishing that church officers received $30,095; but there was a "surveyor of pictures" who surveyed pictures to the extent of $1,000 every year. Also, there was the rat-catcher and purveyor of water at Buckingham palace. It was the duty of this official to catch the rats, if only there had been any to catch, and to turn on or off the water, if anybody ever wanted it turned on or off. For this masterly combination of activities he received $400 annually in cash and free use of a fine house in the best part of the city, the total evidently being not less than a thousand dollars per annum. Now for the comparison: The poet laureate received $350 a year, or perhaps one-third as much as the rat-catcher and water-purveyor. No wonder that Pegasus sometimes is pictured as being super-lean. How could he be anything else on that quantity of feed? It is a starvation wage. Still, there is something to be said on the other side of the question: Alfred Austin was the poet laureate who received the $350.

Prussia Will Allow Cremation

For some time past Prussia, the principal one of the German states, has been the only one in which cremation was forbidden by law, and now it seems likely that it soon will rid itself of this peculiar distinction, the lower house of the legislature having passed a resolution in the hope of inducing the government to bring in a bill permitting the practice. The argument in the lower house was warm, the clerical section opposing the resolution on the good old theological grounds. How, they desired to know, could a body be resurrected on the Judgment Day if it had been burned up? This is the old, old poser which, its proponents claim, cannot be satisfactorily met by asking another question, to-wit: How can the body be resurrected after it has been resolved into "the indefinite dust of the ages?" Over this involved question the battle was waged, and, as has been said, the cremationists finally won out, so that it is probable that Prussia soon will stand no longer alone in this matter.

Concerning the Oberammergau Play

If you are calculating to go to Oberammergau this year in order to see the Passion Play, it will be well to make up your mind in advance to pay for what you get and get what you can. People who have been there say that visitors will pay for enough and will not get too much. The facts of the case appear to be that the villagers of Oberammergau are a simple, primitive, well meaning people who are simply swamped by a rush of visitors for whom they have no sufficient accommodations. At every presentation of the play there are some 4,500 spectators—more than half of them Americans—and there are three or four times as many people in the village as ever have attended a previous presentation of the Passion Play. Prices for board and lodging run from three to six dollars a day, which would not be so bad for the small but neat room supplied if the struggle for existence in the form of food were not so strenuous, but where eating accommodations for fifteen are stretched to cover forty, as is the case over there, somebody is quite likely to be underfed. As a matter of fact, the villagers, with the best of intentions, appear to have bit off more than they can masticate successfully, and, as a consequence, their visitors should expect to lead the strenuous life in providing for the inner man.

Existence of Radium Questioned

Notwithstanding the many things that have been said or written concerning radium and its properties, it is a singular fact that its very existence as a chemical element still is in doubt. If it be an element chemists have not yet succeeded in isolating it, and it is known only in its chloride or bromide compounds, and radio-activity has been found only in these. It is assumed that there is an elementary metal, but no less distinguished an authority than Gustave Le Bon doubts that the assumption is justifiable. He believes that it eventually will be discovered that the so-called radium chloride is nothing more or less than barium chloride, and that the radio-activity, which does not characterize ordinary barium chloride, will be found due to unknown chemical combinations. It is supposed that the question eventually will be decided by chemical analysis, but the fact that a tenth of a grain of the substance would be required for the experiment, and that hour would cost $10,000, heretofore has prevented such an analysis. Meanwhile the question is interesting: Is radium merely a name for something that does not exist, and is radio-activity as mistaken a name as was Americus when given to the discovery of Christopher Columbus?

A German Prize for Aviators

Following the long flights of Curtiss and Hamilton, to say nothing of others which are in prospect, the German Aviation League has offered a prize of $12,500 for an aeroplane flight from Frankfort to Mannheim and back by way of Mayence and Weisbaden, a distance somewhat less than 250 miles. Only Germans in German-built machines will be permitted to compete.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Subscribers for the Liberator:

Dear Friends: After mature consideration I have concluded to suspend the publication of the "Liberator." The publication may be resumed at some future time should the occasion demand it. It has, of course, no been self-supporting, and has never been intended for more than a voice crying out for artistic and higher ideals. It was the mouthpiece of the Citizens League of Justice during the active campaign, and when the League was unable to finance it further, I continued the publication, largely at my own expense, until it seemed proper to suspend it for the present.

I have turned over the subscription list of the "Liberator" to The California Weekly, in the hope that all of our subscribers will transfer their subscription to the Weekly This paper has always stood and now stands for all the principles of justice and good government which brought the League and the "Liberator" into existence. It is making a heroic fight in California for good government and has arrayed against it the same enemies and forces of corruption, vice and wrong that opposed the Citizens League of Justice and the "Liberator." Therefore, I heartily recommend to you The California Weekly, and bespeak for it your cordial support. It will contain notices of matters of interest to the Citizens League of Justice.

The subscription price to The California Weekly is $2.00 per year, but the officers of the Weekly have agreed to fill out the term of subscription of the present subscribers to the "Liberator" without additional charge.

Yours very truly,

G. H. BOKE.

Until we have justice established, cheaply speedily, cheaply, we have no government worthy of the name. If successful reality may buy its way to liberty, or secure immunity from prosecution through political manipulation, government has failed and each citizen will sooner or later become his own judge of his rights, his own jury, if not executive officer. The interests of The California Weekly are manifold, its activities no few, but its purpose is to see justice established. To that end we welcome the co-operation of the Citizens League of Justice and that of its founder and chief advocate, Prosecutor George H. Boke. THE STAFF.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

A MODERN PRODIGAL

By Charles F. Lummis

was mine than the Prodigal's wander-

who in rioting ran to waste),
have been love's birthright squandering
he dry sands of a life of haste.

women and wine and laughter
g the yellow adown the wind;
–I was only groping after
er blindness, who now was blind.

kisses nor blood-red chalices
ed me wander, nor gave excuse;
n with the plea of Pleasure's fallacies
es my heart for its wasted use.

working—working and blundering
n the treadmill of every day,
of the slavery—never wondering
arts could live "in a business way."

w too late when the skies are harden-

n for a light that has ceased to shine.
ld go home to his father's pardoning,
st stay with my husks and swine!

OF MERE BOOKISHNESS

s have the same effect as wine, they
nd stimulate. Used as an Italian uses
as a temperate pleasure, as an inspira-
see life with more perceiving eyes
warmer sympathy—they are wholly
al. But their stimulant effect is also
ger. All stimulants are, essentially,
and as with drugs, so with books, they
ily made a vicious habit. And again
drugs or wine, the danger of forming
habit of their use is greatest during
mative years of youth. The writer has
ores of heavy-eyed boys and girls,
s of the public library, who craved the
page with no less eagerness than the
rd craves his wine and with a passion
ch higher in its origin or its practice
e sottishness of drink. These youthful
at an inspiring spring had already
life too dull, reality too obvious, the
es and duties of everyday too com-
ce. They must drug their minds
lly with the stimulant of books, with
in which color is always bright, action
rapid and emotion ever pulsing high.
kind of stimulation, or rather the
l craving for it, is almost wholly evil.
cannot be healthful that is fed wholly
pices. Youth craves naturally excite-
nd the stirring of the blood, but con-
find these things only in books and
look for them in the world beside them
holesome.
her evil flows from this youthful in-
s upon books, an evil that is merely
se, or overuse, of an excellent thing.
ind of youth is broadened and spurred
er interests by the suggestive pages of
This is good. But when the mind of
ollows books too much it exhausts too
the resources of interest and instruc-
The youth is bored at twenty. Great
seem small, because he has read of so
great things that he is cloyed and his
to experience surprise is deadened.
nse of emotional values is deadened by
ny emotional experiences in reading.
sh responsiveness of youth is weighted
y a too early sophistication.
the worst evil of this early exclusive
ion in books is that its devotee grad-
nto a merely bookish man. There are
ings more sad. To find life itself un-
ting or, worse, even an irritation, and
flavor and substance only in what other
ave written about life, what a perver-
the natural order this! To rejoice in
inted record of the clash of great
and yet to see no zest nor interest in
men and movements that future his-
will describe with relish! To sorrow
e oppressed and heavy-laden that peo-
nly the imaginations of dead authors,
and to see neither pathos nor tragedy in the life of the newsboy in the next street! What a second-hand sort of life is this, to hear only from another man's voice and to see only with another man's eyes the vast and complicated pageant of existence as it marches by one's door! It is as if a man chose out of preference to be deaf and blind, and voluntarily sat all his days reading from raised print about the things he would not see and hear.

The true use of books is to instruct and to inspire. Whoever uses them so, finds them a precious blessing. To live life fully, joyously, they help by opening up new fields, by clearing the mists of doubt and superstition, by correcting our first impressions by the sober judgment of wiser men, by reminding us of charity and suffering and the need for helpfulness, by calling to our duller eyes the lights and glowing colors that men of keener vision have detected and enjoyed.

Some reading every day, some moments with the wise, the discerning, the just, the lovers of beauty, but more life than the mere records of it. This is the proper spirit to obey in reading.

"SKID PUFFER"

Skid Puffer, the hero of an anonymous volume published by Henry Holt & Co., is a character unique in fiction. There has been none like him heretofore, and there will be none hereafter unless the unknown author concludes again to take up his, or her, pen. It is said that the author is a Californian; it even has been hinted by somebody, anybody, or perhaps nobody, that he resides somewhere along California's great bay. Further than that nothing is known of the author, but, whoever he may be, that he has made a ten-strike of "Skid" is indicated by the fact that, although the first edition of this anonymous story was issued hardly more than three months ago, the third edition is now in preparation—which is "going some" for the work of an absolutely unknown writer.

A fate which perhaps was less unkind than it appears at first glance has made the boy, Skid, a resident of the Kankakee swamp, Indiana, and the people of the Kankakee swamp have their own vernacular and their own serious or humorous views of life. Nearly the first third of the book is devoted to a series of sketches linked together by the uniformity of their characters, and through these sketches we learn to know the swamp, its denizens, their manners and customs, and particularly do we know Squire Puffer and Skid so well that we are inclined to hold them as somewhat uncouth, but quaintly humorous and decidedly refreshing members of our literary family.

After the humorous sketches, in which we learn to know the "local color" of the swamp and its people, comes the story, and it comes with a vigor and dash which are maintained to the end. There is no flagging of interest. The quaint little waif of the Kankakee swamp learns the secret of his parentage, and hears the story of the great wrong done his mother. The swamp is left behind, the scene shifts to Indianapolis, where Skid acquires the manners of city-civilized mankind; Cupid shyly appears and makes his bow, but he is a coy Cupid and at all times refuses to constitute himself the main motif of the story.

No attempt will be made here to follow the interesting plot. Future readers may learn that for themselves, but one cannot refrain from calling particular attention to that considerable part of the book in which Skid follows across the Sonora desert the betrayer of his father and mother in order that justice may be brought home to him. The description of the long, thirsty trail and of the final fight in which Skid at last attained his end, is wonderfully graphic. It requires no potent imagination to journey and thirst with Skid; indeed, a very commonplace imagination must do this much, and the brute vigor of the fight must thrill anyone in whom some remnant of the animal still remains. It is a rare bit of imagery, this.

And at end of it all, the question again arises: What Californian did this? and a fairly intimate acquaintance with western writers will suggest no answer. The question must be answered by the author in his own time and way, if he chooses to reveal himself.

(Henry Holt & Co., New York, $1.20.)

HOW McGRATH WRITES NOVELS

Harold McGrath, whose novel, "A Splendid Hazard," is published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, says that he usually begins a novel as a dramatist begins a play, at the end. His plots he carries in his head for a long time while ripening, and he never outlines the story very strictly in advance. Of his literary theories he says:

"The one definite idea I have in mind in writing stories is to afford an agreeable, pleasant hour or two to my readers. I wish to amuse them, to make them wish that they, too, might have lived as this or that hero, in this or that land, probable or improbable. I prefer sunshine, mirth, buoyancy, and I believe most readers prefer the same. Grown up people never are wholly deprived of their love of fairy tales; and grown-up fairy tales have been the scheme of most of my novels. I write whenever I feel like it, for when I am in the mood I do better work. I never force myself to do so much work each day. There are days when it is impossible to write a hundred words; again, I have written as many as 7000 words a day. Obstacles? There are altogether too many to enumerate. A character that doesn't 'balk' never fails to be uninteresting. I have always tried to place human people in absurd or unique situations and to let them extricate themselves as you or I would if so placed."

SHAW'S TRIBUTE TO RODIN

George Bernard Shaw, the Irish humorist, declined an invitation recently to a banquet in honor of the great French sculptor, Rodin. His letter follows: "For me, a banquet is superfluous. I have already taken measures to assure immortality by attaching myself to Rodin. In every future encyclopedia you will find 'Bernard Shaw—subject of a bust by Rodin, otherwise unknown.'

"If the bust is broken, destroyed, or lost, so much the better for me. Future generations will speak of 'the lost Bernard Shaw' as people now speak of Phidias's lost Athena.

"To entertain Rodin seems to me to be rather presumptuous. It is as if Adam after the seven days of creation had offered a snuff-box to the Almighty with the remark, 'My congratulations! It's quite nicely done.' Personally, I do not dare, but I trust Rodin will forgive you. He already has much to forgive his country, so he must be accustomed to it by now."

PERSONALIA

Mascagni has just given out information as to the story of his new opera, "Ysobel." It is a variation on the old legend of Lady Godiva. In the new opera the heroine is Ysobel, the daughter of the Earl of Chester, who makes the famous ride through the streets to save her townsfolk. The hero of the opera is a young huntsman, who has worshiped her from a distance, and who braves the edict, remaining on a balcony when Ysobel rides past, and pelting her with flowers to bring himself to her notice. It is about this incident and the love story that follows that the opera is built.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has recently been making arrangements for a play to be performed at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris, and has been collecting material for a new novel, of which the scene will be laid in the French capital. Amaranta, the heroine, leaves her old aunt in Italy, and comes to Paris to seek fortune. Like his previous play, "La Ville Morte," both the vaudeville drama and the Parisian novel will be written in French.

A. CAMINETTI

A STATE SENATOR WHO WOULD NOT COMPROMISE

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN

At the last session of the legislature the machine bent its energies to eliminate from the direct primary bill all provision for giving the people a practical state-wide vote for United States Senator. Senator Wolfe, machine leader, having got the bill into shape to his liking, with a suave smirk upon his face, addressed the senate, asking that all opposition cease, and the senate go on record unanimously for the machine-amended bill.

No sooner had Wolfe concluded his oily suggestion than an emphatic "Not on your life!" came from the rear of the room.

Senator Caminetti of Amador, whose vocabulary knows no such word as compromise when the rights and privileges of the people are at stake, was in action.

On another occasion when some now-forgotten machine encroachment was under consideration, Warren Porter, president of the senate, ordered Caminetti to his seat.

"I shall not take my seat, sir," thundered back Caminetti. "I am entitled to be heard on this question, and I shall be heard, sir, whether you approve or disapprove.

And Caminetti was heard.

Incidentally, Caminetti was in the right.

When, at the last session of the legislature, the machine defeated the Stetson railroad regulation bill, substituting for it the Wright bill, amendments to the Wright bill were invited from the anti-machine members. Caminetti among other square-deal senators, accepted the invitation in good faith. The senator from Amador had many good amendments to offer, the best of which were voted down. Because a few of the less important were accepted, however, the machine craftily attempted to make Caminetti bear the burden of partial responsibility for the measure.

This is practically a "Caminetti bill," adroitly suggested a machine member.

Caminetti was hair-trigger prompt in his denial.

"This is not a Caminetti bill," he thundered. "You would not permit a Caminetti railroad regulation bill to pass."

When the machine amendments to the direct primary bill were under consideration, Senator Leavitt taunted the anti-machine element with having deserted Senator Wright. As a matter of fact, Wright, who had at first stood with the anti-machine element on this issue, was then voting with the Leavitt-Wolfe faction.

Quick with reply came Senator Caminetti.

"We have not deserted Senator Wright," he cried. "Senator Wright has deserted us."

The aptness of the response brought down the senate.

Meeting all issues squarely, Caminetti expects the same of his associates. A characteristic incident illustrates this.

An important roll call was on—if the writer remembers correctly, it was on Burnett's motion to continue the investigation into the causes of the increase of freight and express rates. Senator Price was present in the senate chamber, but did not answer to the call of his name. The advocates of the resolution insisted that all vote, and demanded a call of the senate. The doors were ordered closed, at which order Price made a run for the senate entrance. Caminetti saw the move, understood it and started to intercept the fleeing senator. But if Caminetti were quick, Price was quicker. Caminetti missed his grab at Price, and so chased that gentleman to the door. The assistant sergeant-at-arms was just swinging the door closed as Price shot through. The determined Caminetti made a last grab at Price's coat-tails, but too late. The massive doors banged closed, with Price, coat-tails and all, on the outside, and the balked Caminetti on the inside. Price did not vote on that roll call.

When the direct primary bill referred to above was up for final action the other anti-machine senators, recognizing that the machine had out-generaled—or better, out-tricked—them, yielded to the inevitable, and voted, under protest, for the machine-doctored measure.

"Before voting," said Stetson, for example, in explanation of his vote, "lest anyone in future think that I have been passed something and didn't know it, I wish to explain my vote I shall vote for this report, not because I want to, but because I have to, if we are at this session to have any direct primary law at all."

Such was the feeling of the anti-machine members. Nevertheless they voted for the bill, all with the single exception of Caminetti. He, for one, would not compromise on a measure of such vital importance to the people.

The people of California are just beginning to recognize what they lost and what the machine won, when the anti-machine members of the legislature threw up their hands after the machine senators had tricked them to defeat on the direct primary issue.

Caminetti was not tricked to defeat, nor has he ever yielded to defeat. The machine has out-voted him, and insulted him, bullied and attempted to bluff him. But it has never compelled him to acknowledge defeat, or accept compromise on a vital question, when the machine was on one side and reputable citizenship on the other.

Caminetti's record in the legislature is that of a fighter who has fought for what he deemed to be right. In sectional disputes, with the valley on the one side and mountain districts on the other, one side or the other may question Caminetti's position. But none can question Caminetti's record where vital state issues have been at stake. He has been found ever fighting for the interests of the people, for a better and freer state, against the craftily working machine element of both parties.

Caminetti's record during his last term in the legislature, covering the sessions of 1907 and of 1909, illustrates this very well.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Charles R. Detrick of Mayfield for a table showing eighteen test votes taken in the senate of 1907. In arranging his table, Mr. Detrick was governed by the same rules and considerations under which the writer selected the test votes as set forth in "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909." The votes selected represent real contests with the machine element on the one side and the anti-machine element on the other; they pertain to questions of state-wide importance; they represent in each instance a vital issue or principle.

Following those considerations, Mr. Detrick has taken as his tests for the session of 1907, the votes giving the people state-wide expression of their choice for United States senator; the vote on the Stetson direct primary bill; the vote on the anti-race track gambling bill; on the demurrage and other railroad regulation bills; on the resolution giving the public unhampered opportunity to purchase prison-made jute bags; on the change of venue bill and other measures affecting the criminal statutes; on the resolution to limit by constitutional provision the sums to be paid attaches of senate and assembly; and the vote on the initiative amendment.

On eighteen issues, including the questions enumerated above, two senators, and two only, were found voting every time against the machine and on the side of progress and reform. They were Senator Bell of Pasadena and Senator Caminetti of Amador. Senator Bell is labeled Republican and Senator Caminetti is labeled Democrat. As a matter of fact, however, there is no partisan division in the state legislature—except when the vote on United States senator is taken—and has not been for years. Bell, the Republican, and Caminetti, the Democrat, are the only members of the state senate of 1907 who present absolutely clean records on the eighteen test questions which Mr. Detrick covers.

The indications are good that men of the type of Caminetti and Bell will control the next legislature. Indeed, at the session of 1909, such men did control the senate by a narrow margin, a control that was for political purposes lost through the partisan organization of that body. The machine leaders were the same at each session, Wolfe, Leavitt and Wright working as a unit, duplicitously, effectively. But the three had no such overwhelming vote behind them in 1909 as they had at the session of 1907.

Caminetti, as at the previous session, under his standard of no compromise with corruption, stood out for the interests of the public as against the interests of the beneficiaries of the political machine. True to principle, Caminetti, a Democrat, voted for United States Senator Perkins, not because he considered Perkins the type of man who should sit in the United States senate, but because, from Caminetti's viewpoint, no other candidate, so far as the legislature could ascertain, came so near being the popular choice of the people as Perkins, and Caminetti holds that the people, and not the legislature, should select United States senators. The machine was glad of Caminetti's vote for Perkins, but was not at all pleased with the departure of a Democrat voting for a Republican. Were Caminetti's course to be continued in by all members of the legislature, the machine would lose its monopoly of federal senator-making.

As at the session of 1907, Caminetti at the last session worked for and voted for anti-race-track gambling legislation, this time with success. The machine which had, session after session, prevented the passage of such measures, was, in 1909, itself defeated and the bill passed. In a senate where in 1907 only nine votes could be mustered to the support of the bill, in 1909 only seven senators, with Wolfe and Leavitt at their head, voted against it. And it was not a compromise measure, either.

On the direct primary issue, Caminetti insisted that a clause be inserted to give the people a direct vote for United States senator, such as the people of Oregon enjoy. The machine, of course, opposed this, and the anti-machine senators were inclined to compromise on the issue to get a state-wide vote within the several political parties.

Caminetti refused this compromise, walked out of the anti-machine caucus because of it, and himself introduced a separate measure giving the people of California the same privileges in selecting federal senators as were enjoyed by the people of Oregon. When even the compromise provision which the anti-machine members had offered had been rejected by the machine, Caminetti, of the forty members present, refused to admit defeat, and is, as is stated above, recorded as voting against the machine provision. (See Senate Journal, 1909, p. 1976.)

Needless to say, the machine defeated the Caminetti bill providing the Oregon plan for the election of United States senators.

On railroad issues Caminetti stood for progressive legislation such as has been adopted in the middle western states. Not only on the floor of the senate, but in committee, he fought for the passage of a railroad regulation bill that should prove effective. It was largely through his efforts that the effective Stetson bill was given favorable recommendation by the senate judiciary committee. The measure was defeated by a narrow margin on the floor of the senate, the Wright railroad bill being substituted for it.

Caminetti was, too, the author of many bills and resolutions for the correction of abuses practiced by common carriers and for bettering of railroad service within the state. The most important of these were two resolutions which directed the senate committee on federal relations to inquire into the cause of the increase of freight rates and the increase of express rates to Pacific coast points. Caminetti had introduced his resolutions on January 18, but it was not until March 4, twelve days before adjournment, that the committee was in a position to put the first witness on the stand. In the few days of investigation that followed, much testimony showing the hold-up of the people of the state

(Continued on Page 510)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Plain Bunkum

n a neighbor requests, as a neighbor may
do,
you an opinion veracious,
he always has "placed such reliance in
you,"
he mentions, with compliments gracious;
n you find that the thing he has writ or
as wrought
rank, or is crude, amateurish,
t is it you give him, since words conceal
hought,
d, of course, you dislike to be boorish?
Why, bunkum,
Plain bunkum.
The thought that you think
You conceal in its rink,
And the thing that you give him is—
Bunkum.

n your neighbor remarks, "I've a won-
lerful son,
d I think he will startle the nation,"
gh you know that the youth is a son of
gun
ho scarcely is worthy salvation;
n he says, "Don't you think that my
laughter has quite
angelic style, and appealing?"
t then do you give him, since you are
olite
d chary of hurting his feeling?
Why, bunkum,
Plain bunkum.
You may know that the lass
In a crowd wouldn't pass,
But the thing that you give him is—
Bunkum.

* * *

The Thoughtful Man on Kent

his damned Kent," the Thoughtful Man
, and I felt it my duty to interrupt him
then and there.
s-sh!" I said. "Aren't you ashamed of
elf?"
acknowledge," the Thoughtful Man re-
d, "that the word is somewhat efferves-
but when I think of this da—of William
as a candidate for congress, I find the
age of Sunday School text books too
uated and anemic to express my real
nents. He is a traitor to his class, a—"
'hat has he done?" I asked.
t a time when capitalists can hire
ital labor cheaper than any other, he op-
s it; while the Cinch still is necessary to
ontinued prosperity of Big Business, he
s in with the pestiferous Insurgents; he
rages Union Labor when it alone stands
e way of longer hours, smaller wages
ncreased profits; he inveighs against the
tariff when without it the worthy stock-
rs in the Steel and other trusts would
mpelled to accept lower dividends. Oh,

s-sh!" said I.
wasn't going to finish it; I thought in
He gave the Muir woods to the peo-
hen they hadn't earned them. Oh, he is
itor to his class all right. Then, too, he
candidate against Duncan McKinlay, as
, gallant and useful a Congressman as
kissed anybody's foot and then asked
body to pass another one. Oh, da—"
ad to lead the overwrought Thoughtful
out. We could not endure the repetition
ch language in the office.

* * *

There Are Several of Us

e is bitterly opposed to prize-fighting."
ow bitterly?"
ell, so much so that he lifts up his voice
otest against it, but not so much that he
t get up early on the morning after the
so as to get the paper and read most of
ive pages it will devote to telling which
ist whipped and how he did it."
ypocrite, hey?"
ot in the least. Merely another instance
e spirit pulling one way and the flesh
ing another."

The Opinions of Rufus

The glory of bein' on the fightin' line has its drawbacks. F'rinstance, it's gener'ly the same line that's bein' fired at.

P'raps the reason sin's in the world is 'cause we'd swell up so there'd be no livin' with us if we hadn't ever done anything we was 'shamed of.

You can't notice the diff'rence 'tween some man-made gentlemen an' all God-made gentlemen without feelin' increased rev'rence fer the Almighty.

You may hold a grudge 'gainst the man that injured you, but I'd bet you somethin' the injury he did you wan't knee-high compared with some you've done to yourself.

Remember, Hester, that good looks are like roses; attractive, but not very sustainin' es the main dish in a square meal.

They's sech a thing es wastin' energy, es the discouraged hen remarked after settin' three weeks on two china eggs an' a door-knob.

Considrin' a good many specimens that the survival of the fittest has given the world, I can't help shudderin' to think what we'd have been like if the unfittest hadn't petered out.

Truth comes high. The cross on Calvary was merely the price that One paid for seein' more truth than most people could comprehend.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but sometimes she limps for quite a while afterward.

It's kind o' comfortin' to reflect that none of us has to live with a perfect man or woman, for if we did we'd never understand each other.

I reckon follerin' fashion sometimes is a good thing, seein' es it gives occupashun to some that ain't capable of anything else.

It's ruther discouragin' to us grabbers to reflect that the busy bee lays up honey fer somebody else to eat.

* * *

Isabel and Her Soul-Mate

My young friend, Isabel, says that she is convinced that sooner or later each soul will find its mate in this world; that yearnful heart will reach out to longful heart until, at last, yearning and longing are lost in the great peace of oneness. She says she has known several such instances, and she is assured that neither seas nor lands ultimately can separate those whom Fate (Isabel mentally says it with a capital letter, I am sure) has intended for each other.

I guess you are right, Isabel, for lots of the poets say that you are, and they ought to know, but have you never noticed that this soul-mate pretty generally is found on a quarter-section of land closely adjoining your papa's? Singular, is it not, that, broad as this world is, your soul-mate is quite certain to be found in your own little neighborhood? Even if you know but four young men, it is highly probable that the soul-mate is one of them. Thus does Providence send soul-mates to those who need them. Isn't it beautiful?

Then, again, have you ever observed the conduct of some of these soul-mates after they are captured? It would be easier to go to war than to live with some of them; in fact, in staying at home you would have both the war and them, too, which would more than double your trouble. And often such people originally were the soul-matest kind of soul-mates, too. Any observer of mankind would tell you so.

To be almost brutally frank, my dear girl, the poets' talk about soul-mates is pretty largely moonshine. Your "soul-mate" is quite likely to be the first fairly decent-looking young man who floats in your direction, and I hope for your sake that he will be the right sort, but whether or not he is you will not know till after you have been married quite a while. This is not poetry, Isabel, but observation of the human heap will convince you that it is rather sound common sense.

Our Awfully Awful Fourth

Of course it is solely for the sake of our dear boys and girls that we are so violently opposed to the baneful Fourth of the past. The fact that firecrackers, etc., made the day noisy, and that our aging nerves do not endure noise so well as they once did, has nothing to do with our yearning for a Fourth that is "safe and sane." No, it is out of the kindness of our hearts that we propose to save the little ones, even against their protest.

Let us see just how awfully awful is this "glorious Fourth" which we propose to bury—for the sake of the darling little ones, of course. There are, say, 90,000,000 people in the United States. Of this number more than one-fourth are of that age which is interested in the firecracker and torpedo, but, for the sake of argument, we will set the number at one-fourth, or 22,500,000. Just 215 children were killed on last year's Fourth. This is one in every 104,651 children. San Francisco scarcely has children enough to furnish one of the 215. Ninety-three children were maimed or injured for life, or one in every 241,935. All California would hardly more than supply two in this list. The number of children "also injured," but not seriously, was 5,307. As the writer was one of such "also injured" several times in the course of his youthful career, he does not attach much importance to this list, but only one child in every 4,239 was thus injured, at any rate. It would require a San Jose to furnish its proportionate one of the number.

Now, I do not propose to minimize the gravity of any loss of life. Rather, I would guard against it by doing away with cannon crackers, pistols, etc., thus compelling a Fourth that would be safe and sane, but not noiseless—I would not pander to my nerves to that extent. Especially would I not when I recall the enthusiasm and incipient patriotism which once were part and parcel of the noisy Fourth for a small boy who was I. I want the day to mean to other boys what it then meant to me, the great, splendid—yes, and patriotic—day of the year, and I must know the small boy less well than I do if I did not realize that it cannot fill the bill without the noise.

Cultivate patriotism in a boy by means of a noiseless, "safe and sane" Fourth? Well, you try it, if you know no better

* * *

What Constitutes a Gentleman?

At various times English courts have decided that the following, among others, are not "gentlemen": A buyer of silks, a solicitor's clerk out of employment, a commission agent, an audit-office clerk.

Such decisions ought to settle it, and yet the haunting and perplexing question will arise: Suppose that the Almighty made gentlemen of these individuals, which authority should be recognized and accepted by a person who desires to maintain his place in the swim? The Almighty or the courts—which? Oh, the Smart Set is not without its wearying mental problems.

* * *

A Case That Proves Nothing

"Their little one was so very sick that they immediately summoned three doctors."

"Did the child recover?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful, isn't it, the progress that medical science has made within the last few years?"

"Yes, but—that is—none of the doctors could come."

* * *

A Sunlight Idyl

The sunlight shines on vale and lea
It shines for you, it shines for me;
It shines where ripples kiss the shores
But, then, it always shines out-doors—
And I'm mostly in the house.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Governor Gillett Out For Anderson It was not the unexpected that happened when Governor Gillett expressed to a convention of fruit growers the hope that the next governor of California would be one who had been closely identified with their interests. It was a delicate and not inept way of expressing his preference for the candidacy of Alden Anderson. It was anticipated that, sooner or later, the gubernatorial influence would be thrown into the scale in favor of Anderson. There is no good reason why Mr. Herrin's preference should not also be the preference of Governor Gillett. The Governor is under many obligations to Mr. Herrin and he has no stomach for being charged with being an ingrate. He can look his benefactor in the eye any day in the week and say with truth: "I have not been disobedient to your wishes." Just how much good this will do Mr. Anderson cannot now be told. He will be better off with the Governor's aid than with his enmity, for, just at this time, Governor Gillett's stock has much improved in quarters where it was not strong before. To be sure, Hiram Johnson, in his place, would have acted in regard to the big fight weeks earlier, and so saved a vast deal of turmoil and trouble, but Gillett acted and there are many who will not go behind that act to inquire into the reasons for it. Gillett's espousal of the cause of Anderson will help Anderson, will not hurt Curry and will make the cause of Johnson more difficult. These were the reasons which prompted the Governor to take such a lively interest in the fruit growing industry, especially desiring for them a friend at court. It may be remarked parenthetically that Mr. Anderson's interest in the fruit growers of California consists in his having made a comfortable fortune out of them.

Anderson To Be Given His Chance The fact that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is affording Mr. Anderson all the aid it can render in enabling him to advance his candidacy does not imply that Mr. Herrin is trying to kill off Charles F. Curry. Whichever of them stands the best show in the last days of the contest will be thrown all the strength the Political Bureau has to throw. Mr. Curry's only cause of offending is that he has not placed the patronage of his office, and ex-officio offices, at the disposal of Mr. Herrin's men Parker, Hatton and Burke, which he has not. He has filled them with men who were for Curry first and Herrin afterward, and Mr. Herrin naturally demands that those whose political fortunes he makes should remember who made them.

It is not likely that Mr. Anderson is paying the bill posters for pasting his agreeable physiognomy on all the billboards of the state. If he keeps within the law his allowance will not permit it, the more certainly that the billboards are under contract to do the work all over again on the 16th of July. The face of Anderson is not as striking as that of Curry, and again Anderson never had a cigar made in his own image, as Charley Curry has, hence the greater the Anderson need for pictorial publicity. That Anderson is the preferred candidate of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau is now fully evident. But this does not imply that Curry is rejected. It only means that he is a deferred candidate and may yet become the head of the corner. He has many elements of strength and the strength he has is his own.

Redstreake Is All Right Some weeks since The Watchman said nice things about Harry Polsley, assemblyman from the fifth district, at the same time disclaiming any knowledge to the discredit of George S. Redstreake, his Republican opponent. The Watchman has been taken to task for that, for the reason that Polsley is a Democrat. There are those who think that nothing good should ever be said of a Democrat. The Watchman is not of that way of thinking. He likes to say good things of Democrats whenever he can, the opportunities are so sort of scarce, don'tcherknow.

But we have been taking counsel regarding Mr. Redstreake from those who know him. Two years ago when the "organization" applied the thumbscrews for all they were worth in the third senatorial district, in the interests of former Senator Root of Nevada City, George S. Redstreake was the leader of the Plumas delegation. That delegation made a squaretoed, anti-machine fight and secured the nomination for Senator Birdsall, one of the most independent minded and courageous senators of the last session. That test was a good one.

George S. Redstreake is forty-four years of age, a miner by profession, has always taken a keen interest in public affairs, has stood for Right Things in politics, has been opposed to Southern Pacific domination and is in sympathy with the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement within the Republican party, to which party Mr. Redstreake belongs. In short, the situation in the fifth assembly district is all that it should be. Both political parties have put up good, free men. The only point The Watchman sought to make is that the issue of turn-about among the counties making up the district ought not to take precedence over selecting the best man for the place, as it ought not.

A Fight To Capture And a Fight To Hold Los Angeles has discovered, what was by no means a new thing, that victory is only half won when the fort of the enemy is taken. Those who stand for good government have got to keep right on fighting to hold what they have captured. It was only a few months ago that a splendid victory for good government was achieved, but as soon as it became necessary to fill two vacancies in the council there was the old enemy in full war paint trying to elect two unfit men to the positions, and the whole city has had to be stirred up from center to circumference to prevent the election going wrong. Decency has to fight for its life without so much as an armistice, to say nothing of peace.

Who Shall Go to Congress From the First District? A change ought to be made in the representation in the House of Representatives from the first district of California. Representative Englebright is looked upon as small potatoes out of which to try to make a statesman. He is "organization" through and through and that would be a blight even if he were bigger, but that, together with not being of congressional size, should put him out of the running.

Judge Childs of Del Norte has shied his castor into the ring and is now making a canvass of the district for the Republican nomination, but there are those unkind enough to say that, while his abilities are fair, and in excess of the mental endowment of Englebright, he is neither as tall as Goliath nor as formidable as David, and that it may be well to look farther that the district may fare better. Del Norte is off by itself and reputations made there are not like a city set on a hill, but it has been noised abroad that Judge Childs is inclined to be the political boss of his neck-of-the-woods.

There is another man being talked of, of whose mental endowments there is no question, and that is Judge George W. Hunter of Eureka. He is able, honest and clean, but it has not yet developed that he is in the fight for the nomination. He is considering and being considered.

The first district will do better to change to either of the above men than to send Englebright back.

Who Are the Disrupters? Mr. A. G. Spalding of San Diego has been importuned to enter the race for United States senator, and he has written a letter to the importunate ones on the subject. In the letter he disclaims being any particular kind of Republican, but avers that he is and ever has been a "plain Republican without prefixes or suffixes." He goes farther and declares that he thinks that "It would be a great misfortune to the nation to have the Republican party disrupted for any reason at this crucial period in America's political history." So we would. Let's not disrupt it. But who are the disrupters? Are these they who, like Aldrich and Cannon, Herrin and Gillett, make the party subservient to corporate interests of nation and state? Or, are they Dolliver and Cummins, LaFollette and Clapp, Norris and Murdock in Congress, and Johnson and Rowell in California, who are striving with all their might to make the Republican party so decent that no decent man will have an inclination to leave it, and every decent man will be attracted to it as being officered, guided and filled by his kind of people? What was it, Mr. Spalding, that made this period in American history "crucial," if it was not the herculean efforts of Roosevelt, of insurgency at Washington and of the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement in California, and similar movements elsewhere, to make the Republican party decent and do it within the party? Are the disrupters of the Republican party those who would make that great party subservient to the Morgans, the Rockefellers and the Guggenheims, through the Ballingers, the Hitchcocks and the Wickershams? Are we wrong in the surmise that they are?

The Right Man For Secretary of State Republican voters will be making a crucial error if they take any chances on nominating the wrong man for Secretary of State. It is one of the most important offices in the state system of government. Walter D. Wagner of San Bernardino county is the "organization" candidate. He will have the machine behind him and, if elected, will be a machine man through and through. There is no question about it. He may be competent to perform the duties of the office, but unless the Republicans of the state want "organization" Republicans offered to the people to be voted for in November his claims should be discarded.

Frank Jordan is impossible. He is not of the material that should fill any public office. He is light weight, and not to be trusted with any serious responsibility in public affairs. He is merely a glad hand artist. In that he distances all rivals. When that has been said all has been said that can be said of Frank Jordan.

But there is one candidate before the people who is as competent as Wagner, as good humored as Jordan, and as free of corporation control as Hiram Johnson. That man is F. J. O'Brien of Chico, the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League candidate. He is absolutely honest, steady, has his wits about him, is well educated and, if elected, will cause no one to apologize for having worked or voted for him.

Johnson's Itinerary Hiram Johnson's personal canvass of the state is under way again. He will speak today (July 1st) at Pacific Grove at 2 p. m. and at Monterey at 8 p. m.; and tomorrow at Paso Robles at 1:30 p. m., and at San Luis Obispo at 8 p. m. He will rest at home over the Fourth of July and resume his tour on the 5th, speaking that day at Cloverdale at 12:45 p. m., and at Ukiah at 8 p. m. On Wednesday, July 6th, he will speak at Willits (Whited Hall) at 11 a. m., and at Ft. Bragg (Red Men's Hall) at 8 p. m. Thursday, the 7th, he will spend traveling. On Friday, the 8th, he will speak at Ferndale

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

p. m.; on Saturday, the 9th, at Fortuna
a. m., at Arcata at 3 p. m., and at Eu-
at 8 p. m.; on Monday, the 11th, at San
el at 8 p. m., and on Tuesday, the 12th,
apa at 8 p. m.

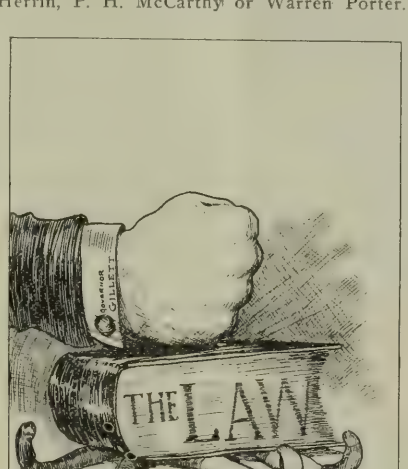
dler Run Much against his personal inclination, but because his friends have made his duty plain to him, W. F. dler has consented to make the race for Republican nomination and election to ssembly from the sixtieth district. His clination did not arise from an unwilling- to serve the people of his district, as he served them before, ably and honestly, hrough what his friends believe to be an -estimate of his own strength in his dis- The district is difficult, but there is a fighting chance for a man with a good ng edge on him to win, and, as the cam- warms up, Mr. Chandler will develop an edge. Men may oppose him, and are some scores or even hundreds who ıot vote for him, but not a man of them ı his own heart, can entertain anything he sincerest respect for and abounding lence in W. F. Chandler. That is an tage of position that it will be difficult ny opponent to go up against either : the primaries or after.

Absurdity e Campaign One Woertendyke, at Portenville, is alleged to have demanded to know why it ıt, now that the prohibitionists are be- ıg to command attention in California, is hullabaloo about emancipating the from corporation control has to be l up if it be not to divert attention from rohibition issue to the advantage of the Arch, plainly intimating that Hiram on is making his campaign in the in- s of the liquor business. Perspicacious poopendyke! The issue is between him- ıd one Nathaniel Ellery as to which of ain has conceived the most fanciful ab- y of the entire campaign. The Royal has been supporting Charles F. Curry, ıe air is thick with rumors that the al Bureau of the Southern Pacific ıny is using all of its powers of per- n to switch the Royal Arch to Ander- hereat the barkeepers of California, al- to a man for Curry, are manifesting a ous spirit toward the Royal Arch.

ential erence Perhaps the real inwardness of the President's butting in on behalf of the candidacy of E. A. and butting out again, may not be- well known to the public, but there is g inherently improbable in the story. ot inconsistent with the President's ten- to do and undo, stand to and not stand pressure is alternately applied one way er. May it not be just as well for the nt to keep his hands off the congres- situation in California? We Califor- cnow our representatives as well as we the multiplication table, and we are ompetent to send the right ones back ep at home those who should be kept ıe. It is not a sufficient warrant to any one of them that the President im convenient to run errands for the xecutive, a function that has absorbed of the attention of Duncan McKinlay of E. A. Hayes.

As Right ht Can Be Mr. Charles F. Curry is not difficult to please. Patriot that he is, ever to serve the people in office, he loves ntry just as it is, and would not have r than it is if he could. In the course address delivered to his admirers at ento a week ago, Mr. Curry expressed thus: "I believe absolutely in the ıtion of Independence, the Constitution United States and the Ten Command- and I have no amendments to offer to e of them. I have no use for the pro- il reformers, or the un-American, tical, phylactery wearing pharisees. I e American people just as they are. Still I believe this is the best world ever created and I believe that I live in the best age, the best country, the best state and under the best government. I like our country just as it is. I think it is the best on earth. I have no sympathy with those who make invidious comparisons of our government with the governments of other nations. Perhaps in the future, in some purer age, a better system of government may be evolved, but our present government is the best possible for the circumstances of this day."

While the foregoing is the merest clap-trap it is thoroughly indicative of the mind of Curry. For any proposal designed to make things better than they are he displays, if not a bitter resentment, then at best an amused, contemptuous, cynical, satirical sneer. To his mind the purpose of government is the levying and collecting of unlimited taxes for paying the salaries and expenses of innumerable offices in which Mr. Curry may ensconce himself and find jobs for as many of his friends as may prove serviceable to him in time of political need. Mr. Curry's mental capacity no one who knows him will question. His ability is exceptional, but his political standards would almost be discreditable to W. F. Herrin, P. H. McCarthy or Warren Porter.



NOT IN CALIFORNIA

Trouble in the Thirty-ninth The Independent Republicans of "the fighting Thirty-ninth" district are living up to the name and to their reputation for fighting out their differences before the primary election. The difference this year is over the candidates for state senator from the Twenty-second senatorial district, of which the Thirty-ninth is the strategic half and the Fortieth the "organization" minority. The storm-center is the Independent Republican Club of the Thirty-ninth which, at the annual meeting held on the 18th of last March, endorsed for the senate E. J. Callan against E. T. McMurray.

Callan Version Callan's supporters allege that, at a meeting of the executive committee of the club, held on March 7th, to settle the finances of a previous banquet and to issue the call for the annual meeting to elect club officers, McMurray brought up the matter of Callan's candidacy for the senate and urged that it be endorsed. That the executive committee, after discussion, unanimously referred the endorsement to the club as a whole, and that, during the eleven days to the annual meeting, McMurray marshaled the full strength of his supporters in the club, and had Burrell G. White present to that meeting a petition signed with 125 names, asking that McMurray be the candidate. That the petition was ruled out of order, but that at Callan's request the names of both men were voted on by roll-call, and that Callan won by 80 votes to 60. That McMurray was bound in honor, by his initiation of the Callan endorsement and by his permitting his name to go to vote in the club meeting against Callan's, to abide by the club's choice, and that he now shows bad faith in entering the race.

McMurray Version McMurray's supporters put a different construction on all these events. They declare that McMurray repeatedly tried to get Callan to say whether or not he wanted to run for the senate, and failed to get a definite statement. That McMurray had sounded the sentiment of the active workers in the club and was convinced Callan would not enlist enough support of the club to win against a strong "organization" candidate, and had told Callan this and urged him to stay in the assembly race. That the meeting of March 7th was called to thrash out the senate situation, that this meeting was prefaced by the warning that its action bound nobody, and that McMurray said the club should support Callan if he were the best man and insisted on running. That at the annual meeting, thirty or more of those present had never before attended a club meeting and were not legally on the rolls, as their names had not been passed by a majority of the committee on credentials, and that these men voted solidly against McMurray. That McMurray's enemies in the club, determined to wreck him, so defamed his character and so impugned his political integrity that he had either to quit politics under a cloud or meet these enemies and prove them slanderers before the people. That Callan himself had nothing to do with these things, but that McMurray's enemies were using Callan's candidacy as a club to hit McMurray with. That McMurray, not being bound by a fraudulent vote, and having at stake his personal and political honor, determined to run against Callan, not to beat Callan, whom he respects, but to beat his own enemies. That he did not decide to do even this until he was sure that no other candidate could enter the field strong enough to beat either Callan or himself, so that, whichever won, the district would be represented at Sacramento by a man who stands for the principles of the Independent Republican Club.

Watchman's Analysis The Watchman's opinion of the whole matter is that both sides are seeing red and need a cold bath and an evening at Kolb and Dill's humor factory. The rivalry of the McMurray and anti-McMurray factions has long been a very serious thing in the Thirty-ninth and a smile-provoking phenomenon everywhere else. The Watchman is disinclined to become blood-curdled over it. A few things should be borne in mind: McMurray founded the Independent Republican Club and built it up largely by his own personal efforts. He should have the credit for this achievement, which is too considerable to be forgotten. That he is ambitious to receive recognition from that club for that service in some palpable form The Watchman does not doubt. Whether he is dangerously near to going over to the "organization," as his opponents have long charged, The Watchman does not know. He has at the very least his long record and the presumption of innocence in his favor. On the other hand, Callan made a perfect record in the assembly last year, he is clean and able, and The Watchman considers this a bad time to swap horses. Hiram Johnson is going to need all the support in the legislature that he can get. The Watchman does not attach too much weight to the contention that Callan's record would have been made by any man the club might have sent in his place. The point is that Callan has made it, and has earned his promotion. Hence, The Watchman will continue to support Callan as the logical man this time, without prejudice to whatever vindication McMurray may want, and which The Watchman heartily hopes, in the interest of its faith in human nature, he may receive. But Callan should be nominated, and elected.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly:

That public virtue denominated patriotism is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members. A deep-seated interest in the general welfare of the state and the freedom of the people, backed up by aggressive and energetic overt acts is what endears to the hearts of mankind a Timoleon, a Hampden, a Washington, a Lincoln, and a Roosevelt. The sordid time-server, the principleless self-seeker, the tool of the vicious interests and the felonious tenderloin never adorn the roll of fame, though they may find a place in the scroll of infamy —as the Benedict Arnolds of their day and generation. The wolf of society who has his vote counted on the day of battle, in the hope that he may not be overlooked in the distribution of the spoils, is not a rare animal in this community; and it is because of such as he that political bosses thieve, vicious interests are protected, courts are smirched, justice is tampered with, the fundamental principles of government are violated and liberty itself is throttled. All this is done that some men or set of men may enjoy a prominence they do not deserve, secure a position they do not merit, and betray the trust they should not hold that a Lorimer or Guggenheim may burglariously climb through the back window into the senate of the nation.

The great need of the times is more patriotism among the people, more business principle on the mart, more civic decency in the citizenry, and more genuine religion in the churches. There is too much sham and false pretense, not to say down-right fraud, in politics and business; too much cant and hypocrisy that pass for religion. The golden rule and precepts of Christ applied to governmental affairs in San Francisco would be a severe shock to the whole community. A sprinkle of genuine patriotism and fealty to law and good government filtering into the city ordinances, an honest effort to enforce the criminal laws of the state by abolishing the gambling, cheating slot machines, immediately raised such a "clamor" from Montgomery street as must have shocked Christ in heaven and given the devil heart-felt joy for six months.

And why did the bankers sign the "round robin" against the slot machine ordinance, that "doctored" instrument of criminals which was robbing helpless women and children of the money they should have with which to purchase the sustenances and necessities of life? Was the ordinance wrong on legal or moral principles, or against precedent in well regulated communities? No! but it tended to "hurt business." The daily or weekly bank deposit of those hyenas who kept the bedeviled machines, and robbed deluded mortals of their hard-earned nickels without a chance to win would probably be lessened. The game was crooked; it was not "fair" sport; it was "doctored"; it was a fraud; it was criminal—and the bankers knew it, yet they exercised their mighty influence, and for ever stigmatized their good name, and for what end? That their already plethoric coffers might hold money of which the people were daily robbed. Abe Ruef and Gene Schmitz were willing to live in luxury and pile up bank accounts off the earnings of fallen women in their soul-debasing traffic. What better morally, or what more desirable as citizens, are those bankers than the Ruefs and Schmitzs!

A great prize fight is arranged to be "pulled off" in Alameda county. A stripling young lawyer, a boy with a patriotic principle but without a beard, Carlos G. White, drove the promoters to withdraw from Emeryville to San Francisco. A prize fight is a felony, and everybody knows it to be so,—even the lawyers and some of the judges. The very gamins in the street know this much; and they know further that a pretense of a "boxing contest" is a fraud upon the law and a delusion upon the public. The women who read the announcements in the daily papers know this much. In fact it is common information so trite that it is known to every one who is not a fit subject for an imbecile asylum.

The Governor of the State of California knows it also—knows it now, whatever may have been the state of intelligence on the subject a fortnight earlier. The Governor moved in the matter, as by the law it was his duty to do, when the time-serving district attorney had given his "word" to the criminal promoters of the fight, and had become recreant to his public duty and false to his oath of office. The persons that were temporarily in charge of the City Hall defied the power of the Governor, a complacent judge denied an application for an injunction—on the ground that sufficient notice had not been given to the criminals that they would not be permitted to commit the felony in the city and county of San Francisco. The Governor was forced to his last resort, the calling out of the state militia, which he promptly did.

Then what a "clamor" went up from the gutters, the tenderloin, the labor unions and the hotel men. For very shame upon you labor unions and you hotel men! The hotel men wanted the "dirty" money—wanted the "business"—but wherein were the labor unions to be advantaged by the fight? Was Flannery's twelve and one-half per cent of the gate receipts to go into the campaign fund of the McCarthy contingent? Can labor align itself with the tenderloin and the criminal, espouse the cause of those who openly defy the law, and retain their self respect or hope or expect to get or retain the sympathy or support of law abiding citizens? And what better are the hotel men in this respect than the bankers in their fight against law and decency?

These are not unusual conditions in the community, but they happen to be fresh in the public eye just at this time, and serve to point a moral as to the "atmosphere" of the business, political and labor world. But this "moral atmosphere" is not confined to the labor and business and political world, but it permeates the professional life of San Francisco. It is not so very many months since juries were tampered with, witnesses were sought to be bribed not to testify against the rich on trial for wrong doing—by bribery stealing the birthright of the people. And one of these attorneys not only committed felony, in his anxiety to serve his criminal masters, by trying to intercept a witness, but he violated the traditions and solemn obligations in an ancient and honorable order in seeking to have a brother of that order, under the sacred obligations of the order, to give aid in his nefarious and criminal effort. And this eminent attorney fills a position under the present municipal administration and draws a salary from the public treasury! But this attorney does not stand alone in his attitude toward law and the public welfare in the service of the criminal rich. There are far too many who, for the "business there is in it," for

> "The guinea's jingle,
> That helps the hurt
> That honor feels,"

would willingly work to devise ways and means for predatory corporations and conscienceless interest to evade or break the law and go unwhipped of justice.

This is an appalling state of affairs that must be met and remedied or all will be lost. It is the legitimate outgrowth of the sordid "business" ideas and political corruption in which we exist and which has prevailed for years in this community. Instead of the robber barons of old, we have robber "interests" and corporations and the robber rich—the buccaneers of high finance.

What is the remedy, if there is a remedy? There is but one remedy, and that will be complete and effectual. That remedy is Hiram Johnson for governor and Lincoln-Roosevelt principles and platform applied and carried out throughout the state in all the walks of life, and the supremacy of "insurgency" throughout the nation. I firmly believe in this remedy, and believing have acted. A life-long Democrat, I have registered a Republican that I may vote for Hiram Johnson August and November. Many Democrats of my quaintance have done likewise. Liberty before gl principle before party! Our country is in distress d calls for our aid. A deadly enemy has fastened s devil-fangs on the body-politic and must be driven u or the body will decay. This is the day that tries m souls. We must do or die.

H. M. HANSO

There is more of vitriol in the forego than strictly necessary, but something drast is needed to awaken the moral sense of ma thousands who have unknowingly beco wedded to false idols. The banker is it worse than the newspaper owner, the pol cian than the physician, the lawyer than e merchant. When our distinguished fell citizen exclaimed, "Damn the moralities, w we want is prosperity," he voiced a wid prevalent sentiment. We, of San Francis, have been through ordeals that tried o nerves, our capabilities for self help, our co age, our executive capacities, and we ha stood all these tests amazingly well. It when our souls were tried as by fire th shriveled under the test. We now kn where we are weak. It is in our moral st dards, and to know the fault is half the bat of remedying it. The California Weekly do not despair of San Francisco's morals. It lieves that the effort made to punish succe ful rascality was not wasted notwithstandi the defeat of the law. The present city ministration, low as are its moral standar has not dared to bring the slot machi back. The merchants who petitioned to ha the night life extended and opened ashamed of their acts and the whole city ashamed of them. The labor unions v awaken to a sense of their degradation suffering themselves to be used to advan the immoralities, instead of the moralities, f the community. The campaign being ma by Hiram Johnson and the Lincoln-Roosevt Republican League is splendidly stimulati the moral life of city and state. Progress making. Rejoice and be glad.

ENJOINING THE PRIZE FIGHT

Editor The California Weekly:

There seems to be a serious misapprehension rega ing the attitude of the courts towards world champi The attorney general's application for the injunct against the promoters of the prize fight, on the grou of an alleged conspiracy to commit a felony, wa little surprising. The refusal of the writ was the o thing within the power of the court. The action the court was manifestly right, whatever may be thou of the reasons assigned. But it is a well-settled rule law—buttressed by decision of our own supreme cc —that a right decision or determination in a case not affected by a wrong reason assigned for it. end attained—the conclusion and judgment of the cc —is the thing sought, not the path by which the cc traveled to that determination.

An injunction is a preventative writ issuing out o court of equity, and will not lie where there is a spe and adequate remedy at law. A court of equity is a part of the common-law system of England; it w grafted into the laws of England from the civil law, chancellarius of the church becoming the conscier keeper of the people. The common law was ruled precedent; the chancery by the conscience of the ch cellor. A bitter warfare prevailed for centuries tween the common-law lawyer, backed by his precede and the chancery court, supported by the conscience the chancellor alone. The common-law court was court of the people; chancery was the pet of kings tering after the precepts of popedom, which in turn adopted the new-fangled system of the degenerate perors of declining Rome. Neither court was stro enough to exclude the other from the realm; so it finally determined that the chancellor's conscie should be shorn by statute, and he ruled by precede and conformed to a set practice. Chancery was to pense justice in those cases only where the comm law failed to make provision. The administration justice in England has been by this unequal team double harness ever since.

This country inherited the dual system of adminis ing the law from the mother country. While the tem has been considerably modified by statute and practice, the estrangement of the two courts is served. The chancellor is forbidden to enter where judge can grant adequate relief.

In our country a court of equity has no jurisdicti over criminals and crimes. In the parceling out of provinces of the two courts, the redress of wro where there is no statute governing, falls to equi the punishment of crimes belongs to the courts of or the common-law courts. Prize fighting is a cri both at the common law and under our statute, must be dealt with by a law court. An overt act, an omission of a duty imposed, is necessary to set wheels of a law court in motion. These courts ne anticipate events. Consequently courts of law d with prize fighters after the event only, the same they deal with horse thieves and burglars after crimes are committed.

A court of equity cannot enjoin the commission c crime. A prize fight is a felonious crime. Hence prize fight, as such, simply, cannot be enjoined by courts. But a prize fight is more than the mere fel denounced by the statute; it is a menace as well.

(Continued on Page 510)

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

THE EVOLUTION OF A WOMEN'S COLLEGE

THE GROWTH OF MILLS COLLEGE FROM A SEMINARY TO A GREAT SEAT OF LEARNING

By JOSIAH KEEP

What shall we do with our daughters?" his question, difficult enough of solution er the best of circumstances, was doubly zling to a group of thoughtful men who hered in the little city of Benicia in the r 1851. The situation was becoming acute. d had been discovered and was being ned out in astonishing quantities; men had n pouring into California from all parts the world, attracted by the yellow glint the mines. The state government had n established and legal machinery set in ion; young churches were battling with wild vices of the present and the de- ved inertia of the past; homes were being t, family life was becoming more settled, the children were growing up so rapidly. boys could get along in some way,—but girls, there must be some special provi- for their education.

is hard for us, living nearly sixty years rward, to realize the condition at that time. look with pride upon our groups of fine nmar schools, our splendid high schools, seminaries, colleges and universities, and can hardly credit the statement that three e years ago there was not one of them xistence.

it that group of men in Benicia realized fact, and they set to work to create what never existed in California, a Protestant nary for the education of girls and young en. Among their number were ministers ifferent denominations, hard-headed busi- men, fathers of families and professional all intent upon the one purpose.

Organized First as a Seminary

ter due consultation they proceeded to and the first business was to organize a d of trustees. It consisted of Rev. Syl- r Woodbridge, Dr. W. F. Peabody, s. Walsh and Frazer, and Messrs. Crock- Judge, Samuel C. Gray and J. Wesley s. There was also a visiting board of ymen, representing different denomina- After organization came work, thought, lenial, and gifts of money drawn from ily filled pockets. But the work went suitable house in Benicia was rented, ure and school equipment were pur- d, a teacher, Miss Susan A. Lord of Bos- was secured, and in August, 1852, the nary was opened as a boarding and day l, with a fair number of students in both tments. It has been well said by one was familiar with all the facts, that ng the acts of the Pioneers of California is none which has had greater or more g influence than the sacrifice made by men who gave time, money and brains tablish and uphold the education of n."

two months Miss Lord desired an as- t—who could blame her?—and Miss ia A. Allen, who had recently arrived the east, was engaged as teacher of and mathematics, a well balanced com- on of subjects. In February, 1853, Miss e A. Allen was added to the corps of ctors, filling the position until near the f the second year. And so the school and prospered, but at the end of the ear Miss Lord resigned to marry. The es sought a new principal, and secured Hudson, an experienced teacher from York. The school increased in num- the work grew difficult, and at the end second year Miss Hudson also resigned lso married. Another witness says of ying period: "To the board of trustees credit is due for their noble, self- cing course during a time of extreme ragement."

the men of the early fifties would not though Cupid and all his emissaries d to be bent upon the destruction of pet project. For a third time a prin- was sought, and Miss Mary Atkins, a te of Oberlin college, was induced to give up a fine position in Cincinnati and come to this far land to take charge of the infant institution. She came, she saw the situation, and she conquered gloriously. She was an extraordinary woman, practical, noble, inspiring. Hundreds of middle-aged women on the Pacific Coast are ready to bear witness to the ennobling character and influence of Miss Atkins.

Purchased by Miss Atkins

Not long after her coming the trustees of the "Young Ladies' Seminary" were relieved of their responsibilities, for Miss Atkins promptly purchased the school and its property. Students flowed in, the premises were enlarged, and new members were added to the teaching force. At length nature demanded rest, and she took a year for travel. During her absence the school declined, but on her return it became more prosperous than ever. In 1865 she sold the institution to Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills. Then she retired, and in due time married, like her two predecessors.

Dr. and Mrs. Mills were graduates respectively of Williams College and Mount Holyoke Seminary, which is to say that the one had been educated by Mark Hopkins and the other by Mary Lyon, two of the most inspiring teachers that America ever produced. Years of educational work in foreign lands had also added to the practical equipment of the new proprietors of the Benicia Seminary, and under their guidance it entered upon a new era of growth. Many are the stories still told of the old "Benicia Days,"—how young McKenna, now a member of the supreme court of the United States, came calling, and temporarily "lost" his hat and gloves; of jolly old times in the narrow rooms and still narrower halls; of the growing and crowding and expanding process, till something had to be done to relieve the congestion. And soon the question arose, "Shall we remain in Benicia or seek more room in a region of greater promise?"

Removal to Alameda County

Alameda county held out important inducements for removal; extensive grounds could be obtained on reasonable terms, financial assistance was offered, and proximity to a growing center of population was assured. The decision to remove was made, a tract of ground in Brooklyn township was purchased, a large building was erected, and on August 1, 1871, the institution was removed from Benicia and was now called Mills Seminary. Concerning the main building the Oakland Daily News of June 1, 1871, says, "As one drives up the winding avenue leading to the premises, the immense building suddenly looms up in its full proportions, and the visitor is astonished at such a display of architectural grandeur in so quiet and remote a locality. It surpasses in beauty and extent any building for educational purposes in California."

And so Mills Seminary was securely grounded and housed in a permanent location. In 1877 it was incorporated under the laws of the state, and deeded to a board of trustees, who temporarily leased it back to the founders, to carry on, improve and develop. More land was purchased from time to time and improvements of various kinds were made as rapidly as the available means would allow.

Dr. Mills and his wife were great lovers of nature, and immediately after the school was established on its new site they began to set out trees and make gardens. As a result of this work there are now on the premises about fifty acres of beautiful woodlands, one-third of the whole area, while in springtime there are roses by the million. Some of the trees early set along Leona Creek are now from four to six feet in diameter, while there are rows of cypress and pine which a hundred eastern summers would not have developed.

Evolution from Seminary to College

Dr. Mills, never strong, died in 1884, leaving many cherished plans unrealized. Chief of these was the change of the institution to a woman's college, with full power to grant degrees. After his death steps were taken to carry out his wishes, and October 7, 1885, a charter was granted to Mills College, giving it the desired authority. The school was then known as Mills College and Seminary. The first college class was graduated in 1889, but the seminary department continued for many years to greatly exceed the college in the number of its students. This was largely caused by the counter attractions of Stanford University, which had suddenly sprung into being, and the simultaneous expansion of the State University.

But as the years went by it became evident that a choice must be made, and Mills must either become a college, pure and simple, or revert to its early status, doing good work, indeed, but work akin to that of the high schools. The latter was the easier proposition, for secondary education is cheaper to give and less exacting than true college work. Moreover a good seminary will always be needed, and may do very useful work for the community. Not a few friends of the school deeply felt the force of these arguments, and doubted the wisdom of an advance. But the surviving founder of the school, who for more than a score of years after her husband's death had been its president, led the way, and united with its trustees in a contrary decision. "California and the Pacific Coast," said she, "need at least one institution, with courses parallel to those of the universities, yet offering the choicest home life to its students; in short, they need a true woman's college."

Mills College Today

And so a process of pruning was begun. Large numbers of applicants to the lowest class were refused admission, and each year, as its members were promoted, the lowest remaining class was dropped from the course. Today, only one seminary class remains in the institution, and in 1911 the entrance and graduation requirements for all students will be the same as at Stanford or Berkeley. And so the evolution of the college is practically completed.

In 1873 there came from Benicia to the new Mills Seminary a pale, slender girl, whose home was in Oregon. With the other students she helped to bring the household pets from the old school and transfer them to the larger life of the new home. The parrot, the pussy cat, and the poodle,—they all came; and middleaged ladies now debate as to their personal parts in the drama. This young girl found one large hall, a marked-out lawn, and some acres of bare ground, remote from Oakland and comparatively isolated. Today this same young girl, developed into Dr. Luella Clay Carson, is the honored president of Mills College. She sees about her half a score of buildings, all devoted to college life and work, with surroundings rivaling any in this fair state: with Oakland, no longer far away, but reaching far beyond, and with easy communication coming to the very college gates. This is another phase of the evolution of the woman's college. And the changes of the past sixty years are a partial answer, yet to be made more complete, to that anxious question of fond fathers in old Benicia, "What shall we do with our daughters?"

A statement of the present condition of the institution will give the best idea of the degree of its evolution from a pioneer girls' school to a modern woman's college. And first as to its faculty; for, as Emerson has said, "It matters not so much what you study as with whom you study." The surviving founder, Mrs. Mills, resigned her office over a year ago, but is quietly spending the evening of her days at the college, where her presence is an inspiration. President Carson

is a woman of rare talents and executive ability. Receiving her early education in the schools of the Pacific Coast, understanding its problems and deeply sympathizing with its spirit, she has added the culture obtained from eastern and foreign universities to many years of experience as a college professor, and is ever enthusiastic for what is noblest and best.

Instructors

In the departments the professors and instructors are among the best obtainable. They are graduates of the finest colleges, universities, and professional schools, and many of them have taken high advanced work. They bring the culture and the traditions of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst and Brown; they come from the Universities of California, Wisconsin and Paris, from Stanford and Radcliffe, and so on down the line. There are over thirty of them, one-fourth of the number being men. They are chosen by a board of trustees, composed of the best representative men and women, presided over by Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland.

The description of the courses of study occupies over fifty closely printed pages of the catalogue, and includes a lifetime of work, divided among the ordinary departments of a first-class college. Naturally, the student who wishes to take her bachelor's degree in four years must elect very carefully, and in any case she must leave untouched far more than she can carry. However, sixty-four units of college work, in addition to forty-five units of preparation, are required for the Junior Certificate, ordinarily obtained at the end of the second year, while the Upper Division work must occupy the last two years of college life, and a considerable part of this work must be along some one line.

Courses of Study

For example, a young lady who wishes to become a thoroughly trained teacher in Home Economics will take in her earlier years liberal courses in Chemistry, Biology, Cooking, Sewing, etc., besides language and other required studies; and in her later years she will find time for Philosophy, Theory of Education, Economics and kindred subjects, with general electives in science and literature. Another may specialize in History, a third in German, a fourth in Geology; and every one will find plenty of well taught subjects to occupy her attention from the time she leaves the high school till she receives her degree.

Training for Noble Living

Graduates of Mills are accepted by both of the great universities as graduate students, and receive their high school teacher's certificates with the same amount of additional study as graduates of those institutions. As a matter of fact, Mills College graduates have won an enviable record both for scholarship and for success as teachers.

But to train young women to be good teachers is not the only end or the chief business of a woman's college. "Education," says Dr. Goodspeed, "is the imparting of skill so that the pupil shall know not merely how to get a living but how to live,—and the difference is the whole distance between the animal and the archangel." The college indeed recognizes the fact that many of its graduates must earn their own livelihood, and it prepares them to do so; but it also inspires them with noble, unselfish ideals which will make their lives grand and fruitful whatever may be their station or vocation. It trains them to be intelligent, resourceful, loving daughters, wives, and mothers; in short, to be worthy members of that band of women who are the glory and crown of any nation, and who influence and control society as sunshine controls climate. Mills College stands for thorough scholarship without sham or pretense; for the best training in whatever makes life beautiful and lovely, as literature, art and music; for true refinement without one particle of snobbishness; for intelligent patriotism and for pure and undefiled religion, whose essence, as the Master taught it, is love to God and love to man.

Equipment

To sum up, then, the evolution of the college has resulted in a campus of nearly 150 acres of beautiful woodland, hill and lawn, a group of noble buildings, well equipped halls, library and laboratories, a large teaching force of trained instructors bringing the learning and the methods of many of the best colleges of the land, courses of study parallel to those of our great universities, the enthusiastic support of hundreds of alumnae, and an outlook upon life sane, hopeful and uplifting.

Needs Public Recognition

Like every growing college, Mills has pressing needs, especially for endowment sufficient for its maintenance and expansion; but its greatest need at the present time is a general and generous recognition by the people of the Pacific Coast that it is not a fashionable finishing school, nor even a commendable seminary, but that it is just what its name indicates, a real college for the young women of California and the adjacent states, doing true college work and turning out graduates who stand on a par with the products of the best colleges of America.

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THE DOCTOR'S FOB

BY

LAWRENCE LAWTON

THE occasion was a little bachelor luncheon at the Players Club, which contains as many doctors and lawyers nd writers as actors. The group that gath-red for the cigars and liqueurs at the window ooking out over Gramercy Park was a group hat had often gathered there in the past, and ll its members felt at perfect liberty with one nother. The star member of the party today vas the Doctor, whose intention of sailing or Japan, announced a few days before, was he occasion for this gathering as a farewell nd bon voyage to him.

"Well, my boy," said the Judge, slapping he Doctor a resounding whack on the back, You are off for a land of romance. I will ot be surprised to hear of you in almost any dventure. Only, beware of the Geisha. They ell me that even the most confirmed of bach-lors go down before their charms."

"Well, I don't know about this romance usiness," replied the Doctor. "It has never eemed necessary to me to leave little old lew York to find romance."

He fingered the fob of his watch as he oke, a plain leather affair, plaited after a ishion common in the far west in earlier ays, from the pendant end of which hung a lain gold band. He had been looking down-ard, but now he raised his head and looked : the Judge with eyes rather thoughtful than rtent.

"For instance," he said, "This watch-fob ems a commonplace enough looking affair."

"Lord, yes," interrupted the Reporter, "and I were our plutocratic friend here, instead f being a hard-run scribbler for the press, I ould present you with a fob that would not : a disgrace to your otherwise very respect-ble appearance."

"As I was saying," continued the Doctor, noring the Reporter's comment, "this fob oves, to my satisfaction, at least, the con-ntion that romance is far from dead, even New York."

"Boys," said the Judge, "we will have to ve the Doctor examined. Hear him talk romance! Why, man, I believe you would rform a post mortem upon the remains of ur departed sweetheart, and find no interest the task, except as an investigation on half of science."

"As I was saying," repeated the Doctor, ig-ring the Judge's interruption also, "There quite a romantic story connected with this b. Of course, if you don't want to hear it, will not bore you. By the way, Judge, when d you say you were to run for office again?"

"Give us the story," chorused the whole oup at once.

The Doctor looked up with a mild surprise. took it for granted you didn't want to hear but just as you say.

"Well, it won't be necessary to name any mes, if you will take this story on my word at I knew the principals—they are both ad now—and that all the facts, except ere I shall say otherwise, I either know of y own knowledge, or from one or the other the people.

"This is a romance, you understand, and , of course, there is a man and a woman. e man was a Doctor, like myself, only he s a very much better Doctor and, I believe, e of the rarest medical geniuses the world er saw. If he had not died as young as he l, he would have been another Pasteur. I ver saw a man so absolutely devoted to a ence, nor one who followed her so reso-ely to the innermost recesses of her secrets. : gave to science the kind of service and votion that our romantic friends say a lover es to his sweetheart.

'And yet, he wasn't a wild-eyed, unworldly rt of person. He was very wholesome and ry human. He was one of these romantic ople himself, in fact. He saw a certain man—the woman in this story—and he d to himself: 'this is the only woman in : world whose presence or absence would ke the difference to me of the presence or sence of a breath of wind.' His devotion her became idolatrous.

'I was on the inside of their love affair. : made me his confidante, and I am violat-g none of his confidences in telling this ry, because I happen to know that it is ysically impossible for you to identify the n or the woman. Nor is it saying any-ng improper about the lady when I criti-cise her, because she, also, is beyond your acquaintance. But I never could understand what my friend found to admire in her. To be sure, she was a handsome woman in a way: tall, well proportioned, but she had a shock of yellow hair that always, somehow, reminded me of a tiger's hair, and in spite of a shallow cleverness and quickness of mind, I never could see that she had any depth of character that should make her attractive to a man like him.

"But, of course, these things do not go by any rule. You can no more tell what sort of woman will please a man than you can tell when a civilized gentleman is going to revert to the primeval type. There is something in the instincts of man that makes me almost believe he has a soul, for certainly no process of mentality can account for what he does.

"Anyhow, my friend was wholly wrapped up in this woman. She used to read everything that he had read that she knew he liked, and she could talk to him about it in a sort of way that made him think, in his already infatuated state, that she had a genuine understanding of, and appreciation for, the things he loved. I don't, for a minute, think she had, for I knew that at this very time she was doing the same sort of thing with two or three other men, and I told him so, but couldn't make him believe it. But I do believe the woman was rather extraordinary, and that, if she had been a man instead of a woman, she would have done something to indicate it, but she lacked a man's definite purpose to achieve—she fell between her masculine intelligence and her feminine discursive instincts. And I never saw a woman so mad to be admired. I suppose, on a lower plane of intelligence, she would have been called a coquette, but that is hardly a fair name for her, because she did lift her arts a little above that level. But she wanted excitement, social excitement as well as mental, and as men especially appealed to her, she took out the social part of it in playing with men's hearts by using their intellectual interests as a bait. She really made fools of them twice over: once in the way that any woman can, and then rubbed that in by using the man's equipment of intelligence and judgment as the means to his overthrow.

"But my friend never saw a fault in her. He shared with her every ambition, every hope; he forgot other friends, he almost forgot me. He staked his whole faith in humanity upon her—unconsciously, of course, but just for that all the more fatally.

"And then, one morning he woke up to find out what she really was. I will give her credit for the way she showed him—she was reasonably honest about it, and pretty decent in the way she did it. She wrote him that her interest in him had been wholly intellectual, and she quoted Philip Gilbert Hamerton's saying in his 'Intellectual Life' that 'certain of our friendships, based upon intellect, we must look forward to losing with philosophy when those friends cease to interest.'

"As I say, she was honest about it, and reasonably decent. That is true in one way, but, of course, coming from a woman to a man, it was absurd in the ordinary human sense. Some sorts of men might honestly have such an idea as the one she wrote my friend, but no woman is fool enough to believe that any man, in his heart, ever let a friendship such as theirs go as far as theirs had gone on a wholly intellectual plane. She knew what my friend did not until he got her letter; that he was desperately in love. So she was, I think, on the whole about the cruelest woman I ever knew; unnecessarily cruel, and all the more cruel because she knew, with some degree of balanced judgment quite apart from the instincts of passion, exactly what she was doing in leading him on to throw him over.

"I am not going to describe how he took it. He was not the sort of man to baby around nor do the mock-heroic. He burned the letter after he had showed it to me on the first impulse of grief, and then he shut his mouth, and never referred to the matter again—but once. But I know how deeply it burned into his soul. His faith in human nature was gone, his interest in everything but science was dead; even something of the vital spark of ambition to excel in science had departed from his life. But what he yet retained of an intellect that demanded exercise, and of an interest in the world that abides with even the most wretched as long as life persists, he devoted to research in his chosen special branch of surgery. He had worked for years in the faith that surgical methods would yet be found efficient to conquer the scourge of cancer. He believed that the ineffectual use of the knife was due to some lack of skill, or to some failure to provide every accessory essential to complete antisepsis. He had become pretty well discouraged in this hope, and only the urgings of his 'lady of the yellow hair' had kept him from utter doubt.

"When her letter came his work was demoralized for months. Time and again he tried to summon the energy and interest to carry out further his surgical researches, but every time he drifted back into indifference. I tried repeatedly to brace him up, to point out to him that, in spite of the fact that his own career was wasted, his own enjoyment of life gone, he still owed to the world at large the use of his skill and the equipment of his extraordinary brain. About a year after he got her letter he came to me one day and said, 'Look here, Archer, I have been thinking about what you have been saying about my trying to be of some use. There is no use of talking about my trying to use my brain any more; I haven't got one—anyway, I haven't got the energy to use it—but you are right in one way. I can still be of some use, and I am going to do it. You know that fellow, Barich, the man up at the Rockefeller Institute—you know he came from the Pasteur in Paris—has got an idea on cancer that I believe is right. He has a new serum that works on the same principle, of course, as the diphtheretic antitoxin. He makes out a pretty good case for it in theory, but the trouble he is up against is that nobody will let him try it on him in practice. Now, I am going to follow your advice and be useful. I am going to let him inoculate me with cancer, if he can do it—I don't believe he can, I don't believe it is communicable, but he is welcome to try—and then, if he gives it to me, let him practice on me with his serum, or any variants of it he may devise.'

"Of course I was horrified, and tried to dissuade him, but he only pointed out the example of the army surgeons that proved the mosquito theory of yellow fever, and went ahead. Barich gave him the cancer all right, and then, of course, he tried his best to save him with his serum.

"Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a long pull to determine how long it might be before he would die, but he had insisted on being inoculated in several places, and in three of them the injections took effect. He had a year to live at the outside, and there was no telling how much less. I went to see him at the hospital one day. He seemed perfectly calm, though suffering much pain. He sat propped up in bed, looking out over East River. After a bit he turned and said to me, 'Archer, you have been the best friend I have in the world. I'd have said so two years ago; today I'll add that you are the only friend I ever had, and I want you to promise to do two things for me. They concern you, my best friend, and another person whom I once thought would be something more than that even. You know whom I mean.

"'I do not think I am naturally vindictive.

the idea of revenge has never appealed to me, not, I think, because I lack spirit, but simply that it offended my sense of what was good taste. Particularly, being a gentleman, it would never have occurred to me to cherish malice against a woman, much less to seek revenge, but I have been thinking about a thing that I want done, and debating for a long time in my own mind, whether it would be revenge—which is purely a personal thing—or whether I would be acting simply as an instrument of poetic justice. Somehow, I feel, since I have voluntarily put myself within reach of the grave, as if I were no longer a personality, and as if the things I do have no relation to the person that once lived as I. If this thing I want you to do strikes you as revenge, tell me so, and I will not ask it, but if it does not, I want you to swear that it shall be done.'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'The thing I want you to do may sound absurd—worse than that; I suppose most people would say insane,—but it has a certain sanity, a certain pertinence when taken in connection with two facts. You may remember reading an account three years ago of the first successful operation in skin-grafting. If you do, you will recall that the names of the principals were not printed in that account. The reason was, I didn't want them printed. A woman's face had been terribly burned when she was hunting by the flare-back from a shotgun. It was the woman. You know, skin grafting had always been a hobby of mine, and that fact, and what I thought of her, made me suddenly determine to have the first experiment in it tried at my expense. All the surgeons agreed there was no other hope of saving her beauty, and that it would make things no worse to try my scheme, so I gave the skin from my right arm and risked my career as a surgeon to do it. I didn't think much of that then, because I did not believe, if they took the skin the way I told them, it would contract the muscles enough to make a permanent injury. Still, I took my chance, and I think it fair it should be counted in the final settlement between her and me. She knew the risk I ran, and accepted my part of it with as little compunction as you would accept the gift of a cigar.

"'What else she did to me and my life you know. As I said, I don't want revenge, but I do want her to be reminded of the fact that there are weightier obligations in the world than the whim of a moment, and that she cannot lightly play with the emotions of men and arouse their expectations without suffering the penalty that cold-bloodedness and calculating cruelty have earned.

"'So, when I am dead—I know you will say it is insane, but it isn't—I want my body turned over to the clinic here for the uses of science, but I want you to take the skin. I want it tanned, leather made of it, then I want you to get a copy of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and use as much of the leather as is necessary and have it bound, and I want you to send it to her with my compliments from beyond the grave.

"'For yourself, I want you to have a fob made from the leather, and I want you to promise to wear it always.'

"I did think he was crazy, but I promised anyhow. He died two months later, and then I began to ponder whether I were bound or not by my promise. The day after his death I received a letter in the mail. He must have written it some weeks before, and saved it till the last, enjoining one of the nurses to mail it. It reminded me of the promise, and adjured me to redeem it."

The Doctor looked up from the window and glanced about the group that sat around him. The faces of all were intent. He stopped his narrative.

"Go on," said the Judge. "Go on, man, what did you do?"

The Doctor turned his eyes again out the window.

"Well, I redeemed the promise. As I said in the beginning, this watch-fob suggests to me possibilities of modern romance. Don't you think I have proved my case?"

"But what about the woman?" the Reporter interjected.

The Doctor shook his head.

"I told you in the first place," he replied, "that the woman really was a nobody. I sent her the book with a note saying merely that it was a remembrance which he had charged me to deliver to her upon his death. I received in reply from her a very effusive note of thanks, containing some perfunctory remarks about his beautiful sentiment. I replied to that with a letter in which I explained fully the nature of the remembrance. Her reply was a flippant letter suggesting th 'he had always been such a wag.'"

The Doctor ceased speaking, and continu to look out of the window in silence. I length the Judge spoke.

"My boy," he said, "I can hardly belie there was ever a woman so inhuman."

The Doctor merely shrugged his shoulde

"You said she was dead?" the Reporter quired.

The Doctor nodded. A gleam shot acr the Reporter's face, as it did when he scen the crux of a good story.

"Cancer?" he queried sharply.

The Doctor merely nodded again. T Judge broke in:

"But aren't you afraid to wear that fol

Again the Doctor shook his head.

"No," he said. "In the first place can cannot be transmitted that way. It was the book that gave it to the woman. Y will remember I have already admitted belief most doctors do not have; the beli in the existenec of a soul. I might as w admit a more unusual faith. Somehow other I believe the spirit that went with gift to her and the spirit that went with gift to me were two vital things, and th their effects are as opposite as he intend Hers was for evil and mine for good."

There was no sound from any member the club for seconds that seemed like minut At length the Reporter loosed his bat breath with the exclamation, "Well, I'll damned!"

"By the way," the Doctor said, "you bo were going with me to the show this aft noon. I have tickets for the 'Follies of 19 It's about that time. Let's go."

("Little Talks"—Concluded)

calls together and collects a large rabble of rough boisterous and dangerous classes, it menaces the pe and quiet and good order of the neighborhood, and that reason is a direct injury to the persons of neighborhood and the owners of property in the mediate vicinity. A court of equity has jurisdiction abate or restrain the commission of a nuisance, equity would, undoubtedly, upon proper procedure showing, by persons to be injuriously affected, enj the holding of a prize fight—not on the ground t the prize fight is a crime, but on the ground that it a menacing nuisance to the people and the property the immediate vicinity of the place where it is to held. That is, the courts will enjoin the nuisance cau and inseparably connected with the holding of a pr fight, not the prize fight itself, as such.

JAMES M. KERR
2511 Buena Vista Way, Berkeley.

The foregoing very lucid explanation the law in the case should be read w thoughtful interest. It serves to show h the dead hand clutches at our throats at t same time that it guides our footsteps, oft with much wisdom, along slippery pat Nothing could be clearer than the need judicial power to forestall and prevent t commission of a crime. However the pow of injunction may have originated, it shou be available to prevent the commission of crime, not because its commission would injurious to adjacent property owners, because the public stands to be injured. H shall we, then, be guided by the wisdom the past and yet be free to avoid the foll and fallacies of the dead? Among the tho sand needs of our time there is none mo pressing than this.

("A. Caminetti"—Continued)

by the transcontinental transportation co panies was developed. But the senate fused to have this investigation continu after adjournment. A great opportunity secure reliable data regarding the increase rates was thus lost.

Consistent with his record of 1907, Ca inetti at the session of 1909 continued to vo for the passage of good measures and t defeat of bad. On the direct primary bill is recorded for every amendment that ga the electors increased power in the selecti of candidates for office, and against eve amendment and feature that restricted su power. He voted for the measure to away with the party circle on election ballo for effective railroad regulation, for the pa sage of the "Stanford bill" which prohibi the sale of intoxicants within a mile and half of a university; and for the initiati amendment. He voted against the notorio change of venue bill and all similar legis tion. In a word, where the political, indu

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or moral well being of the state was in
e, Caminetti was found voting for the
e's well being.
he only vote which Caminetti cast at the
ion of 1909 which the better element of the
e can criticise, was his vote against the
l option bill. But in this issue, Caminetti
but one of several of the best members
he legislature who voted with the machine
nent. Sanford, Holohan, Birdsall, Rush
Strobridge, who otherwise voted con-
ntly against the machine, voted against
local option bill.
ut all of these gentlemen showed by their
ds that they stand for measures which
the people power to govern themselves.
y all voted for state-wide, practical vote
expression of choice of United States
tor, and for the constitutional amendment
ive the electors of the state the power
nitiate laws. The same principle em-
es local option, the right of the majority
say whether saloons shall be licensed.
sistent with their record, the senators
ed would have voted for local option.
use of their record, they are by far more
led to be trusted to vote for local option
ture than even such senators as voted
ocal option at the last session, but whose
rd shows them to be opposed to the prin-
of local option.
r more than a generation, Senator
inetti has been a thorn in the side of the
ine delegation in the legislature, a thorn
h in the state's best interests, and in the
ests of good citizenship generally, the
h Senatorial District should not with-
. The good government element of
ornia, regardless of party, look to the
ors of the Tenth Senatorial District to
n the senator, who regardless of immed-
advantage or personal prestige has stead-
refused to compromise with corruption.

SHEAR WIT

ittle lad had too much underdone pie for
upper, and was soon roaring lustily. His
er's visitor was visibly disturbed. "If he
my child he would get a good, sound
ching," she said. "He deserves it," the
er said, "but I don't believe in spanking
on a full stomach." "Neither do I," said
visitor, "but I'd turn him over."—Phila-
ia Times.

wed—I inserted an advertisement for a
cook last week and there wasn't a single
ant showed up. Oldwed—How did you
it? Newwed—"Wanted—A plain cook."
ed—Huh! No wonder your advertisement
pull. Try something like this: "Wanted
efined young lady to do plain cooking,"
ou'll have a hundred applicants for the
Chicago News.

r. Fanning," said the lawyer, "may I ask
u have any scruples against capital pun-
nt for the crime of homicide?" "What?"
the venireman. "To put the question
simply, do you believe in hanging a man
commits murder?" "Not if he kills an
e." "We'll take him, your Honor,"
he lawyer.—Chicago Tribune.

t me see, Alice," said the old man to
dest daughter, "young Blinkers has been
g on you regularly for six or eight
ks, hasn't he?" "Yes, father," replied
ir Alice. "Well," continued the anxious
, "if he asks you to marry him when
mes tonight, tell him he wants to see
Understand?" "Yes, father," she re-
. "And if he doesn't ask you to marry
added the old man, "just tell him that
t to see him."—Chicago News.

vant the office, of course," said the as-
statesman, "but not unless I am the
's choice." "We can fix that, too,"
is campaign manager; "only you know
good deal more expensive to be the
's choice than it is to go in as the
omise candidate."—Chicago Tribune.

lys Beautiful—We girls of the Lotus
e discussed Hamlet last night. Maud
—What was the result? Gladys Beau-
Oh, after a spirited debate lasting an
nd a half, it was unanimously decided
chaperon is not a necessary adjunct
notor car.—Puck.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (sav ings department), formerly French Savings Bank, 108 Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1910.

A. LEGALLET, President.
7-1-2t

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of NEPTUNE DREDGING COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Number 237 First street, between Howard and Folsom streets, in the City of San Francisco, State of California, on MONDAY, the 18th day of July, 1910, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the consideration and transaction of any and all other business that may be brought before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. SPILMAN, Secretary.
7-1-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910.

Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1st.

Money deposited on or before July 11th will earn interest from July 1st.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.
7-1-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.

For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st. Money deposited between June 15th and Monday, July 11th, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1st.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
6-24-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco, 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near 22nd; Richmond district branch, 432 Clement Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1st, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.
6-24-2t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff, vs.

ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk

CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HELEN S. TRIPP, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Helen S. Tripp, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE A. CONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

ETTA L. PAYSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Irene A. Conner, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Estate.
6-3-5t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BOLE, deceased.

No. 5905 New Series.

Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order of sale of real estate duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 9th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of James Bole, deceased, the undersigned, David C. Bole, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidders, subject to the confirmation of said court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said James Bole, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the estate of said deceased has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than or in addition to that of the deceased at the time of his death, in or to

All those certain lots of land situate near the Town of Colma, in San Mateo County, State of California, to-wit: Lots 48, 62, 64, 65, 66 and 67, as the same are delineated and so designated on that certain map marked "Map of the Property of the Villa Homestead Association, situated in San Mateo County Township 3 South, Range 5 West, surveyed September, 1872, George W. Doherty, Surveyor," which said map is on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of San Mateo in Book 4 of Miscellaneous Records at page 421.

Also all those certain lots of land situate in the said City and County of San Francisco, described as follows, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Lobos Street, distant thereon 550 feet Easterly from the Eastern line of Plymouth Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northern line of Lobos Street, 150 feet, thence at right angles Northern 125 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 150 feet, thence at right angles Southerly 125 feet to the point of commencement, the same being three lots, each with 50 feet frontage in Block "O" as per map of Railroad Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

2. Lot 9 in Block 40, and Lot 3 in Block 41, as the said lots and block are delineated and so designated on that certain map known as the Map of Sunny Vale Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

That said real property situate in the said County of San Mateo will be sold in one parcel, and that said real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco will be sold either in one parcel or in subdivisions, as shall appear to the said administrator from the bids at the sale to be most advantageous to the estate.

That said sale will be made on Monday, the 11th day of July, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the street entrance to the Grant Building on the South-eastern corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the terms and conditions of sale are cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the said administrator on day of sale, and the balance thereof on confirmation of the sale by said court and the delivery of a conveyance. Deeds at expense of purchasers.

Dated June 10, 1910.

DAVID C. BOLE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Bole, deceased.
EDGAR M. WILSON and POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.
6-17-4t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Board of Equalization

California is divided into four equalization districts. The first district embraces the city and county of San Francisco, the second district takes in eleven counties running from the bay of San Francisco right through the central portion of the state to the Nevada state line, the third district embraces all the counties north of the second, and the fourth district includes all the counties to the south of the second—much more than half the superficial area of the state. Each of these districts elects a member, and the State Controller, by virtue of his office, becomes the fifth member of the Board of Equalization.

This board has to do with taxation, one of the most troublesome problems of government, and it especially has to do with so equalizing the assessment values in the fifty-eight counties of California as to make the burdens of state government bear equally upon all property owners. Surely we should elect to this board only our wisest, fairest and most thoroughly honest men.

Epitomized, the law says that it shall be the duty of the State Board of Equalization, to make out and provide all blank forms to be used in assessing property and collecting taxes, to hold regular monthly meetings at the state capital and such other meetings elsewhere as may be needed, annually to assess all railroads operated in more than one county and apportion the assessment to the counties through which such railroads run, to equalize assessments on mortgages or deeds of trust on property situate in two or more counties, to visit, in person or by its representatives, all the counties of the state for the purpose of inspecting property and learning its value, to call county officers before the board, or any member of it, and require such officer to produce books and papers needed for disclosing property values, to examine the books of railroad companies for the purpose of verifying the accuracy of their statements to the board and to advise with county assessors as to how property should be assessed to the end that each county shall bear its just portion of state government. Finally, to make a biennial report to the Governor of the state showing the acreage assessed in each county, the assessment per acre, the aggregate value of city and town lots, the kinds of personal property and its value, such other information as necessary to show the entire taxable wealth of the state and what it consists of.

The law presumes that the four elected members of the board shall give all their time to their duty, but they seldom do. There is enough to keep them busy all the year through if they will equip themselves for the task of knowing at first hand the comparative values of all forms of properties in all parts of the state. The State Controller, of course, has great multitudes of duties to perform appurtenant to his own office and can only give a portion of his time to the ex-officio duties of the Board of Equalization. Still, he visits over the state with the rest of the board and keeps in touch with their work as far as possible.

Each county assesses its property and levies its taxes for the support of its own county government. If that were all it had to do there would be less need for a State Board of Equalization. But each county must also levy and collect a tax for the support of the state government, and each assessor is fearful that his county may be called upon to bear more than its just share of the common burden of state government. It is not so much that he wants his county to shirk its share as it is that he fears that other counties will shirk all they can, and so, to be on the safe side, he shirks all he can by assessing as low as possible and yet raise enough money for county purposes without sending the rate so high as to frighten would-be investors by a high tax rate. Here is where the trials of the State Board of Equalization are not unlike those of drivers of big teams of balky horses, or horses inclined to let their traces get as slack as possible. Equalizing is about as painful and as necessary under our present system of taxation as surgery.

Another function even more trying is that of assessing the railroads. Here the trial is mainly moral. Railroads are as human as counties and are likewise so fearful of bearing more than their just share of the common burden of government that they have almost uniformly, at least until within the last few years, sought by all means they know how to use (generally by procuring the election of serviceable members on the state board) to shirk as much of the tax burden as possible. If a true history of this phase of taxation for the twenty years succeeding the adoption of the new constitution could be written it would make solemn and humilating reading for honest citizens. Since 1904, anyhow, conditions in this respect have been growing better, but there is still room for improvement.

UP AND DOWN THE STATE

The Richmond Daily Independent is a new star in the newspaper firmament. I. N. Foss is its editor.

At Blue Ridge, in Tulare county, bears are unusually numerous this year, and are killing many hogs belonging to ranchers.

There is a prospect that an electric line, which will be built from Fresno to Coalinga, will be extended to Monterey.

Happy Camp, a mining village in the western part of Siskiyou county, was nearly destroyed by fire recently.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco

John O'Donnell D. E. Alexander

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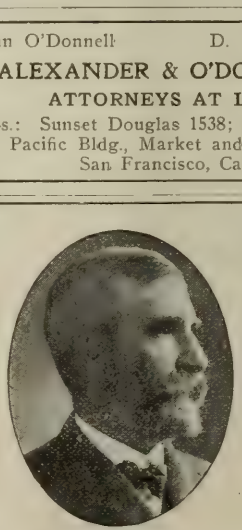

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This Week: "THE PEOPLE UNAFRAID"

—By John F. Davis

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JULY 8 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 33.

McCarthy Getting Good

'H WHAT SURPRISE and pain Mayor McCarthy, upon reflection, reached the conclusion that the Jeffries-n "contest" really was a prize fight may be imagined, t described. Language would be impotent without the sobs and tears, and such womanly weaknesses would ecoming in the mayor of a great city. "I have ever n earnest advocate," the Mayor declares, "of legitimate contests." No doubt of it, also of illegitimate, but when witness the last legitimate boxing contest? Was it the which young Tommy McCarthy was killed? Governor affirms that all the sparring matches held in San Fran-or five years have been fights and known to be such. cusation has not been denied, and yet it was in the light e that the Mayor of San Francisco sought to have the -Johnson fight come off in San Francisco! Is McCarthy to be good? His action in preventing the showing of ving pictures of the fight in San Francisco is heartily commended. When the public conscience becomes thor-aroused even the low-browed render homage to decency. ey do say that those who hold the picture concessions in ancisco are not of the McCarthy ilk. How about that?

Theodore's Center Shot

LL HIS HUNTING experiences in Africa Theodore osevelt never sent a shot straighter to the heart than in the New York Outlook, he wrote, "The question r, in a self-governing republic, we shall have self-gov-parties is larger than any direct primary bill." In a nent by parties we cannot have a self-governing govern-vithout self-governing parties, for whoever controls the l party in power controls the government. For twenty and perhaps longer, the Republican party of California been self-governing. It is not now. It is time it were o. Our new primary law gives us the opportunity we We must see to it that only Best Men are sent to county te conventions. Mr. Herrin's mercenaries are not over-this opportunity. The forces of good government must

Fight the Fight Pictures

)D MAY YET COME out of this miserable grizzly-illa fight business. The conscience of this nation, and ations, seems to be aroused to the baneful results cer-flow from pampering the brutish instincts of men. If re no ordinances in cities prohibiting such exhibitions take no long time to get city councils together and have ces passed. Fighting the fight pictures is as important ing more such fights.

What Gives Tex a Pain

BULLETIN QUOTES Tex Rickard as follows: "These oked politicians give me a pain. I don't know who is behind hy, but I do know that this country is getting to be run ked politicians. Why, you can meet a lawyer on the street ll tell you that if you want an injunction you can get it ich a judge. The same in Nevada. They'll tell you that vant a quick divorce to go to Lawyer So-and-So. He has e with the Judge, and so on. There is no justice in the my more." Alas for Tex! But we can give him a pointer on these "crooked politicians." They are on their good behavior in San Francisco until after the 16th of August. The exigencies of the Anderson campaign require a moral wave to last until the sun goes down on that day and date. Then "let her roll."

No Use to Wax Wroth

IT WILL AVAIL NOTHING for San Francisco to wax wroth at the East or the South because old personalities, in relation to our unconvicted grafters, our unspeakable city government and our railroad-ridden political institutions, are dug up and aired in the interests of our rival of the crescent if not of the crown. We cannot say it is not so. All we can say is that, at heart, the people of San Francisco are moral, albeit a bit pleasure loving and careless of the proprieties of modern urban civilization. San Francisco exposes its weaknesses as New Orleans does its dirt, on the surface, but there is much sound healthfulness in both the character of San Francisco and the sanitation of New Orleans. If the great exposition is held in San Francisco, visitors will be as safe as they would be in the bosom of Abraham. The plundering will not begin until the guests are all gone, and then it will be only the property interests of the city, in what remains after the exposition, that will be plundered. Even that may be forestalled.

For Chief Justice

IT IS THE CONSENSUS of opinion that Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York will be made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Perhaps so. Let us hope so. He is in his prime. He is clear-headed. He is honest. He is able. What more? "He lacks judicial experience." Quite so, and, therefore, may not have become so grooved and rutted in the judicial matrix of the mind as to have his sense of justice swallowed up in much learning. That is a chance to be jumped at.

Our One Free State

WITH BOASTING the Governor of Nevada declared that his was the one state in the Union where the people were free, and he might have added—to go to hell with nothing to hinder and mighty few to regret. But when Nevada shall have cooled off and come to realize its position as the Gehenna of America, the Tophet, the place defiled with human sacrifices to Moloch, the spirit of boasting will give place to one of contrition for sin and the next legislature will be forced by an aroused public sentiment to enact laws driving prize fighting out of its last retreat in the United States. The requisite manhood is there, but it sleepeth.

Face to Face

IF THERE BE A REPUBLICAN voter in California who does not, before the 16th of August, look into the face of Hiram Johnson that he may, for himself, take the measure of the man, the fault will be the voter's and not Hiram Johnson's. He will afford every voter in the state that opportunity. It is one thing to hear of a man. It is quite another to hear that man, to look into his face, his eyes, to observe his attitudes, manners, carriage, the set of his clothes, the poise of his head. Who among us does not know any man better after that? In such a contact one false note, one touch of make-believe, may betray the innermost secrets of the human soul. Hiram Johnson does not shrink from that test, or any other. He is a man-to-man Man

Behold the Man!

Huge of chest and arm, supple of body, lank of hip, agile of limb, the hollow of his foot making a hole in the ground when he walks, skin of ebony, head shaped like a stone cutter's mallet—there stands forth THE MAN, the cynosure of half the globe. He has not only proven that a negro may be as good as a white man, but better. Possessing a white wife, and receiving the homage and the money of thousands of white men, this our modern Othello looms large. For months he has divided vast fields of printers' ink with another. Whole forests of spruce have been laid low that the praises of these two might be sung in the ears of our youth; that their naked and muscle-knotted limbs might become familiar to the eyes of children, of men and of women. From henceforth this son of Ham will monopolize the pictorial, the graphic, the spectacular and the sensational all to himself. Men of letters, women who write, the skill of the artist and the illustrator, all these have vied with one another in doing homage to this our modern gladiator. To supplement the efforts of literature and the pencil, in extolling the glories of The Man, the art of instantaneous photography has been invoked and pictures that live and move and re-enact with fidelity every blow struck, feint made, step taken, will be flashed upon ten thousand screens in city and hamlet over half the globe that the youth of this and other nations may perceive The Man in action and so beget in young minds a concept of that which constitutes true greatness. And yet, in the valley forests of the equatorial Congo, there roams at large a consanguined anthrapoid analogue of The Man that, in a free arena, asking and giving no odds, would tear The Man limb from limb, disembowel him with a scratch, crush in his ribs, tear out his vitals and swallow them at a gulp. If physical prowess be the measure of manhood then the gorilla of the Congo and the Kamerun ranks as superior to Jack Johnson as Jack Johnson is the superior of the veriest bantam weight pug that "puts up a fin," and the world has been moving backward for not less than a thousand centuries. It was the hope of the senior editor of this paper that the black man mop the floor with his white antagonist at the Gehenna of America on Independence Day, and this, too, without any ill will toward the pudgy Goliath who went forth to meet his David, but that misguided men might see the miserable business to which they have given their interest, their thought, their time and their means, in its proper perspective. Their ideal of The Man is one that human civilization has been doing its best for twenty centuries to get away from and with such a modest measure of success that during successive weeks countless millions gave more heed to this encounter than to the welfare of their respective nations, the Rights of Man or the Glory of God. What progress the cause of The Christ might make if it were able to bring to its aid all the energies, activities, expenditures and enthusiasms of the prize-fighting world, the powers of illustration and moving panorama, we can only conjecture, but it would be sufficient to constitute a pentecostal feast of The Spirit. Such abominations as that which transpired at Reno last Monday serve to show us how far humanity has journeyed since it emerged from the abysmal forest. It is not far. We have but to hark in the stilly watches to hear its saturnalian roar. The gulf between a Jack Johnson and a David Starr Jordan may not be bridged in twenty centuries.

Residence Option

The movement in San Francisco with reference to residence option in liquor selling is not particularly a temperance movement, although the fewer the saloons and the greater the distance of the drinker from one of them the less the drinking and less the drunkenness. It is a movement to make it easier for the families of San Francisco to rear the children of San Francisco in soberness and decency. It would seem that no one who has emerged from the simian stage of existence, or whose manhood is not weltering in greed, should oppose this long delayed movement toward home and family protection. May the movement succeed!

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

Porter Charlton

Poor boy! All he did was to murder his wife, stuff her body into a trunk and sink the trunk in Lake Como in Italy, and then come home to the protection of his rich and influential father. He seems likely to have to spend a season in some hospital for hurt minds by reason of the incident. His own father has gone so far as to charge him with insanity, which serves to show that things are not yet quite as they ought to be. In no long time such charges, where wealth and influence abound, may be looked upon as a manifestation of eccentricity, not insanity, for to be charged with insanity is a reflection upon the family; it attaints it.

The Duty of Conservatism

The attention of our readers is directed to the Fourth of July oration delivered at San Francisco by Judge John F. Davis. The daily papers, being surcharged with the more weighty matter of the prize fight, passed this address over with the barest mention, but it is the duty, the province and the pleasure of The California Weekly to glean where the daily papers have carelessly cut over, the gleanings being the better part of the harvest. Judge Davis, in effect, makes reply in his address to the burden of the address delivered in Oregon by Mr. William F. Herrin. He shows clearly that the forward movements of the American people are due to the pressure of a necessity forced upon them by such great interests as Mr. Herrin serves; that the people are not afraid to meet these issues as they arise with the best remedies that suggest themselves at the time, and that conservatism, if it would be of service, must do more than to sound alarms, call halts and admonish the people not to venture upon untried paths. Conservatism, if it would be anything better than a block to the wheels of progress, must come forward with wiser remedies to suggest than radicalism has to offer. The liberty-loving world is not to be beguiled into marking time while organized greed shackles it, or that the people may hear the plaints of those who are afraid of the future. Judge Davis's address deserves a careful reading. It is buoyant as befitting the day, but it is thought-inspiring as befitting our time and attention.

By Way of Setting Things Right

We note a tendency of the press of the s to look upon The California Weekly as official mouthpiece of the Lincoln-Roose Republican League. The League has mouthpiece and The California Weekly is more its mouthpiece than is the Los Ang Express, the Riverside Press, the Fresno publican, the Sacramento Bee, or a hund other papers that are standing for R Things. The League and the progressive publican press are traveling the same r And it has also been stated that the m tenance of The California Weekly is pro a heavy burden upon the exchequer of League. Perhaps so. Any draft upon treasury of the League is a burden, but, to this date, all accounts being squared, California Weekly has drawn upon the tr ury of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republi League to the tune of exactly four dollars, that was for a map specially prepared to s certain election districts in certain cities. T statement may not stop the tongues of l from wagging, but it may prove reassuring those who would contribute to the League if it were understood that League money is being devoted to sustain a Republican pa that is just as likely as not to support s Democrats for office, more especially s men on the judicial ticket as Judges J. Coffey of San Francisco and Peter J. Shie of Sacramento.

Meat Inspection

It is good that San Francisco is trying co-operate with the other bay cities in se ing a concerted meat inspection system t will prevent the selling in one city that wh was rejected in another; but that indifferen covers the needs of the people of this co monwealth. It would seem to be a st function to supervise the killing and handl of all animals designed for food, about as United States government performs that vice for interstate and export commerce. our state had a Department of Agricult as it should have, with a bureau having i charge animal industry, it would be compar tively easy to require the killing of all a mals at specified abattoirs provided w trained inspectors. A small fee paid for ea animal slaughtered would bear the expen without appreciably enhancing the cost meats to consumers. As population increas and civilization advances, we must anticip more of the regulating hand of governm for the protection of the many against t rapacities of the few. The alternative is suffer the killing of the defenseless with little compunction as we suffer the killing beeves and muttons.

Why Do They Hang On So?

The late Chief Justice Fuller could ha retired on full pay seven years ago, and could Justice Harlan. Why didn't the There can be little doubt that the bench co have been made stronger for it. It is need that the highest court in the land, perha the most puissant department of governme should be conservative; but it is also nec sary that the highest court in the land ke pace with human progress and natio growth. It can hardly hope to do this justices hold on, as they commonly do, un they drop in their tracks. Have such men resources within themselves, no interests o side the law with which they may conce themselves during the evening of life? F men recognize the failure of their own powe as they grow aged. They are likely to fe that the world is all going to the bow-wow but are slow to grasp the idea that that fe ing is a symptom of that conservatism of a that borders upon fogyism if not upon rea tion. We have laws for compulsory reti

nt from army and navy at definite ages. y it not be a good thing to enact such laws relation to judicial positions? There are at issues before that court now and the d of the nation is for a great court to meet se issues. Few men should go to that ch at a greater age than fifty or stay re after attaining seventy

Funds for the League

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ds money for carrying on the campaign Johnson and the rest of the ticket. The limits the amount that the candidates may end and, being law-abiding men, the Lin-n-Roosevelt Republican League candidates office will stay within the law's limitations. ere are no corporations to finance the work t is being done. Not a single public ser-e corporation can be drawn upon. A few oted men have gone into their pockets as rally as their fortunes will permit, and hout hope of personal gain. Reliance must v be placed in the good citizen here and re who can spare $25 or $50 to see the mpaign carried to its close without abate-nt of effort. The redemption of the state n corporation domination will mean much very property owner. Not all of them can seen individually, but checks made payable the treasurer, Adolph Uhl, 717 Market et, San Francisco, or to Charles Detrick, retary, Metropolis Bank building, will be tefully received and promptly acknowl-ed. Give the League a boost. It deserves

The Pillars of Society

enrik Ibsen, like Shakespeare, Hugo, the and other masters of the literary art, to the bone and lays it bare undeterred oozing blood or quivering flesh. No hand that of a master can do this and not goad iety to destroy the wielder of the knife. even a master is sometimes crucified by people of his own age to be adored by s following him, somewhat the fate of Ib-and somewhat deserved.

re then, our "Pillars of Society" the whited ulchers that Mrs. Fiske and Holbrook n have been making them out to be at Columbia theatre in San Francisco the week?

sk of the slaughtering of train men by the oads of America for want of the reason-precaution that an outraged public sen-nt has for half a century been seeking force upon protesting railroad corpora-s. Ask of the history of the adoption and illing of life-saving mechanisms and reg-ons and that history will tell the inquirer not one important appliance for making men safe has been adopted by the rail-s except at the command of a justice that sed longer to be trifled with. Ask of the neers and brakemen whose employers pelled them to serve so many consecutive s that nature had long since surrendered ibility to that involuntary force of habit made the performance of all functions matic and unconscious.

sk of the coal operators who fill their s with stupidity and ignorance, with live s and half ventilated chambers, resulting death roll unparalleled anywhere in the d save in America alone.

k of the great factories that leave dan-us machinery unprotected to chew up smen, workwomen and work-children out throwing so much as a wooden rail nd gaping jaws of death until public or has forced legislators, courts and s to so mulct industrial heartlessness that ecomes cheaper to protect life than to roy it.

k of the great mills of Pittsburg where the killing of men causes so much less proprietary concern than the killing of a mule that no records are made of killings of men, while every mule must be accounted for or the responsible employee be mulcted for his price.

Ask of the steamships that go out from the port of San Francisco and, according to testimony adduced at an inquiry, are compelled by their owners to make such time, and hug the coast so closely, that scarcely a season passes without a disaster that costs life and property.

Ask of the great transatlantic steamship companies that so overwork the "Man on the Bridge" that he goes forth along that perilous track with faculties so benumbed that, like the locomotive engineer, he acts as an automaton and not as a man.

Ask of the cotton mills and woolen factories that would, unhindered by law, and wherever so unhindered, coin babyhood into cash and motherhood into dividends. Ask of those department stores that pay their female clerks so scanty a wage that they must, to maintain the style of dress they are required to wear in order to hold their places, be supported in part by others or live in sin. Ask of those merchants that petitioned that the night life of San Francisco be thrown wide open. Ask of those hotel men that protested that the "contest" of the grizzly and gorilla should take place in this city to this city's lasting disgrace in the eyes of the world that their rooms might for a few days be filled and their cafes crowded.

Ask of those corporation-financed and officered political machines commissioned to so organize and energize the off-scouring of saloon and tenderloin as to overthrow free government and make a few score "Pillars of Society" the task-masters of a continent.

Ask of the fenderless cars that craunch the flesh and bones of men, of women and of children under their grinding wheels because it is cheaper to kill than to provide protection against killing. Ask of whom one will, ask where one may, in America, in Britain, on the continent of Europe (for it was in far Norway that Henrik Ibsen asked and answered) and ever the answer is the same, in all ages and among all peoples, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

And ever the lure of the greater good beckons on and on, from over-reaching in one case to under-paying in another, from needless risk of innocent life to manslaughter, from sharp bargaining to graft, from avoidance of civic duty to political corruption, from laudable enterprise to that money-madness that, the moment a business proposition enters the perspective, sends together with a cruel snap jaws that once framed a mouth expressive of gentleness and turns to granite a visage that, at other times and under other conditions, beams with benevolence and shines with the light of love.

Is it, then, true, as the Socialists affirm, that scoundrelism is the price which executive ability must pay as the toll of that large service to society which harnesses the powers of nature, annihilates time and distance and augments the riches of the race? Are our captains of industry our martyrs to our material welfare? Do they offer their souls for crucifixion upon a cross of greed that the idle may have work to do and that the hum of the wheels of industry may not be stilled? Was it after such a manner that the God of the Universe ordered this world?

Evidently Ibsen thought not, for, in this almost alone of all his dramas, he makes everything come out right in his last act, makes Karsten Bernick, the pillar of that community, purge himself of his wrong-doing, cease to do evil and learn to do good. It was not of the quality of the Ibsen mind to so end a drama unless the laws of being pointed a right way out.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Some thousands of persons were able recently to see enacted at the Greek theatre of the State University one of the old Greek dramas, not just as the old time Greeks would have enacted it, but near enough to give an idea of what the Greek drama was like, and, what is more important, what the [illegible] interests in those days were, what was commonly believed, the ideals that [illegible] acts, the faiths that sustained them. Antigone was written more than four hundred years before the Christian era, and was then Greek tradition gathered up and put into dramatic form by Sophocles.

In those days men believed in many gods, now in one God the Father; in those days the abode of the dead was below, in ours it is above; the Greek peopled the hollow earth with the dead, we the empyrean; they saw in the course of events the unyielding and often malevolent decrees of fate, we the unbroken law of cause and consequence, somewhat within our own keeping and somewhat beyond our power to determine either for good or ill.

But those Greeks were very human, as we are, and we have very much more in common with them than we have that is contradictory to their philosophy of good and evil, of justice and mercy, of reason and sentiment, of loyalty to the living and veneration for the dead. Let us not be over-much boastful of the progress we have made or be too sure that our fathers and our grandfathers, even back so far as seventy generations, were dotards. So far as the development of the mind is concerned the Greeks of four or five centuries before Christ need not shrink from comparison with the best intellects nineteen hundred years after. In art they excelled us, in literature they were our equals, in clarity of reasoning they were not inferior. In material comforts we have surpassed them. Knowledge and justice now are more generally diffused.

Etcocles and Polynices, sons of Oedipus, king of Thebes, were to rule the kingdom on alternate years, but Eteocles refused to give up the sceptre when his year had expired and Polynices fled away and returned with an army to secure justice. The brothers fought and killed each other and Creon, their uncle, became king. The body of Eteocles was buried with appropriate ceremony, but that of Polynices was left exposed to dogs and vultures under an edict from the king that whoso conferred upon it rites of burial should suffer death. Antigone, sister to Polynices, who was "formed by nature not to join in hatred, but in love," poured libations upon the body and sprinkled it with earth that the soul of the dead might go in peace to Hades. For this she was condemned to death. That is the story, or part of it.

Arguing with the king, Antigone affirms that, "The grave at least desires equal laws," a truth that we still cling to in the knowledge, shared with them, that this side of the grave equal laws are not had. The king protests, "But not the bad to obtain an equal share with the good," to which Antigone replies, "Who knows if these things are held holy below?"

Who, indeed, knows? The Greeks of old asked a thousand searching questions that no one has since been able to answer, and yet we of today have an advantage that those of old did not possess. The gentle Hebrew carpenter, with his wonderful spiritual insight, had not walked with his disciples, as he did not for four hundred years after Antigone was written. Because of him the world has a clearer concept of moral values than was possible before and, what is more important still, we have been able to displace that pititless fatalism of other times with a benificent hope. It does not yet appear what the next life shall be, but the world is no longer overshadowed with the crushing concept of an atmosphere surcharged with meddlesome, malevolent, whimsical deities.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

What the Reclamation Service Has Done

About five years ago—to be exact, on June 17, 1905—the United States reclamation service formally began its first work in reclaiming water for arid wastes. This was in Nevada. Brief as has been the time since then, the amount it has accomplished and the benefit it has conferred upon the people are all but startling. It has built 4,215 miles of canal, 70 miles of levees and 417 miles of roads. Concrete conception of the value of its work is best given in the fact that it has secured water in sufficiency for 750,000 acres of land, divided into 13,000 farms which theretofore had been worthless desert. Only gradually throughout these five years have these reclaimed lands been developed and used, and yet it is estimated that already they have yielded crops to the value of $14,038,000, while land values have been increased to the extent of fully $105,800,000. This is the briefest sort of a resume of the work that the service has done, but it will suffice to give some conception of the vast benefit it has conferred on the people. If making one tree to grow where none has grown before is a worthy deed, as somebody has suggested, it is difficult to set too high a valuation on changing unfruitful deserts into hundreds of thousands of acres of wealth-yielding grain and fruit.

The Living Chance of the Babies

Sanitary methods and safeguards have nowhere scored a more striking success than in decreasing the mortality among babies. Everywhere the chance of life of the little ones is much better than it was before men knew less of the manner in which they should be treated; that is, everywhere except in the larger cities of Italy and along the Mediterranean. Even poor old Russia is improving in this respect, and, while mortality still runs high among its children, it is constantly improving. Among the great cities of the world Buenos Ayres gives its little ones the best fighting chance for life, although Amsterdam, a smaller city, outclasses it in this respect. Among the large cities of this country, the babe has the best show in Boston, where, in 1909, the average mortality in each thousand babies was 115, a decrease of 35 per thousand since the year before. On the whole, however, it is to the discredit of this country that infant mortality in its cities averages higher than in those of Great Britain, France and Germany. In London, for example, there were but 116 deaths to the thousand in 1907, while the record of Paris in the same year was but 104 to the thousand. Compared with these figures, New York's 144 to the thousand and Philadelphia's 159 do not read pleasantly, and it is only when they are compared with the greater records of previous years that they are discovered to be encouraging, but it is the general decrease in such figures that is most cheering of all.

Wine a Foe of Tuberculosis?

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the eminent French scientist, has, from his observations, evolved a sort of double theory concerning the relation of alcohol to tuberculosis. The first half of the theory takes form in the proposition that wine is a foe of the dread disease; in the second half he holds that spirituous and malt liquors are a potent factor in increasing consumption. In justification of his belief he cites the following figures: In 28 departments of northern France, in which beer and spirits are generally drunk, deaths from consumption number about 230 in each 100,000 people, while in other departments, where wine is the favorite drink, the proportion is but 140. Again, he calls atention to the fact that at the age of 30 consumption is two or three times as prevalent among men as among women, the former, of course, being much the greater drinkers of alcoholic beverages. All of which might seem to prove the eminent doctor's theory, but it certainly is open to the objection that the relationship between the figures and the thing demonstrated is not necessarily clear. To illustrate: If it should be shown that there is more skittle-playing in the wine-drinking than in the whisky-gulping departments of France, would it necessarily follow that wine tends to encourage skittles, while whisky is the bitter enemy of skittles? Why would not the argument be as sound in one case as in the other?

The Crime-Incubators of Italy

That form of banishment known as coerced domicile which was in usage as long ago as when the Roman empire was in power still is maintained in Italy. Under it criminals are punished by deportation to some one of a number of small islands about Italy. There are eight of these islands, on which more than 5,000 felons are residing at the present time, and the islands have practically no other population. There the prisoners may come and go and do about as they please, but there they must remain, for that is the crux of their punishment. In this almost entirely criminal population, too, there is marriage, or such form of marriage as the participants in it choose to consider more or less binding, and it follows that the children born of criminal fathers and mothers are born to criminality. They live in an atmosphere of crime, and, with rarest exceptions, they become what might have been expected—criminals of a particularly odious type. So it has come to pass that Italy now has about her eight islets, each one a sort of miniature Hades, and the condition is likely to get worse, rather than better, as time passes, unless the methods of the "coerced domicile" are disused, as they probably will be sooner or later, for even now Italian statesmen are considering the feasibility of such a step.

Laziness in Children a Disease

In a recent article in La Nature, a French publication, Dr. Lamounier asks the question, "Is laziness in young people a form of disease?" and answers it in the affirmative. In so doing he confirms a theory largely held by educators in this country, rather than presents a new idea, but some of his observations in support of the theory will interest both educators and many other people as well. For example, the doctor investigated the cases of 27 school children who were considered notoriously lazy, and he found that the parents of 22—more than 80 per cent—of these suffered from obesity, gout, diabetes, arterial sclerosis, or nervous troubles. These cases and others more or less similar led him to the conclusion that laziness in a child is a disease and that it is inherited. To such a heritage often is added unsuitable diet, lack of fresh air, etc., the child attaining a reputation for laziness and dull wits, when he really is diseased and should be treated accordingly. These facts, as has been said, are being recognized more and more in the public schools of America, but Dr. Laumonier's appeal that children be carefully studied and wisely treated cannot be made too forcible either here or elsewhere.

Britain's Battleship Array

During the present week Great Britain has assembled her ships of war for their annual maneuvers, and it was the most powerful array of warships of one nationality ever gathered together. There were 45 battleships, 25 armored cruisers, 15 protected cruisers, 8 scouts, 20 depot ships, 50 modern destroyers, 58 older destroyers, 36 torpedo boats and 50 submarines, and their total value is estimated at $468,750,000. Bear in mind that nearly all of this sum has been expended within a few years, for it is a recognized fact that almost nothing becomes out of date sooner than vessels of war. This is one side of the picture, the militant side. Suppose that for a moment we compare it with another side which is not militant, but has been known to become so, and might become so again. As stated in t department a couple of weeks ago, there are England and Wales 789,000 people who a paupers to the extent of receiving public a If the sum invested in battleships in prepa tion for wars which nobody desires had be so invested as to realize three per cent it would have returned $14,062,500 annually, a with this sum pauperism might have be obliterated, or, at least, pretty thorough crippled. One need not consider the mat long in order to realize that we pay high our war whistle.

"Race Suicide" Increasing in France

For some time past it has been recogniz that the French people are peculiarly identif with that form of injury which Mr. Roosevt designated as race suicide. It has remain for Dr. Bertillon, however, to demonstrate the statistical method that race suicide has increased in France that the French peo are likely to become non-existent if the pr ent tendency is not reversed. It appears t in 1909 the number of births in France w 770,000, of deaths 756,500—the deaths almt equaled the births. This is the worst rec yet made, but the record constantly has gro worse. Prior to 1886 the birth figures alw began with a nine, then they dropped to eit and began with that figure twenty years lo er. In 1906 they dropped below the 800,0 mark, and have begun with a seven since th until now they hardly exceed the death ra Dr. Bertillon prophesies, "That will contin until the total extinction of the natio

The Example Posen Has Set

A correspondent of the Public tells of n experiment made by the officials of Pos German Poland, in the line of beneficially sisting the poor. The city bought a sm tract of land at a reasonable price, and th divided it among a number of poor famili giving to each one of them about 200 squ yards. The lands were given to the fami about the first of April, and they also w given fertilizing material for the soil. Ea holder of land furnished his own seed planting, consisting principally of potato cabbages, carrots, beans, spinach, lettuce a tomatoes. The products largely supplied families with food, and in some instances th raised and marketed a surplus. The exp ment, of course, was watched with much terest, and it was considered so successful t the officials have determined to make the pl a permanent feature of their government, curing land and farming it out in this man as rapidly as possible.

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EROS

By Juliette Estelle Mathis

ie-eyed and winsome as bright morn is he,
'uissant god and radiantly fair,
With strong allures meshed in his shining hair.
spring he calls from every song-filled tree,
ms in each note of bird and beast and bee,
n sea subdued he sighs. The lion from his lair
eaps swiftly to his mate through mountain air,
th breath of chapparal made sweet. The free,
Unfettered lover lives where'er he be
For time at least, an envied deity.
rnity? That is another thing;
-day with Love's mad strain let Cosmos ring!
The desert bursts abloom where he doth pass,
'et men must say him nay. Alas,—alas!

ECONOMIC ANNUAL OF JAPAN

'he California Weekly has received a copy The Tenth Financial and Economic An- l of Japan, "with the compliments of Mar- s T. Katsura, Minister of Finance." A part he volume is a very complete map of Japan, uding Korea, Manchuria and adjacent ter- ry. As the statistics cover several recent rs and are thoroughly up to date, and as y necessarily are official, they give the in- igator a most complete idea of the won- ful industrial and economic development of oriental Island Kingdom within the last years. Tables and charts add greatly to worth of the annual, and, indeed, it will ve a "treasure-house of information" to all desire to be fully acquainted with the re- kable developments among this re-born ple on the other side of the wide Pacific.

O. HENRY'S LIFE

ist a year ago the late O. Henry did some- g he was not in the habit of doing. He e to the New York Times a story of his and it was the real story and not the in- ed narrative that went the rounds and was inspiration of persons unknown even to writer of many charming and subtly hum- is stories. That story was typical of O. ry, and he told it just like he wrote the t stories that made him famous.

a lot of yarns," he said in that interview, 've been printed about me and none of them ue. It has been said that I was once a e thief. The nearest I ever got to that nction was going down to a friend's ranch arn the cattle raising business. Another y is that I have been a miner. I never a mine in my life. Then there is the yarn I was once a tintype artist. So far as is concerned, I must admit that I once a tintype taken with my arm draped efully over a lady's shoulder.

'hen there is that newspaper in Pittsburg printed the story that when I first began rite I blew into its office, looking like a p, offered manuscripts for sale and bor- ed a dollar before blowing out again. That y is an embroidered fit. Why, I was the dressed man in the office, unless it was editor, whose shoes were a little more ted than mine. A year after this story printed I saw it. I made a special trip to Pittsburg and sent in my card to the or.

Sir,' said I when at last I found myself to face with this libeler of my solvency, ve come to lick you.'

But wasn't it a bully good story?' asked editor.

admitted that it was and then instead of ng him we went out and had luncheon ther.

'o, sir, all stories to the contrary notwith- ling, there never was a time that I could dig down into my pocket and find coin therein. I never rode a mile unless it was in a Pullman."

Then the writer reverted again to the story of his younger days when he was on the ranch in Texas. He said he stayed there two and a half years, and when it stopped raining and the pastures dried up he decided to quit the cattle-raising business, and, packing his grip, he went to Houston and got a job on The Houston Post. He had a column in the paper each day, and got $15 a week at first, and then it was raised to $20, and finally to $25. After being on The Post for a year, he bought from Brann the Iconoclast for $250.

"I bought out the whole plant, name and all," said O. Henry, "and started a ten-page weekly story paper. Being an editor, I of course resigned from The Post. The editor did most of the writing and all of the illustrating. Meanwhile Brann had gone to Waco, and he wrote and asked me if I wouldn't let him have his 'Iconoclast' title back. I didn't think much of it, and let him have it, and accordingly renamed mine 'The Rolling Stone.' It rolled for about a year, and then showed unmistakable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I never were friends, and so I said goodbye to it.

"Then a friend of mine who had a little money—wonderful thing that, isn't it, a friend with a little money—suggested that I join him in a trip to Central America, whither he was going with the intention of going into the fruit business. Well, it takes a long time and costs a lot of money to learn how the little banana grows. We didn't have quite enough of the latter, and so never did learn the whole secret of the banana development.

"The banana plantation faded into nothing; I drifted back to Texas. In Austin I got a job in a drug store. That was a rotten two weeks. They made me draw soda water, and I gave up.

"Let me see; after the soda water I think there came the highball stage. I went to New Orleans and took up literary work in earnest. I sent stories to newspapers, weeklies and magazines all over the country. Rejections? Lordy, I should say I did have rejections, but I never took them to heart. I just stuck new stamps on the stories and sent them out again. And in their journeying to and fro all the stories finally landed in offices where they found a welcome. I can say that I never wrote anything that, sooner or later, hasn't been accepted.

"As for rejections, take 'The Emancipation of Billy,' as good a story as I ever wrote—it was rejected no less than thirteen times. But, like all the rest, it finally landed."

It was while he was in New Orleans that he began to write under the name of O. Henry. He said that he picked out the name Henry because it was the first one he noticed in a society ball write-up. He took the initial "O" because, he said, it was the easiest of all the letters to write.

MARK TWAIN'S LOVE OF BOOKS

William Dean Howells writes in the July Harper's of Mark Twain's love of books. He says:

Mark Twain was always reading some vital book. It might be some out-of-the-way book, but it had the root of the human matter in it; a volume of great trials; one of the supreme autobiographies; a signal passage of history, a narrative of travel, a story of captivity, which gave him life at first hand. As I remember, he did not care much for fiction, and in that sort he had certain distinct loathings; there were certain authors whose names he seemed not so much to pronounce as to spew out of his mouth. Goldsmith was one of these, but his prime abhorrence was my dear and honored prime favorite, Jane Austen. He once said to me, I suppose after he had been reading some upsparing praises of her from me—I am always praising her: "You seem to think that woman could write," and he forbore withering me with his scorn, apparently because we had been friends so long, and he more pitied than hated me for my bad taste. He seemed not to have any preferences among novelists; or at least I never heard him express any. He used to read the modern novels I praised, in or out of print; but I do not think he much liked reading fiction. As for plays, he loathed the theatre, and said he would as lief do a sum as follow a plot on the stage. He could not, or did not, give any reasons for his literary abhorrences, and perhaps he really had none. But he could have said very distinctly, if he had needed, why he liked the books he did. I was away at the time of his great Browning passion, and I know of it chiefly from hearsay; but at the time Tolstoi was doing what could be done to make me over, Clemens wrote, "That man seems to have been to you what Browning was to me." I do not know that he had other favorites among the poets, but he had favorite poems which he liked to read to you, and he read, of course, splendidly. Generally, I fancy his pleasure in poetry was not great, and I do not believe he cared much for the conventionally accepted masterpieces of literature. He liked to find out good things and great things for himself; sometimes he would discover these in a masterpiece new to him alone, and then, if you brought his ignorance home to him, he enjoyed it, and enjoyed it the more the more you rubbed it in. Of all the literary men I have known he was the most unliterary in his make and manner.

ALFRED NOYES AS A DRAMATIST

Alfred Noyes, the young English poet whose "Drake" and the "The Enchanted Island" have aroused great interest both in England and America, has written a verse drama which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is to produce at His Majesty's Theatre in London, the latter part of this year. Sir Herbert is very enthusiastic about the new play and its possibilities and intends to present it in America as well as in London. It is possible that Mr. Noyes will visit this country at the time of its presentation here. The manager announces that it is "an imaginative and fantastic play on very modern lines, with a fine fantastic part in it" for himself. It is learned from authoritative sources that the play is something quite new. It has a serious underlying basis as have some of Mr. Noyes' "fantastic" poems, and it aims as much at beauty as at fantasy. There is in it something of the same treatment of nature as in the archetype of all fantastic poetry—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

PERSONALIA

Mme. Rejane, the creator of the role of Madame Sans-Gene, is about to give up her managerial career and will surrender the Theatre Rejane, always a favorite resort of Americans, into other hands. She will join the forces of the Theatre de la Porte Saint-Martin, where she will take the principal part in an important new piece to be produced next autumn.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest effort at dramatization proved the most emphatic sort of success. In "The Speckled Band" Sherlock Holmes is once more the hero of a play, while the villain he has to foil in three acts is a rock python whose general appearance gives the name to the piece.

James Ricalton of Maplewood, N. J., the photographer of the Russo-Japanese war, when 62 years of age walked from Cape Town to Cairo without an army of porters or any letters of introduction, hunted as he went, and on one day shot three rhinos.

MATERIALISTS' LECTURE

On Friday, July 15th, the San Francisco Materialists' Association will hear its weekly lecture. The subjects will be "Aims and Morals of Life," "A Religion of Impulse," by D Rudolph and H Gerber. A 'cello selection will be rendered by Mast Wolfson.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

AN OLD LANDMARK BACK IN ITS OLD HOME

One of the oldest landmarks of San Francisco is now completing its long process of restoration. The Mechanics' Institute is moving back downtown. But instead of the little old three-story brick building that used to hark back to 1866, there now rises a marble-fronted skyscraper, nine stories high, equipped with elevators, fireproof, finished throughout in beautiful oak, one of the handsomest and most substantial buildings in New San Francisco.

Few institutions have been longer or more intimately or more usefully associated with the history of San Francisco than the Mechanics' Institute. Founded in 1855, it has been ever since prominently identified with the industrial and educational progress of the city. It was founded, as its name implies, to be useful primarily to students of the mechanical arts, and it has steadfastly clung to that purpose, although it has incidentally and in many other ways been useful. Among the first ideals set before themselves by its founders was to accumulate a technical library on mechanical subjects, and so well did they follow this ideal that by the time of the fire in 1906 the Institute had perhaps the best subscription library in the United States. As an example of the high rank the library had by virtue of its collection of books, the fact that it had a complete set of the reports of the British patent office back to the time of the reign of King James I may be cited. There were not over five sets of these reports in existence in the United States, and even the British patent office itself had not this complete file.

The first building of the Mechanics' Institute was on the west side of Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, on the site of the present Lick building and of the old Lick House. This pavilion was erected in 1857. In 1860 it was superseded by another, erected on the southwest corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, adjoining the site of the first pavilion. An old print, made in 1859, shows the one-story building, built in an "L" radiating from a large dome, the corners of the building adorned with minarets.

The fourth building used by the Institute was erected on Union Square in 1868 and was used until 1871. This was also a frame structure, a combination, architecturally, of Moorish arches and Russian temple effects. In 1874 the Institute moved to the east side of Eighth street, between Market and Mission, into a larger and better looking building, which was used until 1881, when it was torn down. The sixth home—the one used until the fire of 1906—was the famous Mechanics' Pavilion on the block bounded by Larkin, Grove, Polk and Hayes streets, where all the conventions, fairs and great public gatherings of San Francisco were held for twenty-four years.

In 1906, before the fire, the Mechanics' Institute took over the entire assets and properties of the Mercantile Library, in consideration of making the members of the latter life members of the Institute and in further consideration of taking care of the depleted treasury and hopeless financial affairs of the Mercantile. By this consolidation the Mechanics' Institute acquired some land in the southern part of the city and a small sum in cash. But it acquired a much more valuable thing as well, viz., the magnificent collection of books owned by the Mercantile Library, which brought the stock of books of the Institute up to about 200,000 volumes. As the secretary once tersely remarked, "In 1906 we had one of the finest libraries in America. On the morning of April 19, 1906, we didn't have it."

But the Institute had courage and friends. On the evening of April 18th, when it was known that the library was gone, the trustees of the Institute met, and instructed the librarian, Mr. F. B. Graves, to gather a new library, and the secretary, Mr. Joseph M. Cumming, to build a new building to put it in. The following August saw the small building at the corner of Grove and Polk completed, and a library of 5,000 volumes on the shelves. Now the Institute is moving into its new $300,000 building and permanent home, and 35,000 books are being put into the cases. Before the fire the Institute had about 4,000 members. Now it has about 2,500, but with its return downtown will undoubtedly soon have its old membership.

In the old days, from 1857 to 1899, the Mechanics' Institute held every year an industrial fair that was an event of coastwide interest and importance. All the mechanical industries of the coast were represented in the exhibits, and thousands of people attended from all parts of California and elsewhere. These fairs were a large factor in stimulating the development of the mechanical arts in the state, and they also stimulated the whole business life of California by getting the people of the state together and getting them acquainted.

The Mechanics' Pavilion was in other ways an indispensable adjunct to the life of San Francisco. Not until the fire destroyed it did the public realize that it was the only place suitable or large enough to hold great public gatherings, or that it had been the means of attracting to the city many conventions and national assemblages. The pavilion was run at a loss, which was barely made good to the Institute by the rentals from stores at the corners of the building.

The Institute has long been a great aid in the educational life of the city. For years it has annually presented to its members a course of lectures on subjects of general interest, especially history. Notable among these courses were those delivered by Professor Henry Morse Stephens, professor of European and modern history in the University of California. These lecture courses have been so popular that, since the destruction of the Mechanics' Pavilion, the Institute has not been able to furnish floor space enough to accommodate the members who wished to attend, and has hence been compelled to rent public halls for their presentation.

The educational value of the Institute is, however, chiefly in the easy and absurdly cheap access it gives students of mechanics to an adequate reference library. The dues, which are only $1 for initiation and $1.50 a quarter, are so low that no one need be debarred from participating in the benefits of the library. That they are not is shown by the personnel of the membership, which includes people of practically every walk in life.

It should not be inferred that the library is devoted solely to mechanical books. The works of general literature, books on history and art and biography, and the general reference library are all of the best. And practically all the periodicals are on the tables, besides files of current and old San Francisco and Eastern newspapers.

In its business management the Mechanics' Institute is almost unique. It has paid its own way as it went, and has never solicited funds for its maintenance. Even the unsolicited contributions have been small, amounting altogether to not more than $20,000 in its entire history of fifty-five years. Ten thousand dollars of this was in one unsolicited donation, made many years ago by James Lick for the purchase of technical books. Many books and private libraries have, of course, come into the possession of the Institute by gift or bequest, though the bulk of the book accessions have always been by direct purchase.

The management of the Institute is vested in a board of trustees, elected by the members, who serve without compensation. The president of the Institute has always been some man prominent in the public or business life of the city, and he is, by the laws of California, ex-officio a member of the Board of Regents of the State University. The incumbent president is Rudolph J. Taussig, and the other officers are: Livingston Jenks, vice-president; James G. Spaulding, recording secretary; and James H. Lyons, corresponding secretary. The remaining trustees are: George Beanston, Tirey L. Ford, Byron Mauzy, D. A. W. Scott, Otto von Goldern, J. J. Dola, E. P. Heald, Robert W. Neal, James Spier and Luther Wagoner.

One of the most famous adjuncts of the Mechanics' Institute has long been its chess room. Here have daily foregathered for years the best players of San Francisco, whose championship matches have attracted wide attention. Every year the Institute holds a chess and checker tournament at which the winners are awarded gold medals. The Institute has brought chess players of international fame to San Francisco, and players from the Institute have participated, sometimes in person and sometimes by telegraph communication, in famous games with players from all parts of the country. In the chess room in the new building are specially designed boards, inlaid into heavy tables, that are a unique innovation and a special pleasure to the devotees of the game. An added enjoyment to the members is the permission to smoke in the chess room.

The new building itself is a "Class A" structure, of steel frame, concrete floors, and fireproof construction. The second floor will contain the library in a room of nobly spacious proportions. The chess room is back of the library. The reference books will be on the third floor. The ground floor will be rented to merchants and the upper floors for offices.

To know that the Mechanics' Institute is at home again downtown is to assure old-timers that the physical rehabilitation of the city is near completion. This, one of the oldest and worthiest landmarks, is to be congratulated on its new home.

"DEUS EX MACHINA"

Quite frequently in dramatic criticism the expression, "deus ex machina" is used, and for the benefit of the layman its derivation and meaning is herewith given: In the ancient Greek theatre at the close of the play, the gods by a supernatural appearance, solved the highly complicated plot, says Lee Kugel of the Hudson Theatre, New York.

The word machine or machinery was derived from the scenic peculiarity of that period, and when the gods stepped out and moved among the heroes of the play, this situation gave birth to the expression above mentioned. This situation finds its modern prototype where the villain is unmasked and is compelled to make restitution of his ill-gotten gains or forced to confess that he has maligned and injured the hero or heroine. Or where the thief is compelled to return the stolen property, this situation gives rise to the expression, "he acts as a deus ex machina."

Speaking again of the machine or the scenic peculiarity found in the ancient theatre, the different authorities are not unanimous as to what the machine consisted of. Some have said that there were cranes for lifting up the god and projecting him out onto the stage. Others said that it was a flying attachment, in the nature of a rope, gathered around his waist, and by use of pulleys he was sent rapidly through mid-air across the stage. Another insists that the machine was a chariot or a simple platform resting on cylinders or wheels, which was moved on and off the stage by ropes, which could be pulled back again behind the "proskenion."

The Girls of Eld

The girls of eld, the girls who held
  Your heart in Cupid's fetter;
The girls you kissed, and those you missed.
  For mama taught them better;
The witty girls, the pretty girls
  Whose charms did once undo you,
Would Cupid's flame yet burn the same
  If they should come back to you?

The Evident Answer

Well, nixie, nay! If you got gay
  You'd wish you hadn't fanned it.
You might feel queer, but, 'twixt us here,
  Your wifie wouldn't stand it.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

"Let Him First Cast a Stone"

o when they continued asking him, he
l up himself, and said unto them, he that
thout sin among you, let him first cast a
e at her."—John 8-7.

oman there was, and the woman fell
n the heights of love to the depths of hell.
by a passion that heeded naught,
he price of her soul was her yielding
ught.
she walks where only the hopeless go,
ie murk of a night that is black with woe,
the wage of her sin is the wage she
ows,
"Shame!" is the whisper where'er she
es.
'ather of Mercy, shall mercy be shown?
'Let him that is sinless cast a stone."

passes, this sinner, and women all pure
st the taint of her touch their garments
ure,
pride in their manner, contempt in their
d—
gh she dwell in a hell, should the vir-
us heed?
is it not written, nor e'er is forgot,
the man, he may sin, but the woman
st not?
pride in the manner, contempt in the
—
knoweth how sins are recorded on high?
hall hearts that are crushed for no error
atone?
Let him that is sinless cast a stone."

* * *

The Little Things

is curious about the little things,
iisedek. There was a little rift in the
and you have heard what happened to
ite. The little girl smiled a little, allur-
mile, and you ought to be able to guess
happened to the young man. In the
analysis, brethren, these little things
ently turn out to be the biggest kind of
s.
:e a nickel, for instance, for that is the
st little thing and the littlest big thing
nich I know. It is so extremely little
ots of us never learn how very big it is,
iat is what ails us. We drop a nickel in
iole on any corner. Pshaw, what's a
? Nothing! And then how surprised
e when we learn that our five dollars
one along the nickel route, and directly
nty has followed, and—but you know
t is, Melchisedek.
ppose that the individuals who naturally
the real size of a nickel and its capacity
velling into dollars are not more than
twenty of the population. The rest of
e to learn by hard knocks, and, ah me!
ire terribly hard sometimes. If I break
ar I don't have to spend more than six
s before it is all gone, and many people
e same way. It is queer about nickels:
lering their size, they are so big.
The nickels make the dollars
Is a saying trite, but I
Would humbly add another word:
They make the dollars—fly.

* * *

Let's Be Grateful

umns and columns of drivel.
ages and pages of rot,
prove that this pug is a winner,
prove that that bruiser is not:
ercut, undercut, neither—
, but their style is verbose,
pug-fanning scribes of the papers,
d, Lord, but we did get a dose!

er a moment of resting
om taking the prize-fighting pill;
y doubled the dose on the morrow,
iat yesterday made us so ill.
deification of muscle
ith cavemen might well make a hit,
this is a paean of praising—
ie prize fight at last has been "fit."

The Opinions of Rufus

Sometimes, Eliza, men are like fish. The more they see a girl's droppin' a bait fer 'em the more they hurry to git away.

When I meet a man that seems so good I 'most reckon he's perfect, on second thought I gener'ly advise my sister to stay home evenin's.

The foregoin' ain't sayin' that no men are reel good; it's only sayin' that they's no tellin' when they'll break out in spots.

Sometimes it most seems it's easier to attain the bad than the good. I've known lots of cows to give what wan't much better'n skim milk, but I never knew one to give butter.

The Almighty knows where to put the good people an' the bad people, but I should s'pose it must bother him some to know where to put them that ain't got backbone 'nough to be either.

The honeymoon's the blessed time in which young women learn to feed their husbands well 'fore askin' them fer a new bunnet.

Faith in Providence is a mighty good thing, but it takes hustlin' to pay off a mortgage.

If lots o' folks would pay es much 'tention to their conduct es they do to their 'pearance I reckon the straight gate an' narrer way would have to be widened some.

They's such a thing es doin' good in vain, es the man said when the cow give ten quarts of milk an' then kicked the pail over.

Most philosophy consists in merely sayin' over again what somebody's said before you.

Josh Bings says in callin' some folks putty men he don't mean no reflecshun on putty, which sometimes is reel useful.

* * *

She Helped Him Out

For a long time he had been trying to screw his courage to the sticking point, and now, alone with her, he felt that the time was propitious.

"Henrietta," he murmured.

"Yes, Gawge," was the whispered reply.

"I—we—you must have saw—must have seen how my hurning tart yurns—"

He felt that something was wrong, and, after clearing his throat of a frog which was not there, began again:

"Dear Henrietta, I am sure that you must have seen how my turning yart hurns—my hurning yart turns—that is, I feel that you sust have meen how my tarning hurt yarns—how my yarning turt harns—or—that is, mow hy hurning yart—how my—"

But gentle woman, when she is willing, is willing, and so she interrupted him to say that she did realize how his yearning heart turned, and, after that, with her kindly assistance, it was much easier.

As for the rest—but everybody knows how the rest of such stories goes.

* * *

Old Saws Refiled and Reset

Art is long, but artists frequently are short.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but frequently the audience will not wait to see whether she does or not.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you, but that which it really prefers is to laugh at you.

Slow but sure wins the race, but the young man who is the proud possessor of a written recommendation to that effect still is looking for an employer.

It takes nine tailors to make a man, and sometimes it takes more than nine to make a man—pay his bill.

The Law and Common Sense are brothers, but, as everybody knows, brothers sometimes are not on speaking terms.

Gray hairs and Wisdom should go together, but, Wisdom being particular about her associates, they frequently do not.

Leaves have their time to fall. So have woman's tears, but the time in the latter case is more uncertain.

One may smile and smile, but when he does it is well to have a headache powder on hand for the next morning.

The Philosopher on Society Journals

"I should feel more hopeful for the future welfare of the race," the Philosopher remarked, "if it were not for the so-called society journals."

"What have society journals to do with the welfare of the race?" I inquired.

"Why, they are published, you know."

"Yes, but—"

"And, as they are published, there must be people who read them, and if there are people who read that kind of slush—alas! what is the use of trying to be optimistic?"

The Philisopher paused for a few moments of apparently painful reflection, then he resumed:

"I will not discredit you by suggesting that you read that kind of journal, but probably you know how they go: First, a few pages of diseased editorial consisting of near-libel and lunar-caustic comment or ladylike satire concerning anything showing a tendency to be uplifting. Then may follow theatrical comment in which the fleshly charms of the alleged actresses are reviewed and green-room scandals are revived. Now turn to the social gossip if your stomach is strong, and read the allusions, hints or open comment concerning anything indecent that anybody indecent, but Smart, has indecently done for some time past. What joy to find your neighbor's name mired in that filth! and it is for that joy, I suppose, that people read these society journals. And their readers are numbered by hundreds which their advertisers, with child-like confidence, suppose to be thousands. Oh, it is enough to crush hope, to bury—"

The Philosopher broke down, and what could anyone say to comfort him?

* * *

Too Bad That It Ever Was Thus

The thing you most desire is the thing you are forbidden to have. Is it not so? Commune with yourself, and answer. It ever has been so.

Adam had heard that there were daughters of men living outside of the Garden, and had gone over to the fence on the east side to investigate the rumor—not, as he had explained to Eve, that he was interested in the daughters of men, but he was interested in the rumor. Eve, being thus left alone, soliloquized.

"I'm sick of these common, every-day fruits," she said. "Of course, the peaches are all right enough, and so are the plums, and the pears, and the rest. I am not complaining about their quality, but for a really delicious flavor I am confident that that ap—Oh, dear! I fancy I would better get Adam's supper," for already she had learned what Adam was when he had not been fed.

So Eve prepared the simple supper and then, as Adam had not yet found the rumor, she seated herself and resumed her soliloquy.

"These cherries," she said, "are good, but someway I am cloyed on cherries. [illegible] have become absolutely nauseating, and—Joy! how good that apple does look! I wish—"

Just then Adam returned, at the same time remarking that he hadn't seen any rumors east of the fence. So one can only infer what it was that Eve wished, but everybody knows what happened just a few days later, and—Ah me! don't you sometimes wish that we had selected somebody different for our first ancestors, and, anyway, that we did not so yearningly yearn for the thing we cannot have?

* * *

Its Best Deed Last

"Of course one praises the recent Congress with some mental reservation."

"Yes, indeed."

"But it did one splendid thing, a thing that everybody approves."

"What was that?"

"It adjourned."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

President and Ex-President Those who anticipated that the President and the former president would fall to woolpulling at the instant of contact, if there were such, were in error. They fell into each other's arms, indulged in a feast of hilarity and a flow of soul, for they are jolly good fellows, know each other better than the public knows either of them, have faith in each other and will have more conferences than one. They are different, temperamentally and constitutionally, and will get on the better for that. If they were of the same type they would not get on together at all. They would clash at every point. It will take a great deal to make those two men break with each other, but they may do it. There is no human friendship that Theodore Roosevelt will suffer to stand betwixt his cherished policies and their fulfillment. The President stands for them as certainly as he does and the quarrel, if it comes, will not come because of any disagreement on that score, but on the character of those commissioned to carry out these policies. The President and the former president cannot continue political friends with the President choosing as his advisers Cannon and Aldrich, Elkins and Hale. The break will be there if anywhere.

Their First Fight For Party Control The President does not know how to be president except with a political party back of him. Party control is in the hands of the enemy. Therefore the President felt that he had to go to the enemies of his policies for help in carrying them out. It naturally follows that the first fight for reform must be to wrest party control from the enemies of the new policies, and vest that control in the friends to those policies. That fight is on in New York and Theodore Roosevelt is into it up to his elbows. Bourbonism, Republican and Democratic, delivered itself into his hands at the psychological moment in defeating the direct primary law by a combination of Republican reactionaries and Tammanyites. Appeal will now be made to the voters of New York. Into that contest Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Hughes and President Taft will throw themselves with all the strength they possess. The result cannot be doubted. A more far-reaching direct primary law than the one defeated will be added and a lot of "organization" politicians will be thrown on the woodpile to dry. For once New York will have a political leader instead of a boss. Once place the control of the Republican party of New York in possession of Republican insurgency, and insurgency will become "regular" and the "regulars" will become "insurgents," and the President may go on governing by party and yet govern right. The Republican party will again become the party of progress, of great moral purposes and will be fit to live and to command the suffrages of men.

The Strategic Point In the Coming Contest The fight now about to be precipitated in New York, for control of the Republican party in New York, has been waging in California for months and, here as there, it is a winning fight. The fight is within the Republican party for the purification of the Republican party, and is to the death of the old element that has dominated so long and so injuriously. And we Californians must not forget that the fight for party control centers in the selection of delegates to county conventions. That is the strategic point in the contest. If we are careless and allow the "organization" manipulators to name the delegates to the county conventions who, in turn, will name the delegates to the state convention, which state convention will select and elect the governing committee of the party—if we lose out there we shall not have won a complete victory even though we nominate and elect the whole Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican state ticket. The possession of that committee is not less important than the possession of the gubernatorial office. There was fear that, in Iowa, the people had slept while the "standpatters" had framed up the state convention to their taste, but the results of the primary, analyzed, disclose the encouraging fact that the "insurgents" were alive to their interests and that they will control the state convention by a majority of 155 votes. California can do as well if voters can be made to understand the necessity for sending only their very best men as delegates to what, on the surface, may seem to be a most perfunctory and inconsequential function—the naming of delegates to a state convention.

Forcing the Issue Of Conservation The visit of Theodore Roosevelt to Beverly may not have had anything to do with it, but it is interesting to note that, following fast upon it, the President has out-Roosevelted Roosevelt in withdrawing public lands from entry, oil lands, phosphate, timber, coal to the aggregate of nearly eight and a half million acres. That act will force the hands of congress. The public domain need not, must not, cannot remain bottled, but bottled it is and will remain until congress acts. We may expect the conservation measures proposed by the President to monopolize the attention of Congress as soon as it opens in December. Perfected bills will be ready, the President's message will be burdened with the theme, the insurgent element will have taken many states and, whether Republican or Democratic, will be for an enlightened policy of conservation. To be sure the newly elected congress will not come into power for a full year thereafter, but the moral effect of it will. None but the Bourbons will bow their necks to butt against the popular will as expressed in November. No one can question the sincerity of the President's conservation principles. Only his methods and the kind of people he has chosen to co-operate with him have been open to question. Now that he has the reenforcement of the most potent personality in the nation, if not on the globe, he should be able to make progress even with the ill-matched and ill-conditioned team he has harnessed for the task. It would be better, though, to turn some of the cripples out to grass. The President has done splendidly and the outlook for an enlightened land policy is encouraging.

What of California's Own Conservation? California probably ranks the first state in the Union in the possibilities of development of hydro-electrical energy. Our power lines are only less important than our lines of railroad, and yet neither in taxing, in regulating, in fixing rates for, nor preventing the monopolization of power privileges and the transportation of electrical energy has any legislation worthy of the name been attempted. In what predicament should we be if each county assessor assessed so much of the railroads as passed through his county, giving us fifty-eight differing scales of valuation, each assessor catching what property he could in his own county as it passed through? That would parallel California's method of assessing the power lines which, in fact, are one property from the origin of the water supply to the myriad buttons that are pressed to turn on lights or power. This is a subject which the coming legislature should deal with, and it stands the people in hand to send up to Sacramento legislators fit to deal with it. And in the public, not a special or corporate, interest. These issues must be met in a spirit of broad justice, liberality to capital and enterprise, but with an unyielding concern for the rights of consumers and the heritage of our children. Let us have a legislature fit to deal with these problems.

Parker Planning to Beat the Primary Walter F. X. Park is reported as having ade another trip to Wash ington to see Senator Flint with the susp ted purpose of inducing Flint to join the "o anization" in trying to Lorimer the Cali nia legislature after the manner of that of Illi nois. The stench arising from Illinois, vere the interests impounded their legislative attle, being somewhat in excess of that ating from the Chicago stockyards, must be ny thing but agreeable to the not too sen ive olfactories of Senator Flint. He stom ed Ruef and accessories in securing his first ec tion and he may be able to gulp the proble Herrin-Parker program to ignore thead visory vote and throw the election intothe legislature as if there had been no suc expression of opinion, but it will be deal to every legislator who gets caught in that ag net. Of course the "organization" leade do not care greatly for that. When their ols get worn out they have no hesitatio in throwing them into the political scrap hap and finding more, but the carnage of re tations attendant upon any purpose to ide the advisory vote will discount anything California has witnessed in all her pol cal history. And the man who is elected by hat method will see the day when to be pill ied would be preferable!

The Case Of Nat. Ellery Politics is never without its humorous features and seldom without its pathetic. In this campaign it is given to Nathaniel Eller to furnish the pathos. Mr. Ellery has bee in office nearly twelve years at a fair salary as been economical in his scale of expendi re, has probably saved up several thousand ollars which he, and the sitters and eater by whom he has surrounded himself, are now de vouring in as vain a campaign for any ing except notoriety as was ever conducted. Ellery is a good fellow, although lackin in executive ability as his career as head othe office of State Engineer abundantly sh s. The Watchman is of opinion that Ellery ay be absolved from the charge of having en put into this contest by any schemer or ith any ulterior purpose. His head is turned. He is suffering from a case of temporary me lomania. He is likely to be effectually cured by the time his cash is all paid out an he finds himself out of a job and without h ing received enough votes to raise his re ns above being reported as "scattering." Bu for the pathos of it the figure he cuts wou be the joke of the campaign, but when the on sequences to him are considered the h or evaporates and only the pathos rem ns. Politically speaking he is a cat-in-a-fit ind when he comes out of it he will have no ing left but a "wow."

The Fight to Hold Won At Los Angeles Last week The Wa man called attention to the fact that the forces of good government in Los An les had found that they not only had to fig to win, but that they had to fight just as ard to hold what they had won as they did to ain the initial victory. It is ever thus, but we are glad to say that the fight to hold, wage on Thursday of last week (our press day) gai ed the victory. The reactionary, irreconcil le, abominable Times was beaten at every int and the Express was at every point tri ph ant and deservedly so.

One of the issues was the determinin by referendum vote that the electric power m panies should furnish lights at 7 cents per kilowatt hour, the price heretofore cha ed being nine. The seven cent rate carrie If injustice has been done the electric com ies they have only themselves to thank fo it. It was because the people did not believe what the officers of those companies said as true, and if they were not to be believed the fault was theirs and not that of the pe le

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

people of Los Angeles would not know-
vote to confiscate the property of any
c service corporation. The sense of fair
is too strong in the American mind for
but unfortunately it has come to be al-
axiomatic that the word of a corporation
r, from railroad president to billing clerk,
be accepted at par value at all times,
ot when the interests of the corporation
nvolved. Then their official consciences
re them to lie like so many Japanese
es. There is nothing so conducive to fair
ng as frank integrity on the part of the
r.

ot's Message to Californians Through the Scripps papers Gifford Pinchot has sent this message to the le of California: "I expect to speak for am Kent in California on July 20, 21 and The places of the meetings are being ar-ed for out there. I am deeply interested s success and in that of Hiram Johnson. these men represent political progress gainst political reaction, and both are ing for the right of the American peo-to govern themselves, and against the al interests in politics. That is reason gh why these men should have the ear-support and good wishes of every patri-American. That is what all these fights e various states are about. Business get out of politics."

at is a good message and one that Cali-ans will hear right gladly. There is not r country a clearer mind or a truer heart those possessed by Gifford Pinchot, and can help to get the affairs of government led to such hands as those of Hiram son and William Kent the public will be er in his debt than it now is. California's string will be out when Gifford Pinchot s at her door.

.ot ent Since writing the above, The Watchman has seen a copy of the following letter from Mr. Pinchot, at Milford, Pa., June 30th, and addressed . Kent: "Dear Will: It was thoroughly news when the announcement came that re a candidate against McKinlay. Men ur sort are needed in Washington. How they are needed few know more clearly I. In my judgment the people of your t will render a good service of real im-ice to the nation if they send you to ess. You and I have known each other ave worked together shoulder to shoul-r the last ten years and longer. I know you stand on the great public questions eally make a difference to the American ; and I know that every good cause can on your support. You have proved So I send my heartiest good wishes for success. I am coming to California to at I can to help. If there were more ke you in the House of Representatives wer stand-patters like your opponent, merican people would have more confi-in Congress. Yours as always, GIF-) PINCHOT." Well spoken and to the and from a man whose words have .

of This Test publicanism? The San Francisco Chronicle would read out of the Republican party, Theodore Roosevelt to the humblest , every one who attacks the Payne-n tariff law, as having repudiated Re-n doctrine and by that means ceased a Republican. How lonesome editor P. Young would be if that test were l to the rank and file of the party!

e is a sense in which the Payne-Aldrich aw is accepted by those who detest it, the methods employed in the making test the men who were chiefly responsi-its being made. One of these is the nt of the United States, and there are s of other Republicans who go farther e and are ashamed for him that he did ve the nerve to veto so unsatisfactory conceived a measure.

The law is accepted by those who detest it, good Republicans, too, in the expectation that it will have to be endured for some years, except as the accurate information to be gathered by the President's tariff board shall make it possible to revise the law, schedule by schedule, from a scientific and not a log-rolling point of view.

Biding that time the Payne-Aldrich tariff law is to be endured for the reason that it cannot be intelligently cured, but there is no obligation placed upon any person, or any voter, to defend the indefensible, and justify the unjust, or get out of the Republican party. If those who protest do go they will take the Republican party with them, and the Chronicle will come tagging after.

That General Understanding The joke of last week keeps going this week in the form of the "organization" "general understanding" that Hiram Johnson is Mr. Herrin's second choice for the Republican nomination for governor. It started with Nat. Ellery, who is very sure that Mr. Herrin does not want him, and that he will be very well satisfied with Johnson. In part Ellery is right. Nobody but Ellery wants Ellery nominated for governor. He would have the state of California so scattered to the winds of heaven that his successor would be unable to find the pieces. It is characteristic of the "organization" to seek to make political capital of the unpopularity of the "organization's" chief. If they could make it appear that Mr. Herrin loves Mr. Johnson only less ardently than he loves Mr. Anderson, and more warmly than he adores Mr. Curry or Mr. Stanton—if they could tar Johnson with the same stick whereof they are themselves tarred—it would be an achievement not to be underrated in their present predicament. No one with a germ of sanity equal to a mustard seed can be fooled by any such pretense. Mr. Herrin would be as little satisfied with the nomination of Hiram Johnson for governor as with that of Francis J. Heney, Rudolph Spreckels, George C. Pardee, Chester H. Rowell, George H. Boke, Fremont Older or the Reverend Father Lathrop. He will put up with what cannot be helped with what philosophy he may, but no more than that is to be expected of him.

IT WON'T COME TRUE

Judge Dooling on Hiram W. Johnson Judge Martin T. Dooling, of the Superior Court of San Benito county, has a state-wide reputation for integrity and sober judgment that is respected far beyond the little barriers of county lines and the bigger barrier of partisan prejudice. When Hiram Johnson spoke recently at Hollister, which is Judge Dooling's home town, the judge was unavoidably absent, but he left a letter, to be read in public at the meeting, which indicates once more how clearly Hiram Johnson is recognized by the best men of all parties as the hope of California for a governor independent of all entangling machine alliances. In this letter Judge Dooling said: "I had hoped to be at home on the occasion of your visit to Hollister in order that I might have the privilege of introducing you to our people, not, indeed, as a Democrat or Republican, but as a friend whom I greatly esteem and admire and as a sincere, upright and untrammeled man."

Where Hiram Johnson Speaks Hiram Johnson's meetings are arranged ahead to the 13th. He will speak on Friday, the 8th, at Ferndale at 8 p. m.; Saturday, the 9th, at Fortuna at 11 a. m., at Arcata at 3 p. m., and at Eureka at 8 p. m.; Monday, the 11th, at San Rafael at 8 p. m.; Tuesday, the 12th, at Calistoga at 11:15 a. m., at St. Helena at 1 p. m., at the Veterans' Home in Yountville at 3 p. m., and at Napa at 8 p. m.; Wednesday, the 13th, at Benicia in the daytime and at Vallejo at 8 p. m.

E. A. Luce Making A Manly Fight Edgar A. Luce, formerly city prosecutor of San Diego, is making a campaign for the Republican nomination for district attorney of San Diego county that is a model of straightforward, fearless and proper political methods. Mr. Luce is a young man whose character and record lead one to expect just such methods as he is using. His statement of his candidacy, issued to the voters of San Diego county, is as forthright a piece of manly English as it has been the pleasure of The Watchman to read in a long time. It leaves nothing to the imagination, puts Mr. Luce's position squarely on record, and asks no quarter. It is as follows: "After careful consideration, I decided to become a candidate for the office of district attorney, on the Republican ticket. In politics, I have always been an independent Republican. I have been identified with the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of this county since its organization, and its principles of political reform are my principles. If elected district attorney, I shall do my full duty honestly and courageously, and without fear of political destruction or hope of future political reward. I ask the support at the primary of all Republicans in the county who are in favor of good government, and an equal, honest and aggressive enforcement of the law." Mr. Luce here burns his bridges behind him and breasts the spears of the enemy unafraid. He deserves to be victorious.

E. J. Tyrell To Beat Leavitt The voters of the Sixteenth Senatorial District have a chance at this primary election to defeat Frank Leavitt for re-election. Leavitt, above all the men in the senate—except Wolfe, with whom he has always worked hand in hand—should be defeated. He and Wolfe are the brains of the "machine" crowd in the senate, and their influence upon legislation has been invariably bad. He is as clever as sin and as adroit as Machiavelli and a temperamental analogue to the late Jim Jeffries. The man who is contesting the Republican nomination with him this year is Edward J. Tyrrell, who has been for the past five years confidential clerk and secretary in the office of the mayor of Oakland. Mr. Tyrrell's reputation for integrity and ability is vouched for to The Watchman by men whose judgment is sound and whose word is good. In the case of the Sixteenth District, The Watchman would support any man whose integrity alone was assured. An honest ass would do California infinitely less harm than Leavitt. To know that Mr. Tyrrell is capable as well as honest is, in this case, to pile diamonds upon a golden reputation. The Watchman heartily urges upon all voters their duty to support Edward J. Tyrrell at the primary election. That is where the votes count this year.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly:

I cannot restrain expressions of surprise regarding the proposed unionizing of Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland. It is not often I am compelled to differ from you. May I ask what eternal enmity you bear those cities that you should wish them to be forced into the deplorable condition of San Francisco? You surely are aware that San Francisco's degradation and shame are due largely, if not entirely, to organized labor in politics.

It is all right for labor to organize for purpose of its betterment, if it will keep within its clear right; but it is all wrong for them to array class against class, or themselves against other classes. Class government always has been and always will be corrupt and infamous. To organized labor in politics we owe our Abe Ruef, our Gene Schmitz, our shameless briberies and sale of the birthright of the people to felons of greed. To it we also owe the present civic administration, the extension of the lines of the tenderloin, the return of a hideous night-life, and the wholesale debauchery of the youth of the city. A laboring man is just as good as a banker or professional man, if he is only honest and upright. But the trouble with organized labor in politics is that it is blind to every sense of right or justice; knows but one thing, and that is self. They follow flock-wise like sheep any chance leader who springs up to exploit the organization for his own profit or aggrandizement. Other members of the community have interests as dear and rights as sacred as those of organized labor; and the sacred rights of each should be recognized and respected. We are drifting rapidly to the maelstrom of destruction, and ruin will surely overtake the whole community unless there is an intervening hand of a kind providence to stem the tide of sordid passion for self interest; to raise to a higher standard the ideals of business and the morality of the community.

H. M. HANSON.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

Our correspondent appears to confuse organized labor as a means for protecting the wage earner against the downward pressure of the upper millstone and organized labor as a factor in local politics. For the one all men who love humanity can cherish no sentiments other than good will. For the other every thoughtful citizen must be profoundly concerned. Nowhere are voters grouped together for any purpose whatever that political schemers do not try to make use of those groups for political advantage. That San Francisco is now governed by a so-called labor government is not due to organized labor reaching out after political power, but to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, and allied interests, that adroitly made use of a labor party for delivering their grafting clients out of hard straits. In the days of Ruef and Schmitz the degradation of San Francisco was not chargeable to organized labor, but rather to that group of financiers who "wanted things" and conspired and voted to put these men in power in order that they might "get things" they wanted. Our ignominy was the result of organized scoundrelism that wears dress suits, silk hats and rides in automobiles. Organized labor will learn not to be used by schemers to the advantage of the schemers and to labor's hurt. There are splendid men in labor's ranks trying to teach them now. It was not organized labor that elected McCarthy mayor. It was the organized tenderloin, Royal Arch, the indicted grafters and their sympathizers, financed and marshaled by Big Business. The only way to defeat this form of conspiracy is to organize the decent element, in organized labor and out of it, into one opposing phalanx, not two. The Berkeley idea in elections will accomplish it.

Have you ever seen a man after he has been mauled almost to death? I have. I saw one last week. "It" looked more like a bundle of rags than anything else. "It" didn't move! "It" made no sound! "It" had been a shoe maker! I thought the Divine Spark was out, gone forever! A dumb, mean looking crowd stood around "it" and I thought I could see malignant gleams in some eyes, as they looked at the shape in the gutter.

I remembered a bunch of wolves in the Wisconsin forests as they silently sat on their haunches and watched one of their number who was snarling at them, dragging his hind quarters around the circle through the ensanguined snow. My father had crimped him.

"It" was crimped, too, and into insensibility. "It" was a free laborer who had taken the place of a striking hand in a shoe factory across the bay. The mob looked on silently and then there was a rush from the sidewalk and an old woman with burning gray eyes and dishevelled hair and two bright red spots glowing alarm signals on her cheeks, rushed out and grabbed the shape and begged it to speak. "It" didn't. "It" was almost dead. With unerring aim the four representatives of the shoe men's union had kicked him, as one of them said, where it would do him "the most good." Have you ever been kicked in the genital organs? If you have, you know what it is like! William McFarland, free working man, suffered. They took him home to 3421 25th street, where he lives, and the woman with the pathetic burning eyes is nursing him back to life.

Have the daily papers made any comment? No, they are the wolves, sitting silently by watching the crimped one dragging his hindquarters through the bloody snow. If he dies, they'll publish his death notice, but they will not tell what he died of, and he may not die for months and months. That kind of an injury reveals itself in strange troubles long after the brave men who have inflicted the torture have forgotten the incident.

The police? Oh, yes, the police. I have been so interested in telling the story that I forgot there was a police. I do not believe they figure in this story at all. Besides, this is a labor administration. We have police who do "what we tell them to do." Maybe, they weren't told about this attempt at murder.

This paper uses the foregoing understanding it to be a sample of Citizens' Alliance literature being sent out to such papers as will use it. The incident chronicled may be literally as chronicled. There have been thousands such. For not one of them was there ever justification, and yet there is another side to the shield, a side that is ever turned away from the Citizens' Alliance type of mind, a side that makes us have a sympathy for the criminal if not for his crime. Let us look at it.

A body of workmen unite for the bettering of their condition, for resistance to that downward pressure of the upper millstone of greed that is willing to transmute health and life, blood and bone, into gold at whatever cost to those who serve; an economic pressure that, unresisted, pounds wages down to the lowest scale at which the worker can do his work and live, even until another and more youthful victim can take his place.

This struggle upward meets the downward pressure and there is a strike. The employer stands on his legal rights to buy labor, as he may any other commodity, where he can buy it cheapest, and the cheapest are they who're necessities are direst. These necessitous ones, mindful only of their own needs, intervene, fill the employer's ranks and so help to crush that upward movement upon which all labor must depend for a betterment of condition. Need we wonder that the "scab" comes to be looked upon by the union labor enthusiast as a social menace, a pariah, a common enemy to be fought with whatever comes handy?

It is all very legal and very sound to insist upon the right of every individual man to work for whom he may at such wages as he can get without interference from any other worker. We cannot justify any other industrial creed and yet, being interpreted, it means in application the degradation of those who that they may live must toil to the ultimate point where life is barely worth the living.

History furnishes, outside the walks of labor, few parallels to the heroism, the self sacrifice, the brotherhood, the steadfastness of those who have gone on strike that their own condition, and that of their kindred, might be lifted up. Is it any wonder that a fanaticism that enables one to suffer all this for a common good should sometimes make the fingers itch to clutch the throat of he who, to satisfy his own needs, aligns himself with the enemy of his kind and brings all upward efforts to naught?

If such events as the one so graphically described above are not excusable, at least they are explicable and are certainly not on a parity with the thuggery of the footpad.

Editor The California Weekly:

Dear Sir: I am enclosing check for $2.00 to settle subscription to May 14, 1911.

I read each article in the Weekly with interest and appreciate greatly the efforts you are making toward clean politics and good government.

Very sincerely yours,
G. C. SIMMONS, M. D.

Sacramento, Cal., 1910.

Editor The California Weekly:

Dear Sir: Of all the many regular publications received by me, none interest me more deeply than yours and nothing that you furnish seems to me more worthwhile than "The Deeper Significance of Living" and "Our School for Citizenship."

Yours etc.,
R. S. GRAY

Oakland, Cal., 1921 Telegraph Ave., June 18, 1911

Editor California Weekly:

Dear Sir: Inclosed please find two dollars for one year's subscription to the Weekly—the best and almost the only independent journal I know of published in San Francisco. Most like the old Argonaut, but a saner and better tempered paper, destined, I hope, to become the Collier's of the Pacific Coast.

I was one of your first subscribers, but predicted failure for the paper. I am now glad to admit my mistake—as the Weekly has passed the experimental stage and shows marked evidence of prosperity and permanent success. That a paper devoted to the righteousness can live in San Francisco is a never ceasing wonder to me. To my mind you have exhibited great energy and ability, coupled with unusual courage and wisdom in conducting the paper, and withal refreshing good humor. Free from cant and muck-raking you have waged a ceaseless warfare against corrupt men and vicious measures, and assuredly deserve the support of all the good people of the community. A great work of reform along the lines pursued by the Weekly is sorely needed in California, and rich results should follow serious and continuous effort, once the people are thoroughly awakened. I have spent the last ten months in Europe and the Orient—visiting perhaps a hundred cities, and in every place I made inquiry I found all the political rottenness of San Francisco is known to the intelligent people. They know our city well in Europe, and consider it a veritable "sink of corruption" and our people incapable of self government. Let us hope that through proper organization of the decent people (and they constitute a majority) and through such agencies as The California Weekly, our city can yet be redeemed and restored to good government.

Very respectfully,
HOMER T. BICKE

Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1910.

The way to cure an unfortunate reputation is to remove the cause of it, not try to prevent the truth leaking out. The truth will out and, if it be injurious, rides on swift wings and flies far.

THE PEOPLE UNAFRAID

AN ORATION DELIVERED IN SAN FRANCISCO ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

By JOHN F[illegible]VIS

y Citizens of San Francisco:

eem it a high privilege to take part in celebration today. I am but too conthat I can add nothing to it that is y of the theme.

scene which presents itself is repeated ver an American heart beats or an can tongue can give utterance. From ak of every American ship on the high and on land from the flagstaff of every house and home, from factory and hop and mine, from the dome of our l at Washington to the farthest outpost strand of Luzon, the air is made radiant he tender grace, the perfect beauty and rilling promise of the red, white and Prayer and benediction, jubilation and witness the people's glad acclaim. The pon the faces of men, the smile on the women, the glee in the shout of chilproclaim the natal day of the nation.

er nations of eminence may indeed find rsaries to celebrate from which they can inspiration, but few nations there are n draw inspiration from the day of their Most of them began in barbarism, in rilight of fable. Their "history begins he poet and ends with the policeman." ational life, however, began 134 years hen at two o'clock in the afternoon x patriots, headed by John Hancock, together, and for the support of a decn that astounded the political world, firm reliance on the protection of Providence, mutually pledged to each heir lives, their fortunes and their honor.

A Republic More Than a Name

every government that has called itself blic represents what we understand by rm. The word republic signifies a nwealth and is, etymologically considpplicable to states founded on systems apart as the poles.

republics of Greece recognized a dis- of helots and freemen. The republic ie recognized a distinction between ns and plebeians and slaves. The re- of the middle ages recognized the listinction of lord and vassal and bondhile the little republics of Switzerland n Marino and Andorra are in reality many county governments rather than pigmies not to be reckoned among the Our republic was founded upon prind ideas of government fundamentally t from those which distinguish all of

colonists that flocked to these shores e old world laid the foundation of this nent in a stern sincerity, and builded nan they knew. Their natural environ- rew them back upon their own re- and forced upon them the consciousness their own measure and limit and ca- s men. Never in the history of man- is an evolution of government more

"The seeds of freedom had long wn; the spirit of liberty was in the rivers, the pathless woods, the far- g fields, in the very air they ," and there was needed but the heat cution to quicken it into life. Had en no pressure from above they might een content with some less radical ft of government. But the intolerant of parliament, the insane insistence crown, and the tyranny of Colonial rs in whose appointment they had no nspired to force upon their attention tion of their rights as men, and, later ing from their realization of those promulgation of them. Thus, from tive bias of independence of mind, e influence of their natural environd from the imperious necessity of circe, amid the jeers and sneers of an us world, they came to proclaim as tenets of practical statesman p that all men are created equal in their rig s and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Struggle First for Political Rights

At that day what a grand and sublime political act of faith! Every man had equal rights with every other to work out his own civil destiny. He had certain inalienable rights, not because he was learned, not because he owned property, but because he was a man. Could society trust him with those rights and survive? That was the problem. In reply, they boldly asked what just rights has society that man has not given it. In the ultimate analysis, the eternal and immutable rights of man as man were at the bottom of all civil polity. Then from their own heroic belief in themselves they were led to believe in the capacity of humanity at large intelligently to avail itself of the rights that were undeniably its own. They would build a nation upon their faith and trust in what was best in human nature. Fateful as was the precedent, daring as was the experiment, awful as was the responsibility, they acted as men always act who have convictions to give them courage—they proclaimed that humanity should be re-enfranchised of every political right of which it had been shorn by the hand of power, and they invoked the consequences upon their own heads and upon those of their children's children. Humanity, with all its loves and hopes and fears, was to be free.

They made only one concession, they incurred only one debt, to human selfishness, and though payment of it nearly involved our national existence, still that debt has been paid. In giving a recognition to slavery in the federal constitution, our forefathers knew that they were sowing tares. Yet out of civil war the form of the Republic arose grander, purer, stronger than ever before. There was needed but that one crowning test to prove to the world that our fathers' faith in the strength and permanence of republican institutions had not been in vain. The one wrong that had been the stumbling-block of all other republics of the world's history—the legal recognition of class distinctions—had been removed, and the lie that had been given to the declaration that the rights of all men are equal, had been wiped from the statute book forever. That the nation had the conscience to recognize the evil and the power to eradicate it without self-destruction, is the highest guarantee of the stability of our political institutions that could be given to the all-hoping heart of man.

We Have Prospered

With an abiding faith in the political principles of 1776, and with an unfaltering trust in the constitution founded upon them, have we lived and prospered. From thirteen weak and disunited colonies we have developed into a nation of forty-seven incomparable states. In the increase of material wealth we have startled the imagination. In the multiplicity and ingenuity of mechanical invention we have outrivaled the world. Upon the sure foundation of political right what a nation has been builded! America is still yielding to the manifest destiny that makes her great. Today the flag is welcome to float in Hawaiian skies. No order from any monumental egotist at Washington to any paramount commissioner will ever cause it to be hauled down at Honolulu on any future Fourth of July. No hostile threat of any foreign power, nor grasping insolence of any domestic trust was able to defeat our hope that it would float triumphant from Newport News to Pearl Harbor, from Washington to Porto Rico, and from Manila to the Golden Gate.

In our present position no alien will lay a heavy hand upon us. We are free, unmolested of the world, to work out our own political salvation. Nations that once spoke patronizingly of our system of popular government now openly seek our alliance. We seek, however, no tangling alliance with any nation. Our attitude is one of cordial and friendly rivalry with them all. We have now no quarrel with England, even on the Fourth of July. As two college crews cheer each other at the beginning of the race in which they bend their every energy to win, so these two nations today pass on to grapple with the problems of human thought and action the future holds in store for them. Let England beat us in the race of civilization—if she can—and we stand ready, every mother's son, to doff our hats and cheer "the echo of the drum-beat of the English 'round the world." Into the international contest for the civilization and amelioration of humanity, we invite the nations of the world. We shall hope to do more than our full share, and shall have no fear of the result.

But New Problems Arise

At home, however, our problems have grown apace. "The past, at least, is secure;" the future is what we shall make it. For the last forty-five years men's minds in America seem to have turned away from politics. For nearly the last half century the best brain and nerve force of the country has been engaged not in politics, but in the production and accumulation of wealth. As a result, in many communities, political apathy and indifference rule the day, availability stands in the shoes of statesmanship, sycophancy kisses the feet of success, and in the resultant demoralization politics is often abandoned to a set of men who exploit it just as they would a "wild-cat" upon the stock exchange. Why? Because our ablest men are less honest, less sincere? Not at all. Simply because the nerve and force and brain of this country have been otherwise employed. With republican institutions we began by sweeping political tyranny from the face of the land, but since then we have turned our backs upon political life and confined our attention to material production, till on the horizon looms the threatening spectre of the plutocracy.

The insistence of public and political affairs as a portion of our experience is already making itself acutely felt in the national consciousness. We are realizing with a vengeance that in our neglect of all the great aspects of public life—legislative, judicial, executive—many of the expedients that sufficed in a former time are now in need of radical amendment to meet the changed conditions. "Never in the history of our country," it is said, "has there been greater need for intelligent public leadership than now."

Warnings Against Clamor

It has become the fashion of late, especially at the commencement season, to address the graduating classes of our colleges and universities and to maintain that "upon the educated men and women of this country there devolve public duties and civic responsibilities which they may not, without proving recreant to their trust, either ignore or evade." Appeals are made to them to do their utmost to secure the best government possible, and especially to oppose any innovations or tendencies which may be inconsistent with the principles of representative government, and upon which its stability and permanency must ultimately depend. It is pointed out that, in the last analysis, our government is based upon public opinion, and warning is issued that the "deliberate and reasoned judgment of the community" which constitutes legitimate public opinion must not be confounded with public clamor. Instances in our country's history are cited where public clamor, if it could have accomplished its object, would have proved disastrous, and emphasis is laid upon the wise planning of our governmental machinery not only to give expression to ma-

tured public opinion but especially to resist the mischief-producing power of public excitement. The danger of the demagogue and his newspaper is dwelt upon. All this is made the basis of admonitions against swift short-cut changes which to a certain extent undo our governmental system of checks and balances. In short, we are warned not to damage our compass or mutilate our charts when we put out on a political sea.

All this is true and timely, as an aid to legitimate conservatism and as a tonic to political sanity, and as such it is deserving of praise. If the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread are beginning to multiply, the public should be warned. We should not lightly throw away the legacies of the ages. But in the long run, after all, constitutions and charters are only makeshifts of government. They have no peculiar sanctity in and of themselves. The attitude of men toward them will, in the last analysis, depend not upon any virtue they are supposed to contain, but upon whether their working proves an aid or a hindrance to those great practical questions of immediate moment upon which men have convictions and in the solution of which they have a direct interest. Whether right or wrong, the contact between the ordinary citizen and governmental methods arises, even in the case of the educated man, whatever that phrase may mean, not out of any academic appreciation of their merits or demerits, but out of their relation to any great questions in which he takes a personal interest. No matter how salutary in the abstract the advice conservatism may give, as to the danger of allowing the ship of state to drag its moorings or drift into uncharted seas by "short cuts to political perfection," the warning is apt to fall upon unheeding ears, unless conservatism will grapple convincingly with the discussion of those immediate problems as a means to the solution of which the governmental change was attempted.

But Clamor Arises from New Problems

It must be understood, in the first place, that the late tendency to political short cuts is of forced growth, and that for this tendency the apathy of conservatism, where it has not been guilty of worse, has been more than anything else to blame. The tendency to tinker with constitutions and charters, the drift toward pure democracy, if you will, has not arisen out of mere intellectual restlessness nor academic thirst for novelty, it has been created and sustained by the growth of abuses which have trampled upon the people's most sacred rights by making a mockery of the very guarantees under which these abuses were permitted. For instance, what American ever took an interest in the direct primary until the corruption of conventions and the pollution of legislatures became a demonstrated fact? When this country became conscious that corporate greed was reaching for an advantage through the machinery of political conventions and convention methods, then, and not till then, did it act. Not rashly was the change accomplished, but gradually, in state after state, after long campaigns of education, not as a result of public clamor, but as a result of "the deliberate and reasoned judgment of the community." And the men who finally accomplished the change and did the most effective work in its behalf, were those whose political instincts are conservative, who hesitate at innovations and appreciate their perils, and who move from the old moorings only when the anchorage has been proved unsafe.

True, the American political instinct is conservative. Fortunately, our people do not take readily to changes of constitutions or charters or governmental methods. And yet, our people are a people determined and unafraid. Their minds, too, are as alert as their hearts are courageous. You cannot lull them into insecurity as to their rights by burning incense to the efficacy of their political institutions. Men still alive remember how slavery was once defended on the ground that it was tolerated in the constitution, and that the stoutest defenders of the letter of the constitution were those who were interested in the "peculiar institution." In that day, men did not divide, in the first instance, upon whether they were for or against the constitution, but upon whether they were for or against slavery, and it was only as the result of a determination to abolish slavery that there came the determination to amend the constitution, even at the cost of civil war. And so now men will be listened to, or ignored, on questions of governmental changes, in great measure according to how their advice dovetails with the concrete problems whose existence and whose existence alone causes these changes to be mooted and discussed.

Conservatism Must Face Problems

Intelligent and patriotic conservatism is recreant to its trust if it merely issues a warning as to tendencies involved in governmental changes and then is still. If that is all it proposes to do, then no matter how true its utterance in the abstract, its voice will be that of a Cassandra in the community. It will not do to say that the concrete problems that have most to do with the dangerous expedients suggested for institutional changes are themselves too complex to discuss. If conservatism is to do its fair share in the formation of a legitimate public opinion, it must come into the open arena, and discuss **the concrete problems that are challenging the national consciousness,** or its protest will go unheeded. There is where the honest aid of all men is needed. If in its timidity it refuse to discuss them, or attempt to influence the discussion only by indirection, then even its sincerity will be doubted, and its influence will count for nothing. If it dominate our legislative councils and attempt to ignore them, sidetrack them, or smother them in committees, then men will advocate such institutional amendments as will provide a change of councillors, and if in so doing they incur the danger of placing an added strain upon our governmental machinery, they will shoulder that responsibility and will take that chance.

The first essential is to recognize that these concrete problems exist. Out of the many

(Concluded on Page 526)

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ia Weekly, are expressly reserved by the author.
Editor.]

) 'EN pop an' me was out one day
cuttin' fifteen inch stove wood, it
bein' purty hot he set down sayin',
about here I shot the bigges' diviles'
vinded bull turk as ever was." Nen he,
' chucklin' an' wipin' the sweat out of
, said agin, "Fer a fac' I guess it was
ry ellum log we are sawin' up where I
n' broke 'is wing."
u know, Skid, nobody can slip up on a
vithout it seein' you firs' less o' course
ppen to know where they air roostin'
iit all night. There's nothin' on this
rth as has a fine an eye 'cept a sparrer
rth as has as fine an eye 'cept a sparrer
under any circumstances. If you think
r you air fooled. It sees you an' knows
ut yer slippin'.
ave slipped up on one on'y in forty-
ear and I tell you it took int'lect to do
body ever done that but me. If it
'a' been fer a sparrer hawk I wouldn't
ght the bigges' bull turk as ever run
ndred an' twenty-five miles in one day
ided up by steppin' right up on the
table an' 'spired right on the spot
is laigs stickin' up to the ceilin'.
t was leas' thirty-five year 'fore you
rn. I was out huntin' an' there was
ie nowhere. Suddenly I saw one down
edge o' the swamp on the finger p'int
ee, jus' like they allus do, watchin' the
the lan' fer vittals. I went down bol'
:n lookin' to'ards it an' got 'mong the
resh w'ere nothin' can p'rambulate 'cept
ip hog. I dove in a shoat hole, them
runs through the underbrush mebby
id long an' dark as—as Cerubust. Dark?
Skid, you couldn't 'a' seen me with a
cope. W'en I come to th' en' I
out cautious as a weasel. I was 'bout
r makin' that firs' sneak through that
unnel. W'en I looked at the finger
the top, it was gone. I looked back
e it was at th' ether en' settin' on the
p'int of a tree not fur from where I
he tunnel. Now Skid I leave it to you
wasn't about the mos' provicatin' thing
r happened? I couldn't tell then
it was monkeyin' with me er not. It
mos' gosh dinged innocen' though.
jooked down into the shoat tunnel
commenct to sneak back to where
d from. I went fast this time. But
n to think I made any more noise 'an
alkin' on a blanket. Jus' as I got to
'tin' place agin' I cocked my squirl
like as sly as a swamp fish otter I
edged out. Sly Skid? 'Bout as slow
ail a-crawlin'. Was it there? The
hawk, oh, where was he?—the gee-
red rumped, concatinated mouse
He had flew back to his startin' place.
blood was up, just a-bilin'.
I tarry there, oh my brether, as the
ays? W'y, Skid, I jus' lept in that
n an' run back a crawlin' faster 'n a
up a pole. I guess I cut through
, 'bout forty rod long, in 'bout forty
I didn't lose no time. I got to th'
looked out and I'll be gosh blimity
deration if he hadn't flew back to my
place. But that sparrer hawk had jus'
so I knowed I was a-gainin' on him.
id? That ain't no name fer my
urse I jumped in the shoat run agin'
through like greased lightnin'. W'en
to th' en' I jumped out an' saw him
ck. He was 'bout ten rod from his
place. Nen what do think I done,
tore back an' w'en I looked out he
e agin. Gone agin, by Sam Hill,
tion an' Texas! I didn't wait, I
in agin on my home wire stretch. I
ut and there he was at th' ether en'
:e a cat asleep on a hay stack in the
'cially as innocen' as if it'd been
ike a Bengawl tiger all night. You
flew faster 'cause mebby it's blood
' too.

THE CHASE OF THE BULL TURK

BY

"SKID PUFFER"

"I tell you, son, I was tired. It went on that way fer two hours. The sweat was runnin' off my beard 'bout as fast as from a sugar tree spile on a sunny mornin' after a light fros'. My toes was worn down to the firs' knuckle an' my close was becomin' most gee danged ragedy."

"W'y pop, didn't you wear boots them days er jus' sence the hunters come?" I ast him. Pop got up an' went to the saw handle slow, thought some, nen went back to the log an' set down wipin' his sweatban' agin.

"Well, I sh'd snickernix. On this here swamp ridge, boots? W'y Skid in them early days th' riginal inhabitants hadn't evoluted by Darwinicks up to boots; I mean 'long the Kankakee swamp. I have been reliably tol' that there was n't a few lef' as had the reg'lar six fingers an' toes an' went a big part o' the time on all fours.

"Well, the long of it is me an' that sparrer hawk sashayed back an' forth nineteen times, takin' 'bout two hours I 'spect altogether. W'en I come out that nineteenth time an' looked down to where it was on its firs' perchin' place I said things. I jus' hate to say w'at out o' respec' o' the fambly. I admit I let loose an' the weeds 'roun' there jus' kind o' wilted. I c'n say to you private, Skid, that my language was sort o' hurried, mos' gal ding hurried. Says I t' myself, 'You gee daddly dod slammed bloody backed, crooked nosed snoozen ol' mouse cannibawl, if cunnin' can't git you int'lect can.' 'Sir,' said I to a tall hazel bush, 'Sir-r int'lect ru-u-les the worl' —'cept 'ith wimmin.'

"So I slipped in the tunnel an' waited 'bout half an hour. Did that beas'ly cannibawl fly back agin? Not by a jugful, not by mebby a thousan' million billion jugsful. He knowed I was there tired out waitin' by the enterans with my gun. So d'rectly I rose up proud, went back 'bout fifty yard, stretched, yawned just as if I was feelin' gay as a spring squirl. I jus' knowed he was watchin' me out o' the lef' corner of his eye but not lettin' on. Nen, nen w'at? I spit on my han's an fairly plunged, plu-u-n-ged in that shoat agin'. Fas'? I fairly hummed as I shot in that hole. But wen in, I stopped sudden. W'y Skid, I nearly stove my arms in my shoulders bringin' up. That was int'lect workin' agin cunnin' Skid. Jus' as soon as I brought up, I backed out, whirled 'roun', grabbed my gun an' pinted it right at the top of that tree not fur from the enterans. There I bent waitin' just as still as a stature. Jus' nen it lit. I could see the way it was gawkin' at th' ether en' that it was spectin' me there.

"Was I there er som'where's else. Was my rifle, carryin' sixty to the poun' p'intin' at that sparrer hawk's left eye? Was anybody else in the hist'ry 'o the worl' ever that clost before to a mouse eatin' Bengawl head hunter o' the cannibawl islan's? I jus' should snickernix.

"Just as my glowin' finger was a-tremblin' with joy on the trigger, I saw 'im cast a quick glanct down to the right. He saw sothin' that astonished him. At the same instans I saw jump up on a log, I guess Skid, mebby, this very same ellum log we are cross-cuttin', by bing! saw the bigges' divilis' bull turk as ever prominaded this worl' in the hist'ry o' mankin'.

"I can never fergit how that turk looked. He was about as big as a yearlin' heifer an' shone like green an' yeller gol', slick, wil' an' graceful as a skinned onion. He turned his eye up to the sparrer hawk sayin' defiant 'Cut! Cut!' Nen the sparrer hawk turned a gleamin' eye down on the turk an' screamed. Nen, Skid, Old Abe Puffer thought it 'bout time to mix in. I knowed nothin' but a tumble bug'd eat the sparrer hawk if I shot him. I knowed mos' 'fernal well if I shot the bull turk there'd be eatin' at our house a full month.

"Besides that Skid, I had been gittin' glances o' that big gobbler fer jus' 'leven year. I had caught by trappin' 'leven droves of 'is hens fer that long o' time. I ust to build a rail pen an' throw bresh on top so it'd kind o' let in the light on top. Nen I'd dig a hog hole under the lower rail an' sling corn along it into the pen. Nen them hens'd come along and eat themse'ves right into the pen. O' course a turkey bein' in, air jus' sech i'juts that w'en they want to git out they look up to where it's light. They slam aroun' but never think o' bendin' their heads in prayer an' no trapper in this 'ere worl' ever saw a turkey come out in the way it went in. Jus' like swamp wimmin, turkeys aint got nuthin' in ther heads but instink. They was never spected to learn anything.

"So I let fly at the gobbler. I saw the way he flipped down I had broke his wing. I slammed my gun down an' ram-m-med after 'im. You got to be mighty quick 'ith a wil' turkey 'cause they streak away an' hide in the bresh jus' like quail. I come on him so quick that he broke straight away an' me after him.

"Skid, you know sothin' about my runnin', the speed as I can work up, ugh? He took to'ards the Store 'leven miles away an' I was so sudden he didn't have time to even dodge. Neither had I any more'n a shootin' star. Oh my, oh me-e! what a race was that my counterymen, as the 'Selexyuns' says. You see, Skid, a wil' turkey can run nachural 'bout as fast as a race horse, w'en it spurts about as fast as lightnin' along a cloud.

"'Bout to the store it was nip an' tuck in favor o' the gobbler, on'y w'en he spurted I jus' kep' in a straight line till I come up to 'im agin. We jus' ro-a-r-ed by the Store an' I c'd smell sothin' like scorched feathers son, jus' perfec'ly like scorchin' feathers. We was on the San'hill road there, but did that gee-danged bull turk keep to the road? Was he built that way? No: he kep' to the wildes' places, turnin' one red eye back at me sayin' 'Cut! Cut!' w'enever I got clost an' he'd spurt.

"An' didn't I cut after 'im, though? I tell you, Skid, he mighty soon quit sayin' 'Cut! Cut!' 'Bout all he could do was to grunt. W'en we come to the place where the ridge rises up out o' the grazin' lan's, that's thirty-five mile, he took acrost to Reynol's on a steady lope. I saw it was a wear down jus' like a prize fight. He wasn't holdin' his head so thunderation stiff up in th' air now; he was gittin' mos' gee danged modes'. We got to Reynol' in 'bout two hour. He swept 'roun' the village and every dog, boy, man, woman an' chil' follered in behin', yellin', barkin', spittin' an' gruntin'. Nen the turk turned fer home and in ten minnits on'y me an' the bull turk was in sight er soun'.

"In' bout an hour we struck the ridge agin reg'lar, mebby no faster now 'an a race horse c'd run. I was surprised 'at he took the road fer awhile. Twice by spurtin' I come 'ithin mebby fifty foot o' him. W'en he'd run about ten mile along the San'hill Road an' comin' to the more miserabler lan' he suddenly swung down in the waste places 'mongst the beggar lice, spanish needles, vines, hazel bresh an' tangle.

"See what he was tryin' to do, son? Tryin' to lose me. Lo-o-o-se me-e? W'h, Skid, I know ev'ry bresh an' tree an' rock an' darnick from the house to Reynol's. I guess if you'd flirt over a niggerhead most anywheres, I'd be fairly well acquainted with most of the bugs and worms under it. In fifteen minits I had about seven bushels o' begger lice and spanish needles taggin' me and ethers waitin' fer miles to give me the happy hand o' greetin'

"It made me all the madder to see he had plu-n-g-ed into the lousies' places 'long that allfired Ridge. My clothes was bein' ripped off an' the things stickin' to me kept . . . I ruded my—my Sherry. Sherry, Skid, means lightnin' fas'. He was pioneering. Skid,

reg'lar road maker an' made a hole through the tangle 'bout as big as a large hog'd gimlet through. That is if the gimlet was 'bout three foot acrost.

"Big as that turk was I was bigger an' had to wear that hole bigger. The sorrowful part, Skid, was the damage the bull turk adone to himse'f an' the damage wearin' that hole bigger adone to me. W'en we busted out that hole after 'bout two hours into the sunlight, both of us was nearly s'prised so's we c'd hardly breath. The bull turk didn't have a feather on him 'cept the long feathers of 'is wings an' tail; I had no shirt 'cept the neck ban', my hair was a perfec' mat o' beggarlice stuck full o' spanish needles like a pincushion. An' clo'es? Son, jus' one gallus, almos' one pant's laig gone an' th' ether just about. Both of us was red as a smallpox sign. But jus' don't fergit we still was whizzin'.

"Then that bull turk made a fatal mistake, he took up high on the ridge for the San'hill Road. That's where he had busted ideas. Mos' fellers o' course can't run up hill; that's my ace in the hole. I can run up hill jus' like—jus' like 'spect a kang'roo. By whing! Skid, I nearly catched him lopin' up the side o' the Ridge. Runnin' up hill is jus' my elemen'. Besides, I was just a-comin' to my third win'.

"W'en we struck that road, Skid, I fairly buzzed ravin' along. W'y I cert'inly throwed back gravel an' dirt like a race hoss, mebby a hundred, mebby five hundred foot. Never was sech runnin' o' red ghosts ever seen in this worl'. I got to fifty foot, nen forty, nen thirty, nen I suddenly spurted and I'll be diddy dinged if I didn't tetch his tail. Right then he spurted an' gained ten foot. Nen fer three mile to the schoolhouse it was nip an' tuck firs' me, nen the turk, but me gainin' a little all the time. 'Spect 'bout a ninch ev'ry forty rod.

"W'en we struck that home stretch from the Crossin's 'bout four mile to home, we both jus' joggin', my tongue hangin' down on my beard, my head wabblin' from side to side, and I c'd see the despairin' look in that ol' bull turk's red eye. We was goin' 'bout as fast as a sheep can trot, both makin' fer th' ol' homestead an' the sun jus' settin'.

"Nen I come to my fourth win', Skid, an' ramped as hard as I could. I had my arm stretched out to'ards his tail, my pintin' finger just a tetchin' but by gee whing! Skid, could I get any closter fer a mile? The nex' mile I spurted once more an' my pintin' finger an' thumb ju-u-us' nabbed his longes' tail feather an' I yanked it out an' stuck in into my neckban'.

"Fer the nex' two miles it was me ravin' by spurts an' just a-reachin' him an' yankin' out a feather an' stickin' it in my neckban'. Ev'ry time after yankin' he'd gain a little, nen I ram-m-ed on agin. Just as we reached the barnyard gate I had 'bout forty feathers in my neckban' an' we was just a-movin', just a-movin', 'bout as fast as a baby can walk. Just a-tippin' along both red as blood, both just a-movin' an' headed fer the house. I yelled 'Angee-ee-a'. Yer mother come out and flung open the yard gate an' screamin' at the sight dodged into the burdocks waitin' fer death by Indians er sothin that looked like the devil.

"I must have looked awful, my hair all bunged up, my w'iskers a streamin' blood, them feathers stickin' out o' my neck, mebby two foot long, me chasin' a frightful Jaggo Lantern as that turk—w'y mom said efterwards that I looked like a man scalped alive by Indians er a-er a runaway slaughterhouse mos'ly on fire.

"I got clost enough to firs' pat him on one side nen th' ether, both movin' like snails. I drove 'im right up to the kitchen door, drove 'im in an' he had just a-strength enough to lift one foot nen th'ether on the kitchen table. Nen he rolled over on 'his back 'ith his feet a-stickin' in th' air perfec'ly an' tetotally plumb dead.

"Skid, I had run one hundred an' twenty-five mile an' had jus' caught up to that gosh blamed bull turk at sunset, sence nine o'clock in the mornin'. 'Skid,' he said, thoughtful, an' he jammed on his hat, 'better drive a wedge in that crack fer this all-fired saw is pinchin' like sixty.'"

Charles F. Southmayd of the celebrated law firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate, became a member of New York Law Institute in 1850. To be eligible he must have been a lawyer. Hence he has been at the bar for sixty years at least, and very probably is the dean of the profession.

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("The People Unafraid"—Concluded

let me name three: the increased cost and delay incident to the procedure of litigation the ravages of corporate greed, the amelioration of the industrial lot of the common man. The first is pressing so hard that the President of the United States in a speech at over a year ago called it a national scandal. The second is already engaging all the resourcefulness of the nation's best and most patriotic thought. The third has become world-wide, and may be summarized by the question whether the genius of the race is capable of devising no better adjustment of industrial conditions than that under which within the law, one man may amass a fortune of a hundred million dollars at Kimberley while another dies of exposure and starvation on Trafalgar Square. These problems lessen upon the consciousness of the man in the street. His university course has been gained in the storm and stress of experience, and has lasted a lifetime, and he will not be defeated. They press upon the consciousness of every element of our community. The merits and demerits of the contentions with regard to them are topics of daily discussion. No element has a right to be considered patriotic that withholds its aid to a proper solution of them. Let them, and others akin to them be rationally settled, and there will be smaller need of warnings against innovations of governmental methods or sanctions.

Peace, then, has her problems as well as war. These we or our children will have to attack, just as our forefathers attacked the problem of political liberty in 1776. How soon some of those questions will compel practical solution we do not know. Their actual consideration is upon us now. But whether sooner or later, "the times that try men's souls" will come again. Great crises in history, however, have never failed to raise up great men for their mastery. In these contests America's sons will give their best thought and their heart's best love. In their discussion they will turn in gratitude to the spirit of their fathers as we do today to thank them for their reliance on Providence and their faith in themselves and in humanity. Then will each detail of the history of the Declaration of Independence and the revolution stand out in clear relief in the mind of the nation. Stronger and stronger will those heroic events loom forth as a background. As our history advances, little by little will all intervening events and scenes grow dim and fade. "Marching through Georgia," the tree at Appomatox, the Rough Riders' regiment at San Juan Hill will be forgotten but Warren at Bunker Hill, the minutemen at Lexington, Mollie Stark at Bennington, Washington at Valley Forge and crossing the Delaware, will live forever.

We bow today in presence of the heroic spirit of those sublime events. We love the characters, we glory in the traditions, we admire the faith and the courage, we cherish the inspiration in the names of Hancock and the Adams and Henry and Lee, of Franklin and Jefferson and Washington—names of our immortals! To you, across the gulf of the ring years, we send careering the message of gratitude and a love that will live, and will not die—

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars grow old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Bacon—Did you ever try to lose a hat? Egbert—Oh, yes. I hit upon a plan which I thought would work. I wrote a note inclosing $10, and tied both about the cat's neck. The note read: "Finder may keep both the cat and the money." "And how did it work?" "The cat came back the next day, with another note tied to its neck. The note read: 'Don't need the cat, but can use the money. Please send $10 more.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Will the sinner who is trying to get religion by borrowing the ecclesiastical sign from the front porch of the Unitarian church please return it to the Rev. R. S. Loring as soon as it works his conversion so that some other kleptomaniac may have a chance to associate with a good thing for the saving of his soul?—Iowa City Iowan.

SHEAR WIT

nicker—Is his home mortgaged? Bocker
) to the auto.—New York Sun.

ttle Edith was left to watch the baby.
ently she cried in great excitement. "Oh,
ma! Come quick! The baby has un-
lowed her milk!"—New York Times.

What're ye comin' home with your milk
empty for?" demanded the farmer.
n't th' old cow give anything?" "Yep,"
ed his chore boy; "nine-quarts and one
"—Metropolitan Magazine.

ast—I see there is a new brand of whisky
ne market called Reading and the makers
offering a prize for a motto or slogan to
rtise it. Crimsonbeak—Why not suggest,
ding makes a full man"?—Yonkers
sman.

here's a fellow out in Chicago who has
en a book to prove that a college edu-
n ruins a man's career." "He's an ass.
many of the best ball players we have
signed right out of college."—Philadel-
Public Ledger.

ien Wilberforce was a candidate for
his sister helped him electioneer. "Miss
erforce forever!" once shouted an en-
istic crowd. "Oh, no, gentlemen," she
d smiling. "It is very good of you, but
ly do not wish to be 'Miss Wilberforce'
er!"—Exchange.

ie, who is the youngest of the family,
entertaining me the other day. During
onversation she said, "All the folks who
to our house are so much older than I
Giving a little sigh, she continued,
e seems to be awfully few people seven
old nowadays."—Hartford Post.

e colored barber had only been in
gfield, Illinois, a few months when there
rouble between colored and white row-
nd the so-called Springfield race riots
out. After they were over a customer
d the colored barber's shop and found
acking in haste. Asked why, the bar-
id: 'Thar's too much lynching going on
h hyar, I'm gwine back to Atlanta.'
said the customer, 'there's been race
and lynchings worse than this in At-
'I knows dat,' said the colored man
ly, 'but if I's lynched hyar I won't
who's done it, but if I's lynched in
a I'll know it's bein' done by my
."—New York World.

lustration of the futility of any person's
a democrat, President Taft is fond of
this story as it was told to him by an
udge. A prisoner was brought before
lge on the charge of murder. He was
ed, but the jury recommended clem-
ecause physicians who had gone on the
testified that the murdered man would
ve died from the blow he had received
not had what is technically known as
er skull," this meaning that the skull
normally thin. The judge pointed this
the prisoner and asked him if he had
ng to say to modify his punishment.
," said the convicted man, "this is Tip-
" "Yes," said the Judge, "the county
berary." "Well, your honor," concluded
soner, "all I can say is I wish you
tell me what business a man with a
skull has got in Tipperary."—Popular
ne.

IAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS.
: TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO
IARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

is hereby given that in pursuance of a reso-
d order of the Board of Directors of the RIO
ONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a cor-
organized and existing under the laws of the
California, unanimously adopted at a regular
of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of
0, at the office of said corporation in the City
nty of San Francisco, State of California, a
of the stockholders of said corporation is
alled for and will be held at the office of said
on in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post
said City and County of San Francisco (said
meeting being at the principal place of busi-
aid corporation and at the building where the
Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th
eptember, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the after
that day, for the purpose of considering and
on the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES CORCORAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, Room 858, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

M. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 30, 1910.
CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator.

ORPHAN NOTICE
THE BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

	Years	Months
Whole Orphans		
Halstead, Andrew	14	10
Chrisholm, Louis	12	10
Half Orphans		
Scofield, Olin	10	7
Reno, Willie	12	6
Reno, Peter	13	6
McGuire, Ignatius	11	7

7-8-4t

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (savings department), formerly French Savings Bank, 108 Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1910.

A. LEGALLET, President.
7-1-2t

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of NEPTUNE DREDGING COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Number 237 First street, between Howard and Folsom streets, in the City of San Francisco, State of California, on MONDAY, the 18th day of July, 1910, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the consideration and transaction of any and all other business that may be brought before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. SPILMAN, Secretary.
7-1-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910.

Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1st.

Money deposited on or before July 11th will earn interest from July 1st.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.
7-1-2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate.
6-10 5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff,
vs.
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF THE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JAMES BOLE, deceased.

No. 5905 New Series.

Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order of sale of real estate duly given and made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 9th day of June, 1910, in the matter of the estate of James Bole, deceased, the undersigned, David C. Bole, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidders, subject to the confirmation of said court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said James Bole, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the estate of said deceased has acquired by operation of law or otherwise, other than or in addition to that of the deceased at the time of his death, in or to

All those certain lots of land situate near the Town of Colma, in San Mateo County, State of California, to-wit: Lots 48, 62, 64, 65, 66 and 67, as the same are delineated and so designated on that certain map marked "Map of the Property of the Villa Homestead Association, situated in San Mateo County Township 3 South, Range 5 West, surveyed September, 1872, George W. Doherty, Surveyor," which said map is on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of San Mateo in Book 4 of Miscellaneous Records at page 421.

Also all those certain lots of land situate in the said City and County of San Francisco, described as follows, to-wit:

1. Commencing at a point on the Northern line of Lobos Street, distant thereon 550 feet Easterly from the Eastern line of Plymouth Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northern line of Lobos Street, 150 feet, thence at right angles Northern 125 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 150 feet, thence at right angles Southerly 125 feet to the point of commencement, the same being three lots, each with 50 feet frontage in Block "O" as per map of Railroad Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

2. Lot 9 in Block 40, and Lot 3 in Block 41, as the said lots and block are delineated and so designated on that certain map known as the Map of Sunny Vale Homestead Association on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder of the said City and County of San Francisco.

That said real property situate in the said County of San Mateo will be sold in one parcel, and that said real property situate in the City and County of San Francisco will be sold either in one parcel or in subdivisions, as shall appear to the said administrator from the bids at the sale to be most advantageous to the estate.

That said sale will be made on Monday, the 11th day of July, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the street entrance to the Grant Building on the South-eastern corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco.

That the terms and conditions of sale are cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the said administrator on day of sale, and the balance thereof on confirmation of the sale by said court and the delivery of a conveyance. Deeds at expense of purchasers.

Dated June 10, 1910.

DAVID C. BOLE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Bole, deceased.
EDGAR M. WILSON and POWELL & DOW, Attorneys for Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco.

6-17 4t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Surveyor General

California was once a very large land owner. It is not so large an owner now, and yet it may still possess something like a half million acres, a good deal of it standing on edge in inaccessible prices. The best of its domain is gone into private ownership.

This is how it came to be a landowner: By act of congress, passed as long ago as 1841, California came into possession, when it became a state, of 500,000 acres of public lands; by another act passed in September, 1850, all the swamp lands in the state were ceded to the state by the national government, on condition that they be reclaimed and made fit for cultivation; by act of March 3, 1853, ten sections of land were given the state that the proceeds might be used for erecting public buildings, and seventy-two sections, or 46,080 acres, for the establishment of a seminary of learning. Finally, there was given to the state the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in each township in the state to be used for the support of the public schools. These several grants made a very large aggregate acreage, but just how large the writer does not know.

Now the Surveyor General is made ex-officio Register of the state land office and that office has had in its charge the disposal of all of these lands. The methods of disposal are quite intricate and not necessary to be explained for the purposes of this article. In a general way it may be said that school lands are sold to the highest bidder and that auctions are held at the land office in Sacramento on the first Mondays in January, March, May, July, September and November, although this is a new arrangement which went into operation as late as 1909, very much to the advantage of the state treasury.

The state's swamp and overflowed lands have been sold at the uniform price of one dollar per acre, in installments of one-fifth cash, conditioned that when the lands sold have been fully reclaimed the purchase price shall be returned to the owner and he be given the lands for the service of having restored them to cultivation. This was a very generous arrangement on the part of the state, so generous that it would seem that no one would be prompted to commit a fraud upon the state in order to get the lands without reclaiming them, but in truth a large part of the state's swamp lands have gone into private ownership for nothing and still are subject to overflow and have not been reclaimed in any proper sense.

California's land laws have until recently been made with a view to depriving the state of its lands for a fraction of what they were worth, without giving actual settlers the advantage of the state's generosity. These land laws were often conceived and put through the legislature by and in the interests of speculators in league with one or more persons within the land office itself. These are hard things to say of an important branch of public business, but by common notoriety they are known to be true. Not until the legislative session of 1909, and then only after a hard contest, were our land laws shaped in the interests of the state and the actual settler instead of in the interests of land sharks and speculators.

Nevertheless, the state has received a tidy sum from the sale of its school lands and they are not all sold yet. During the fiscal year just closed (it ends on the 30th of June) the state has had invested in interest-bearing bonds, as proceeds of its sales of school lands, $6,432,225, which yielded an income of $314,805, distributed to the counties of the state for the benefit of the public schools. Besides this the state has in the treasury $225,000 of school land moneys not yet invested in bonds.

But what a huge sum would the state have had at interest if all its school lands had been sold to the highest bidder or, better still, if the state had not parted at all with the title in fee, but had leased the lands for ninety-nine years, with right of inheritance or transfer of lease, at a fair rental, in tracts suitable for homes. The income from those lands handled in that way might well nigh have supported the common schools of the state, kept the price of land within reach of real settlers and forestalled that land monopoly that has so retarded the progress of California and made it so difficult for a young man to secure a farm of his own. It is easy now to see that our state and national land policies were all wrong, but it was not so apparent half a century ago.

Apart from his duties as custodian of state lands the law imposes duties upon the Surveyor General that have to do with such things as surveying county boundaries and establishing them, gathering statistics about the state's lands and publishing them and, when the state has been deprived of any of its lands by the creation of a forest reservation or national park, the Surveyor General must supervise the selection of other lands in lieu of those so lost and protect the state's interests in all such transactions.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY GAFFNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law office of Maurice Gradwohl, 816 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 7, 1910.
MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, San Francisco.

7-8-4t

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "THE FRESNO JUNIOR COLLEGE"

—By C. L. McLane

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JULY 15 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 34.

What If We Had No Navy?

CHARLES R. BROWN, of Oakland, has just returned n Japan. While there he sought in all ways to ascertain anese war attitude toward the United States. In all in- he found the sentiment to be for peace, sustained by the on that Japan is in no condition to fight the United and that the strengthening of the Japanese navy is against when Russia may be disposed to retry the old issue as minance in Manchuria and Korea. All of which shows Japanese are a discreet and prudent people. But sup- it the United States had no navy, no trained nucleus for , no fortifications and its manhood no "fighting edge"? of inevitable issues arising out of the rights of Japanese in American territory what then would be the Japa- r sentiment toward the United States?

But Suppose They Don't?

INTERVIEW AT OYSTER BAY Colonel Roosevelt ed that he wished to meet regulars as well as insur- emocrats as well as Republicans. "But you do not wish ie Democrats win, do you?" he was asked? "No," was y, "not if the Republicans do the Right Thing." But they don't do the Right Thing, then what? Is there stion that the Colonel would say, "Out with 'em, by 'em?" The Right Thing is The Thing now as never n the history of this country. Party fealty counts for ainst it.

Not Drastic

MISSIONER FRANKLIN K. LANE, at an interna- al railway congress in Switzerland, has assured investors new American railway regulation law is not at all Chairman Knapp has given Wall street to understand law will not be drastically enforced. How much is to l for from a non-drastic law non-drastically enforced is, ie least, problematical and verging upon the disappoint- whom have the people reposed a discretionary power e or not to enforce the law?

Farmers On Strike

TOFORE THE FARMERS of America have shipped ad enough of surplus products to pay all the bills of trotters and leave a comfortable balance to discharge est obligations of the borrowing corporations. This farmers are on strike. At least, they are not sending nough of surplus products to replace the "chink" scat- r Europe by American pleasure seekers, let alone paying bligations and buying articles of vertu. There is noth- done about it. If the American farmer won't he won't, s the end on't.

Uphold the Faith

IE RATE OF A MILLION A YEAR or more, people been coming to our shores to whom Lexington means and Bunker Hill no more; people who have not the oncept of the "spirit of '76," and to whom Appomattox aningless as "squibblum." These all came here merely their condition. Is it any wonder that they fall easy o the arguments of those whose only concern is that shall thrive? Those to the manor born should lose no opportunity to uphold the political faiths of the fathers before the eyes of these stranger peoples that they also may rate manhood first and property second. Hold high the ideal of the higher law and the greater good. This is the burden of the sons and daughters of The Revolution.

Too Quick to Condemn

IT MAY BE THAT THE BANKS of San Francisco refuse to bid for the four-and-a-half per cent utility bonds of San Francisco because of a concerted desire to nip the municipal ownership impulse at the start, but let us be not too quick to jump to that conclusion. Our financial recovery from the panic of 1907 has long passed the stage when bonds are sought in preference to sound industrials that pay twice or thrice the income. This is a sign of health, not disease, and, besides, we are borrowing money of Europe to go to Europe on. The quality of the city administration that is to spend the bond money counts for something, too, and against, not for the bonds. Our banks are not sinners above others and, the country over, financial institutions are much straitened to meet the demands of a speculative mania, mainly in Middle Western farms. Our banks are entitled to the benefit of our doubts.

Is Satan Sick?

THIS RAIDING OF GAMBLING CLUBS, organized behind barred doors that they might be "within the law," disturbs the equanimity of the city and causes the reason to reel. Is Satan ill that he a saint would be? Are there those who are not "coming through" in a style befitting their station, or is a diversion being made to serve as palliative for the moral sense that the retreat from prosecution of graft may be made in good order? What will become of our promised "Paris of America" if such things continue? That they can be the result of a moral regeneration staggers credulity.

Will See To Them

IF THE LIBERAL BRITISH GOVERNMENT does not confer parliamentary suffrage upon land-owning women those women will see to that government. They have given fair warning of foul action. Windows will be smashed, parliament besieged and Honorable Gentlemen, representative of the government's inaction, will scarcely dare to venture out of doors or stay inside. Honestly, what would we American husbands do if our wives and sisters behaved that way? Why, we'd let them vote, of course, and our British cousins will have to. With so little open country to escape to what else can those poor men do?

All Of Them

A COMMISSION, EMPOWERED BY CONGRESS so to do, is charged with the duty of designating what postoffices shall be postal savings banks. The answer should be "all of them." If not, then all money order offices anyhow. The deposits will be mainly offered in congested foreign sections of big cities, and, again, in those outlying postoffices where there are no banks, and stockings in chimney flues, or knotted handkerchiefs in mattresses, are the family financial depositaries. Here are where the gleanings are and it is only that these may be fetched into activity that the postal savings system finds justification.

Fish or Cut Bait

It should be evident to our irresolute Uncle Sam that, whether Germany has or has not meddled with Nicaragua, he must soon reach a point where he must either "fish or cut bait," to use a form of expression inelegant but expressive. Either the South American and Central American states are under his sphere of influence or they are not. Either these countries are responsible to the United States before they are to the states of Europe or they are not. Either the United States is responsible for them to the countries of Europe or it is not. It were well for this country, well for the countries of South America and Central America, well for the world, to have this issue settled.

But this country is not going to be allowed to stand between the nations of Europe and the nations of this continent without being responsible to the one and for the other. It is not going to be permitted to protect the Latin-American states in a status of irreconcilable irresponsibility to God and man, to other nations and to their own people. Those nations that cannot, or will not, govern themselves must be governed by others. If this nation does not assume responsibility for such peoples some other nation will and must, for civilization abhors anarchy as nature abhors a vacuum.

Of South America this country would better wash its hands than fight to hold Europe at bay, but, down as far as the big ditch, we have, to speak with diplomatic forbearance, "particular interests" which Europe should recognize and the United States should conserve.

The situation suggested by the German false alarm would be interesting rather than critical. It should at least serve to bring the American People to a realization of their responsibilities toward the helpless and the downtrodden of our own continent. Our safety will not permit any extension of European influence in Central America, in Mexico or in the West Indies, and neither can the interests of the civilized world be sacrificed to the ambitious whims of Latin-American adventurers. We acquitted ourselves admirably in the Philippines and in Cuba, and we can do as well in Nicaragua and Guatemala, in Salvador and Coast Rica or Honduras.

It is time for our Uncle Samuel to speak his mind to Europe and to act a man's part in Nicaragua. To do so now will save worlds of trouble by and by.

Whether or not the Pan-American conference can do anything to afford stability and responsibility to Latin-American states is doubtful, Germany itself is held together by the certainty that any state in the empire, proving refractory, would be trounced out of its trousers. There are some powerful states growing up in South America. They should constitute the United States of South America and so relieve the United States of North America of all responsibility for the continent to the South. As for the continent of North America, this is our oyster from the north pole to the big ditch.

Johnson Standardized

The predicament of the Republican State Central Committee is unenviable. In undertaking to place Hiram Johnson outside the pale of Republicanism it has placed Anderson and Curry outside, and they must get in the best way they can. In undertaking to "standardize" Johnson, after the old style of extracting a promise to support the ticket whatever it may be, the committee has caused the forging of a standard of Republicanism with which Anderson and Curry, at least, will find it difficult to standardize themselves. That test is their willingness to kick the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company out of the councils of the Republican party. Any candidate who will honestly and squarely pledge himself to do that, will, if nominated August 16th, receive the cordial support of Hiram W. Johnson. Any candidate who will not take such a pledge cannot standardize himself with that progressive Republicanism that is coming to the fore in all parts of the Union.

Mr. Anderson cannot so standardize himself because he is on record as having declared that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is a myth, a declaration so absurd as to bring into question either Mr. Anderson's sanity or his political straightforwardness. His sanity is not a subject for doubt.

Mr. Curry cannot standardize himself by this test, for no one would take him at his word if he did. His political connection with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is of too long standing to admit of its being denied, and he has been the recipient of so many favors from it that it would brand him as an ingrate were he to break with it.

Mr. Stanton's spoken word qualifies him for accepting the Johnson test, but, unfortunately for him, his performance during the 1909 session of the legislature scarcely gives his mouth leave to speak.

The Johnson test is the true test of the Republicanism of California and any candidate who cannot standardize himself by that test will not receive the suffrages of self-respecting, patriotic Republicans.

And Mr. Johnson has as good a right to prescribe his test for the standardization of the other Republican candidates as had the alleged Republican State Central Committee, for, be it known, the Republican State Central Committee is in effect the executive committee thereof, and that executive committee is, and for nearly twenty years has been, named by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. The idea of that bureau prescribing tests of Republicanism is grotesque.

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Business

Business is said to be doing a little quiet liquidating and furling of sails in fear of a squall. This has reference only to speculative business, not real business. The difference is not only fundamental but broad. Speculative business adds not one ton of food or yard of cloth to the store that must feed and clothe the world. It only seeks to reap where others sow. It is gambling. Real business, that business which has to do with supplying commodities and transporting them from where they are to where they are wanted, has seldom been more healthy and hopeful than it is now, and if speculative business will let it alone, it will remain both healthy and hopeful.

How speculative business comes by its opportunity is made clear by considering the highest and lowest points reached by a line of twenty leading stocks chiefly dealt in on Wall street. At the lowest point during 1907 these shares reached an average of $41 per share of the par value of $100. At the highest point during 1909 these same shares reached an average of $134.46, an advance of $53.05 per share. On July 1, these same shares averaged $113, a drop of $21.46. Inasmuch as the New York banks will carry seventy per cent of the market value of all these shares, and the brokers ten per cent more, it requires no great amount of capital for a speculator to gamble on the going up or down of large blocks of those shares, but the lending by the banks to the gamblers creates a veritable vortex for the movable cash of the country to the great detriment of legitimate enterprise. That is where California's banking reserves were in 1907 when they were so much needed at home, and, properly, where they are now.

The Junior College

It is evident that something must be done to relieve our two big universities of the pressure of numbers. It is not possible to instruct so many and yet maintain a corps of instructors of sufficiently high character to constitute a real institution of learning. The best that any university graduate will ever gain from a college course will flow from having come into contact with first-class minds and first-class minds are not to be had for the price the state can afford to pay instructors. The elevation of high schools here and there at principal trading points, into junior colleges, providing adequately for freshman and sophomore years, may solve the problem. If there are communities other than Fresno having such a plan in view, our "backbone" article for the week will tell them how to go about the work of establishing a junior college. In matters educational there has been no community more ready to lead, or better qualified for the task, than Fresno. What forty such colleges scattered over the state might do for higher education, and for the relief of our universities, is almost beyond calculation. This experiment will repay careful watching.

The Business Point of View

The divorce laws of Nevada are a reproach to the nation and a benefit only to Reno. There are perhaps three hundred candidates for divorce in Reno all the time. They spend an average of at least $1,000 each during the half year needful for acquiring citizenship and freedom from matrimonial bonds. That means $300,000 half-yearly, or $600,000 a year rung up by the cash registers of Reno, but the consensus of opinion is that it comes nearer to being a round million. There is talk of reforming the divorce laws of Nevada. Business interests in Reno are reported to be against it. It would cut off this revenue. It would hurt business. It counts for nothing in Reno that Nevada makes marriage a mockery; that it makes unclean that which should be holy; that it makes Reno anathema throughout the nation. If it pays that settles it. To what deeper degradation can the love of money bring any community or people? Prize-boring prize fighting is venial by comparison.

The Tariff Squall

The "organization" pack, from the San Francisco Chronicle down to the Placer Nugget, are striving to make it appear that if Hiram Johnson should be nominated and elected governor, supported by a staff of state officers who are free men, congress must certainly repeal the Payne-Aldrich tariff and re-enact something like the Wilson bill of a decade and a half ago. To all of which, fish! The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League

l with the President except as to one t: League opinion probably is that the ident would have done better to veto the bill, and so force congress to revise the en and the cotton schedules, and take the rs out of the steel provision. But that all es to the past. As to the future the ident, the League and the Republican con- s all agree that tariff schedules should be ed after exhaustive research showing the rence in cost of production at home and ad and not otherwise. Those researches not been made, and there can be no re- g the tariff until they shall have been . A tariff board has been constituted by ress and the President, in conformity with progressive Republican view, to make the ful investigations. There the issue will until that board makes report covering one schedule, probably the woolen. n it reports it will report that which is and that which is true neither the citrus try in California, nor any other, has to fear. With the President, Congress the League standing together, what nds have the "organization" claqueurs making complaint? If Progressive Re- canism has its way the tariff will be re- schedule by schedule, session by session, nformity with ascertained facts and not once by log-rolling. On this issue the dent and the League are agreed, and the dent is reckoned a pretty fair Republican.

They That Do Fly

ly seventeen killed so far in seeking to that men may go up to the air as well wn to the sea in ships! The develop- of our railroads cost many times more While the airship is slaying its thou- the automobile will slay its ten thou- . Experimentation will probably not be ed through fear of death, but it need se no one if insurance companies are in assuming aviation risks. The ma- out of which aeroplanes and dirigible ns are as yet constructed are so light limsy, and the heavy engines carried place so much strain upon the mechan- that the imagination that sees regular of aerial transportation established in tition with railroads and steamships of delirium. As an engine of warfare navigation will have a place, perhaps so tant as to advance the cause of universal but not in commerce and industry, until s are made of materials less subject to l than the stuff that pocket handker- are made of.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt Ticket

ke a general election, there will be no circles, party columns or other devices by the voter at the primary election can ether he is voting for the "organization" ates or for the candidates of the Lin- oosevelt wing of the Republican party. voter will have to inform himself as to s who, and charge his mind with the run the risk of voting for Herrin men he would vote for free men. If Mr. n goes into office he will need a pro- e Republican legislature, and a staff of ssive Republican state officials back of support him and help to make his ad- ration a success. On the other hand, ublicans of California desire to continue governed by and through the Political t of the Southern Pacific Company they wise to throw the whole responsibility ernment upon that bureau and give Mr. son or Mr. Curry a legislature of "or- tion" men and a staff of "organization" fficers, lest the benevolent and patriotic errin be thwarted in some of his benefi- urposes for the well-being of the state and the people thereof. That the voters who see The California Weekly may know upon whom the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League are relying to sustain Mr. Johnson, if nominated and elected, the League state ticket will be found elsewhere in this paper. The voter should learn it by heart, that he may not unwittingly vote for the wrong kind of man.

Constitutions For the New States

Arizona and New Mexico have an opportunity to perform a great service for the other states in the Union by making their state constitutions more as state constitutions should be than as they are. It has proven most unfortunate that the constitutions of the first states were modeled after the charters of the old colonies rather than after the constitution of the United States, for the newer states followed the example of the older and copied mistakes more readily than improvements. Our national scheme of government, especially so far as the executive is concerned, furnishes a much better model than any state constitution offers. Our national ballot is short and our state ballots should be shortened by leaving off attorney general, surveyor general, superintendent of public instruction, clerk of the supreme court, perhaps secretary of state, and allowing the governor to appoint those officers and constitute them, in part at least, his cabinet or council, the remaining membership of that council or cabinet to be made of a superintendent of prisons and reformatories, a superintendent of state hospitals, a commissioner of agriculture, a state engineer, an overseer of public health and, possibly, other departments with bureaus under them, all responsible to the executive and the executive to the people. If New Mexico and Arizona are wise they will take thought along these lines and make constitutions that will be models for other states rather than accept the constitutions of other states as models for themselves.

McKinlay and Kent

Duncan McKinlay has challenged William Kent to debate the issues of the day before the Republican voters of the second congressional district. These two men do not belong to the same class. McKinlay is an orator, Kent is an essayist. McKinlay addresses himself to the emotions of men, Kent's appeal is to the intellect and the understanding. McKinlay has acquired an admirable facility for delivering sounding phrases and is in great demand as a stumper of congressional districts, like his own, wherein standpatters are in deep waters. Mr. Kent pushes one of the most trenchant pens in America. Mr. McKinlay is superficial in all things, Mr. Kent is a student and thinker. Mr. McKinlay has risen by the aid of those special interests that have controlled the political destinies of California for a generation. For something like a generation Mr. Kent has fought special interests wherever he has found them entrenched, although in order to do so he has had to "go back on his class," an offense which the higher-ups here and elsewhere hold to be unforgiveable. In a forensic slugging match, pulled off before a gaping crowd, Mr. Kent might appear to as great a disadvantage as Mr. McKinlay would in a dicussion with Mr. Kent through the columns of The California Weekly. They are both good mixers and good citizens and fine representatives, the one of the order of "organization" methods, the other of government by the free suffrages of free men. After all the issue in the second district is not so much between the men, both good in their respective offices, as between what they stand for, corporation control or government by The People. Judged by that test Duncan McKinlay limps while William Kent is unapproachable

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

They say that Old Gentleman Bradbury has come out of San Quentin prison in many respects a changed man. He is rather a spectacular figure, such events have a news value to the daily press, are susceptible of being "played up," and one cannot know how much credence to place in them. Anyhow, it is a matter chiefly between Old Gentleman Bradbury and the God who made him, and not to be inquired into too curiously by the gaping crowd. The point the writer wishes to make is that there is nothing inherently improbable in the report.

Ever since the Prodigal Son "came to himself," arose and went to his father's house, with no other thought than to be a servant in it, men by the millions, in all lands and of all ages from callow youth to three-score-and-ten, have been doing the same thing. It is a good thing to do.

And yet the chances are that the sort of man a man has been up to fifty he will continue to be, only more so, to the end of his days. The time to come to one's self is in early youth, if one can, and not wait until some tragedy, some awful disaster, some irremediable disgrace, some experience of being "hair hung and breeze shaken" over the abyss, brings one to himself. Those who wait for such a crisis to turn them about may wait in vain. The chances are all against them. The ordinary life is, so far as supreme crises go, uneventful. As they start, not alone the average man, but almost the ninety and nine, slide right on into eternity without a hitch.

Nor do these great crises, when they come, if come they do, invariably turn one face about and cause him to come to himself, that is, his better self, that self that was possible from the first, but grew more improbable as the years went by. The chances were more than even that Bradbury would come out of prison soul-embittered, rather than mellowed by his experience, that he would come forth a hater of his kind, feeling that the hand of every man is against him and that he would return buffet for buffet, blow for blow, as long as he could raise the hand to strike, as long as a shrewd and cunning brain could plan to die with accounts squared, not by erasing the whole score, but by exacting an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth until as much evil has been inflicted as has been endured. No, the chances were more than even that Bradbury's term of imprisonment would not prove a help to him in coming to that self that, away back in Maine, more than half a century ago, gave promise of strength and usefulness, of prosperity and sound citizenship. If it has proven such a help his fortunate star did not forsake him even when penned in by prison walls and sheltered by a prison roof.

But let us nevertheless not depair of the law as an instrument of grace. There are thousands whose first intimation that there is a "power, not of ourselves, that makes for righteousness," came when they felt the grip of the law upon the shoulder, a law that said to its transgressor: "Here, what is the matter with you? Do you feel that you are the only person in the world that you should consult the pleasure of no one except yourself? Look to yourself."

Being brought up with a short turn, just once, has brought many a vagrant wanderer to a realizing sense of his place in the social and moral order which makes life buoyantly worth while if it be preserved, but a bitterness and sorrow if that order be disturbed. We need laws to reach out the hand of authority when men get to going radically and headstrongly wrong, not in a spirit of retribution, but in a spirit of calm and reasonable justice that ever inclines to mercy, but never to weakness and sentimentalism. It is not every offense against the laws that should be punished with a brand of public infamy, but to let offenders off without at least the law's grip upon the shoulder is a wrong to the offender as certainly as to society

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Home To Their Promised Land

It required many generations of oppression, persecution and almost unceasing warfare to drive the Jews from their Promised Land, but the cruel work went steadily on until, in 1827, Sir Moses Montefiore estimated that hardly 500 Jews remained in all Palestine. Now, however, the work of repeopling Palestine with its own people is on in earnest, and, although scarcely more than two generations have elapsed since the estimate by Sir Moses, the Holy Land again is largely populated by Jews. In the city of Jerusalem and its immediate vicinity there now are not less than 50,000 of these people, or, say, 100 times as many as there were in all of Palestine some eighty years ago. But this home-returning is by no means confined to Jerusalem. Throughout Galilee and Judea the decayed cities and towns whose names are familiar to Bible-readers are throbbing with a new life, and it is Jews, and almost Jews only, who have given to them this new life. After their long generations of wandering, the "chosen people" are returning to their one-time home, and again it will become "a land flowing with milk and honey." Withal, this homing people have resurrected their dead language, and again they are speaking the Hebrew of Moses, David and Solomon. Persecution in Russia has had much to do with this peopling of Palestine by Jews, and they, themselves, hold that it is fulfilment of prophecy.

Where the Atmosphere Is Coldest

There long has been entertained a theory that the coldness of the atmosphere constantly increases as distance from the earth grows greater. The observations of mountain-climbers had appeared to give credit to this theory, but scientific investigation by means of sounding balloons finally has discredited it. These balloons—each of which is made of rubber and is two or three feet in diameter—are fitted with thermometers, by means of which the temperature at any altitude may be ascertained. By them it is shown that the lowest temperature, in the temperate zone, is attained at a height somewhat less than seven miles above the sea level. Then comes what is termed the stratmosphere, a great isothermal layer in which the temperature is somewhat warmer and is fairly constant as far as man's investigations have extended. That the stratmosphere, although warmer than the layer of atmosphere immediately below it, is not at all torrid is indicated by the fact that its temperature nearly above the equator has been found to be 119.7 below zero, Fahrenheit. It is a rather curious fact that the altitude of the stratmosphere varies inversely to the warmth of the earth's surface. That is, it is found higher above the sea level in the torrid than in the frigid regions.

Read This, And Know When You Are Safe

The French Academy of Medicine has been investigating the nature of the coloring matter which is introduced into foods, with the object of ascertaining what is, and what is not, harmful. After long and laborious effort, it has reported to the Ministry of the Interior the names of such coloring ingredients as are harmless, and as this is a matter of immense importance to all people who regard their health, and there are several such people, we hasten to give the list, in all its native French beauty, to our readers. Here it is:

"Chlorhydrine de l'amidotetramethylparadiamidodiphenilmethanol, Diethyldibenzyldiparaaminotriphenylcarbinoltri-su sulfonate de sodium, Tetramethyldiparaamidometaoxytriphenylcarbinoldisulfonate de calcium, Dimethylaminodiethyldibenzylaminotriphe nylcarbinoldisulfonate de sodium." It is not insisted that anyone need pronounce the above words in order to be safe. All one need do is to paste the list in one's hat, show it to the grocer, and ask him to guarantee that his goods have no other coloring matter in them.

Our Plethora of Physicians

Whatever other crop may know a shortage, there is no failure in the output of physicians. Medical colleges continue to grind out their grist, and there is no season when they add nothing to the world's stock of doctors. There are doctors of any pathies, some pathies, all pathies or no pathy, and still the mill grinds on. The writer does not know how many physicians there now are in San Francisco, for instance, but if the city has its share there should be no less than 700, for the proportion throughout the United States is one physician to every 568 inhabitants. Why continue sick and disabled when there probably is a doctor in the next block, if not closer at hand? America expects every man to do his duty and see that the medical colleges do not labor in vain. We have twice as many physicians, in proportion to population, as has England, four times as many as France, five times as many as Germany. Lawyers here are said to outnumber the physicians, but they are generously permitted to make laws insuring the good health of litigation, and the physicians labor under the handicap of having far less similar opportunity; they have to struggle along with only a modicum of legislative aid. We are not lacking in quantity of healers; as to quality, everybody has the privilege of making his own selection.

Where Our Shoes Are Made

A large proportion of the shoes worn in this country, not to mention a vast number that are exported, are manufactured in New England, and particularly in Massachusetts. In the latter state alone, in 1908, $42,000,000 was invested in the manufacture of boots, shoes and slippers, and the value of the product that year was about $170,000,000. In Boston there are more than 1200 concerns which either manufacture shoes or shoe machinery or deal in supplies for those who do. In Lynn the greater part of women's footwear is made, in Brockton that for men, while Haverhill makes a specialty of the manufacture of slippers. The output of these three cities alone is in the neighborhood of $133,000,000 annually. Since the close of the civil war, it is estimated, 4,000,000,000 pairs of shoes and slippers have been manufactured in cities and towns of New England, which would be sufficient to supply about 45 pairs apiece to every man, woman and child in this country at the present time. When the latter record was begun a large part of the work was done by hand; now it is almost all executed by machinery.

An Aerial Dash to the Pole

Preparations for the Zeppelin polar expedition already are fairly under way, although it is not expected that this aerial dash for the north pole will take place until 1912. A week or two ago the advance party, consisting of the kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a number of aeronautic or polar experts, left Kiel for Spitzbergen, in which latter place all the arrangements will be made for the journey to the pole. The object of the expedition will be to reach the pole by means of one of Count Zeppelin's dirigibles, and it may be hoped that the great gas receptacle will act better than have some others of his construction, for a polar iceberg would not equal a Swiss mountain or German valley as a place for a sudden and unexpected descent.

A Wonderful New Metal

A new metal, as yet unnamed, has been discovered, and those who have investigated its qualities prophesy that it will prove of tremendous value, particularly in connection with the construction of aeroplanes. Here are some qualities of the metal, as they are described by the discoverer: It is eleven cent lighter than aluminum, and is as har ordinary steel or wrought iron, neither phuric, nitric nor any other acid will it; it will not rust and has lain in sea six weeks without tarnishing it. The which contains an alloy of aluminum, the color of silver and never loses its bri ness. Strength, lightness and all these ties combined, it is easy to see that, discoverer's claims are justifiable, it wi reasonably cheap, all but work a revol in those manufactures wherein strength lightness are prime requisites.

AN APPEAL TO FREEMEN

Delivered before the Essex Institute of Salem, by William W. Story, on the 250th anniversary landing of Gov. Endicott.

No! Things will never right themselves
'Tis we must put them right,
Strip for the task, do the good work,
Labor with love unite, fall into line and fig
While half the honest, wise, and strong
Apart in selfish silence stand,
Hating the vileness and the wrong,
And yet, too careless to uplift their han
And do the duties that belong to those
would be free.
Let the bright spark of patriotic fire
Your hearts enlist, your warmest zeal insp
I call upon you noble men, and true,
High, low, young, old, wherever you ma
Awake! Arise! cast off this lethargy—
Your ancient faith renew, and set your
To do the tasks which freemen ought to
Cleanse the Augean stable of politics
Of its foul muck, of bribes and wiles,
tricks—
Break the base rings where commerce
and rots,
Purge civic rule of its dark canker spots—
Drive off the cruel incubus, that squats
Upon our sleeping country, 'till it rise
Renewed in strength, with upward lo
eyes
And forward goes upon the path to its
destiny—
If any love for liberty you bear, if any
in this dear state you share,
By all that love and pride, I pray you,
to set her free,
And make her record honest, white, and
in sight of all humanity.

Gov. Jared Y. Saunders of Louisiana, just elected United States senator, will be one of the young members of that body—he is 41 years old.

Union Square Hote

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JESALIE

By Lillian H. S. Bailey

(For the California Weekly)

me's dear garden beauty-bright,
re blooms a precious flower for me,—
airest in God's tender sight,
winsome little Jesalie!

aning lilies light the mere
cre erst the wind-blown showers whirl,
rings exquisite glowing here,—
summer-hearted baby girl!

uiet home, all treasure-strewn,
t sounds and beauty everywhere!
nt an oft recurring tune,
unt the curling golden hair.

ch my kisses to her face
trembling love to free,
marvel at high Heaven's grace,—
perfect gift, my Jesalie.

is the signet on her brow?
l what the mystery of her eyes?
y dreamed of life, till now
vears such grace from Paradise.

is she sleeps, or on my breast,
keeping is so sweet to me;
ultless flower of love, heart's rest!
dainty, darling Jesalie!

CCINI'S NEW AMERICAN OPERA

como Puccini, the composer of the opera
am Butterfly," is now engaged in the
work upon another opera with an Ameri-
ubject, based upon Belasco's "The Girl
Golden West," in which Blanche Bates
d successfully. The New York Times,
cent date, adds some interesting facts
Signor Puccini:

como Puccini likes to be present when
f his works are being performed for the
ime. He does not mingle with the audi-
he sits somewhere in the wings, far from
ght of the spectators, in a quiet and se-
l spot, where, however, he can see how
:rformance is going on and where he can
the roar of applause. He was seen the
night at the performances of "Manon
ut," smoking cigarettes furiously and
nuch excited.

m quite worn out," he exclaimed, throw-
cigarette stump away and lighting a new
"I always am the night of a performance.
ss or failure, it is all the same—I am just
ought up."

then waves of applause were carried
the footlights.

, yes, of course I prefer this, but the
ment and worry is quite the same. An
ice is always more or less an uncertain
ty—you can never be quite sure of what
like. As a rule, however, I think that
iblic likes melody. Operas without mel-
re often gray and dull, it seems to me.
parts of Wagner's operas are a strain
tins, at least, but those parts are made
r by others truly sublime—for Wagner
genius. But in Strauss you don't have
iblime—you merely have the bizarre. It
ophonic, to my mind. And I do not
that can last, for to us Latins at least,
ny is one of the essentials in art. Look
ek art, how full of repose and harmony
It seems to me that often the works of
n composers lack all rest and harmony.
ien I compose an opera I think of the
, of course, but first of all I must please
f. I have to have a subject that I can
enthusiastic over. That is why I have
written a symphony or anything that
ıot centre around a definite subject. The
should express the actions and feelings
e characters, I think. When I find a
t that grips me I begin to compose, and
I work incessantly. I work best in the
ıg. I live in the country, near Milan, and I am extremely fond of sports—and I spend my days automobiling, hunting, fishing—as I feel inclined. In the evening I compose. Sometimes for a short time only, other times dawn breaks and I am still at the piano.

"'The Girl of the Golden West' will be produced in New York in November. I intend to go to New York then. I was there when 'Madam Butterfly' was performed. I never conduct my operas; in fact, I think I am the only composer who has never conducted his own work. I leave that to others, particularly to a man like Toscanini. He is marvelous in his understanding of the composer and the music.

"I saw 'The Girl of the Golden West' as a play when I was in America a few years ago. I was fascinated by it. Well, you know, the strength of the elemental passions, the health and vigor of the characters struck me. 'There is an opera in that,' I thought. And so I set to work. I have been working on it a long time now. I follow the play quite closely, although the third act is somewhat modified. The characters are the same, but I put more soul into them. I develop the psychological part more than in the play—homesickness, pathos, the growing love of the hero and heroine—"

The applause was deafening outside. Toscanini had been dragged on the stage, and there were wild clamors for Puccini. A couple of men came for him.

"If you know how I dislike showing myself," he murmured as he was being taken away. "I love peace and calm and quiet. I hate the noise and clamor." And thus fighting feebly he was brought before the audience.

Mme. Puccini and Signor Puccini, Jr. occupied a box near the stage. It is said, by the way, that Signor Puccini is the best looking composer of the present day.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE MINER'S BURIAL

By John Brayshaw Kaye

Far up the mountain's craggy side,
Upon a rudely fashioned bier,
They bore him out from where he died
(His cabin near the rocky slide),
With scarce a word, without a tear.

They hollowed out a fitting grave,
Close by the summit's granite rim,
Then gathered round and sung a hymn,
And placed him in the narrow cave.
"To ashes, ashes; dust to dust";
Thus was performed the sacred trust
That man assumes upon his birth,
To give the dead again to earth.

Up to his tomb will clamber still
The sounds he was so used to hear,—
The music of the gad and drill
Beneath the hammer, sharp and clear;
The deep-toned thunder of the blast,
A tidal wave of echo cast
Off from the mountain's rocky crest,
Shall bear his spirit off to rest.

There in his lofty sepulchre,
A league above the distant plain,
His ashes sleep the final sleep;
And passing clouds which floating skirt
Across the vast aerial deep,
In shapes of rugged majesty,
Oft kiss his tomb in passing by.
Or, when a calm is in the air,
Like snowy galleons at rest,
They peaceful lie at anchor there,
To shut the lower world from view,
And point aloft to heaven's deep blue,
The promised haven of the blest.

THE RECKONING

By Will F. Griffin

(For the California Weekly)

You drained the cup to the very bottom,
You took the best that was in your soul
And cast it wild—like wind-blown ashes—
Heedless, forgetting the better goal.
Your eyes were bright, but, ah, so blinded,
For sweet was the gleam of the tempter, Vice;
And you, in the flush of youth, warm-blooded—
You little knew of your sacrifice.

You little knew that the love and laughter,
And all of the joys in folly's mesh,
Were weighed in scales with the soul and paid for,
Pound for pound, by the blood and flesh.
You only heard what you thought was music,
Tinkling, sweet to your eager ears—
But the strains you heard have turned to dirges,
And now you bow to the wasted years.

The time must come when your soul must reckon,
Your soul with stains like the shades of night—
Will you go in peace, unblessed, unshriven,
Trusting that death will make you white?
Or will you go with fear and trembling,
Knowing the cost, to yonder sod,
And cringe, a coward, when you are standing
There in the light before your God?

SIENKIEWICZ'S NEW NOVEL

A new book by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish author who wrote "Quo Vadis," is entitled "Whirlpools."

After reading "Children of the Soil" Charles Dudley Warner wrote: "I think him at the head of living novelists, both in range, grasp of a historical situation, intuition and knowledge of human nature."

As in "Children of the Soil," the great novelist in his latest book, "Whirlpools," deals with the conditions of modern life, and as in "Without Dogma," he has placed the soul of his hero under the microscope, but unlike that work, he has made him the central figure of a group of lifelike characters and an unusual love story. Brilliant dialogue, profound thought, and subtle analysis of human motives permeate the book, and the novelist shows that he has been a close observer of recent agrarian troubles and socialistic intrigues in Poland.

Marynia, the youthful violinist, is one of the author's most beautiful and lovable girl creations. "Whirlpools" is an unusual, remarkable book—one that will excite interest and provoke discussion. The translation is the work of Max A. Drezmal.

GEORGE ADE AS HOST

The annual outing of the Indiana Society of Chicago recently drew 500 members to Hazelton Farm, the summer residence of George Ade. A bright day permitted the carrying out of an elaborate program of field and aquatic events.

One was a horseshoe contest, in which former Vice-President Fairbanks and Senator Beveridge were pitted against John M. Studebaker of South Bend and Health Commissioner W. A. Evans of Chicago.

John C. Shaffer of Chicago was put off the field because he derided Mr. Studebaker for wearing a blue necktie and red socks. Mr Studebaker asserted he lost four points thereby.

Before dinner was served in the shade of an elm grove Mr. Ade, his father, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Beveridge, and Mr. McCutcheon led a parade through the grounds about Hazelden Farm. In one of the jungles they encountered a moving picture machine and a battery of cameras.

Races for the women, a display of Japanese fireworks, and spectacular diving in a cement pool concluded the program.

DR. W. R. CLUNESS

AND REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

All the events of California history since the first ten years after the gold rush of '49 have been within the personal recollection—many of them under the personal observation—of Dr. W. R. Cluness of San Francisco. Coming to California in 1859 and engaging in the active practice of medicine until seventeen years ago, Dr. Cluness has had an extraordinary opportunity to know, at first hand, the interesting events in that history. And, on the other hand, probably no one man is known to a wider circle of the public than he. A brief record of his life cannot be without interest.

Dr. Cluness was born in Williams, Ontario, December 29th, 1835, of Scotch parents. When he was twenty years of age he graduated with the degree of A. B. from Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario. Four years later, on April 28th, 1859, he received his M. D. When he returned to Ontario, twelve years later, he received his master's degree, and also his fellowship, from Queen's, which is affiliated with the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

In 1859 he prepared to accept an invitation of a classmate to join him in Valparaiso, Chile, to practice medicine there. He bought his ticket to New York, whence he was to sail. But after leaving home he received word from his classmate that the laws of Chile required at least a year's study at a native medical school before permission could be had to practice.

Though his funds did not permit such an additional preparation, Dr. Cluness decided to go ahead anyway and take his chances of finding a way to enter practice after reaching Chile, so he bought his ticket to Aspinwall, on the Isthmus of Panama, and began the voyage. On the boat he met several other young doctors who had heard of his family, and who were then on their way to Alaska to join the Fraser River gold rush. These young men persuaded him to join them on the voyage north instead of south from Panama. This voyage was made in the old steamer Golden Age. Coming up the coast of California, the ship's surgeon, a Dr. McNaughton, informed Dr. Cluness that the Fraser River fields had proved a delusion and that he had better end his voyage at San Francisco. He added that there was a small city a short distance north of San Francisco, called Petaluma, which gave promise of growing importance, and in which there was only one physician. Dr. Cluness decided to locate in Petaluma.

His recollection of San Francisco in 1859 is of a small city of frame houses built on the flat centering around Montgomery and Sansome streets, between Bush and Telegraph Hill. South of Bush street there were practically no buildings. One of the few that were there was a house on the site later occupied by the old Lick House. This house, at that time, was a frame structure, in one corner of which was a bundle of wheat stalks and two sacks of threshed wheat from Solano county to illustrate the fact that wheat could really be grown in California.

The one night he spent in the city before proceeding to Petaluma was spent in the famous old What Cheer House, owned and managed by Woodward.

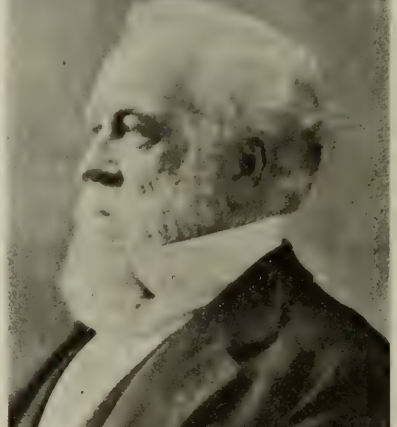
After spending a day in San Francisco, Dr. Cluness took a boat which ran up within a mile and a half of Petaluma, the latter part of the trip being made by stage. One day, soon after settling in Petaluma, Dr. Cluness was sitting on the porch of the hotel, watching a man with a pick and shovel excavating a basement next door. The proprietor of the hotel stepped to the edge of the porch and, looking down into the hole, called out "Doc" to the man below. After finishing his conversation with the man, Dr. Cluness asked the proprietor if he meant to say "doctor" when he had called out "Doc." The proprietor replied that he had.

"Good heavens!" said Dr. Cluness, "do doctors have to do that out here?"

"Oh, yes," the proprietor replied, "some of them have to do worse than that."

In all, Dr. Cluness spent four years in Petaluma, leaving that town to go to Sacramento at the invitation of Dr. John F. Morse, the elder, who was called to the faculty of the University of the Pacific, and who wished first to install a successor. Soon after settling in Sacramento Dr. Cluness returned to Petaluma to marry Miss Mary Laird of Utica, New York.

When Dr. Cluness went to Sacramento, it was a very busy town of perhaps ten thousand people (and claiming twenty thousand), the outfitting point for most of the mining districts, and the center of practically all the trade of interior California. This was before the railroads were built, when all passenger service was by stage, and all freight service by ox and mule teams. Connection with San



DR. W. R. CLUNESS

Francisco, was, of course, by water. Sacramento, as Dr. Cluness recalls it, was then very much the sort of town that people associate with the idea of the frontier mining camp. Directly across the street from his office was a large faro gambling house—one of the very many running in the town.

Teamsters laying over between long hauls drank and gambled their wages with careless prodigality. The miners would enter, walk up to the faro dealer, throw down a buckskin bag of gold and say, "There are so many hundreds of dollars of dust; give me checks for it." The dealer would never weigh the gold, but accepted the miner's word for its value, and handed out the checks with which the miner played until he or the bank was broke. Usually, of course, it was he.

The year that Dr. Cluness moved to Sacramento was the year in which the Central Pacific Railroad was launched. He saw the first spadeful of earth turned for the road at Front and K streets, Sacramento, in 1863. He also knew personally all of the men who originated the enterprise. Dr. Cluness' office was at the corner of Second and K. Huntington and Hopkins ran their hardware store in the middle of the block on K street on the opposite side of the street. Next door to them was the grocery store of E. H. Miller, who became secretary of the Central Pacific. And on J street, near 8th, Charles Crocker ran a dry goods store. Leland Stanford was then the governor. All of these men were patients of Dr. Cluness as long as they lived in Sacramento, and friends until their death.

Dr. Cluness soon achieved a very large practice. Besides an extraordinary skill as a diagnostician and as a physician, Dr. Cluness had, as he has today, that indescribable human quality which not only attracts, but wholly endears a man to all who know him. He became, to a large portion of the population of the Sacramento valley, what Dr. Maclure became to his patients in Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." In at least one family, indeed, he is really known as Dr. Maclure, but that comes later in the story.

In fifty years of active practice, Dr. Cluness never refused to answer a call, no matter how the patient, what the hour or what the weather. For years in Sacramento, he kept four horses busy making his rounds, and once, in one year, he visited a hundred patients in their homes, a record that has probably never been equaled in the practice of medicine, and one that would have been impossible in almost any place except on the level plains of California.

Dr. Cluness was one of the founders of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, which was organized in Sacramento in 18[illegible], and for thirty-seven years he was its medical director. He resigned in 1907, because the company moved to Los Angeles, while he wished to live in the bay district. During these years as medical director he was the friend and confidant of all the many young people in the employ of the company, who came to him with their perplexities and troubles.

The first president of the Pacific Mutual was Governor Leland Stanford, who took the first policy issued by the company, for $1000 insurance. Dr. Cluness recalls an interesting story in connection with this policy. Stanford died in the panic years of the early nineties, when money was so scarce that even the richest men could with difficulty get ready money enough for their personal expenses. When he died he left Mrs. Stanford a very wealthy woman, but with so little cash that there was literally not enough to pay his funeral expenses. Years afterward, Mrs. Stanford told Dr. Cluness that shortly after her husband's death she had written to C. P. Huntington, the then president of the Southern Pacific Company, asking, "What can I do for me now?" and received the reply that "We can do nothing. There is no ready money to be had anywhere." But a few days later three boxes of papers were delivered to Mrs. Stanford's residence from the railroad office. Going through them, Mrs. Stanford's secretary held up a large envelope, saying that it looked like a life insurance policy. Mrs. Stanford said no, she was sure her husband had no insurance. Closer examination proved, however, that it really was an insurance policy, Policy No. 1 in the Pacific Mutual. She called in her attorney, the late Russell Wilson. He looked it over and said, "Why, here is ready money for you, Mrs. Stanford, cash in hand." The next day Mrs. Stanford received a check for $11,784. "And," said Mrs. Stanford, in concluding her account, "I sent that day a check for $1,500 to President Jordan of Stanford, and that check was the money that kept the doors of the university open."

In 1893, Dr. Cluness moved his home to Alameda and his office to San Francisco. Since 1907, when he closed his connection with the Pacific Mutual, Dr. Cluness has retired. He has enjoyed these later years. Among other pleasures have been travels, especially the trip to China, Japan and the Philippines—and here is the place for the "Doctor Maclure" incident.

While traveling in Japan, Dr. Cluness received a cablegram from an old Sacramento friend, asking for the particulars of his route. He replied, and a few days later he received another message, telling him that one of his "babies"—hundreds of California men and women are his "babies" yet to him—was dangerously ill in Tokyo, and asking him to come. He interrupted his own plans, as he had done all his life, to answer the call, and made the long trip to Tokyo. There he found the little girl who was ill. She was attended by the American physicians, but her parents were

(Concluded on Page 543)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Universal Cry

't so long, my dearie,
e way that we journey below;
days are more cheery than dreary,
e world is with sunshine aglow.
oh, it's the thought of the mist-hid end
holdeth my soul in its spell, my friend

bird in the maple with melody fills
e earth for his mate in the skies.
ve you, I love you," forever he trills,
d, "Love me, my love," she replies.
ll that I hear, and my soul is downcast,
Whither—and whither—and whither at
ast?"

ce in the night, and the stars are afloat
an ocean of silvery gray,
I fancy that each is a gossamer boat
it beareth some spirit away;
my soul crieth out—If our God would but
peak!—
re, where is the haven afar that you
eek?"

't so long, my dearie,
e way that we journey below,
oh, for the eyes that are teary
know where our voyagers go,
it's hard for the spirit to whisper: "I
ust.
surely I'll know when the body is dust."

* * *

The World Moves Upward

ong time ago, Willie, when I was a little
oh, a very, very long time ago, I assure
the good people of the small village in
was my childhood home used to have
they called "revivals," or "seasons of
" pretty nearly every year. The object
ese revivals was to snatch souls "like
s from the burning," and the season se-
usually was mid-winter, because little
oing then in that cold climate and time
atching a few souls could be spared just
ll as not. A good many souls would be
from the wrath of the avenging God
the revivalists described; then the sea-
f grace would end, things would quiet
the backsliders would begin to register
sinful headquarters, and the rest of us
strike about our general average of
dness. It used to puzzle my small-boyish
ct to decide why souls were worth so
more effort in mid-winter than at any
time, but I always had to give it up.
ong other professional "revivalists," I
nber, came one named Potter, and he
n artist in his line. He could paint a
eething with raging flames and smelling
y of sulphur, which was the hottest place
looked at. And the worst of it was
e could prove to you that you had only
nance in several million of going to any
place. To me the prospect looked very
y and over-heated, and it took all my
in Brother Potter to make me believe
he Almighty ran that sort of an institu-
ecause He loved his children so much.
t was a long time ago, as I have said,
, and I think that the change since then
n's belief in reference to this sizzling
enough to breed optimism in the most
nistic soul. There are not many of us
who live in life-long dread of a vengeful
who may, and not improbably will, doom
eternal torment. We know our faults,
ie scars of much wrong-doing are upon
r do we expect to escape the penalty of
il, but we are willing to trust ourselves
One who placed us here, weak, falter-
id half-blinded, yet with the capacity to
and to creep upward. We err, and will
ie price, but we are not afraid to await
nfinite Justice which, we feel, also is In-
Knowledge and Infinite Love.
this, as I said, Willie, is so mighty a
nward and upward that even pessimism,
nsidering it, well might lose itself in
lid optimism.

The Opinions of Rufus

Ever pause to reflect, Ephr'im, that if all of us was es bright es we think we are 'rangements would have to be made fer 'bout fifteen million Pres'dents of this country—the rest bein' women or under age?

A good many people are like the late comet's tail—ain't there when they're announced to be.

"Right wrongs no man"—but if you don't b'lieve it's li'ble to hurt the feelin's of consider'ble many, ask any of the boodlin' Higher-ups.

"A burnt child dreads the fire"—but 'tain't on that 'count we have a "safe an' sane" Fourth; it's 'cause his pa an' ma dread noise.

The man that's eddicated to think by books gener'ly ain't able to think any outside of books.

"A fool an' his money is soon parted"—es the dead game sport that bet 10 to 6 on Jeffries confidentially admitted to a sympathizin' friend.

'Mongst the pathetic scenes of life they's none much patheticer than a girl with a No. 3 shoe on a No. 5 foot complainin' that the dealers alwuz sell her shoes so big they hurt her feet.

Josh Bings says he despises lyin', but can't help havin' a sympathizin' feller-feelin' fer liars.

The Scripchers says to honor your father an' mother, but if some folks did they'd do somethin' that nobody else could.

Es fer es I've seen, all Prodigal Sons are divided into two classes: Them that return to their father, an' them that ain't got decency an' backbone 'nough to take the trouble.

I reckon platonic love is all right, but folks can't be any too keerful 'bout how they mix the ingredients.

* * *

A Lyric to Straight English

I like the men who straightest English speak,
Nor mix it with the jargon of all tongues,
With Spanish, French, Italian or Greek,
Or hissed from lips or grumbled from the lungs.
Of course, 'tis neat to prove you're erudite
By conning "foreign phrases" in the lex.,
As fools may do, and be successful, quite.
But, oh, the plan my tortured soul doth vex.

He says not, "It is so," but "factum est,"
His speech a jangle of discordant sounds:
His stolen phrases shallow lore attest;
The mongrel mixture all your spirit wounds.
His mind not sane—'tis "mens sana," you know—
His speech is graced (disgraced) by gems to strew
From every language known on earth below
And some, indeed, that no one ever knew.

Oh, English undefiled! This jabb'ring crew
Do mire you in all language 'neath the sun,
And in one sentence from their mouths they spew
The phrases culled from speeches twenty-one.
And so they prove their learning is profound,
And erudition's their accustomed gait,
But as for me, while sense is more than sound,
Give me the man who talks his language straight.

* * *

Only One Change of Many

"I dreamed that I was in a country where everybody's name was changed to fit his character and capacity."

"Do you remember the changes?"

"Only one."

"What was it?"

"They called him Uncle Joseph G. Popgun."

* * *

A More or Less Timely Suggestion

"Did you hear the latest suggestion in connection with these big hats the women wear?"

"Don't know that I did. What is it?"

"They are talking of putting a motor under them and using them as aeroplanes."

The Everyday Philosopher Is Heard

"The beauty of the Republican Party," said the Everyday Philosopher, "is that no matter what it swallows, it turns up smiling and healthy. You remember the Populists of fifteen years ago, do you not? 'They are cranks!' says the Republican sages. 'They're freaks, they're crazies!' says they. 'They don't come in when it rains,' says they, 'and the worst of it is they don't know enough to come in when they're called. Co' boss, co' boss; we call, but call in vain,' says they. 'A bas the initiative and the referendum! Death to the recall!' says they.

"Will you listen to the same sages now. 'Cut, cut, cut!' says they. 'We have laid it, the glorious and peerless recall egg, and also the magnificent and unspotted referendum and initiative eggs. The splendor of our achievement is unexampled, and only great intellects like ours could have thought of it.' So they continue congratulating themselves, and nothing interrupts them save the low, sad sough of the wind over the Populist cemetery.

Four years ago the Democrats of California got out and made the welkin ring with denunciations of the Southern Pacific in politics. All the Republican statesmen did in response was to urge the people to close their eyes to the Santa Cruz convention, hold their noses and vote a straight ticket, and enough did so to vote the Southern Pacific in for another four years of office. The four years have passed, good Republicans are yelling, 'Death to the S. P. in politics!' and it will be death. Someway, the Republican Party has to do it.

"I believe firmly in the Republican Party—a few years from now," the Everyday Philosopher concluded, "and in the meantime I am hoping."

* * *

Everybody Has Something

Willie has a glider
That o'er the treetops slides,
And mama has an auto,
And every day she rides,
And papa has an aero
That goes up like a shot,
And Squeezem has a mortgage
On the whole swift lot.

* * *

"The Negro No Longer Inferior"

It was Professor Hamilton of the University of California who, lecturing at the summer school of the Northwestern University, Chicago, expressed the following opinion: "The negro has made wonderful progress in the last fifty years, and no longer can be called the white man's inferior."

Yes? Then, of course, if he is not the white man's inferior, the black stands as high as he in the world of intellectual achievement. Taking it for granted that he does, would Professor Hamilton kindly mention just where the black Edison is to be found? Also, to what place should a note to the negro Mark Twain be addressed, and what unrecognized community does an Ethiopian Tennyson grace by his ebony presence? These are but two or three samples of a variety of questions that might be continued almost indefinitely, and it strikes the writer that they might be difficult to answer.

I should like to hold myself above race prejudice; it is my earnest desire—perhaps weakly lived—to judge men, not by their color, but by their deeds. But while this is the case, I will not so proclaim my mental stultification as to hold that the black race is the equal of the white. One needs no prejudice to recognize that such is not the case; an inspection of the average specimen of each race suffices.

What the long swing of the generations may do for the black man none may know. Perhaps it will put him on a plane equal to that of the white man—let us hope so—but certainly as yet he is not there, and he has unfathomed gulfs of self-development to pass before he attains it.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

CANDIDATES FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Governor:
Hiram W. Johnson.....San Francisco

Lieutenant Governor:
A. J. Wallace.....Los Angeles

U. S. Senator:
John D. Works.....Los Angeles

Associate Justice Supreme Court:
M. C. Sloss.....San Francisco
Curtis D. Wilbur.....Los Angeles

District Court of Appeals (First District):
Thomas J. Lennon.....San Rafael

Secretary of State:
Florence J. O'Brien.....Chico

Controller:
A. B. Nye.....Oakland

Treasurer:
William R. Williams.....Fresno

Attorney General:
U. S. Webb.....San Francisco

Surveyor General:
W. S. Kingsbury.....Los Angeles

Clerk of Supreme Court:
B. Grant Taylor.....Santa Clara County

Superintendent of Public Instruction:
Allison B. Ware.....San Francisco

Superintendent of State Printing:
Friend W. Richardson.....Berkeley

Railroad Commissioner (First District):
Alex. Gordon.....Sacramento

Railroad Commissioner (Third District):
John M. Eshleman.....Imperial

The Republican candidates above have all been endorsed by the Independent Republican Clubs of California and the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.

If Alden Anderson Should Be Elected If Alden Anderson should be nominated in August he would be quite likely to be elected in November, although any surety company would demand a heavy premium for accepting that risk. The fifty thousand Republicans who voted for Bell instead of Gillett might, for a similar reason, be re-enforced by enough more of the same sort to make Bell's election sure, but, assuming that Mr. Anderson is both nominated and elected, what sort of administration have we a right to expect from him?

Frankly, very much the same sort as we have had the last four years, lacking half a year. Mr. Anderson will be less subject to fits and starts than Governor Gillett. The tenor of his way will be more even. The new governor will be glad to see friends and foes alike. Democrats will receive the same sort of treatment that is accorded to Republicans, for Alden Anderson is a jolly good fellow, clean and wholesome. His administration will be marked by no scandal, as it will be marked by no pronounced virtue. It will be to California what the administrations of Monroe, Fillmore, Van Buren, Hayes and Arthur were to the United States, periods of placidity with nothing doing worth mentioning.

And Walter F. X. Parker, Jere Burke, Frank Hatton, and the other mercenaries attached to the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, will be as much in evidence as ever and will report as regularly to their chief at Powell and Market streets in San Francisco and transmit the orders of that chief to the governor he has made as regularly as in past years. That is the shame and humiliation of it. But for that California could stand Anderson and not lose its self respect. If elected he will make as good a governor as he can be with the handicaps of Parker, Burke and Hatton and the taint of Southern Pacific domination about his clothes that no amount of aring will drive out.

What If It Should Be Mr. Charles F. Curry? If Mr. Curry should be nominated in August there would follow an almost entire obliteration of party lines in the election. There are tens of thousands of Republicans who will not vote for Mr. Curry and at least other thousands of Democrats, Union Labor party men and men of no party, who will vote for him in preference to all other candidates, and the November result cannot be predicted with certainty, though it would seem that Theodore Bell should defeat Curry.

But if he were elected what sort of an administration may we expect? It would be unjust to Curry to say that his administration would be to the state what that of Mayor McCarthy is to San Francisco, for Curry has better sense than McCarthy and a finer regard for the proprieties, but, underneath a more decent seeming, it would be exactly such an administration of the state as San Francisco is getting at the hands of Mayor McCarthy. The groundhogs would come out of their holes and stay out. The unmoral, if not the immoral, would be in evidence. There would be no forward step. The "interests" would govern in the interests of the interests as certainly as if Anderson were nominated and elected. Reform influences would take a furlough for four years and the people of California would have to get busy making money wherewith to pay taxes wherever a tax can be made to support a Curry man.

And Walter F. X. Parker, Jere Burke and George Hatton would be at the old stand, conducting negotiations between the corner of Market and Powell streets in San Francisco and the gubernatorial mansion in Sacramento, mainly in the lone watches of the night, for Curry's big feet make few tracks. "Politics for patronage only" would typify the administration of Charles F. Curry as governor and to the victor the spoils would belong.

If Hiram Johnson Should Be Elected If Hiram Johnson is nominated, as all signs point to his being, the election in November will be a mere ratification of the nomination. There will follow an era of party good feeling and a feeling of hopefulness will reach out through the uttermost districts of the state. Men will instinctively turn their faces toward the sunrise rather than the sunset. They will bid adieu to the old order without a pang and welcome the new with acclaim. Legislators elect will address themselves to the task of formulating remedial measures. Organizations of public spirited citizens, like the Commonwealth Club and the State Bar Association, will whip needed legislation into shape preparatory to offering it to the legislature. Not all will be accomplished during the first legislative session that will be hoped for because of the very volume of good things that the state has been waiting forty years to get a chance to do, but the first session of the Johnson administration will be productive of important results within itself, and more productive still in making ready for a record-breaking second session. Many important reforms will be threshed out and taken to the people for ratification, or taken to them for a fuller and more thoughtful discussion. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a constitutional convention might be called. Anyhow there will be plenty for the people to think of against the second session which will be a history maker.

And during all this time the head of the legal department of the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco will be free to address himself to the legal business of his office. If the interests of the railroads shall be involved in pending legislation the companies interested will be represented before the committees of the legislature, and before the governor, by men of the most reputable standing those companies can find, and the Parkers, Burkes and Hattons will be conspicuously and beneficially absent from their accustomed haunts. This alone will be a consummation worth all the effort that is putting forth on behalf of Johnson and his associates.

The Story of the Year Nineteen Hundred Nine So far as Cali[fo]rnia is concerned the book of the [ye]ar 1909 was Franklin Hichborn's Story of the California Legislature. There will be [m]any another state that will have such a story written after every legislature that the truth may be told and the records made, whether for good or ill, may be laid before the people at home. When a legislator makes a good record he deserves to have that made as widely known. Hichborn's book has done this for the legislators of California. He has treated them fairly and the records he gives are in the legislative histories, in black and white, and cannot be gotten away from. No citizen of character should be without this book. If the reader of this hasn't it let him send to the California Weekly for it. All it costs is $ 5. That others think well of it, and well of imitating Hichborn's example, the following letter shows: "Dear Mr. Hichborn: I am delighted with the copy of your Story of the Legislature of 1909, which you have sent me. What interests me as much as the book is the [s]pirit embodied in getting out such a book following each legislature. It is just splendid, and I am going to bring it to the attention of our City Club and some of our reform organizations here with the hope that your good example may be imitated in other places. You are rendering a genuine service to the cause of democracy in this country. With kindest regards, I am, Ben B. Lindsey, Denver, October 4, 1909."

C. C. Young Is the Man It is not good that anyone, least of all a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Leaguer, should enter the race against C. C. Young for nomination and election to the assembly from the fifty-second district. It is not that there is any material risk of Redmond C. Staats defeating Mr. Young at the primary election, but Mr. Young's record was so perfectly satisfactory that there is not the faintest glimmer of a reason for changing to another candidate. Mr. Young's nomination should be by acclamation and his election the same. He should be saved the annoyance of having to compete for the nomination with anyone, especially with one who professes the same enthusiasms that he does. Berkeley Republicans should make it plain to Mr. Staats that his plain duty is to wait until Mr. Young shall have been called to the upper house in due course of promotion and then shy his castor for Mr. Young's place. That would be a bit of patriotism to be proud of.

Mr. Dick Ferris Now Doing the Comet Act Mr. Dick Ferris, of Los Angeles, and elsewhere, whilom newsboy, page, railroader, actor, theatrical manager and general all-around promoter and booster, has some money and made a success of the Los Angeles aviation meet. Now he has turned his attention to politics and gone in for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor with something of the quality of the aerial meteor, but evidently proposes to be a full fledged comet before he has done with that stunt. Of course he knows nothing about statecraft, disclaims being the candidate of any faction (another way of saying that he is the candidate of the "organization" element) and he thinks that Curry's platform is good enough for him. Very likely. Mr. Curry was never known to make a platform that would not fit anybody and everybody. Mr. Dick Ferris is a hearty good fellow and exactly the kind of good fellow whom the State of California does not require in the office of lieutenant governor. Newsboys, railroaders, actors and theatrical managers, promoters and boosters, meteors and comets, all have their uses, but not in such an administration of the affairs of a commonwealth as will make that commonwealth free, sane and well governed. For once Mr. Dick Ferris is out of his proper sphere.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

Ghost Graft Anyone who watches closely the symptoms as they manifest themselves in this campaign can not be impressed with its likeness to the cam- which the whole grafting confraternity ed in San Francisco last fall in the inter- of McCarthy and Fickert. The Shasta rier, for instance, declares that, "When the ublican State Central Committee sent a re- t to vice-president Sherman to deliver two esses before the primary, the purpose of committee was to prove to the Republicans he state that the Spreckels-Phelan con- acy in California has absolutely no stand- within the Republican party and that the onal administration looks upon it solely campaign trick."

ow the only movement that Messrs. ckels and Phelan have had anything to do was the movement to bring Patrick Cal- and a lot of other malefactors of great th to book for crimes committed here in Francisco, and if the Republican State mittee has gone to any trouble to show he world that the Republican party in fornia has no sympathy with the late graft ecutions in San Francisco that committee oing out of its way to injure the Repub- party in California.

nd yet the men who are pushing the can- cies of Anderson or Curry are, with few ptions, the men who, no long time since, denouncing Heney, berating Spreckels Phelan and extending their sympathies 'at Calhoun in his affliction. The ghost raft still walks the earth.

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nett Out Against stitutional John" The Watchman is glad to be able to announce that L. L. Dennett has luded to take the field against John B. in in the twelfth senatorial district, com- l of Tuolumne, Mariposa, Madera, Stanis- and Merced counties. Curtin is an able and his record in the legislature has been rom disreputable, but he has made him- so satisfactory to the Political Bureau of Southern Pacific Company as to have had bureau's active support in the Republican s, notwithstanding that Curtin classes elf as a Democrat. He will probably have ame support this time.

t L. L. Dennett should make the race ty interesting for Curtin and will beat f he will make a thorough canvass of the ct. He must go into the mountains and his errand known, and he must not over- the valley counties where he is so well n. Mr. Dennett also is able and he is ise a free man, just such a man as Gov- Johnson will need in the senate when gislature convenes next January. His ugh acquaintance in Stanislaus, Merced Madera counties should yield him a big in those counties, and with little distinc- vith regard to party, for John B. Curtin bserves party lines when and where they seful to himself. The issue this time is etween Republicans and Democrats, but en those who owe allegiance to the cal Bureau of the Southern Pacific Com- and those who do not. Mr. Dennett does

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Meserve Fight Nothing else has so contributed to the humor of the pending campaign as the an- it by the "organization" crowd with ref- to a candidate for the United States . They first moved heaven and earth neer" the direct primary law in the in- of Senator Flint and then Flint wouldn't Then they spitted Governor Gillett on a able hook and dropped him down in the waters of Southern California, but did t so much as a nibble for their pains. they combed Southern California for a ate to run against Judge Works, but the statesmen either "lit out" for Europe, trail for the desert or crawled into their and pulled the holes in after them. Then lerrin went south. At that moment E. serve announced his candidacy. Some iat Mr. Herrin induced him to do it, some say that Meserve suffers periodically from the exaggerated ego and did it all himself. Some say that Parker was much put out with his boss, others that it was only at Meserve. Anyhow Parker made another trip to Washington to see Flint and Flint went to Europe to be delivered from temptation. Meantime, Mr. Herrin's state committee refused to go on record as regarding the senatorial advisory vote as morally binding on legislators, which made it look as though the "organization" intended to ignore that vote and carry the fight for Flint into the legislature as though there had been no expression of public opinion whatever and, just as we all got settled to that point of view, up jumps Meserve again and files his nomination papers. The consensus of southern opinion seems to be that Meserve did it all himself, literally forced himself onto the "organization" slate and, being there, for better or for worse, has been accepted as the "organization" candidate and will receive all the strength the "organization" can give him in his efforts to get more votes than Judge Works. With all of which no one has any right to find fault. He is clearly within his rights, but his butting in serves to

AFTER AUGUST 16TH

show that Mr. Herrin also has his troubles. By now Judge Works is so far ahead that Meserve will be reported as "scattering" when the votes are counted out.

Charles A. Bliss Or Grove L. Johnson Of course a legislative session without Grove L. Johnson would be devoid of a certain interest that old timers will miss, but there are many who will willingly forego that source of zest for the sake of having fewer jacks turned up from the bottom of the deck upon unlooked for occasions. Charles A. Bliss, a reputable young attorney of Sacramento, is candidate for the Republican nomination from the seventeenth district. Mr. Bliss is habitually well spoken of. Mr. Johnson is not always. Mr. Bliss may prove a delusion, as so many other Sacramentan legislators have proven, but that Mr. Johnson will prove a snare to many legislative feet is borne out by long legislative experience. Voters in the seventeenth district cannot possibly make any mistake in giving their votes to Charles A. Bliss. Grove L. Johnson is simply too astute to be trusted anywhere where there is mischief that might be done. His legislative career should be hermetically sealed.

The Chronicle Takes a Hand When the primary campaign opened the San Francisco Chronicle ostentatiously declined to take sides in order, as its responsible editor declared, that it might be free to support the winning candidate, whoever he may be, in the general election. Which reminds one of the case of the editor-owner of the old Manchester (New Hampshire) Mirror and Farmer. A certain campaign had run some weeks without a word pro or con appearing in the Mirror and Farmer, but there were columns and columns of fine stuff on the agricultural interests of the state of New Hampshire. One day, however, just after a Republican committee had taken its departure from the business office of the Mirror and Farmer, the editor-owner burst into the editorial rooms, all the pockets of his long tailed duster overflowing with wads of crisp bills, and yelled, "Boys, whoop her up for the grand old party. The agricultural interests of New Hampshire can wait." Somebody from Market and Powell streets apparently has called at the northeast corner of Market and Kearny abundantly supplied with the particular species of argument notoriously so convincing to the huckster-owner of the San Francisco Chronicle. The agricultural interests of California can wait.

Champ Clark And His Troubles Champ Clark, Democratic leader of the House at Washington, is not finding it easy to make all those who affect the Democratic banner walk in the procession as he has ordered it to form in line. He has full forty kickers to contend with. The trouble with them is that their Democracy is only skin deep. Uncle Joe knew where to go for the requisite number of alleged Democratic voters when he needed them, and so did Nelson A. Aldrich, and so, also, did those at Albany who stood out to defeat direct primary legislation. In short, the "interests" have their men staked out in both political parties, some in action and some in reserve to be called into action at the psychological moment. Why should The People permit their partisanship to blind them when the "interests" never do?

The Prospective Demotion of Loeb It will be no promotion for William Loeb Jr. to be taken from the office of collector of the port at New York to be made governor of New York. The custom house job pays a good salary and the expense of living is as the collector chooses to make it. The office of governor of New York costs even as prudent a man as Charles E. Hughes so much more than his salary that two terms of it have nearly eaten up all that Governor Hughes had accumulated. Loeb is not a rich man, but it is possible that he may be forced into the fight as the likeliest man to win, and, with Roosevelt as party leader, the winning of New York by a man who represents progressive policies may mean much to those policies throughout the nation.

The Best Man They Can Use A noted business manager of a noted Sacramento brewing interest, in conversation with a friend of The Watchman had, in substance, this to say of the attitude of the brewing interests toward Curry and Anderson: "It is true that the saloons are now generally with Curry, but they are making a mistake, as the brewing and wholesale liquor interests will make them see before the campaign ends. Curry's following can't help us much where we need help, that is among high-class people. Anderson has the respect and confidence of high-class men, while Curry has not and cannot help us where we need help, and so it will be found that the liquor interests that count will be on the side of Anderson and not Curry in this contest. The saloons will be made to see where their interests lie before the campaign closes." This is not a verbatim quotation, but contains the gist of what was said by a man who is in a position to know exactly what is doing in the upper stratum of liquordom. Mr. Anderson himself is not bibulously inclined, nor is he hostile to the liquor interests. As with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, so with the upper-class liquor interests, their desire is to be represented by the very best man that they can use to subserve their ends, which

ends are always selfish if not corrupt, unmoral if not immoral.

Plutocracy Embattled

Duncan E. McKinlay recognizes that he has a fight on his hands, but he manifests a cheerful confidence in being able to win the nomination and the election. But when it comes to the candidacies of Anderson and Johnson he is cock-sure of the triumph of Anderson, and for this reason: There have gotten in behind Anderson, Duncan has declared, political powers that never have been beaten in California and that are not likely to be beaten even by Johnson. How much of this is bluff and how much is truth cannot be stated with exactness, but there is no question that plutocracy is embattled in California as never before, except in San Francisco for the crushing of the graft trials. Exactly what took place in San Francisco is now taking place, with the state, instead of this city, as a theatre. The Watchman has been forced to change his opinion somewhat as to the relative status of Anderson and Curry. He has, until recently, believed that Curry was as certainly the man the Political Bureau wanted in the state campaign as that McCarthy was its man in the campaign in San Francisco, but it now looks as though Anderson were to be stayed with to the end and that the power of Curry is to be broken if the power of money can break it. The success of an embattled plutocracy in crushing the graft prosecutions in San Francisco has convinced it that the power of money is not to be withstood and that, with all the strength that Anderson can muster, and the strength that will come to Anderson with the crushing of Curry, Johnson can be beaten. Pitted against this embattled plutocracy is only the desire of a people to be free, and yet, in the world's history, that simple desire has been puissant to overthrow princes, potentates and powers; aristocracies, monarchies and dynasties. The pending contest is no child's play, but, despite that marshalling of hosts which Duncan McKinlay views with so much confidence and satisfaction, there is reason to hope for the triumph of liberty over that plutocratic mastery that would mean death to free government.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

In Mendocino And Humboldt

The work of organizing the Johnson campaign in Mendocino and Humboldt counties is an excellent example of the possibilities of effective clean politics. These two counties were on the doubtful list. There was a good deal of Curry strength in many places and the "organization" fetich held many voters in others. But the spirit of insurgency was lying fallow, too, and it proved to be fertile ground for sensible cultivation. W. R. Ellis, organizer for the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, attacked the problem, organized clubs where he could, and in places that were too hard for the first attack, put up Johnson pictures and Johnson arguments and went away—to return. When he came back, he found hard places easy. Men, clubs and newspapers that had been shy gunning at first, felt the effect of a crystallizing public sentiment all around them, and came into camp. By the time Hiram Johnson entered the district the towns were all ready to hear him, and his personality and eloquence sealed the work of the preceding weeks. It may be confidently predicted that he will carry these counties. And frankness and clean methods and earnestness did it. This is the sort of work that can be done by local leaders in the next four weeks all over the state. Organized effort is what is needed. Here is a chance for young men to win their spurs.

A GENUINE SURPRISE

One of the funniest stories we have read in years appears in the July Lippincott's, its authorship credited to R. O. Eastman. It is short, but—here it is:

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that today's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

There was a sputter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there in the center of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs'.

BOOK, MUSIC AND PLAYER FOLK

Maestro Mascagni is going to appear b fore the American public next fall in what considered to be his strongest role, that the conductor of a symphonic orchestra. has just signed in Milan with George Tyler New York a separate contract to give sixte concerts of a symphonic and popular ch acter every month he remains in the Unit States. In the contract he binds himself rehearse with the orchestras and condu them, making also a tour of the princi American cities.

Signor Illica, the poet, is considered t cleverest librettist now living. He is comi to America this fall to watch the presentati of Mascagni's opera "Ysobel," of which wrote the book. He will, however, remain America only for the New York opening a will afterward return to Italy, where the pu lisher, Signor Sonzonogno, and several co posers need his services to complete th works.

Marc Klaw, the theatrical manager, recen returned to New York from Europe after a ranging for the American rights for "T Count of Luxemburg," by Franz Lehar, t composer of "The Merry Widow."

The American rights of "Typhoon," a pl of the conflict between the white and yell races, now having a tremendous vogue Berlin, are claimed by two New Yorke Alexander Konta, the lawyer who was sponsible for Mr. Fiske's production of "T Devil," and Stephen Ivor Szinney. Each them has perfected his own translated versi of the play, and claims priority of possessi for performance on the American stage. M Szinney, as has already been reported in th dispatches, has Americanized his version a will call it "Yellow Men." It is not kno in Berlin, where "Typhoon" is still in t midst of a record-breaking run, in what fo Mr. Konta's version will be produced.

Grace MacGowan Cooke has placed h manuscript, "The Power and the Glory," the hands of her publishers, Doubleday, Pa & Co., who will publish the book on Aug 1. It will be illustrated by A. I. Keller. M Cooke is now in California.

Engelbert Humperdinck, the composer the new opera, "The King's Children," whi will be produced for the first time on a stage at the Metropolitan in New York sho ly before next Christmas, announces that h work is now completed. The composer leaving Berlin next week for an extended o ing at the North Cape. In November he w go to New York to conduct the final rehe sals and the first performance. Herr Hu perdinck calls "The King's Children," whi consists of three acts, "a fairy-tale oper The book is by Ernst Rosmer. Geraldi Farrar will create the prima donna role of t Gooseherd, and Karl Jorn will portray t King's son. Louise Homer will also have leading part.

LAWYER WIT
(From "Recollections of a K. C.")

"Of base fees and simple fees,
And all the fees-in-tail
There's nothing can compare with thee
Thou best of fees—fe(e) male."

Long before the Thames embankment w built the river could be approached by t stairs under a remarkable house arch in Ess street, Strand. A client visiting his lawyers firm of three, was invited in their absence write his name in the call book. He did mo and indited the following lines:

"At the top of the street three lawyers resi
At the bottom of the street three coal barg
glide.
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river and craft in t
street."

Another client who paid a similar visit the absence of the legal trio added the follo ing rejoinder:

"Why should honesty fly to some safer
treat?
There's no truth in your maxims, odd
'em!
For the lawyers are just at the top of t
street,
And the barges are just at the bottom."

THE FRESNO JUNIOR COLLEGE

BRINGING THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF THE UNIVERSITY TO THE STUDENT'S DOOR

By C. L. McLANE, City Superintendent of the Fresno Schools

'he addition of a two years' post-graduate course to schools, which amounts to bringing the first two s of college to the students' home district, is one of most interesting and probably one of the most im- ant departures in public school education undertaken :cent years. The first city in California to attempt experiment is Fresno, which is peculiarly suited to it a fair trial by reason of its distance from the ersities, its already excellent school facilities and its -al location in the heart of a populous agricultural ict. The result of this experiment, whose outline is described, will be watched with great interest.—The or.]

he above title may appear rather high ading; yet when one contemplates the ose of the act of the legislature of 1907 orizing the establishment of Post Grad- High School Courses "which shall ap- imate the studies prescribed for the first years of University Courses," the title, ior College," may not seem inappropriate. purpose of this act, like that of much of school legislation, is to encourage boards ndertake something that was already in their powers. Many California high ols have been doing post graduate work years, and no one has ever questioned authority to do so. The high school imply that more than four years' work be prescribed in stating that high school ses of study "shall embrace a period of less than four years." This new act, ever, specifically authorizing this post grad- work will serve to encourage high school ds to undertake it, and give them a greater ee of security from a legal standpoint.

Supported by Local Taxes

e most serious problem facing a board lucation in undertaking this work is the tion of finance. In this country it has the general practice for the state at to supply the funds for maintaining the r institutions of learning, at least one ch state, and in many instances the major of the funds for elementary schools. ndary or high schools have been sup- d, in the main, from local taxation. e State of Massachusetts has recently a step far in advance of California in movement to bring the advantages of r education to the very doors of the e. Some twenty-eight centers for high- ucation have been provided for, through- he state, using the high school and nor- school equipment, in the main, as the for operations. What the result of this ment will be is yet to be determined; hese two projects along somewhat dif- t lines, on the extreme eastern and west- hores of our country, are certainly sig- nt of the awakening of the people to ossibilities of higher education for the s—and at less expense—"Bargains in ge Education," as one writer puts it.

Bringing College Nearer

time has evidently come in the pro- of education in this state when one vo centralized institutions cannot meet emands of our high school graduates for r educational training. Even though institutions could increase their facili- ndefinitely, it is neither advisable nor ient to do so. Expense, distance from rs of population, the congregating of numbers of students and many other tions stand in the way of popularizing e education in California under present tions. It would seem that the state has but a small part of its obligation in y permitting local authorities to go d the traditional high school courses. the least that should be expected of tate is to supply a part of the funds sary to carry on this advanced work. though it might be deemed expedient ace the management of it under the University authorities, so far as the ing of the courses is concerned, as as judging the quality of work done. ile Fresno has been among the foremost cities in the state in the liberal support of its public schools, it will certainly stand at the head, for the present at least, in assuming this additional burden. With a school enrollment of more than five thousand and an assessed valuation of fourteen million only, our tax rate runs pretty high, although the cost per pupil for school maintenance is below the average for cities of the state.

Hearty Public Support

Before taking any steps toward the introduction of this post graduate work in Fresno, a thorough sounding of public sentiment was made through the press and through circulars sent to parents of pupils attending the various high schools throughout this section of the state. From almost every school came some sort of response. It seems remarkable that not a single adverse opinion has been received. On the contrary, every sentiment so far expressed has been heartily in favor of the movement. Under the stimulation of this encouragment the superintendent brought the matter before the Board of Education, and was authorized to prepare a report, covering the needs of such a course as contemplated, and a general plan of procedure. The following report was soon after presented and unanimously adopted:

"Fresno, Cal., May 6, 1910.

"To the Honorable Board of Education:

"Gentlemen: Pursuant to a resolution adopted by you at a meeting held on April 18th, I herewith submit the following report on the needs for a post graduate course for our high school under the provisions of Section 1750 of the Political Code, also plans and methods of carrying the same into effect:

"There is no institution of higher education within two hundred miles of Fresno where students may continue their studies beyond the regular high school courses. Many of our high school graduates are but seventeen or eighteen years of age, and parents are frequently loth to send these young people so far from home. Many who desire to continue their studies cannot afford the expense necessary to college or university attendance. Some desire to take up one or more special studies, and at the same time continue in some sort of remunerative employment.

The Universities Approve

"Authorities in the University of California and Stanford University have been consulted in this matter and seem much interested in the project. Both have promised such assistance as they may be able to render in planning courses and in securing able instructors. I have no doubt that we may be able to do work of such merit as will command recognition from both these institutions.

"About the first of the year the following circular was distributed to the students in the Fresno High School and sent to the principals of several other near-by high schools:

Fresno, Cal., Jan. 1, 1910.

To Patrons of the Public Schools throughout the San Joaquin Valley:

By an act of legislature passed in 1907, high schools may prescribe post-graduate courses of study. Such courses must "approximate the studies prescribed in the first two years of university courses."

A movement is under way looking toward the establishment of such courses in the Fresno High School. The completion and equipment of the new High School Polytechnic Annex will afford ample means of carrying out such advanced work. The general aims of such courses will be:

1. To give to young people who cannot afford the time and expense of actual university attendance the opportunity of continuing their education at home.
2. To provide practical courses in Agriculture, Manual and Domestic Arts, and other technical work, in addition to the regular high school courses.
3. To carry students through the first two years of college or university work, thus enabling them to complete a four year's course with but two years' actual university attendance.

If this movement appeals to you, and you feel that it might be used to promote the educational interests of those under your charge, please sign below.

The object in sending out this circular is to ascertain the sentiment of those most directly interested, and the signing of it in no way carries with it any obligation.

Respectfully,
C. L. McLANE,
City Superintendent of Schools.

"Something like two hundred parents have expressed a desire to take advantage of such contemplated higher work. Many inquiries have recently been made as to when such courses might be started and questions asked as to details of same. In consequence of this interest shown, I would respectfully make the following recommendations:

"1. That the Board of Education authorize the establishment of post graduate work in our high school as contemplated in the above mentioned act.

"2. That a competent man be employed to take charge as head or dean of such department, to teach such subjects as might be agreed upon with the school management.

"3. That the courses offered for the first year be along the following general lines: Mathematics, Science, Agriculture, English, Foreign Languages, History, Economics and Technical work; having in view preparation both for further college work and for practical life.

"4. That a tuition fee of $40.00 per year, payable in advance, or $5.00 per month, be charged for non-resident students.

"5. That the superintendent be authorized to prepare and send to the various high schools in this section of the state, a circular setting forth the general plans and advantages of such courses, and endeavor to ascertain how many students will enter next fall.

"The new department is to be known as the Fresno Junior College, or post graduate courses for the high school.

"Respectfully submitted,
"City Superintendent of Schools."

The circular referred to above gives additional details and is quoted, in part, for that reason, as follows:

"Fresno, Cal., May, 1910.

"To High School Principals and Students:

"The Board of Education of the City of Fresno School District has authorized the establishment of a two years' post graduate or "Junior College" course in connection with the high school, as provided for in Section 1750 of the Political Code. Work in this department will begin at the opening of the regular term of school, September 12th. Capable instructors will be provided, as well as ample equipment in the way of library, laboratories, shops, etc. Special attention will be given to agriculture and other industrial subjects. Courses will be arranged to fit university standards, as well as the more immediate demands of practical life.

"While the prime object of instituting and carrying on this work is to meet the needs of our own students, yet there has been such interest manifest from other near-by high schools as to justify the board in planning such an institution as will command the attention and meet the requirements of the entire San Joaquin Valley. As the expense of conducting this department will necessarily be somewhat heavy, and as Fresno cannot afford to carry this expense for the entire valley, it has been deemed necessary to fix a tuition fee of $40.00 per year, payable in advance, or $5.00 per month, upon all outside students. This fee will hardly pay a proportional amount of the entire cost of maintenance, but will about meet the additional expense thus entailed by reason of such outside attendance.

"It will be the aim of this department to look after students in their interests and activities outside the regular school work, so that they may have all the advantages, so far as practicable, that are afforded by other institutions of higher education.

(Continued on Next Page)

("Junior College"—Continued)

Agricultural Course

"In order to plan wisely in organizing the first year's work, it will be necessary to ascertain the approximate number of students who will attend, and the lines of work they expect to pursue. It is therefore urged upon those who wish to take up this advanced work for the coming year, to fill out the regular application blank, underscoring such subjects listed as they wish to pursue, and file it with the superintendent at once. The university authorities have promised the use of the Kearney Farm, near Fresno, for such agricultural work as the school may need. This farm of 5,000 acres is in a high state of cultivation, and is equipped with almost everything needed for practical work in every line and phase of agricultural experimentation and demonstration. It is the purpose of our school department to give much emphasis to this phase of education. No other section in the west is so vitally interested in such work, and no other high school so favored in the possibilities for carrying on practical, scientific farming.

Normal Course

"It has been proposed by one of the foremost educators in the state that it might be well to include a normal course in our plans, until such time as the legislature might see fit to establish a regular normal school in this section of the state. Our city school system would certainly afford adequate means for the practical training of student-teachers; and no doubt the State Board of Education would be willing to give due recognition to such work. Steps will be taken at once looking toward the establishment of such a course, and obtaining from the state board their attitude toward it. Should there be a large number of students desiring to take a normal course, it might be undertaken at once, and the very fact of such interest being manifest would aid us in getting a fully equipped normal at an early date.

"It is proposed to secure a man of high educational standing and wide experience to act as dean or head of this department, who will take an active part in organizing the faculty and courses of study.

"So soon as the faculty has been organized, and the courses definitely planned for this post graduate work, full information will be sent to all who have registered, or to others interested.

"Admission requirements will be on the same basis as those of the University of California for such students as wish college credits. Graduation from any high school of recognized standing will be accepted for admission into courses not leading to higher college work. Students of good standing who have not finished a high school course may be admitted to the regular high school with the privilege of taking such advanced work as their capabilities and standing will justify. Students may also be admitted upon examination.

"An appropriate certificate, or diploma, will be awarded to such as complete a two years' course."

Polytechnic Annex

The new High School Polytechnic Annex to the Fresno High School, now in process of erection, containing an Assembly room seating about twelve hundred, Laboratories, Lecture rooms, Art rooms, Library and rooms for Household Arts and Sciences and Manual Training—Wood and Iron work—will afford accommodations for this department for some time to come. Some additional laboratory equipment and increased library facilities will necessarily follow.

From the present outlook, the attendance will be sufficiently large from the outset to stimulate an interest among the students attending, and to justify the employment of two or more special instructors for this department. Much interest has been manifest among high schools throughout this section of the state. It would seem that conditions are almost ideal to build up an institution here that will ultimately meet the local needs for higher practical and technical education, as well as to furnish the more formal training and preparation for still higher educational work.

INSURGENCY IN CALIFORNIA

(Editorial in Saturday Evening Post)

"The emancipation of the Republican party in California from domination by the political bureau of the Southern Pacific Railroad and its allies," is the foremost object of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of that state. Truly, a strange object in a government professedly free. For forty years California, politically speaking, has been an asset of a railroad whose creatures have been put into the legislature, into congress and on the bench.

This seems an odd situation in an American state, but the oddness is more apparent than real. In California the ruling politico-business hierarchy happens to center in a single corporation. In other states it consists of a fraternity of many corporations. Pennsylvania, for example, is as much bossed as California, but not to the same degree by its leading railroad. Probably, for one thing, the Pennsylvania railroad is too intelligent to set up its chief counsel as the political general superintendent of a state.

The contest in California is essentially the same contest that other states are waging—to drive predatory business out of politics. The situation there is, however, both simpler and more galling, because the enemy is so easily identified. And there the contest is more forward than in many states. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League, as California insurgents call themselves, is making a good fight to carry this summer's primaries. In the Second Congressional District the candidate is William Kent—"just the sort of man that is needed in Congress," says the Daily News of Chicago, which city Mr. Kent helped to lead out of its traction jungle. We expect the California insurgents to win. It is not easy to believe that California chooses to be the appendage of a railroad.

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)NCT I said to pop, "What do you understand a pennyroil cow is anyways, pop?"

'op was feelin' purty peart 'cause he had ' sold a game heifer to Jake Spading for ·en dollars an' seventy-five cents an' had money right in his pants' pocket, too. She s a kickin' heifer.

Son," said he, thoughtful, as he set diggin' wet dirt off o' the moul' board o' the plow his heel—he was bustin' up the San'hill d as he did ev'ry spring scourin' his plow—en the Monon railroad years sence came uttin' down through the moskeeter, frog an' inyroil distric's west o' here I was over to non sellin' seed corn for dad, as to save soul he couldn't git to sprout. The track s finished down to the Wabash an' some big gs had come out t' inspec' the whole busi-s. Seein' me by the station, says the Su-'ntendin' to me, 'Hello, is that you, squire? ne along 'ith us an'—' "

W'y pop," I said, "you wa'n't no squire n, was you?"

'op kind o' caught 'imse'f up, scratched 'is d slow 'ith 'is thumb nail an' said sort o' ibtful like, "That's so, Skid, that's so, but vas in me big, mighty big. So havin' sold the seed corn, I jumped on. I 'member r, Skid, I was 'bout yer age an' the .silver jinglin' in my pants pocket. I got two ars a bushel for it. Sence I think they ited me to ten' the jug w'ich had a hank catnip in it; gosh-a-me-e! but that catnip frageran'. So nothin' would do 'em but ire Puffer mus' go 'long.

So off we goes jus' a hummin' as gay as a y snakepeter flittin' about in the sun. Right very firs' thing we seen about forty rod ad of us was one of' them 'rig'nal penny-cows as hadn't mebby been lassoed for nty er thirty year. She was muddy an' k right up to the swimmin' line 'ith swamp ibo. She was lashin' 'er tail slow like a ther ready to spring, an' her horns stuck it up in the sky. She did look fearful. Ef ian 'ith a shotgun 'd come acrost sech a g at night, more'n likely he'd throw 'is gun y an' make a Bull Run for home; and ef vas n't scart to death he'd yell 'bloody mur-ev'ry jump. But the pennyroil stock, the 'lo, the reg'lar six-toed 'rig'nal Indianyan the unicorn is extinc' in Indiany now.

'W'at is it, Jim?' ast the Super'ntendin gin' on the fore door o' the coach, to Jim engineer. Jim breshed the galnippers out s ears an' wiped moskeeters off 'is face an' in' wil' said:

'You c'n search me, Mr. Super'ntendin.' he shet off 'is san'spike that he jams in b'iler.

The Super'ntendin calls to me for the jug drinks for 'bout a minnit and a half for age. Nen he looked agin, wipin' 'is ith on the back of 'is han'—back'ard an' ird slow, starin' at the napperition:

Jim, I ast you w'at you think it is.'

Seein's it's you, Mr. Super'ntendin, I sh'd it is sun-fish an' devil-fish mixed, but some-my eyes kind o' jiggle.'

Spose it is the jug, Jim?' ast the Super'n-in in a whisper kind o' scared an' tryin' to the p'ints of 'is fore-fingers together an' n'. Nobody said nothin'. D'rectly he out loud, for the jug was gittin' in its k:

The track is good here for nine mile; we lost but two engines sence we com-ced this division; I guess we c'n spare her. Let 'er go. Ra-am 'er-r,' an' he d them r's way down from his ches' jus' in' the col' chills play fox an' geese 'long back.

)' course I knowed w'at the thing was, , but I was a nones' boy, brought up by but scattered descenden's, an' had learned eness, grammar, the single rule o' three an' e manners. It was no time for me to be in' in 'thout astin'. I jus' kep' tendin' jug an' looking modes'.

The Super'ntendin sent a tincupful ird to Jim. He drunk it, holdin' the tin-'ith both han's to steady 'imse'l an' lookin' ierways out o' the tincup at the pennyroil. as we was standin' still she jus' kep starin' is an' tossin' her head sassy.

Nen Jim flung the tincup over 'is head back ne an' puttin' 'is foot agin the b'iler he ked his handspike clean to the coal bin.

THE PENNYROIL COW

BY

"SKID PUFFER"

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I guess he was kind o' mad efter drinkin', 'cause the pennyroil was lookin' gapeseed at us, flickin' 'er head an' smilin' lambastically.

"W'en Jim done that the engine jumped for'ard forty foot 'ithout tetchin', an' so did the cow. Gosh-all-blimity, Skid, y'ought to've seen that race! 'Fore a minnit the gravel ballast on th' road begin to come reg'lar. She kicked back darnicks as big as my fist an' 'sides breakin' out the headlight she had Jim scrouged down behin' the b'iler dodgin' the bigges' rocks. But we was flyin' jus' the same, jus' whizzin'!

"We fairly ro-o-ar-'d. The frogs 'long the right o' way was throwed out o' the water mebby four er five foot high. I watched some of 'em, but we got to goin' faster an' d'rec'ly we was speedin' so fas' 'at we'd git out o' sight 'fore they struck the water agin. The firs' mile we run 'bout even; the secon' mile she was gainin'; the third mile Jim throwed a narmload o' hick'ry kindlin' in an' we gained 'bout twenty rod. I was holdin' my hair on with one han' an' tendin' to the jug with th' ether.

"The fourth mile I set on the jug an' helt my watch. We went that mile in fifty-four forty an' fightin' still. The gravel rainin' 'roun' was ter-r-ible. I have the watch yit, Skid, to prove that.

"The sixth mile—say, Skid, w'at gol dinged mile am I on anyways? 'The seventh?' well, all right. The seventh mile Jim was red-headed as a woodpecker an' flung in a five gallon can o' coal ile. The pennyroil was goin' reg'lar, kind o' like a saw-log 'ith fins on it sort o' heavin' from en' to en'.

"Thunderation an' Texas! W'en she saw that black coal ile smoke roachin' back over th' engine she got scart. She'd been lookin' back sassy over 'er shoulder for five or six mile an' w'en I got a glanct once nawhile an' could see 'er lambastic grinnin', Skid, w'y I got excited an' got up an' yelled. Bein' so scart she commenced to run. Jim yelled like an Indian. She got scart mos' to death, jus' as ef th' ol' kind of Indiany Indians was after her.

"Nen she did spurt. Ever see a pennyroil spurt w'en she is scart? No; o' course not. You have got to have mighty quick eyes 'bout that time or you will see 'er no more f'rever. She will be ob-oblivious, vanished, an' "—nen pop tried to think o' some po'try he gits off at the winter literary, but he couldn't connect an' went on.

"Skid, never in my whole born days did I see a spurt like that. It was sothin' like a swarm of fence rails an' smoke an' nen silence an' death. Just a flash like a swarm o' fightin' gnats you blow smoke into an' they are extinc'. The nex' two mile, Jim losin' the trail, stopped. He got down an' went 'round to the front.

"'W'at a' you doin' anyways, Jim?' ast the Super'ntendin, holdin' onto the keb w'ich was all of a trimble yit.

"'The headlight is busted, the smokestack ripped full o' holes, but the forewheels is good yit as they didn't tetch more'n half the time, but the drivers is most wore out. I'm lookin' for hair an' blood. There ain't any, but the paint's all scorched', an' lookin' sorrowful, he ast for another tincupful.

"'Well, Jim,' said the Super'ntendin lookin' 'round', 'here in the tender 'pears to me like this is a gravel train.' Nen he come back to me purty pale.

"'Squire, he said, no, 'hub,' he said, 'you air native 'roun' here, w'at you think this nap-parition was?' Nen I bowed in a princely way tetchin' my for'ed. 'Sir, she is the native pennyroil.' Nen I bowed agin an' tetched my for'ed agin. 'Sir, she is a wil' denizen an' has to be lassoed to milk 'er. W'en native an' wil' she can't be ketched 'cept with blood-houn's with 'bout two miles handicap. The male animal eats on'y pennyroil an' bull-frogs.' Nen, Skid, I bowed nearly to the jug, sayin', 'Sir, she is noted for 'er fleetness, slerity, rasheoshenashun details an' perspective!' I tell you, Skid, I could fling grammar with the best of 'em in them early days. The Super'ntendin set down kind o' weak.

"'Pennyroil? Pennyroil'? he said in a whisper. 'The devil you say! W'y I been a smellin' mint for ten mile back, but I thought it was comin' from Jim's system.'

"An' that's w'at a pennyroil was, Skid. The milk was always tainted with our native perfume an' none of 'em ever give more'n a thimble or two o' milk. But it was rich, Skid, mighty didrapin' rich—cream clean to the bottom. It jus' nachurly produces crippled words, di'lect po'try, Knights o' the Golden Circle an' long laiged dogs."

"Long la-i-ged dogs, Pop?" I ast, perfec'ly astonished.

"Course, son, 'cause we always had to run 'em down at milkin' time."

"'Spect they was golding kickers, pop, w'en bein' milked," I said thinkin'.

"Nix, Skid, for you see they'd soar till they dropped an' w'en they was onconscious we tapped 'em for ther heavenly nectar an' pennyroil otter."

A FORGOTTEN POET

A discussion having arisen over some verses alleged to have been composed by General Stonewall Jackson, the Springfield Republican corrects the mistake as to their authorship and gives some interesting details concerning an almost forgotten poet of the old South. It says:

But there is no mystery about the authorship of the poem mentioned. It is by Gen. Henry Rootes Jackson of Georgia, born in that state in 1820, educated at the university of Georgia, at Princeton, N. J., and at Yale. He engaged in the practice of the law, but on the breaking out of the war with Mexico raised a company for that service and became its captain and subsequently colonel of the regiment to which it was attached. He held several important public posts, among which was that of United States minister to Austria at Vienna. On the breaking out of the war of secession he served with Georgia troops and finally under Hood in his advance upon Nashville, when he commanded a brigade. In the battle of Nashville he was taken prisoner and held to the close of the war. The general was quite a poet, and in 1850 he published a volume entitled "Tallulah and Other poems." In that collection are the lines to his father, mentioned above. But the poem by him best known and oftenest quoted is "My Wife and Child." It has also been ignorantly attributed to Stonewall Jackson. Here are two stanzas from it:

"The tatoo beats; the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

"I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!"

Jurist, statesman, soldier and diplomatist, Gen. Henry R. Jackson died at Savannah in 1898. In his later life he thought but little of his lines, but some of them are not without merit, and they are quoted in newspapers after their author is dead and forgotten. As for Stonewall Jackson, who appears to have been incapable of expressing tender sentiments in musical numbers, he needs nothing of that sort to make him remembered. His deeds in war speak for him and testify that he was one of the greatest soldiers who ever lived.

SHEAR WIT

"How long a term does the vice-president serve, pa?" "Four years, my son." "Doesn't he get anything off for good behavior?"—Lippincott's.

"How did your act take, amateur night?" "Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment'!"—Baltimore Sun.

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her. "How dare you!" she shrieked. "Pardon me," he bluffed, readily—"I thought you were my sister." She stepped out into the light. "You silly fool!" she giggled, "I am." He fainted. —Cleveland Leader.

"Where's your father?" asked the man on horseback. "Up the river fishin'," answered the boy. "Where's your big brother?" "Down the river fishin'." "What are you doing?" "Diggin' bait." "Hasn't your family anything to do but amuse itself?" "Mister, if you think we're doin' this for fun, you wait an' hear what maw says if we come home without any fish."—Washington Star.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a New York Central train with his mother, when they were asked the customary question "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still as if pondering, and then cried to the conductor, "And mother's 31!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The "boss" was a hustler. Two of his men were not. Long experience, however, had made them wise in their way. "Now, then, where are you going?" asked the foreman on one occasion. "Please, sir," responded one of the men, "we're takin' this 'ere plank up to the saw-mill." "Plank? What plank?" snapped the boss. "I don't see any plank!" The man looked down at his hands, then over his shoulder, and turned blandly to his mate. "Why, bless me, Bill," he exclaimed, "if we ain't been an' forgot the plank!"—Answers.

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle. "What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blessed finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the vestal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned." "Thirty cents," said a red nosed man in the front row. "It's yours!" cried the auctioneer cheerfully. "What next?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN INSURGENT LADY

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, rarely tells a story, but the position of the insurgent Republican senators in finally voting for some of the administration bills, and their attitude toward the regulars when so doing, reminded him of a thin, hatchet-faced woman he saw once in a street car in Providence.

She stood in the rear doorway of the car and refused to move up, although several times asked to do so by the conductor.

"Move up, madam; move up," the conductor shouted, pushing her ahead.

"I sha'n't do it," she said. "I sha'n't move a peg."

"Move up," insisted the conductor; "plenty of room in the middle of the car."

"I sha'n't do it," said the woman, clinging to her strap.

Just then a man ran across the track in front of the car and the motorman put on his brakes hard. The car stopped very suddenly. The woman was pulled from her strap and sent skittering up to the front end, where she banged against the door. From that position she glared back at the conductor and shouted:

"Well, I'm here; but you didn't make me come!"—Saturday Evening Post.

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PERSONALIA

Miss Elinor C. Zimmerman of East Louis, Ill., has won a prize for drawing t best plan of a seven-room house to cost $2,5 She had more than five thousand competito

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic plorer, has made his first investment Canadian real estate by purchasing 100 f of residential property at Port Arthur, O tario.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given $15,000 to t National Association of Audubon Societies its work in the South. She has already giv $500 to start a special robin protective fu which the association is raising for the pu pose of protecting the robins. In the So the robin is treated as a game bird and ea year fewer and fewer return to their hom in the North.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Colu bia University, who, with Mrs. Butler, is ma ing a long stay in London, is spending great deal of time in finding out the mo beneficial manner in which George Crocke bequest to Columbia for cancer research m be spent. Dr. Butler is consulting many lea ing cancer specialists in an endeavor to g their views on the subject, one object bei not to duplicate in any way the research wo that is being done in England and elsewhe in Europe.

Miss Alice B. White of Crosswicks, N. is said to be the only woman who has ev sent in an application for employment as motorwoman in this country. Miss White 18. She is the daughter of an expert machi ist, who died recently and from whom she herited her love for machinery and her abili to manage it. She has applied to the Ca den and Trenton Railway Company for place as motorwoman. It is said that s knows how to manage an automobile and h had considerable experience with trolley ca

Henry M. MacCracken, whose connecti with New York university as chancellor for quarter of a century has just ended, start last week on a tour of the world, part which will be spent in the study of educ tional features and the civilization of the east. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ma Cracken, who will be his traveling companic throughout the long journey. Secretary State Knox has given the chancellor an of cial introduction to the powers in the far eas so that he will be received as a semi-offici visitor from the United States government.

Ever since he was a boy at school Fie Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who recently cel brated his 72d birthday, has had a tough tim and often has been called "Hard Wood." the age of ten he went to Marlborough gra mar school, and then to the college in t same town. Here he received his baptism "war." It was a riot among the boy brought about by the prohibition of pyr technic displays on the 5th of November. T culmination was a month of mutiny, durin which the head master's desk was burned a great damage done to the premises. Your Wood was flogged, fined £2 and given 3 lines of Latin to learn by heart.

John E. Thayer, recently granted the d gree of master of arts by Harvard universit has established and maintains a museum, u equaled in its collection of birds of Nort America. Here, upon his own initiative, a by his own means, he has brought togeth and holds for free public exhibition an abs lutely unique collection of mounted spec mens of all species of birds ever known have been found upon the continent of Nort America, or its adjoining seas. A wonde ful and, in many specialties, unparallel collection of skins, for scientific study, suppl ments the specimens exhibited for more po ular study or observation. All known nes and eggs of birds of our northern hemisphe are here also preserved, and all safeguarde in an appropriate and beautiful buildin erected for their care and exhibition for t free enjoyment and education of the peopl

("Dr. W. R. Cluness"—Concluded)

sfied without the old family doctor, toc. attended her until she was well. Then the parties of travelers were called together the voyage back to California was begun. ore the vessel reached Honolulu the little 's sister became ill and her case developed smallpox, and she and her parents were oved to quarantine at Honolulu. Dr. ness was not allowed to see her again be- the ship resumed the voyage, but he went ear the hospital as he was allowed, and a big dry goods box upon which he stood, hat he could wave goodbye to the little She stood at the window inside, and the he saw of her for several weeks she was wing him kisses from the quarantine win-

hen she and her parents reached Califor- the parents wished to acknowledge their itude to the doctor for his promptness willingness in making the hard journey in n to attend them. So they sent him a t armchair, which is now the favorite seat he doctor in his home. The friend who the writer this story once remarked to Cluness, "You remind me of Dr. Maclure n I see you sitting in that chair." "Why," imed the doctor, "that's what they call -Dr. Maclure."

ree charter members of the old Sacra- to Society for Medical Improvement still ice, of those who founded the society -two years ago. They are Dr. G. L. nons, Dr. H. L. Nichols and Dr. Cluness. bridge the gap that lies between Sacra- o of that day, without railroads, a mining set in a barren plain, to the Sacramento the California of today, rich, cultivated, lous, equipped with all the accessories of rn comfort and civilization, surely this career to look back upon with satisfaction ving seen such things accomplished. And Cluness might say, with Caesar, "All of things I saw, part of these things I was."

SUMMONS

e Superior Court of the State of California in and the City and County of San Francisco, Depart- t No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

PH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate) AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff,)
vs.
persons claiming any interest in, or lien) n, the real property described herein, or) part thereof, Defendants.)

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, al property herein described or any part thereof, ants, greeting:

are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above d Court and City and County, within three s after the first publication of this summons, and forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or that certain real property or any part thereof, d in the City and County of San Francisco, State ifornia, particularly described as follows:

mencing at a point on the northerly line of Green distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths 12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Ma- reet, running thence westerly along said line of street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) hence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and welfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles east- wenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine- is (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. To- with the improvements thereon and the appur- es thereunto belonging.

you are hereby notified that, unless you so ap- nd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court e relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That djudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said prop- i fee simple absolute; that his title to said prop- e established and quieted; that the Court ascer- id determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, r the same be legal or equitable, present or vested or contingent, and whether the same con- mortgages or liens of any description; that plain- over his costs herein and have such other relief as e meet in the premises.

NESS my hand and the seal of said Court this y of June, A. D. 1910.

eal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
EY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

te of MARY GAFFNEY, deceased.

ce is hereby given by the undersigned adminis- of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, to the rs of and all persons having claims against the ceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouch- hin four months after the first publication of this to the said administratrix at the law office of e Gradwohl, 816 Pacific Building, corner Fourth arket streets, San Francisco, California, which said the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND.
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 7, 1910.
MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, San Francisco. 7-8-4t

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.
RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary. 7-8-10t

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary. 7-8-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES CORCORAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, Room 858, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

M. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 30, 1910.
CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator.

ORPHAN NOTICE
THE BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

	Years	Months
Whole Orphans		
Halstead, Andrew	12	
Chrisholm, Louis	12	10
Half Orphans		
Scofield, Olin	10	7
Reno, Willie	12	6
Reno, Peter	13	6
McGuire, Ignatius	11	7

7-8-4t

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (savings department), formerly French Savings Bank, 108 Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1910.

A. LEGALLET, President. 7-1-2t

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of NEPTUNE DREDGING COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Number 237 First street, between Howard and Folsom streets, in the City of San Francisco, State of California, on MONDAY, the 18th day of July, 1910, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the consideration and transaction of any and all other business that may be brought before the meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
J. S. SPILMAN, Secretary. 7-1-2t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter street.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1st, 1910.

Dividends not drawn become part of deposit accounts and earn dividends from July 1st.

Money deposited on or before July 11th will earn interest from July 1st.

WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier. 7-1-2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Humboldt Bank Building Phone Douglas 3595
7-15-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Insurance Commissioner

If all men were honest and entirely sane, possessed sound judgments and were prudent, were anxious to serve society in full measure heaped up and pressed down, there would be little need for government beyond the simplest forms, but few men possess all these virtues and some possess none of them. Therefore the regulative powers of government have to be invoked at every turn.

Insurance is many centuries old. It was in operation back as far as the twelfth century, and it grew out of marine insurance. In those days the Mediterranean sea was the world's one great theatre of commerce. It is a stormy sea and the vessels which then ploughed it were not the great, floating hotels which now make regular trips on schedule time from New York to Naples, little harmed by weather conditions. The ships of those early years were small and not made of steel, and the risks of navigation were great.

Furthermore, the Mediterranean was infested with Moorish and other pirates. Merchants commonly went with their ships and cargoes and traded from port to port, and if, as sometimes happened, they were captured by an enemy of their country, or by a piratical crew, ransom was exacted on pain of death. All such perils to commerce and navigation had somehow to be provided for or commerce could not go on, and so the merchants came to create a common fund to which they all contributed and out of which the unfortunate were reimbursed or ransomed as each case might require. From insuring ships the business came to be extended to other forms of property, from insuring the lives and liberties of traveling merchants to insuring the lives of all classes of persons, from insuring against death for the benefit of families to insurance against accidents for the benefit of the individual, and then to live stock, automobiles, integrity of character, titles to property, against injury from lightning and tornadoes, or from the sprinkling of goods by the breaking of water pipes.

But it was found that, because of the cupidities or incapacities of men, much insurance proved of little worth in the time of need. Insurance companies collected much in premiums, but paid few losses. The great fire in San Francisco tested many insurance companies beyond their endurance. Some of them sought relief from their obligations through trickery, through clauses printed in their policies in exceedingly fine print that went far to destroy the value of the policy, and yet constituted a part of the contract. To prevent fraud on the part of insurance companies, to know what companies are solvent and what are bankrupt, state supervision must be exercised in the public interest.

In order to perform this service California maintains an Insurance Commissioner with a staff of assistants, clerks and other employes, in addition to hiring trained actuaries when they are needed, for insurance is reduced almost to an exact science. Hazard is figured out in the light of human experience and foreknown to a nicety. It is not always that our State Insurance Commissioners are trained insurance men. On the contrary they are usually untrained politicians who must learn their business from their own clerks and from the office books and law books; but we Americans are a versatile people and get on somehow even without expert men in such offices, although it were better to have men technically trained in the work before they enter upon such duties.

California law recognizes fourteen differing branches of insurance and stipulates how much capital any company must have to be allowed to insure in this state. It is the duty of the State Commissioner of Insurance and his examiners to inquire into the financial standing of all insurance companies; to see to it that insurance companies chartered in other states have no more right in California than insurance companies chartered in California have in the states from which such other insurance companies derive their charters; to demand that insurance companies chartered in foreign countries maintain reserves, either in the state treasury of California or some other state, as a guaranty of reliability in the event of loss; the collection of fees and taxes from insurance companies, amounting, in 1908, for example, to nearly a half million dollars; where laws are violated by insurance companies or their agents, certifying the facts to the district attorney where the unlawful acts were committed that the guilty persons may be prosecuted; to grant certificates to insurance companies entitled to do business in the state and revoke the same when companies are no longer fit; to compel the replenishing of the impaired capital of insurance companies when they are no longer sound and, in short, to do all things needful for the protection of the insured.

This department of government proved its worth after the great fire, but it also proved that, in spite of it, not all precautions were taken that should have been. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of insurance that had been paid for in good faith proved valueless when the supreme test came.

The cost of maintaining the state department of insurance is borne by the insurance companies doing business in this state, mainly in the form of fees and fines or, if need be, assessments. The Commissioner receives $4,000 a year and his employes draw salaries in the aggregate sum of $13,700 per year, beside traveling expenses.

Assessment and fraternal insurance associations are exempt from supervision by this department. There is need for it. Many such enterprises fail through bad management and not a few from trying to do what, in the long run, cannot be done—furnish insurance for less than it costs to insure. Those associations need looking after, too, and the law should be so amended as to bring them under the supervision of this department.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: RESIDENCE DISTRICT OPTION

—By J. E. White

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JULY 22 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

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That Which Is Dangerous

ENTHUSIASTIC CONTEMPORARY boosts the candidacy for the assembly of Judge G. M. Steele, of Lodi, in for the avowed reason that he has the requisite legal ledge, and "fine oratorical 'agility.'" May we not venture pe that the booster meant "ability?" Oratorical ability in islative body is hazard enough, as the career of one Nathan ghlan has often demonstrated, but an orator of "agility" in islature would prove a greater plague than a Parker, Burke latton rolled into one.

A Good Man's Good Cheer

WAS KINDLY OF FRANCIS J. HENEY, resting and reuiting away off at Cos Cob, Connecticut, to send words of cheer to Hiram Johnson and the marching hosts of political y in California. "Good cheer to Johnson, and good cheer e people of California," he writes, "their day of deliverance the bondage of Southern Pacific greedy and unscrupulous ol is near at hand." Right you are, Mr. Heney! And as ears pass the unselfish service you gave the people of this and this state will be increasingly appreciated. All your of temper and of zeal will evanish as a mist of the morn- nd the splendid service you rendered will stand over against as enduring, as inspiring and as grand as Tamalpais against northwestern horizon. We would that you were here to your voice to this cause, but there lives in California no l to Frank Heney who will not vote for Hiram W. Johnson ugust 16.

In On a Technicality

OUS JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the second, feels certain hat it will be well hereafter for John D., the first, for, alh he will die possessed of many hundreds of millions of s, he will die devoid of all love therefor. The point seems slightly technical but well taken. The old gentleman s how dollars are made.

In Protest at Delay

TRICK CALHOUN AND his fellow conspirators are beoming restive because of delay in their cases in the admin- ion of justice, and have appealed to the supreme court for Indeed, why should there be delay in these cases? Have nese malefactors secured a prosecuting officer after their own ? Is not the chief witness for the prosecution being main- l in idle affluence just over the British Columbian border? not all the powers of police and for execution of judicial ss in friendly hands? Then why should the wheels of the al mill be clogged merely because one upright judge hopes st hope that peradventure something may happen to give e a chance to vindicate its right to be respected even by who sit in the seats of the mighty?

Coals to Newcastle

E SAN JOAQUIN POWER COMPANY, generating ydro-electric energy on the head waters of the San Joaquin have just bought out the electric concern supplying rsfield with light and power, confessedly as an initial step rd invading the oil fields of Kern county with electric fluid mitted from the mountains of Fresno. If that be not ying coals to Newcastle," what is? It has been stated that power can be generated hydro-electrically, transmitted more than a hundred miles and sold so cheaply that if a manufacturer had an inexhaustible well of oil issuing from his own engine room he could better afford to take power from the wires than generate it from his own well. This looks as though there might be some foundation for the statement.

Unequaled In History

IN MAKING HIS CAMPAIGN before the people of California, Hiram W. Johnson has traveled, principally by automobile, between 8,000 and 9,000 miles; has addressed between 400 and 500 meetings; has looked into the faces of, and delivered his message to, not less than 100,000 voters, half as many as there are Republicans in the state. Not a man who heard his voice and looked into his eyes has gone away doubting the sincerity of his convictions or the single mindedness of his purpose. It is to be doubted if, in the sixty years of its history as a state, California has witnessed another such campaign, as it is to be doubted if it has witnessed another such victory of right over wrong, unless it was when Starr King won undying fame in a part of the same field. And there are yet twenty-five days in which the same eloquent voice will be heard in the same transcendent cause of making California a free state! Emancipation is not a less glorious cause in 1910 than it was in 1861, nor has it a less glorious champion.

Only a Foretaste

SYMPATHY CANNOT BE WITHHELD from Mr. Charles F. Curry, in view of his disastrous experience with an unruly automobile, but, bitter as was that experience, it was no more than a foretaste of what the Southern Pacific's political machine is trying to do to him if the power of money can accomplish it. And yet, let him take comfort in this thought: If that machine finds that it cannot crush him it will, in the last throes of its own dissolution, cave Alden Anderson down the bank and throw all its strength back to Curry. Anderson is having his chance now. Curry's may come later.

The Physical Culture Incident Closed

THAT HYPOCRITICAL HOMAGE which vice so often pays to virtue, by softening the acerbities of speech, has now reduced prize fighting to "physical cultural," but it is to be doubted if the bloody business will smell more sweet under that terminology than under another or be tolerated any more readily.

The Chronicle Renegade

THE SAN FRANCISCO MORNING MORAL IDIOT is fighting Kent and conservation, notwithstanding that it was a Republican congress that "buttressed" a Republican president with the power, which that President speedily exercised, to withdraw from entry all the coal lands of Alaska and oil lands of California, all the water power sites of the continent and phosphate lands of West and South, and notwithstanding the further fact that the Taft administration, from Aldrich to Ballinger, crosses its heart in sacred honor and swears point blank that it out-Pinchots Pinchot in its allegiance to conservation. If that journal be not renegade to Republicanism, who is? Certainly neither Johnson nor Kent, for they stand by the President's avowed conservation policy.

Does San Francisco Want the Fair?

To ask the above question is to perform a most ungracious act. It is to knock. And yet here and there cool-headed, clear-brained men and women are asking it and few have either the courage or the patience to give them answer. But just betwixt ourselves, we of The California Weekly staff and clientele, let us consider it, at least in some of its aspects.

Seattle is now the hardest hit city on this coast. Practically every house in Portland fit to live in is occupied, while something like one-fourth of all the houses in Seattle are tenantless. Portland has gotten over its fair of five years ago. It will take three or four years more for Seattle to recover from its exposition of last year. And yet both of these expositions were successful. It is notorious that Chicago did not recover from the great exposition of 1893 for a half dozen years, and St. Louis not from her's for four or five. One of the elements of cost to San Francisco of the Panama-Pacific exposition may safely be set down as five years of convalescence leading back to good health after the exposition shall have closed its doors.

If San Francisco shall be selected as the exposition city the task assumed will absorb the energies of this community for five years to come. People will have to give more than they can afford to give in raising the guaranty fund, the city will have to bond itself for not less than $5,000,000 and the state will be importuned for at least $3,000,000, if not for $5,000,000 more. The expenditure of these moneys will stimulate certain forms of activity, but mainly directed into channels yielding little of permanent value. Scores of hotels will be erected for which there will be no need after the fair is over and to the great injury of investments in hotel properties of a permanent character. In short, the next ten years will be mainly devoted, first, to an artificial stimulation of an ephemeral prosperity and, second, to recovery from the inevitable collapse.

Now San Francisco, of all cities in America, is the one in poorest plight to enter upon a hazard of uncertain fortunes. Four years ago it was in ruins. While most of its business portion has been rehabilitated, very few of its fortunes have. As a result of the great fire it lost business that it has not yet been able to regain. It lost population that has not returned to it. Its crippled manufacturing enterprises have not been restored and its over-sea commerce has dwindled.

Whenever a circus visits a country town it stimulates business that day, but oh, the day after! The streets are deserted, the clerks are idle and a week of dull days is the price paid for one day in which there is "something doing every minute." An exposition acts in the same way and to the same effect, only that months and years take the place of days. An exposition would bring to San Francisco some millions of ready money to go into retail trade and transient business of one sort or another, but little of it would go into anything permanent. What San Francisco needs more than all else is to devote its energies, its constructive ability and its available capital to a rehabilitation of its commerce, its industries and the development of its back country.

The completion of the Panama canal will be an event worthy of commemoration. The holding of a great exposition will be a fit way to commemorate that event. If no other city will undertake the task on a scale fitted to the occasion San Francisco ought, as an act of patriotism, to undertake such an exposition, albeit at great cost, but, considering what San Francisco has endured, and only partially recovered from, the performance of that national service might well be relinquished to New Orleans if New Orleans is willing, in the light of its own bitter memories, to assume the obligation.

Upon no account should San Francisco go ahead with the exposition project if New Orleans does so also. Let there be one exposition or none.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

Brand Whitlock's View

A friend to The California Weekly ventured the hope that this paper might comment upon Brand Whitlock's views in relation to "The Enforcement of Laws in Cities," as published in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The article is worthy of thoughtful consideration and a more extended treatment than this paper can give it. Like many another reformer, Brand Whitlock attributes our ills to our "industrial system," and is inclined to look upon the grafters of San Francisco and Pittsburg, of St. Louis and Philadelphia, as unfortunates whose wealth has driven them to bribery as the hardships of wage slavery have driven many another to drunkenness. Such talk savors of sentimentality, "the most broken reed" upon which statesmanship can rely.

Of course we humans do not know what justice is in its ultimate and most holy essence. We are not called upon to judge the quick and the dead for ever and aye. That issue is appealed to the Judge-of-All-the-Earth who will be in a position to consider all the facts of heredity and of environment, temperament and temptation, and it may go hard with the best of us if on that day justice be not tempered with mercy. When we attempt to judge as Jehovah must judge we flounder until we hardly know whether humans ought to have any laws at all or not, those we do have are so crude; whether infractions of our laws should or should not be punished, our efforts to punish are so unsatisfactory. That way lies doubt, uncertainty, nervelessness in the administration of our laws and consequent social and industrial chaos.

But unless we are moral idiots we do know, of our own knowledge and out of inherited ages of human experience, that bribery is crime; that the corruption of the electorate is treason to the state or city; that special privilege is the foundation for tyranny; that the malefactor of great wealth is a greater malefactor than the common thief, inasmuch as he may fare sumptuously every day without resorting to criminal methods for supplying him with all the creature comforts that human ingenuity can devise.

Somehow all the power of the printer's art, and all the potencies that lie within vocal expression, seem to have combined to confound the power of the people for discriminating betwixt good and evil, between those human aspirations that are the main incentives to enterprise and that political criminality that makes American cities the Gomorra of the world and shakes the confidence humanity in the permanency and potency democratic institutions.

And when Brand Whitlock affirms, as does in the article in question, that, "It is n yet a custom for society to punish the a which these statutes, that Heney and Fo and Wachenheimer, and other brave prosec tors, sought to enforce, were enacted to pu ish; these acts are inextricably woven a interwoven into the fabric of our industr system—they cannot be separated from nor can their evils be avoided, until the whc fabric is renovated and renewed. And un that is done it will continue to be customa to maintain one law for the rich and anoth for the poor; certain men will be let alo and certain men punished; and until anoth ideal and another system shall prevail, cou and prosecutors will be powerless to convi I would not be understood as wishing to s these men—or for that matter, any men— prison; for my wish is the exact opposite that. No one can safely judge men; no o is wise enough to know what is justice in a case"—when Brand Whitlock delivers himse of that sort of stuff in a paper as wide circulated as the Saturday Evening Post, lends himself to making confusion worse co founded.

We who know enough to know that we a alive do know a few things to a certaint and some of these are that theft, murd bribery, perjury and subornation of perjur extortion, however and by whomever co mitted, are criminal acts; that the greater, t richer, the more influential the criminal, t more certainly does he deserve the pris and all the ignominy that being clad in strip can inflict upon him.

To see anyone in prison is a sorrowf sight. Crime in all its forms is melancho but when men, big men, such men as cons tute the grafters of St. Louis and San Fra cisco, make the commission of crime a bu ness method because it promises to be prof able, when such men are brought low and a made to suffer shame, they are as little e titled to be wept over and carried flowers as any candidate for the gallows over whc sentimental spinsterhood ever shed unavailir tears.

While Brand Whitlock's article contai much truth, and is well meant, its general te dency is to paralyze the arm of righteou ness and weaken that wrath against wro that moved The Christ to flay scribes, pha isees, hypocrites, whited sepulchres. We m safely venture to be as unsparing as he.

Residence Option

Our "backbone" article on the Residen Option issue in San Francisco should pro of interest to every municipality in the sta and every San Franciscan should be eager understand exactly what is proposed. The has been in San Francisco, from its very bir until now, a certain contempt for and di regard of what people in other cities ar other states think of it. This has proven once costly and wholly unnecessary to t prosperity or to the liberty of the city. The are standards of virtue that every self re specting city sets up, and one of these is tha saloons shall not be allowed in residentia districts. San Francisco needs the good opi ion of the country now as never before. Th shutting out of the prize fight and prize figl pictures has helped San Francisco. The co fining of saloons to the commercial section the city will be another step forward. Of i self, it is eternally a right thing to do. M White's exposition of the issue is clear an convincing.

Smash Ahead

ere never was reason to doubt that the ed Railroads would do all in its power, rtly and overtly, to thwart, hinder, derail wreck the Geary street municipal railway prise. The black flag may as well be ed one time as another. That fight has o be another like the graft prosecution, ht to a finish. In the United Railroads city of San Francisco has a foeman hy, and right richly well deserving, of teel, keen edged, sharp pointed and red in clear to the hilt. It will not do op or to look back. Scoundrelism has too successful in the case of the United oads people to pre-dispose them to be liatory or reasonable, and there is no n why the people of San Francisco d be tender of the interests of that cor- ion. Smash ahead. It is the only way. Francisco can stand it if the United Rail- can.

The Scale Not the Issue

ne time since this paper took the ground it were better to foster the unionization bor in Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma Seattle than to fight such organization and reasons were offered in support of ontention. The Pacific Outlook of Los les objects on the ground that the San cisco scale of wages, especially in the s industries, is so high as to make it sible for coast cities to compete with n cities. That may be true. Very it is. Pittsburg and Bethlehem work workers seven days in the week and e hours a day, work them as they would hink of working mules or cattle. It is ly possible that the San Francisco wage with decent hours of labor, cannot, even the protection of high freight rates, com- with those eastern hells of industry. If en the scale should be lowered until such ries can live here, but, whatever scale ablished, it should be the same for all coast cities and that cannot be without ization, inter-municipal and interstate. present condition of labor, partly union- and partly non-unionized, cannot profit- continue, and for San Francisco to dis- ize will not be so well for her coast titors as for them all to unionize, too. unionization there will be stability and nency. Without it neither city will how to bid on work and all relations e strained.

The Buck Company Capitulates

nay be doubted if the shade of the late Van Cleave rests content at any time in ealm to which it has flitted, but if, now ne Buck Stove Company has capitulated, less than beside itself it is more calm we have any right to suppose unless, l, news of the event has not filtered gh the bars of that cage. That was a of men fighting first and reasoning to- afterward. The stove company was atic and not too just, whereupon or- d labor fought it in all the ways it how to fight and, very likely, not al- within the law or the rules of the game. leave took counsel of the spirit of bel- icy rather than of sanity, and the con- ices of that contest not only outlived ut will probably outlive his entire gen- n. And yet a deal of good may come it all, albeit with a deal of woe sus- by those through whom it comes. The ne court of the United States may make ay clearer for those who come after. the reconstructed court convenes it will confront issues that will go searching heart of things, and this will be one of

The Endowed Theatre

Percy MacKaye, litterateur, playwright, cultivated gentleman and clear thinker, has taken up the cause of the endowed theatre and, being endowed with imagination, looks forward to the time when the highest dramatic art will be under the administration and protection of the universities of this country, when the nation will sustain a theatre at Washington, when each state shall have one at its capital or elsewhere, when each municipality will sustain one or more at the public charge to the end that dramatic art may not only hold up before the face of society a mirror truly reflecting its own image as it is, but as it in good conscience ought to be. The presentation of this dream in skeleton may be as little attractive as skeletons normally are, but supplemented with the author's splendid reasoning and abundant information his message arouses enthusiasm and gives buoyancy to the hope that the box office may, one day, no more dominate dramatic art than it now dominates the pulpit or should dominate the press. All we need in order to bring such things to pass is to will that they shall be. Thinking so will make it so.

The Annual Railroad Wriggle

The State Board of Equalization is now in session listening with what patience it may to the annual railroad attempt to wriggle out of a just proportion of public taxation. The railroads have so long shirked their due portion of the public burden that they feel that their rights are being invaded if any attempt is made to make them bear their share. It was hoped that the four-per-cent-upon-the-gross-earnings tax, as a method of estimating valuation, might prove fair, but evidences are not wanting to show a disposition on the part of railroads to so sophisticate their statements of gross earnings as to make the basis of that system more like guesswork than accounting. For purposes of rate-making railroads generally hold that their actual valuation equals, or exceeds, their total of stocks and bonds. For purposes of taxation they have hitherto denied the truth of their own affirmation. Fortunately for California there is at least one man on the board, State Controller A. B. Nye, who will take the public into confidence at all times and puncture any little bubbles of pretense that may be placed before the board. He did that very neatly this week when he showed that the Santa Fe Company is bonded for $31,000 per mile, has outstanding stock issues of $25,000 and is assessed at only $20,000, or 36 per cent of the total value, whereas a 60 per cent valuation, such as other property owners pay on, would make its assessment $33,600 per mile instead of $20,000. Would not poor old Ripley throw a fit, though, if the Board of Equalization were to raise the assessment of the Santa Fe to that figure?

Kent's Commentary

Duncan McKinlay recently challenged William Kent to debate the issues of the day throughout the second congressional district. The letter of challenge so misrepresented Mr. Kent's statements as to make it evident to Mr. Kent that a fair presentation of the issues on the part of McKinlay could not be hoped for. Therefore he declined to meet him, but, that the people of the second district may not be under any misapprehension as to the issue, Mr. Kent has caused to be printed and distributed throughout the second district Mr. McKinlay's letter and his own reply thereto. No voter in that district should fail of reading these letters from end to end. They throw much light on the character of McKinlay, lack of which, by the way, is Mr. McKinlay's serious deficiency.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

We all of us remember that old story that used to be told us in our childhood (and how tenaciously do our memories cling to those old stories told us in our childhood) of the boy who was sent aloft on shipboard and, looking down, grew dizzy and near to falling when his father, on deck, called to him, "look up! look up!" and, looking up, his nerves regained their composure and he descended in safety.

Watch the crowd moving along the street and, now and again, one will see one plodding along with his eyes fixed upon the walk scarcely a yard in front of his feet. He sees where his feet are going but not whither he himself is tending, and he is in momentary danger of being run over by some careless driver of team or automobile. The habit of proceeding with head down renders one liable to bump into passers-by and whatever else crosses his path.

These physical manifestations of inability to look up are so common as not to occasion comment, but all do not realize that a spiritual inability to look up is even more common and more dangerous and as easily contracted.

For, if we make a success of what we are doing in the world we must rivet our attention to the task in hand. Concentration of mind and energy are essential to success in our modern competitive world where efficiency is demanded at every turn and small patience is had with dreamy, listless, nerveless folk who take hold of nothing with a will. How, then, shall we ever learn to have our attention upon our life work and still retain our ability to look up and look out, up toward higher things and out upon the ever widening field of human interest? By taking thought of it and deliberately planning to do it. There is no other way. If we let ourselves go, if we blindly follow the direction of least resistance, we shall become rutted, narrowed in our sympathies and selfish in our interests. While we cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to our physical stature, we can add a mile to our mental, our moral, our spiritual natures.

To concentrate all the attention upon one interest all the time weakens one's powers even in that one direction. If one start out with the conception that money is the only good, and is resolved to devote himself wholly to making money, he will make money faster, and more of it in the end, if he give his acquisitive faculties a breathing spell now and again that they may recuperate. He will be the better financier for being a better gardener, student of art, history, sociology, psychology, literature or science.

The sin of our age and of our nation is its materialism, its relative over-valuation of creature comforts and financial power, but had we ordered our lives more wisely we Americans could have subdued a continent without ravaging it, developed railroads without pillaging the public, harnessed the waterfalls without extortion, converted cattle and hogs into beef and pork without becoming either bovine in our culture, or hoggish in our tendency to exploit rather than to conserve. Rest, we have learned, consists in changing the direction of our activities rather than in folding the hands and doing nothing.

Liberty is the bravest word in any language, the supremest desire of every aspiring soul, not liberty from the restraints of just laws, but liberty from bondage to task masters, liberty from toil unrequited, liberty from galling servitude to special interests; but where shall we find such a task master, such toil unrequited, servitude so galling as to ourselves through unfortunate habits we have permitted ourselves to form? And what inability so binds us down, so shackles our minds and imprisons our spirits as our inability to look up to higher things and to look out upon a broad range of interests when our souls make such easy surrender to one idea. Our souls are not as unconquerable as we sometimes boast them to be.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Concerning Our Long Ago Grandpapas

Heretofore the genealogy experts have done fairly acceptable work. They have traced the ancestry of the son of his papa back to William the Conqueror, or Charlemagne, or Xerxes, or Adam, or somebody who was worth while, at the same time thoughtfully excluding any grandpapas who were hanged or retired from public life on account of sheep-stealing, and the person who paid for the job was satisfied. Such slack work no longer will be acceptable, for Dr. F. Melchers, a German biologist, has traced the whole herd of us a great deal farther back than the Garden of Eden. He has discovered that all mankind is divided into four great race groups, one of which is descended from a chimpanzee, another from a gorilla, the third from a gibbon, and the fourth from an orang-outang. These great grandpapas of ours used to gambol around in the respective trees to which their tails or their toe-nails would adjust themselves, and they absolutely refused to have anything to do with international arbitration; in fact, each tribe maintained its own Society Four Hundred, which was very exclusive and refused to have anything to do with the others. Hence it follows that the lineage of mankind is very pure. Dr. Melchers gives it, as follows: The negroes, the Zulus and the blonde races of northern Europe are descended from the gorilla; the Bushmen, the Lapps and southern Europeans are descended from the chimpanzee; the Tasmanians, Australians and southern Germans from the orang-outang, and the Mongolians and Malays from the gibbon. Now let the experts get busy. We who are proud of our ancestry will be satisfied with nothing less than a picture of the genealogical tree (now perhaps turned to coal) in which our revered grandparent gaily swung to and fro.

A "Marked Increase" in Ship-Building

Speaking of tubs, scows and things of that nature, has anybody observed that the federal bureau of navigation, in its report concerning ship-building in this country, proudly refers to "a marked increase over the previous year?" This sounds encouraging, but the encouragment wears thin when one inspects the figures the bureau presents in justification of its pride. During the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1502 merchant vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 347,025, were built, as against 1362, with an aggregate tonnage of 232,816, in the previous year. Thus far the flush of conscious pride doesn't wear off, but it begins to do so immediately. In the tonnage of the year just ended was one steel vessel of 6975 tons and one wooden vessel of 3707 tons, and aside from these there was but one vessel exceeding a thousand tons in burden. The balance of our added commercial fleet averaged 224 tons each. Rowboats! Tubs! Where is that flush of conscious pride now? Fifty or sixty years ago about two-thirds of American commerce was carried in American ships; now about one-thirteenth of it has that distinction. How our pride does ooze! Perhaps the bureau of navigation has been heeding the hen that cackled because it had laid the smallest egg.

How the Ships of War Pass

"Men may come, and men may go."
Straight truth, without a flicker,
But here's another truth we know,
That ships of war go quicker.

Just by way of illustration of the foregoing unclassical sentiment: In 1891 Germany built a battleship which was named the Frithjof. It now is obsolete, and the other day a ship of war to take its place was launched. Now note the difference that just nineteen years have made in war vessels. The displacement of the Frithjof was 4,049 tons, of the new vessel 22,000, or more than five to one; the length of the former was 267 feet, of the latter 490 feet, nearly two to one; horse-power, 4,800 and 28,000, nearly six to one; weight of gunfire, 1,614 and 14,120, eight or nine to one; cost, $875,000 and $11,000,000, or more than twelve to one. Going some, is it not? A great deal of territory to cover in less than two decades, or before the babe has become a voter. And the people, the dear, toiling, perspiring and sometimes hungering people, pay the bills. Also, that kind of thing is not confined to Germany. In this "land of the free and home of the brave," we, too, fairly dote on going down into our pocketbooks to pay for warships to replace warships to replace yet other warships to replace—but the reader may continue the sentence at will. And it has been nineteen slow-creeping centuries since One came out of Nazareth to teach us the cure for such ill. Ah, we learn and we Christianize but slowly.

To Lie, or Not to Lie

Just by way of arousing tranquil interest attention is called to the fact that the British divorce commission not long ago ran against a snag in the form of the old question, Is a lie ever justifiable? Lord Guthrie insisted that it is not. He said that a man who would sidestep the truth ought to be ashamed of himself and that a woman always should be at home when she is at home. Professor Paterson, who is something of a li—that is, who believes in uppercutting the truth if it seems advisable, asked the noble lord if he did not believe it right to lie to save a man's life. The noble lord responded that he would feel sorry for the man, but he couldn't prevail upon himself to do it. Nothing was said about what he would do if the man were a woman, so that question still is unsettled. The battle was waged through several columns of print, but it merely is of mild interest to the vast majority of us. Lying may be wrong, but we will continue to do just about as we always have done.

A Surprise For the Musical

Ever since man first twanged a harp or tuned a lyre, or since about that time, there has been a popular theory that stringed instruments improve with age. Give a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius their centuries of ripeping, we have said, and the very soul of melody is confined to them. Well, the theory recently was tested in Paris. The test was made on violoncellos, and those who made it were well known musicians. There were twelve of the 'cellos, six of modern manufacture and six famous ancient instruments. In a darkened room an expert played the same concerto on all of these instruments, one after another. Then a vote was taken—mark you, by recognized musical authorities—and the new 'cellos scored 1464 points, while the ancient instruments scored but 883. It was an inglorious defeat for the rare old 'cello in the house of its friends. And here, perhaps, is the moral of it: The old instruments were catalogued at $30,000; the list price of the new was $800—thirty-seven to one paid for a distinction that is somewhat less than imaginary. The result of the test appears like a solar plexus for the old, old theory.

The Wealth of New York City

Let us consider for a moment the wealth of New York City, thus endeavoring to form a conception of the extent to which the riches of this great country have been piled up in its metropolis. The assessed valuation of the real and personal property, and it is well known that the latter largely escapes valuation, is $7,044,000,000. This is just about one-fifteenth of the total wealth of the people of the United States at the time of the latest estimate. That is to say, we have piled one-fifteenth of our entire wealth on a strip of land a few miles long by some miles less in width. This valuation of $7,044,000,000, which is recognized to be a great undervaluation in the matter of personal property, is divided among, perhaps, 5,000,000 people, and, if equally divided, it would give $1409 apiece to each one of them all, or $7,045 to each head of a family of five persons. If that division were equal—if there were no multi-millionaires in New York City—the average resident evidently would be comfortably fixed financially; with such division as exists, we live Fifth avenue and the East Side neighboring each other. Of course we are proud of New York City, outside of Wall street, but, quiet: May it not be possible to over-invest in i

Tribe of Human Pygmies Discovered

Far back in the mountain regions of Dutch New Guinea a British exploring party has discovered a tribe of veritable human pygmies. They are black, these little people, so black that the proverbial ace of spades would appear a delicate tan by comparison, and the average height of the males is about four feet and three inches. With broad, flat noses and kinky hair, they seem a miniature edition of the larger negro tribes. They are said to be rather genial, to steal by virtue of such self-made law as they recognize, to be unprogressive, wedded to their institutions whether good or bad, neither looking for nor desiring betterment, opposing all improvement and appearing to dread it—in short, there is no fun Insurgent among them. The members of the exploring party report that it probably will not be possible to make them realize their forlorn condition.

Berlin To Be a Seaport

It is officially announced that before another two years have passed Berlin, for the first time in its history, will be a seaport. This great end will be attained by the completion of the canal to that city from Stettin. The canal will be 82 miles in length, and while it will not be of sufficient capacity to accommodate the most gigantic freighter it will suffice for all except the largest, thus receiving cargoes without breaking bulk from all seaports throughout the world.

Church—I see the Gaekwar of Baroda left for Europe on the Mauretania, yesterday. Gotham—Indeed! Why I didn't know it had been played here at all yet!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Of course," said Dr. Price, "I cannot properly treat your case without a diagnosis." "Don't let that worry you," replied Mr. Nuritch, haughtily; "I got barrels o' money. I suppose that's the medical word for 'fee in advance,' eh?"

Union Square Hote

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GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

FROHMAN'S NEW PLAYS

harles Frohman recently returned from rope and announced his plans for next son. As Frohman's new plays are next r's theatrical fare, the Pacific Coast is in- sted. He said:

Mr. Drew will reopen the Empire theatre h W. Somerset Maugham's four-act play, ith,' that I produced in London. At the eum, in August, I shall produce 'The ss Bottle.' At the Garrick I produce a farce called 'Love Among the Lions,' and the Knickerbocker the musical play that been running two years at the Gaiety atre, London, called 'Our Lady Gibbs.' eral of the London Gaiety favorites will ie to America for this production. The erion theatre will open with James bes's play, 'The Commuters,' and as soon I can get another theatre I shall produce ew play by Henry Arthur Jones.

Maude Adams will play 'Chantecler' in v York during the winter, and later in er large cities. Miss Adams, in all that has said of this play, shows much of the erence and affection for 'Chantecler' that felt for 'Peter Pan.' Ethel Barrymore have her choice of three plays for her ppearance in New York next winter, and Arthur Pinero intends, I am glad to say, write a new play for her directly she fin- s his 'Mid-Channel.' For Miss Billie ke I have a new play by the authors of ve Watches.' William Gillette will appear repertoire of his former successes, and in a new play. For Otis Skinner I have omedie Francaise play called 'Sire,' writ- by Henry Lavedan, author of 'The Duel.' ie Russell will appear under my manage it this season, beginning in November, in ew comedy, which is yet unnamed, but is ly for production.

For Marie Doro I have a new comedy writ- by Mr. Gillette, called 'Electricity,' for tember production. Kyrle Bellew will be- his season in October in Henri Bataille's e Scandal,' playing the part taken in Paris Lucien Guitry. Francis Wilson will con- e throughout America in 'The Bachelor's y,' and later on tour in this farce abroad. ing the season I will produce with William Crane a new play called 'Grumpy,' by the iors of 'Sunday.' I shall begin Marie npest's season in Philadelphia in October, in a dramatic play called 'A Thief in the ht.' The G. P. Huntley and Hattie Wil- is combination will begin the season in tember in a comedy that has pleased is greatly, which in English will be called e Sacred Forest.' I shall have a remark- cast for the play.

I have a new play by Augustus Thomas ed 'The Jew,' which will be produced un- Mr. Thomas's direction in November; a comedy by Winchell Smith, a new play Mr. Gillette, a dramatization of 'White gic,' by Graham Phillips and Walter Hack- and new comedies by Sir Arthur Pinero Hubert Henry Davies, the latter called e Single Man.' London will see the last in September. I have a new comedy by M. Barrie and a new play by Alfred Sutro, ed 'The Fire Screen.' And I am glad to I have a new play by Henri Bernstein, ch will be ready for production at the nedie Francaise in October, and will be duced here in January. It is called 'After One of the successes of the season in is I have is Henri Bataille's 'The Foolish gin,' which I shall produce here in No- ber. I also have the delightful comedy, e Unknown Dancer,' from the Athenee atre, Paris; a strong and novel drama by nard Merrick and Michael Morton, called e Impostor'; another drama called 'A Bolt m the Blue.; also 'The Tenth Man,' a Duke York's theatre success; a comedy called ains,' and a play from the Renaissance atre in Paris, called 'A Woman Passed By.' Sir Conan Doyle has just made a great cess in London with his new play, 'The Speckled Band,' an adventure of Sherlock Holmes. It is mine for America, and I purpose producing it both in New York and Boston as quickly as I can arrange the casts. I shall produce here Mr. Barrie's wonderful little play called 'The Twelve-Pound Look.' I have also what I consider a very remarkable play, with a fine part for a young actress, called 'Montmartre.'

"The day before I left London I bought a new four-act comedy by the late Capt. Robert Marshall and Mrs. G. R. Jennings, called 'The Second Footman,' which soon will be produced in London. I have a new comedy by Pierre Wolf, called 'A Man Passing,' and a comedy called 'The Dressmaker,' now running in Budapest. Sir John Hare will appear at my Repertoire theatre, London, next winter in several plays, and then play here under my management. Marie Lohr, the popular young London actress, will play under my management the coming season on both sides of the ocean.

"Besides 'Our Miss Gibbs' I have for America a new musical play called 'The Doll Girl,' book by the author of 'The Merry Widow,' and the music by the authors of 'The Dollar Princess.' It will be produced in Berlin in October, and by George Edwardes in London. I also have Leo Ball's musical play, which will be produced in Vienna in November, called 'La Belle Risette,' and a new musical play that Mr. Edwardes will produce in London. I shall have eleven new productions ready by the middle of September, and then many others will follow."

Californian Poets' Corner

RESURGO

By Joseph T. Goodman

Though we grow obsolete and worn,
We still are like the leafless tree
That has a sense of blossoms borne,
If not of fruitage yet to be.

Beneath the torpor and the throes,
Which are time's bearing and device,
A viewless undercurrent flows
Like living water under ice.

For while to-day in listlessness
I noted earth and heaven and wind—
Barren and bleak and colorless
As the complexion of my mind—

There broke out of the leaden sky
A sweet clear trill—one strain, no more;
The unseen songster drifted by,
And all was vacant as before.

But that remembered wildwood note,
Sung with such carelessness and haste,
Shook me convulsively and smote
A rock within the desert waste,

From which a stream of memories
Burst forth and brought a flow of tears
That watered all the dust that lies
Between me and my better years.

I saw dear faces that are veiled
Or turned so that I may not see;
I heard kind voices that are stilled
Or silent as if dead to me;

I kissed sweet lips, I clasped true hands,
I walked by many a comrade's side,
And saw o'er all the smiling lands
The splendor of life's morning tide.

It went as it had come, the glow
Departed with the wildwood strain;
But age sits lighter since I know
Some bird may bring me youth again.

JONES ON PREACHY PLAYS

Speaking at a dinner recently given in London, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones deplored the modern tendency of regarding the theatre as a substitute for the school and the pulpit, says the New York Times.

It could be claimed that there were many bright and encouraging signs in the dramatic atmosphere, he said. But it was a fatal error to dwell complacently on our virtues and achievements. To rest and be thankful was the sign of old age and decrepitude, and he proposed to notice a rather disquieting symptom of the present dramatic movement. A noticeable feature in the English drama of recent years had been an assumption that the drama in the future must do something that the drama has never done before; that it must be pre-eminently a direct, explicit, and merciless expounder and enforcer of ethical, social, political, and scientific doctrines and theories.

It had lately been claimed that the national drama should make for righteousness—a general and lofty sentiment which commanded ready and unstinted approval. If the English drama made for anything after the authors' fees had been duly provided for, the surplus should unquestionably make for righteousness. But what sort of righteousness should the drama make for? "The plot is the first thing," said Aristotle. Not the chief thing, but the first thing. Character-drawing, literature, ideas, philosophy, righteousness itself, could only be effectively introduced into a play that had already been provided with a definite, articulate, vertebrate scheme of action.

Further, it had lately been said that our national drama should be normal. He was whole-heartedly in accord with the dictum, but he would not be cruel enough to inquire how far many of our recent masterpieces had been "normal" and addressed to the normal man. There was a constant tendency among young artists in every art to rebel against all its conventions, to rebel against the necessary and eternal conventions, as well as against the outworn and dying conventions. The man who could not do a sane strong thing would always do an eccentric thing, a perverse thing. So that it was a good sign when they came across a recognition and declaration that the English drama should be normal and addressed to the average normal man

LITERARY BEGINNINGS

Being Selected First Lines of Some Forthcoming Best Sellers, as Vouched for by The New York Times.

"Oh, hell," growled the Yukon Yap, "I'll get you for that!"—The He-Wolf's Fang, by Jack London.

"Bertie Vanknickerhyde, descending the onyx, gold-inlaid steps of the Millionaires' Club, paused to light his famous pipe, carved from the Black Pearl of Samarcand, with a P. & R. bond of ten-thousand-dollar denomination."—The Chimpanzee-Toasters, by Upton Sinclair.

"It is wholly (I use the word advisedly with due regard to the full force of its etymology) a matter of conjecture whether Aline Allingham, having looked into the inmost, hidden, subventricular recesses of her heart—a heart which no one could have called unduly susceptible to amatory, exclamatory phases—phases which are and will ever be." &c.—A Lady's Tintype, by Henry James.

"Whoop—whoopee—listen at me—I quiver—I tremble—I've got 'em again."—Pyrotechnics of Mary MacLane.

"Great Tooth, the grizzly, lumbering out of the forest, slouched down upon a slab of rock and began to figure out the square root of $x3+z2$."—Memoirs of Cock Robin, by Thompson-Seton.

It is understood that Olga Nethersole has the plot of a play which Maurice Maeterlinck is to write for her. She will appear in it first in this country, and, Maeterlinck's wife, Georgette Le Blanc, will appear in it at Paris at the same time.

TEACHING TEACHERS TO PLAY

AND THE GOOD TIMES IT GIVES THE CHILDREN

If you feel lonely, or blue, or old, or as if there was a cloud between you and the sun, go to California Field, on the campus of the State University at Berkeley, and watch the children play. You can't put in a happier hour any afternoon (except Saturday and Sunday). It costs nothing but the carfare, and there is more of the elixir of life in it than Ponce de Leon ever hoped to find. Children in groups of ten, children in groups of twenty, children by the hundred, and not an unhappy face among them, everybody having the time of their young lives. As they themselves would say, "It's great!"

Why are they there? No, the university hasn't intentionally thrown itself open as a joy-factory for the boys and girls. No, this is an intellectual training school for teachers, and the university continues to pursue its sober ideal of teaching somebody something. But, bless you, the boys and girls don't know it—lucky youngsters!—they know simply that somebody passed the word down through child-dom, "Something doing at California Field," and they found that the word was joyfully, unbelievably, true.

To speak quite seriously, all this riot of childish games and dances and enthusiasm is an incident to the Playground Courses of the University of California Summer School. Now don't be frightened by the awe-inspiring names of these courses—they sound terrible, but they are transmuted gloriously in practice into happiness for hundreds of children. Course 1 is on "The Nature and Function of Play." Course 2 is on "Playground Administration." Course 3 is on "Folk Dances." Course 4 is on "Playground Games." Course 5 is on the "Practical Application" of the preceding courses.

From the point of view of the university, these children playing here by the hundred are simply the necessary apparatus to be used for the purposes of practical study of playground work by the students of the summer school. These students are nearly all school teachers, and they come from every state on the Pacific Coast. Altogether, 260 men and women have registered for these courses in playground work. Of these, 39 are studying to go into playground work as a life profession, seeking positions in the city playgrounds that are now being opened by the score all over the United States. One hundred and twenty school teachers are registered for the whole five courses, 80 are registered for the course in games and 79 for the folk dances.

The courses are given by Dr. E. C. Beach, who is the head of the department of physical training and hygiene of the Los Angeles high schools, and director of physical training in the grade schools of Los Angeles. Here, again, don't let big titles convey a wrong impression. Dr. Beach, for all his titles and his long training, appears to the children who see him only as a young man with a clean-cut, sunburned face, clear and laughing eye, and the spirit of childhood strong in him to enjoy playing with the children. It is play he teaches, not "exercise" nor "drills." He is not trying to "do good to somebody," but to teach the boys and girls how they can have more fun of their own kind than they ever dreamed they could have until he showed them how.

Dr. Beach is admirably equipped for the work by training as well as by disposition. He took the pre-medical course at Stanford University for two years and then for five years was engaged in practical playground work in Baltimore. For the last two years he has held the positions in Los Angeles that are named above.

Dr. Beach is assisted in the courses by Mrs. Marion P. Morgan, who is an instructor in the Manual Arts High School of Los Angeles. Mrs. Morgan is a graduate of the New York Normal School of Physical Instruction.

But to get back to the courses with the big names. The first two of these—on the nature and function of play and on playground administration—are the theoretical part of the work. Only the teachers hear all this profound wisdom about the psychology of the childish mind, the history of games, and the reason why of the whichness of the what. In all the other courses the children get a look-in, in fact, so far as they know, they are the whole thing. Of course, Mrs. Morgan, who is a specialist on folk-dances, puts the teachers through the steps and the history of the dances in the classroom, but right afterwards the teachers put the children through the steps, minus the history, and all the children know is that they are having a fine time learning new dances besides the Virginia reel.

And by the way, folk-dances have nothing in common, in spirit or movement, with the short-arm two-step or the half-Nelson waltz. They are the national dances of the various nations, dances that grew up among the common people out of the conditions of their life that shaped their amusements, out of such festival occasions as the vintage of Italy and the sheep-shearing time of Scotland and the harvest of Norway. Often they are symbolical. Always they are a cultivating power for naturalness and grace. And they are great fun, which is the important thing besides the exercise.

The children get in on the Playgrounds Games course to the limit of enjoyment. After Dr. Beach and Mrs. Morgan have taught the teachers the rules of volley-ball, hand-ball, captain-ball, croquet, and the rest of the playground games and, furthermore, made the teachers play the games themselves, the teachers go out to California Field and pass their new-found knowledge and skill along to the children.

This is a great sight. On the huge field, with its acres of bleachers on either side, are twenty or thirty groups of thirty or forty children apiece. The boys are all kept at one end of the field, the girls at the other. Then the boys are "graded," according to age and weight, so that those in any game are practically all of the same size, in order that they may be matched as evenly as possible and that no boy in a group shall feel at a disadvantage in his play. The girls are similarly graded. Then the games begin. Here a crowd of girls ten years old, or thereabouts, are playing volley-ball. Next to their game is a hand-ball court, where girls of twelve are playing. Nearby are swings, in which girls of six and eight are swinging high—the "cat" never "dies" on these swings. Next to the swings are see-saw boards, with one, two or three girls on either end. On a bank at one end of the field, little girls of three and four are coasting down smooth slides. And over by the bleachers, away from any chance of interference from the games on the field, are the sand boxes, where the little tots are building sand castles and getting covered with "clean dirt" to their superlative delight.

At the boys' end of the field, hand-ball games are in progress, a baseball game or two is being played, youngsters are vaulting the wooden "horse," and races are being run. These races are all sprints, short distance races that test speed and wit but do not test endurance. No long races are allowed. Some races are run in relays. These relays are run on a straightaway course and return, not on a circular track.

Behind the bleachers, in a quiet spot away from the noise of the playground, a teacher is holding the "story hour." This is especially popular just after lunch and again when the children are tired out with play. Here again the play is graduated to suit the age of the children. To the little ones are told the old nursery tales of "Jack, the Giant Killer," of "Little Red Riding Hood," and the other classics of childhood. To the older children are read "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and stories of the age of chivalry, the romances that from immemorial time have fired the imaginations and fed the love of moving narrative of children.

As this whole playground pleasure is part of the equipment of a university course, the university supplies all the apparatus. Here where the teachers, in turn, get part of "Course 5, Practical Application." Every afternoon one teacher is put in entire charge of the playground. He, or she, is then responsible for the enforcement of playground rules, the preservation of order, the settlement of disputes, and for the proper use and the return of the apparatus. He must see that the hand-balls and croquet sets and baseball outfits are returned in good order, must judge the rate of wear and tear upon apparatus and, in general, keep a systematic record of this important part of the work.

These playground courses are especially interesting to educators because they are the first attempt ever made by an American university to teach the science and practice of playground work in a summer school. If the enthusiasm with which the children offer themselves as subjects for study is any test of the success of the experiment, the faculty can have no grounds for complaint. Dr. Beach's records show that on some days the attendance of children has been as high as 1,100, and that the average daily attendance is about 700. And the registration of 260 teachers, from all the coast states, for a six weeks' course, extending from June 20th to July 29th, is an indication of the popularity of the idea among educators.

It is pleasant to contemplate the results of these teachers' studies in playground work. In the first place, the 39 who are training for professional playground work are fitting themselves to teach the children of the city streets the joy of organized play on grounds set apart for them by the city, away from the streets, where the ground is their very own and where the sole ambition of the directors is to make them enjoy themselves in true childhood fashion. These 39 will join the ranks of a profession that is reducing crime and misery faster than police courts and charities ever dreamed they could be. Every one of the 39 will displace twenty policemen, and get better order amongst city children by the rule of love and by comradeship in play than the twenty policemen could ever get by the rule of force. Every one of the 39 will go out as an agent of civilization, a centre of uplift in as many cities.

Of the others, the teachers will go back to their schools with a new conception of the possibilities for understanding and mutual sympathy with their pupils by reason of the new knowledge of the common bond of fellowship in the spirit of play. Every one of these teachers has had his youth renewed by contact with childhood in the intimacy and freedom of childish games. These things mean that school days will be happier to thousands of children because of this greater intimacy with teachers who join in and enjoy their sports. And this means, again, a gain in scholarships. Not only will the children's minds be clearer for well-directed play, but they will respond more readily to the instruction of the teacher who they know can play upon occasion, one of themselves.

So we repeat: if you have lost your power to feel the emotions of childhood, if you feel old, or blue, go over to the campus and watch the youngsters play. You will grow young in spite of yourself, your lips will unconsciously turn to smiles for days afterward at the recollection of childish happiness. The trip is a good investment, cheap at the price. Maybe you will even remember, all sudden, that you yourself were once like that. Then children will rise up and call you blessed. Try it.

There is a story of Thomas Bailey Aldrich to the effect that his editorial sanctum was for a long time shared by a favorite dog—a red setter. One day the dog ate up a sonnet. "Poor creature," remarked Mr. Aldrich sympathetically, "How could he know that it was doggerel?"—Christian Science Monitor.

In Boston—"Say, I'm a stranger in this town. Can you tell me a good place to stop at?" "Yes, sir. Stop just before the 'at.'"—Cleveland Leader.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Our Golden West

have builded an earth," said the great
Lord God,
I have builded an earth more fair
an the vap'rous spheres by the angels
trod,
And man is my creature there.
shall lay him down in the pleasant vales
And bide with my angel, Rest,
ile the stars and planets shall whisper
tales
'e him, in my Golden West."

the shine of the suns, and the flowers
oom,
the song of the birds in the sky's blue
m,
the brown-green earth by the days
essed
e home of our love in the Golden West.

ow the earth is fair," said the great Lord
God,
With beauty its robe I hem,
I the buds that spring from the dun, dark
sod
re gems in its diadem.
, I love the grace that my strong hand
made
s chaos I shaped and blest,
the home of beauty, in glen or glade,
e'er in my Golden West."

le of waters that glisten and gleam,
nights when the stars are a poet's dream;
that dreamers but vaguely have
ssed,
e home of our love in the Golden West.

l ever since then—it was long, long ago—
r the Westland is Beauty the queen.
reigns on the peaks in the glint o' the
snow;
ie rules where the meadows are green;
sings us a song in the murmuring
breeze,
nd our hearts to her bosom are pressed.
ar soul," is her whisper, "find comfort
and ease
ut here, in my Golden West."

: days, like the pearls that maidens have
ng
read of the nights, and, stringing, have
g:
and of rare bounty, by Summer caressed,
ve thee forever, our own Golden West."

* * *

'ound a Good Business Opportunity

Imp—You remember that enterprising
nce agent we brought in here yesterday?
Evil Majesty—Yes. What about him?
has started an insurance business down
n the corner of Redhot street and Still-
avenue."
He can't be insuring against fire, I
se."
, against damage by water."

* * *

An Appeal to Janet

oosen the snood of your hair, Janet."
e see how it looks on the bureau, my

onsidering the price that you paid for
wad,
ngth of it shouldn't be less than a rod.
ose tresses so bonnie I'm yearning to

pasm of awe and a trance of amaze,
h, when you wear them, my darling, my

'e that the hairpins don't loosen, Janet.

* * *

Knew About Angel Children

t Cat—Where are you going in such a

nd Cat—Oh, a new family has moved
ıy house.
ll, what of it?"
eard the woman say that her little boy
erfect angel of a child."

The Opinions of Rufus

I'm glad to b'lieve you've found the food of faith that's satisfyin' to your soul, oh, my brother, but I can't help callin' your 'tention to the fact that the mushmelon that one revels in makes another man sick.

I'm grateful that some folks are reel rich, fer if they wan't there'd be neither news nor pictures for the enlightenin' an' enlivenin' Society page in the daily papers.

When folks git so they never feel no yearnin' aspirashuns to git up on a pillar an' be looked at by everybody I don't b'lieve they'll ever 'mount to much.

Jabe Perkins says that, es a bach'ler, he can't see any reason why married men object to buttonin' them up the back; says he reckons he'd be willin'.

I understand that the author of How to Be Happy Though Married is writin' another book that 'll be called, How to Be of Some Use Though the Child of a Rich Pa.

Patient perseverance conquers all things, 'less, o' course, you're married to her.

The poet says that friendship is a sacred trust, but it's 'bout the only one I know of that is.

It's mighty curious that folks that change their minds often hardly ever change 'em fer one that's worth while.

I s'pose if a reel good partisan had to take his choice 'tween his party an' his country he'd shed a few tears es he bid his country good-bye.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but I know several of them that ride in their own automobiles.

It may be an overrulin' Providence that sends a rich an' racy murder often 'nough to keep the daily papers goin', but sometimes I doubt it.

* * *

Concerning Our Dunc

Concernin' our Dunc—
Our Dunc was a chap with a versatile jaw
Which worked in a manner to fill you with awe.
While others had talkers that frequently balked,
He talked and orated, orated and talked.
He would prove that the tariff was high, don't you know,
Or, if you preferred, he would prove it was low,
And the people all cried as they listened, "Hurrah!
Perpetual motion? Just look at his jaw!"
Our dear Dunc.

Concernin' our Dunc—
A duffer named Kent arose in his place
And urged that a jaw isn't all of a face,
And added, "I deem it a definite law
That a head full of brains beats the wag of a jaw."
Oh, Duncan was startled, and Duncan was grieved.
It was treason to all he had lived and believed,
But he seized on his trusty old tongue, and he went
To smite with his jaw the duffer named Kent.
Our dear Dunc.

Concernin' our Dunc—
There's a wild-wagging tongue in the vales of Marin
Which coy Sacramento has heard with a grin;
There's a jaw that's unresting in Yolo and Lake,
And Duncan's franked speeches an engine might break;
And as the days hasten this duffer named Kent
In the plans of our Duncan is making a rent,
For the people remark, "We are weary of jaw,
This Kent is our friend: so it's for him, hurrah!"
Our poor Dunc!

Thoughtful Man on Mistakes of Johnson

"The trouble with Hiram Johnson as a candidate," the Thoughtful Man observed, "is that he has nothing to say on the crucial issues of the day. The tariff question, for instance, is a bone of contention on which the slaver of patriotic parties never should be permitted to dry, yet the heedless Johnson passes it by.

"Republicans are in favor of tariff protection—unless they have nothing to protect, and Democrats are opposed to it—unless they have something to protect. You will find it so everywhere.

"Says the earnest-hearted Democrat: 'I denounce this foul and shameful protection, except for my prune orchard. Prunes need protection, for they are an infant industry, and have been ever since I can remember,' says he.

"Says the great-souled Republican: 'I am heartily in favor of the noble and inspiring protective tariff, and I'll be more so when I get something ahead. It encourages infant industry,' says he, 'and my infants are not industrious, and need that kind of encouragement.'

"I blush to say it," said the Thoughtful Man, "but Mr. Johnson rarely mentions the dearly beloved and much chewed tariff question. Again, there is the good-roads issue. As everybody knows, this state is largely populated by people who are deadly opposed on principle to good roads. 'Death to good roads!' these people cry. 'We insist on riding over jolts.' Curry, Ellery and Anderson have heroically called attention to this shameful condition and burning issue, but Johnson disgracefully refuses to discuss it. He says it is the people's first duty to remove the dishonoring S. P. brand from their costume and—"

"Well, but isn't the brand there?" I interrupted.

"Good heavens!" the Thoughtful Man replied. "Haven't they worn it for 30 or 40 years? Have the eels a right to demand that time to get used to being skinned? Well, then!"

* * *

Anderson and Curry Interviewed

Feeling that the attitude of gubernatorial candidates, with reference to the dominance of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau in the political affairs of California, is of vast importance to the people, The California Weekly has, at cost of considerable labor and expense, secured interviews with both Mr. Curry and Mr. Anderson on this subject, at the same time urging them to speak frankly and without mental reservation. Mr. Anderson, who was first seen, thought deeply before expressing his views, and then said:

"..... why.....
.....which.....business interests.....
.....? ..... what .....? ..... tariff
.....wherefore .....$ .....horticulture
.....$! .....when .....unnecessary.....
.....$?$$!!! .....notwithstanding.....perhaps
.....respectability .....whom .....?
....."

Mr. Curry showed no reticence whatever in expressing his views, and spoke freely as follows:

"..... Halley's comet.....
.....the Weather Bureau.....
the polar expedition.....direct contact.....
the Royal Arch.....yes.....yes.....
.....as you please.....myself.....
.....soap .....nice day..... yes
.....certainly.....no doubt.....yes....."

While these candidates heretofore have expressed these same views to some extent, The California Weekly congratulates itself that this is a more complete exposition of their deeper feeling than heretofore has been obtained.

* * *

Not Otherwise Noticeable

"Is he a man of grace?"
"Well—yes—that is, before eating."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Doing Politics With Poison Every dish set before the Czar of Russia must be tasted in his presence by the chef responsible for its preparation lest the Czar be put out of the way by poison. About the time that America was discovered the Latin-European countries had reduced politics-by-poison to a fine art and the name "Borgia" became a never dying stench in the nostrils of humanity. One Dr. Hyde has been convicted at Kansas City, Missouri, of having introduced typhoid germs into the persons of certain of his patients, for mercenary rather than for political reasons, however, but with murderous intent and to murderous effect. Poison has played a great part in the political and the financial history of the world.

But we are admonished to "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," and that is the manner of man whom the People of California have present cause to fear.

When the historian of the future comes to write dispassionately of the graft prosecutions in San Francisco the burden of his theme will be the signal success with which relentless men deliberately poisoned the mind of a great city. No other factor of the generalship of a successful rascality is comparable with that of feeding the public mind with poisoned reading matter until that mind becomes deranged and unhealthful. The very souls of the people of San Francisco were endangered for they no longer knew good from evil. It is as easy to poison the minds of people through what they read as to poison the body through what they eat, and we have many Borgias and Hydes in California now seeking to debauch the minds of the electorate. Fear them.

Power of the Check-Book Evidences are not wanting to show that the check-book of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is to be drawn upon unlimitedly from now until the end of the primary campaign, and in the interests of the candidacy of Alden Anderson. From many sources come inklings of this truth and, strange as it may appear, assaults by check-book are mainly to be made upon the strongholds of Charles F. Curry, a life-long politician of the "organization" type and one who has been a beneficiary of the Political Bureau for a score of years.

The explanation of the phenomenon is perfectly simple. Mr. Anderson's champions can procure votes for Mr. Anderson through the check-book from only one source. There is only one place where they are to be had and that is from the ranks of those who would naturally be for Charles F. Curry. Mr. Curry's hold on his constituents is only through personal affection, through the fact that he is their kind of man. It is a spirit of comradery. The barkeeper, the McCarthy party man, the man who responds to the stimulus of prospective patronage—these are all normal Curry men, but they will not be able to withstand the check-book. Curry is there vulnerable as is no other gubernatorial candidate, and he is to be crushed if the power of money can crush him, or to be bought off if the power of money can buy him without establishing a more injurious precedent than to crush him. It is unfortunate for him and, perhaps, unfortunate for the state, that he has been so injured in an automobile accident as to hinder him in looking after his fences. It is important to the state that the unmoral element in our political life be divided, not solidified.

Hiram Johnson's Need For Money Hiram Johnson's following can little be affected by the check-book. It consists of that element in our body politic that is capable of a sustained moral purpose, and it is no more to be seduced from his cause by the use of money than the soldiers of Uncle Sam sent to the Philippines or to Cuba could have been corrupted with Spanish gold. The only need which the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League has for money is to continue the speaking tours of its candidates, maintain its offices, pay for printing and for the purchase of postage stamps. For these uses there is great need for more money.

When the voter goes into his booth to cast his primary ballot he will find no party circle at the head of the League ticket, no column set apart for Johnson and his co-workers. It is as important to nominate the whole League ticket as to nominate Johnson. Somehow the personnel of that ticket must be placed in the hands of every Republican voter in the state. There are over 200,000 such voters. It will cost anyhow $5,000 to put a copy of that ticket into the hands of every such voter that all who are disposed to do so may carry a copy of the ticket into the election booth with them to be checked off on the card and stamped on the ticket to facilitate voting.

The League has no great corporation or alliance of corporations to finance this work and charge it up to legal and operating expenses and make the people pay the bill, principal and interest, nor has it any share in the million dollar patronage of the state administration. It can only check against the free-will offerings of men who want California to be a free state.

Must Give Or Be Sold The time will come when many of the necessary expenses of making political campaigns will be paid out of the common treasury, but it will never be that all such expenses will be so provided for. There will still be use for disinterested dollars to withstand the baneful onslaughts of dollars that are mercenary. We shall no more be able to provide all the sinews of war for political Right Things from a common treasury than we shall for all the charities which a needy world requires. Good men have got to learn to give for good causes or bad men will buy the public privileges they want and pay for them out of the wages of political sin.

For more than a generation political parties have derived their campaign funds mainly from big corporations. Sometimes such contributions were extorted through fear of adverse legislation, but more often the interests of the people were bartered away in exchange for brass bands, bonfires, hall rent, newspaper advertising and advocacy, hotel bills and railroad fares. For this reason good citizenship has not been taught to contribute for making campaigns for righteous causes. They must learn that lesson or be forced, through bad government, to contribute dollars where they might, with good government, have gotten off with dimes.

Progressive Republicanism has to go out to battle this August with a wily and unscrupulous foe backed by unlimited millions. Aside from the needs mentioned in the preceding paragraph watchers must be had at the polls all day on primary election day to see that no crookedness is permitted, and all night to see that the vote is honestly called, and reported. Not enough volunteers can be had who will be sure to be on hand. Experience has shown that, election morning, very many such are unavoidably detained by urgent business engagements elsewhere. In other words they flunk. But for $10 per voting place men can be hired to do this work who will do it well. For San Francisco alone that service will cost in excess of $3,500, and every precinct in every city in the state will need that kind of watching. The rural precincts seldom require anything of the kind. Where is this money coming from? There is but one source. Contributions from those who expect nothing in return but good government and a free state. Isn't that enough? Cannot the reader of this send enough to Adolph Uhl, treasurer, 717 Market street, to hire one watcher for some one polling place for election day and night? It will cost $10. If the vote can all be gotten out, if it can cast as the voter would like to cast it if knew how, if it can be counted as cast, Ca fornia will become a free state on and aft August 16, and then we can celebrate Adm sion Day with a patriotic zeal worthy of t occasion.

Is the Power of Self-Help Lost? From over the state co plaints come that the Li coln-Roosevelt Republic committee has not come to their towns organize them. This is another legacy fro the Political Bureau of the Southern Paci Company. For thirty years or more it h been the policy of corporation control of t Republican party not to stir up the anima No encouragement has been lent to priva initiative. Everything needed by the par has been done for the party from headquar ers. If there has been organization work be done some retainer has been sent out do it and his salary and expenses have bee paid. The League has strained every ner to keep any headquarters at all, to keep me on the road to prepare for meetings to addressed by state and district candidates, get out the little literature that has been se out, and there has been neither men n money to send out to organize local district What is the matter with patriotic, progressi Republicans in every community in the sta organizing the groups around them, maki up a sum of money and sending it in to hea quarters to help along the cause? If ev politics are put on a sound basis in this cou try the necessary expenses of making ca paigns will have to flow from the outside not from the inside out as heretofore. Wh ever furnishes the money for the conduct campaigns will claim the advantages to gained when a campaign is won. If the co porations furnish the money government w be in their interests. If the people furnis it government will be in their interests. Th sooner this truth finds lodgment in the min of all men the sooner will our political ema cipation come.

Hiram Johnson's Oakland Meeting For some time rumor h been injuriously busy wit the Lincoln - Rooseve campaign in Alameda county. It has bee alleged that Alameda county, and Oaklan especially, was dead to Johnson if not to t world. Now this never was true, and t Johnson meeting in Oakland Saturday nig proved it. The largest indoor meeting pla in Oakland was jammed to the doors. Joh son made one of the best speeches ever mad in a campaign in this state and he carrie his hearers with him from beginning to en That is, he demonstrated that Oakland h the same kind of people that other cities an towns have wherever Johnson has been, pe ple who are sick and ashamed of having the state a political dependency of the Souther Pacific Company. The reason why no mee ings were held earlier is that those in charg in Alameda county were anxious that the can paign might be short and that the interv between the launching of the progressiv movement and the middle of July might b spent elsewhere rather than in Alameda cou ty but that, from the Middle of July on unt the votes are in, the campaign in Alamed might be prosecuted with vigor. Which wa the better way is a question of sound judg ment, but not a question of loyalty to or luk warmness for Johnson and the progressiv Republican ticket.

For a Better Home For a Better Race Gifford Pinchot is no a man with a grievance but a man with a me sage and that message to the people of Cali fornia is from the people of all the easter and middle western states to press forwar in the movement to make California a fre state and the United States a free country

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

ake legislation for the common good and for the special benefit of special interests. as a message gladly received in San Fran- Sacramento and wherever heard. No r epitome of Pinchot's message can be n than the following from his San Fran- address. That same concept is pro- dly stirring the hearts of the common le in every community in the United s. We California progressives are not e. The woods and prairies, the cities and s, are full of people who think and feel as we do about the issue joined, which, r. Pinchot conceives it, is this:

is a great fight, this matter of driving rusts out of politics. It is going to be a and a hard fight. There is no other gov- ent on earth under whose constitution erty rights are as strong as ours. I be- in property. I believe in a square deal as much for the rich man as for the poor But one thing must be clear. The con- ion of the United States nowhere recog- the political existence or the political s of any corporation. If we are to have iis country free government, good instiu- ns and a chance to make the nation what ll want to see it, a better home for a bet- ice, then the special interests must be put of politics."

Intelligence Cast Its Vote If only those had the right of suffrage who possess a clear intelli- and clean moral character the cam- n would be all over but the shouting e has just been a convocation of tauquans at Yosemite Valley with five red persons present. A straw vote on governorship was taken in which Hiram son had a clear majority of forty over all petitors. While The Watchman believes appeal can successfully be made, even in Flat, on the issue of human rights, free rnment and honest, yet he has to admit there are whole sections of cities and os in small communities where such ap- are so seldom heard as to have lost, he time being, their power to challenge tion. The fleshpots of Egypt are rated the Promised Land. The lower the ards of intelligence and integrity the followers Hiram Johnson has, and con- ly reversely.

an McKinlay's d States Mail President Taft is great ed exercised over the $17,000,000 deficit in ffice revenues, or, rather, over the $17,- 00 of excess of expenditure over receipts, well he may be. His attention is re- fully called to at least one item in that se that might properly be cut out. At Santa Rosa home Duncan E. McKinlay tly received fifty-five sacks of public nents, believed to have weighed not less 115 pounds to the sack, or not less than pounds in all, all franked to his address imself. Furthermore, this stuff will no all be franked out to constituents, ly to remind them that Duncan is alive the stuff itself is seldom worth storage), making 12,600 pounds in all carried to no appreciable public use, for this congressman. Inasmuch as it costs the rnment eight cents a pound to carry its the railroads that brought this litter to coast, and that will distribute it over the d congressional district, will earn $1,008 is one batch, and there is doubtless more llow. Presuming that Duncan McKinlay t a sinner over others, then the 391 mem- of the lower house will frank out mail g this campaign that it will cost the d States government $394.128 to deliver, f the ninety-two United States senators well Uncle Sam is money out to the of nearly half a million for this one cam- , to say nothing of doing such things ie year round. No doubt a million a could be saved by limiting the franking ege to legitimate correspondence. Suf- hose who want pub. docs. to pay the ge on them or go without.

Phillip Heim In The Thirty-Fourth The assembly fight in the Republican ranks in the Thirty-Fourth District, San Francisco, has brought out only two candidates before the Republican primary. These two are Phillip Heim and Thomas Feeley. The man who should be supported is Heim. He is a clean man, a mechanic, intelligent and honest. He will undoubtedly receive the endorsement of the Independent Republican Club of the district. His opponent, Feeley, is a member of the bartenders' union and a deputy sheriff in Tom Finn's office. He was also an avowed Democrat until the day before he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination, an announcement made upon the suggestion of Finn just as Feeley was preparing to register as a Democrat. Feeley is receiving the "machine" support and should by all means be defeated.

Some Election Prognostications Guesses at the result of elections are not trustworthy enough to build on, but guesses from some sources are interesting and sometimes significant. For example, Meyer Lissner, the reform leader of Los Angeles, has compiled data received from private sources in all counties south of Tehachapi and in Tulare county, and from these data he estimates that Hiram Johnson will receive a plurality of 15,000 votes in the region described. This estimate is important because Mr. Lissner has managed and won several elections in Los Angeles city and county recently, and in every case his estimates of victory have been under the real figures. Another straw showing the direction of the wind is the odds of betting. Frank Daroux, the principal bookmaker of San Francisco, declares that Johnson is the favorite in the betting, and that while he has Johnson money there is little offered against it. Another straw is the case of R. E. Baines, a merchant of the Mission district of San Francisco, who has the reputation of having won every election bet he has made. Baines has bet $1,500 on Johnson and last Wednesday put up $500 more. He offers even money on Johnson against the field. His estimate of the vote is that 132,000 votes will be cast, divided approximately as follows: Johnson, 55,000; Curry, 37,000; Anderson, 23,000; Stanton, 12,000; Ellery, 5,000. In Alameda county, one of the pivotal counties in this election, C. E. Snook estimates that Johnson will receive between 4,000 and 5,000 plurality.

POOR BAIT

No State Ticket of Union Labor Party A decision handed down by the San Francisco Election Commission last Monday holds that the Union Labor party has forfeited its right to appear on the primary election ballot because of the failure of the governing body of that party to comply with those sections of the law that require them to file a petition for a place on the ballot and to issue a call for a party convention. This decision makes it necessary for all voters registered as of the Union Labor party to change their declaration of party affiliation before next Wednesday or be disfranchised. The opinion seems to be widespread that the 5,000 Union Labor voters involved are a block of votes that can be delivered by McCarthy to the Republican "organization" for the benefit of Alden Anderson, and that the whole number are now re-registering as Republicans for that purpose. Probably it will be conceded that some of those who re-register will do so as Democrats, and that, of the others, some would naturally support Curry. But even of the remaining number, The Watchman declines to believe that they are herded cattle to be swung at the beck of McCarthy's hand, hither or yon. The Watchman has faith to believe that most of these voters are Men, and that the election returns will show that they refused absolutely to be herded for Anderson merely to carry out the agreement made by the irresponsible McCarthy with the Herrin machine at the time of the last city election in San Francisco.

Machine Double-Crossing James Word comes to The Watchman from trustworthy private sources that the "machine" despairs of beating Judge M. C. Sloss for one of the two candidatures for the Supreme Bench on the Republican ticket, and that it has passed the word down the line to mass all the organization's strength to the task of nominating Melvin over Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, the Lincoln-Roosevelt candidate, and over Judge James, of Los Angeles, the machine's own candidate from Southern California. The Watchman believes this report to be true, but he wastes few tears on the sad fate of Judge James, whom the machine is deserting. He knew the source of his support, and took his chances of machine treachery. But The Watchman is greatly concerned that Judge Wilbur is thus forced to make practically two men's fights at once for the nomination. Judge Melvin should be defeated. He is light weight and a better politician than a judge. If Melvin should defeat Judge Wilbur for the Republican nomination, The Watchman will heartily support Judge Lawlor, the Democratic nominee, as against him at the November election. After the primaries, partisanship has no place in the choice of judges, and Judge Lawlor is worth ten men of Judge Melvin's type. That issue would be clear to all thinking Republicans.

Labor Leaders Who Are For Johnson The report that the labor union voters of Sacramento have been lukewarm in their attitude toward Hiram Johnson may or may not be true, but if it is true those men should be informed that the following leaders of labor unionism endorse his candidacy: Richard Caverly, representative of the international of the Boilermakers Union; Will French, editor of the Labor Clarion, who registered as a Republican for the first time this year expressly to vote for Johnson; Andrew Gallagher, secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council; Andrew Furuseth, secretary and organizer of the Coast Seamen's Union; and John W. Sweeney, formerly president of the San Francisco Labor Council and for twenty-five years a leader in the iron trades. The endorsement of these men should be sufficient argument as to the labor record of Hiram Johnson.

The Alameda Situation Not until the Last Day will the sheep get separated from the goats in Alameda county. Every attempt to separate them leads to compromises in the interests of harmony which let in about the worst specimens of goat in the bunch. This is true of the Good Government League ticket announced Wednesday

night. The greater part of the ticket is good, but it contains some names that Republican voters should reject. Among these are Tisdale for coroner and Pulcifer for the assembly. Tisdale is impossible and Pulcifer made it clear to his clean-handed associates in the assembly at the last session that he could not be depended on in an emergency. Cut them out. There is no obligation resting upon any voter to forego his divine right to scratch that ticket.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY GAFFNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law office of Maurice Gradwohl, 816 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND.
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 7, 1910.
MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, San Francisco.

7-8-4t

JULIUS GALMANN
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SAN FRANCISCO

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES CORCORAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, Room 858, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

M. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 30, 1910.
CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22296

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition of Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said deceased, having been this day presented to the Court, and it appearing to the Court from such petition that it is necessary and that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and of those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate and personal property in order to pay the debts outstanding against said decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition, and the said petition having been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be and appear before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day of August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to said executor for the sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks next preceding said day in "The California Weekly," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 1700 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-4t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 295

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaint.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien on the real property herein described or any part thof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answe complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City County, within three months after the first publi of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or if any, you have in or upon that certain real pro or any part thereof, situated in the City and Coun of San Francisco, State of California, particularly scribed as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly li Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southerly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southerly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison nue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; then right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to property be established and quieted; that the ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles terests and claims in and to said property, and part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Cle
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at La
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-2 0t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 214

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plainti

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORN:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien u the real property herein described or any part the defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City County, within three months after the first publica of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or if any you have, in or upon that certain real prop or any part thereof, situated in the City and Count San Francisco, State of California, particularly scribed as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersec of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easte line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly a said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) fe thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle West thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hund and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly of Castro Street and the point of commencement, b a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so pear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the C for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of property in fee simple absolute; that his title to property be established and quieted; that the C ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, in ests and claims in and to said property, and every thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, pre or future, vested or contingent, and whether the s consist of mortgages or liens of any description; plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such o relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Cler
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an inte in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at La
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22 t

RESIDENCE DISTRICT OPTION

WHAT IT IS AND WHY SAN FRANCISCO SHOULD HAVE IT

By J. E. WHITE

strict option, as applied to San Francisco, for its purpose the limiting of saloons to business portion of the city and prohibit- them from the residential section. It is osed to accomplish this by means of a er amendment determining the bound- outside of which no further licenses can ranted. It is necessary to do this by an dment to the charter, because as the er now reads, the Police Commission is discretionary power to grant or with- saloon licenses without regard to geo- ical limitations. It would seem, there- to be impossible to limit the area in saloons could be allowed without ding this provision of the charter. nances passed, either by the Board of rvisors or under the direct legislative sion of the charter, could not set aside persede the charter.

Saloons Near Homes Offensive

re has been a growing feeling on the of many of our people during the last cars that there should be some portion r city where persons desiring to do so establish their homes, secure in the feel- at saloons would not be allowed in their borhood. Under the present system this olutely impossible, for there is nothing, he voluntary will of the Police Commis- which can prevent the placing of a saloon y building within the limits of the city ounty. The Police Commission is under gal obligation to refuse a saloon license r because there is a protest against it, atter if that protest should be signed by resident of the city and county. One purchase a lot and build a home upon erned in the selection of the locality by ct that there were no saloons in the borhood, and he would no more than get into his new residence until an appli- might be made for a saloon license on rner adjacent to his property, and he be powerless to prevent or oppose the ng of the license unless he were able vail upon the Police Commission, ap- g to its discretion, to refuse the license. ience has shown that it is much easier a saloon license than to have one

Saloons Cause Transbay Settlement

re is no doubt that a large number of doing business in San Francisco, and all their financial interests here, have homes in Alameda, Marin and San counties, for the very purpose of pro- their families from the vicious influ- which would surround them in San sco, due largely to the saloon, present ry quarter of the city. It would, there- eem to be the part of wisdom for those re advocating the upbuilding of San sco, and seeking for her commercial ss, to open up for settlement those now lying waste within her boundaries, he assurance that no saloons would be d within those sections and that those sing property and building homes there- ld be protected from the saloon. We vithin the city and county of San Fran- opportunities for residence sections su- to any that can be found in the world. ally the only thing lacking to make sections attractive and desirable is nay be surrounded by a moral atmos- such as would make people feel that it be safe to raise their families and send children to school without coming in t with the saloon and its influence. It to be possible for those who desire it d their children to school, to church the shops in their neighborhood, with- ssing, or coming into contact with, where intoxicating liquors are sold, or e congregated for the purpose of drink- There are few men, no matter what ersonal attitude may be toward the saloon or the indulgence in intoxicating liquors, but who desire to protect their women and children from such influences.

All Other Large Cities Restrict

In all of the large cities of the country the saloons are restricted to the business sections. Los Angeles, which boasts of a population of more than one-half that of San Francisco, not only limits her saloons to a very small portion of the business section, but by an ordinance limits the number of saloons to two hundred. Seattle, Portland, Chicago, Minneapolis, and, in fact, all other large cities, have vast residential areas in which saloons are not allowed. It has been found by experience in those cities that limiting the saloons to the business section has lessened the cost of police protection and made it possible to police the cities more adequately with a smaller force.

As a business advertisement San Francisco could do nothing better than to advertise to the world that she has within her boundaries opportunities for the purchase of building sites in residential areas where saloons are not allowed. This would be an invitation to the best classes of people all over the world to come and make their homes within the city, with as pleasant surroundings as could be found anywhere. There is no doubt that San Francisco would assume a far different moral tone were it possible to have resident within her boundaries all of those who do business and have their financial interests and make their living out of her commercial enterprises, and why not?

The Proposed Saloon District

The proposed amendment provides that no licenses can be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in that portion of the city outside of the area bounded as follows: Beginning at the north end of Taylor street, running down the center line of Taylor street to the center line of Sutter street, out the center line of Sutter street to the center line of Larkin street, down the center line of Larkin street to the center line of Ninth street, down the center line of Ninth street to Division street, down the center line of Division to Channel street, thence out the center line of Channel street to the bay, with the provision that saloons may be allowed for places of business opening into Mission street between Ninth and Thirtieth streets and on Fillmore street between McAllister and Bush streets. It seems that within the restricted area there would be ample provision for a sufficient number of saloons to meet all of the demands, or supposed demands, of the city and its entire population. There is also a provision that hotels outside the restricted area may serve liquors with meals. There is nothing to the amendment which would prohibit the operation of a brewery, distillery or other place for the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, so long as they are not sold, or at any fixed place of business served, within the prohibited territory.

Argument of "Employment" Answered

The argument has been made that if this amendment is passed it will throw a large number of men out of employment and deprive others of an established business, and in addition, deprive the city of a considerable revenue, in that saloons now paying a license would be forced out of business. There are several answers to this argument. In the first place, one who engages in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors does so only upon express permission of the municipality. In other words, he is merely **permitted** to engage in that business, so long as the municipality chooses to tolerate him, and one embarking in that vocation does so with notice beforehand that the municipality may, at any time, place additional burdens upon the business, or entirely prohibit it, so that, if he is deprived of employment, or loses his business, as a result of laws passed, it is merely one of the incidents necessarily connected with the business.

Again, when it is determined that any business or occuation is a menace to the health or moral welfare of any community, that community has a perfect right, under its police power, to eliminate that business, as the welfare of the community at large is superior to any individual privilege. The individual engaged in the liquor traffic has no vested right and no right which can develop into a vested right, as he operates continually with notice of the superior right of the municipality. This fact is emphasized by the provision of the charter itself which provides that no license shall be valid for a longer period than three months and requiring a renewal quarterly by a permission of the Board of Police Commissioners and by this requirement emphasizes the precariousness of the business.

No Loss of Revenue Necessary

Now in reference to the loss of revenue—if there were any serious question as to the ability of the city and county of San Francisco to provide money for its current expenses by reason of any loss of revenue occasioned by the passage of this amendment, the Board of Supervisors could increase the license of the saloons allowed to remain to a point where the present revenue could be maintained, because the present license required for saloons in the city and county of San Francisco is about one-half of that required in all other large cities of the country, and that there have been at various times propositions seriously made to increase the amount of license at present paid. And there is no apparent reason why saloons in San Francisco could not pay as much license as is required of them in Los Angeles, Oakland, Seattle, Tacoma, Chicago and other large cities.

But if it should become necessary to lose that revenue altogether, it would be but a small price to pay for the advantage of having vast residential areas made so attractive that our own people would feel like maintaining a residence on this side of the bay, and people from outside of the city would be attracted here, so as to become permanent residents of our city.

Again, by eliminating saloons from the residential portions of the city better police protection could be afforded those sections with a smaller force of policemen. A smaller section of the city would require and could command more efficient supervision and the loss of revenue would be more than made up in the decreased cost required to maintain peace and order. It is a universal experience of municipalities that the cost of police and criminal courts decreases with the elimination of the saloon, and, in that connection, it might be well to say that San Francisco can well afford to spare a large number of her saloons, as she now has a larger number in proportion to population than any other large city in the world without any corresponding necessity therefor.

Proposed Ordinance Not Radical

Some say that this proposed ordinance is radical. The fact of the matter is that it is extremely lenient. San Francisco has dealt generously with the liquor traffic within her boundaries. Restrictions that are imposed in other cities have not been resorted to here, and the saloons have been allowed a free rein to flourish wheresoever they desired and almost as they pleased. By reason of this tolerance our saloon area has covered the entire city and county, whereas there should have been a dead line established years ago. Had this been done, there would not now be a necessity of what may seem to be radical action, but it can in no sense be deemed

radical to insist upon the limitations suggested in the amendment.

Those who will carefully read the history of reform in this direction during the last ten years will notice that the prohibition wave has been sweeping over vast areas of our country and many of the states are passing laws absolutely prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors within their boundaries. California has not seen fit to enact or even propose such a law, but the policy of our state government has been to allow each municipality to determine through its legislative department what regulations shall be enforced within its boundaries. Under these provisions many of the counties and cities of our state have prohibited the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and San Francisco has enjoyed the utmost freedom and liberality along these lines, and many of our citizens are beginning to think that the time has now come when we should place some restrictions upon the liquor traffic. In view of the widespread temperance wave sweeping over the country it would seem wise on the part of those engaged in the traffic to welcome reasonable restrictions as a measure of safety to the existence of their business. It is a law universal in its application that when people once become aroused by a long continued abuse they are apt to adopt radical measures and to go to extremes. It would, therefore, seem better to work for the betterment of our city along sane and rational lines than to force those who are determined upon reform to become radical in their demands.

A movement such as this should appeal strongly to all right thinking people, especially those who are deeply interested in the future welfare of our city. San Francisco has acquired a reputation during the last few years which, deserved or undeserved, has not been to our credit. We all believe that our city is not as bad as she is painted and that we are not more wicked than other large cities, but we are now in the limelight and the finger of scorn has been pointed in our direction and the attention of mankind directed toward us, and all seem eager to find something to criticise. It is up to us to establish ourselves in the confidence and respect of the world by a moral regeneration. We are certainly capable of doing what any other city or municipality can do. If there be some things in our civic life which can be improved we should certainly be not only willing but anxious to make the improvement.

Easterners Offended by Saloon Display

It is difficult for some of our people to appreciate the feeling of intolerance of the saloon on the part of strangers coming to our city. We have become so accustomed to seeing the saloon on every corner, to witness the display of intoxicating liquors in nearly every shop window on the street and the serving of liquors on the tables of every restaurant and hotel, that we do not know how it seems to be where these things are not allowed, but the fact remains that a majority of the people of the United States now live in dry territory and to them these displays are offensive.

California has been attracting during the last few years many colonists, representing well-to-do people who have made a competence in the east and middle west and who desire to spend the remainder of their days in a less rigorous climate. These people for the most part come from portions of the country where the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are absolutely prohibited, and, in seeking new homes in the west they will give the preference to those localities where similar conditions prevail, and that, no doubt, accounts for the large populations pouring into Los Angeles and Southern California in preference to the bay region. Let San Francisco advertise to the world that she is in harmony with the rest of the country on the question of tolerance and she too will be in a position successfully to bid for her share of the colonists seeking a California home. The people of this city are determined to drive the saloons from the residence districts, and if they do not accomplish that result at this election they will keep up the fight until they succeed.

CANDIDATES FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Governor:
Hiram W. Johnson.....San Francisco

Lieutenant Governor:
A. J. Wallace.....Los Angeles

U. S. Senator:
John D. Works.....Los Angeles

Associate Justices Supreme Court:
M. C. Sloss.....San Francisco
Curtis D. Wilbur.....Los Angeles

District Court of Appeals (First District):
Thomas J. Lennon.....San Rafael

Secretary of State:
Florence J. O'Brien.....Chico

Controller:
A. B. Nye.....Oakland

Treasurer:
William R. Williams.....Fresno

Attorney General:
U. S. Webb.....San Francisco

Clerk of Supreme Court:
B. Grant Taylor.....Santa Clara County

Surveyor General:
W. S. Kingsbury.....Los Angeles

Superintendent of Public Instruction:
Allison B. Ware.....San Francisco

Superintendent of State Printing:
Friend W. Richardson.....Berkeley

Railroad Commissioner (First District):
Alex. Gordon.....Sacramento

Railroad Commissioner (Third District):
John M. Eshleman.....Imperial

The Republican candidates above have all been endorsed by the Independent Republican Clubs of California and the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

BY

A. JUDSON

T never seemed to Jed that Jed's father ever could have been a boy, and when Jed's aunt assured Jed to the contrary, and d to make him understand what sort of a her younger brother was once upon a e, Jed did not believe a single word she l. So long as Jed knew him his father a serious-minded, hard-worked, and hard-hed man, kindly and self-forgetful, but with er a playday and who had never romped ı Jed as much as once in his life. If Jed's ıer ever had, like the apostle Paul, spake ı child, understood as a child, thought as ıild, he must, also like Paul, have put away dish things and put them so far away that had forgotten all about them. Perhaps is why Jed so well remembers his own dhood and why he so early resolved not put it wholly away from him.

When Jed came to himself there was a big, ly, gruff old doctor standing over him with blespoon in his hand with something nasty t that the doctor wanted Jed to swallow, else he wanted to look down Jed's throat see what he had swallowed already, Jed not very clear which. Anyhow, the doc- wanted Jed to open his mouth very wide high and, by way of encouragement, ned his own yawning chasm until it looked ed like the mouth of a cave, demanding of persuasively, that he do like that. "I t," Jed whimpered, "I ain't big enough," then he was laughed at, sick as he was anxious as they were for him, by father, her and the doctor.

ack of that incident all was chaos in the d of Jed. To him life began with the let fever that someone brought from "the r," a hundred miles away, and distributed ıugh that pioneer western settlement and, onsequence of it, the nucleus of the little etery on the high bank in the bend of the k was started. He remembered being d in his father's arms, while he was yet ill to walk, to look, for the last time, into face of his little playfellow cousin lying ıch a funny little box, and that all were ng over him, and then they took him away Jed did not see little cousin any more.

ack of these incidents there was thick mist ering an immeasurable past, for Jed was nearly four years old, a mental fog that c shadowy forms such as one sees in ıms, but nothing that could be rightly ed memories. There were traditions, too, ın ancestry of wonderful people in a far land known as "Back East," and old per-ılities to be raked up on occasion by Jed's ciless cousin, six years older than he, such ıaving run into a heap of hot ashes and s after the great fireplace had been ıtied and standing there and yelling like ıaniac until pulled out instead of stepping with a hop-skip-and-jump, or staying out gether like a sensible person. That there foundation for this tradition Jed very well w, for there were his crippled, scarred and ·on-toed feet, which always hurt him, in of it, besides the remains of the little ıden wagon his father had made to carry about in during all the months before he ld walk again.

ut the crowning humiliation of Jed was metallic bottle with a funny neck to it ch Cousin Frank insisted was Jed's mother ıuse he had been brought up on it, his girl her having had broken breasts after he born and, therefore, having been unable ıurse him as other babies are nursed. The e sight of that bottle, always spoken of 'Jed's bottle," filled Jed with an inexplica-but galling sense of shame, and he longed ·mash it with the hammer, but it was kept of his reach so that he couldn't.

e was told afterward that for days his ı life hung by a thread, but anyhow the ·ad held and he lived to steal plums from trees of the gruff old doctor who had ·k by him and brought him through alive, ot quite whole, for, like as not, the malady him with constitution weakened, if not h faculties impaired.

o life began with being laughed at, and ıg laughed at became a pain like a knife ıst, making Jed timid and ashamed with-reason, shrinking into corners and remem-ing that old doctor to detest him ever ·r. Of course he could not open his mouth wide. He wasn't big enough What he had said was true and why all this fuss about it?

Then little sister came. He remembered that. There were two or three neighbor women there, and that old doctor came again, but after it was all over, they said. His mother screamed and then Jed screamed, too, and pounded these women with his fists to make them quit. There was only one room in the cabin, and a little chamber to which one climbed a ladder, but it was cold up there and cold out of doors, dreadfully cold, for it was January, and somehow they wanted him to look out the window all the time when there wasn't anything there to see that he hadn't seen a thousand times. But by and by his aunt fished a little whimpering red Indian papoose out of the curtained bed in the corner of the room, washed it and dressed it and said it was to be Jed's little sister, but Jed disclaimed ownership and said that he would rather it had been a puppy, and then they all laughed at him and he cried. Even mother laughed, which hurt him most, but she called him to her side and told him that he should have his puppy in a few days, that one had been promised as soon as it was old enough to be taken from its mother.

The promise was kept and Jed came into possession of the friend of his childhood, the one protector and companion who never laughed at him. His uncle brought the puppy to him in his pocket, but what happened to the pocket cannot be so much as hinted at, only it was a great joke on uncle for years after. The dog grew to be as big as a gray wolf, so big and so strong that it did not seem possible that he could ever have been so small as to have been carried in the pocket of an overcoat. For a time other dogs that came to the house used to jump on "Noble" and throw him down and bite him and make him cry, but after he grew up no dog durst come near him lest he be shaken half out of his skin.

Then there was old Kate, the mare that trotted so hard that Jed could scarcely stay in the saddle, for his feet would not even touch the top of the stirrups and, if she broke into a gallop, which she fortunately could hardly be persuaded to do, he had to cling to the horn of the saddle for dear life when they went after the cows, as they did every summer evening. Sometimes they were down in the timber and sometimes out on the prairie, and sometimes it was a long and lonesome hunt for them for a six-year-old, but, when found, Noble rounded them up and Kate trotted after them and bit them if they did not move along and Jed held on and so they generally, but not always, got home before dark. When they did not, and the shadows lengthened, and the coyotes called, and Noble growled, Jed's flesh grew cold and the tears came into his eyes. It was almost as bad as being laughed at. Once as he rode under a tree he heard a noise in the branches and looked up just in time to catch the gleam of a wildcat's eyes on a limb directly above, but Noble flew at the tree and barked and barked and barked, and old Kate trotted off leaving Noble there barking for dear life. The cows were found and driven home and Jed's father took down his rifle, sprang into the saddle and went back to the tree and shot the wildcat, brought it home and skinned it. Everybody said that if it hadn't been for Noble it would have been all up with Jed Jed was afraid, desperately afraid to be out that way in the woods and dark, but he was more afraid of being laughed at and so went and said nothing.

But that was not as close a call as another one that happened the summer before, when Noble was only an overgrown, gawky puppy, almost afraid of his own shadow. The drinking water had to be brought from a spring a good eighth of a mile from the house, and it used to be Jed's duty to fetch it in a little tin pail with a cover to it to keep the bugs in the grass by the path from falling into the water. The path led down a little ravine through a hickory thicket, around the end of a little bottom-land corn field surrounded by thick woods where the corn grew so big and tall that a man standing on tip-toes could barely hang his hat on the topmost ears. Well, one day Jed did not come back as soon as his father thought he ought, for Jed liked to play in the cool, wet gravel that surrounded the spring, and sometimes loitered, quite contrary to instructions to hurry.

So his father took down his rifle from its pegs on the wall and walked quickly toward the spring. For some reason, he said, he felt impelled to go and to take his rifle, though he had never done so before. After reaching the edge of the cornfield he heard Jed coming singing at the top of his voice and stopped to wait for him, but something told him to go on. He yielded to the impulse and, three or four rods farther, came upon a catamount lying by the path, evidently in wait for Jed or his big puppy dog, who were then almost in sight. The catamount sprang into the corn and Jed's father sent a rifle ball after it, but to no avail, and Jed did not fetch any more water until late that fall when father and mother were sometimes so sick with the fever and ague that there was no one able to go for water except Jed.

From that day forward no one could shake the faith of Jed's father in the verity of spirit presences quite capable of vigilant guardianship if only the guarded could keep his own mind in a receptive mood for receiving premonitions, and, in support of his conviction, he probably related this incident a thousand times. Jed's mother maintained that Jed's innumerable hairbreadth escapes from death implied a providential preservation for some important service, but the old doctor was known to entertain different views and to have expressed the opinion that a young'un that was born to be hanged naturally couldn't be made way with by any other process.

So, when a rattlesnake, being unable to rattle because it had only a button instead of a rattle on the end of its tail, was forced to send its fangs into Jed's bare foot a couple of times, by way of protest against being trodden upon, and afterward made its way through a chink in the outside chimney, and so on under the floor of the cabin and up through a knothole, getting a screwdriver plunged through its neck for its pains, the old doctor counseled Jed's parents not to worry as it was foreordained from the foundation of the world that the rattler was to get the worst of it. Jed's parents pondered the old doctor's saying in their minds, not quite certain what his meaning might be, but the old doctor knew, and Jed knew, what was meant, and Jed hated the old doctor all the more cordially after that and stole his plums every summer as soon as they began to turn yellow.

But that was a close call sure enough, for Jed was alone at home just then, except for a man in the field plowing, whom Jed hated and would not have called to him to have saved his own life, for the man made faces at him, called him the "little Dutchman" and laughed at him every chance he got. Father and mother both came presently, though, and Jed's father cut the foot open with a razor and sucked out a good deal of blood, but the poison had gone on its way and the battle of life and death had to be fought out without great odds either way.

The agony of it! The seeing of swarms of snakes wriggling up through holes in the floor as soon as the candle was out, the skin of the leg stretched as tightly as a drumhead, the turning black-and-blue clear to the body, the poultices of wetted clay to take the fever out, the whisky Jed was made to drink that went down like forked lightnings, the intolerable itching when he began to get better, the

leg drawn up so that he could only get his foot toward the ground by little and little, week after week, the shock to the nerves, the terror of every rustling sound in the grass, and the inability ever after to put a foot down where he could not see all about it—these were some of the lasting consequences of that close call in the barefoot days of Jed.

And what a snake hole that was where Jed's lines were cast! Jed's father was no little of a dreamer. He had come West with a colony to keep slavery out of the territory; had learned the printer's trade in the office of the old Anti-slavery Standard in New York City, had lectured and preached and prayed that all men might be made equal before the laws of this free country. He had delved into literature, had all the standard poets in his little library, and played the flute. When he came to stake out his claim with the rest he took the one claim that no one else wanted, the one that the Serpentine wound through so crookedly that a straight line crossed it eight times as it cut through the claim diagonally from corner to corner; the claim that had the finest succession of ponds on it and the best fishing, the rocky ford and the turbulent little waterfall from which the creek swung around under a beetling bluff to whose ragged escarpment clung great boulders half the size of the log cabin; the claim that had the largest number of spreading elms and oaks and towering walnut trees scattered over it and decidedly was the most picturesque, but the claim of all claims that had the least tillable land, and that in the smallest patches hardest to fence, the claim least likely to make a living for its owner.

The ponds were alive with water snakes, the rocky hill with rattlers, the woods with copperheads, while blacksnakes and bull snakes, joint snakes and garters, were as numerous as nature's just balance would permit them to be with due deference to the rights of the others.

When, in the spring, the creek was high and the lower levels were overflowed, the bushes that swayed and bent with the surging current were sure to have one or more snakes coiled in the branches. Now and again a big rattler or copperhead was stoned to death or shot through and through with the little squirrel rifle in the hands of Jed's father or Cousin Frank. Sometimes Jed was allowed to shoot this rifle at a mark, but as he always shut his eyes before he pulled the trigger it was less dangerous to be at the mark than anywhere else in the vicinity.

Which brings to mind another narrow escape, but this time not for Jed. The wildcats became regular visitors to the chicken-house and, though built of firm logs into which no cat could go, straying chickens were watched for in early mornings and, the better to get a shot at the cats, Jed's father kept his little rifle at the head of the ladder that he might get a shot out of the chamber window. One day a visitor came to the house, a stranger to Jed. He talked vehemently and had a way of shaking his finger in the face of Jed's father as he talked, to the mind of Jed, with great ferocity. He was a towering big fellow and Jed was afraid for his father's life, but he said nothing and quietly climbed the ladder, took down the rifle from its pegs, cocked it and leveled it at the intruder through a knot hole in the chamber floor. Then he waited, waited for an overt act, waited until the call to dinner, when the visitor sat up to the table. Jed knew how to cock the rifle, but not how to let the hammer down again and, when he sought to do that, the hammer slipped from his little fingers and the bullet lodged in the cabin wall. There was a scurrying down below and Jed was spanked for touching the rifle. Afterward Jed's mother questioned him as to why he touched the rifle when he had been told so many times never to do so and his reply was, "If that man had struck my father I'd a shot him right through that knothole." "Why, child," the mother exclaimed, "they were not quarreling. That was the township assessor and they were talking politics." But politics did not convey much to Jed's mind just then, and he was made to understand that his father would fight his own battles without Jed's help yet awhile.

But everybody talked politics in those days and, in Jed's neighborhood, all on the same side of the question. Sumter had been fired on, many of the neighbors had gone to the war; once a week the mail carrier came and brought a New York Tribune for Jed's father and other papers for other neighbors. They were fairly eaten alive and passed from hand to hand to be read again and again and talked over and over. It was all a mystery to Jed. Even his friend, Danny Bates, a little fellow who always carried his head to one side and owned the next claim to the south, who used to carry Jed on his shoulder when the stubble was prickly and hurt Jed's bare feet, could not make Jed understand what it was all about. But Danny went to the war and, the next winter, came back again, on a furlough, they called it, all dressed in blue with a gray overcoat and a big gun. When he went away again he stooped and kissed Jed goodbye and strode against the north wind up the long slope and over the rim of the prairie, the tail to his coat fluttering over his shoulder, until he never came back. They said that his regiment had got caught in a cul de sac and "cut all to pieces," which did not mean much to Jed, only that it made mother cry, and Jed was told that Danny was dead, that he had given his life for his country. That only deepened the mystery and when Jed tried to make clear to his own mind what it meant to have a regiment "cut all to pieces" by killing a litter of kittens that Jed overheard his mother trying to induce his father to kill, but to the work bench and shaving their hides off one by one with the drawing knife, his success was only partial, inasmuch as his father explained to him that there were a thousand men in a regiment, whereas there were only seven kittens in that litter.

But Jed got a chance to find out what it was like to be shot and killed, and what a dead man looked like.

It was one of those clear, early summer mornings when scarcely a breath of air was stirring and sound traveled far, that the boys of the family were greeted by sounds of successive pistol shots coming over the rim of the prairie from the low bottom two or three miles away, and great was the wondering as to what it could mean. The horses had been hitched to the spring wagon and Jed's father was about to take the family to a distant neighbor's to spend the day when here came a horseman at a furious gallop down the slope. He stopped on the bank of the creek and called to Jed's father to come with his team and convey a wounded horse thief from a wood, where he had been shot, to a house down in the valley where his partner had been killed. Jed wanted to go with the team, but his father told him to stay with mother and the baby, that it was no place for his little boy to go, and drove off without him. But Jed was not to be disposed of so easily. He watched his chance, slipped down the back path, waded the creek and started over the prairie in the direction from which the sounds had come, finally reaching the main road with toes hurt by the grass and the soles of his feet pierced and bleeding in a dozen places by the sharp stubble. Still he pressed on and had nearly reached the Squire's house in the valley when his father overtook him with the team and the wounded man and took him up.

The wounded man lay groaning in the bottom of the wagon with a bloody horse blanket under him, calling out in agony almost every moment to know if they were not almost there. He was a big, fine, bearded fellow with long, white fingers that had more to tell of cards than of toil. Arrived at the Squire's, Jed heard the story of the morning, how the two horse thieves had been overtaken by sheriff and posse while at breakfast at a house in the lane. Both had fine saddle animals and each was leading another horse. The posse divided, two riding by the house and up the lane and the other two waiting behind some trees at the lower end. The thieves would have to go out one way or other.

Presently they came out of the house and vaulted into their saddles, but they had not gone far when they saw their way blocked by horsemen with pistols drawn. They turned their led horses loose and dashed back, only to be confronted by the other two men. One of the men jumped from his horse, leaped the fence and started on foot across a cow lot for a corn field, the sheriff in hot pursuit, also on foot. Seeing that the sheriff, who was calling to him to halt, was gaining on him the thief turned and fired at his pursuer, but his aim was not true and he started to run again, vaulting a second fence with the ease of an athlete. He had now not half a dozen steps to take to reach the tall corn, but turned as

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d his pistol to fire at the sheriff a second
The sheriff was too quick for him and
horse thief dropped in his tracks with a
t through his heart.
e sheriff, without stopping to take a
id glance at his victim, ran to his horse
joined in the pursuit of the other horse
who was now waging a duel with the
by whom he had dashed at the mouth
ie lane and with the others hard after.
sheriff was better mounted than any of
others and overhauled the posse as they
k the timber on the Serpentine. Here
horse thief abandoned his wounded horse
took to the brush with the others hard
his heels. Like a frightened hare, with
ds upon his track, he ran this way and
seeking a place in which to hide, by and
ropping under an overhanging bank of
reek and crawling under some vines in
xpectation of picking off his pursuers one
ie as they advanced, but the sheriff's eyes
the sharper, and he caught sight of the
thief just as he was in the act of raising
istol to shoot one of the posse who had
within range. The sheriff sent a ball
gh his body and he lost his hold on the
and rolled down the bank, where he was
into custody.
, having overheard and learned the place
the body of the first horse thief was,
toward it as fast as his tired feet would
him, climbed the fence and, for the first
n his life, stood in the presence of death.
the horse thief lay upon his back, his
hat scarcely a foot from his head, his
er at his feet where he had dropped it
he fell, his eyes staring vacantly up at
m, now high in the heavens. His eyes
blue, his hair brown and there was a
upon his lips. His mustache was brown
hapely and there was upon his cheeks
hin perhaps a three days' growth of
He wore a gray woolen shirt, light
-like coat thrown open and, over the
and down the sides there were blood
, but in no great quantity. The forelock
n back disclosed a scar at the roots of
air.
flies had begun to gather around him
ed broke off a weed and drove them
and was so occupied when the coroner's
ound the boy when they came, the whole
horhood at their heels, to view the re-
Jed's father took the boy into custody
ught to draw him away, but he was one
jurors, and so Jed stayed by his side
the verdict was rendered. "How cold
hands are, boy," the father exclaimed,
ou look like a ghost. Are you ill?" Jed
ted that he was not, but the spectacle
ig, strong man lying lifeless, the blood
l upon his shirt, had made the boy sick
rt and he was glad enough to climb into
agon with his father and the others and
home to his nearly distracted mother,
ad searched everywhere for Jed, but in

t night the wounded horse thief died and
o were buried side by side in the little
ery in the bend of the creek. A fort-
later a man and a woman came into the
horhood making inquiry regarding the
nen, came to Jed's father among others
nally, asked that the grave might be
l that they might look upon the face of
unger man. Neighbors joined in mak-
e disinterment, the rude coffin of rough
was opened, the strangers took one
ntent look and turned away uttering no
the woman leaning heavily upon the
f her husband, her knees tottering and
rembling as he helped her into the car-
and quickly drove away.
years the grave of the horse thieves
Jed, if not hallowed ground, at least a
f earth not to be approached without
tion, and with a half formed fear that
rse thieves themselves might not be far
malignant and menacing. When Jed
shadows lurking in the hickory thicket
y he pondered in his own mind if they
not be the shades of the dead horse
s and ran, pale and trembling, as fast as
t would carry him.
the neighbors gave great glory to the
who had slain them both, and Cousin
declared that he would rather shoot a
thief than a certain gray wolf which
much infested the neighborhood, killing calves and colts, and which no one seemingly could kill, although the whole neighborhood turned out and hunted for it day after day, but Jed's connection with that wolf belongs to another chapter.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate) of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff,)
vs.)
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien) upon, the real property described herein, or) any part thereof, Defendants.)

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.
RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

ORPHAN NOTICE
THE BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

	Years	Months
Whole Orphans		
Halstead, Andrew	12	
Chrisholm, Louis	12	10
Half Orphans		
Scofield, Olin	10	7
Reno, Willie	12	6
Reno, Peter	13	6
McGuire, Ignatius	11	7

7-8-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS,
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. I.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building Phone Douglas 3595
7-15-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Military Arm of the State

In his early ministry Henry Ward Beecher declared that the world would never see another war, that the nations had too much sense to fight and that arbitration and a court of the nations would soon adjust all international differences. After he had lived to witness one of the greatest civil wars in human history, the Franco-Prussian war and minor international disturbances, he threw up his hands and declared that he was done prophesying.

To us of this generation it looks as though war could be no more because of its costliness, its destructiveness and the steady growth of the comity of nations and progress toward a permanent court of nations, but it would be a rash nation that would disarm and a rash state that, yet awhile, would strip itself of its power to quell a mob or to put down an insurrection. Therefore, the military arm of California becomes of interest to every citizen of California. While there is no enemy in sight, and no insurrection in prospect, the wisest cannot know when the military arm may be called to put forth its uttermost strength to preserve order or repel invasion.

The militia of California consists of every able bodied man between the ages of 18 and 45 years, except ministers of religion, civil and military officers of the United States, officers of foreign governments, civil officers of the State of California, members of fire and police departments. Mongolians and Indians are also exempt and no alien is obliged to bear arms against the country to which his allegiance is due. All others are subject to call if the state needs them, and the county assessors of each county annually make up the roll of the persons subject to military duty.

This roll is reported in duplicate to the board of supervisors, is corrected as needed by the board of supervisors sitting as a board of equalization, and one copy of the corrected list is sent to the brigadier-general commanding the district in which each county is situated, and the brigadier-general must transmit a copy of it to the Adjutant-General at his office in the State Capitol, where it is available for calling out the men if needed.

This is the potential fighting force of the state, but "happy is that state whose annals are tedious," inasmuch as they are not filled full of military incidents. Most American citizens live and die without ever being called to do military service. If a military force is needed there are generally volunteers enough to fill the ranks and if not, then the draft is resorted to, for it is seldom that the militia is needed within the state and it cannot be required to do service outside the state without its consent. During the Civil War, along the border states, the militia was frequently called out, and sometimes saw fighting, but the tendency is for it to do guard duty, attend supply trains, leaving the firing line to trained soldiery. In military terminology this great force, in California perhaps numbering a quarter of a million men, is known as the "reserve" militia, but it is not to be called into use until the "active" militia, commonly known as the National Guard, has been found inadequate for the emergency.

When we come to consider the number and variety of persons who have the power to call for the National Guard or, if that be insufficient, then the militia, we may thank our stars that we live in peaceful times and not in an age of heroics, in an age of over-emphasized materialism rather than one of an exaggerated militarism. Our skins are safer if not our souls.

The militia may be called out, "In case of war, insurrection, rebellion, invasion, tumult, riot or imminent danger thereof, or resistance to the laws of this state or the United States."

The militia may be called out by, "Requisition of the President of the United States or any officer of the United States army commanding a division, department or district in California; by any United States marshal in California, or upon call of the chief executive officer of any city or city and county, or by any justice of the supreme court or any judge of the superior court; by any sheriff setting forth that there is an unlawful or riotous assembly with intent to commit a felony, or to offer violence to person or property or to resist the laws of the state or the United States, or upon call of the sheriff setting forth that the civil power of the county is not sufficient to enable him to execute process delivered to him." This showing or requisition must be addressed to the governor of the state, who is the commander-in-chief of the militia, both active and in reserve, whereupon he is "authorized" to issue the call to arms. It would appear from the reading of the statute that a large discretion is reposed in the governor to issue the call or not to issue it as he thinks best, which is probably wise, unless on demand of the President of the United States, inasmuch as, where there are so many persons having the power to make the demand upon him there is risk of encountering some who would be precipitate if not hysterical.

In our next lesson we shall take up for consideration the "organized and uniformed active" militia of California commonly known as the National Guard.

Moneybags—Young man, I started as a clerk on 15 shillings a week, and today I own my own business. Hardupp—I know, sir. But they have cash registers in all the shops now.—Comic Cuts.

They were heckling him at a political meeting. At last he could stand it no longer. "Who brayed there?" he cried out sarcastically. "It was only an echo," retorted somebody amid much laughter.—Tit-Bits.

"An artist," said Mr. Teechum, "should strive to reproduce what is nearest to his thought and deepest in his affection." "Yes," replied the mercenary genius, "but the laws against counterfeiting currency are so severe!"—Washington Star.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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This Week: "CACOETHES VERBIFACIENDI"

—By Marsden Manson

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: JULY 29 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

II Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal. GOOD FAITH-GOOD COURAGE-GOOD HUMOR Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00, In Advance. No. 36.

Into Harmon's Hands

OHIO REPUBLICANS convoked themselves and lemnly resolved that what ain't so is so, and then appealed people to vindicate the untenable position, because the nt chances to be an Ohio man. All of which tends to he path of Judson Harmon to victory in that state, as a g stone to the Democratic nomination for the presidency, lain and easy. Is Ohio seeking, first, to retain the presi- whichever party wins? It looks so.

Tom Platt Knew

LATE THOMAS C. PLATT in his autobiography irmed that, no matter how much a nominee for an office ek to get away from his political environment before elec- can safely be counted that he never will. Governor found it so and therefore has not been disobedient from nta Cruz convention until now. Alden Anderson, in the y event of his nomination and election, can strain at his and wrench at the bars of his cage as much as he will, er will he be free from the Herrin direction and the South- cific's omnipresent influence. He is a good man in a bad box. Tom Platt knew.

What Else Can He Do?

CHARGES MADE by Senator Bristow, that Senator drich secured an increase in the tariff on manufactured in the interests of an industry in which he and his son gaged, and that he advanced the cotton schedule for the g of stock quotations in cotton manufacturing corpora- re being treated with a dignified and frigid silence. What n a man do when his adversary has got him dead to rights?

Let It Not Be Forgotten

PROBABLE that the higher courts will cause the in- ments against Calhoun and the other higher-ups to be ed. Perhaps there may be nothing else to do, but let it forgotten, when these men claim vindication, as they will, was within their power to go upon the stand at any time, ie cases and testify in their own behalf, telling just where 00,000 went, who got it and why. Until they do this they entitled to the benefit of the smallest doubt.

The Straightest Furrow

OCK BUYER was making the rounds of an Iowa farming ommunity when he came to a good farm house and en- nto negotiations for cattle with the owner. "By the way," he buyer, as he was about to write out a check, "what may our name?" "Cummins, sir, my name is Cummins." "Any n to the governor?" "He's my son." "Well, you've given te a mighty good governor. I can say that for you." know if he is a good governor or not," was the reply, s a boy he could plow the blamedest straightest furrow a quarter section of land ever plowed in Iowa, I reckon." day that son may plow that furrow clear to the White for he is still plowing straight as a bee line.

Van Liew

RINCIPAL VAN LIEW, of the Chico normal school, ged one girl he probably hugged more than one. Every -mugger does, and soonor or later the truth will out, but, whether he hugged or did not hug, Trustee Florence J. O'Brien was right in declaring that the evidence showed Van Liew to be not the right sort of man to head an institution of learning where character counts. Having been exonerated, he should resign and get out without waiting to be kicked out of an institution whose head should be above criticism as to sobriety, integrity and morality.

Aunt Sally

AUNT SALLY USED TO LIKE to tell of the big times had when she was servant to her mistress in the Big House, how kind they were to her and how hard life was washing for a living with a no-account husband and half a dozen pickaninnies to support; but when asked if she did not wish herself back there, as in the old days, she would throw up her hands and declare, "Fo' God, no! Not on you' life! Then I was a slave. Now I is free. Then I belonged to Master. Now I belong to God and my chil'un." It is even so with government by railroad. Even if it were the best government, as the Morning Moral Idiot would have us believe, which it is not, it would be intolerable to any self respecting people because not of The People.

That Man Nye

SOME MEN ARE IN POLITICS for profit, some for glory, some through friendliness to others and a willingness to acquiesce in the wishes of their friends, but, with State Controller A. B. Nye, public office is something more even than a public trust. It is more than a vocation. It is a consecration to service, an opportunity to devote his mind, his strength, his time and all the powers of his being to working out hard public problems and fighting hard public battles for that which is eternally true and righteous altogether. When a state has a chance to secure the services of such a servant it is fatuously imbecile if it does not make his election sure.

Johnson and Labor

OF ALL ENEMIES TO LABOR, organized or unorganized, there is not one other so dangerous as that political charlatan who assumes to speak in labor's name, and to deliver labor's votes in blocks in conformity with trades such as were made in San Francisco last fall for the defeating of Heney and the election of McCarthy, a trade whose consummation was set for August 16, 1910. Hiram Johnson makes no advances toward labor on such a line of march. He advances openly, man to man, valuing a laborer no higher and no lower than he values another, but as a citizen co-equal with every other, a rational being, free and independent. Whether or not that policy commands the votes of labor, it cannot fail of commanding the respect of those who toil, and that is the better part. But he will get that vote, too, because he deserves it.

Only The Little Ones

THE OHIOANS CROWED LUSTILY over the conviction of the underlings engaged in the sugar frauds in New York. It had been fitter had the crowings been littler, for only the little living thieves, and one big dead one, were convicted. Had the big thieves, the old he-ones now living, been convicted and imprisoned then might our three hundred pound chanticleer have crowed and crowed as only chanticleer can.

Then and Now

Fifty years ago this nation was convulsed over the issue of Property In Man. In defense of the rights of property in man there were arrayed the commercial and financial interests, North and South. Conservatism clung to and defended the "peculiar" institution. Religion threw about it the mantle of its charity and the sanction of prophet and patriarch. The institution of slavery seemed to be invincible.

Arrayed in opposition were only bare hands sustained by sinewy arms nerved by an unflinching moral purpose; but those hands found weapons and those arms supported them, while sturdy legs carried arms, hands and weapons through forest and swamp, over mountain and plain, and how glorious was their victory! So glorious that victors and vanquished lived to see the day when, kneeling side by side, they could thank Almighty God that the lost cause was lost, that property in man had perished, that conservatism was routed; even the commercial and financial interests were convinced that the Rights of Man are paramount.

Today our nation is again convulsed, and, this time, over the issue of Property or Man and, again, in defense of property, there are arrayed the commercial and financial interests; conservatism clings to and defends the primacy of property, churches and religious teachers have not been wanting to throw about the rotund person of greed the mantle of charity, richly woven, and, through appeal to prophet and patriarch, to defend the primacy of property.

And property is prime in importance. Where property is insecure nothing is secure. Only one thing ranks higher than property and that is Man. It has been said that if all the pickpockets in the United States were gathered up and banished to an otherwise uninhabited island, and left alone, the first person who picked another's pocket, and was caught at it, would be strung up to the most convenient tree, for pickpockets would understand that only by protecting rights in property can society be organized and the destruction of all through anarchy be prevented.

As there are those who would make Man for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath for Man, and those who would make the raiment more than the body, the body more than the soul, so there are those who so lose their power to judge righteous judgment that they exalt business above justice, prosperity above morality, the present above the future, the living above the unborn, the here above the hereafter.

That there is an upheaval, nation wide and as deep as moral plummet sounds, need cause us no alarm; if there were none, then we might well despair. We might then believe our nation dead in the sin of covetousness, but it is not. It lives. It wants prosperity, but not at the price of damning morality or debasing Man. The world had so suffered from insecurity of property that when the constitution of the United States was made it made property, and not the Rights of Man, the cornerstone of the structure. That will be changed. The common good will come first. That is what the modern doctrine of corporate regulation means. The magic word "progress" means a marching in that direction. That is the interpretation of the popular movement against corporation domination in politics and government. It is the essence of insurgency. It is the soul of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement in this state. It is broader than party and deeper than the question of office. It is a moral upheaval such as shook the nation to its foundation half a century ago. It has in its keeping the hope for a "better place for a better race," as was splendidly said by Gifford Pinchot.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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And yet money has got to be made, mainly by those who have so much of it already that they do not need to make more. What do the Morgans and Guggenheims, Rockefellers and Carnegies need of more money? But how shall the ninety-and-nine find work if the hundredth man with large executive ability does not find it for them? Our modern revolution is not founded on the untruth that "property is robbery." On the contrary, it accords it second place in the scheme of our civilization, placing only humanity first. Vested rights have nothing to fear, though vested wrongs may be shaken loose from their parasitical hold on the vitalities of society. The hand of the dead that would rule the living may be cut off, for the God of our battles is the Lord of the living, not the dead. The fighting is glorious. The heart that does not warm to it is dead in its rib-encased shell.

Too Big To Be Little

It has been reported that certain San Francisco employers have required as a condition of employment that the employee reside in San Francisco. That form of civic pride is mistaken. San Francisco is too big to be little. This is a manifestation of that precinct patriotism that dwarfs the mind and circumscribes the horizon. It is wholly inconsistent with the metropolitan spirit. It is politically unfortunate for San Francisco that so many of its best and broadest professional and business men vote in municipalities other than San Francisco, but that condition is not to be bettered by compelling wage earners to live in San Francisco while employers live at Burlingame and Hillsboro, Berkeley and Belvedere. Rather will it exaggerate the difficulty. San Francisco is no more the city and county thereof than the borough of London with its 50,000 people constitutes the metropolis of the British empire with nearly seven-and-a-half million. San Francisco comprises as much territory as may be seen from the top of twin peaks. That this territory is broken up into a dozen municipalities is relatively an insignificant circumstance. Lift up your eyes, Men of San Francisco. You are not living in a pint cup, although there are specimens among you who would find such a horizon more than ample. The good will of the suburbs of your city is worth more to your city than any forced citizenship ever can be. We are members one of another in all this bay district, and the day may come when all shall be one and inseparable, but not by compulsory process.

His Great Opportunity

President Taft may have difficulty in so influencing the 483 members of the two houses of congress as to extract from them the legislation the country needs, but the reconstruction of the supreme court of the United States is to be in his own hands. Congress can enact statutes, but the supreme court m laws. We make the president, the presi makes the court and the court makes the and there is no one whom The People hold responsible for the quality of the so made except the president. That must be made as progressive as the spir of the nation, or trouble will result. That needs to be prescient in interpreting the spir of its age, for the law is what that spirit m it, and neither congresses nor courts ca more than to hinder, harrass and exaspe society with misfit statutes and decis Watch the reconstruction of that court It will mean more to the country than ma congress Republican or Democratic, In gent or Standpat. What an opportunity liam Howard Taft has to do a really g thing for his country!

Bay Cities Beware of Bay Cities

The Bay Cities Water Company has ag out soliciting in the east bay cities for vidual contracts to take water from that pany at prices a trifle lower than now ob The Bay Cities Company may be abunda able to fulfill all the obligations it make It ought to be, for the lowest price at whi contracts ever to supply water is 25 cents per 1,000 gallons, about double the final fig that any city ought to pay. Individuals should make no contracts that can stand twixt themselves and a municipally own water system sufficient for all purposes f time, and how shall a municipal system b established when the field is already occupie two private distributing systems? Shall city build a third system and leave two ot useless, or buy out both when only on is needed? That way lies enormous wast nothing worse. This is an instance in w no man should act for himself alone, but f for all and all for each. Besides, if San Francisco shall go to the Sierras for a supp of pure snow water in quantity to last fo time the east bay cities will wish to go th too. Suffer no glib-tongued agent to so gle the issue as to stand in the way of a ward movement all along the line. W action is taken let it be by cities and as cities, not by individuals as individual consumers. This is an instance wherein the individu st becomes a marplot.

All Quiet Along the Water Front

After forty years of fighting for "wide meat" along its western water front Oakland seems to be in a position to guard its interests and assert its ownership of an open by to the open sea. This is good news, not only for Oakland, but for all the country back of Oakland clear to the Mississippi valley. Let us hope that Oakland will so guard its and the nation's interests as to keep its local government so free from corporation control that no corporation shall be able to obtain by concession what it could not obtain by aggression. It is worth while noting, too, that Oakland's water front fight was won for it rather than by it, that it was only when the cause was espoused by another corporation nearly as great as the one that squatted on its front that a winning fight was made, an admission as humiliating to pride as impensable to truth. Every fight for an open way to the sea is a fight for the Rights of Man. Private ownership of harbor privilege is privilege and not property, and very special privilege at that.

Joy Riding to a Fall

The steel industry is a-boom and rubber manufacturing is going ahead with throttle wide open, all because the American people are bent on joy riding in automobiles. Toll of which the American bankers are say

t a pity, what a pity!" To the mind of anker the only use for money is to in- t where it will make more money. But, thstanding his narrowed view, we can- fford to laugh at the banker. If the joy burnt up only his own money the loss l not be of great public concern, but he may joy ride he borrows, and that ay borrow he mortgages his home, his surance, sells his stocks and his bonds, into unsecured debt and paves the way day when he can't pay. As there are eds of thousands of joy riders getting lebt to the aggregate of hundreds of ns of dollars, the consequences are like h to prove serious to the prosperity of ation. Moral: If the reader wants an obile, and cannot pay for one without wing, let him take the next car or har- up the old horse, for that way lie con- ent and the common good. The joy is the most ominous cloud above the ial horizon.

State and Nation

re are those who discuss conservation as were an issue of state or nation. It is It is an issue of state and nation. There te enough for both to do. Until the has shown its ability to conserve those ces that are clearly within the province ate control the national government l hold fast to those interests that are its own. Between the two there may operation as easily as conflict and. er one or other, it is not yet necessary rrow trouble about either. California e nucleus, and only the nucleus, of a ry system. Its management of its s, whether for power or irrigation, has imbecile. It is time for the state to s itself to the task of evolving a sane, al, just and safe system of regulation conservation within its uncontested . When it shall have done this broader may open to it, but it would avail little e conservation issues out of the hands n a Ballinger to confide them to a .

No Fiat In This Fight

a few have taken to their souls the ng unction that the spirit of insurgency ulism redivivus. Nothing could be farth- m the fact. Populism was Socialism. t did not know it, while progressive Re- ism has no taint of Socialism in it. sm also held with serenity that the gov- nt's fiat impressed on the tails of the would make them circulate and so per- the debt paying office of money. No f fiat attaches to the progressive move- of 1910. Only in a realization of the s of government by the "money " is there a parallelism between insur- and Populism, a danger that has grown intense since Populism was in flower.

Picketing

Angeles has by ordinance prohibited ting," for which excess of zeal organized should be duly thankful. Some means be found whereby organized labor may its own membership, and the public, we don't patronize" and why "we don't ize," but every time the ordinary citi- sses a restaurant before which stands ling "barker," he instinctively feels like in and ordering a square meal even if s just eaten, and for the reason that cketers are generally offensive brawlers peak with a foreign accent and manifest cies unamerican and anarchistic. And e public has a right to know, and the ved has a right to have the public know what the issues are in every labor dispute. It is the business of society to provide a means whereby the facts may be made public decently, and in good order. That also is something to which a free legislature may well give constructive attention. While the Los Angeles ordinance is probably an invasion of personal rights, and therefore not worth the paper it is written on, its educational value may prove great. It may lead to the establishment of a labor court with power to hear, if not to determine, issues involved in labor disputes that the general, fair minded, justice loving, long suffering public may know what to think and how to act. In most cases that will settle the issue.

Expelled From Home

It is far to Kiev, but not so far that human sympathy may not reach out with at least a well-wishing for the 7,593 Jews that have been expelled from that city, with a warning of three hours to three days, and all since the first of May. Denied access to the land, and confined within narrow limits in the towns of Russia, this wonderful people have made themselves hated because where others are stupid they are keen, where others are shiftless they toil, where others know not the value of a rouble they know the power that lies in a kopeck. Unable to compete with this people in commerce, in industry, in finance or in mind the brutish Russians drive them forth without mercy, themselves to live in greater poverty and degradation because they are gone. When these people reach our shores, as very likely most of them will, they will come to us alien in thought, in custom, in ideals of life, in all things save that they will rejoice to be free and will be ambitious to better their condition. If we dislike them, as we shall, it will be because of their virtues rather than because of their vices, but two generations will not have passed before they will have fitted into their new environment as perfectly as the sons and daughters of the Revolution. All they need is to be given a chance, just a chance and, after all, what race needs more? What race has failed to respond to opportunity three generations long? Equality of opportunity! Is there anything in all the world better worth fighting for than that? And that is what Republican insurgency is fighting for now.

The Daylight Saloon

Gentlemen have jumped to the conclusion that Mr. William J. Bryan's political career has definitely closed because, in opposition to the prevailing sentiment within his party in Nebraska, he stood for county option on the liquor question rather than for local option and the "daylight" saloon. That Mr. Bryan's political future belongs to the past is probably true enough, but if anything can resurrect him it will be his staunch standing for a moral principle and going down with flying colors, fighting for what he believes best for his state. Probably it is not that Nebraska Democrats love Bryan less but whisky more. But what shall we of California say of Nebraska when the most that the liquor interests in that state dare to ask for is local option, together with the privilege of keeping their gin shops open from sun-up to sun-set only in those communities that will tolerate them at all? The daylight saloon! Advocated by saloon keepers and championed by the saloon influence! In the language of the street, isn't that "going some?" And does it not "look good" to one who lives where saloons are open from year's end to year's end, all day and all night? This incident serves to show how far California must travel temperance-ward before it reaches the elevation of saloon sentiment in Nebraska. Is it not about time to be moving?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The nearest of the two thousand or more suns we see on a starlit night is some 270,000 times 93,000,000 miles distant from us, and there are others so far away that light which started from them toward us when Father Abraham was born, coming right along at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, has not got here yet, and these suns, which we call stars, are presumed to be the centers of other solar systems. In comparison how insignificant, then, is our earth?

And yet our earth is so large that notwithstanding such eternally snow-capped mountain ranges as the Andes and the Himalayas, the Alps and the Mountains of the Moon, the Rockies and Sierras, viewed at a sufficient distance, its surface seems as smooth, round and symmetrical as the fairest orange or pomelo displayed upon the stand of a fruit seller.

How often does the question come home to each of us, Where in all this immensity are we and our loves and our hates, our commerce and our industry, our struggles from barbarism to civilization, our yearnings for democracy and rebellions against plutocracy?

There are two ways of looking at it to which we are accustomed, into the eye of the telescope and out through the object lens, or in through the object lens and out through the eye-piece. The first makes man the image of the God of all this universe, a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor; the second reduces man to grass which today is and tomorrow will be cast into the oven. Looking through neither end of the telescope do we see things as they are. The one way exaggerates many diameters, the reverse minimizes as grotesquely. If we would see things as they are we must view them face to face.

One way of looking at the problem is that all this immensity, this visible and invisible universe, stretching off into space hundreds of millions of times hundreds of millions of miles, was made for us, only us mortals who succeed each other on this earth, perhaps a thousand-and-a-half-millions at a time, with an average change of personnel about three times each century. Great We, Us & Co.," if this be so.

Another way of looking at it is through an imagination that fixes this earth as a possible breeding ground for millions times millions of human souls that, from the dawn of the creation of man, are taking the wings of morning and evening and passing from "World to luminous world as far as the universe spreads its flaming wall," until we shall people that universe as we graduate, grade by grade, from brutish savage to redeemed and purified souls, filling all solar systems with light and love and life.

Sometimes again, if we are a bit humbled through our own ineffectiveness, we feel that we are as dust and that God little heeds whether we sink or swim, live or die. To be sure, we are assured that not so much as a sparrow falls without the knowledge of the Father, but what good does that do the sparrow? He falls just the same, and so do we, and every fall hurts.

In very truth we do not know about any of these things and we cannot know about them. For want of this knowledge we fall back into the sheltering arms of faith, faith that the manager of this immensity, and manager as well of that infinitesimality that the miscroscope reveals to us as readily as the telescope yields its revelation, faith that he will do all things well. We do this, not because, in our wisdom, we have reasoned to that conclusion, but because there is nothing else to do, unless we despair and die, and how shall we know that we have escaped even then? **We trust because we must.**

The God who made us left us nothing else to do but trust our maker. It is as inevitable as life itself, but we shall find greater joy in doing willingly what we must do unwillingly

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Our Tide of Italian Immigration

Doubtless sunny Italy is not being depopulated, nor is there any likelihood that it will be, for its lure as the most naturally attractive of European countries will not depart from it. Nevertheless, as one notes the figures relating to emigration from that country, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that it must feel the drain in recent years. Observe the steadily increasing stream, as it flows in this direction: In 1870 about 3000 Italians came to this country; by 1880 the number had increased to 12,000; in 1890 it reached 52,000; in 1900, 100,000, and by 1903 the number of Italians arriving here was 230,000. That is to say, the number of these immigrants multiplied itself by 77 in a third of a century, and the number still is increasing. This, it will be noted, includes only the immigration in the United States. In addition to this was a large immigration in Argentina, Brazil and other countries in South America and elsewhere. Indeed, it is probable that Italian migration at this time amounts to no less than 400,000 annually, and this is a tremendous drain on a nation of hardly 32,500,000 inhabitants. As for the reason why these multitudes leave a country which nature has blessed more than most countries of the world, it must be found in governmental mal-administration; in that system which sets one noble against a score of beggars, leaving the beggars dissatisfied, however the noble may feel.

Monarchy a Little Family Arrangement

All Europe is governed by one family. There is no exception to this rule unless it be the Sultan of Turkey, and what wife related to the ruling family of Europe he may have had probably none but an expert could say. To illustrate, King George of England is related to every king and emperor in Europe except the Sultan and the King of Italy. Both the Czar and Czarina are his first cousins, and so is Kaiser Wilhelm and the Queen of Spain. The King of Greece is his uncle, and the prospective king and queen both are his first cousins. The Queen of Norway is his sister. Brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, cousins in some degree—to sum it all up, the chain of relationship extends everywhere. It is a moot question, considerably discussed in newspapers and periodicals, whether or not this family to which the world salaams has a name, but why should the little matter of a name matter while the family wears a score of crowns and sways an equal number of scepters? As for the peculiar quality of "divine right," or the superior strain of merit and worth, by virtue of which this family nods and the millions kowtow, probably it will be well not to inquire closely into these things.

How Do You Wear Your Shoes?

Scarpology is what it is called, and as it is probable that nobody would know what the word means, it is at once explained that it is the science which deals with the manner in which people wear out the soles of their shoes. Didn't know there was such a science? This shows how ignorant you are of the latest doings in the great world of intellectual advancement. The father of this science—no, not the step-father; this is no place to drag in a soulless pun—is Dr. Garrier, of Basle, Switzerland. The eminent doctor says that by observing the manner in which a person wears out the soles of his shoes one who is learned in his science can accurately determine the person's character; whether he is a villain or a saint, an individual of depraved nature or one of high motives and living. To illustrate the idea, it behooves everybody—still according to Dr. Garrier—to beware of anybody who wears out the toe and the external edge of the sole simultaneously. This is but a single illustration; of course, to know all about approved and disapproved methods of wearing out the shoe, extended research, such as Dr. Garrier has given the subject, will be required. Verily, queer things are done in the sacred name of Science. Was there not a time when alchemy and astrology were pets of hers, and mighty as are her steps, she does not always entirely outrun Pseudo-science.

The Cow Versus the Child

"Is a cow or a child worth more in France?" is a question which is asked by Clement Vautel in the Matin of Paris. He answers it by asserting that in the rural districts the cow is worth the more, at any rate, judging by the attitude of the government toward the two. He illustrates his position by citing the case of a village in Auvergne. In this village there was an epidemic of diphtheria resulting in the death of a number of children. The nearest physician lived at a distance of fourteen miles, and charged eight dollars for a professional visit. The peasants were poor and could not afford to pay for a doctor's services, the state apparently was not interested, and as a result of this double condition the children died. Now see what would have happened if it had been the peasant's cow instead of his child which was sick. The peasant would have informed the village burgomaster, the burgomaster would have notified the prefect, and the prefect would have ordered the veterinary surgeon of the nearest town to attend to the health of the cow. The veterinary's bill of six dollars per visit would have been paid by the state. The government ministers to the sick cow, but the sick child may take its chances. On the whole, Clement Vautel's answer to his own question appears to be justifiable.

A Two-Year-Old Artilleryman

In that little argument which our dearly beloved Uncle Samuel had with Spain some ten or twelve years ago, he was a victor, and not particularly proud of the fact. Since then, however, the Spanish army has been increased, and who knows what might have happened if this had taken place some years ago? Fortunately this was impossible, as the increase consists of Don Jaime, the son of the king, and Don Jaime is barely two years old. To this fortunate fact is due Uncle Sam's escape—perhaps. Smile not at all. Don Jaime was made a private in the fourth regiment of Spanish field artillery but the other day, and his joinder to the service was consummated with much solemnity and ceremony, the bewildered and wondering infant being pompously initiated into a uniform which a gaudy colonel guaranteed to be the right thing for fourth artillery privates. The question at once arises why they did not make a general, a colonel, or at least a major, of the puling babe, but it may be that the Spaniards wished to give other nations a show for existence, and very likely, too, they wished plenty of chances to promote the infant. All one needs is an inchoate sense of humor, and the operations of royalty will keep him happy.

Another Blow at Shakespeare

For a long time now a considerable contingent of learned people have insisted that Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare, that he was mistaken in thinking that he did, or, if he was not, some of the rest of us are. This was a blow for Shakespeare, but blow is added to blow in the claim, made by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence before the Bacon society of London, that the great William could not write his own name. Of course if he could not it quite naturally follows that he did not write his works, and there is a fair presumption that somebody else did it for a joke on him. Several copies of Shakespeare's signature are in existence, but Sir Edwin of the hyphenated name insists that these either were signed by a clerk, who must have neglected to attach "His X Mark" to the name, or are forgeries. It does not ap[pear] that any proof was submitted in substa[ntia]tion of this claim, but it long must have [been] noticed that the opponents of Shakespea[re] Shakespeare do not insist greatly on pro[of] is enough for them to realize that litt[le] known of Shakespeare's life, and hence [in]evitably follows that he could not have [been] a genius. The Shakespeare signatures [were] written at different times and places, but [what] of that? Could not the clerk in each ins[tance] have signed the name, omitting "His [X] Mark?" and, for that matter, the same [clerk] could have been sent for. Shakespeare [did] not write! Well, was there ever such a [per]son, anyway?

Building Operations in Cities

A document issued by the United St[ates] geological survey shows that 51 of the [larg]cities of this country reported the co[st] of their building operations for the years [1907] 1908 and 1909. It makes a pretty showi[ng], a prettier showing, in fact, than any of us can comprehend, for the sum total of this cost was almost two billion dollars, or, to be exact, $1,984,162,823, or an average of nearly $9,000,000 to each one of these cities. The year 1908 showed the effect of the panic by the investment of nearly eighty million dollars less in such operations than was invested in 1907, but in 1909 more than $125,000,000 more was invested than in the palmy days of two years earlier. The average cost of a building in New York City in 1909 was $24,387, and the average cost of a building in San Francisco that year was $4,536.

Increase of Size in Steamships

Greater and constantly greater are the steamships which are constructed to voyage upon the Atlantic. As late as 1887 the largest of these liners was 560 feet long. By 1897 this length had been increased to 625 feet, which was but a moderate gain. Three years ago, or in 1907, the Lusitania, 762 feet long, was the largest of the great liners. Now, however, the Cunard line is about to construct a vessel, of 50,000 tons burden, which probably will be 1,000 feet long, or nearly a third longer than its greatest predecessor. And no man knows when the end will be reached.

The Toronto Evening Telegraph discharges a debt of gratitude in acknowledging that it was Goldwin Smith whose timely aid made possible the establishment of this journal, free and untrammeled, with no end to serve except the public good, with no obligations except those of public duty."

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

"THE POETIC NEW WORLD"

h favor has attended the publication in years of a variety of convenient little t collections of poetry, gathered to- between two covers because of some rity of theme or manner, says the ghield Republican. Such, for example, The Open Road," one of the earliest ost attractive of these volumes, in which Lucas showed a rare appreciation in the on of both poetry and prose dealing topics of life in the open air. Among such volumes may be mentioned "The lly Town," sort of a supplement to "The Road." More recently Henry Holt & vho published both "The Open Road" The Friendly Town," have published Poetic Old World," which, in similarly ient compass, included poetry relating Europe and the British Isles, compiled ss Lucy H. Humphrey. There now from the Holt company, through John- bookstore in this city, a companion e, also edited by Miss Humphrey, under le, "The Poetic New World." It is d upon thin paper, so that in spite of its iges it does not make a bulky volume e pocket, or for the satchels of those nfortunately have no pockets, and its are soft and pliable after the pattern of llections which have just been referred

plan upon which the contents of this ion has been arranged is simple and nt. The opening pages are devoted to dealing with "The Explorers," and in- in this division are passages from l's "The Voyage to Vinland," Sidney 's "Columbus," Walt Whitman's "Prayer umbus" and others. Then comes a di- devoted to "New England" as a whole, which come many pages devoted to the s celebrated portions of Massachusetts are arranged more or less in geograph- der from east to west. The poems of er, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant and s naturally claim the chief attention, is to be noted that space has been most properly for two of the late R. lder's poems upon Tyringham, in addi- o which Edith Wharton's exquisite irise Over Tyringham" also finds its ap- ate place. Following Massachusetts, comes next in order, and under the g of the Pine Tree state there are as selections from Whittier alone as from ier poets. Then come New Hampshire, nt, Rhode Island and Connecticut in roper order, and it is a significant re- of the poetic development in this new that not until half the volume is read h does the reader take a poetical jour- itside of New England.

n the whole the selections have been nade, for while they have chiefly been from the works of those who have long ecognized as the chief poets of Amer- ere are not a few selections from con- raneous, or nearly contemporaneous, Henry Van Dyke, for example, is rep- ed by numerous selections; Richard n Gilder and Edith Wharton have al- been mentioned, while Joaquin Miller, Whitcomb Riley, Hamlin Garland and are also represented. There is pleas- o, in finding that the late Guy Wet- Carroll finds a place with his poem en- "When the Great Gray Ships Come In," n in the summer following the Spanish or his death when still a youth was one many tragedies which have denied the ent of apparent rich promise in Amer- tters. It is of interest to note that the oem of all is "A Song of Panama," by Damon Runyon, which is a Kipling- picture of work and life at the great But this very poetic journey to the is suggests the one serious criticism to ade of the collection. If Panama is to luded and the title of "The Poetic New l" is to be fairly justified, why should not have been an inclusion also of Mexico, and particularly of Canada? At the moment there does not come to mind any poetry of particular merit relating to the republic to the south of us, although reflection would doubtless recall more or less that would be worthy of a place. But the case of Canada is more striking, for the many beautiful poems of the late Archibald Lampman at once suggest themselves, not to speak of the French-Canadian "Habitant" poems of the late Dr. Drummond. Why there should have been these omissions it is difficult to understand.

THEATRICAL NOTES

Charles Frohman put "Love Among the Lions," Winchell Smith's comedy from the novel of that name, in rehearsal last week. A. E. Mathews and May Blaney, English actors, are to have the leading roles.

The Earl of Yarmouth has returned to the stage again under the name of Eric Hope and says that he is going to star in a musical comedy he has written himself and which he has named "The Pigeon House."

Margaret Illington, who seems to find darning socks rather tame, is going to use a play called "Until Electricity" to return to the stage in. It is an adaptation from the French by Edward Elsner.

Maude Adams went abroad week before last and is said to be headed for London to consult J. W. Barrie about a new play. This looks as if the "Chantecler" plan might wisely have been dropped.

Adrienne Augarde, who was one of the great attractions of "The Dollar Princess" in New York last season, is filling in her vacation by acting in a sketch called "Dick's Sister" in London.

Hall Caine's new four-act drama, "The Bishop's Son," is to be produced in London on August 15. It deals with a man who has sinned, but who works out his own salvation.

Californian Poets' Corner

POEMS BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

Mr. Marshall Ilsley, formerly a resident of Santa Barbara, published a small volume of verse a number of years ago, and from it these two sonnets are taken.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

Terror and pity have uplifted me
As with the scepter of the elder lays,
And led me out of narrowing paths to ways
Where Fate imperial lords humanity.
Fate wrestling with a woman's love.—To knee!
Unbent before the picture no man stays,
It steals the breath, it fills the eye, it says,—
Your self-love makes her true love tragedy.
Antigone comes forth to wipe her eyes;
Cordelia lowly calls her sister sweet;
Margaret befriends; and pale Pompilia flies
On gentle wings of purity to greet;
But Hester Prynne knows best to sympathize,
To bind her wounds and kiss her bleeding feet.

A DESERT JUNCTION

Whither away? Ah, whither leafless wind?
Wind of a shriveled autumn where appears
No purple pageantry of mellowed tears
In wreathed sorrow of fulfillments kind:
But like the regions of an idiot's mind
The land is bare, and vague, and full of fears
Writhing. Ah hist! by apprehensive ears
Sweeps the wild rush of careless Fate and blind.
Whither away? In life's gray pilgrimage
There come these desert junctions of despair,
All shadeless sand with dusty-colored sage,
And hillocks meaningless, and heat and glare,
With but the betterment the winds presage
That come from somewhere and must go somewhere.

"THE DIGRESSIONS OF V"

"The Digressions of V," the autobiography of Elihu Vedder, is announced for publication by Houghton Mifflin as follows: In his long life, both in America and in the art centres of Europe, Mr. Vedder has known most of the interesting people of the time—especially among artists. But the book introduces other eminent men incidentally; its unique interest lies in its full, candid, and breezy embodiment of the author's own ripe experience and engaging temperament. One of the best talkers of his time, Mr. Vedder in his book has contrived to express himself so fully that the delighted reader has a feeling that he is engaged in an intimate conversation, listening to the personal reminiscences or humorous whimsies, the suggestive asides, of a man of genius. Few books of autobiography have been so frank, none, perhaps, has ever been so lighted by the continuous play of a rich and mellow humor.

Not the least notable side of the book is its artistic side. It is lavishly illustrated from hundreds of reproductions of Mr. Vedder's paintings, sketches, etc., used both as full-page illustrations and as text-cuts in such a way as not only to embellish, but actually to illustrate the text. There are four full-page cuts in color, but the majority are carefully reproduced and printed with the text upon the text-paper in such a way as to blend with remarkable harmony with the text itself.

Another interesting feature of the book is the poetic half-titles, written and embellished by the author himself, which precede the chapters. In addition to this, Mr. Vedder has made for this book, as for his very successful illustrated edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, designs for the cover, for the end papers, headpieces, tail-pieces, etc., etc., so it is, in short, the complete expression of one of the most interesting personalities of the time.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

"All of us have known the mingled pain and pleasure roused by witnessing 'amateur theatricals,'" says Walter Prichard Eaton in the Woman's Home Companion for August. "Many of us have known the joys of inflicting this pain and pleasure, disguised in wigs and rouge and festive clothes. But, common as is the impulse toward amateur dramatic entertainments, even in our colleges such entertainments are only beginning to be used educationally; and the real scope and field of amateur effort on the stage is only beginning to be generally understood. In a word, amateurs should act in plays which have a definite historic or artistic value, but which cannot be seen on the professional stage; and they should, still further, develop the professionally untilled field of out-of-door theatrical entertainments. Outdoor acting calls for less subtlety and technical skill than indoor, and many plays impossible to amateurs on a stage are well adapted to amateurs in a grove. The open-air play is cheap, novel and can be made very beautiful and potent. It represents almost a lost art, which amateurs can restore to the world."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Mrs. Annie Yeamans has been in a New York hospital for some weeks. She was obliged to undergo an operation, but is now rapidly recovering.

A new play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is soon to be produced in London, and it is understood that Marie Lohr is to have the leading role.

Rumor has it that Mary Mannering is reading her "As You Like It" diligently these days, as she hopes to appear as Rosalind before long.

Charles Klein has completed a new play called "The Gamblers," which is to be produced under his direction in New York before long.

"DUNCAN MAC"

By JAMES SMITH

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Duncan's forbears cam' frae the hie'lands o' bonnie Scotland—the land o' the brown heath and shaggy heather, the land the maister hand o' Sir Wattie Scott has painted in such bright an' vivid colors. He has spread his mantle o' romance ower a' the hills an' glens and mony a kilted cateran was turned into a hero by his magic touch.

Nae hie'lan'man wi' ony pretensions to genteelity cud demean himsel by honest work, for he wha labors wi' his hands has in a' ages been looked doon on and the laborer himsel has an inborn reverence for those wha neither toil nor spin, but wha are aye decked oot in braw raiment at his expense.

The prood chieftain when his plenishin' got scanty wad march at the head o' his fightin' men, harrie the lowlands an' tak' a' things which werena ower heavy tae carry—the lowlands being looked up as happy huntin' grounds for hie'landers, an' mony were the droves o' cattle which were driven awa to the hills afore the morning awoke, by the wild lads, and when the rightfu' owner tried to save his beasties a' he got for his pains was the stab o' a dirk or a slash frae a claymore.

The sma' rogue was just as much despised then as noo an' dire punishment was quickly meted oot to him, when captured; but the chief o' a powerfu' clan was feared and respected just as we fear and respect oor ain captains o' industry wha are lootin' a nation.

Lang syne, however, when the chieftain wad o'erstep the bounds o' prudence in his pillaging he was hunted doon an' killed wi' little ceremony; but oor captains dinna venture their lives or liberties when plundering a people. Na, na, the ruthless men o' the present are far wiser than those o' the past, for they hae made the lawmakers their hirelings and sae are weel protected in their depredations.

The danger o' his callin' made it possible for Scott to mak' a heroic figure oot o' Rob Roy, the redoubtable ootlaw, for often for his crimes Rob was chased amang the hills by a regiment o' red coated soldiers an' lang he escaped his doom. But brought to bay at last he stood his ground like a brave man and died wi' his face to the foe—wi' his bloody sword still clasped in his death grip.

But wha in the name of common sense cud clothe wi' romance a Morgan, a Rockefeller or a Guggenheim? Even Andrew himsel dressed in his kilts looks a maist peetifu' figure.

Oor Duncan presently sits in congress in the interests o' the Southern Pacific railroad for oor second congressional district and it is hoped his comin' speeches will be o' the nature o' farewell addresses.

We hae the noo the best behaved and maist amenable set o' men in congress o' ony state in the union; they keep so quiet ye wad hardly ken they were in the hoose at a'. An' biddable! My certes they are shinin' examples to a' machine-made polticeens. They dinna believe in makin' trouble and we a' ken hoo they will vote aforehand, for they hae their minds made up—by Maister Herrin.

But Willie Kent, wha will occupy Duncan's seat when the new congress meets, is o' a different stamp; in fact, he is an Honest Man, an' as the poet says, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." He has aye stood for Right Things and has already dune Great Things, and when he enters the hoose a'body will tak' notice, for it will be such a strange sight to see California sendin' a real Man—a God-made man—to serve the People faithfully—to stand up at a' time for the Square Deal. An' we will a' be so prood o' him that we will be anxious to send mair o' the likes o' him an' California will then tak' her rightfu' place amang the Free States and whar she shud hae been lang syne.

The Scots, methinks, unnecessarily pray, "O Lord gie us a gude conceit o' oorsells." Weel, tak' a look at Duncan's face and ye will see his prayer has been answered—ay, he got mair than he bargained for.

Oor Duncan was a painter lad,
But not o' pictures good or bad;
His brush wi' cunning hand he drew
O'er carriages baith auld an' new.

But Duncan sighed for ither things
He worshipped a' the money kings,
An' lang he studied hoo to speak,
A fatal gift for some to seek.

O' brilliancy he had the kind
That radiates frae shallow mind—
Ye ken that paste will often shine
An' sparkle like a diamond fine.

But when you deep doon fathomed Mac,
O' Principles ye found a lack,
Those high ideals which point men's eyes
To vistas far beyond the skies.

Noo Duncan's instincts were his curse
He liked to feel a well lined purse;
To sit doon wi' the wealthy fool,
He didna scorn to be his tool.

Men win their goal by mony tricks,
An' Mac took up wi' Politics.
He lang prepared to play the part,
Success was his right frae the start.

The Chief can recognize the lad
Wha'll dae the things that he is bade,
An' Herrin saw the mark he knew
Was unco plain on Duncan's broo.

Noo Duncan's heart it took a jump
When he was tauld to tak' the stump
An' preach against the Silver craze—
He spoke an' won his Maister's praise.

His paint pot! Honest kindly pot!!
Sae lang his freen was sune forgot,
An' he was tauld to learn the law
An' mix wi' rogues baith great an' sma'.

Syne Herrin, sure as sure cud be,
That Mac was frae sic scruples free,
Sent him into a higher sphere
Whar' Honest men find little cheer.

Here Duncan felt quite at his ease,
An' through the Push he made a squeeze.
Till Cannon smiled on him wi' joy
An' made him his ain Message Boy.

An' Taft took Dunc' upon his knee—
The laddie cleaned his boots at sea—
An' Duncan dreamed aboot a goal
That led him to a land o' coal.

Next Ballinger wi' freen'ly hand
Hailed him as worthy o' the band
To tender on a Silver plate
To Guggie all Alaska state.

But trouble rose that a' cud see,
An' Cannon cried maist anxiously,
"On you, my Dunc, I can rely;
Amang Insurgents, be my spy."

An' when the Tariff Steal went through,
Oor Dunc was there—his vote "me too";
An' things were lookin' awfu' bright
When Duncan got a fearfu' fright.

A daring Man, a Willie Kent,
Had in Mac's country pitched his tent,
Unfurled his flag, Insurgent blue.
A gallant Man, baith tried an' true.

An' People a' cam' forth to see
Their servant wha wad faithfu' be,
A Man wha fought the Beast before
An' drove it frae the poor man's door.

Noo Duncan crawled up to his chief
An' licked his shoes, wi' heart o' grief,
An' cried, "O, Chief, what must I do,
I wha hae been a slave to you?"

An' then his Maister scowling said
"They'll bury you, for you are dead,
Thou bungling fool! To work sae raw
That a' the People plainly saw."

Again the old tale has been told,
For love o' pow'r or lure o' gold;
Anither fell frae Man's estate,
Doon, doon to meet the traitor's fate.

O, Duncan! O, my likely lad!
Your public ending, O, how sad!!!
How better far your former lot,
An' honest painter wi' his pot.

HOW HAY WROTE LITTLE BREECHES

In one of his letters John Hay describ the circumstances attending the composit of his favorite "Little Breeches": On train as I journeyed to New York I ent tained myself by writing "Little Breeche The thing was done merely for my o amusement, without the smallest thought print. But when I showed it to Whitel Reid he seized the manuscript and publis it in the Tribune. By that time the lilt a swing of the Pike county ballad had tak possession of me. I was filled with the P county spirit, as it were, and the humore side of my mind was entertained by its r possibilities. Within a week after the pearance of "Little Breeches" in print all Pike county ballads were written. After t the impulse was completely gone from * * * There were no more Pike cou ballads in me, and there never have been since.

LIBRARY ROOF READING ROOMS

The roof garden is an established insti tion, as is the roof playground and recreati center, says the Chicago Record-Herald. N York has led, other cities have followed, a today the idea of using roofs during the su mer to take children, mothers and young p ple off the streets, and to provide them th with games, music, story-telling, is qu familiar.

Not so familiar is the roof reading-roo but it deserves to be, and doubtless soon w be a household term among librarians, sett ment and educational workers. The N York public library has five roof readi rooms, and they are planned and equip for both afternoon and evening use. Angeles has such reading-rooms, and perh other municipalities also. They are extrem popular during the summer months.

"SIMON, THE JESTER"

It is announced by the John Lane compa that "Simon, the Jester," W. J. Locke's n novel, of which they are the publishers, been in such great demand as to require t issue of a second large edition within a fo night after its first appearance. In spite the fact that the novel was only published t middle of June, it immediately won its w into the ranks of the best sellers. It is declared that the story is proving the most p ular that Mr. Locke has written since he ma his great hit with the "Beloved Vagabond

EARNINGS OF FAMOUS PLAYS

The Dramatic Mirror states that "Rip V Winkle" is the only play credited with ha ing earned $5,000,000, and Jefferson is said have acted it 5000 times. It was done three years at the Boston theatre to f houses every night. "The Old Homestead" said to have cleaned up $4,500,000, "Charli Aunt," $2,500,000; "The Private Secretary $700,000; and "Sweet Lavender," $300,0 "Dorothy" was good for at least $650,000; Chinese Honeymoon" for $350,000; "San To for $400,000. Goodness alone knows wh "Way Down East" has earned for "Joe" Gr mer and "Ben Hur" for Klaw & Erlanger, say nothing of such minor hits as "Florodor "The Merry Widow," "The Music Master" a "The Little Minister." The profits of these would take seven figures apiece to giv

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

When We Do Not Catch a Fish

call how you went fishing on a pleasant
ner day
each moment seemed a blessing from
eavenland astray?
our rod and line were ready, and the
vere in the stream,
e dancing shadows lured you and in-
you to dream.
a meadowlark was trilling, here a
eze was wooing you,
e day was made for dreaming, as the
within you knew.
hours went lazing by you tranquilly
art could wish,
rhaps you noticed, brother, that you
catch a fish.

by life's great river—There are visions
llure,
ring us, "Avoid the struggle, for your
ns alone endure.
days are full of glory, and the golden
ams gleam
ie fishers by the river—better, weary
, to dream."
) oft we heed the whisper; rod and line
ly fall;
toilers bear the burden, we will labor
t all.
sit beside the river where the waters
and swish,
rhaps you've noticed, brother, that we
t catch a fish.

seen a host of fishers in my swiftly
g day,
fact, I've done some fishing in a
ory way;
seen the ones who tended with dis-
n to their bait,
e also seen the fellows who examined
too late;
met the clan of workers, and the tribe
ifers, too,
)ase on them a moral which I here im-
:o you:
ire fishes in the river; we may lure
if we wish,
re's more than dreaming needed if we
catch a fish.

* * *

So He Went Down Stairs

knew that there was a constant com-
ween the forces of good and evil in
ld whence you came, did you not?"
eter remarked to the tremulous soul
ate.
l," the tremulous soul replied.
you were the editor of a paper, were
?"
tremulous soul shifted to his other
ho said that souls do not have feet?),
ied:
s."
with which side did your paper ally
Saint Peter continued.
remulous soul at first thought it would
of it; then it realized that, as the great
y open before Peter, the plan would
k. So it brokenly answered:
ell—that is—you see—I generally
to see which side the big money and
tical interests were on, and then I—"
may as well step right down stairs,"
eter interrupted, "you will find most
sort of thing down there. Next!"
urse there was nothing else for the
ul to do.
—Naturally, a fellow dislikes to think
ditor being treated in that way, but
ne reflects on the tremendous issue
d to the people of this state today—
e between Manhood and Serfdom—
n one observes the my-hand-is-behind-
ude of certain editors, fortunately not
my—well, painful as it is, I don't see
could have been avoided, do you? Of
it is too bad, but what could one have
l?

The Opinions of Rufus

Blessed is the man who has something he considers jest es good es the thing he wanted an' didn't git.

If the parson hadn't asked fer a raise o' salary I'd have thought more of his sermon on the duty of bein' contented with what we've got.

A man advertised for an honest lawyer that was poor, an' everybody said they guessed if he found him he would be.

I wouldn't ask anything any better than to be able to see an' do my own duty es easy es I can another man's.

Money talks, but lots o' times it can't be educated to say anything but good-bye.

Character is you, reputashun is the clothes you wear, an' it orto be expected that the rest of us see an' know a good deal more of the clothes than we do of the feller that's inside them.

The old theery that dogs have no souls would seem reasonable 'nough if folks didn't insist that all men have.

I b'lieve that women orto have the right to vote, unless I see some of the hats they wear.

Money used to make the mare go, but now it's gone into the business of makin' the automobile honk.

We may not b'lieve it, but like es not the best proof that our neighbor's right lies in the fact that he don't agree with us.

This is a world of pathos, but 'tain't often we see a sight so affectin', an' so warranted to cause an outbust of tears, es Mayor McCarthy caught in the act of bitterly inveighin' 'gainst prize-fight pictures.

It must be a poor an' unforchunit wretch indeed who can't feel a thrill of honest pride in reflectin' that in his time he's helped the great Pullman company to pay dozens or hundreds of its porters an' conductors.

* * *

A Talk With Somebody's Son

You would like to be wealthy, wouldn't you, son? Often you dream of how splendid it would be if you could have so much money that you would not have to pause to consider whether you should spend a nickel or ten cents for something you wanted. "Ah," you sometimes say to yourself, "If only I could have enough so that I could own an automobile and a yacht and pay the porter on the train all that he appears to expect, how glorious it would be! I should be perfectly happy!" So you have thought and felt many a time, and people who feel in that way constantly are jostling one another on the streets.

Well, son, I once knew a man who was as wealthy as you would be. He could own an automobile and a yacht, and he even could tip two or three porters without having a bank refuse to honor his check. Do you think he was perfectly happy? Well, if he was, he was more successful in concealing happiness than any other person I ever met—except when he realized that he was making a nickel; at such times I fancied that I could detect a gleam of pleasure on his countenance. At other times—well, the people who lived in the same block with him had to go without milk because it turned sour whenever he passed.

But let us do justice to this man, son. At last, after many years, he did a fine thing with his money. What was it, do you ask? Why, he died, and somebody else was given a chance to make his wealth useful. I don't know that this somebody did make it useful, but, anyway, he had a chance. And I take it, son, that this man was a fair sample of a considerable class. They have money, but if they are happy their faces deceive, and the human countenance is no liar. On the whole, my boy, if you would be happy I fancy it will be well that you echo the wise man's prayer for neither riches nor poverty.

And He Said, Says He

And he said, says he:
I don't know much 'bout the big machine,
'Bout the sun an' the planets an' stars, I mean;
I don't know much 'bout the Engineer,
An' to map His plans, it is not my sp'ere,
But I leave seeh things to the good divines
With diplomas to teach 'bout the Lord's designs.
No, I don't know much as I wish I knew,
But here is a creed that I'm holdin' to,
An' somehow it gives me a world of cheer:
If I do my best,
I can leave the rest,
With never a doubt, to the Engineer.

And he said, says he:
I don't know the country from which I come,
And the mists that hide it forever are dumb:
I ask, but know not whither I fare,
Though the creedal signboards point everywhere.
Oh, blinded, confused, what wonder that I
Too often have strayed from a purpose high,
Have strayed and fallen 'mid fogs of doubt,
Seeing the hosts of the good in rout?
Yet I hold no less to my creed of cheer:
If I do my best,
I can leave the rest,
With never a doubt, to the Engineer.

* * *

Concerning Figs From Thistles

We may as well be reasonable about these things. We do not expect the thistle to yield figs or the poison oak to add anything to the English walnut crop; why, then, should we expect our child to be more and better than his lineage promises?

We hold the little one upon our knee, singing some tender, loving lullaby to him, and, while we sing, what dreams do come! He will be a wonderful man, this babe we fondle; loyal and brave to do his high work in this world—no coward, he. He will be a giant among intellectual giants, and mankind gladly will accord him that distinction. Spiritually strong and beautiful, he will be unfaltering in his devotion to the cause of right, wherever its white banner may lead.

And you are his father! "Ay, there's the rub" as likely as not. He will be brave; and perhaps he was sired by a man who longs to call in a policeman to discharge a hired girl because he is afraid to do it himself. He will be an intellectual giant; and his father's head is shaped like a cocoanut which met with calamity in its earlier development. He will be spiritually beautiful; and his sire's soul is warped all out of shape in the attempt to make a dollar-mark cover its plan of salvation.

Oh, as I said, we may as well be reasonable about these things, brethren and sisters. Our child will be just about such quality of being as you and I are entitled to father or mother: if we are in the thistle line of business, he will not pan out much in the fig market. Here or there one may hark back to a grandparent of some degree who was better or worse than we, but, generally speaking, we will get no French prune from our wild plum tree. Wherefore let us look the truth in the face, and, recognizing the limitation we have placed upon our child, help him to make the best of it.

* * *

Naturally

Hocus—Did you ever hear what happened to the chauffeur who visited New York City for the first time and put in a day looking up at the sky-scrapers and counting their stories?

Pocus—No, what was it?

"He got rubber-tired."

* * *

A Courteous Gentleman

"The car oscillated, and he suddenly sat down in a woman's lap."

"He apologized, of course?"

"Well, not exactly, but he offered to exchange places with her."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Politics As a Game There is a type of mind to which politics as a game proves more attractive than politics either as a profession or for patriotism, and the county of San Diego is not without some very adroit political gamesters. They are all in the "organization" camp. One of the rules of the game is to keep a full treasury and the most acceptable method for attaining that end is to locate and develop a political "good thing." For more than ten years Ulysses S. Grant, a most amiable son of a most honorable sire, served in that capacity for San Diego county, to the vast depletion of the fortune which his late wife brought him, which moved her to so order the expenditure of what remained as to limit it to the support of husband and children. It is estimated that, as a recompense for political preferments, as empty of real value as being made one of a hundred vice-presidents to sit on the rostrum when some candidate makes a speech, Mr. Grant has, since he settled in San Diego, been relieved of a round hundred thousand. He was long in awakening to the truth, but when at last the truth did effect an entrance into the cavity of his brain he closed his cash box with a slam and nothing short of dynamite will ever open it again. Nor was that the only use made of Grant. Being San Diego's most distinguished political asset, the bringing forward of his name for any old thing, from delegate to a national convention to candidate for United States senator, besides being made presidential elector, a number of local patriots were carried into office in his wake who otherwise might never have been inflicted upon a public that had never done anything to San Diego to merit the infliction.

Mr. Spalding Succeeds Grant as "Good Thing" Ever since the lid went on the Grant cash box, and was nailed down, San Diego "regulars" have been seeking another "good thing." Passing over Madam Tingley as too smart for them, they set snares for the autocrat of the Scripps papers, but he was both wary and inclined to the irregular side of public issues and they dropped him. Then came Mr. A. G. Spalding, the sporting goods man. He had the money and all else that heart can desire except political recognition at the hands of his countrymen. The players-of-the-game made eyes at him with a spontaneity that should have aroused his suspicions. San Diego rose to receive him, stood with head uncovered and folded him to its heart of hearts. His reception was touching. It was intended to be. They had "touched" Grant for a cool hundred thousand, why not Spalding? But Spalding proved to be no ordinary sucker or wide-mouthed catfish. Belonging to the sporting world, it was natural that he should be "game," and he was. He tested their art to the uttermost and, for a time, the chase was as exciting as pursuing a swordfish off Catalina, but the gaff clung and they landed him. If they do not get as much fat out of him before they drop him as they got out of Grant it will be because he sees this paragraph. In fact, this is written for his benefit, and not theirs. He shall not say that The Watchman warned him not.

To Ride In On the Wave The Spalding wave is billowing up just a bit and on the crest of it a critical observer will discern the grizzled but scratch-awl-parted pate of one Leroy Wright. Wright knows without the hazard of trephining that there is no political salvation for himself alone and therefore seeks salvation through the imputed righteousness of another. Not that he has not a long record of good work to his credit, but unfortunately the good work he did in the legislature was mainly done for bad causes and the people of San Diego county know it. To be sure Mr. George H. Van Smith has given him clearance papers, so far as the direct primary law is concerned, but until someone with a right to speak performs a similar service for Mr. George H. Van Smith the chain of evidence must remain incomplete. So the word is being passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, throughout the fortieth senatorial district, that it is not of Leroy Wright that Leroy Wright is thinking, but only of Spalding, that if San Diego will re-elect Wright he will secure the election of Spalding to the United States senate. And what a great thing that will be for —Wright. As for Mr. Spalding, he has as little chance of being anything but a "good thing" successor to Grant as a Wright biplane would have in a Kansas tornado. And, by the way, the Wright scheme for electing Spalding to the United States senate—if it advances beyond the stage of electing Wright to the state senate—depends on ignoring the advisory vote of the Republicans of California at the primary election. Such is the loyalty of Leroy Wright to the direct primary law of whose paternity he boasteth!

Not New Party But New Life Last week it was noised around that Senator Cummins and the other Middle West insurgents proposed to form a new political party composed of insurgent Republicans and Bryan Democrats. Of course it wasn't so. No person in his senses needed to be assured of that. Not but that there is a fellow feeling between insurgent Republicans and Bryan Democrats, for there is in this: Both of them believe in free government and detest corporation rule, and a great many Bryan Democrats this year, in California and everywhere, will vote with the insurgent Republicans, just as many of the Parker Democrats will vote with the "organization" Republicans. In a speech at Council Grove, Kansas, Senator Cummins made it clear that the purpose of Republican insurgency is not to create a new political party, but to capture the old one and make it so progressive, so clean and so alive to the needs of the day that it will have a right to live. This may make it necessary to eliminate a good deal of dry-rotted timber from the party and, during the work of reconstruction, considerable of a muss may be created, but the country can stand that if only the Republican party can be made to represent the progressive, buoyant, militant spirit of a great people unafraid to be free. No, the purpose of Republican insurgency is not to divide, or to kill the party of Lincoln and Roosevelt, but to enter into it, possess it and make it fit to survive. When one hears of any other purpose he may safely set it down as a 'taint so.

John Works After Them Whatever faults may be found with John D. Works, it will never be alleged that he has not faith in his own convictions or that he is not frank with the public. In a letter to candidates for the legislature he puts the problems of the day straight up to them and neither dodges himself nor permits anyone else to dodge the issues. He demands to know of them if they propose to abide by the advisory vote in good faith or not; if they are or are not in favor of election of United States senators by direct vote; if they favor the initiative and referendum in state affairs; if they are or are not in favor of a non-partisan judiciary; if they are or are not in favor of eliminating Southern Pacific control in the political affairs of this state; if they do or do not favor extending the civil service system to county and state affairs; if the candidates offering themselves for Republican nomination will work and vote for the reforms indicated in the event of their election to the legislature. The judge exacts no pledge to support his own candidacy. On the contrary he declares that he neither desires nor expects the vote of any legislator whose constituency does not authorize him to vote for John D. Works for United States senator. Any candidate who does not answer in ten days will be treated as having answered in the negative. When in the history of California did any other candidate for the United States senate light so out in the open, concealing nothing and nothing extenuating?

The Recall Is To Be Tested The city of Richmond is convulsed. A good deal of civil engineering work has to be done in that young and growing city. A civil engineer, selected by a former board of city trustees, entered upon the task and had ridden good headway when the new board came to office. One of the new officials had a civil engineer in his own employ for whom he wished to secure the appointment. He won over five other members of the board, the appointment was made and the old engineer was displaced. There was no question as to the competency of the old engineer as there is no question as to the competency of the new. The board threw the old one out because they wanted to, and 500 citizens petitioned that he be retained inasmuch as he had unfinished work to do and making changes through mere caprice was bad public policy. The board of trustees disregarded the petition, declaring that they could not, and would not, be influenced by such things, whereupon the proponents instituted proceedings for the recall of the six trustees who had thrown out the old engineer, elected the new and disdained the petition of citizens. The petition for the calling of a recall election was signed by double the requisite number of voters, but the board of trustees disdained that petition also and refused to call a recall election. Now the matter goes to the courts to compel the trustees to call that election. Just here a new element of interest comes into the case in that the attorney for the Southern Pacific Company is advising the board in relation to the recall issue. This, and other features of the contest, has persuaded many that Mr. Herrin, head of the law department of the Southern Pacific Company, has interested himself in the issue with the view of having the constitutionality of the recall tested in the higher courts. It is known, from his Oregon address, that Mr. Herrin is opposed to direct legislation, that he knows the temper of the courts of appeal in California as probably no one else does, and the inference is drawn that he hopes to head off the recall at any rate by having it declared unconstitutional. The progress of this case may well attract a small share of public attention. If the head of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company can secure the setting aside of direct legislative methods he may be able to restore representative legislative methods and, when he has done that, he will be in a position to resume, at the old stand, the business of making representative legislation represent the interests and views of the corporation for which he works rather than the views and interests of The People of the State of California. Watch the case and watch the court.

A Successor to Miller In the Thirty-second There is no gainsaying the fact that E. O. Miller, of the thirty-second senatorial district, made a reputation for being a strong man both on the floor of the senate and in committee. The district has the chance to send to the senate another man as strong as Miller and who will as certainly be on the right side of all issues. It also has the chance to fill the place with as weak legislative timber as may be found on the floor of the upper chamber. E. A. Larkins, of Visalia, is intellectually a strong man and morally incorruptible. Jesse D. Dorsey, of Bakersfield, means well, but he is an unstable equilibrium. He has a surface smartness that makes him take well at first blush, but he lacks depth and robustness and upon no issue can his constituents know in advance where he will be found. To have the Republicans of the thirty-second district

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

nominating Larkins would be a blunder, t, fair warning to Mr. Larkins, Dorsey is glad-hander and a hustler and the right man the place may not get it unless he gladnds a little and hustles, too, especially in orsey's own territory, the oil districts of rn county. Despite disparity in size it is vays possible for the victory to go to the re vigilant rather than to the more fit.

hich Shall It Be, ilbur or Melvin? It is unthinkable that Republicans north of Tehachapi will, even if y have the votes with which to do it, take ay from Southern California both of the ces to be filled on the state supreme ich. We western men pride ourselves on love for fair play, and not to allow uthern California one of the two vacancies uld not be playing fair. Whatever tends foster sectional hard feeling is injurious to whole state.

Both the Lincoln-Roosevelt League and the ganization" recognized the justness of ing at least one candidate from the south l so the League stood for Sloss and Wilbur, ile the "organization" threw their strength Melvin and James.

But it became evident to the "organization" t Sloss could not be beaten. The Political reau of the Southern Pacific Company nts Melvin retained on the supreme bench. was preparing, therefore, to throw Judge nes overboard when the death of Judge ggart, of the southern court of appeals, vided an opportunity to shunt James onto t bench. This was done by Governor lett appointing James to fill the unexpired m of the late Judge Taggart. Now the ie is between Wilbur and Melvin, with fits, locality, freedom from corporation preiction, all on the side of Judge Wilbur. If Men of California would have a free, nontisan and impartial judiciary they must not mit the one litigant that has cases in all irts to name the judges for those courts, that litigant has been doing, in the main, time out of mind. Vote for Judge Wilbur.

bb or Gowan There are few more important offices than that of Attorney General. There will be two candies for nomination to that office on the Rolican ticket. One of these is the present umbent, U. S. Webb, the other is Frank Gowan. General Webb has distinctly made d in office, so good as to have made him persona non grata with the "organization" h which he had theretofore been affiliated. should be re-nominated and re-elected, if no other reason, then because it was Frank Gowan who, at the very height of the graft secutions, made the race against W. J. igdon for district attorney of San Fran:o, with, behind him and supporting him, those influences that were then struggling set rascality free, forces which finally acplished their purpose. That is all The tchman has against Frank McGowan, but t is enough. That he is leading a forlorn ie appears plain enough, even to himself, if he is making any effort to be nominated, s being made under the surface and not ve ground, a still hunt and not a fight out the open.

e Berkeley ked Ticket Oakland has a good government organization that has been trying to make up a et fit for Republicans to nominate August It was in the main successful, but a few tical goats crawled in with the sheep. In keley the organization for good governit is the straight-out Lincoln-Roosevelt ublican League. While it accepted the ater part of the Oakland ticket, it cut out ie goats and let in a few sheep to the betnent of the ticket as a whole. Particularly, ndorsed Dr. T. B. Holmes for coroner in e of Dr. Tisdale, who should have no place any ticket. And it endorsed G. W. Bacon county auditor, whereas the Oakland orization failed of making any nomination that office. Bacon is the man who should nominated. It is noted also that the Berkeley organization stood loyally by C. C. Young for the assembly, who should by rights be without opposition of any kind either for nomination or election. The Berkeley league also endorsed E. J. Tyrrell for the state senate in opposition to Frank Leavitt. Tyrrell is a young man of good parts and well vouched for, but it is unfortunate that the reform influences did not bring out a stronger and more experienced man against Leavitt, whose fault is that he takes the wrong side of nearly all issues with great force and masterly abilities. All he lacks of being one of the big men of the state is the requisite moral quality, but, lacking that, he lacks all things and should be beaten for everything political as often as he sticks up his head. Vote for Tyrrell.

Pulcifer In A Paragraph When the district advisory vote scheme of the "organization" was in the throes of life or death, and Assemblyman C. C. Young of Berkeley had cast the needful vote to kill it, thus saving to the people a state-wide vote on United States senators it was Assemblyman Harry W. Pulcifer who rose in his place and changed his vote from "no" to "aye," and so inflicted that monstrosity upon the people. For this offense against the public interest he should be retired to private life forever. Having first voted in the public interest, he deliberately changed his vote to the interests of those whose purpose it was to confuse and confound the people's choice, and he did it with deliberation. That alone should finish Pulcifer in the fiftieth district.

But that was not his only instance of arraying himself on the wrong side. There are others. When the infamous "gag" rules were sought to be forced upon the assembly, Pulcifer voted for them. Throughout his career in the assembly he showed that he was all right except when he was badly needed on the right side. Then he went wrong; just the kind of a man who is not wanted in the legislature. Fortunately for the fiftieth district, it has a chance, in the person of W. C. Clark, to nominate and elect an assemblyman who will vote for Right Things all the time and who will not need to be watched.

San Francisco Registration Registration for the primary election closed at midnight Wednesday night. The registration in San Francisco is approximately 67,500, and of this probably 80 per cent is Republican, or about 54,000. Eight or nine thousand are Democrats, and the remainder are scattered amongst Socialists, Prohibitionists, and those Union Labor Party adherents who neglected to change their affiliation in accordance with the decision of the Election Commission. This registration is a tribute to the interest aroused in the people by their first opportunity to vote under a direct primary, for the number registered is 12,000 in excess of the highest estimates and by far the largest primary election registration in the history of San Francisco. A great deal of this extra registration is directly due to the Hiram Johnson meetings in San Francisco, at Dreamland Rink and the Central Theatre. The people now have the opportunity to vindicate their political sagacity at the point where the vote really counts, which is at the primary election. With the issue clearly drawn—the emancipation of the state from corporate control—and plainly personified in Hiram Johnson, the result of that primary should not be in doubt.

Johnson at the Star Theatre Hiram Johnson's meeting last Wednesday evening at the Star Theatre, in the Mission district of San Francisco, was beyond the expectations of his most optimistic supporters. The Star is the largest theatre in the city, seating about 2,400. Every seat was filled, every box was filled, and hundreds stood. Johnson spoke directly to the hearts of the main body of the audience—the union laborers—and showed them the fallacy of the idea that bad government and good times could go hand in hand. The point went home, and the audience rose to it with cheers. The betrayal of union labor by its professed political friends was shown, and this point also hit its mark. The large body of union leaders—not union labor politicians—that sat on the platform behind Johnson, gave force to his arguments. This meeting put the concluding seal of union labor approval upon Johnson's candidacy, besides being an overwhelming popular success.

The Curry Circular We are getting along to that stage of the primary campaign when scurrility and trickery, tomfoolery and stupidity, may be expected to do their worst. We do not know who sent out the scurrilous circular, but a few facts may help to a sagacious surmise.

1. It was sent out by a fool. No one but a fool would have taken the chance of serving years in prison, and being fined anywhere from $3,000 to $30,000, for the use of "penalty" envelopes to save a dollar or two in stamps.

2. That fool had access to the office of a United States marshal who received his appointment at the hands of Senator Frank Flint and must therefore be favorable either to Anderson, Curry or Stanton, but not to Johnson.

3. Unless it was sent out to create sympathy for Curry, which would imply sagacity, and no fool has sagacity, it was sent out to injure Curry or Johnson, but not Anderson or Stanton.

4. It was sent only to papers supporting Johnson, evidently in the hope that their zeal would lead them to make the mistake of publishing a libelous, scandalous screed, manifestly, even to a fool, injurious to Johnson.

5. It was prepared by some one conversant with Curry's political history.

If the detectives will look for someone with a special grievance against Curry, someone discharged from his service, one who has the run of the office of the United States marshal for the southern district of California, some zealot with a thimble full of brains, a stomach full of whisky and an organism surcharged with "dope," they will probably discover the miscreant. The Watchman is of opinion that all the candidates may safely be absolved from all complicity.

Johnson's Itinerary The concluding weeks of the primary campaign will be occupied by Hiram Johnson as follows: Friday night, July 29th, he will speak at the Clunie Theatre in Sacramento; Saturday night, July 30th, he will speak in the Auditorium in San Jose. The week of August 1st to 6th, inclusive, he will tour Southern California. On Monday, August 8th, he will speak in San Francisco; Tuesday, the 9th, in Sacramento; Wednesday, the 10th, and Thursday, the 11th, two meetings a day in San Francisco; Friday, the 12th, evening meeting in Alcatraz Hall, Oakland, on Peralta, between 7th and 8th streets; and Saturday evening, August 13th, at Dreamland Rink, San Francisco.

Santa Clara Endorsements Last Saturday evening, at a public meeting of the Santa Clara County Republican Club, held in San Jose, the candidacies of the following were endorsed: R. L. Telfer, assembly from the 55th district; L. D. Bohnett, assembly from 56th district; Charles R. Detrick, assembly from 57th district; Marshall Black, for the state senate; E. A. Hayes, for congress, and the state ticket headed by Hiram Johnson. This is the regular Republican club of Santa Clara county. A significant point was made by a speaker at this meeting: that of the candidates endorsed ten are incumbents and five are candidates for offices to which the incumbents do not aspire.

Lanktree's Chosen Ones Joe Lanktree, organization boss of Alameda, is making a special effort in behalf of four men whom he is especially anxious to see elected. This should be sufficient reason for voting against them. They are: John W. Mott, for recorder; John P. Cook, for county clerk; Joe Kelley, for supervisor, and Sumner Crosby, for the assembly.

Charles Battell Loomis is touring England and writing letters to the New York Sun about his experiences. Among these he records the following: "In Chiswick churchyard he showed me what looked like a freshly dug grave and told me that there lay one of the most famous Americans who ever lived, a man who wished to be buried there because another great man lay there already - Hogarth. 'Who was the American ' I asked. 'Jimmy Whistler.'"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY GAFFNEY, deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law office of Maurice Gradwohl, 816 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, July 7, 1910.
MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, San Francisco.

7-8-4t

JULIUS CALMANN
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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES CORCORAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, Room 858, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

M. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 30, 1910.
CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22296

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition of Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said deceased, having been this day presented to the Court, and it appearing to the Court from such petition that it is necessary and that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and of those interested therein, to sell the whole of said real estate and personal property in order to pay the debts outstanding against said decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition, and the said petition having been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be and appear before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day of August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to said executor for the sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks next preceding said day in "The California Weekly," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 1700 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-4t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 2229

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6 inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eight feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Var Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you s appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Cou for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: Tha it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of sai property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to sai property be established and quieted; that the Cou ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, in terests and claims in and to said property, and ever part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable present or future, vested or contingent, and whetho the same consists of mortgages or liens of any descrip tion; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and hav such other and further relief as may be meet in th premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court thi 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made i The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day o July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interes in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 2229

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-10t

CACOETHES VERBIFACIENDI

THAT MAKES THE FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL LINGO OF SCIENCE

By MARSDEN MANSON

ıst as crowding a dense population upon ted areas has developed diseases unknown rimitive states of life, so too the crowding ı number of ideas into a limited brain re has developed new brain diseases. In ı cases the young and the weak are more eptible than the strong. Remedial and ective measures must therefore be ex- ed to them. In both cases, too, there are reaks which pass almost beyond control, which take the form of epidemics and ssitate isolation and protection. The llel goes farther, the need of removing e products from homes and of introduc- an abundance of pure air and water has loped the science of sanitary engineering. orresponding lines there has grown up a for the application of knowledge to the ›val of waste and useless words and the ›duction of pure modes of expressing ght.

might be said that our colleges and uni- ities were developing this application of vledge and that they were putting into ept and practice the rules which would ›ur language of the great heaps of word s and scum which are still accumulating. unfortunately, the college bred man is ıently afflicted with a tendency to build ybrid words, and when he discovers some- g actually new, or rarer still, develops an nal idea, he spurns the use of the roots powers of his mother tongue in making a e for his novelty.

ıe most prevalent of these new diseases its cause will first be considered, then its ts in various branches of knowledge will llustrated, and finally a few suggestions › the proper treatment will be given.

Cause of This New Disease

is at times considered necessary to dress eak and feeble ideas on small subjects in ghly scientific garb. If these subjects be with in clear, plain English the matter d stand forth in all its ugliness; it there- becomes desirable to use big, high- ding words to pad out the little idea into shape. The newer the words, the more ıing the effect and the more difficult the :tion. This introduces an incentive to l building or word inventing, which has loped in feeble minded individuals ad- d to science the disease which may very erly be called cacoethes verbifaciendi.* disease is to a certain extent contagious if contracted in early life the mental ef- sometimes persist through several gen- ons. In those disposed to epideicticism comes chronic. Patients suffering from e types of this chronic form have gained ›thold in the faculties of some of our col- and universities and thus successive es have become contaminated and have ıd the disease so widely that it will be ult to eradicate.

is, however, an encouraging sign that types of students, although repeatedly ex- l, resist attacks of this disease entirely, investigation has readily revealed the fact such students either have good common : or are deeply versed in the dead lan- es, both of which make the student com- ly immune. But for those who have a tering of the dead languages and for e minded persons addicted to science is as yet no known prophylactic. In nost common and aggravating forms of disease the patient is beguiled into the that by the frequent use of hybrid words : by adding to the names of individuals ystem of terminology used in the declen- of nouns in dead languages he is express- nimself in a highly learned and scientific ıer. It matters not whether he is talking bug or of a rock, so long as he can call it by some hybrid word built up possibly of a surname of North European or Erse origin and a Latin or Greek terminal he is happy.

Originated in Egypt

The delusion above mentioned appears to be a very degenerate form of a practice originating, it is believed, in ancient Egypt. Here the learned and scientific were not content with the shallow subterfuges now used, but expressed themselves in a language totally different from that used by common people and absolutely unintelligible to them; while the modern practice is to form a sort of philological hash, the ingredients being fairly good English and the mongrel words above referred to, built in accordance with the grammars of two languages, the rules of which are incongruent.

The consequences of the unchecked ravages of this disease are serious.

(1) The ignorant or uninitiated are led to look upon the most serious cases as cultivated and scientific men.

(2) The youth of the land are given a sickly form of mental training which is actually weakening in its effects.

(3) Instead of that pure and strong speech for which good English is noted, there is substituted a weak and pedantic style in which "garbled or rehashed ideas are often made to masquerade as original thought."

The effects of this new disease are best brought to notice by citing a few cases:

Jimtown—Ha-ma-siiopolis

At the meeting of the A. A. A. S., a member was describing a "new species" of saxifrage which was named in honor of Prof. James. This gentleman's name had been rendered into scientific jargon by adding the Latin genitive termination ii—but Jamesii does not sound quite "scientific" enough to suit your "modern scientist" and the Latin j is pronounced h according to one system of Latin pronounciation, and each vowel forms a syllable, so our Jamesii became Ha-me-sii. There's science for you with a vengeance. Under this system, our well known Californian city of Jimtown becomes Ha-ma-siiopolis.* After an exposure of this kind that section of the A. A. A. S. ought to be quarantined for a year, and made to study English grammar during the whole period, and Prof. .....who necessitated the quarantine ought to be sentenced to the use of pure English for the rest of his natural life.

As an example of the effect of this disease upon geologists the following case is cited as a useless addition to that already over-burdened branch of science. The forces which have upheaved the continents have been considered and their effects observed for several generations, but it has been left for Prof. ..... to introduce the words "epeirogenic" and "epeirogeny." It is to be hoped that some consolation has been afforded him after this effort and no doubt the poor man is deluded into the idea that he has discovered something new or at least invented something or other. He has—he has invented a useless expression for an idea known and well expressed before he was born and he has exposed himself to the grave suspicion on the part of alienists that he has contracted epeirogemania.

Rules For Doing It, Forsooth!

But these philological pranks with dead and living languages have not been played without rules. Very many rules have been written in all seriousness, describing how, when and where to galvanize into scientific use the grammar and terminals of the dead languages of Greece and Rome and how to graft their petrified terminals upon the living roots of modern names, or how, after finding out some peculiarity of the object, to render this into Latin or Greek. The results would be funny if they were not so ghastly. One master and earnest lover of the grand literature of the classics refrains from passing through the botanical gardens at one of our universities because the names of the plants cause him to have the nightmare. The effect of looking over the lists of names of birds, bugs, rocks and plants which have been newly made would be to give him a severe attack of literary jimjams in which he would see a Greek phalanx of Japanese dragons in rubber boots and Roman helmets, led by Julius Caesar in the costume of Li Hung Chang.

In a highly commended treatise on how to build up "scientific names of Latin and Greek Derivation,"* there are found seventy-two rules, each with its exceptions. The most valuable rule of the lot is part of number 4, which, with slight additions, covers the whole ground.

"Hybrid Words—In building a compound name two classical languages should never be mixed. The new words should be wholly Greek or wholly Latin. Hybrid words are always objectionable and such compounds as Swainson's Felichthys, Longicephalus, Leptogunellus, Flavigaster, Gymno-corvus, arborophila and the like are enough to make one's hair stand on end."

Siwash-Latin Combinations

This is a very excellent rule, except that it does not go far enough, or that it should be followed by another to the effect that in building a compound name a dead classical terminal should never be grafted on a live North European root nor upon a Siwash, an Aztec or a Japanese root.

If Longicephalus or Arbrophila "would make one's hair stand on end," what would become of one's hair and whiskers at the sight of a Latin or Greek terminal grafted upon a Siwash, an Aztec or a Japanese root —could more monstrous philological hybrids be imagined than Sterna Aleutica, Numenius Tahitinesis, Synthliborampus (w)umizusume? Yet these are modern scientific names, built up of Latin and Aleut, Latin and Tahitian and Greek and Japanese. It is almost impossible to imagine by what processes of thought such names are brought forth—indeed upon critical analysis these words seem to be the result of a sort of cerebral borborygmus rather than of the action of a healthy and well developed brain.

Yucatan

In naming a very beautiful dove found in Southern Mexico a remarkable breach of these rules was made. This dove has been called Zeniadura Yucatan-ensis. Now of all the mixtures of miserable lingo and Latin this leads. Yucatan got its name from a question asked by the natives of that country of the Spanish and Portuguese discoverers and explorers. These in sailing along this coast inquired of the natives in the rich variety of languages embraced in their crews, "what country is this." The natives not being versed in these languages inquired in turn "Yucatan," or what do you say? So these exploring pirates named the country "Yucatan." Now comes the scientist and converts this jargon into scientific language by adding "ensis." In a similar manner had he been exploring the Barbary coast of San Francisco and had inquired of some native the name of the locality and received the return inquiry, "whad-jo-soy, he would have concluded that this was a good name to introduce into science and classified the natives as speci-

earlier times this disease was sometimes diagnosed ongenital senility," but the refinements of more n methods, when common sense has been replaced dantry, require greater elegance of expression.

*Several of the words used in these pages are the results of a temporary fever artificially produced in the writer after long exposure to severe cases of cacoethes verbifaciendi and by inoculating him with the germs of this disease. These words are not recommended for general use except as antidotes, for which purpose they have been found effective in mild cases in early life.

*Pro Cal. Academy of Sciences, 3d Series, Vol 1, No. 3.

mens of the variety of the human race, called Homo whad-jo-soy-ensis.

Two "Dont's"

These seventy-two rules could be advantageously reduced to two, as follows:

Rule 1. Never build up a supposed Greek or Latin name for which a plain English equivalent exists or can be made.

Rule 2. Whenever it is necessary to resort to classic languages follow the rules of those languages and keep their purity and grandeur entirely free from admixture with an incongruous modern language or lingo.

One great difficulty in all of this minute classifying and naming is that the whole series of plants, animals and minerals is or has been in the process of evolution. Each living individual of each species is undergoing this process and has reached that particular stage or condition which the environments of its ancestors and itself require. The series are therefore infinite so far as variety is concerned and the differences when not apparent to the unaided eye become so under high powered microscopes. When by the closest scrutiny and comparisons these differences are detected the discoverer proceeds to add a new species to the long and dreary lists, and vainly imagines that he has added new laurels to his brow, and has immortalized himself by having a Latin genitive tacked on his name, which name may be even less fit for such an appendage than his performance is worthy of merit.

As an illustration of this tendency to multiply names the following instance is cited:

A dyke of trap has been upthrust through a granitic formation. This dyke highly heated and compressed the granite on each side for 200 or more feet. This heat and pressure was greatest next the dyke and gradually faded to the limits above mentioned. These modifications in heat and pressure produced differences in structure and probably slight variations in composition in each part of the zones bordering the dyke. Now according to modern modes of naming rocks there are quite a large number of kinds of rocks in these altered zones—some with Scandinavian, some with German and English and a sprinkling of Erse, all ending in "ite," but none of them describing the origin and nature of the rock.

It appears that in naming the various animals and plants of past eras and of present time two general modes have been adopted. These may be properly termed: (1) The Siwash and (2) The Mongrel.

The Siwash Mode

The Siwash appears to have the more philosophic basis and the mongrel to better meet the requirements of vanity. The Siwash is a mode quite generally adopted by primitive peoples—for instance, the Indian names his chiefs and great men by a system which describes some characteristic of the individual. Sometimes these names are poetic and heroic, at others they are somewhat the reverse. As examples of the former we have chiefs "War-Eagle," "Black-Hawk," "Thunder-Cloud," as examples of the latter, we have "Sitting-Bull," "Scar-faced Charley," "Rain-in-the-Face" or "Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse."

In adapting this system to scientific purposes we have the following: "Woman's-breast-toothed-Animal" (mastodon), "Terrible-big-Beast" (dinotherium giganticus), "Unarmed-beast" (anopotherium), "Kin-to-a-Lizard" (plesiosaurus), "More-kin-to-a-Lizard" (Pleosaurus). In both cases these names are well chosen. The Indian has been no less apt in recognizing the leading characteristic of his chief and in naming him therefor than scientists have been in selecting the names for certain "terrible big beasts," whose remains they have unearthed. The fact that the Indian uses his own language and the scientist patches up a supposed Greek or Latin equivalent for what he is ashamed to say in his own tongue is more to the credit of the Indian, besides the Indian names for his chiefs might sound just as "scientific" in Greek or Latin as do the names of Woman's breast toothed animal, or Terrible big Beast. Let us try:

Sitting Bull becomes taraus sedans; Scar-faced Charley, caroulidion oulopou; Rain-in-the-Face, ombros hupopios; Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse, Hippon phobonmenos; War-Eagle, Aquila bellica; Black Hawk, Kircus melas; Thunder-Cloud, Nephos baruktupon.*

Is it any more "scientific" to call the bones of a terrible big beast the skeleton of a dinotherium giganteus, than it is to speak of Black Hawk as Kircus Melas or of the great chief War Eagle as Aquila Bellica. There might be objections to this were that doughty old warrior still in the flesh, for he might use his tomahawk as a writ of ejectment for the brain that would call him a squaw War Eagle.

The Mongrel Mode

In the second or mongrel mode, the general idea seems to be to tack the genitive terminals of the classic languages on any name of any old kind of a language or dialect to form a sort of scientific lingo which is supposed to be very learned and impressive. In its pure form this mode is admissable and originated at a period when the English, German and French languages were not competent to express scientific thought. Newton could hardly have written his Principia in the English of that day, and Bacon would have had a still harder task to have written his Aphorisms in his mother tongue. But Darwin found no difficulty in giving the grand truths of Evolution to the world in plain English, marred only by certain names, the use of which he could not avoid by reason of the fact that the scientists of his age had suffered from cacoethes verbifaciendi.

The most virulent and confluent case of this disease yet published is recorded below:

The Unfortunate Trilobite

Many geological ages ago there lived a three-lobed shell-fish. His family embraced

(Continued on Page 574)

*The writer respectfully acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. C. of the University of California for his rendition of the English translations of these Indian names into Greek and Latin.

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BUD ASHTON'S SCOOP

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

UD ASHTON sat at his desk in the "News" office, under the glow of a green-shaded electric light, putting the shing touches on a police court story for morning's paper. McLaughlin, the reg- man on the police detail, was off in the :kies on his vacation where, as he wisely iarked to the boys when he bade them dbye, "Kelley can't reach me by wireless." ley was the city editor, and many a vaca- i he had ruined by wiring for a reporter come back and handle a big story.

o, while McLaughlin was away, Bud Ash- was handling the police news. He had n in Kansas City only a year, coming to city from Sedalia to win his spurs as a ght of the pen. He had done pretty well h the work that had come his way, but he still only an understudy to McLaughlin, of course McLaughlin got all the big ies to do. With McLaughlin away, Bud ed that something would happen to give the chance to show how he could handle care-header. It meant a rise in his chosen fession, and then there was the girl down Sedalia who expected great things of him had promised to share his luck when he ld see rent and the grocer's bill in his kly pay check.

s he pulled the last sheet of copy out of typewriter and turned to his desk to cor- it with pencil, Bud felt a touch at his ow and turned to the office devil, who had ie up behind him.

The old man wants to see you," said the il.

Kelley?" Bud asked.

Sure."

ud did not wait to finish his copy. When ley sent for a man he wanted him, quick. he walked rapidly across the hall and cked at the door marked "City Editor."

Come in!" sounded from within and Bud ned the door, a little nervously. Most i were nervous around Kelley. He was a prepossessing man. Sitting at a roll- desk in the far corner of a huge room was in gloom except for the one light iis elbow, Kelley looked like a monstrous l. He was short and fat, and his face was ited with liquor and white from night rs. The puffs of fat beneath his eyes were -black. The eyes themselves were sharp glowering. Kelley had no friend but k. Schooled in the hardening experiences iewspaper work, he had developed from a stering rowdy of the streets into a capable spaper man and nothing else. Life, to meant only news. People were merely ies. Human joys and human sorrows were stories for tomorrow's columns—espe- ly the sorrows. He was cynical; he was iless in the quest for news; he was im- able as to printing it. "If you didn't want r name in the paper, why did you do it?" sneered to folk who pleaded for the cy of oblivion.

is divination of news stories at times was rd. In touch with the world only through telephone, the telegraph, and the handful oung men who sat in the big room across hall, he oftentimes scented a news "beat" n the dark corner where he squatted at his when every other paper in town was far ld on a false lead.

ud closed the door behind him and stepped r to Kelley's desk. Kelley glanced up and ied to a file beside him. Picking from it crap of paper, he handed it to Bud and :

Write the story of this fellow's capture." ud took the bit of paper—a clipping from hicago daily—and glanced rapidly through It was the latest account of the fruitless ch for "Danny, the Kid," whose exploit obbing the La Salle Street Bank, of Chi- o, of fifty thousand dollars in bills was the ional sensation of the hour in police circles. case against the Kid was complete; the y hiatus in it was the Kid himself, who made a clean escape and had so far led the utmost effort of public and pri- detectives.

ud looked up with an exclamation:

Have they got him?"

Kelley glowered from his desk, blinking his s:

Got nothing. You get him."

"But Chicago—the police—" Bud stammered.

"I said get him!" bellowed Kelley. "He's in Kansas City, under your nose. And don't police me. The police are blockheads. We're the police, the unofficial police. We catch 'em every day when they can't scent 'em. Beat the police and scoop the town. Down in the river bottoms, he is. Here, this address," and he handed Bud a sheet of copy paper with an address written on it, an address in the smoky Missouri river bottom district of the city, beyond the Union Depot and near the stockyards, a district of miserable hovels where negroes and poor whites live.

Bud slipped out of Kelley's office, glad to be from under Kelley's menacing eye. He was a little nervous at the thought of taking Danny the Kid; that meant hand to hand work with a desperate man and a chance to get shot; but he was exultant too, for this was the big story, the great chance to scoop the town, yes, to scoop the country. He saw his signed story on the first page of The News tomorrow morning, his picture alongside that of Danny the Kid, captor and captured. He heard the applause of his fellows in the office, the gruff "Good work" of Kelley, the murmured adoration of the girl in Sedalia. It spelled that flat he had dreamed of, and the lady at the front door to greet him when he came home every night.

He went to his desk and slipped from the drawer of it into his pocket the thirty-two automatic revolver that he carried only when he had to visit the toughest parts of town. Carefully he pinned to the inside of his coat, below the label and out of sight, the nickeled badge of a special policeman. Once again he read the detailed description of Danny the Kid, and then he slipped out to the street and made his way toward the bottoms.

As he went he began to wonder, more calmly, whether he was not on a wild chase. Kelley had done some wonderful feats in scenting news, but wasn't it rather absurd to suppose that even Kelley could know that Danny the Kid was in town and, more absurd, that he would be at a given address this evening? As the street-car ran out of the tunnel upon the steel trestle over the railroad tracks and into the Union Depot, Bud felt that his dreams of glory and bliss were upon a fantastic foundation of improbability. A moment later, as he picked his way through the crowded station and reached the street, he was even inclined to laugh. A half hour later, as he stood in the dark roadway of the evil district to which Kelley had sent him, staring at a house dimly outlined across the street, he did laugh aloud.

The house was so obviously respectable, for all its poor associations. The one gleam of light that proved it tenanted fell from a window partly raised, a window screened by a cheap scrim curtain, cheap but neat and clean. What lay within the room Bud had not yet made out, for the light within seemed to be turned low. That was suspicious. But as Bud watched, the front door was opened, and a woman's voice sounded, low but distinct:

"Will that be all, doctor?"

A bluff, hearty voice responded:

"I'm afraid that's the best we can do."

And the door was closed as a man, with firm tread, came down the steps.

Bud, with every muscle tense, his revolver drawn, was across the street and by the gate when the man opened it. But even in the dark shadows he saw plainly that this was not the Kid. A portly figure, full face, clean-shaven, could not by any chance be the sallow, slight Danny of the police descriptions. Bud passed the doctor and walked slowly on toward the next house.

Suddenly he started. As if from nowhere, a figure glided past him, silent, swift, slender and lithe. Bud turned his head just in time to see the figure entering the gate the doctor had just left. Like a flash Bud turned and followed, in quick, noiseless leaps. As the stranger turned to close the gate, he confronted Bud's revolver, thrust full in his face, a short three feet from his eyes.

"Put 'em up!" Bud exclaimed. "Up! I say."

The man had made a motion of resistance that had caused Bud's added ejaculation. The warning was heeded, however, and the hands went into the air.

"Back away a little, there," commanded Bud, and as the man obeyed, Bud opened the gate. "Now, you, come on."

Until now the man had made no sound. Now he spoke, but in a whisper.

"For God's sake, bo, gimme half an hour. That's me mother in there, dyin', and I got to see her. Just a half an hour, bo."

The savage intensity in the man's voice touched Bud, and made him pause, but an instant later he was more than suspicious. This was Danny the Kid, the smoothest man in the business, resourceful as a fox and as dangerous as a wolf. What kind of a den might be within that house, cloaked under the guise of respectability, he did not know. But caution urged redoubled vigilance.

"Nothing doing," Bud replied. "That gag don't go down. You come on, and mighty quick."

He felt the exultation of the chase, the gloating triumph of the man-hunter who has found his prey. The vision had come true, Kelley's divination had been vindicated, he had the quarry and the presses would be ringing it on the beaten town before another dawn.

"Come on!" he added, with a persuasive twist of the revolver.

The man suddenly leaned forward.

"Shoot, damn you, shoot!" he whispered. "I tells you, me mother's in there, dyin', and I don't go till I see her, if I die fer it."

Something in the fierce earnestness of his manner carried conviction to Bud.

"Tell me about it," he said, keeping his revolver pointed, "but keep those hands up while you're doing it."

"I gets the word in Chi, see, and I beats it here. She don't know me business. She tinks I'm workin' in de shops. She's been good to me, and when dey tells me she's goin', I got to see her. See? You'd a done it, wouldn't you, bo? I'll go wit' you when I seen her. Honest to God, I'll go like a lamb. Are you on?"

Bud's revolver went to his side, but still aimed.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll have to go too."

"Sure, bo, on'y don't let her know."

"All right. Go ahead."

With Danny ahead and Bud following, the two walked up the steps to the door. Danny knocked gently. The door was opened and a nurse stood facing them.

"How's me mother?" Danny asked, and his face, by the dim hall light, showed drawn and haggard.

"Mrs. Latimer is dying," said the nurse, and let them in. She seemed to know Danny, and Bud hesitated to follow. But at the sound of a smothered groan from Danny he went in and the nurse closed the door softly. Without further words the nurse led them to the room from which Bud had seen the light issue. Here, on a bed, lay an old woman, whose sweetness of expression had not faded under the long strain of illness, and whose white hair surrounded her face like a radiance. Her eyes were closed, and only the slow rise and fall of the covers showed that breath had not already flown. The nurse paused at the doorway.

"The doctor says she may live till morning," she whispered, "but he thinks not longer than midnight. He'll be back, he said."

Bud looked at Danny. The evil lines of his face were gone, or nearly gone, and their place had been taken by an expression of tenderness, of grief, and of helpless despair. He tiptoed to the bedside and lifted the wasted hand that lay upon the cover and touched the dying woman's forehead. She did not respond to his caress, and Danny's head fell to his knees. He sat so for a long time, and then beckoned to the nurse.

"Ain't she goin' to wake up, ever?" he whispered.

"Maybe for a moment—" she paused with the delicacy of sympathy before she added—"at the end."

Again Danny strove to rouse her. Again he failed. He motioned Bud to a chair and drew his own closer to the bedside. There they sat as the clock on the mantlepiece ticked off the hours. Bud had noted the time as he came in, eleven o'clock. The hands moved on to twelve. Only an hour more till closing time for copy, Bud could not help reflecting. But he put the thought away and sat in silence. The hands moved on to one. They could get out an extra edition, anyway. One-thirty. Two. The dream of the scoop of the town, of the flat and the girl, of Kelley's praise, was dissolving, but Bud sat still. The white figure in the bed stirred now and again, but did not rouse.

Three o'clock. The dying woman's eyes opened. Danny leaned over her in an agony of hope, of fear, of tenderness. "Mammy," he called, "Mammy, it's Dan." A smile slowly curved her lips, she nodded feebly, and Danny stooped to give and receive a kiss. "God bless my boy," she whispered. "Goodbye."

She lay still, the smile still on her lips, and Danny sobbed like a broken-hearted child.

Bud was at his desk in the News office early the next evening. Carefully he closed the drawer after removing from it the few things that belonged to him. For the third time he picked up the evening papers and glanced at the stories of his rivals in which his own name did not appear. Kelley entered the room, his face swollen with anger.

"You," he shouted. "You pup! Got your man and then let 'em scoop you! You're a newspaper man, all right. You're fired."

Bud smiled and spoke quietly:

"Oh, I know that, Mr. Kelley. Goodnight."

And he turned his back—and walked past the line of reporters that had waited for this explosion, and descended the stairs and strolled out into the night, still smiling to himself.

("Cacoethes Verbifaciendi"—Continued)

numerous kinds and has been given the classic name of trilobite. Although "Silurians," they were the kings of the earth in their time, and being the characteristic life of one of the earliest ages, their remains have been ruthlessly torn from their graves, scientifically classified and labeled and stored in collections where rude mortals may gaze at them and talk wisely.

The names which have been given the various members of this family do not vary materially from those which have been bestowed upon birds, rocks and plants, except in some instances. One of these is so out of harmony with the principles of naming animals (a privilege especially conferred upon Adam, and by heritage upon his descendants), that it is worthy of notice. The particular family of Trilobites chosen for this name is supposed to be the oldest upon earth. It might therefore have been deemed proper to give a name indicative of their ancient origin and lineage, and according to the dignified oriental custom to have called them most ancient and illustrious in proper classic terms in accordance with the majesty of their position as the progenitors of numerous progeny which reigned longer than any of the reigning families of human history.

But, unfortunately, two ambitious paleontologists have been industrious in giving a supposed life history and family connections to this particular trilobite, and in vaporizing about their bearing upon contemporaneous and subsequent history, and they both desired to link their fame with that of this great ancestral race of trilobites. Unfortunately too, for Prof. ....'s 72 rules for forming scientific connections of this sort (each rule with its exceptions), these scientists were named respectively Schmidt and Mickwitz. One is led to surmise that the former was a Dutchman and the latter a Pole. One name suggests a short pudgy personage behind a quaint old china pipe with a long stem which rests placidly on that portion of his anatomy which from its rotund prominence would warrant the naming of a giant watermelon or a mammoth pumpkin after him rather than an attenuated old shell fish. Besides, the name is in no way fishy—it smacks of beer and pretzels, sauer kraut and limburger. The other name is Nihilistic—it causes the Russian police wakeful nights, and to nose around for bombs and other illegal fireworks and things and disturbs even the digestion and dreams of a Czar. Nothing in either name suggests anything Roman from the time of the rape of the Sabines to that of Romulus Augustulus. Nevertheless both names must be Latinized "for scientific purposes" and our noted old trilobite becomes Schmidt-ia-Mick-witz. What would Dan O'Connell have given to have been able to call the belligerant old fishwoman a Schmidtia Mickwitzi instead of the simple rectangular parallelopipedon?

Mickwitz's Mickst Metaphor

"Schmidtia Mickwitzi!" is not that a name to awaken wrath—imagine some "scientific gent" instead of applying that epithet to the poor old dead and gone shell fish, with no representative this side the carboniferous age to resent it, calling some husky son of Erin a Schmidtia-Mickwitzi! The "chunk of red sandstone" which was heaved so successfully in the cause of resenting family insult on the Stanislaus would again be called into use and scientists would be gently admonished to be more particular in using such names.

It is not now possible to determine why one of these names should have been chosen for the given and the other for the surname of this trilobite, why he was called Schmidt-Mickwitzi instead of Mickwitz-ia Schmidti or Mick-schmidia Witzi or Wick-Schmi-Micki, but probably these permutations and combinations are reserved for distinguished members of the trilobite family who may be found worthy of these honors.

But that name will stick to that old shell fish. Whatever may have been the grandeur with which he swam the silurian seas, he is Schmidtia-Mickwitzi to the end of time, unless this so-called scientific mode of naming gets the oblivion it deserves.

Can there be any further doubt that the new disease is spreading to a dangerous extent. That hospitals are needed where many and curable cases can be treated, and asylums where chronic cases can be safely isolated.

The Horrible Effects

Think of grafting Latin and Greek terminals upon Dutch, Polish, Siwash, Japanese and Tahitian names and turning these names loose upon impressionable and defenceless youth and upon the grammar of the English language, disguised as true science! Think of teaching youthful minds in the search of truth that such names are necessary and scientific! Think of admitting that the scientific mind of the twentieth century are so lame and feeble in their powers of expressing thought and of properly describing the things they see that they have to use such worse than double-gerel! Think of the silliness of using such jargon in the place of our mother tongue which if used rightly can express thought in fewer, stronger, clearer words than any other ever spoken or written!

"Those to whom English is the mother tongue should use it rather than any other. It is strong and clear enough when well written or spoken to set forth any thoughts they may have." When one has anything that is worth saying, it can be said better and in fewer words in English than in any other tongue, and the closer he can follow the rules of pure English the better. But, if his ideas are weak and his thoughts hazy, or if he wants to write on a little subject in a seeming scientific and ponderous way it is well to pile and bolster up his writings with mongrel words of ancient lineage. This style impresses the casual reader with wonderful ideas of the writer's learning, but when analyzed means but little, and that little at such slight moment that it might be left unsaid without serious loss to science. It is true that in certain lines of scientific resear

Am. Geol., Vol. VI, p. 222.

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ds built up from foreign roots or derived
n other languages are necessary and can
used with propriety and elegance when
r places cannot be filled with Anglo-Saxon
ds of broader and stronger meaning.
re are a large number of foreign derived
ds of good and respectable standing which
e enriched our language and which we
ld not do without—but these have been
sen with better taste and judgment than
e been used in coining some of more re-
mintage. But the fashion to rush into
d building on the slightest opportunity
been led by scientists and followed by
gists, soap makers and so forth until the
ion has developed into a disease. This
ase has become necessary to prescribe for
treat carefully lest it attack the roots of
mother tongue.

Treatment of the Disease

he treatment in severe cases must be gen-
yet firm. Some of the afflicted ones are
ised to the delusion that they know more
i they really do, that fatal results may
)w if too suddenly deprived of this delu-
. The windy nature of the words they
has given them inflated ideas of their
wledge and too sudden a change to words
actually mean something might shock
i too severely. Many of them may be
d and become really useful members of
itific and literary circles. But the treat-
t which will best check this new disease

) teach the children and youth of this
itry:

t. That to master their mother tongue is
better than to get a smattering of other
uages.

. That strong, clear thought can best be
essed in pure Anglo-Saxon.

. That when one has really produced an
nal thought or has discovered something
ally new which requires a new name to
ectly define it to search well the roots and
ers of his mother tongue before search-
elsewhere.

:car, the famous chef of the Waldorf-
ria, has a fad for the collection of menus
he has at the present time about 2,000,
h it has taken him twenty years to col-
There are cards of dinners given in
a and in Persia, dinners in fact in all
s of the civilized world, by societies, to
iduals, to commemorate national and
onal events. There is a menu of the
teen Club printed on black pasteboard in
shape of a coffin and ornamented with
s, and the menu of a railroad club in the
of a coupon, each division of which en-
s the holder to a certain dish and the
e taking him the entire journey from
tizer to coffee.

. D. Nichols of the Oakland Chamber of
merce, according to St. Nicholas, has a
ess by which he is able to preserve
:rs for a long time without losing their
or color. One of his exhibits is what
iown as the McKinley lily. A large lily
placed in a glass jar with the preserving
and after several weeks its petals began
roop a little. A visitor noticed the re-
blance to the features of the late Presi-
of the United States, William McKinley,
i looked at from a particular point of
, and the flower has since been called
McKinley lily. Every effort is being
: to keep it in existence in its present
as long as possible, as it has proved a
: attraction and object of interest to
)rs.

teacher in one of the Newton lower
e schools was entertaining two visitors
ie class-room. Several days previously
teacher had furnished amusement and at
same time increased the children's store
nowledge by a series of questions of the
wing nature: "What do we sit on that
ies with hair?" Some child would an-
"chair." The visitors would be pleased
bserve how readily the pupils could an-
"What do I wear on my head that
ies with cat?" asked the instructress. Up
the hand of a boy with red hair. "Well,
ny," said she, "you may tell us." Johnny
, and appeared frightened. "It's a rat."
blurted And then the tableau—Boston

There had been a family row. "Well," remarked the alleged head of the house, "a man learns a few things when he gets married. Yes, sir, a man lives and learns." "That may be," retorted the feminine half of the sketch, "but the school of experience doesn't bar coeds."—Baltimore American.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff, vs.
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

ORPHAN NOTICE

THE BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The following have been received since the publication of the last notice:

	Years	Months
Whole Orphans		
Halstead, Andrew	1	
Chrisholm, Louis	12	10
Half Orphans		
Scofield, Olin	10	7
Reno, Willie	12	6
Reno, Peter	13	6
McGuire, Ignatius	11	7

7-8-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE CHILDS, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of W. H. Payson, room 1700, Claus Spreckels Building, southeast corner Market and Third streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

RUFUS H. CHILDS.
Administrator of the estate of George Childs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1910.
W. H. PAYSON, attorney for estate. 6-10 5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell,
Plaintiff,
vs. No. 22107
All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof,
Defendants.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. I.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building, Phone Douglas 3595
7-15-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The National Guard

The National Guard of California, as explained last week, is the "active" militia of the state and subject to duty before the reserve forces can be called out. The law provides for not to exceed 84 companies for California, part of which may be infantry and part coast artillery, cavalry, signal corps, etc. The infantry is organized into regiments of 12 companies each.

But California's limit of active militia is by no means reached. At present it consists of 2 companies of signal corps, 9 companies of coast artillery, 3 troops of cavalry, 36 companies of infantry and 8 divisions of naval militia. The law does not provide for regiments of cavalry in California, but only for 4 troops, the 4 troops constituting a squadron. Neither is the coast artillery organized into regiments, but constitutes a corps under the command of a Chief of Artillery who has the rank of colonel.

The minimum strength of an infantry company, in order to maintain an organization, is three commissioned officers and 58 enlisted men. The maximum is three commissioned officers and 82 enlisted men. The minimum is prescribed by the War Department at Washington, the maximum by the governor of the state.

When the infantry is organized into a regiment there must be 12 companies and, in all, 15 commissioned officers and 4 medical officers, making 19 for field and staff. Add to these the three commissioned officers of each of the twelve companies and we have a total of 55 commissioned officers for the regiment.

The total strength of California's "active" militia at this writing is 3284 officers and men. If the maximum number of companies were organized and fully manned the strength of the National Guard of California would be 7,482 to 7,515, depending upon whether all were organized as infantry or a portion as cavalry, coast artillery, etc.

It is not a bad thing for a young man to become a member of the National Guard. The discipline of a soldier is a good experience to have undergone and the drilling necessary to bring a company up to standard requirement does much for the physique and carriage of a man, and, too, the state may need the services of men who have not lost the fighting edge as certainly as a city may need the services of policemen.

The requirements for enlistment in the National Guard in California are, that the applicant must be a male citizen of the United States, at least 18 years of age and not older than 45 and physically sound. Musicians and trumpeters may be enlisted as young as 16, but all under 18 must first have the consent of parents or guardian. The first enlistment must be for three years, re-enlistments for one, two or three years, at the option of the applicant.

For officers above the regimental there are, beside the governor, who is commander-in-chief, the Adjutant-General, with the grade of brigadier general, really the executive officer of the National Guard, and a brigade commander, also with the rank of brigadier general.

A good deal of business comes to the office of the Adjutant General even in piping times of peace, and to assist him in carrying it on he requires quite an office force. He has an assistant, a chief clerk and two record clerks, a property and financial clerk, a stenographer and an armorer and porter, and, what with inspecting companies scattered over the state and settling military squabbles of one sort or another, and trying to keep the fighting arm of government fit to do service if the needs of the state should demand it, the office of Adjutant General is no sinecure.

To meet the expenses of the military arm of government the legislature of 1909 appropriated $386,660 for the two years ending June 30, 1910 and June 30, 1911. To this fund the national government adds about $100,000 a year, in consideration for which expenditure, devoted to arming, equipping and clothing the National Guard, the national government has the right to call out and muster into its own service such guard, for a term specified in the call, in advance of any volunteer force, and to require it to go wherever the exigencies of national welfare make it necessary, even to the invasion of foreign territory. This relates to the "organized and uniformed" National Guard and not to the unorganized militia.

To this end the national government appropriates $2,000,000 a year to be divided among all the states and the District of Columbia, or so much of it as is needed, but no state can participate in this fund unless it maintains an organized and uniformed National Guard equal to 100 men for each senator and representative in congress from such state. This would require California, for instance, to have 1,000 enlisted men, whereas it has more than 3,000.

Thus spake the dude unto the maid: "I trust you'll excuse my plight; my talk will bore you, I'm afraid, for I feel like a fool tonight." Thus spake the maid unto the dude: "That's all right, but pray—pardon me if I'm seemingly rude—don't you always feel that way?"—Chicago News.

Brown had married the prettiest woman in the town and Green had married the homeliest, but thought she was a beauty. One evening they met and the conversation having drifted to their respective better halves, Green remarked: "I say, Brown, I think you and I married the two handsomest women in the village." Brown looked at him in surprise a moment, but seeing he was serious, replied cautiously, and with pride: "Well, old man, I guess you are about half right." But Green didn't see the point until he told his wife and she began to make a few remarks.—Chicago News.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

AUGUST 5, 1910

HIRAM W. JOHNSON

Week: "SUMMER SCHOOL, AN EDUCATIONAL DEMOCRACY"

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THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: AUGUST 5 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 37.

What Everybody Knows

E ARE FACTS that will never be written into the rd of any court, or proved by human testimony, that ly knows as well as any human fact can be known. dy knows that Calhoun and his associates are guilty as ; that to save themselves from prison they have de- the press of San Francisco, the public mind, the social electorate; that the defeating of Heney was with the ion that the graft prosecutions would be abandoned by ple; that the conduct of the District Attorney's office been inconsistent with that expectation; that the dyna- f the house in which Gallagher was, and the houses e owned, was as much a part of the general scheme of including Ruef, as bribery had been a part of the general of securing franchises and increases of tolls from the the inhabitants thereof; that the disappearance of Gal- as accomplished either through terrorism or bribery, or rism and bribery combined. In view of these facts, verybody knows, and probably nobody can prove, is y wonder that Judge W. P. Lawlor, a righteous and just t the whole matter forth, taking the people into his con- Remember that this judge has spent years in hearing nce in these cases; that he knows the defendants to be hat he has been forced to sit powerless while this game vas put through to its miserable end. Is there any won- he keeps the grip of the law upon these felons, self- l, inasmuch as they have not dared to take the witness their own exculpation, in the hope that some circum- rtuitous perhaps, may yet give justice a chance to be d? For this the defendant and his attorneys, in a fine ery of indignation, claim the right to abuse the court might abuse a pickpocket! Five days in jail! Five uld scarcely suffice to vindicate an outraged judicial Is it any wonder that the President declared the ad- ion of criminal justice in this country a disgrace to our n? And where in all civilization will a more disgraceful of it be found than the graft cases of San Francisco Cling to those culprits, Judge Lawlor, to the latest day Some guilty soul among them, in greater fear of the an outraged God than of prison bars, may be moved remorse to lay the whole abominable business bare.

Agony Nearly Over

STAFF MAKES NO APOLOGY for devoting the er part of this issue to politics. If we did not the very ould cry out. The Nation is watching. The grafters San Francisco. Will the same ilk defeat the State of ı? Not one sympathizer with the San Francisco grafters for Johnson, and scarcely one who is fighting Johnson hing else than a sympathizer with the grafters. It is fight carried to a larger field. It will go to the nation s hence. Let every reader of this issue "carry its mes- arcia."

Not In Cold Storage

OT TRUE that the National Forests of California are held in cold storage for the benefit of the East that. estroyed its heritage, now seeks to hold our forests for a profit to the national treasury to the retarding of the development of this state. It is a plausible lie, but it is a lie. The Forest Service now has contracts for the sale of 200,000,000 board feet of timber in California, and the highest bidder for stumpage in the Trinity reserve will be allowed to cut one billion feet if he wishes to, but under conditions that will prevent monopoly, the ruining of the watersheds, waste of the timber, and that will insure a new growth to take the place of the old. Contrast this with the 2,000,000 acres (forty billion feet), held by T. B. Walker, who importunes the state to relieve his timber from taxation and refuses to allow one tree to be marketed. His holdings are worth $80,000,000, and yet he puts them in cold storage that they may be worth more. One-fourth of all that the Forest Service receives goes into the state treasury. All that Walker may receive will go into his pockets. Against private monopoly no word of protest is spoken by the hired knaves that are denouncing conservation.

Kent's Fences

THE GOLCONDA CATTLE COMPANY in Nevada has a line of fence that may run across some government land. The fence encloses nothing. The land is unsurveyed, and where the line runs the government does not know. The fence is open at certain places that cattle on other ranges may have free access to water. Its sole purpose is to deter other herds from mixing with those of the Golconda Cattle Company. The government's agent assented to the fence remaining there because it did no harm. It would have been taken away at any time upon demand. Suit was brought as a political coup, and its being brought was an outrage, but then Kent, with voice and pen, has fought Ballinger at every point. That's why.

Johnson Unafraid

MEN SAY OF HIRAM JOHNSON, "We like him. He is not afraid, in the name of a redeemable Israel, to go up against the Goliath of associated Rapacity." True, he is not, and yet we know that there has been small future at the bar, or in public life, for any man who has braved the vindictiveness of the plutocratic oligarchy that has governed California. Except Johnson win the victory he will have no end of time in which to count the cost of having made a losing fight. He knows it, and yet has dared to beard that giant in his cave. The greater glory to Johnson for his grit.

Is This Where the Flop Comes In?

RAILROAD EMPLOYES IN CONCLAVE selecting candidates! The Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company having no part in it! It couldn't possibly! Then how comes it that endorsements go to Wagner, Mattison, Ferris, "organization" candidates all? And to Curry, the "organization" candidate in reserve? Is it here that the flop to Curry is to come in? Is it by this uprising of the railroad employes that the "Crockering" of Anderson is to be accomplished and accounted for? It squints that way. But the railroad employes are not chattels. Their use is to mask batteries. The saloon and tenderloin will do the voting.

HELP WANTED

The Lincoln-Roosevelt State Committee needs five or six thousand dollars the worst way in the world, with which to close up its campaign, hire the polls watched in certain precincts in San Francisco until the vote is all in and counted, for putting a copy of the state ticket into the hands of every voter in the state and for paying those who have done indispensable work for the indispensable work they have done and are doing. The having of this fund in hand may make all the difference between success and failure. Cannot the reader of this send $10 to Mr. Adolph Uhl, treasurer, 717 Kamm Building, San Francisco? That will pay for watching one polling place and secure an honest count therefrom. Here is a chance to help where help is wanted. The "organization" has money to burn.

Opening a Way Upward

Ill fares the state whose service offers no attractions for men of the first character to enter public life. That has been the condition of California since it came to be dominated by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. The test of fitness applied by that bureau is: "Will he take orders?" The man who will not take orders from the head of that bureau can be of small use to the bureau. The man who will take orders from the head of that bureau can be of small use to the state. If our ablest men have turned aside from public service it is because they could not bring themselves to kneel at the feet of the Southern Pacific autocrat that favor might be found in his sight. Hiram Johnson and his associates will perform no better service for the state than that of opening free ways to distinction, honor, office and those opportunities for usefulness that office affords. ways leading from all portions of the state to the state capital without going through the door of Mr. Herrin's private office. When the manhood of California shall have been made free to choose its own path to preferment California will enter upon a new era in its political history. Like Iowa and Wisconsin, Kansas and Nebraska, California will be represented at Washington by men whose names will become household words in every neighborhood in America. Is not that of itself well worth fighting for?

A Plain Issue in Plain Terms

There is no issue between Democrats and Republicans in this state this year, nor is there in any other state in the Union. The issue is between those who believe in a government of the people and those who, having no faith in such government, believe in a government of a plutocratic oligarchy.

This oligarchy entrenches itself predominantly in the Republican party in Republican states and in the Democratic party in Democratic states and, inasmuch as it furnishes the money for making campaigns, this is not difficult to accomplish. It also trains and maintains a reserve force in minority parties in all states, an easy thing to do because it furnishes campaign moneys for those parties, too.

If this plutocratic oligarchy were to promulgate a platform it would read something like this: "God made the many weak and few strong; government of the people is an iridescent dream never to come true; government must be by the strong alone and such as the interests of the strong require; if the strong get what they want they will make the wheels of industry hum, thereby furnishing work for the many weak and charity for the very weak; this condition is ordained of God, in mercy, and we, the strong, hold ourselves accountable to Him and to no other authority; laws are made by us, not for us, for we are law unto ourselves; only the weak need to be restrained, policed, regulated; given order, and security for property, we'll do the rest and all will be well with the world."

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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The spirit of democracy, which is the spirit of insurgency, of progressive Republicanism and progressive Democracy, wherever found and under whatever banner, denies the truth of the above platform in particular and entire; denies that the ability to grab is a true test of human strength; that the many, united, are weak; denies that government must be of the strong alone or in their interests, but rather of and for the many that they may be protected from the rapacities of the strong who hold themselves accountable to neither God nor man, but are themselves bond servants of an overmastering passion for power and authority; denies that, with special privilege abolished and free access to land afforded, there need be poverty in the world; denies that order is to be rated above justice or property above manhood, and affirms that democracy, in both government and industry, is the hope of humanity, a prophecy, not a dream.

Stated in plain terms that is the issue on which the battle of the 16th of August is to be fought. It will be only one of a thousand battles that have been fought on the same issue, and only one of a thousand other battles to be fought on the same issue hereafter. In truth "thousand" may well be multiplied a thousand times a thousand and then fall short of the battles that will have been fought before democracy will have made its victory final.

At the moment when this is being written government by plutocratic oligarchy is represented in the candidacy of Alden Anderson, in the foreground, with Charles F. Curry in reserve and Phil Stanton heading a scouting party making feints at strategic points. Their batteries are all masked, they fly false colors and are uniformed in the garb of the common people. Opposed to them is Hiram Johnson, fighting in the open, with banners flying, his staff about him, steadily, bravely, moving upon the enemy's works. He ought to win. He will win. He must win.

Tendencies of Taxation

Taxation is a dull subject. Only a few care to look into it and most of those only to ask how much and why so much, to go away grumbling that taxes ought to be less and would be but for those godless and irresponsible politicians who make governments what they are and charge inordinately for the service rendered. And yet taxation will never be less until the taxed give heed to the subject, and it is improbable that it will be less even then, although the taxpayers may get more for their money. The tendency of taxation is to take for the common good an ever increasing portion of the common earnings, not at all a bad tendency if only the common good gets it and human parasites do not

In a recent article in the Sacramento Bee, State Controller A. B. Nye, who has given the subject careful study, points out some of generally known facts in regard to the course of taxation here and abroad.

The cost of living of governments increases par. passu with the cost of living of the people under those governments. This is in obedience to a natural law, and governments have no power to stop where they are while other costs of living go on.

The cost of government in Europe increased at the rate of 100 per cent per century until the nineteenth century, during which it increased 500 per cent. This is as true of local governments as of national. In less than 50 years local governments in England increased 600 per cent and, while Paris was trebling its population, its local expenditures were multiplied by eight. While the communes of France were adding one-sixth to their population their taxes were increased six-fold, all in about sixty years.

Our own country is keeping pace with Europe. In 1800 our national expenditures were $1.50 per capita per annum, and now they are $7.50. In 1798 New York City spent $1.80 per capita on its local government, now it expends about $30 per year. In 1860 Boston had a per capita expenditure of $20, now it is $44.

Nor is California slow in taxing its people and in expending their substance. Eight years ago the state, counties, cities, towns and taxing districts of California raised and expended about $45,000,000 per year, now it is about $65,000,000, with a population of less than 2,000,000. State taxation is growing two and a half times as fast as population and county and city taxation more rapidly than state. Controller Nye is getting the finances of the state at his finger tips and, if continued in office, his fund of information will be of great service to California's taxed burden bearers.

Not all this increase of taxation is unrequited. Some of it is to be credited to better service, but when the average cost of policing American cities increases from $0.90 to $2.26, and of fire protection from $1.30 to $1.72, we are uncertain whether the increase in the first instance is to be charged to increase of crime or credited to better police protection; whether the second is to be charged to the imp of politics in the fire departments of cities or be credited to better protection from the fire fiend; but when the cost of our public schools increases from a per capita average of $3.69 to $4.70 we feel pretty sure that the children of the country are getting the benefit of the increase.

This paper believes in high taxes. It believes in taking for the common good as much a percentage of the net results of commerce and industry as may be taken without discouraging enterprise, crippling industry and hampering commerce; but it is the part of patriotism and civic efficiency to see to it that the common good gets a dollar's worth of service or other value for every dollar taken in taxes. With increase of taxation there is a tendency for spoliation to increase also. That must be watched, or it will work the impoverishment of any people.

Panics While You Wait

In the New York Times of July 24th, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is reported as saying: "Next fall the large business interests, and the politicians controlled by them, are going to spring a sensation. This move will be not on a panic. The people are all right themselves, but to influence them the capitalists will cause a national disturbance which will effect business materially."

It need surprise no one if Mr. Spreckels' prophecy shall be fulfilled. As more than one foreign war was precipitated to prevent a

n at home, so more than one financial has been caused to stem a popular tide punish a presumptuous reform move- These are hard things to say, but they ll harder things to do, and evidence is nting to show that they have been done. long since Andrew Carnegie stated that, e wanted more money, he could have l up fifty millions during the panic of If Carnegie could have done this it is her probable that J. Pierpont Morgan it. It was known and commented on the panic that the Morgan interests had millions of cold cash to draw on that panic was precipitated. It nown and commented on that the Har- interests had borrowed vast sums on edit of the Union Pacific for which no d been found prior to that panic. When nic came the Morgan and Standard Oil ts were given great credit for "sustain- ie market, which sustaining consisted in in securities that the panic forced the of those securities to sell for less than ere worth that they might be held until ould be sold for more than they were Never was financial righteousness promptly or more liberally rewarded in ish than when the Morgan and Rocke- groups "came to the rescue of the mar- the fall of 1907.

as popularly believed at the time that nic was inflicted for the punishment of elt that his administration might go in obloquy to defeat. That may have s purpose, or that may have been an t to a more proximate purpose of catch- Heinze crowd in a trap and skinning o a finish. Whatever the purpose the f 1907 did not fortuitously happen. It oduced.

it is as easy to create a panic in Wall is in a crowded theatre. In a crowded it is only necessary to raise a lusty fire. In Wall street it is only neces- have a chain of banks call in call loans, credit, throw a lot of securities on the that can't be bought and start a bank Pierpont Morgan's men, allied with the eller interests, can do this any day in r. It need surprise no one if they do lay between now and November.

e men are "standpatters." Mr. Morgan ced his satisfaction with Mr. Taft be- was elected, and no word of dissatisfac- s escaped him from that day to this. nen are satisfied with Cannon and the methods as they were. They have no insurgency or the leaders thereof. If ial flurry, or panic of mild type, will the election of standpat congressmen islators it will be forthcoming at the gical moment. The prophecy of Mr. ls will be fulfilled if the exigencies require it. Meantime, it will be well dent folk to furl their financial sails tly to enable them to stand a squall danger of capsizing.

Chain the Dog, Loose the Fox

hing like eighty per cent of the reg- vote of California is registered as Re- . Twenty-five per cent of that vote epublican. On the face of it this con- ught not to be, but in very truth it is as it should be. Men should be so reg- is to be able to fight where the fight- t is inconceivable how those who per- he direct primary bill to become a law d it to be so liberal in this particular. nined effort will be made at the next of the legislature to curtail that liberty. pose of that effort will be to chain hdog while turning the fox loose in try yard. There is no way of keep- honest man on his own side of a party a primary election. An honest voter bound by an oath, but to bind him while suffering the conscienceless to go free is to force him to stand a hand-tied noncombatant while scoundrelism assaults decency with impunity. What cannot be done should not be attempted. All should be left free to fight where there is a battle to be fought. If any change were made in the law it should be to abolish all restrictions with regard to party affiliations and leave all voters free to call for any ballot they want election morning. That would necessitate printing many superfluous ballots, but liberty is cheap even at that price. Thank fortune this fight is in a free field with no favors and no quarter asked or offered. May all fights that follow it be like unto it.

There Ought To Be a Difference

It is probable that Mississippi will insist on placing a statue of Jefferson Davis in Statuary Hall in the capitol at Washington, as Virginia did in the case of Robert E. Lee. Probably nothing can be done to prevent it. Perhaps nothing ought to be done to prevent it. There is no reason why Davis should be made the scapegoat of the Confederacy.

And yet, if we honor equally Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee, if we equally honor those who bravely sought to take the nation's life and those who bravely sought to preserve it, how shall the generations that are to come, and the millions who have come to our shores—how shall these learn to distinguish between that which was patriotic and that which was not? How shall they learn to place a just estimate upon the moral issues fought over, union and disunion, freedom and bondage?

The North was not without sin, as the South was not without extenuating conditions, but, after all concessions are mutually made that should be, was there not left a difference, a difference as wide as the continent and as profound as the depths of the ocean?

Forgiveness there ought to be, and forgetfulness, too, if there can be. It was well to "bind up the nation's wounds," and the "bloody shirt" era, that sought to keep those wounds open, was a miserable manifestation of a miserable spirit, but rests there any obligation, either human or divine, upon the men of this generation, to concede that there was no issue of right or wrong, of patriotism or treason, in a conflict that shook civilization, that involved a half million lives and billions of treasure?

If crime may be committed against a nation a crime was committed against this nation when Fort Sumter was fired on. That crime was expiated. It has been forgiven. The captured battle flags were properly returned to those from whom they were taken. The hand of fellowship was long since taken across Mason and Dixon's line. The sons of veterans, in blue and gray, have fought side by side under the banner of a common country. Sons of Union veterans and daughters of the Confederacy have joined their hands and hearts in holy matrimony. Not one thing should be said or done to open old wounds or renew old animosities, but unhappy will it be for the Great Republic if Appomattox shall ever mean less to its children than Salamis meant to the Greeks, than Runnymede, for seven hundred years, has meant to the English speaking races, than the Fall of the Bastile means to France.

Some way should be found, "with charity for all and malice toward none," for preserving the power for determining the right from the wrong in a controversy that convulsed a continent, and that way does not lie in the direction of filling our national Valhalla with heroic statuary, placing those who fought to save their country's life vis-a-vis with those who sought to take it. It were better to convert all the statuary into building mortar and turn Statuary Hall into a handball court.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Do bad men realize that they are bad? Do men who stand for wrong things know that they are standing for wrong things, and are they doing it with prepense and aforethought?

Yes, sometimes. Sometimes men choose the evil part deliberately, because they believe that it will be profitable for them to do it, but in most instances they find ways of persuading themselves that it is right, in their particular cases, for them to do wrong, than which nothing is easier, or else they follow inclination heedless of right or wrong.

It would be difficult to teach a wolf that it is wrong for him to kill sheep. It is not wrong for a wolf to kill a sheep to satisfy his craving for food, for the god of the wolf made him a wolf to that end, but it would be hard to make a wolf understand that it was wrong for him to kill as many sheep as he can in a flock through very lust of killing. There is nothing in the wolf nature to prevent his following his lusts unhindered.

There is little to show that animals are ever harassed by uncertainty as to what is right and what is wrong. They follow their instincts wherever they lead and, by and by, fall a prey to like instincts in other animals, for the death of every wild animal is a tragedy.

If we look out upon the world of men and women we find that they, too, are mainly following their instincts wherever they lead. They eat when they are hungry and drink when they are thirsty with little heed to consequences to themselves or to others. Their passions go unbridled, they follow a single line of interest to the shutting out of all other avenues of utility or pleasure, "putting it through," one thing after another, until they are dead. Life, to such persons, is intoxication.

There are times that come to most of us when we envy such persons their irresponsibility, when we envy the wolf, which always knows what to do next, and the birds, whose way is clear from daylight until dark. This thing of being a responsible human being, answerable for every step we take, making choice one way or other every waking moment, responsible even for the thoughts we think, for the lusts we cherish, for wishing to do the things we do not do—this free, moral agency of ours—where else shall we find such a burden as that?

The slave had small concern to know wherewithal he was to be fed and clothed. The employe, content always to be an employe, and to receive his weekly stipend in his little envelope, is exempt from the anxiety of the employer who must somehow make his business prosperous that he may pay those who work for him. With every step from the lower walks of life to the higher, and with every stage from bond to free, there come added burdens of responsibility, and so on until, having reached the highest levels, one may drift no longer. The President, for instance, as one of the penalties of being President, must weigh every word before it is spoken, consider every act before he acts it, look well to every shrug of his shoulders, wink of his eye, and yet there are many ready enough to assume all these burdens for the sake of being President.

Responsibility for our acts, whether good or evil, is the price which humans must pay for being humans. Is it not, after all, well worth the price? Is it unreasonable to suppose that somewhere, some time, we shall each of us be called upon to give an account of that stewardship? The wise and good in all ages of the world have lived and died believing that the deeds done in the body will be judged. And what shall be that judgment in the case of one who, endowed as are the gods, lived as do the animals, following instincts and the directions of least resistance from cradle to grave? Will it not be more tolerable on that day for Sodom and Gomorrah than for such an one? And did not Sodom and Gomorrah make for themselves names eternally infamous by following their instincts unhindered!

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Our Taxation By Railroads

In recent years practically constant attempts have been made to secure a certain degree of governmental control of railroads and railroad fares, and these attempts have met a moderate amount of success. How essential they have been, and still are, to a people who do not believe in taxation without representation recent statistics indicate. According to these statistics the gross earnings of railroads in the United States in the year terminating June 30, 1910, amounted to about $2,845,000,000. Now pause to consider what this sum means. Supposing that the United States has 90,000,000 inhabitants, it would be an average assessment of $31.61 on each man, woman and child of them all. Until recently, at any rate, the railroads have had the power to raise or lower rates practically at their own will, and their will, except in cases of "playing favorites," generally has been to raise; almost without let or hindrance they have, as they chose, given the producers of the country profit or loss on their wares. What such a power meant will be realized when it is seen that if they now were no more handicapped by law than they were not long ago, and chose to raise their gross earnings just one per cent, it would mean an increase of $28,450,000 in the people's railroad tax. Are not such figures sufficiently convincing that it was time to put the brake of the law on the railroad engine, and do they not suggest that that brake is as yet none too strenuous in its operation? Naturally the railroads would prefer uncontrolled action, but it is submitted that the people have given it to them all too long for their own good.

Our Modern Cliff-Dwellers

Perhaps we have been wasting sympathy all this time on those ancient cliff-dwellers; perhaps their condition, in comparison with ours, was not so forlorn as we have thought. To be sure, they lived in holes in the rocks, but generally the other side of the street was a long way off, they had plenty of light and air, and archeologists admit that their rents were not high. Now compare their lot with that of the modern cliff-dwellers in our large cities. There our cliff-dweller enters his cave through the hole in front, and for a time the light more and more brokenly follows him. Soon, however, he enters the caverns of gloom in the center of the cave where there is practically no light save artificial and where the atmosphere has been worn out by too long continued service. Now, listen: According to latest reports, more than three millions of New York's over four millions of inhabitants live in caves the peculiarities of which are not greatly exaggerated in the foregoing description. In recent years more or less systematic attempts have been made to improve the light and ventilation in many of these caves, but statistics show further that in cases where this has been done the rent has been increased 200 per cent. In New York City people have to pay high for such luxuries as light and air, and there are parts of the great metropolis where the residents never have enough. On the whole, looking on some features of modern existence, it appears that it must have been a merry, merry life which the ancient cave-dweller knew.

Teaching Foreigners To Talk English

Peter Roberts is the name of the immigration secretary of the international Young Men's Christian Association, and Peter Roberts is a man who is subject to practical, helpful ideas. Among such ideas, it occurred to him that what foreigners who come to this country to live need is, not so much a knowledge of English grammar or rhetoric, as it is knowledge of English words in common use and what those words mean. This idea having occurred to him, he put it to practical service by starting schools for teaching "English as she is spoke" in principal cities throughout the country. These schools are free, and in them the pupils, of all ages and varieties, are taught words by showing them the things or the acts which those words represent. For example, the teacher may close his eyes and announce that he is asleep; whereupon the class says "asleep" over and over, and absorbs the idea. Then, let us say, he opens his eyes and says that he is awake, and a similar process is repeated. This indicates the manner in which words for common acts are taught, and of course the names of things are even easier to acquire. The words and expressions in most common use are the ones that are taught, and the practical value of such teaching must be evident to everybody.

Warships' Profit and Loss Account

The profit and loss account in connection with United States naval vessels makes a rather neat item. It has averaged almost a million dollars annually during the last ten years. In that time thirty-six of these vessels have been consigned to the national junk heap, and they cost our government $9,803,495.90. An interesting collection to lie on the scrap-pile back of Uncle Sam's woodshed, was it not? But it should not be supposed that the entire sum expended on the collection was dead loss. No, for 32 of the vessels were sold at auction. Among these the steel converted yacht Hornet quite glittered as it sold for $5,100, which was 4 1-3 per cent of its original cost of $117,500, whereas the average return on the lot was less than 2¾ per cent. There is a certain element of pathos involved in digging in a scrap heap for that which was purchased at the price of labor and the sweat of man's brow, but the pathos is emphasized by the reflection that that which was purchased and thrown away was intended for something desired by no one and of injury only to mankind.

Madgeburg Advertises For a Mayor

They do things differently over in Germany. Witness the case of Madgeburg. Madgeburg is a city of about 350,000 inhabitants; not quite so large as San Francisco, but nearly enough so to make comparisons odious if they point in the wrong direction. Recently the chief burgomaster (practically the same as our mayor) of the city was appointed Prussian minister of finance, and this left his city office unoccupied. What do you suppose the people of Madgeburg did then? Did they sit quietly by while the professional politicians went to the professional boss in order to learn whom he would permit the people to vote for for the office, as has been our blessed wont in this country? Nothing of the sort. They advertised in the newspapers for a man competent to occupy the office, at the same time announcing that its salary was $5,250 a year, with residence and $1,000 a year for social entertainment added. That is the German way of doing it. Advertise in a similar way here, and gatling guns could not check the mob pointed for the mayor's office. The distinction is born of the fact that the Germans make a profession of holding the mayor's office; here, as everybody knows, we have been accustomed to make a soft snap of it. There the incumbent must be competent to serve the people; here he must be competent to trade favors with the boss. There the office honors the holder, and he is expected to honor it; here it is only prima facie evidence of guilt, which may be overcome by direct evidence. Curious about the Germans! They act as if they suspected that human intelligence might as well be applied to politics as to anything else.

Coins For International Use

It is only the traveler in foreign lands who will thoroughly appreciate the importance of a topic to be discussed at the international monetary convention in Holland this fall, although one need not have traveled farther than the boundary line between this country and Canada in order to form some idea of its gravity. It is a subject that has been much discussed heretofore, but without widespread result. The franc of France, the lira of Italy and the peseta of Spain have like values and pass freely in all of those countries, but beyond their boundaries coins having an international value are practically unknown. Thus far the United States, Great Britain and most of the European continental countries have failed, rather than refused, to enter into a coinage union. It is hoped that definite progress in this direction may be made in the coming international monetary convention, but it is realized that the obstacles in the way of attaining an end so desirable are many and not easily to be overcome.

Railway Development in Japan

The remarkable progress made by Japan in recent years is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the growth of her railway system. Her first railroad, extending from Yokohama to Shimbashi, and but 18 miles in length, was opened for traffic in 1872. This was but 38 years ago, a time so brief that comparatively young people can remember all of it, yet today Japan has 5,029 miles of railway, not including any that may have been added within the last year. Japan tried the experiment of private ownership, but became dissatisfied, and last year the government owned 4,552 miles of railway, while but 477 miles were in private hands. It is notable that both passenger and freight rates (but particularly the latter) have been reduced since the government came into possession of most of the lines, although net earnings of about five per cent are made in the state's lines, which are capitalized at $377,000,000, and the amount of traffic constantly is increasing.

Some Panama Canal Statistics

Here are some statistics relating to the construction of the Panama canal: It is estimated that it will cost $375,000,000, but this is an estimate which may lack a good deal of hitting the mark. At the present time 35,000 men are working on the canal, and already they have removed more than 105,000,000 cubic yards of earth, while about 60,000,000 cubic yards remain. The bottom of the canal will vary from 300 to 1000 feet in width, and its length will be 50½ miles. It is hoped to finish it in another four or five years, but the time still is problematical.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Wants To See the Wheels Go Round

Some of the large portrait-posters of Al-
Anderson which add an inexplicable
m and grace to this political campaign
the announcement that he wants to see
wheels go round.)

at though for three decades we've worn
he badge that proves we are not free?
at though whene'er our coat is torn
he "S. P." stamp beneath we see?
at though the state that God made great
labeled, "Corporation Ground.
r freight rates juggled while you wait?"—
e wants to see the wheels go round.

r Justice sits upon the bench,
er mantle 'broidered thus: "S. P."
is a coy yet buxom wench,
nd strong on technicality.
whistle blows, the court convenes;
ie court adjourns at whistle's sound—
stands as one who dreameth dreams,
id wants to see the wheels go round.

t heard the tale of Santa Cruz,
ow bribed and briber both were there,
h felon hands to seize and use
ich coin as Herrin had to spare?
nce rose a stench as foul as grim,
which an honest soul might swound—
iatters not at all to him;
e wants to see the wheels go round.

re owned and branded. None deny,
it some opine this adds a charm
ure the transient passer-by,
id add, "It really does no harm."
men there be, true MEN, who vow
ir state shall be but freemen's ground.
t stalwart men are needed now—
e wants to see the wheels go round.

* * *

Church Papers and the Issue

ie people of California are engaged in
emendous moral conflict, and here are its
:s:
dges have been chosen at the behest, and
o the will of, the one wholesale litigant
se cases are in all the courts of the state.
his a condition to be endured by honest
who desire nothing but exact justice?
the cunning manipulation of this same
er legislators have been selected to make
in its behalf rather than in that of the
ple. Can such a condition be tolerated by
:st freemen?
eat political conventions have been cor-
ed, its delegations have been bought and
like chattels of the market-place, and
people have paid "all that the traffic will
" in order that this evil power might
ish. Can self-respecting men endure this
lition longer?
ie source of all this festering corruption
nd is known to be, the Southern Pacific
pany in politics. In the name of man-
l, shall it be put out of politics?
iese are moral questions, or morality has
ing to do with public good. In them and
ie answer to them is involved, in no slight
ee, the destiny of our country and our
or history teaches us nothing. Truest
ion eventually must live or die with the
er men give to such questions.
:t—
iere come to our exchange table a num-
of religious or sectarian papers repre-
ing the spirit and sentiment of certain
ches, and, I take it, representing them
it or they would not be supported.
id in not one of these papers have I seen
word relating to these mighty moral is-
which now shake California to its very
dation. Somebody asked why churches
ar to be decadent. Can you not imagine
answer? The organization purporting to
old the right, which has nothing to do
vital moral issues of living, should not
:t to exist. Christ drove the money-
igers out of the temple; he didn't devote
time to theorizing concerning Solomon's
ple.

The Opinions of Rufus

When I reflect that Carnegie's given millions of dollars for philanthropy, which don't rest easy till it's advertised itself, I can't help wonderin' if he's warped his purse any openin' it for charity, which hain't any excuse 'cept brotherly love.

It's all right to be sorry when you've done wrong, Ezry, but 'tain't best to put in so much time at it that you don't have any time left to do right.

The older we git the more we're righteously indignant 'bout the follies an' errors that are peculiar to youth.

Faint heart never won fair lady, but it depends on circumstances which one of 'em ought to be congratulated.

Seems ter me if some poets would pay more 'tention to havin' something to say, an' less to how they say it, their verses would be more kind o' edifyin'.

I reckon they's some good in every man, only, es in the case of mules, we don't dare to git close 'nough to some of 'em to find it.

Jabe Perkins used ter b'lieve in pertectin' infant industries, an' Mrs. Perkins kept their boy in short pants till he turned in an' licked his pa one day. After that Jabe said he'd seen a light.

The prayer of the righteous availeth much, but I ain't noticed that it hes reduced the price of meat any.

Lots o' times the opposite of what we wanted is jest es good. A cameo is an intaglio turned wrong side out, but 'tain't any cheaper.

Man's always fond o' fairy stories. 'Bout the time he leaves them of childhood behind he begins to listen to them that promoters tell.

* * *

Thoughtful Man on the Legislature

"A handkerchief," the Thoughtful Man remarked, "is not a particularly attractive adjunct of one's costume, but there are times when it is very useful, as I suppose you would admit, would you not?"

"What under the sun are you getting at?" said I.

"Of course," the Thoughtful Man continued, "twenty-seven handkerchiefs does seem a large number to be carried all at once, but when the Southern Pacific and its higher-up friends need handkerchiefs they need them bad. On the whole, I don't think that 27 is any too many, and of course there always are one or two who refuse to be handkerchiefs even when the Southern Pacific nose needs attention the most, and—"

"What are you talking about?" I inquired.

"As I was saying when you interrupted me," he continued, "the San Francisco delegations in the state legislature always have been very useful, and I do not know what the Southern Pacific would have done, in seasons of bad colds, if it had not had one or more of them in each one of its pockets. Of course an occasional traitor like Callan refuses to be a handkerchief, insolently insisting that the Southern Pacific should furnish material for blowing its own nose, but such, thank Heaven, have been rare, and the dear people usually have refused to return them after one term, for if there is a thing that San Francisco is passionately fond of it is supplying political handkerchiefs for the Southern Pacific epizootic.

"It is lamentably true that the country is less ready to supply these handkerchiefs than is our splendid metropolis, but with a start of 25, more or less, from the city, the Southern Pacific rarely is caught in bad condition for sneezing. Sir, let the misguided people elect Hiram Johnson if they will; if at the same time they will elect a sufficient number of pocket handker—that is, of honorable legislators, the dear old Machine will not mind; it will attend to its own nose. This is our trust, our hope."

And you bet it is.

Burdette and Hiram Johnson

It is much to be regretted that Rev. R. J. Burdette saw fit to attack Hiram Johnson in such manner as he did. Once upon a time there was a "Bob" Burdette who would not have done this thing. He was a kindly man and a just, this Bob of years gone by, and we loved him much because in his world of humor there was no sting and in his fund of philosophy there was no injustice. Some of us remember how humor and pathos blended in the flow of his ink, and his written advice to his "son" was part of the treasured lore of our childhood; so we are glad that it was not he, but the Rev. R. J. Burdette—and we say it with no intent to reflect upon the clerical profession—who made this unjust attack upon Hiram Johnson.

For it was unjust, and cruelly so. Summed up, it amounts to this: Mr. Johnson's father has not made a good political record; therefore we should expect (and indeed insist, if need be) that the son must be politically bad. The argument limps to its own destruction. Mr. Burdette knows, and so does every man and woman who has attained years of discretion, that thousands of bad fathers have good sons, while other thousands of good fathers have bad sons. The assertion needs no proof, for its truth lies within the knowledge of all men. It is the privilege of Rev. R. J. Burdette to support whom he pleases for governor, but if he had no other argument than this against Hiram Johnson it were better had he kept his mouth closed, for the evident injustice of the words that issued from it was relieved only by their transparent folly.

On the whole, about all the consolation that remains in this matter to the lover of fair play is found in the reflection that the "Bob" Burdette whom we knew and loved didn't do it. He who did it was less kind, less just and decidedly less wise than the old Bob.

* * *

Curry and the Ten Commandments

(Charles F. Curry, gubernatorial candidate, has announced his faith in the doctrines promulgated in the United States Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Ten Commandments.)

Oh, beauteous faith thus nobly shown!
Oh, stalwart hero, thus alone
To bid defiance to the crew
Who long to break these things in two!
For well he knows, as well he must,
The sov'reign people yearn to bust
That Declaration and the rest,
And yet the spirit in his breast
Impels him to defiance fling;
It does, by heck! It does, by jing!
Oh, when you look for heroes, pray
Don't let our Curry get away.

The Ten Commandments, as all see,
Do not denounce our coy S. P.,
The Declaration, too, is shy—
"Then why," says Curry, "why not I?
My faith in them is fixed so well
I do not mind the engine-bell,
The whistle toot, the load we bear—
The Constitution these doth spare,
And so do I. But you can bet
The Declaration holds me yet.
Avaunt, ye knaves, who yearn to bust
The words immortal that I trust,
Including not our dear S. P.!
Arouse, ye Romans! Vote for me!"
Ah, friends, who heroes seek today,
Please don't let Curry get away.

* * *

Chances In His Favor

A meek and lowly Freshman lad
A learned Senior met.
Then said: "I scarce can think 'tis true,
Scarce dare believe, and yet
I'm told when but three years have passed,
Although it puzzles me,
I will—that is—of course I mean—
May be as wise as he."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Look Carefully To The Legislature The next legislature in California will be Republican on joint ballot. No power can prevent it. Add to the hold-over Republican senators the candidates from safely Republican districts and the result becomes a foregone conclusion. Therefore, voters may go to the polls unhindered and unhaunted by fears of putting the United States senatorship in danger. That is settled so far as party is concerned. But the legislature may be safely Republican and unsafely progressive or free. Therefore no voter should vote for any legislative candidate, believing him to be doubtful as to railroad affiliations, merely in the interests of making the legislature Democratic or Republican. That will be effort thrown away. The question each voter should ask is: Is he fit to legislate? If, with reference to any candidate, this answer must be in the negative, don't vote for him. Write in instead the name of the best man running on any ticket. This will not count in making him the nominee of his party, but only of your own, but its moral influence will not be lost on the November election. Again, look carefully to the legislature. Unless there is some coup in store, of which we know nothing at this time, Johnson's nomination is assured and the "organization" crowd know it so well that they are turning their attention to securing a legislature that will be at cross purposes with Johnson and so prevent anything worth while being done. Now a good Democrat will be more likely to work with Johnson for Right Things than will an "organization" Republican. Wherever there is a free Democrat pitted against a Republican under bondage to Herrin free Republicans should give the Democrat the advantage of a vote on the Republican primary ticket for its moral effect in November. Remember the issue is not so much "Republican or Democrat," as it is "Bond or Free."

C. C. Young Should Be Unanimously Nominated C. C. Young was elected two years ago from the 52nd assembly district as a militant exponent of the reform Republican movement, and he made good. He proved the earnestness of his purpose by attending every session of the last legislature, and by working from daybreak to midnight of every day he was there. He quickly mastered the intricate details of parliamentary practice, and by reason of his executive ability was soon ranked as a leader of the anti-machine forces.

According to Hichborn's table of test votes in his "Story of the California Legislature of 1909," C. C. Young voted right every time. He voted for the anti-racetrack bill, against the machine report of the commitee on rules, for an effective primary law, for the nonpartisan judicial ballot, and for the interests of the People as against the interests of the "machine" on every vote. Mr. Young was one of the leaders in the fight for the resolution calling on the United States government to establish a federal line of steamships from San Francisco to Panama, for the purpose of breaking the iniquitous monopoly of the Pacific Mail.

It was Mr. Young, also, who secured the ratification of the Berkeley charter, one of the most hopeful experiments in the interests of more democratic and more efficient municipal government.

The experience gained by Mr. Young in the last session qualifies him for even more successful leadership at the next session of the legislature. Mr. Young's ability and character are proved quantities, and they have measured up to an exceptionally high standard. Mr. Young's course in the last legislature was in accord with the wishes of the vast majority of his constituents. What reason, then, should there be for displacing him? Absolutely none, and The Watchman has faith in the sagacity of the Republicans of the 52nd district to believe that they will see this point clearly.

The Watchman also believes these voters to be acute enough to realize that the task of persuading the right sort of men to run for public office will become increasingly difficult if men who have done their duty ably and faithfully in public life are turned down upon reasons of whim or caprice, or because their opponents are personally agreeable. Not that The Watchman believes for a moment that C. C. Young's candidacy is in the slightest danger, for it is not—the militant young Republicanism of Berkeley will attend to that—but that The Watchman feels that Mr. Young merits the practically unanimous support of Republican voters in his district.

A few facts in Mr. Young's private life may be of interest. Born in New Hampshire in 1869, Mr. Young's parents brought him to California when he was a year old, so that he is, by all his training, a Californian. He entered the state university from Santa Rosa, and graduated in 1892. For a few months Mr. Young was vice-principal of the Santa Rosa High School, leaving that position to take charge of the English department of the Lowell High School, in San Francisco, in which position he continued for thirteen years, until the fire of 1906, though, for the latter

MR. C. C. YOUNG

part of that time he had been residing in Oakland.

Since the fire Mr. Young has been engaged in the real estate business in Berkeley. During all the years in school work he chafed at the idea that the nature of his position prevented him from enjoying the right of a citizen to take part in the government of his state. So when the opportunity came to do his share in politics, he seized it with energy. He entered the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League in Berkeley, and in that organization and in local affairs took an active part. He is a member of the State Executive Committee of the League. He has also done a great deal of good government work in Berkeley, where he has shown a fine public spirit and a rare insight into affairs of state. His candidacy for re-election is endorsed by the League and by all the precint leaders. He is too valuable in the cause of good government to be lost to the state.

The esteem in which Mr. Young is held outside his district, and the mark he made in the last legislature is indicated by an incident at Hiram Johnson's last meeting about the bay. At an overflow meeting held at Lincoln Hall, South Berkeley, July 29th, Mr. Johnson, in his address, spoke as follows:

"It has been my practice during this cam-paign to take no part in local political s-tions, and yet I feel I should be recreant to my opportunity tonight if I did not give mention to one local candidate for office who is my privilege to support at the coming election. I refer to the assemblyman from our district. He is a man whom I know well, and know to be worthy the support of every voter. At the last session of the legislature he stood **squarely up against the machine at every point. He made a man's fight where men were needed, and you should send him back to continue that fight.**

"With absolutely no disparagement to the candidacies of any other men who may be seeking this nomination, I still say to you that the one thing you should do at the primary election is to send back to Sacramento your present assemblyman, C. C. Young."

How to Fill Blank Spaces In only a few instances will blank spaces be found on Republican primary tickets throughout the state. Being the dominant party it has not been difficult to nominate a full ticket, although there are two assembly districts in which there will be no Republican opposition to popular Democratic candidates. In all cases where there are vacancies in the party ticket, or where the candidacy for a party nomination cannot in good conscience be approved, the voter should write on his ballot the name of the candidate for some other party nomination, to the end that such candidate may become the nominee of both parties and so prevent the irrepressible job of making Julius Caesar, Nelson Aldrich or Bwano Tumbo the official nominee of a party. This will not only head off the practical joker but, by making the nominee of one party the nominee of all parties, it will prevent a contest in the election in November and so prove conducive to an era of good fellowship, and non-partisan representation. Democrats should be particularly careful to write the name of A. B. Nye in the proper space for State Controller, inasmuch as their party has no candidate for that office, and inasmuch as there is evidence to show that Frank Mattin is urging his Democratic friends to write his name so that he may contest in November as a Democrat, what he can but regard as a forlorn hope before Republicans at the primaries. Each voter should fill every space on his ticket and, that he may do this to the advantage, he should provide himself with a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ticket before he goes into his booth from which to fill vacancies on his own ticket.

The "Pork" Issue In The Second District There is a type of mind that cannot look above the "pork" issue in considering a candidacy for congress. Those who place that issue foremost are passing the word around through the second district that unless Duncan McKinlay is sent to congress appropriations will not be obtained for the Sacramento river, and such other purposes as they would like to see Uncle Sam's money expended for in that district. Now as to which is the fitter of the two men, Kent or McKinlay, for securing "pork" from the national barrel depends on what kind of "pork" is wanted. If the district wants good, honest "pork," such "pork" as it by rights ought to have and would be justly entitled to for purposes bona fide, then William Kent will bring home as much as Duncan McKinlay, but if no questions are to be asked regarding the "pork," whether sound or rotten, deserved or not deserved, well, Mr. Kent is not a man to go to the "pork" barrel, or to ask his friends to help him to get to it without first knowing that it supplies an honest need. Mr. Kent has friends of influence all over the country upon whom he can call in the name of justice and right whenever he needs their influence for a just and right cause. Never again will allegiance to Ca-

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

MR. WILLIAM C. CLARK

sm be the sole prerequisite for access to "pork" barrel. With the passing of that ortunity will pass Duncan McKinlay's ngest "pull" on that barrel.

iam C. Clark 50th District The opportunity to inject a little of the New England conscience into the slature in the person of William C. Clark ld appeal strongly to the voters of the eth assembly district, especially in view of awful "fall-down" of Harry W. Pulcifer he last session. Mr. Clark comes orig- y from Maine, particularly from the town oxcroft. Coming to California in boy- l, Mr. Clark resided successively at Santa ica, Haywards and Berkeley. The com- school education begun in Maine was pleted in California. This education was dened by travel in his early youth, for his er's business called for many business , and young Clark accompanied him on y of these through the New England and ntic states.

ter completing his public school course, Clark was eager for the advantages of a ge education, but was dependent upon own resources to get it. He taught for e time, between school and university, in San Francisco Business College, of which vas a graduate. But the means by which inally achieved his college course was by purchase, in partnership with his brother, bicycle agency in Berkeley, the profits hich enabled him to attend the university, the exigencies of money making required ruptions of his courses, so that, after en- ig the university in 1892 he was compelled emain out of college from 1893 to 1896, pleting his college education by gradua- in 1899.

fter leaving Berkeley, Mr. Clark studied at Hastings Law School, San Francisco, was admitted to the bar in 1900. The year Mr. Clark started out to see some- g of Europe, in company with a college e, H. L. Breed, brother of Arthur H. d, the well-known real estate operator of land. Most of this European tour was e on bicycles.

eturning to Oakland, Mr. Clark entered real estate business in the office of George f. Gray, where he continued for four years. 906, just after the San Francisco fire, Mr. k opened a law office in Oakland, and has e continued in the practice of the law.

r. Clark has always been distinguished for characteristics: for thoroughness in the cution of any task set before him, and for strong and loyal attachment he arouses is friends. These qualities, together with an earned reputation for sincerity and candor, have made him a man of the thoroughly dependable type.

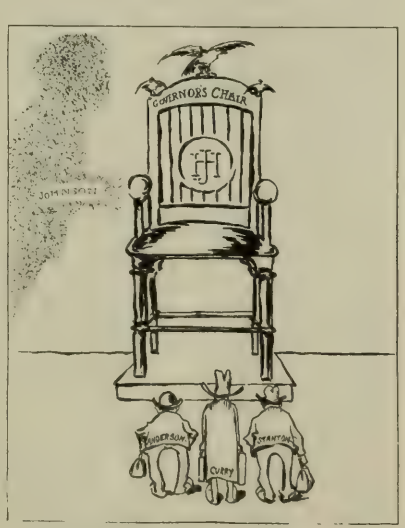
Mr. Clark attracted wide and favorable notice, soon after he settled in Oakland, by his efficient work as secretary, for two years, and later as president, for an equal period, of the Men's League of the First Congregational Church. It was largely due to Mr. Clark's earnest purpose and organizing ability that the membership of the League was built up from a comparatively small number to its present large enrollment and its present condition as one of the most active and effective centers of municipal uplift in any city on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Clark developed the forum department of the league, and brought to it some of the most interesting and forceful speakers of the day, making the league an educational power in Oakland.

Mr. Clark was a member of the Municipal League until the death of that organization, and was a delegate to its conventions. Two years ago he was actively in politics in behalf of Senator Stetson and the cause of the direct primary law. In this campaign he was precinct captain, and a member of the steering committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League delegation to the county convention. He was one of the authors of the resolution, which he introduced on the floor of the convention, by which Harry W. Pulcifer was pledged to the support of the anti-racetrack gambling law.

This year, Mr. Clark has been one of the active leaders in the charter convention for a revision of Oakland's charter. He was nominated by the convention for one of the fifteen freeholders to revise the charter. His candidacy was endorsed by the Progressives, and he was subsequently nominated by both the Republicans and Democrats. He was elected a freeholder by the highest vote of any on the Progressive ticket.

Harry W. Pulcifer, the incumbent assemblyman, against whom Mr. Clark is a candidate for the Republican nomination, professed Lincoln-Roosevelt principles at the last election, but voted consistently with the machine on every critical vote. He notably deserted the cause of reform in his vote on the bill providing for an advisory vote on United States senator, when he changed his vote from aye to no when he saw that the machine needed it. Pulcifer ranks 52nd of the 80 assemblymen in Hichborn's record of test votes.

William C. Clark should be the Republican nominee. It was considered necessary two years ago to pledge Pulcifer to do the right thing at the legislature, and then he fell down. Nobody considers it necessary to pledge Mr. Clark. He is known to be a stable quantity, that can be relied on to do the right thing without pledges. That is the sort of assemblymen that is needed.



ONLY ONE BIG ENOUGH

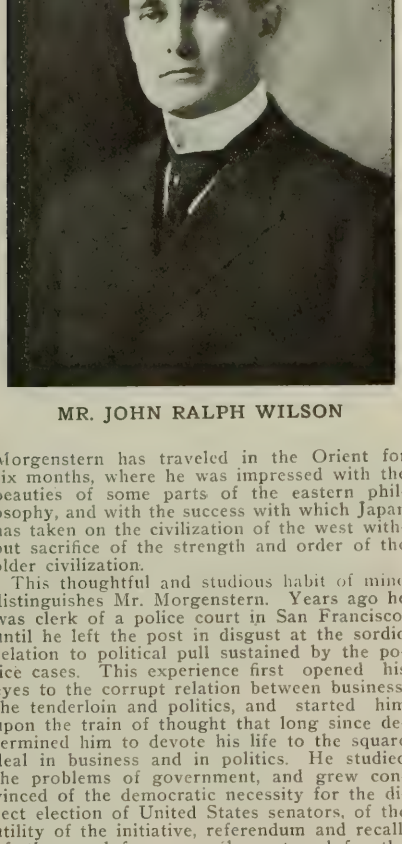
MR. ALFRED L. MORGENSTERN

Alfred L. Morgenstern The Man for the 47th The 47th assembly district comprises the major part of the city of Alameda. In the last session of the legislature that district was represented by Frank Otis, a man of good intentions who generally voted right, but whose political courage is not equal to the test of coming out and standing with the reform element aggressively. This year Otis is seeking higher honors in the senate, and the field is open to two candidates, Alfred L. Morgenstern and Sumner Crosby. The candidacy of the latter is objectionable for several reasons. One is that Joe Lanktree, the machine boss of Alameda, was one of the sponsors of his candidacy when it was announced and is still one of Crosby's most ardent supporters. That should be reason enough for putting voters on their guard. When approached by a committee from the Alameda Good Government Republican Club, Mr. Crosby disclaimed the possession of sufficient information upon such subjects as direct vote for United States senator, conservation and similar issues, to enable him to have an opinion on them, and announced that he felt qualified to form correct judgments on these subjects after his election.

On the other hand, Alfred L. Morgenstern has followed the public discussion of these subjects for years, and had reached definite conclusions upon them before he was urged to make the race for the assembly. It was because his views already coincided with the views of Progressive Republicanism in this state that he was sought out and finally prevailed upon to run. His candidacy is a genuine case of the office searching out the man, as he had never taken active part in politics and had no desire for public office. The Good Government Club settled upon him as the man to make their kind of race.

Mr. Morgenstern was born in San Francisco, Jan. 23, 1873. He was educated in the public schools of San Francisco and Alameda, but was compelled by circumstances to leave at the age of fifteen and make his own living. He worked for a time in the lumber business, and was afterwards for many years connected with the Sperry Flour Company as cashier of the Capitol Mills. But, though he had to leave school, his interest in learning never wavered, and he constantly seized opportunities for the improvement of his mind. About ten years ago he spent a year traveling in Europe, not only for the sake of sightseeing, but also to study the political economy of the various European countries. He was surprised to find in some of these countries progress in essential democracy in some respects far ahead of America. More recently, Mr.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued



MR. JOHN RALPH WILSON

Morgenstern has traveled in the Orient for six months, where he was impressed with the beauties of some parts of the eastern philosophy, and with the success with which Japan has taken on the civilization of the west without sacrifice of the strength and order of the older civilization.

This thoughtful and studious habit of mind distinguishes Mr. Morgenstern. Years ago he was clerk of a police court in San Francisco, until he left the post in disgust at the sordid relation to political pull sustained by the police cases. This experience first opened his eyes to the corrupt relation between business, the tenderloin and politics, and started him upon the train of thought that long since determined him to devote his life to the square deal in business and in politics. He studied the problems of government, and grew convinced of the democratic necessity for the direct election of United States senators, of the utility of the initiative, referendum and recall, of the need for a parcels post and for the conservation of natural resources. He is pledged to abide by the will of the people of his district with regard to United States senator. His police court experience brought him to the belief in the necessity for removing judicial offices from partisan politics, and for increasing the tenure and remuneration of judges to attract better men to the bench.

Mr. Morgenstern was never heretofore active in politics, because he did not want to be subservient to any boss, but with the passage of the direct primary law he has been made to see that the rules of the game admit him to play it as he would be willing to play it. He went into the fight against his will, but is making an earnest campaign now that he has taken the plunge, and is paying all his campaign expenses out of his own pocket. His candidacy is endorsed by the Alameda Good Government Club, the Bay Shore Republican Club and the Phi Delta Sigma fraternity of Alameda. Mr. Morgenstern is a past president of Halcyon (Alameda) Parlor, N. S. G. W.

If the voters of the 47th district want a forthright, progressive, earnest and dependable representative, Alfred L. Morgenstern is the man they should nominate.

John Ralph Wilson In The 20th Senatorial John Ralph Wilson is the progressive Republican candidate for the 14th district. His opponents are George J. Hans and Frank Otis. The 20th district was represented in the last legislature by J. Clem Bates, who achieved a record that put him twenty-eighth from the top of Hichborn's list, with ten votes against reform and four votes for it. That record entitled Mr. Bates to disappear from public life, which he has done without public regret.

This was made the occasion for Frank Otis to put the wings to his ambition to rise out of the assembly. Otis represented the 47th assembly district in the session of 1909, where his record put him twenty-eighth out of the eighty assemblymen, with nine votes for reform to his credit and only two against. This record was good enough to entitle Mr. Otis to the endorsement of the Alameda Progressive Republicans, other things being equal.

But on some other—and vital—things, Mr. Otis did not measure up to the demands of the hour. This is the year of greatest insurgency against machine control of political and legislative affairs in the history of California, and only those men who are willing to stand out and be counted, either as sheep or goats, deserve the support of the reform element. Here is where Mr. Otis showed his weakness. He declined to state his platform of beliefs upon the vital issues of the campaign, to pledge himself upon them, or to declare whether or not he would join in the movement, to be made at the next session of the legislature, to so organize the senate and assembly that the reform forces can exercise the control to which their majority last time entitled them, but which their lack of organization made ineffective.

Mr. Otis, when questioned by representatives of the Good Government Club of Alameda, declined to express himself in favor of specific reform measures or in favor of reform organization of the senate. The club gave him every opportunity to secure their endorsement, and he failed to avail himself of the chance.

The club then went on a search for a candidate whose record and expressed beliefs put him squarely on the platform advocated by the leaders of the reform movement. Mr. Hans was not such a candidate, and Mr. Hans has consistently sought and is receiving the support of the reactionary and discredited "machine."

The club finally found their candidate in John Ralph Wilson, who, long before his endorsement by the club, had publicly and in writing made the following statement:

"Of specific measures now occupying the public mind, I favor and will actively support the following:

"1. Amending the present complex Direct Primary Law in order to simplify and facilitate its operation.

"2. Elimination of the Judiciary from Partisan Politics.

"3. Election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

"4. Such amendments to the Penal Code and to the Code of Civil Procedure as shall insure speedy trial and prompt decision of all cases strictly upon their merits and without regard to technicalities.

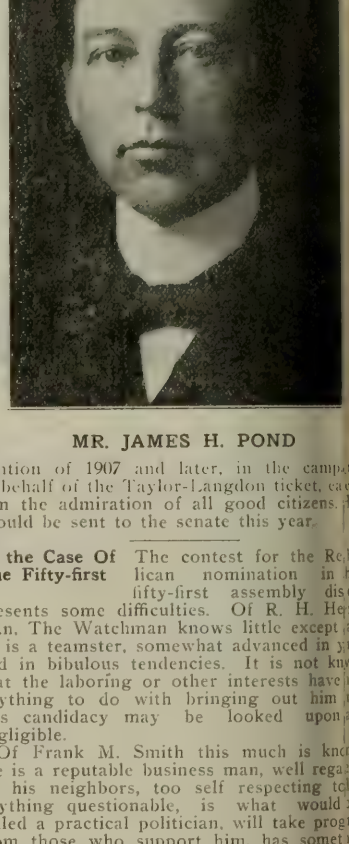
"5. The Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

"6. The re-establishment of the Australian Ballot System in its original simplicity."

This statement was preceded by an avowal of the following crucial issue of the day:

"It is my conviction that the citizens of California demand the crushing out of the Southern Pacific Political Machine, which has for years dominated all political parties in this state, and to this end I shall, if elected, align myself on the side of those legislators who work and vote against 'Special Privilege' and for the interests of all the people. I therefore favor such revision of the rules governing the legislature as shall eradicate 'Cannonism' from that body and shall place the state government in the hands of the real rather than an artificial majority."

These forthright statements on the right side of critical issues entitle Mr. Wilson to the support of all progressive Republicans in his district. Personally, Mr. Wilson is a clean-cut young man, a lawyer whose practice in San Francisco for the last eleven years has grown steadily in volume and importance. His services in the Republican municipal convention of 1907 and later, in the campaign in behalf of the Taylor-Langdon ticket, earned him the admiration of all good citizens. He should be sent to the senate this year.



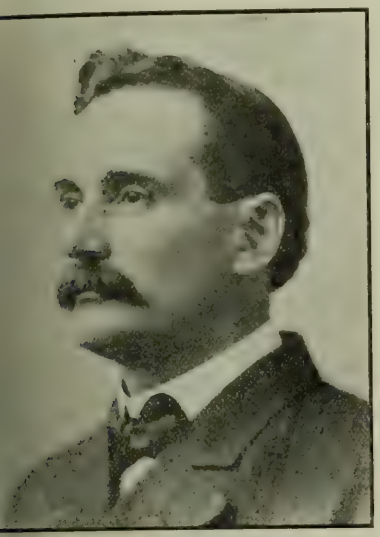
MR. JAMES H. POND

In the Case Of The Fifty-first The contest for the Republican nomination in the fifty-first assembly district presents some difficulties. Of R. H. Herman, The Watchman knows little except that he is a teamster, somewhat advanced in years and in bibulous tendencies. It is not known that the laboring or other interests have had anything to do with bringing out him name. His candidacy may be looked upon as negligible.

Of Frank M. Smith this much is known. He is a reputable business man, well regarded by his neighbors, too self respecting to do anything questionable, is what would be called a practical politician, will take program from those who support him, has something of an aptitude for politics, but has given a great amount of attention to public affairs. He is such a man as would attract the attention of a political manager as a good man to cultivate and make something of in his community, and report has it that Mayor Mott of Oakland has had his eye on Smith for some time as having good political timber in him, preferable for a friend than for an enemy. Smith has had his eye on the assembly for the better part of a year and will get there if he can. If the fifty-first district should send Smith it will at least be decently represented.

But James H. Pond, recently, and for seven years, principal of the Oakland High School, and, for more years than that, principal of the high school at Sacramento, a high type man from every point regarded, is also candidate for the Republican nomination. He is unfortunate in being supported by the Tribune of Oakland, and by the Joe Cook contingent, but these influences are supporting him, not because they like Pond more, or expect to exert any influence over him if nominated and elected, but because they want to beat the Good Government Organization candidate if they can. Dr. Pond (he is about to be certificated to practice medicine) is in every sense a high class man, perfectly innocent of politics as played under the rules of the game, but a man who has a good knowledge of public affairs, high ideals and, if nominated and elected, may be counted on to stand straight up, to stand for the right as God gives him grace to see the right. He will take advice from men of known high character, but he will take program from no one

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued



DR. T. B. HOLMES

. T. B. Holmes r Coroner

The coroner's office in Alameda county, under the regime of Doctor Tisdale, ; been for years a hotbed of political man- lation. Whether the stories that have been nmon talk during this period are true or , they have been persistently told and are the most disagreeable nature, reflecting)n the delicacy with which the relatives of dead have been treated and suggesting im- ·prieties of the gravest nature in the busi- s administration of the office. Of Doctor dale personally it can be baldly stated that is absolutely unfit for public office. And Doctor Tisdale, the official, it is unneces- y to know whether the scandalous rumors cerning the coroner's office during his in- ıbency are true or not: the fact that they continuously repeated and generally be- ed is enough to make it highly desirable t the office be put in hands above all sus- on.

Alameda county, at the approaching pri- ·y, has the opportunity to make this de- ble change and to choose a successor of mpeachable character in the person of Dr. B. Holmes. Doctor Holmes is one of best known physicians of Oakland. He ınd has long been, identified with the good ernment element in the Republican party. o years ago he was the president of the t Oakland organization of the Lincoln-)sevelt Republican League. At the same e he was vice-president and acting chair- ı of the Alameda County Lincoln-Roose- League. Ever since he became a voter, :tor Holmes has been affiliated with the ·ublican party. But until the present cam- ·gn, though he has always taken an active rest in politics, it has always been on be- of other men whose candidacy he furth- l because he believed they represented d government ideals. His interest in the ·ent coroner's fight was solely to find a d man to defeat the incumbent. When demand came that he make the fight him- Doctor Holmes resented the idea of ing a campaign in his own behalf, and it only after he was made to see that this ude put him in the position of urging rs to undertake a duty from which he self shrunk that he would consider it at But now that he is in the race, Doctor mes is making an active canvass, in which is entitled to receive the support of all e who believe in decency in government. octor Holmes was born in Nova Scotia, il 12, 1866. In that day, Nova Scotians e "born with an ax in their hands," and at twenty years of age, when Doctor mes came to California, he turned to the lumbering camps for work. He spent two and a half years in the woods near Lake Tahoe. Later, coming down to Oakland, he learned the plasterer's trade, at which he worked for several years to put himself through college. The last work that he did in this trade was on an insurance building in San Francisco during a college vacation.

Graduating from the Medical College of the University of California in 1894, Doctor Holmes began practice in Reno, Nevada, where he remained for more than three years. Soon after his arrival he was appointed county physician of Washoe county, and gave such satisfaction that the board of supervisors turned over to him the matter of admitting patients to the county hospital and the county farm, and commended him for the most economical administration of his office in the county's history.

After leaving Nevada, Doctor Holmes settled in East Oakland, where he has ever since resided and practiced. In May, 1895, he was married to Miss Lelia J. Backus, of Oakland. Four children are the result of this marriage, three boys and a girl.

Doctor Holmes has announced that his idea of the proper administration of the coroner's office, to which he pledges himself, calls for more efficient and more economical management, and for the utmost consideration of the people with whom the office deals.

Doctor Holmes has the respect and confidence of all who know him. Something of the clean freshness of the woods is suggested in his manner; and the clear eye and frank address betoken the honest man. He is a wholesome sort of person, high-minded, independent and in earnest. The Watchman heartily commends him to the Republican voters of Alameda county.

Fred F. Morse A Link In Chain of State Reform

There is a situation in the county government of Alameda county that has a vital connection with the "machine" control of the state. This situation is the one whereby the majority of the board of supervisors—Kelly, Bridges and Horner—who habitually ouvote Foss and Mullins, are lined up with the machine in the county at every political crisis and at all other times. The payment of machine political debts by the machine majority of the board has resulted in extravagance in administration and in an increase in the tax rate. And the retaining of machine political henchmen by the machine majority of the board has had a large effect upon elections, always to the detriment of reform.

This connection between the state and county fight in Alameda county should not be forgotten by the voters at the approaching primary, because they have then an opportunity to break the machine ring in the board of supervisors. One of the incumbent machine men, Bridges, is up for re-election, and he is opposed by a candidate, Fred F. Morse, who is pledged to the right side of things in the state fight and pledged, in the local fight, to join forces with Foss and Mullins to throw the power of the board of supervisors from the extravagant and ward-political side of public questions to the economical and general-public-welfare side.

Fred F. Morse was born in Cresco, Iowa, April 18, 1868. He was educated in Iowa and Minnesota, and graduated from the state university of the latter state in 1892. From Minnesota he removed to Jennings, Louisiana, where he engaged in business and where he served as a councilman and school director. Coming to California five years ago, primarily to avail himself, on behalf of his children, of the superior school advantages of this state, Mr. Morse settled in Oakland, where he has since been interested in real estate and in the mining business. Here again he has served as a school director. This, and city councilman, are the only public offices he has ever sought or held.

Mr. Morse has had a stake in the community ever since he has been in Alameda county, and has taken a lively interest in the problems of his county and state. In consenting

MR. FRED F. MORSE

to allow his name to be used as a candidate against Bridges, he was moved to the action by a willingness to put at the service of the community a long business training and experience in a position where such a qualification is greatly needed, and by a realization that, aside from the business qualification, he would bring to the board of supervisors a sense of duty to the public welfare that is also needed.

His platform, then, consists of two planks: The application to county problems of the same business caution, sagacity and integrity that a man brings to his own business affairs; and the active participation in the movement to take the board of supervisors out of the ring of machine politicians and restore it to its position as the upright and dignified legislative body of the county.

Leavitt's Bad Record

Senator Frank Leavitt is a dangerous man to have in the legislature; how dangerous, his record is the best evidence. By that test let him be condemned: In the session of 1907 he voted against a bill to give the people an advisory vote in the election of United States senators; against the Stetson direct primary bill; against the demurrage bill; against Boynton's bill for the proper sale of prison-made jute bags; against abolishing special findings in damage cases, whereby poor litigants are exausted while vainly seeking justice; against the initiative and referendum amendment to the constitution; against the anti-prize fight bill. All these were good measures and he should have voted for them. He voted for the infamous change of venue bill, for the "four tracks" bill, both bad measures.

In the session of 1909 he voted to exclude Senator Bell, a Republican, from the Republican caucus because he dared to run independently and to beat a "machine" Republican; for amendments to the direct primary law that would have defeated its purpose; for concurrence with the assembly machine-made amendments to the direct primary bill; for the Wright railroad regulation bill in place of the much better Stetson bill; again he voted and worked for the infamous change of venue bill. All these were bad measures and he should have voted against them. He voted and led the fight against the anti-racetrack gambling bill; against a bill to forbid the sale of liquors within a mile and a half of a university; against the initiative, against the local option bill, against a resolution providing a commission to investigate increases in freight rates. These were all good measures and he should have voted for them. His record condemns him. Let it speak. His conceded ability makes him the more dangerous.

PERSONALIA

Marie Tempest is to be seen this winter in a drama of low life in Paris. It is called "A Thief in the Night" and is an adaptation from "Le Costand des Epinettes."

The theatrical people are wondering if George Ade is planning to entertain the Sultan of Sulu when he arrives in this country. They helped make each other famous.

Liebler and company have secured a new musical comedy by C. M. S. McLelan and Ivan Caryll called "Marriage a la Carte," and are going to produce it early in the fall.

The Swedes who live in Seattle have formed a John Ericsson memorial association to erect a memorial in that city to the inventor of the Monitor. It is hoped that $30,000 can be raised for the monument, and the big Swedish population in the northwestern city says that it is going to be raised, and raised quickly.

Another Terry has taken her place on the stage and seems to have met with promising success at London. She is Neilson Terry, the daughter of Julia Neilson and Fred Terry, and only 17. She had the leading role in "Priscilla Runs Away," a comedy by Countess von Arnim.

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal
Corruption in
San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

THE SORRY RECORD OF PULCIFER

By Franklin Hichborn

(Author Story of California Legislature, 1909)

Harry W. Pulcifer is seeking re-nomination for the assembly in Alameda county, but his record in the last legislature leads the intelligent voters to view his aspirations with disgust. Here are six of his votes when he ignored the rights of the people in order to obey the behests of "the machine."

1. The bill for a direct primary law providing that nominations should be made by the people rather than by boss-ruled conventions had passed the senate by the decisive vote of 27 to 13. The machine saw that this law would place the selection of United States senators beyond its reach and rallied to defeat the bill in the assembly. Amendments were introduced destroying the efficacy of the bill in the selection of United States senators by the people. When the roll was called Pulcifer voted with the better element, but when the last name on the list, Young of Berkeley, was reached, it was seen that the vote stood 37 to 37, and the machine was beaten. Then before the result was announced Pulcifer sprang to his feet and changed his vote. He flopped when he saw that his vote was needed to save the day for the machine. He voted to rob the voters of California of their rights. (See page 1382, Assembly Journal 1909.)

2. When the "Gag Rules" were introduced, the better element pointed out that these rules would leave the assembly at the mercy of a minority. Their adoption would have have been a most effective weapon to defeat such a bill as the Walker-Otis anti-race track gambling bill. The gag rules were finally rejected by a vote of 43 to 32—Pulcifer voted for the gag rules. (See page 61, Assembly Journal.)

3. The chief railroad issue before the assembly was in Senate Joint Resolution No. 3, urging congress to adopt measures to free the Pacific Coast from the grasp of the railroad monopoly in preventing all competition by way of the Isthmus of Panama. The resolution passed the senate without a dissenting vote. In the assembly the bill went to the Committee on Federal Relations, but Drew of Fresno moved that the rules be suspended and the resolution acted on immediately. The machine element obeying the railroad and fighting for delay opposed this motion. Pulcifer again voted with the machine to defeat the will of the people. (See page 326 Assembly Journal.)

4. When the above resolution finally came before the assembly, Grove Johnson of Sacramento introduced amendments robbing the bill of half its value. The machine again sought to block the will of the people and Pulcifer voted with the machine for Grove Johnson's amendments. (See page 772 Assembly Journal.)

5. A measure to do away with the "party circle" on the ballot was introduced to restore the Australian ballot to its original effectiveness. The reform element supported the bill, the machine opposed it to a man. The motion to deny this bill a second reading was carried in the assembly by a single vote. Pulcifer furnished that vote, again obeying the word of the machine. (See page 1774 Assembly Journal.)

6. The Judicial Column bill, endorsed by Judges Beatty, Morrow, Gilbert and sixty other eminent California judges, lacked six votes to pass. Pulcifer shrewdly voted for this bill, but when the attendance of the absent members was demanded under "the call of the assembly" (when the doors are locked and the absentees brought in by the sergeant-at-arms) Pulcifer voted with the machine to defeat "the call of the assembly." The presence of the absent members would have secured the six additional votes needed to pass the bill and Pulcifer was therefore responsible for the defeat of this measure.

Pulcifer tries to make much of the fact that he did vote for the Anti-Race Track bill. His action is explained however by this resolution adopted by the convention which nominated him: "Resolved, that this convention of the Republican party in and for the Fiftieth Assembly District hereby pledges its nominee to vote in favor of the enactment of laws to prohibit race track gambling, bookmaki and poolselling." Pulcifer voted right t time because he was both hitched a watched. The very convention which nom ated him knew that he would not stand wi out hitching. Was his vote for the "G Rules" an attempt to pull off the halter?

Poor Pulcifer! His actual record dan him. His professions sound well but his corded votes show that he is not a man be trusted.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.
H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. No. 22

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintif

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORN

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien u the real property herein described or any part ther defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holm his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the ab entitled Court and City and County, within three mon after the first publication of this Summons, and to forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in upon that certain real property or any part ther situated in the City and County of San Francisco, St of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; runn thence northeasterly and along the said northwest line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three f and six inches; thence at a right angle southweste thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeaste one hundred and three feet and six inches to the no westerly line of Louisburg Street and the point of c mencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof f March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder the City and County of San Francisco, State of C fornia.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so pear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Co for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: T it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners said property in fee simple as absolute; that their t to said property be established and quieted; that Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, tit interests and claims in and to said property, and ev part thereof, whether the same be legal or equita present or future, vested or contingent, and whet the same consists of mortgages or liens of any desc tion; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and h such other and further relief as may be meet in premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an inte in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF RE ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the estate and personal property of said deceased, hav been this day presented to the Court, and it appear to the Court from such petition that it is necessary that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best terests of the said estate and of those interested ther to sell the whole of said real estate and personal pr erty in order to pay the debts outstanding against decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of ministration, and for the purposes and reasons m tioned in said petition, and the said petition hav been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that persons interested in the said estate be and ap before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Fr cisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there show cause why an order should not be granted said executor for the sale of all of the real estate personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this or be published for four successive weeks next preced said day in "The California Weekly," a newspa printed and published in said City and County of Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Cour

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-2

UMMER SCHOOL, AN EDUCATIONAL DEMOCRACY

MAKING THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA THE UNIVERSITY OF ALL THE PEOPLE

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

touch of pathos humanizes the sessions the University of California Summer ool, as one sees the gray heads mingling the brown at the lectures. They mean here have come those to whom the opunity for learning was denied in youth, hose who have learned the value of knowle in the sober school of experience, come gladly to grasp the golden chance for ly and instruction.

en years ago, eager students asked if Dean cil, of the chemistry department, could leave the doors of the laboratories open ng vacation. Their request was granted, a handful of students remained, rejoicing he opportunity for added hours of work.

Growth in Ten Years

his year, only ten years later, the summer ion has lasted six weeks. Instead of the dful of students in attendance, there were year 1050. Instead of the laboratory rse, there were this year 125 courses, covg well-nigh the whole range of college inction. Instead of one or two instructors, e were this year seventy instructors and stants. Instead of drawing these instruc- from one department of the university, were drawn from all America and from ope. Instead of attracting a few local ol teachers and extra-enthusiastic underluates, they attracted students from every c of life and from twenty-eight of the es and territories.

he courses shall be described below, but e interesting are the people who came to them, hungry for knowledge. Represen-es from thirty-five occupations besides ol teachers attended the lectures. There representatives from each of these vons—not merely one, but many from each: ers, doctors, brokers, letter-carriers, blacks, barbers, miners, stenographers, es and other professions, trades and inries. There were girls with braids down backs, gray-haired women old enough e grandmothers, boys in their teens and nearing the three-score and ten. When lean of the summer school told one of the essors that eighteen vocations were repnted in his class, including bootblacks and ers, he was astonished.

would never have guessed it," he said. I saw was the most earnest group of nts I have ever had."

re, then, is the genuine democratization lucation. The undergraduate is too often llow youth groping rather blindly and little earnestness for the fruits of knowl-, not sure of their value and ignorant of se to which he shall put them. But the ner school student comes with an eager t for knowledge, a definite understanding hat he wants to know and why he needs ow it, and often at the sacrifice of com- and convenience to get it. No shallow ification of sophomore and senior dis- this eagerness to learn. No hollow dision of caste divides student from stu-

They are all there to learn, the time is and they must be in earnest to get what want.

hen the summer school was not ten years Dean Charles Henry Rieber received a from a gray-haired man who wished to

Pointing to the question, "What is age?," he asked: "Do I have to fill that n figures?" He was afraid his age might bar to his entrance. Dean Rieber took paper from his hand and read the reply pplicant had already written. It read: a bit too old to learn." The dean teled to the registrar's office and instructed that the question as to age should be eforth stricken from the list.

ere are no entrance examinations. The is that the benefits of the summer school or all who want to learn, without regard e possession, or the lack, of preparation.

Most of the courses are intelligible to anyone of common education and powers of understanding.

Perhaps the most popular course given this summer was on playground work, under the direction of Dr. Everett C. Beach and Mrs. Marian R. Morgan, of Los Angeles. This work was described in a recent issue of The California Weekly.

After the playground course, probably more students were interested in the courses in music, than in any other. Mrs. Lauretta V. Sweesy, of San Jose, was the special lecturer in charge of these classes. Mrs. Sweesy has a real genius for making music intelligible and interesting, and her demonstration class of twenty-five pupils from the public schools of Berkeley was a constant source of inspiration and delight to the teachers who learned from her the art of teaching children music. Here is a case of sacrifice on the part of a teacher, inspired by the interest aroused by the summer school, for Mrs. Sweesy, out of her own resources, is to spend this winter in New York adding to her musical equipment so that she can come to the session next summer with an added power to interest and instruct.

The general students, men and women from the many vocations named in an earlier paragraph, found probably their greatest interest centered in the lectures on English literature and the drama, delivered by Richard Burton, professor of English Literature in the University of Minnesota. These lectures were thoroughly scholarly, but they were so couched in popular form and language that they threw into brilliant perspective the development of the modern English novel from the earliest examples by Richardson and Fielding down to such moderns as Stevenson and Kipling. In these lectures Professor Burton showed how the spirit of each age and the experience of each writer combined to shape the fiction of each period. The correlation of historical and biographical facts and the placing of the events in the development of the novel in their connected order gave the students a comprehensive idea of a great branch of literature as a living whole.

Another course of wide popularity was two series of lectures by Dr. Jesse B. Carter, director of the American School for Classical Studies in Rome. One of these series was on the Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome, dealing particularly with the founding and growth of the city and with recent archaeological progress in unearthing the ruins. The other series was on Roman Religion, the nature and expression of Roman religious beliefs.

Range of the Courses

But every course found interested students. It is worth while to reproduce the list to show the variety of subjects for which the Summer School authorities found enough students to make it desirable to offer them. Only the general classifications of studies need be shown to illustrate this variety. They were: education, law, history, political science, economics, household administration, anthropology, music, Greek, Latin, English, German, French, Spanish, mathematics, general science, astronomy, physics, geography, chemistry, botany, zoology, physiology, hygiene, paleontology, surveying, drawing, manual training, entomology, nature-study, agricultural education, physical culture and playground work.

Each of these classifications contained from three to nine subheads, or individual courses. For example, the English work included these nine courses: 1. The English Novel; 2. The Modern Drama; 3. Shakespeare; 4. Argumentation and Public Address; 5. Narrative Prose; 6. Great Epics; 7a. and b. The History of English Literature (2 courses); 8. The Epic.

Some of the most distinguished American scholars in these several branches of learning were retained to give these courses. Besides those named above, Miss Sophonisba Preston Breckenridge, assistant professor of household administration in the University of Wisconsin; Miss Lucile Eaves, associate professor of practical sociology in the University of Nebraska; Vernon Lyman Kellogg, professor of Entomology in Leland Stanford Junior University; Miss Margaret E. Schallenberger, principal of the training school of the San Jose Normal School, were among the most prominent visiting educators whose eminence in their special lines of study gave the high standard of scholarship to the Summer School.

The whole faculty, both visiting and resident, was profoundly interested in the work. They all alike noted the exceptional earnestness of the students, and received from it an impetus to enthusiasm. The women especially developed a fine spirit of teamwork in making the summer session a success. They seemed peculiarly adapted to the task of getting coherent results from the very heterogeneous material in the classes.

The summer school movement has taken deep hold of the universities all over America, but probably nowhere with greater success than in Berkeley. The university has not been able to offer the inducements to visiting instructors that are offered by the eastern universities, but it had been singularly fortunate, none the less, in obtaining the best from the whole world. Part of this success is explained by the interest of eastern and European scholars in the scenery and climate of California, and part is explained by the hospitality with which they are received here and by the intense public interest in their courses of lectures. The session just ended was an unqualified success. And it offers a complete refutation to the arguments of those who declare that the great mechanism of university equipment should stop its motion and lie idle from May to August and that the potential power for the distribution of the benefits of knowledge should not be available beyond the average age of the graduate—24 or 25 years. It has proved that education for the masses is a great need, eagerly desired and appreciated, and that there is no age limit on those who will sacrifice time and money to get it when they have the opportunity.

Financial Results of Summer School

A few facts about the financial support of the Summer School: The sole source of income was the $15 fee required of each student. This fee not only paid for tuition regardless of the number of courses taken, but also entitled the student to the full privileges of the university library and, in case of illness, to medical advice and hospital care without extra charge. Small additional fees were charged in laboratory courses to cover wear and tear upon apparatus.

Now this $15 per student was paid in exchange for something over $17 per student that the university had to expend to cover the cost of the Summer School. But here some comparisons are in order:

The attendance in the Summer School was about one-third the regular undergraduate attendance. The length of time the Summer School was open was six weeks, or one-sixth of the regular college term. In other words, the Summer School required one-eighteenth of the attention from the university that a regular undergraduate term receives. But the Summer School received for its maintenance, proportionately, less than one-three hundred and sixtieth part of the money required for an undergraduate term.

Another comparison: One of the students of the Summer School was a teacher who teaches eight months in the year in a backwoods district for $65 a month. The university made her a free gift of something like $2.50 worth of instruction over the $15 she

paid. But she came to the dean at the close of the session with tears of gratitude in her eyes to tell of her appreciation of the university's opportunity that she had been permitted to avail herself of. It meant more than money to this girl: it meant an opportunity for cultivation otherwise wholly inaccessible. Now this girl's salary as a school teacher is largely spent in paying the living expenses of a younger brother who attends the regular sessions of the university. The university incurs a deficit of $43 a term on this boy, and gives him six times as much training as his sister received. And probably it never occurs to him to do otherwise than take it as a matter of course that he should receive what he gets.

Here is where the Summer School earns its right to exist. The argument is made that the boy will repay the state in the form of increased efficiency in his life work in the state. That is true enough, but the older student of the Summer School repays the state in gratitude as well as in increased efficiency. And the student of the Summer School repays the state in this additional way: the problems of civilization are sociological problems, and the evils of civilization are mainly due to the ignorance of the average person of his proper relation to the public as a whole. The student of the Summer School is brought into the broad current of contemporaneous life, learns of its tendencies and ideals, and goes away a better citizen for this knowledge, and to be a centre of culture for the further diffusion of it. It would be hard to overestimate the force of the indirect influence for better things that radiates from the people who have interest enough in wisdom to seek it in mature years at this free fountain of knowledge. They have the zeal of proselytes.

These facts suggest the propriety of further state aid to the Summer School work. The advance of the last ten years in attendance and interest testifies conclusively to the public demand for it and to the economic utility of it If it were sufficiently endowed it could fulfill all the ideals of university extension work, and really make of the state institution a university for the people—all the people.

And it should not be supposed that no undergraduates or advanced students derive any benefit from it. This is not the case. Most of the courses are counted for graduation credits or credits toward a degree, and many undergraduates avail themselves of this fact to do work for which they have not time in the regular session. And advanced students have found that the quicter conditions of vacation time were ideal for doing advanced research laboratory work for their degrees.

A humorous sidelight on the kind of people who sought out the summer courses is given by an experience of Dean Rieber's. After the session closed he happened into a barber shop where he was not known. The barbers were discussing the summer school, and bitterly denounced it as a waste of public money that ought to be suppressed. Later in the day, Dean Rieber was in a dry-goods store and the proprietor congratulated him upon the success of the session, remarking that he had sold more shirtwaists than he had ever done in the same length of time before.

In other words, the men who came to the summer school were not the peg-topped variety that hang around barber shops. And there were many women students of the Summer School.

The first inference is correct. The second is not wholly so, for the men and women were about equal in numbers.

And it was a genuine democracy of education, where rich and poor, old and young, drew round a spring of learning whose waters they knew how to prize and drank freely and joyfully.

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CANDIDATES FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

The candidates named below are endorsed by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. The primary ballot is very long, and the voter who wishes to select reform candidates should cut out this list and carry it into the booth.

Governor:
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.
Lieutenant-Governor:
ALBERT J. WALLACE.
Associate Justices of the Supreme Court:
(Vote for two):
M. C. SLOSS.
CURTIS D. WILBUR.
Secretary of State:
FLORENCE J. O'BRIEN.
Controller:
A. B. NYE.
Treasurer:
W. R. WILLIAMS.
Attorney-General:
U. S. WEBB.
Surveyor-General:
WILLIAM STEPHEN KINGSBURY.
Clerk of the Supreme Court:
B. GRANT TAYLOR.
Superintendent of Public Instruction:
ALLISON WARE.
Superintendent of State Printing:
FRIEND WM. RICHARDSON.
Presiding Justice of the District Court of Appeal, 1st District:
THOMAS J. LENNON.
Member State Board of Equalization, 1st District:
EDWARD ROLKIN.
Member State Board of Equalization, 2nd District:
JOHN MITCHELL.
Member State Board of Equalization, 4th District:
JEFF McELVAINE.
Railroad Commissioner, 1st District:
ALEX GORDON.
Railroad Commissioner, 3rd District:
JOHN M. ESHLEMAN.
United States Senator:
JOHN D. WORKS.
Representative in Congress, 2nd District:
WILLIAM KENT.
Representative in Congress, 5th District:
E. A. HAYES.
Representative in Congress, 7th District:
W. D. STEPHENS.

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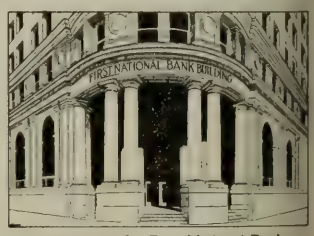
Attorneys—J. C. McKinstry and D. C. Murphy.
Geo. A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Assistant Cashier; A. E. Curtis, Assistant Cashier.



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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

BY

A. JUDSON

ED, in those earlier years of his childhood, was much alone, and yet seldom lonesome. When the weather was foul there was the at pictorial geography, half as big as an bridged dictionary, that he could pore over ask questions about, and when the weather so that he could be out of doors, which most of the time, there was a wide, wide ld to interest him. He had explored every k and cranny in the near-by woods, had n to the summits of Mount Hobart, Mount or and Mount Maria, and nothing, Jed felt, ld be farther away than those places with- being in the big geography.

t was pitiful how, a quarter of a century r, those distances had shriveled. The long ches had diminished to little better than ne-throws, the "mounts" were not so high boy might fly his kite, even the wonderful erfall, the roar of which, when the creek up, could be plainly heard as far away as y rods, and which Jed felt must almost, iot quite, equal Niagara, was easily made gnificant a score of times in the course of mountain streamlet. Is it because these dhood conceptions do so shrivel that we so ingly put them away from us when we are wn, ashamed of them? Shame upon us ier, that in after years we lose our child- d's power to idealize, to set fancy free it may build and paint, people earth and with visible forms and so make the ideal

or Jed's firmest friends were the skies. In cumulus clouds he saw re-enacted all the edies that had touched his life. He saw ses in hot pursuit of horse thieves, Indians ng after fleeing hunters; saw the flash of r pistols and heard the reverberations of r fusillades; saw the animals troop, two by , into the ark, the doors close, the rains end and the ark float away triumphantly r the horizon; saw Abraham, Isaac and ob come out of the East with their cara- s; saw Joseph go down into Egypt and his gry brethren follow after; saw the fat cows the lean come up out of the water, the ent of the locusts, the marching away of Israelites for the promised land with the ptians hard upon their track; saw, indeed, the Bible scenes of which father and her told him enacted far above the tree s, all the pictures in the pictorial geography e form, life-size; saw pictures that never e in any book, saw tragedies enacted that e never told in song or story; saw the In- io rise menacingly out of the northwest, felt in his face the dank breath of the ib; saw in the East the bow of promise ran his little legs nearly off, at the in- ice of his older cousin, to find the spot on the rim of the prairie where the rain- touched the ground, that he might ap- priate the pot-full of gold certain to be left re if the spot could be found, but returned oty handed, except for a hat-full of eggs he prairie-hen, whose nest he found in the grass.

'he childhood of a child is the childhood a race, and the romanticists and artists, idealists and poets, who have interpreted race to the race have been those who e wise enough not wholly to have put away dish things when they became men. It uld seem that the mere statement of Paul t when he became a man he had put away dish things had been accepted as an ad- nition to put them away, and away away at t, something that Paul probably never had nind.

'he only real comradeship Jed remembered r to have had with his, in many ways, ed, and always kindly and hard-pushed ier, was during the seventh and eighth rs of Jed's life. Besides being a surveyor, ch he had become by working the prob- s out in the chimney corner on stormy s, and in the dimly candle-lighted evenings, 's father was the only capable mechanic the neighborhood, and so he "changed rks," if nothing else, and let others culti- e his few acres, for which he had little ng or aptitude, while he repaired their zons, built their sorghum mills, made their fins and fixed whatever needed fixing from e mending to gunsmithing, never getting anything done as soon as he thought he was going to, but doing everything rather better than it could be done in the little town ten miles away, and as frequently for accommodation as for pay.

If Jed's father was ever unhappy it was when he was thinking of the affairs of his country. If ever he was consciously happy it was when he had edged tools in his hands or was working out a problem in geometry or trigonometry, surveying or calculus. In after years he was unable to understand why Jed preferred checkers to algebra, cards to conic sections, but in those two splendid years, beginning with Jed's having assigned to him seven rows across the garden for his popcorn, which he must tend while father and mother tended the rest, and ending when the family removed to town and Jed's father became the publisher of a country paper, he was content. Those were the years during which father and son understood each other, and the only such years until long after the father had gone to his rest in that wind-swept city overlooking the valleys of the Sandy and the Indigo, rimmed by the terraced hills that swept away into the distance where they stood uplifting upon their shoulders the blue vault of heaven. Then Jed better understood that father and the part he played in making a state free.

If father built over a big wagon, Jed made a little one; if father made a yoke for oxen, Jed made one for the calves and yoked them, too. The boy was allowed free use of the tools in the great chest, was lent a hand and shown how at critical times and, if he was redeemed from life in the clouds, and trained to the formation of sound judgments, it was during these two blessed years when he worked with father at the bench under the shed at the back of the log cabin.

In these years Jed's schooling was limited to two weeks one summer. Jed's father preferred to see to his education himself. He had ideas on the subject. In the years agone he had espoused the cause of the phonetic system. He had even started a paper in New York city printed in the phonetic vernacular and using more characters than the alphabet affords. For their accommodation he had made the typesetter's cases with his own hands. Perhaps it was the Pittman-Ellis system, for Jed forgot it all the first opportunity he got, but his father did not cease to take pride in the fact that, as a child, Jed knew all the sounds of the language better than any other child in school. When Jed's father returned from the East in the early spring of '61, where he had gone for "relief" for the "sufferers," beside Robinson Crusoe and the bear book he brought with him an elementary phonetic reader and proceeded to teach Jed how to read by that method, keeping him out of school for that purpose. Jed learned all right and ruined his spelling beyond redemption. Ever after he spelt "accordin' to nature," and when he went to town and the common schools, and the teachers undertook to teach him, as other children were taught, his preliminary training in phonetics caused him infinite humiliation and kept him hovering perilously near to the foot of the spelling class. He was laughed at every school day of his life and grew fairly to hate the sight of the school house

It is necessary just here to anticipate one of Jed's religious experiences. He studied his spelling lessons hard, but could not remember what the words looked like or how they were spelled. When he was about to despair of his being as smart as other boys, a doubt that was borne in upon him time and again with crushing force during his later childhood, he bethought him to ask the help of his heavenly father that the stigma of daily defeat might be removed from him. For the rest of that term, if not longer, Jed bowed his head over his spelling book and prayed with all the earnestness of helplessness that he might not miss a word that day and—never so much as looked at the spelling lesson once.

From that moment Jed began to climb up in his class and to take occasional headmarks much to the surprise of his teacher, who in the same breath gave expression to her astonishment at his improvement and chided him for past shortcomings, but Jed kept his own counsel, and nothing after that could seriously shake his trust in the efficacy of prayer. A rationalistic explanation of the phenomenon may be that when Jed studied his spelling lesson he tried to remember how the words were constructed, but could not, whereas, when he had not studied his lesson at all, he went at the words that came to him in a common sense way and so sometimes got them right.

Which suggests a second anticipatory incident. Hank Woodley's soldier father brought him a scarf pin when he came home on a furlough. Perhaps it had graced the throat of some impenitent confederate, but, anyhow, it was quite the dearest of Hank's earthly possessions.

Jed and Hank ought not to have gone in swimming Sunday evening. In their hearts they both felt that it was a sinful thing to do, almost as wicked as going fishing on Sunday, while the consequences were like enough to be ever so much more serious.

As they understood the ways of providence toward fishing, the transgression commonly resulted in one miraculous catch of fishes, after which the fisher would never again, in all his life, have any luck at fishing, either on Sundays or on week days. Such instances were well authenticated, not only on the playgrounds at the public school, but in the solemn conferences with the teachers at the Sunday school. Nevertheless, whenever the buds on the willows began to burst forth in the spring the boys were tempted to steal out the back door with hook and line to see if providence would take a dare.

As for going in swimming on Sunday there could be no question. It surely was tempting providence. Never a season passed that these two rivers, the Sandy and the Indigo, jointly or severally, did not claim one or more victims and, as the years passed on and recollection became correspondingly uncertain, evidence accumulated and preponderated to the effect that the drownings had nearly always taken place on Sunday.

But the waters of the Indigo did gurgle so lovingly around the nose of the little breakwater that hot summer evening! The temptation was not to be resisted, and Hank and Jed slipped off their clothing and plunged into the blue depths with little haggling over their qualms of conscience. They heaped their clothing on a little pile of water-worn rocks that jutted out of the sand and shingle and had their swim, coming out after a half hour or so of ducking, water-fighting, diving under or off the boats moored to the bank—came out when wearied of the exertion, and dressed. All was well until Hank came to don his scarf. The precious pin was gone.

Hank looked for it as best he could, now that the spot was in the shadow of the high bank and tall trees, felt for it diligently with his delicately tapered, supple fingers, of which he was excessively proud (They stood him in good stead when, in after years, he developed into a more than usually successful confidence man and tin-horn gambler.) He burned all the matches he had in vain, lost his temper and began to swear

Now Hank stuttered horribly except when under stress of necessity for making his meaning clear Then he could be voluble His

tongue was loosened and became as facile as his fingers. He ripped out all the oaths he knew, and he knew all that were current in his time, ran his fingers over the rocks as a musician might over the keys of a piano, with rapidity and in desperation. All was vain.

It flashed into his mind that Jed, who had been searching also, might have found the pin and stolen it. The accusation was hotly made and indignantly resented. A few names were interchanged, then fists flew. This happened anywhere from once to a half dozen times a day when these two lads were thrown together. Nearly always their relations were strained, but, like two little bulls on the range, if they fought viciously one instant, they were cropping the grass in peace side by side the very next. It was so this time. Hank cried "king's excuse" so that he might hunt again for his scarf pin and hostilities ceased, but Jed took a seat on the bank and refused to join in the search.

Hank, refreshed by the combat, flew at the rock pile again and felt in and out of every crevice, lost his pride and self possession, lifted up his voice and boohooed so that he might have been heard half a block. He was now fairly beside himself, pleaded with Jed to come and help him because his eyes were so full of tears that he could not see anything at all. Jed softened toward him in the plenitude of his sorrow, but his efforts, too, were vain, and Hank gave himself up to despair, threw himself on the sand and sobbed his misery out in sheer heartbreak.

Then Jed bethought him of the efficacy of prayer and broached the subject to Hank, telling him how prayer would move mountains if only one had faith, as he had learned that very morning in Sunday school, venturing the opinion that nothing would be easier than for God, who sees all things, to look down out of heaven and see just where that scarfpin was and guide Hank's fingers to it. Hank admitted reluctantly that this might be all true enough if he had not been swearing like a trooper for half an hour, but Jed affirmed that God would forgive him for that, too, if he asked him real nice before broaching the subject of the scarf pin.

Hank caught at the spark of hope held out to him with the desperation of despair, knelt bolt upright on the shingle where he was and began to mumble something inaudible to Jed, who reclined against the bank a dozen feet away.

"A lot of good that kind of praying will do," Jed declared, "'pears like you are ashamed to be caught at it."

"Well, I ain't no Judge Piper leading a revival," returned Hank, "and I reckon God can hear me when I whisper as well as if I yelled at the top of my voice."

"Yes, but you're ashamed of him, and God won't listen to nobody who is ashamed to be heard calling upon his name."

"I ain't either ashamed," Hank returned hotly, "that's one of your infernal dam lies."

"You are, too, but you weren't ashamed to cuss so loud that you could be heard clear across the river, and when you 'bellered' you weren't ashamed somebody might hear you down town. If you expect God to pay any attention to you you have got to pray just as loud as you cussed and as loud as you 'bellered.' If you don't do it I'm goin' home," declared Jed, moving toward the path, "it won't be no use to stay any longer."

"Hold on!" Hank called. "I'll try it, but if you ever tell on me I'll lick the stuffing out of you," he declared, springing to his feet, with a warning shake of his ever ready fist.

Jed promised that he would never say a word, "cross my heart in sacred honor," and Hank knelt again and put up his hands in an attitude of prayer. At first he stammered woefully and got his words so mixed that they didn't make sense, but, with the realization of what was at stake, he warmed to the work, his tongue was loosened and he prayed with all the fervor of Elisha Lamprey at class meeting.

The humor of it struck Jed, and he turned his face to the bank, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and held his sides to keep from exploding. He prayed, too, prayed that a band of "kids" might come down the path and catch Hank—cussing, fighting, irreverent Hank—praying for the forgiveness of his sins in one breath, and, in the next, that he might find his lost scarf pin. Hank promised the Lord that if he would only help him find that scarf pin he would never use another cuss-word as long as he lived, would never go fishing or in swimming again on Sunday, and would even stop fighting if the other kids would let him alone.

In his zeal and highly wrought state of mind he threshed about more than was necessary, felt something prick him sharply between the toes and sprang to his feet with a cry of pain, under the impression that a snake had bitten him. It was his scarf pin which, somehow, had slidden into a crevice, point up, and which had been thrust far enough into the skin to cling to the boy's foot.

The gladdest boy in the world just then was Hank Woodley. The success of the prayer test sobered both of the boys, and they walked home solemnly convinced that they had witnessed a miraculous answer to prayer, notwithstanding extreme provocation to the contrary and, as for Hank, he committed himself unreservedly to the straight and narrow way for the future. He asked Jed to forgive him for accusing him wrongfully, and exacted a second pledge, "cross the heart in sacred honor," never to tell of what had transpired at the river. Jed forgave and renewed his assurances of secrecy. The boys looked up, the stars looked down, the moonlight danced along the streets of the little town and the southeast breeze blew caressingly against their faces as they pattered along with shoeless feet. There appeared to be as much joy on earth as in heaven over the penitence of about as variegated a sinner as was ever turned loose in a small frontier town.

Alack and alas! How can good resolutions survive the deceitfulness of forgetfulness in the hurly-burly of the playground when the rivers and the woods, the melon patches that have been watched from early spring, and the peach orchards with ripening fruit, do every where beset one to lure him to his fall? The very next afternoon, while Hank, Jed and "Packy" King were after the cows, they raided the Piper melon patch and, having eaten their fill, Hank began to plug green melons and tear up vines, at which, with sticks in their hands, "Packy" and Jed protested while Hank threatened to carve them with his knife if they came near, but they chased him out of the patch and into the timber and then resumed their hunt for the cows. Of course this incident absolved Jed from his pledge of secrecy! He told "Packy" all about the impromptu prayer meeting held on the brink of the river the night before and "Packy" told everybody, and, until he left the country for parts unknown, Hank went by the name of "Parson" Woodley. It was written in the book of fate that the next time Hank and Jed met there would be a fight, and there was, perhaps the fiercest of their indefinite series, but they were in swimming again at the selfsame spot on the very next Sunday evening, notwithstanding that they had scratched into the alluvial bank under where the swallows nested ineffaceable records of having had as many as seven separate swims on the Saturday before. As often as they went out and dressed they would have a dust fight with the impalpable powder to which the teams had reduced the roads leading back to town, and so had to return to the water to get clean.

Then, too, in the cooled-off counsel of unhurried judgment, Hank concluded that where prayer and swear were so inextricably mixed as in his case, it was unreasonable to suppose that God would leave his other business to pay much attention to either the one or the other, that the finding of the scarf pin just happened and that was all there was to it, but Jed held firmly, albeit not very reverently, to his faith in the efficacy of prayer, for had he not seen the test tested out?

It seemed to him unquestionable that Hank Woodley's prayer had been answered and unreasonable to suppose that if prayer from such a source was answered anyone else need ask in vain. Therefore, without ceasing and in fullness of faith Jed prayed for a shotgun and setter pup. So life went on as before. Hank went around with hands clinched so that he could get into action without loss of time if any emergency required fists, and Jed's creature comforts continued to demand more than an abnormal capacity for "finding" things could supply without arousing parental solicitude.

But all this is away ahead of the hounds and has not the faintest connection with Jed's encounter with "Old Crop-Ear," the big gray wolf of the Serpentine, and yet, among all the "Recollections of Jed," few stand out more clearly than that.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

the Superior Court of the State of California, in for the City and County of San Francisco.

AHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
ersons claiming any interest in, or lien on, the real property herein described any part thereof, Defendants. No. 22295

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, eal property herein described or any part thereof, dants, greeting:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the laint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and ty, within three months after the first publication is Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, y, you have in or upon that certain real property ny part thereof, situated in the City and County an Francisco, State of California, particularly de-ed as follows:

mmencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of son Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and ive (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeast-line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeast-along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Ave-thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right s Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) s; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty o the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara No. 190.

d you are hereby notified that, unless you so ir and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court he relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said rty in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said rty be established and quieted; that the Court tain and determine all estates, rights, titles, in-s and claims in and to said property, and every thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, nt or future, vested or contingent, and whether ame consists of mortgages or liens of any descrip-that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have other and further relief as may be meet in the ses.

tness my hand and the seal of said Court this day of July A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

e first publication of this Summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of A. D. 1910.

e following persons are said to claim an interest r lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: ne.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law. -731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

the Superior Court of the State of California, in or the City and County of San Francisco.

ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
ersons claiming any interest in, or lien on, the real property described herein, any part thereof, Defendants. No. 22294

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, eal property herein described or any part thereof, dants, greeting:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the laint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and ty, within three months after the first publication is Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, y you have, in or upon that certain real property y part thereof, situated in the City and County of Francisco, State of California, particularly de-d as follows:

mmencing at a point formed by the intersection e Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; e at a right angle Northerly one hundred and en (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the nerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line astro Street and the point of commencement, being tion of Block No. 171.

d you are hereby notified that, unless you so ap-and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court ne relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said rty in fee simple absolute; that his title to said rty be established and quieted; that the Court tain and determine all estates, rights, titles, inter-and claims in and to said property, and every part of, whether the same be legal or equitable, present ture, vested or contingent, and whether the same st of mortgages or liens of any description; that iff recover his costs herein and have such other as may be meet in the premises.

tness my hand and the seal of said Court this day of July A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

e first publication of this Summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of A. D. 1910.

e following persons are said to claim an interest r lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: ne.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law. 0-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES CORCORAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of the Administrator, Room 858, Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said deceased.

M. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of James Corcoran, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 30, 1910.
CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 21780.

ADOLPH ZEIS, as Administrator of the Estate) of AUGUSTE ZEIS, deceased, Plaintiff,)
vs.)
ALL persons claiming any interest in, or lien) upon, the real property described herein, or) any part thereof, Defendants.)

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Green street, distant one hundred and thirteen and nine-twelfths (113 9-12) feet westerly from the westerly line of Mason street, running thence westerly along said line of Green street twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, thence at right angles northerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet, thence at right angles easterly twenty-three and nine-twelfths (23 9-12) feet, and thence at right angles southerly sixty-eight and nine-twelfths (68 9-12) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 8th day of June, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By JAS P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.
CAREY HOWARD, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.

7-8-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 981-983 Monadnock Building, ninth floor. Market street, cor. Third.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY GAFFNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the law office of Maurice Gradwohl, 816 Pacific Building, corner Fourth and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

ELIZABETH HOLLAND,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7, 1910.
MAURICE GRADWOHL, Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, San Francisco.

7-8-4t

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.

7-8-10t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants. No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595

7-15-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

An Old Order That Changeth Not

We, in California, are on the eve of a great event. The direct primary is to be given its first trial. If the test of trial shall warrant it other states, very likely all the other states in the Union, may follow, more or less closely, California's example. In view of the importance of the event so near at hand it may not be amiss to devote this lesson, and the one succeeding it, to some of those aspects of the impending crisis that are not partisan in their nature, but only intensely human.

In her autobiography, running in the American magazine, that splendid woman, Jane Addams, makes this reference to the passion play seen ten years ago at Oberammergau: "The peasants portrayed exactly the successive scenes of the Wonderful Life, using only the very words found in the accepted version of the Gospels, yet curiously modernizing and reorienting the message. They made it clear that the opposition to the Young Teacher sprang from the merchants whose traffic in the temple he had disturbed and from the pharisees who were dependent upon the merchants for support. The query of the pharisees was curiously familiar, as they demanded the antecedents of the Radical who dared to touch vested interests, who presumed to dictate the morality of trade and who insulted the marts of honest merchants by calling them a 'den of thieves.' As the play developed it became clear that this powerful opposition had friends in church and state, that they controlled influences which ramified in all directions; their very position in the community gave their statement weight, that the young Agitator must be done away with in order that the highest interests of society might be conserved. These simple peasants made it clear that it was the 'money power' which induced one of the Agitator's closest friends to betray him, and that the villain of the piece, Judas himself, was only a man so dazzled by money that he was perpetually blind to the spiritual vision unrolling before him."

This is the old order that remains changeless through the ages. The powerful are they who hold economic forces in their hands, forces that represent business, commerce, transportation, banking, stocks and bonds, opportunity to labor. To fight their battles, they call upon all those who are dependent upon them for their support. They resist change. No forward step is taken except as these are crowded aside by an upheaval of evolutionary forces resident within the race, usually led by some "radical," some "agitator," some "disturber." The Christ was not the only one of these to be put to death for daring to espouse the cause of humanity as against the supposed interests of established wrong and vested iniquity.

It does not follow that the merchants in the temple, and the pharisees who were dependent upon them for support, appreciated that they were in the wrong and that the young "Radical," and "Agitator" was in the right. They only knew that he was "hurting business" and that, in self defense, they must put him out of the way. It was not easy for them to understand that business did not come first, that it did not outrank justice and mercy, purity and patriotism, the Rights of Man, the uplifting of the race. They did not realize that the special privileges they enjoyed meant a special bondage inflicted upon others against their will.

But we, of this generation, ought to know that the common good is the greater good, that there are higher concerns than commercial prosperity, although it will be seldom if ever that any measure of advantage to humanity can be a hindrance to prosperity. It will only seem so to the shortsighted. If any interest be hurt, it will be the interest that deserves to be hurt and must be hurt if the race is to be saved from hurt. We have had nineteen centuries of that light which lighteth the world in which our progenitors could work for the clearing of the vision of our race.

Now in every campaign that has ever been or ever will be, this old issue between selfishness on one side and regard for the common weal on the other, between special privilege and equality of opportunity for all, between the downward pressure of that money hunger that made Judas abominable forever and some courageous apostle of liberty, equality and fraternity, will be fought over as though it were being fought for the first time and to be determined once for all. It was fought the first time when the first man oppressed his brother and took for himself a part of his earnings, and the final battle over that issue will not have been fought until flesh shall have become spirit and the millenium shall have dawned.

The purpose of this lesson in The School for Citizenship, is to admonish the youth, who has but lately had the powers and dignities of citizenship conferred upon him, to look well before he votes to see upon which side of this age-old struggle he is enlisted. If he will look into this issue as he would look into a commercial proposal he will hardly have to look a second time before finding a moral issue involved, an issue that will force him to make choice betwixt good and evil, justice and injustice, between service to the few and service to the many, between selfish privilege and the common welfare. Look to it.

Mrs. Heyworth Mills was hauled to the top of St. Peter's Church in Morristown, N. J., the other day to complete a detail in the statue of St. Peter which she made in Florence, Italy. With her tools under her arm she was tied in an iron bucket and hoisted to the statue, where she worked for more than two hours in a drizzling rain chiselling out a fold in the stone robe of the statue.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

CENTURY PATH (Illustrated Weekly), edited by Katherine Tingley; Theosophical Manuals and other Theosophical literature of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Point Loma, California, now on sale by Smith Bros., 462 13th Street, Oakland, and by A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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WE WILL BE TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD IN NOVEMBER

and the splendid business we have built up in Oakland in that time tells better of the correctness of our business policy than we can hope to express in words.

We expect to go on business-building for many years to come. To better accommodate our assured growth we will on the first of the year begin the erection of a splendid new store building, which will not only facilitate business, but offer every convenience to our thousands of customers.

FROM NOW UNTIL THEN

We want you to make this your store and when we go "out of the old house up into the new" you will go with us, for in as much as we have for years pleased others you will also be pleased.

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The whole of the wheat but the husk, rolled into dainty delicious wafers.

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Flakes rolled from carefully selected oats, pure and wholesome.

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The best Minnesota grown hard macaroni wheat, packed in San Francisco.

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PACIFIC CEREAL ASSOCIATION, Bay and Taylor Sts., San Francisco

This Week: "A REPUBLIC THAT WAS"

By Arthur J. Pillsbury

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: AUGUST 12: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

Published by California Weekly, Incorporated, 26 Montgomery Street : San Francisco, Cal.

GOOD FAITH·GOOD COURAGE·GOOD HUMOR

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It Is Business

TICS IS GOVERNMENT and government is business. s just as much your business as your business is your , and if you let some one else attend to your political for you you will have no political business to attend to as you would be without your regular business if you busybody attend to your regular business for his busi- antage rather than for your own. Therefore find out ought to vote, and vote!

Lawlor's One Fault

E W. P. LAWLOR has a fault. It is that he was so ul that the defense in the graft cases might find excuse ing partisan bias against him that he suffered the attor- refor to treat his court with all the contempt they knew manifest daily for months, even years. He should have ys of attorneys on the way to and from prison until they ied to respect the majesty of justice. If he needed to e incarcerations with the physical use of a hickory base- he should have used that. He was patient long after had ceased to have any virtue left in it. For that Judge vas at fault. It was his only fault.

At Last

R MONTHS AND YEARS of deserving three con- icious attorneys go to jail for five days. So far so good. n their sequestration they issue a contemptuous tirade he judge who committed them. If Judge Lawlor has e should hale them before him for that and give them lose of the same, repeating as patients and patience re- til they manifest a willingness to eat out of his hand. true, as asserted in their published screed, that a lawyer's is to his client. As an officer of the court his first duty that justice is established, and whoso strives to break own should be disbarred and cast out neck and heels. aft cases Justice has been deliberately and premeditatedly

Harvey W. Scott

AN FRANCISCAN EVER SAW a copy of the "Ore- an" without the wish that San Francisco might have aper. San Francisco has, and has had, good newspaper by some mischance the ownership of its daily press has picable. Harvey W. Scott had his loves and his hates were strong, but there was an innate honesty of mind hat prevented his becoming a journalistic harlot. If, in g years, he was unable to keep step with the progressive his state, or to appreciate that spirit, the fault may be him. Only now and again a man grows old without ultra-conservative. At least Scott was a Man and he for himself A Name. Of the owner of what San Fran- er can as much be said?

The Getter and the Forgotter

EEN THE MAN WHO VOWS to "get" his enemy "do" him, expressions heard every day, and the man trained mind is likely to be a blank at crucial moments, ds of life are much increased. Of the first the attempted tion of Mayor Gaynor of New York, a most lamentable occurrence, affords an example. Of the second, the so-called "accident" at Ignacio was one among a hundred other similar, yearly instances. Against the first there is no protection except the gradual moralization of the race. Against the second there can and should be a mechanical safeguarding of life that shall not leave life wholly at the mercy of that occasional forgetfulness that besets the best of us and which no amount of training can wholly prevent. Automatic appliances will sometimes fail to act and memory may come to the rescue, or memory may fail and the appliance save, but no railroad is well conducted, or free from blame, where appliance does not re-enforce memory and memory appliance.

The Size of Our Job

A WEEK HENCE we shall all know the size of the job undertaken when the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League undertook to make California free. It looks like a winning fight, but every fight made for Right Things makes headway toward Right Things whether or not that particular fight wins. The California Weekly has done its best. It has no excuses to make or apologies to offer. Therefore, with malice toward none and charity for all, hurrah for Hiram Johnson, William Kent and the ticket they are running on!

Lo! the Rich Indian

THE OKLAHOMA INDIANS are fat, "sassy" and rich. Also rich picking. Swarms of patriotic gentlemen have united to separate the Indians from their lands and then from the money their lands may fetch. Although there are "millions in it" so many are involved that the sum total divided by the number of thieves may reduce the delinquency of each to petty larceny. All deny complicity. Or their plea is that it isn't stealing to rob an Indian or, if it is, it oughtn't to be. That would hurt business. And the administration has sent Ormsby McHarg down to straighten the tangles out! What a conservationist was that to conserve the interests of a race perennially in its minority. How that Ballinger does love a joke!

So Say We All

The Outlook, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.
August 5, 1910.

Office of Theodore Roosevelt.

My dear Kent: I am glad to get your letter. I shall read your speech at once.

Do you need to assure me, my dear fellow, that you never acted improperly in connection with fencing government lands? I know you too well to believe any such story for a moment. The charge seems to me additionally absurd in view of the fact that you have been one of the leaders in the fight for national forestry and grazing lease laws under which you yourself and all other stock men would have to pay the nation for grazing on the unfenced government's pasture which you now enjoy rent free.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hon. William Kent, Kentfield,
Marin County, Cal.

Things to Remember Tuesday

That a vote for Hiram W. Johnson is a vote to make California free.

That A. J. Wallace is Johnson's running mate and entitled to receive as many votes as Johnson.

That if anyone believes in electing United States senators by direct vote of the people now is the time to show the faith that is in him, inasmuch as the advisory vote, even by districts, is only about two removes from the real thing. That John D. Works is the only free candidate running; that he has declared himself on every issue raised, answered every question asked and stood out on the firing line for five months while his adversaries laid low and said nothing.

That it is as important to have a free legislature as a free executive and that the legislative list, elsewhere in this paper, vouched for by The California Weekly, is the one that should be elected.

That whoever controls the party organization will control the party, and that whoever controls the party in power will control the government. Therefore, see to it that none but the best men are chosen as delegates to county conventions. Those conventions will send delegates to a state convention and the state conventions will elect the State Committee, the governing body of the party. **Mr. Herrin is after that committee.**

That the Nation is watching to see what California does for a Progressive Republicanism, especially in the second and eighth congressional districts, where a square toed fight is being made between "insurgents" and "regulars."

That the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is the only organization or association that has dared either to offer the Men of California a complete Republican state ticket or to come right out in the open and declare what those candidates stand for. All the others have hulked or skulked or winked 'em slyly. The whole ticket should be nominated from top to bottom.

It Was Ballinger's Work

The published letter from the President's secretary to Mr. William Kent, in the matter of the Golconda fences, makes these facts evident: The Department of Justice was asked by Secretary Ballinger to begin civil proceedings against the Golconda Cattle company, charged with illegal fencing, December 14, 1909. The Department of Justice referred the matter to the District Attorney of Nevada, who did not get around to it. On July 26th, when Mr. Kent was actively engaged in his campaign for the Republican nomination for congress, Ballinger bethought him of this ground for an embarrassing suit and urged action upon the Department of Justice, which department obligingly proceeded to have the suit instituted.

"Although the papers do not show that any demand was made upon the company before suit was requested, by the Secretary of the Interior," so runs the letter, "the Department believes from oral statements made by the United States Attorney that the company has for some time been cognizant that proceedings by the government were in contemplation."

In the natural course of events, if the government's agents thought that the fence law was being violated, its agent on the ground would have so informed the superintendent of the Golconda ranch and would have told him to take the fences off. According to an affidavit of the superintendent of the ranch this was never done and objection was never made, for the very good reason that there never has been anything more than a technical violation of the law, if any at all, as is more fully explained elsewhere in this paper.

THE STAFF

A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

Address all communications and make all remittances payable to The California Weekly, 26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Rooms 310 and 311. Telephone Douglas 4094

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

The letter from the President's secretary contains one clause of bland innocence quite characteristic of the Man with the Pervasive Smile that should not be overlooked. It is this: "The Department believes that no sinister motive is to be attributed **to the United States Attorney.**"

Of course not. The sinister motive is to be attributed to the man who wears the most sinister looking visage yet seen in public print, the Honorable, the Secretary of the Interior, Richard Achilles Ballinger. Mr. Kent never did anything to the United States Attorney for Nevada, but Mr. Kent did take an active part in the prosecution of Ballinger and in his exposure for unfaithfulness to the conservation policies whose cause he had pretended to espouse. Ballinger evidently saw his chance and made the best, and the worst, of it. The President looks on unperturbed, as usual, quite confident that Ballinger doeth all things well.

The Commission In Government

It was President Hadley who affirmed that if free government is to prove successful it will be because the citizen will learn to relinquish to experts those functions of government which require the services of specialists if they are to be satisfactorily performed. That is, the citizen must be content to undertake to do only those things that he can do, and must leave to others the things that he cannot. That is not to be gainsaid.

Former President Roosevelt, in a signed editorial in the New York Outlook, applies the same principle to the executive and legislative departments of government. The president of a nation of a hundred millions of people must leave to subordinates the greater share of his executive duties, and the success or failure of his administration will depend on the acumen with which those subordinates are selected.

So with congress. It must, in the opinion of Colonel Roosevelt, leave to commissions of experts the functions of laying out systems of river and harbor improvements and the preparation of tariff schedules. Congress can lay out systems of internal improvements or make tariff schedules only by employing log-rolling methods and log-rolling methods produce results at once grotesquely immoral and immorally grotesque.

The reason why congress did not apply the Republican tariff-making principle to the making of the Payne-Aldrich tariff was that it could not. Four hundred and eighty-three men cannot compare rate with rate, cost with cost, price with price, covering the thousands of commodities that enter into modern consumption, but they can log-roll to beat a colored band. And they like to log-ro It has in it something of the fascination o the stock exchange and wheat pit. They w be loth to give it up, but they will hav to. When the public shall have been brou to see the truth as Theodore Roosevelt s it the change of method will be made. Th we shall have use for commissions of e erts whose work congress will examine an ap- prove, but will not undertake to do.

It is unfortunate that upon the he of Colonel Roosevelt's editorial in the Ou ook the President should have seen fit to giv out an authorized interview in which he ook ground against a tariff commission and ade it clear that he desired only a tariff boar em- powered to gather information for the vice of congress. There is a difference there ich may be made as broad as a barn door or eep as well. It will be important to watch hat commission. The President will have the politicians with him. With no logs to ll a congressional career will be less exhiler ng. But the sober second thought of the Ame ican people will take the view of Theodore Roosevelt, that what congress cannot do and do right, it must relinquish to some smaller, more expert and specially equipped dy. Commissioners are destined to play an in- creasingly important part in governmen for the very good reason that a commission can act.

Dangerous

It is true that the prosperity of a railroad is important to the prosperity of the employes of that railroad, although it does not always follow that the stockholders in a prosperous railroad are as ready to share their prosperity with their employes as they are their adversities.

But this is not saying that it is wise for railroad employes to so organize political as to cast their ballots with solidarity in the interests of the employing corporation. Nothing has occurred during the campaign just closing more calculated to estrange the general public from the railroad employes than the attempt to solidify them for the ticket espoused by the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company.

The interests of railroad employes in the prosperity of their employing company is not greater than the interests of the general public in its own prosperity. If railroads are charging all that the traffic will bear, that they may pay high wages and big dividends, at once becomes the public interest to see that railroads charge no more than reasonable rates for services rendered that they may pay reasonable wages and reasonable dividends only. The advent of railroad employes into politics, en bloc, is, if persisted in, certain to solidify the consuming public for its own protection against both railroads and their devoted employes.

If the railroad employe has hitherto had the hearty sympathy of the general public it was because he has been looked upon as, first of all, a free, American citizen and, himself, a part of the general public. He is also a consumer. What is bad for the public cannot be permanently good for him, and the greatest misfortune that can befall him is to make himself a part of that political mechanism known as the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, has overthrown free government in this state.

In vain may the managers of the Work- ing Railroad Men's Joint Legislative Board point to the fact that Curry, and not Anderson, was endorsed by their organization. Not once in all his political life has Charles F. Curry lifted his voice against railroad domination of the political life of this state. On the contrary, from 1894, when Curry ran for county

Francisco, until 1906, when he was last
ted for secretary of state, he has taken
without being boosted by the Political
of the Southern Pacific Company. It
that Mr. Herrin loves Curry less, but
nderson more. The rest of the ticket
ed tells the story. Mattison, Mc-
Harry Melvin, Duncan McKinlay,
rland, McLachlan, every man of them
the Espee stamp. The endorsement
R. Williams for state treasurer deceives
for he has no opposition.
is that about this whole business that
erous. Employes of railroads will do
make it clear that they are first of all
and free citizens at that. The place
his is at the ballot box.

Our Way Best

trouble that Spain and Portugal are
with the Vatican concerns us only as
icant event of our time. A "con-
is an agreement between the Papal
l a government of a state or nation
regulation of ecclesiastical affairs and
es that the Papacy is a state, that it
o, and receives from, other capitals
tic representatives; that treaties are
into as, for instance, between Spain
United States or between the United
nd Great Britain. It implies, if it does
rt, the temporal power of the Papacy.
e terms of the concordat, entered into
Spain and the Vatican in 1851, it was
y agreed by the High Contracting Par-
t "The Catholic religion, to the exclu-
every other denomination, shall con-
be the religion of the Spanish nation,
ll be maintained throughout the dom-
His Catholic Majesty," and that "this
at shall for ever remain in force as a
the states in the possession of the
It is further provided that, "Should
iculty arise in the future it shall be
by mutual agreement between the Holy
and His Majesty."
not a matter of concern to this paper
who first broke the above agreement.
likely the Spanish government did.
nt denominations had established
s in Spain and had displayed their in-
n contravention of the concordat. The
ministry made an order that per-
his to be done, whereupon the Vatican
ff negotiations for the reformation of
concordat by agreement.
agreement, running forever, can be
or abrogated only by agreement, and
he parties will not agree to its abroga-
en the other has no choice except to
t or abrogate it. That is what France
at Spain is doing and what Portugal
kely to do. It is time that civilization
he whole mediaeval vestige of Papal
lity and disestablished all established
s. America has shown the better way.
naintained no representative at the
and will maintain none, but it gives
n door to Catholic and Protestant,
and Confucian, to take their several
s to the people without hindrance and
special privilege. Not one Catholic
housand in this country would have it
se if he could.
gland the coronation oath of the King
n so far modied as to eliminate an
and unnecessary reflection upon the
church, but it stopped short of doing
l justice inasmuch as it retained the
to Protestantism. That also is a sur-
vival of a mediaeval age of religious rancor.
h should have been further modified to
a dependence upon God and loyalty
nation, and that should suffice. Eng-
ould disestablish its religion. The
n way is the better way. May all the
nations follow our lead. Otherwise the tranquility of the nations will be endangered.

Order Out of Chaos

It has long been the plaint of Representative S. C. Smith, voiced through his paper, the Echo, at Bakersfield, that "insurgency" is without form and void, that it is a wind that bloweth where it listeth, but that it comes from nowhere and goes nowhere in particular, and is nothing more than a symptom of internal discomfort. He wants "insurgency" reduced to orderly statement, to a political creed and catechism. Until this is done he prefers to play with the "regulars" who know what they are doing and why they are doing it.

The Honorable Sylvester C. Smith is mistaken. The insurgents are Republicans. The Republican national platform is their platform. When the "regulars," in control of the machinery of the party, undertook to legislate in contravention of that platform Republicans who were loyal to their party pledges, and had the courage of their convictions, first protested and then "insurged." They forced the fight and won a substantial victory. It is regrettable that Smith did not help.

In this state the same spirit has manifested itself in statement as specific and positive as language can make it. It has resolved that, By the Eternal, the Men of this state shall rule the state and the railroads shall not. Does Mr. Smith want anything more specific than that? This victory won, other victories for just government will follow. Until this is won no other can follow. One fight at a time, Mr. Smith.

If there be an inchoate purpose underneath this spirit of insurgency, not yet reduced to orderly statement, it is this: That no longer shall the wealth of all of us be given in fee simple to a part of us to be used by the privileged few for the mulcting of the millions forever.

In the mind of every American, not under domination of some privileged autocrat or corporation, that determination has taken definite form. The details of carrying it into effect have not been worked out. They will be. The remedy will begin with governmental supervision and control and may end with the democratization of industry. It does not yet appear what the end shall be, and it is unreasonable in Mr. Smith to demand that the progressive element in our civic life shall, at the close of the first decade of the new century, foreknow and foretell what the close of the last decade of the century shall witness. It is sufficient to know that we are marching toward a more equitable division of the products of industry and that our backs have been turned upon the spoils system as applied to industry as certainly as upon the spoils system as applied to government.

The place for Sylvester C. Smith is in the ranks at the head of some column rather than standing upon the curbstone watching the marching hosts go by.

The Bluffers

The last Republican national platform asserted that the measure of protection to home industries should be the difference between labor cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American producers. For sticking their tariff peg right there, and insisting that tariff schedules should be revised according to that rule for revision, the "regulars" have sought to read the insurgents out of the Republican party as not good protectionists. And they are so solemnly, unctuously patriotic about it, too. It makes one laugh. A precious lot of bluffers! But their bluff will not work in this year of Our Lord.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The story written by an amateur must have an agreeable ending or it will never have vogue, but a Balzac or a Hugo can go through the characters he has created with fire and sword and yet be read by generations succeeding generations. A play, to draw crowded houses, must bring everything out pleasantly in the last act, but Shakespeare may make a shambles of the stage and yet hold his primacy as the greatest dramatist of the centuries. Ibsen is unintelligible to most persons, and yet his plays are growing upon the favor of the civilized world as those of no other playwright of modern times.

And why? Because the master mind sees the truth through and through and has the courage to make others see it, while the weak fear to go forward when they find the truth leading toward dark shadows and unknown depths. They turn aside to pleasanter paths without caring how falsely those paths may lead or how falsely the leader leads those who follow him.

The strong are few, the many weak. The crowd turns aside from the truth when it plunges into unknown regions. Is there a voice thundering from Sinai, "Thou shalt not steal?" The strong accept it in its fullness. The weak modify it to mean that one is not to pick another's pockets directly through slipping the hand in and taking one's purse out, but that it isn't so very bad to sell short weight, or short measure, or an adulterated article and so reach the pocket, incidentally extracting from the purse little by little instead of the whole at a single swoop.

Does the voice come from the mountain, so that the mountain trembles and those within hearing fall upon their faces, "Thou shalt not commit adultery?" The strong accept it as given, bluntly, unequivocally, without palliation or extenuation. The weak read it to mean not offensively, in so public a way as to occasion scandal, only in youth or when away from one's home, or with the poor or the friendless, or in the event that one is expecting an addition to one's family, or that it was intended for women only and not for men, or unless someone else has been accommodated before and is likely to be afterward. In the minds of many the unequivocal command has become so modified, and has so many exceptions to the rule, as to be applicable only to femininity and senility.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness!" No, assuredly not, that is unless you are very angry at your neighbor or think that he has injured you, or unless he is unpopular in the community, or your bread and butter is on the other side, or partisan feeling is tense, or your neighbor is your friend or relative and is in danger of going to prison for crimes committed, then you may bear false witness for him if not against.

What difference should it make with us whether or not we accept the language of the Decalogue as having been thundered from Sinai, or as coming adown the ages as the epitome of wisdom and experience of countless millions who have seen the issue tried countless times? What care we whether the language was graven on pillars of stone or in the hearts of generations succeeding generations through the centuries? What we are concerned for is to know whether or not these truths are true as they are stated or as they are modified to suit our predilections, our weaknesses, our convenience.

Only cowardice doubts. The master minds of the world have not equivocated, palliated or extenuated. They have declared the verities of life to be eternal. They have avowed that conduct is to be judged by absolute standards; that the moral laws are as inexorable as the natural laws, which never yet turned aside from the direct line to suit the whims or accommodate the necessities of anyone. To hold to anything less than absolute standards of conduct is to make confession of moral weakness and mental imbecility

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Latest in Airships of War

Germany, ever prompt to seize upon anything which promises success in the red science of war, is about to experiment with a new battleship of the air. The first test will be made by Count Frederick von Moltke, a nephew of the great field marshal, and if it is successful the government will bear the expense of preparation of a fleet. The proposed aerial warship will be a dirigible of the Zorn type, and also it will be something of a wonder, if it does what is claimed for it. Like some varieties of worms, it will be divisible (into three parts), and each part will be capable of separate existence and locomotion. It is calculated that it will operate in the following manner in time of battle: Laden with small guns and bombs, the great dirigible will arrive over the camp of the enemy, on whom there soon will be raining something different from violets. Shortly it will be desirable to send despatches, photographs, etc., back to headquarters; whereupon the front segment of the vessel will be detached (it will require but two minutes), and the detached segment will float toward the general's tent, while the rest of the vessel continues to emphasize its remarks to the enemy with bombs. If desirable, another segment can be detached, and still the remaining segment will continue to exasperate the enemy with bombs. That such an airship might be very murderous in time of war is evident, and hence, as all of our "Christian" nations admit by their deeds, it would be decidedly desirable, for how could civilization exist if men had no means of slaughtering other men?

Quietus For Legislative Orators

Yamaskama is his name, and may the name be honored wherever are found lawmakers who deal in words and words and words. Yamaskama, as his name might indicate, is a Japanese, and he also is an engineer. Possibly in the latter capacity, he has invented an Oratory-Suppressor which should prove to be a boon to all who suffer from a surfeit of legislative rhetoric. It works in this way: Attached to each statesman's desk is a metal tube which leads, by a system of other tubes, to receptacles beneath the seats of all members; also each member is given a number of leaden balls. An honorable member takes the floor to address the other honorable members concerning an appropriation for his constituency at Squeedonk, or something of that sort. The other honorable members listen until, at length, one of them has had enough of Squeedonk; then he drops a ball in the tube leading to the receptacle beneath the honorable orator's desk. Gradually other honorable members weary of Squeedonk and drop their marbles. As soon as more than half have done so the mechanism operates, a trap-door beneath the orator's desk lowers, and, still gesticulating violently, the orator is carried to the subterranean regions. Then another honorable member takes the floor and his chances at the same time. And we of the Caucasian race have suffered a "little brown man" to conceive this invention, this boon to humanity! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, but our shame should not interfere with extending to him the honor which is his due.

Birds Benefit More Than Harm

Those energetic citizens who need but observe that a bird is beautiful, or that it has a peculiarly sweet song, in order to be convinced that it should be exterminated at once—such citizens, we say, will find little to encourage them in a recent report issued by the national department of agriculture. Under the auspices of the department a systematic investigation of Californian birds has been made, with the object of definitely ascertaining whether they are injurious or beneficial to farmers and fruit-growers. Seventy varities of birds were included in the investigation, and it was ascertained that sixty-six of these varieties, including the much-threatened meadow-lark, were helpful rather than harmful, inasmuch as a majority of their food consisted of insect pests rather than of fruits and grains. The four exceptions consist of the linnet, the California jay, the stellar jay and the redbreasted sapsucker, and the utmost that the report says concerning these is that whether they are more harmful or beneficial is doubtful. So stands the authority of Uncle Sam, but it will make no difference with the bird-haters; at the very next session of the legislature their yell—particularly against the sweetest of our songsters, the meadow-lark—probably will be heard no less than it has been heard heretofore.

How Wicked Is London

Sunday at Home, a London publication, has been conducting an inquiry into the moral and spiritual condition of the great city. In so doing, it has largely given the opinions of clergymen as its main authority, and it is rather interesting to examine these opinions as an indication of the trend of the clerical mind, or, at least, of that portion of the clerical mind with which Sunday at Home has dealings. In the first place, to some it will appear somewhat noteworthy that these opinions appear to have little to say about increase or decrease of extreme poverty, vice, etc. On the contrary, they are largely devoted to horrified recognition of increased disregard of the Sunday Sabbath. There is an increasing demand for Sunday restaurants, theatres, etc., say these clerical investigators into public morals, and, in view of this shocking fact, they evidently have not felt able to spare the time to delve into the statistics of vice and penury, which some people suppose to have something to do with the moral and spiritual welfare of a people. Sunday at Home's investigation is of no particular importance, nor would it be mentioned here, save as a sort of Exhibit A of a certain type of clerical mind; a type to which, thank Heaven, there are notable exceptions.

Cost of a Royal Funeral

If we were kings we could not, out of regard for our families, afford ourselves the luxury of dying. At any rate, that is the thought that is likely to strike most of us when we read the items of expense connected with the funeral of King Edward. Of course, on so great and grave an occasion everybody wished to mourn, and mourning, in a regal way, comes high. Witness the following bills which were paid for that purpose: The royal guests desired to mourn, and so did the palace servants, and so $19,000 was allowed for the indication of their grief. While the royal guests were mourning they had to be entertained; item, $28.000. The officers and men of the navy wanted to mourn; cost of their grief. $19.000. The soldiers felt mournful: price of their sadness, $65.000. Mourning guests had to go to London to mourn: railway grieving expenses, $23.000. Placing Westminster Hall and St. George's in mourning condition, $40.-000. The total expense of all the grief, as will be seen, was $194.000, a funereal sum which would make most of us contemplate death with justifiable regret. After all, this was but the price of "the trappings and the pomp of woe," and it is entirely possible that a four-bit grief might be fully as genuine.

The Horse and the Automobile

The horse still lacks a great deal of being superceded by the automobile, and the latter will have to make vast gains before it will equal in number the vehicles drawn by horses. It is estimated that approximately 350,000 autos are in use in the United States. Considering how recent was the time when the first of these machines made its appearance, this is a large number, but compared with the number of horse-drawn vehicles, it is small. Best authorities estimate that over ,,00 these horse-drawn vehicles now are in se this country, or twenty for each auto bi So, notwithstanding the immense out t automobiles, it is evident that the day d tant, if it ever comes, when an auto ob will be seen on the highways as ofte as wagon or a carriage. And, even duri s present invasion by automobiles, it i es mated that about $40,000,000 less annu ly invested in them than in vehicles dra n horses. Yes, the automobile still lacks nu of superceding the horse and that wh n draws.

The Young Men and the Army

More and more, in recent years, your m of foreign countries are objecting to c up sory service in the army. Of course t re son is not far to seek, for why should the who neither desire war nor will do an hi to foster it, be set up as food for bl es How rapidly this disaffection grows i nc cated by statistics recently published French war office. According to these, at tics the number of young men who left an just as their term of military service ou have begun, and quite evidently to avoi mi tary service, was 4,905 in 19 t number increased to 11,782, much mor tha doubling itself. In 1909 the number th leaving the country was 17,258, or well ov quadruple that of but two years earl such straws show which way the current ow as they presumably do, some of the Eu ea countries sooner or later may experience nc difficulty in manning their armies.

Italy and Its Lottery

The Italian government makes a ver ne sum of money out of the lottery which gru to blee—that is, for the benefit of its pp After paying all prizes and all lottery ex ns during the year ending with last Jun profit on its gambling game was $18,5,00 Every average man, woman and child in ta donated 57 cents to make that pretty b nc and the share of each head of a family fa was $2.85—all donated without return. ll that sort of paternal government can be lle a return. Profits of $18,585,000—and wh should the government consider the mo s o the people?

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

A Patient Little Woman

t little woman who had done the best
ew
her loved ones on the path which
beckon to
ut beyond the shadows, and came
ie gate
ll earth's many peoples shall gather
r late;
saw the ones who entered with the
ht on each brow,
ones who stood and trembled, for
eeds accused them now;
saw beyond the gateway bright
the blessed win,
she stood and waited, nor strove to
n.

, come in," an angel urged; "for you
y is clear.
ed the path of humble love, and Love
eign here.
irk unto the anthems that the blessed
sing!
the door is open; come in where Love
"
atient little woman drew the farther
e door,
aid, "I still must tarry, though for-
s I implore.
ayed—oh, never ceasing—that my
ay Heaven win;
vait without the gateway till they all
ered in."

," the angel murmured, "possess thy
trust.
not know His purpose, but His ways
are just.
y loves need enter in the mansions
blest,
rthly ties are broken and the earthly
s rest."
atient little woman shook her patient
ad.
iled for them and loved them; I have
o'er them," she said.
Heav'n I'd hear their voices, calling
n out life's din—
ait outside the gateway till my loved
ered in."

patient little woman waiteth by the
gate,
etimes she hears a whisper, "I am
mother; wait."
whisper cheers her spirit more than
anthems grand,
eat between the portals of the happy
d Land;
day, from out the shadows—for the
ord God is good—
ie they'll stand beside her where she
them has stood,
patient little woman to her heritage

neath the pearly archway, all her
ones enter in.

* * *

ou Must Make Your Choice

make your choice. You may take
nd
ho believes in a freeman's land,
branded, untagged, unbought,
ns stand straight and are slave to

ing the baser, your vote may go
rant knaves who would lay us low,
ior honor nor duty's voice—
make your choice.

t make your choice. You may be
ds
w and cringe when a Herrin nods;
play the Judas, sell freedom's Christ
nkling coin that your honor priced;
ing the better, may take your stand
eman's place in a freeman's land,
our sons shall in you rejoice—
make your choice.

The Opinions of Rufus

I don't know es I blame the Foolkiller fer not gittin' busier. Prob'ly he's noticed that the fellers he's gunnin' fer gener'ly can be trusted to kill themselves off even if he loafs consider'ble.

The trouble with buyin' spring chickens, es fer es I've noticed, is that the dealer hardly ever gives a guarantee which spring is referred to.

Once I knew an honest politishun that—(The editor hes jest given me notice that lies ain't tolerated in this department, so I'll tell this story some other time.)

Marriage is the match that's made in heaven; divorce is the brimstone that's put on the end of it.

Marryin' a man to reform him, girls, is some like handlin' tar to purify it. It may succeed, but it's mighty sticky business.

Admittin' that men are descended frum monkeys, I've known some that didn't strike me es havin' descended very fer.

Like es not the boy stood on the burnin' deck 'cause he'd first stood on four of a kind an' got left.

My observation is that, gener'ly speakin', the men that is most sot against mothers-in-law is them that ain't tried 'em.

Josh Bings says if 'twan't fer some of the people that claim they're goin' to Heaven he'd feel more anxious 'bout which way he is driftin'.

These A. D. 1859 horsecars in San Francisco remind me of a yeller patch on the seat of black trousers—strikin', but not allurin'.

I've known plenty of self-made men that I s'pose must have been so because the Almighty refused to undertake sech a job.

Elder Perkins said he experienced a lapsus linguae, but I guess it wan't serious. They didn't call in a doctor.

When the pa worships dollars an' the ma adores fashion I should nacherally expect their child to be kind o' mixed 'bout what god to glorify.

* * *

A Political Parable

Up in the mountains, near where the counties of Mendocino and Lake snuggle down together in friendly way, a crystal-clear stream trails from valley to valley, adding beauty to a landscape already more than passing beautiful. Down to this stream, after following a winding and dissipated way through the hills, a dusty road at last comes, and crosses the stream either by a bridge which is there or by a ford below the bridge.

Sometimes drovers drive their cattle over the road, down to the stream and across the ford, and then the transparent waters become muddy and polluted, so that a cleanly person might refuse to enter them. But drive out the cattle, and soon the water is limpid and beautiful again.

The stream of Californian political life should be clear and transparent, but long years ago the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau drove its human cattle into it, and since then it has been so foul and polluted that decent men generally have avoided it, holding themselves too clean to step into such black waters. The stream should be limpid, pure and beautiful, but it never will be until the Southern Pacific's political cattle have been driven out of it.

Now certain honorable men, with Hiram Johnson at their head, have determined that the cattle shall be driven out, at whatever cost to themselves, and—

What are you going to do about it?

In which direction would love of your state lead you?

Does regard for your children's welfare dictate a vote for political cleanliness or for continuance of this long-time pollution?

These are the questions that are up to you. None other can answer them for you.

What are you going to do about it?

Thoughtful Man on the Cruel Blow

"'Twas a cruel blow," the Thoughtful Man remarked; "'twas a crushing and disastrous blow, as my friend, George A. Van Smith observed in his steenth luminous Epistle to the Gullible published in the Call."

"What was the cruel blow?" I inquired.

"The defiant and ungrateful attitude of the railway employees association toward the Grand Old Machine in indorsing nominees whom that Machine bitterly opposes. Ah, how we labored with those ingrates to prevail upon them to do our will! How we besought them! How we implored them with tears in our eyes! But 'twas all in vain; the traitors heeded us not. Ah me! 'twould not have been so before the machine was obliterated, as Mr. Van Smith feelingly remarked.

"Look at what they did. Unheeding the frenzied appeals of the Machine, they indorsed for nomination these unyielding foes of the 'organization': H. A. Melvin for associate justice of the supreme court, Frank MacGowan for attorney-general, Richard Ferris for lieutenant-governor, W. D. Wagner for secretary of state, Frank Mattison for controller and W. D. Shannon for state printer.

"Oh, 'tis a list to strike terror to the hearts of the noble cohorts of the Machine, and you bet it struck. Then, to add the final blow to our fondest hopes, disregarding our tear-wet cheeks and wringing hands, they indorsed Charles F. Curry for governor We took just one look at the list, and we knew that all was lost. Nevermore would the bright sun of hope rise on the Machine horizon. That list would put any sun out of business. The Machine was obliterated, annihilated, wiped out by the froward employees."

"Perhaps you could overcome this handicap," said I, "by employing 20 or 30 gifted prevaricators to deceive the people."

"We don't need them," the Thoughtful Man replied.

"Why not?" said I.

"We have Van Smith," said he.

* * *

As Described in the Papers

Gay joy-riders!
Whoop-la trip!
Startled public!
Let 'er zip!
Tire-explosion!
Biff! bang! boom!—
Funeral service
Marked by gloom.

* * *

Undoubtedly Good

"Is he a good man?"

"Good? Well, I should say so! Why, even his wife finds it difficult to discover anything about him that she can find fault with."

* * *

A Final Campaign Ditty

Johnson for the first place; we're sure to place him there,
For he doesn't heed the whistle, for the bell he doesn't care.
Johnson for the first place, as anyone can see,
And here's a little ditty that keeps singing unto me:

Anderson for bell-boy,
Stanton janitor,
Curry for the lamb stew,
But not for Governor.

Johnson in the first place; 'tis written in his stars,
For the people all have wearied of the choo-choo cars,
Of the scepter of a Herrin and the corporation crown—
And the ditty's singing, singing, till I have to write it down:

Anderson for bell-boy,
Stanton janitor,
Curry for the lamb stew,
But not for Governor.

EDISON AND HIS WORKSHOP

AND THE METHOD BY WHICH HE PERFECTS HIS INVENTIONS

Thomas A. Edison is the last man in his workshops that the casual visitor would take to be the Thomas A. Edison of so much fame. Of course the face is instantly recognizable, made familiar by countless reproductions of its likeness in the press of all the world. But the figure—this lazy-looking man, standing idly with his hands in his trousers pockets (old-fashioned "front-flap" pockets they are), apparently with less to do than any man in his huge laboratory, and less interested in it than any of them—this the Thomas A. Edison who invented the electric light, the phonograph, the electric storage battery, the concrete house, the hundreds of useful and marvelous things that have made him famous?

Absurd, but true. Edison is physically either inordinately lazy or, what is more probable, he finds that exercise draws blood to feed his muscles that he wants to feed his brains. At any rate, he told the writer that, in thirty years, he had taken only so much exercise as was necessary to walk from his laboratory door to his carriage and from his carriage to the front door of his home.

"But how do you get along without exercise?"

"I don't eat anything," Edison replied. "People need exercise because they load their stomachs with a lot of stuff that requires exercise to aid its digestion. That was all right in the days when our savage ancestors got a square meal only when they caught it and had to eat it all to tide them over till the next quarry was captured. And it is all right for the man who works with his muscles instead of his head. But brainworkers shouldn't eat much or take exercise."

He added that he smoked when he felt like it—a cigar—and that he took one drink a week, a glass of whisky every Saturday night.

This, then, is the regimen of health of a man who has done twenty men's work in his lifetime, and is still working; of a man who, in his prime, often worked thirty-six hours at a stretch, without sleep or rest; of a man whose brain has evolved scores of mechanical and chemical inventions that have contributed incalculably to the comfort of civilized life. It is not exactly the regimen that would be prescribed by the doctors or the physical culturists, and, truth to tell, it has not produced either a Sandow or an Apollo Belvedere, but it has been suited to sustain the mortal frame that houses one of the wonderful minds of modern times, which is perhaps sufficient justification for it. And Edison seems to be satisfied with its results. He has lived ninety to the minute, at exactly the sort of work that interests him.

Now as to his workshop. Writers have so often referred to it as a laboratory that the public probably has a wrong idea both of its size and appearance. In reality, this laboratory is a huge building, three or four hundred feet long and several stories high, and looks exactly like a large factory. Within, the suggestion of a factory is carried out in some parts of the building, of a laboratory in others, and of a studio in others. It should be understood that Edison now does very little of the actual manipulation of the experiments that produce his inventions. He supplies the ideas, and hires assistants to work on them under his personal supervision. For example, he is constantly working to improve the quality of the sound produced by the phonograph, to remove all traces of mechanical action from the tones that issue from the horn. But he himself does little or none of the actual work of making the experiments or testing their results. He hires for this purpose an expert scientist, a former pupil under Helmholz, the great German physicist. This man is a fine musician. To him is entrusted the responsibility for the oversight of the phonograph experiments. He has at call mechanics, musicians and chemists. To him Edison will give directions to produce certain results by certain means that Edison has concluded will produce those results. After he has given these directions Edison may not see this assistant for two weeks, but the experiments are being made as he intended, and when he returns their results are known and tabulated for him. And, usually, when he returns he has his head full of enough new ideas to keep that department busy for some weeks more.

This method of investigation and experiment by proxy is carried out throughout the great establishment. In the chemical laboratory, experiments with batteries may be under way; in another department, experiments with concrete; in another, experiments with phonographs. The method is perfectly justifiable, because Edison's is the inventive mind that keeps these experiments going, and the inventions that result are directly products of his genius. He has simply applied the modern method of organization and systematization to the business of creative inventing, with the result, as elsewhere, of tremendously increased capacity.

It is well to understand Edison's theory of invention. In the first place, he takes no stock in the ordinary ideas about "inspiration." He has said that "the inspiration point is the perspiration point." That phrase exactly epitomizes his theory and his method. Of course, he starts out with an idea, but even that idea is achieved by no mysterious leap of the imagination, but by a process of close study of what he should work at next. He told the writer that he had no time to fritter away on inventions merely for the sake of science; his sole idea is to supply a pressing economic need. Hence he searches for the thing that needs to be done, the thing for which there is a crying industrial demand. Then he proceeds to work out the problem of supplying the mechanical or chemical invention that will do that thing and do it on a commercially feasible scale.

This point of view of Edison's should be particularly impressed upon the would-be inventor: it is useless to invent something that nobody wants, and it is useless to invent something so expensive to manufacture that nobody can afford to have it. Of course, this latter point is relative: to suggest an exaggerated illustration, a machine that would dig the Panama Canal in a year would be dirt cheap at a million dollars.

The actual process of invention, followed by Edison, is also illuminating. The least possible amount of calculation is permitted to rest with the chance inspirations or genius, and the most possible use is demanded of the powers of patient, plodding experiment. Take Edison's new and very efficient electrical storage battery, for example. The amount of actual experimentation used in perfecting this invention is well-nigh unbelievable. Edison evolved this battery by actually making a battery of every possible combination of elements—within certain necessary limits of size—that he could conceive of. The writer saw in his laboratory row after row of these batteries, hundreds upon hundreds of them, every one different from every other in some detail of materials used or of proportions of one material to another. Boys, trained to the work, walked ceaselessly, from battery to battery, testing the strength of current generated by each and making a record of it, and, also, making record of the day and time of day of the test. It was only after years of this sort of experiment, and after Edison had exhausted practically every possible combination of materials and construction, that he chose the one combination that gave the best results and offered to the public the present perfected battery. He did not offer it with the guess of genius that it was the best: he offered it with the certainty of complete experimentation that had proved that every other conceivable combination was less efficient.

The example of the storage battery is exactly of a piece with all of Edison's method of inventing. It is the method of inv by experimentation and the elimination unfit. The labor of it is prodigious, b results have justified the method.

Edison told the writer that he once s from rheumatism. When he asked his cian what rheumatism was, the physici plied that it was the result of the for of uric acid crystals, usually in the join

"Why don't you give me something solve the crystals, then?" asked Edison.

"My dear sir," replied the physician, can tell the medical profession what w solve uric acid crystals you will perform mendous service to the profession and manity. Nobody knows."

"Well, I don't know, either," said E "but it won't be but a few days before know whether anything in existence w solve them."

He went to his laboratory and sent an to a great firm of wholesale druggists. order was for a few ounces of every d the United States Pharmacopeia, an eno list of thousands of drugs. He also g quantity of uric acid crystals, and as glass tumblers as drugs. In every tumb put some of the crystals, and on the poured the drugs, a different drug to tumbler, labelling what each was. A few later he examined the tumblers and foun crystals dissolved in five of the tumbler other words, there were five drugs that dissolve uric acid crystals. Nobody el ever found them, but Edison found the trying all the drugs there are. That, exactly illustrates his method of invent

One last example of his method: E wanted to know, partly, for once, in the ests of pure science, and partly too, fo use it might be to him some day to exactly what substances contain radium. easiest method of determining the presen radium is to place the substance to be on an ordinary photographic dry-plate leave it in a dark room for some days. invisible emanations of light from affect a dry-plate just as sunlight does, much more gradually. So Edison bough eral thousand dry-plates and placed on different substance, a sample of everythi could think of and lay his hands on stored the plates away in a light-proof for several weeks, at the end of which ti had them developed. Every plate show reaction from the radium rays, proving satisfaction that radium is present in pra all substances.

If this article has given the impressio less credit should be given to Edison's g than to his persistency, it is only becaus phasis has been laid on the side upon wh himself lays it, the side that it is extreme portant for young inventors to understan realize. But when all is said, of course E is a natural inventive genius, and it shou be forgotten that his first successful inve was perfected while he was a poor tele operator in Boston. This invention, a provement of the telegraphic ticker s used for stock quotations in Wall street bought outright by the Western Union graph Company for $40,000.

So Edison would undoubtedly have ach distinction as an inventor even if he ha had a genius for organization and for work as well. But the power of systema his work and of delegating much of the mental part of it to subordinates has en him to do what he could never have done what he has done for years, which is t out a new patent every two weeks.

Edison is now sixty-three years old. H has received patents for more than 700 i tions. He has been signally honored all the world. And he has enjoyed vastly of unremitting labor, for which the worl much richer and more convenient and fortable place in which to live and work

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Senator Charles Dick of Ohio has long gray locks that are much admired. H walked into a barber shop recently, re his panama and sat gently down in o the vacant chairs. "Well, sir," said the b "what show is playing tonight?" The Sen tor laughed. "I'm playing the Ohio c just now," he said.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

:ant As :ential Next Tuesday's primary election will be as important to California as any presidential n that was ever held, and the registra- ver the state indicates that nearly as ı vote may be cast as any presidential ı has brought out. This looks good. :ldom that the forces of civic righteous- e beaten when a full vote is gotten out, t we have to know that the slum wards :s are more fully registered than the element" districts, that every vote in vards will be cast at least once and that ıay be counted more than once. The of the direct primary depends upon nest citizen getting to the polls. The :st will be there every time and, if the are not, it will be easier to control a hrough the direct primary than under vention system. The mobilized tender- d saloon vote of the cities and towns state can be made to hold the balance er. What shall be done about getting ıest vote out, not this once alone but

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:ievous Borne If such herculean efforts as have been made during this campaign have got to be made y campaign or have the election go to through default the direct primary will tself with its own weight. The direc- least resistance is the direction toward nent by special interests and for spe- erests. Whoever would change that n, and set the currents flowing toward nent by all the people for all the peo- s got to do it by lifting dead weight ɔuntains. No other man in the history ornia has carried a message to so many as has Hiram W. Johnson, but it has im half a year to do it. It was worth ıut the cost in physical effort was such could put forth and survive. Because in the field carrying his message, the ɔf civic evil were forced to be active, th the result that California has done r six months besides talk, think, write, d "do" politics. It takes time and ef- educate public sentiment. It takes no d little effort to "pass the word down e" of political hangers-on and so a victory over patriotism caught nap- \gain, what can be done to force each to discharge his duties as a citizen or be a citizen? Inducing, educating and are too laborious and too costly to be by the relatively few, and relatively pon whose shoulders the burden gen- ests.

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edly Hard lerstand The Watchman has endeavored to keep his readers informed as to what ually doing in California politics. So the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican is concerned that has been easy inasmuch as The Watchman has en- he confidence of the chief movers in ague, and inasmuch as whatever was ıs done openly. Two hundred Repub- ɔf known progressive tendencies were to a conference, and about one hun- them came, an organization was ef- ı committee chosen to make up a ticket ıtative of sentiments expressed in a ı of principles and the ticket was made :red the public. The other candidacies closed corporations. The few got to- as they had a right to do, and put can- into the running. What those candi- and for must be inferred from the expressions of most of them and from racters of their backers. Excluding ery, who is the joke of the season, all ɔernatorial candidates, save Mr. John- tarred with the Southern Pacific stick, one, except Mr. Herrin and Satan him- w knows to whom the controllable, deliverable, tenderloin and barkeepers' vote will be delivered. That may amount to 10,000 votes in the state. Normally it is a Curry vote. It will go to Anderson, Curry or Stanton, whichever, not later than Saturday of this week, stands the best chance of beating Johnson. Which? Frankly, The Watchman does not know, but is inclined to think that it will go to Curry. Unless bought and paid for in some other's interest he will surely get it. It is made up of the kind of people that like Curry best.

Where This Vote Is To Be Found Whatever there was of the controllable, "push" vote in San Francisco a year ago was cast for P. H. McCarthy for mayor. He received 29,437 votes. Of this there was a normal Union Labor party vote of about 21,500, so that the controllable vote in San Francisco must be within the 8,000 difference between the average vote of other Union Labor candidates and the vote for McCarthy, but this 8,000 votes also included the "higher-ups" who voted for McCarthy because they wanted to and not because they were controlled. Therefore, it is unreasonable to suppose that San Francisco has more than 5,000 voters whom the macquereau and the barkeeper can deliver to the highest bidder. It is improbable that all the rest of the state has more than as many more, although wherever there is a saloon or a house of ill fame a center of such infection will be found. Let alone, this vote will practically all go to Curry. If desired for Anderson or Stanton it will have to be swung at considerable cost. The Watchman doubts any attempt to swing it, for the reason that it will not hold the balance of power even if cast all for one man, and the Political Bureau is not going to throw money away just to make business lively "down the line." Unless something happens to take Curry, Anderson or Stanton out of the running (and it is getting too late for any such event to happen) Hiram W. Johnson will get more votes than any two of the other candidates. The back country is two to one for Johnson and a divided urban vote cannot overcome it. It need surprise no one if Johnson comes in with a clear majority over all. Curry will get the slum vote. The Big Boss might like to swing it to Anderson, but it will cost a lot of money and the game won't be worth the candle.

If Anderson Is Nominated It is probable that the minds of voters are made up and that nothing that may be said at this late date will make many changes, and yet it may be well to forecast very briefly the effects likely to flow from the results of next Tuesday's expression of party opinion. If Alden Anderson is nominated there is a fighting chance for him to be elected. If elected he will give the state about the same sort of government that it has been having under Gillett. The great corporations will get about what they want and they will be made to put up with as little as possible that they do not want, but, where their interests are not involved, the government of the state will be decent, more economical than with Gillett and somewhat more cautious. Mr. Anderson is not as spectacular as Gillett, is more level headed and has a finer sense of the proprieties. Parker, Hatton, Burke, and the rest of the Southern Pacific hired men, will be consulted, but they will not be so brazenly in evidence. Mr. Anderson is not a man to go back on the men who made him governor, nor is he a man who will relish the fact that every time he reaches for his pocket handkerchief his parting coat-tails will disclose the S. P. brand upon the seat of his trousers. Therefore he will sit tight and say little. After such men as Budd, Gage and Gillett, California can stand Anderson if it has to, but it ought not to have to. It ought to be free and probably will be, but not with Anderson in the gubernatorial chair.

If Charley Curry Shall Be Nominated If Charles F. Curry should be nominated party lines will be obliterated in November. It would not be possible to find one with a microscope. All the better element of the Republican party will vote for Bell and all the worse element in the Democratic party will be for Curry. If elected, and he may be, Mr. Curry will be able to do business with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company on terms satisfactory to himself. One of the conditions will be that every office to be filled by appointment shall be filled by a man who is, first of all, a Curry man and afterward a dutiful servant of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. He will build up the most perfect executive political machine California has ever seen. The imbecility of allowing the "organization" vote to be divided between three candidates for nomination will not be repeated. But the taxes! Wherever a place can be made for a Curry pensioner on the bounty of the state it will be. Spoils of office is Mr. Curry's stock in trade. He is no boodler. He is too smart for that. He is no fool. No man in the state understands the state's business better than he. If he stays on the "water wagon" he will have few advisers and will need none. He will remember John D. Spreckels in the days of his prosperity, but not to do anything that will hurt Curry's political future. He will be the master of his own destiny, but there would be more politics to the square inch of his administration, ten to one, than to any other in the history of the state. That he should be nominated and elected is unthinkable and yet, without a doubt, he will be second in the race for nomination.

If Stanton Is Nominated Philip A. Stanton is a big, undeveloped, harum-scarum boy. Nobody, not even Stanton himself, can foretell what he will do if he should be nominated and elected governor of California. He is more eccentric than independent, has obliged the Southern Pacific's political bureau on occasion and worked with it, but his principles, so far as they control his actions, are disinclined toward corporation domination. A contest between Stanton and Bell would be full of interest, but as Stanton is sure to be the third or the fourth man in the running for nomination we need concern ourselves little about what he might or might not do if nominated and elected.

Vote Down To The Botton It was ordained in the Book of Fate that the surnames of the reform candidates for nomination on the Republican ticket should begin farther down in the alphabet than the names on the "organization" list. Voters need, therefore, to scan their tickets well before doing any stamping. The best way is to take a Lincoln-Roosevelt ticket into the booth and vote carefully therefrom. All the names of the League candidates will be on the ticket, but, in most cases, nearer the bottom than the top. A close contest might easily be determined one way or other by a little carelessness on the part of the voter in quitting voting before reaching the bottom of his ticket.

A Last Word For Johnson The Watchman is of opinion that Hiram W. Johnson will be both nominated and elected and that with that consummation California will enter upon a new era in its political history. Having a taste of liberty the state will ever after wish to preserve it. That experience will show not only that the people of California can govern themselves, but that they will do it with justice to all interests. Not all the reforms that ever will be wanted will be inaugurated at the first session of the legislature, but only some of them. It will take two years of executive experience, and of reform legislative purpose, to work out solutions of vexatious problems, but from the second legis-

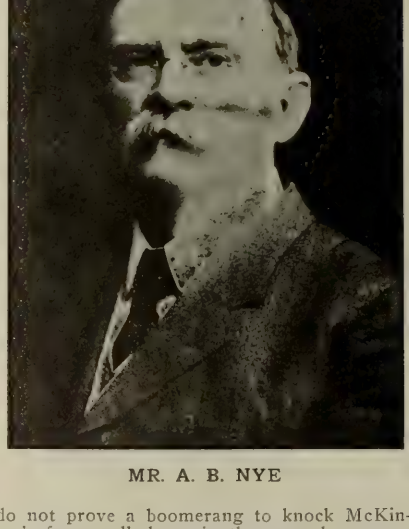
POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

lative session very much remedial legislation may be hoped for. Two years will also be needed for informing and ascertaining the public mind in relation to state policies. Of one thing we may be certain: No cinch measures will get by Governor Johnson if he can stop them. He will give every interest a square deal. He has a keen mind, a sound judgment and a clear conscience and these will not fail him as governor. As sure as they do not he will not fail the people who shall have nominated and elected him. He went into this contest reluctantly and for a cause, not an office. He will use that office for his cause —the making of California into a free state— and not for personal or political advantage. The splendid campaign he has made is a forerunner of an administration equally splendid.

Just a Word For Alfred Bourne Nye Here is a man with whom conscientiousness is a ruling passion. He cannot take the wrong side of any issue even for the sake of argument. He is sincerity itself. With him public service is more than a public trust. It is a consecration. It absorbs the whole man. He is the honestest man The Watchman ever knew. He never devoted to private use so much as a postage stamp that the state paid for, and he is as firm, as courageous, as resolute, as he is square. His intellect is clear and strong and his judgment as nearly unerring as it is given to the mind of man to be. By what fortuitous train of circumstances he failed of entering upon a career that led to the supreme bench The Watchman does not know, but the hand of destiny worked ill for justice when it switched him to another track. No man in the state would make a better chief justice or a better governor than Nye, but it has been ordained that he should be the Watchdog of the Treasury of his native state, California. The Democrats think so highly of him that they propose putting up no candidate against him and will also make him their nominee, but he is a Republican. All his life he has been a Republican. Unless the Republicans of California nominate him he will not run for election. Failure on the part of the Republicans to nominate him will be accepted by the public as conclusive that the majority of Republicans in this state have no use for a man whom the allied villainies cannot use. That is the issue as to State Controller. Take especial pains to vote for A. B. Nye.

What About C. C. Young? Just this: During the last session of the legislature C. C. Young made an absolutely perfect record, whether judged by moral, intellectual or political values. Such a record is to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau what a red flag is when waved in the eyes of a raging bull. It makes that Bureau wild. That Bureau wants any sort of man except that. Though heaven and earth be moved to accomplish it, such a man must be beaten for re-election or all is lost. It is not, therefore, that the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau has any hold upon Redmond C. Staats. It is probable that it does not care about Staats one way or another. The purpose is to beat Young, and that Staats has lent himself to such a purpose makes it evident that he is not as discerning as he should be or else he is not as high type of man as his friends have confidently supposed. He has no business in that race and voters in the fifty-second assembly district should make it their business to make this truth so plain to him that he will not forget it to his latest day.

Kent's Fences Are All Right A careful investigation has been made into the charge of the McKinlay partisans that William Kent was responsible for illegally fencing government lands in Nevada, that he is a law-breaker and liable to criminal prosecution therefor. The facts are these: In the 80's, before William Kent became president of the Golconda Cattle Company, and before the government had surveyed its lands, a "drift" fence was built for about three miles, partly on company and partly on government land, to prevent cattle straying beyond the range; it encloses nothing and is of use to more than ten other cattle raisers besides the Golconda company; has never been objected to by the government's agents and is understood to be permissible. Besides this, there is a fence surrounding 800 acres of dry, nongrazing waste land, one-third belonging to the Golconda company and two-thirds to the government, used for rodeoing three times a year and by all the stockmen on that range for three to ten days in all, then thrown entirely open. It has never been understood to be objectionable to the government, but as being a legitimate privilege going with the pasturage of government lands under governmental control. If it had been objected to it would long since have been removed. It was built more than twenty years ago and before Mr. Kent became the head of the Golconda company. Since becoming its head, Mr. Kent has repeatedly charged the local management to be careful not to transgress the law in any respect, but, in case of doubt, to give the government the benefit of the doubt. These facts are certified to by the Sheriff of Humboldt county and by other stockmen for many years conversant with the facts. If "Kent's Fences"



MR. A. B. NYE

do not prove a boomerang to knock McKinlay's fences all down in the second congressional district of California it will be because a pack of lies well stuck to will do their work, or because the love for American fair play has gone out of the hearts of the men of that district and, had not Mr. Kent been an insurgent Republican, the Ballingerites would never have given those fences a second thought.

Why Allison Ware Should Get There It has been the misfortune rather than the fault of Mr. Allison Ware that he has made some of the pedagogical dry bones of this state to rattle. They are afraid of him as of a man who might undertake to do things if he had a chance. Probably he will. He is young, he is full of enthusiasm, he is virile, he has confidence in himself and he is not oppressed with the profundity of the wisdom of the conventional in education. If nominated and elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for California he will be very likely to be something of a mustard plaster on the educational body politic. It needs it. A good sized blister won't hurt. The Republican voters should give him a boost. Allison Ware ought to get there.

Anything To Beat Leavitt One of the most forceful and capable legislators California has produced and, if he were only right minded, as capable material for governor as may easily be found, nevertheless Frank W. Leavitt, Republican candidate for the state senate in the sixteenth district, should not only not be nominated but should be beaten if nominated, and for the reason that he is not the right kind of man. He stands for Wrong Things instead of for Right Things. His record proves this. Beat Frank Leavitt.

Macarthur the Man, Troy the Democrat Ten excellent gentlemen have permitted their names to be appended to a letter for circulation in the Fourth congressional district favoring the nomination of Robert P. Troy in the place of that of Walter Macarthur and chiefly on the ground that Troy, being once a Democrat, will be always a Democrat and never anything but a Democrat. To use Mr. Troy's own language, "If elected to congress I shall stand squarely upon the Democratic platform, shall support Democratic principles, Democratic measures in congress and will act with the Democratic party and no other." Alas for Troy! Born untimely into this world! Had he been born early enough to vote for Jackson at all he would still be voting for him. "Never scratched no ticket!" Never was man more out of kilter with his time. Troy needs condition powders for hidebind. Walter Macarthur, too, is a Democrat, as good, as clean, as sincere a Democrat as Troy, but, confronted with the alternative of going wrong with his party or right with some other, **Walter Macarthur will go right.** That is the twentieth century spirit. The Troy spirit is nearly as ancient as ancient Troy and unless the Democrats of the Fourth district are groping in mediaeval darkness they will nominate Macarthur the Man in preference to Troy the Democrat.

A Legislative Ticket For Primary Voters The Watchman has sought for information from all available sources regarding the relative fitness of the various candidates for **Republican** nomination to the legislature. The following paragraphs are offered as a guide to those voters who want free men in the next legislature, men who will hold up Hiram Johnson's hands in his work of reform. The Watchman's choice is indicated by names printed in black letter. Where The Watchman could find out nothing satisfactory upon which to base an estimate the phrase "no data" is used. In districts where there is only one candidate for Republican nomination, that fact is noted, usually without comment.

Senatorial Candidates **Second: E. C. Bonner** of Alturas, a free man, much preferable to Arthur M. Dean, of Redding, who is straight out "organization." It is Modoc's turn, too.

Fourth: John H. Graves, of Willows, has no opposition.

Sixth: A. E. Boynton, of Oroville, has no opposition, either Republican or Democrat, as he should not; one of the best men at the last session.

Eighth: W. B. Whitney of Sonoma is preferred to Walter F. Price, machine man.

Tenth: Clarke Howard, of Placerville, has no opposition.

Twelfth: L. L. Dennett has no opposition and should be actively supported in November against J. B. Curtin, incumbent and Democrat.

Fourteenth: John R. Wilson, of Alameda, a clean and able young man, should be nominated as against Frank W. Otis, incumbent and political jellyfish, and as against George J. Hans, of Alameda, who has the machine support.

Sixteenth: Edward J. Tyrrell, of Oakland, is highly recommended and should certainly

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

JSTICE H. A. MELVIN

Of the seven supreme court justices six come from north of Mount Hamilton in Santa Clara county. Alameda county has two. All Southern and South Central California together have but one.

THE SQUARE DEAL

Requires that one of these places go to Southern California. It is unthinkable that Republicans will, in voting, fail of recognizing the justice of this claim.

CURTIS D. WILBUR is the only Republican candidate from Southern California. He is able. He is honest. He is FREE.

ALL LOVERS OF FAIR PLAY

Will vote for Wilbur to fill one of these places. That should include EVERYBODY. This narrows the choice to Sloss or Melvin. Which?

Justice M. C. Sloss is a jurist of recognized standing. He came to his place on the bench without taint of political manipulation. He should be nominated and elected.

Justice Harry A. Melvin was appointed to his place by an "organization" governor, was nominated by an "organization" convention and ran 50,000 behind his ticket because the people believed him to be a political judge. He is being supported by the one litigant that has cases in all courts.

LEAVE MELVIN AT HOME

JUSTICE M. C. SLOSS

ominated as against Frank W. Leavitt, nbent, of Oakland, one of the cleverest most offensively machine senators.

ghteenth: Daniel P. Regan should be nated over Tom Finn's choice, D. J. ney.

ventieth: John W. Sweeney should beat ard F. Bryant, James B. Newsom and am H. Schooler, all undesirable.

venty-second: E. J. Callan, whose recn the assembly last session was perfect, d be nominated over Edwin T. McMurray John J. Cassidy.

enty-fourth: Marc Anthony, incumbent, a fair record, is a better choice than D. ban, George H. Perine, James W. Boyce us Hartman, all highly objectionable.

enty-sixth: A. M. Drew has no opposi-

enty-eighth: Marshall Black, incumbent, lo Alto, made an excellent record and d defeat James W. Rea, of Santa Clara, r machine boss and present recipient of ine support.

rtieth: J. L. Avey, of Redlands, should A. C. Denman, Jr., of Redlands, the macandidate.

rty-second: E. O. Larkins, of Visalia, ceptionally capable man, should receive omination against Jesse R. Dorsey, of sfield, who is weak and supported by the ne.

rty-fourth: Lee C. Gates, of Los Ana reformer with a fine record, should W. A. Savage, incumbent, of Los An- "machine" and of indefensible public l.

rty-sixth: Charles W. Bell, of Pasadena, pposed, very properly.

rty-eighth: Leslie R. Hewitt, one of the men of Los Angeles, should be nomover H. S. G. McCartney, incumbent, ine" and not dependable, and George L. rs, both of Los Angeles.

tieth: William A. Sloane, of San Diego, beat Leroy A. Wright, incumbent, of iego, both because of Sloane's high char- and Wright's very questionable actions last legislature relative to the direct pri- law and railroad regulation.

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bly Districts, 'o Twenty-Seven

First: no data. **Second: William Kehoe,** incumbent, of Eu- has earned his unopposed nomination.

d: No data.

th: No data.

1: George S. Redstreake, of Johnsville, osed and deserves it.

1. W. D. L. Held, of Ukiah, is unop-

nth: No data.

th: A. H. Hewitt, incumbent, of Yuba ne of the best and ablest men in the ssion, is unopposed.

h: Frank M. Rutherford, of Truckee, osed.

Tenth: No data.

Eleventh: No data.

Twelfth: No Republican candidate, but **J. L. Mendenhall,** incumbent and Democrat, of Williams, made a fine record.

Thirteenth: James W. Hamilton, of Petaluma, is preferred to Dr. Frank H. Phillips, of Petaluma.

Fourteenth: Charles F. Wingate, of Sonoma, is preferred to W. A. Weske, of Sonoma.

Fifteenth: W. B. Griffiths, of Monticello, is unopposed.

Sixteenth: Geo. W. Pierce, of Winton, is unopposed.

Seventeenth: Charles W. Bliss seems a better man to beat Grove L. Johnson than either James Duffee or Martin L. Welsh, all four being of Sacramento.

Eighteenth: S. Luke Howe, of Sacramento, is preferred to John C. March, of Sacramento.

Nineteenth: No data.

Twentieth: John R. Cronin, incumbent, is unopposed.

Twenty-first: George H. Harlan, of Sausalito, is preferred to William Marshall of San Rafael, and to Frank M. Ambrose.

Twenty-second: M. R. Jones, of Martinez, is unopposed.

Twenty-third: E. H. McGowen is unopposed.

Twenty-fourth: G. M. Steele, of Lodi, is unopposed.

Twenty-fifth: D. B. Thompson is unopposed.

Twenty-sixth: Dan E. Williams, of Chinese Camp, is unopposed.

Twenty-seventh: G. W. Wyllie, incumbent, of Dinuba, has earned his unopposed nomination.

San Francisco Assemblymen

Twenty-eighth: John P. Durken should defeat Finn's choice, Andrew Cunningham.

Twenty-ninth: C. J. Walsh is better than J. P. Tighe, who has no chance, or Daniel Rimlinger, saloonkeeper and Finn's choice.

Thirtieth: Archie McAllister is the man who should defeat Lon Schaefer and T. H. Horn, who have no chance, and J. E. Mullally, Finn man, and Theo. Beckmann, saloonkeeper and choice of Billy Bell.

Thirty-first: Possibly W. A. McDonald as against George R. Burke and Joseph Sweetman, the latter a Finn man and ex-pugilist.

Thirty-second: Possibly William T. Kennedy as against Joseph A. Kendrick, a Dick Welch man, and William M. Gibbin, a Finn man.

Thirty-third: Possibly M. J. Welch as against James J. Ryan, deputy sheriff under Finn.

Thirty-fourth: Philip Heim, a good man, should defeat Thomas J. Feeley, deputy sheriff under Finn.

Thirty-fifth: Fred C. Gerdes, incumbent, a good man, should be nominated over Morris J. Winter, a Lynch and Finn man, and over Frederick C. Pattison, who has no chance.

Thirty-sixth: Henry N. Beatty, incumbent, better than James W. Bonney, Finn and McCarthy man and than George A. Wentworth, former assemblyman with a bad record.

Thirty-seventh: E. J. Baumberger, better than John J. McManus, follower of McCarthy and Finn.

Thirty-eighth: Possibly M. C. Randolph as against a collection of undesirables named Gus G. Brown, Edward Barron, Mark Sena, Isaac Leipsic, E. D. J. Nolan, John Halpin and H. J. Dunn.

Thirty-ninth: J. E. White, fine, able man, should defeat Julius Frankel, supported by McCarthy in return for political debts.

Fortieth: Possibly Henry Thompson, whose opponent, Milton L. Schmitt, is backed by Fleishacker, Lynch and Finn.

Forty-first: Abraham Perry Harris should beat Nat. C. Coghlan, offensive machine incumbent.

Forty-second: Arthur Joell should defeat F. V. Kingston, former protege of George D. Collins.

Forty-third: M. L. Stern should beat Frank N. Rodgers, Finn man, and Howard Sharron, lightweight.

Forty-fourth: Henry Stern is preferable to an undesirable assortment named Melville Hermann, Victor A. Sbragia, S. P. Blumenberg, Daniel Giovannini, Walter J. Bryant (another Finn deputy) and William E. Poole.

Forty-fifth: L. G. Brizzolara is a better choice than D. M. Denegri or I. W. Parsons.

Forty-Sixth to Sixty-Sixth

Forty-Sixth to Forty-sixth: A. A. Rogers, of San Leandro, has no opposition.

Forty-seventh: Alfred L. Morgenstern, of Alameda, a case of the office seeking the man, should defeat Sumner Crosby.

Forty-eighth: No data.

Forty-ninth: No data.

Fiftieth: William C. Clark, of Oakland, a sterling man, should defeat Harry W. Pulcifer, incumbent, of Oakland, a man elected on a Lincoln-Roosevelt platform who voted at all critical times with the machine.

Fifty-first: James H. Pond is preferred to James M. Smith.

Fifty-second: C. C. Young, incumbent, of Berkeley, made a brilliantly good record and should be nominated over Redmond C. Staats, of Berkeley, whose professions of reform affiliations should have persuaded him to leave the field open to Young.

Fifty-third: No data.

Fifty-fourth: No Republican candidate, but Maher, unopposed incumbent Democrat, made a good record.

Fifty-fifth: Robert L. Telfer, incumbent, of San Jose, made a perfect record and should beat Louis Montgomery, of San Jose.

Fifty-sixth: L. D. Bohnett, incumbent, of San Jose, made a perfect record. His loss to

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

the legislature would be a wrong to the state. He should defeat Ward M. Jarvis, of Santa Clara, a machine understudy of Mayor Druffel.

Fifty-seventh: Charles R. Detrick, of Mayfield, an able and clean man, should receive the nomination over Daniel R. Hayes, incumbent, whose record was bad at the last session.

Fifty-eighth: William R. Flint is unopposed.

Fifty-ninth: No data.

Sixtieth: W. F. Chandler, of Fresno, formerly an assemblyman with a fine record, has no opposition, either Republican or Democratic.

Sixty-first: W. A. Sutherland, of Fresno, is preferred to John Fairweather and E. A. Williams, also of Fresno.

Sixty-second: Frank J. Walker is unopposed.

Sixty-third: John F. Beckett is unopposed.

Sixty-fourth: C. L. Preisker is preferred to J. Will Smith.

Sixty-fifth: D. W. Mott is unopposed.

Sixty-sixth: No data.

Southern California Assembly Districts

Sixty-seventh: H. G. Cattell, of Pasadena, is preferred to R. W. Ready, of La Canada and Gideon S. Case, of Pasadena.

Sixty-eighth: Prescott F. Cogswell, of El Monte, has no opposition and should have none.

Sixty-ninth: William E. Hinshaw, of Long Beach, should defeat Harry Barndollar, incumbent, with railroad record.

Seventieth: Dr. Edwin M. Butler, of Los Angeles, should defeat Walter R. Leeds, who has a bad "railroad" record.

Seventy-first: Lyman Farwell, of Los Angeles, should defeat Frank R. Pitney and Luther L. Brooden, of Los Angeles.

Seventy-second: Henry S. Benedict, of Los Angeles, should defeat J. N. O. Rech, of Los Angeles.

Seventy-third: Richard S. Saunders, of Los Angeles, should defeat J. P. Transue, incumbent with a bad record, and Henry H. Lyon, both of Los Angeles.

Seventy-fourth: Charles H. Randall, of Los Angeles, should be nominated over William J. Hanlon, of Los Angeles.

Seventy-fifth: Dr. William A. Lamb, of Los Angeles, should defeat Walter C. Fisher, of Los Angeles.

Seventy-sixth: No data.

Seventy-seventh: O. H. Coulter, of Santa Ana, is preferred to Clyde Bishop, of Santa Ana.

Seventy-eighth: George Robert Freeman has no opposition.

Seventy-ninth: E. C. Hinkle, of San Diego, a first class man, has no opposition.

Eightieth: No data.

CANDIDATES FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

The candidates named below are endorsed by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. The primary ballot is very long, and the voter who wishes to select reform candidates should cut out this list and carry it into the booth.

Governor:
HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

Lieutenant-Governor:
ALBERT J. WALLACE.

Associate Justices of the Supreme Court:
(Vote for two):
M. C. SLOSS.
CURTIS D. WILBUR.

Secretary of State:
FLORENCE J. O'BRIEN.

Controller:
A. B. NYE.

Treasurer:
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Attorney-General:
U. S. WEBB.

Surveyor-General:
WILLIAM STEPHEN KINGSBURY.

Clerk of the Supreme Court:
B. GRANT TAYLOR.

Superintendent of Public Instruction:
ALLISON WARE.

Superintendent of State Printing:
FRIEND WM. RICHARDSON.

Presiding Justice of the District Court of A peal, 1st District:
THOMAS J. LENNON.

Member State Board of Equalization, 1st Di trict:
EDWARD ROLKIN.

Member State Board of Equalization, 2nd Di trict:
JOHN MITCHELL.

Member State Board of Equalization, 4th Di trict:
JEFF McELVAINE.

Railroad Commissioner, 1st District:
ALEX GORDON.

Railroad Commissioner, 3rd District:
JOHN M. ESHLEMAN.

United States Senator:
JOHN D. WORKS.

Representative in Congress, 2nd District:
WILLIAM KENT.

Representative in Congress, 5th District:
E. A. HAYES.

Representative in Congress, 7th District:
W. D. STEPHENS.

G. W. Bacon To Beat Johnny Mott

A good word should b said for G. W. Bacon, car didate for the Republica nomination for recorder of Alameda count He made a good record as county audito 1903-06, and stands well in the communit He is the only Republican against John W Mott, who is one of the courthouse ring i Alameda county and a "machine" politician a very undesirable type. The importance defeating men of the Johnny Mott stripe great, and G. W. Bacon should be strongl supported and elected.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC
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Residence, 1297 McAllister S Phone Park 4890
SAN FRANCISCO

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of th Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, a assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was levie upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable in mediately to the Secretary, at the office of the com pany, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californi Any stock upon which this assessment shall remai unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will b delinquent and advertised for sale at public auctio and, unless payment is made before, will be sold o the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinquen assessment, together with costs of advertising and ex penses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary.
Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californi

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REA ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, i and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, d ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of An Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the rea estate and personal property of said deceased, havin been this day presented to the Court, and it appearin to the Court from such petition that it is necessary an that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best in terests of the said estate and of those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate and personal prop erty in order to pay the debts outstanding against sa decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of ad ministration, and for the purposes and reasons men tioned in said petition, and the said petition havin been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that a persons interested in the said estate be and appea before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in th Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market an Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Fran cisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day o August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there t show cause why an order should not be granted t said executor for the sale of all of the real estate an personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this orde be published for four successive weeks next precedin said day in "The California Weekly," a newspape printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 170 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23-4

A REPUBLIC THAT WAS

A THOUSAND-YEAR EXPERIMENT IN POPULAR GOVERNMENT

By ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY

With the decadence of the Roman empire ıe barbarians of the north began to press ›on the Valley of the Po and, in A. D. 452, ttila, the Hun, overran the region drained to the Adriatic, butchered the men, violated e women and sacked the cities. Those who ›ught safety in flight had nowhere to go ve out into the marshes of the upper driatic where certain mudflats had scantily ted their heads above the ebb and flow of e tides. There were perhaps 200 in all of ese mudflats, only twelve being of any conderable size. When the tide was out the terval between them and the shore was an ›zy marsh impossible for an army to march er. When the tide was in the water was ll too shallow to be navigated by anything cept vessels of the lightest draft, in the ndling of which the barbarians had no skill. ; for the open ways out to sea they were ɔ labyrinthine to be navigated by deep-sea ıft without the services of pilots to the ınner born, and none was so craven as to ot a hostile fleet through the channel to ; home city.

The Founding of Venice

On these lowly and lone mudflats there thered some thousands of refugees from the jacent littoral to begin life anew, all poor, equal, all free. At first there was such an ganization of social order on each of the ınds as necessity compelled, but, friction veloping among the several communities, a ›ader form of government became needful d, in 466, was held the first assemblage of : people for the formation of an orderly vernment. The government then formed s much afflicted with dissensions and :reds, and yet somehow was bound together a common peril. On one thing they were resolved. They would allow no one not their own choosing to rule over them. ch was the origin of the Venetian Republic. The first concern of the Venetians was to n the mudflats into vegetable gardens, ir next to find the best fishing grounds. these elements of life-sustaining industry y added salt-making on the marshes and, ring remembered some of the handicrafts cticed on the mainland, they soon began to ıduce articles of commerce which, with the t and the cured fishes, they were able to ke the nucleus of a coasting trade prosted in ever-widening spheres of activity il, covering in a sentence what required ıerations to consummate, Venice became most important commercial city of Eue. It had as many as four thousand merntmen sailing all known seas, and became distributing point for the riches of the East. It was rich, opulent and proud.

With the growth of trade and accumulation riches aristocratic tendencies and pride of ıily crept into what had been as free and al a democracy as ever our own New gland enjoyed. "Captains of commerce," we should call them because of their great vices to the new state, began to ask for, were good humoredly given, special exɔtions and immunities in the form of lower ffs on what they wished to bring in and her bounties on what they wished to ext, all of which helped to make them still ›nger, richer, more aristocratic and increasly influential in the political affairs of the ng commonwealth.

.nother centralizing tendency was the need a strong government to carry on the many ·s waged for commercial supremacy with er maritime cities. The merchant princes nly financed these wars, and were their :f beneficiaries, while the common people ıned the fighting ships and spilt their ɔd.

.ll this time Venice continued to love liberty to cherish the ideal of a republic, but more more the liberty they loved came to be the liberty of Venice, not that of the Venetian citizens. The dukes, or "doges" they elected, came to be confined to a few families, and they usually associated their sons with them in administering public affairs, so that, in many cases, the office became hereditary by election if not by law.

Then, too, as Venice increased in wealth and power, it became possessed of a passion for pleasure and for beautifying the city. Ostentatious munificence and vulgar display were in a measure atoned for by charitableness as ostentatious and as munificent. One in every twelve citizens became a pauper, but discontent was lost in gaiety, in great pageantries and fiestas that brought the pleasure-seekers of Europe to Venetian palaces to spend their money and live the Venetian life. All this tended to a relinquishment on the part of the common citizen of some portion of his rights as a citizen and to cause him more and more to defer to the wishes of the few great ones who made Venetian pleasures possible and profitable to those who contributed to them. It turned much money loose in the channels of trade, furnished wages for the workers, easy money for adventurers and alms for beggars.

But democracy did not yield to aristocracy, or aristocracy to oligarchy, without a struggle. There were not lacking men who perceived the trend that tendencies were manifesting, men who had courage enough to sound the alarm. They were branded as demagogues and agitators and were speedily warned against fomenting discontent among the people. If they were persistent they were waited upon at night and escorted beyond the boundaries of the republic and warned not to return on pain of death. If they ventured back to renew their injurious agitation for a restoration of the rights of the people bands of bravos took them from their homes at night, chains were fastened to their ankles, they were rowed down stream and thrown overboard in deep water, there to stand bowing and nodding with the ebbing and flowing tides until, falling away piecemeal, their bones found sepulture in the abundant ooze washed in by the rivers.

Yet the government of Venice was not on the whole harsh. Those who forebore to resist it were treated with consideration. Society resolved itself into upper, middle and lower classes. The upper class tended to become more restricted and more powerful, the middle class to become less and less numerous and to fade into the lower, while the lower class became relatively as numerous as the sands on the beach. Litigation between middle class men was promptly and justly adjudicated. Between members of the lower class justice was meted out with as much promptness if with less justice. It was only when issue was joined between members of the upper class and those of the lower that justice grew tardy and its determination unsatisfactory.

Loss of Liberty Gradual

The transformation from a free government in which all participated into a free city in the government of which few participated was gradual. History was not rapidly made. There were occasional convocations of the people long after the people ceased to exert any real power in the affairs of government. These convocations were all "programmed." The people were permitted freely to elect their doge—after the doge had ceased to possess really independent power and that power had come to reside in a secret committee of ten or, as in later years, in a committee of three chosen by the plutocratic oligarchy, which oligarchy, however, knew its own members too well to trust one of its own number to succeed himself in office or to enjoy a term of more than one year.

Considered as a government, apart from its having been a travesty on the term "republic," the government of Venice was not, judged by the standards of its time, a bad government. For many hundred years it was the most efficient government in Europe. It was in the hands of the strongest men Venice produced. Venice enjoyed what we are ever striving for, and seldom obtaining, **a business man's administration of public affairs.** Nothing was left to chance. An intricate system of checks and balances, of auditing and experting, kept the government fairly honest.

If liberty and equality count for nothing, if the dream that humanity is one day to enter into possession of human rights unalienably be iridescent, then the plutocratic oligarchy that governed Venice behind the mask of a free republic may have been a model for all time, but it progressed from equality to inequality, from manhood suffrage to a patrician electorate, numbering less than two per cent of the population. Even this restricted electorate, finally numbering no more than 800 for the entire republic, had less and less of participation in government until, finally, the Great Council, the parliament of the Republic, became self-elective, self-perpetuating and limited to men of the first rank in wealth and station. All loved Venice and were loyal to it, but their concern for the common people was limited to the ability of the common people to contribute to the safety, the glory, the pleasure of the governing class.

Venice Under the Oligarchy

The effect of this regime on Venetian life is full of interest. Art flourished and literature was patronized if it was not created. Etiquette became a passion and licentiousness so nearly universal as almost to have destroyed the institution of marriage. Having been blessed with a male heir, and his legitimacy having been established so that he could inherit title and fortune, no further attention was paid to domestic proprieties and there were few families among the rich that did not notoriously contain spurious offspring.

Of all countries of Europe, Venice alone was so apart from royalty, inherited aristocracy and domination by some suzerain as to afford an opportunity for the free working out of inherent evolutionary tendencies. It began with all men free and equal; equal, not only before the law, but in that universality of poverty which forced all to live by labor or die of starvation. In the course of a few generations equality of condition had been lost never to be regained, equality before the law followed and, finally, the very spirit of equality was stamped out of the hearts and minds of the people. If it dared to show its head it was set upon by all the powers of government as government fought the plague and as Morosini fought the Turks.

The Venetian system of sanitation was the best that Europe knew, but if the Venetian oligarchy was concerned for the health of Venetian artisans it was that the product of their handiwork might furnish the foundation for Venetian trade. Nothing that could "hurt business" was permitted, nothing that could "foster infant industries" was overlooked, but the business that was not hurt yielded increase only to the opulent, and the industry that was established through governmental protection kept the artisans only a little above the poverty line, while the owners grew greater and richer year by year and generation by generation.

The manufacturing artisans formed guilds (trade unions). Instead of fighting them the government of Venice took them under its protection, taxed them lightly, gave them certain special privileges and made their product the foundation of the commerce of the city, but by their restrictions as to apprenticeship the ranks of unskilled and hand-to-mouth

labor were greatly augmented and pauperism became a more serious problem almost than the wars with Genoa or the Turks.

The importance of the history of the Venetian Republic does not consist in the bigness of the stage upon which the drama was enacted. While the commerce of Venice extended to all known ports, and its navies sailed all known seas, yet the dominion of its government never reached far. Venice founded colonies and defended them with zeal, but its territorial expansion did not extend far beyond the adjacent mainland, and Venice itself, the real heart of the republic, never had during the life of the Republic exceeded 200,000 inhabitants. Its history is important and enlightening because alone of all countries of Europe, unless Switzerland be excepted, it had its birth in freedom and was afforded an opportunity to work out its destiny little hindered by the overmastering influence of an hereditary royalty or by the domination of the church. Therefore, it gives us an opportunity to see into what human society, left to itself to develop along evolutionary tendencies, may be expected to evolve where the accumulation of wealth is the overmastering purpose and commercial prosperity the only goal.

That consummation was the poverty of the many, great riches for the few, and the differentiation of society into an upper and a lower class. The upper class were not all rich, but all those who were not rich were pensioners upon those who were, or upon the government, and upon no account could they be expected to so degrade themselves as to earn their livings in the sweat of their faces. They were idle, dissolute and unambitious. The many were below social recognition, most of them very poor and altogether hopeless. The rich few were likewise dissolute, but cultivated, merciless only when their authority was resisted. They were commercially daring, cunning and successful. Venice, having killed off the bravest and best of its middle class in futile wars with neighboring cities, resorted to hired mercenaries, but gold was powerless to take the place of manhood and, long before its downfall, Venice became politically insignificant while still commercially important.

The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, a few years before America was discovered, was a serious blow to the commercial supremacy of Venice, but supremacy was not indispensable to Venetian prosperity, and it continued to be commercially and industrially important. Had the liberties of the people been preserved, and equality of opportunity been protected, even the legions of Napoleon might have found Venice less helpless when confronted by them. But patriotism had gone out of the hearts of the people. They could not be made to believe that the conquerer had anything worse in store for them than they were suffering under the plutocratic oligarchy that had dominated their government and social order for centuries. Threatened with revolution from within and subjugation from without, the Venetian grandees, considering their own interests, opened the gates to Napoleon and he wrote the word "Finis" to the Venetian Republic.

A Republic Only in Name

A nation may do a worse thing than to die. It may live, as the Venetian Republic lived, a travesty on the name Republic, the absolute negation of liberty and equality, for more than a thousand years. If we date the birth of the Republic from the first assemblage of the people of all the islands for a union in the common defense, A. D. 466, then the years that elapsed before the word "Finis" was written, were 1331, but if we take for our starting point the date of the election of the first doge, A. D. 697, then the Republic of Venice endured for 1100 years.

At precisely what date the liberties of the people were definitely lost and a plutocratic oligarchy had made itself supreme cannot be stated with certainty. The relinquishment of the power of the many into the hands of the few was progressive and insidious. But this we do know: with the establishment of the Committee of Ten in 1310 the last vestige of a pretense of free government had gone, but that the soul of it had been snuffed out two centuries earlier is fairly probable If so, then the Republic of Venice was a republic for less than 400 years out of a duration of 1100, and for 700 years it was a mockery of a republic, a tyranny, an oppressor of mankind.

During this 700 year period the names that figure in Venetian history are few and always confined to a few first families. It was as if our government should persist to be in the hands of the Morgans and Rockefellers, Astors and Vanderbilts, Harrimans and Herrins, Carnegies and Hills, century after century, the same names continuously recurring and few new ones coming to the fore. The Venetian government was a government of houses, and these houses, being more ambitious commercially than politically, at once stood together against the commonalty and against the predominance of any one of their own number. The "system" which they evolved was so perfect that no power less great than that of Napoleon the great could or did overthrow it.

If the reader shall find in this hastily sketched, and wholly inadequate, review of the history of "A Republic That Was," some analogies to movements that are taking place in our own republic in our own time his discovery must be accounted for on the ground that truth compelled it. It has been held to hopefully, and generally believed, that a free society, unhampered by the element of royalty-in-the-blood, could never resolve itself into an aristocracy and a proletariat, but the history of the Venetian Republic belies that hope and negatives that doctrine. It makes it evident that such a society, making wealth its aim and prosperity its purpose, excluding the moralities and the aspirations for liberty and equality, will become, first, an aristocracy

(Concluded on Page 607)

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THE SANDHILL ROAD RACE

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SKID PUFFER"

Henry Holt & Co.

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SKID, you spoke of Ole Oleson as an Irishman who had eleven children and seven dogs. Isn't that a peculiar name for a Celtic gentleman?"

Not half so peculyar as Ole an' his family. Ole is a stray inhabitan' blowed in 'bout ten year ago an' lives mighty clost to himse'f. He has lots o' fren's an' pop says he guessed Ole married a norphan asylum an' changed his name for luck.

He lives back in the bresh off the San'hill road 'bout ten mile 'ards civ'lization es pop calls it. Ole s seven diff'rent kin's o' dogs, mos'ly un's an', like the children, hungry efter tin' all they can. The kids is jus' es ff'rent es the dogs. Three is plain, freckled its; two is redheaded 'ith black eyes; two is itch lookin', some o' the res' is dark comected 'ith blue eyes an' the baby is a little gger. Pop says he aint got the fax, but its ighty probable Ole eloped 'ith a norphan ylum.

The las' time I saw 'em all together was the great San'hill race 'tween Jelly Puffer ' pop. That was the mos' excitin' time we er had in this part o' the swamp. Pop deised Jelly, who was allus stuck up. He was p's secon' half cousin er soth'in, an' was us runnin' fer office but never got higher school d'rector an' delicate to the state conntion.

Jelly is about five four one way an' four five ether, an' w'en he's settin' down, w'ich is usual way, you can't tell w'ich way the gers fit. He has curly yellow hair, red eeks an' cross eyes an' is allus smilin. Wen p would be recitin' at the literary Jelly 'd in the back seats where it was darkest, 'ith ot of galoots around 'im sayin' funny things der 'is breath. He was pizon to pop.

Ev'ry fall efter seedin', people 'roun' here go down to the White County Fair. W'en min' home they'd git to racin', specially en chucked up 'ith Monticello fire water. e seen diff'rent parts o' wagons an' stray iles fer twenty miles 'long the Tippecanoe er road many a time. I have seen es high three diff'rent famblies crowded in one reinin' wagon 'ith the men ridin' double hin' on horses an' mules, mebby half of all 'em had ther heads wrapped up.

'Ever any serious accidents, Skid?"

Once 'n aw'ile. I guess "Jupy" Johnson is 'y the ninth man es was kilt in the las' ten ars. Mos' o' the racin' is on mules er horseck now. The men have got so w'en a nanil falls, a man jus' spreads 'is arms an' laigs kind o' lights sof' like a flyin' squirrel.

Bout two er three years 'fore the great race p went over to Winamac, a heathen counteast o' here, an' bought a three-quarter rgan es looked like a deer. Nen fer six nths he tore up the San'hill road atrainin'

I ast pop about 'er pedigree.

'Skid," he said to me, "her pedigree is re'n a mile long. It's jus' fearful." Nen I him 'bout her sire.

'Son," said pop swellin' up, "he has run a le in one-thirty flat 'thout pantin'. So they l me." Nex' I ast about 'er mother.

'She on'y run onct, Skid, an' she was that t she run plumb clean right out from under saddle an' left the rider 'bout forty rod in' sittin' there an' wonderin'. She was fas', Skid, nentirely too golding, dadrapfas', so they tell me."

"That's purty fas', pop," I said, solem. Pop ne up clost an' w'ispered in my ear, "Skid, n't breathe it to a livin' mortal soul, **I'm in' fer Jelly."** The way pop said them las' rds made me shiver.

The purse was nine dollars an' twenty-five its apiece. Pop borried one an' a quarter m mom's chicken money besides. Where ly got his'n is a perfec' myst'ry to this day. e jedges fixed a hay wire 'crost the San'hill id 'tween two jack oaks down by Jake adings, where he scours 'is plow an' works t 'is road tax evry year. Nen they stepped a mile to the north.

They put that $18.50 in a red tobacer poke ove the road on the wire and o' course the ler that got there first 'd reach up an' grab the money. An' the race you want to remember was 'tween pop on that deer like Morgie an' Jelly on his zebra. I have tol' you 'bout it. I have never seen so many people before er sence linin' the last end o' the mile.

'Bout three o'clock on Sunday Jelly come tippy tappin' in on his long eared, flat sided zebra, smilin' an' sloppin' roun' but settin' them stripes purty square in the middle. Pop 'ithout any hat on an' in his barefeet was settin' graceful on Morgie, w'ich was pawin' the earth an' shone like a crow. They never noticed each ether more'n ef th' ether feller wasn't on earth. An' what was curious to me, pop had a thick hick'ry in his right han'.

Somebody started 'em a mile back. I have never seen a race like that. Ef you looked at Morgie an' pop 'ith his long black hair an' w'iskers flyin' back over his shoulders, an' him leanin' low on Morgie, like a goat sucker on a rail, you'd think o' double geared lightnin'. Ef you looked at Jelly, kind o' bumpin' an' sloppin' roun' on that long, lopin' zebra you'd think of a girl ridin' on a gallop a hazel nut huntin'.

Fer a fac' though they was comin' like a whirlwin' with the dust risin' up like a hurricane fer forty rods behin'. The people was dancin' an' screamin' an' yellin' jus' mad with excitemen'. Right w'ile they was comin' the fastes', the zebra w'ich was just clippin' lazy 'long the side o' Morgie, kind o' nippin' 'er an' layin' its ears back, suddenly took a fat chaw out o' pop's laig. 'Thout lookin' pop brought the hick'ry down like a bull whip on the zebra. I guess he wanted to hit Jelly more'n he did the zebra. But it was fat'l.

The zebra mad, er scart to death, lit out. It soared with Jelly like a prairie chicken. It beat pop out a hundred yards. Pop on Morgie came in like a streak o' tobacco spit in the sunshine. Morgie run on into Jake's plowed groun', her laigs got tangled an' she fell. Pop hed made no preparations fer stoppin' sudden an' he jus' kep goin' on. He knocked a panel o' fence out o' Jake's yard, rolled like a hoop forty foot, stoppin' on Jake's hog killin' platform, with his feet bringin' up an' slammin' down in the hog scaldin' barrel at the en'. And there he lay onsensible.

Nen I heard screamin' an' yellin' and everybody shoutin' "Take keer yo'sefs; take keer yo'sefs; runaway, runaway!" and everybody shootin' into the bresh like rabbits. Lookin' up the road 'ith a fearful rattlety bang, bang, swellin' out of the horse race dust, here come Ole with his whole gang o' dogs and children. The mules was swingin' ther heads low from side-to-side, the seven kin's o' dogs was barkin' cheerful 'round 'em, all runnin' off. An lordamighty, w'at was Ole doin'? Ole was lambastin' them mules with a long gad evry jump. I guess the mules thought mebby Ole was runnin' off 'stead o' them.

Ole with his wife, she was 'bout es big es a haycock dressed up, set on the front seat, 'er eyes es big es saucers an' screamin' like a Nindian. Ole was settin' back holdin' the lines, his little red w'iskers tilted up in the air perfec'ly happy at the gait he was cuttin' 'long that San'hill road. The childern was cryin' an' screamin' an' holdin' on behin'. An' such screamin' an' rattlety bangin' I never heard worse.

W'en Ole got closter I could see him leanin' back, shettin' his eyes an' wavin' 'is head from side to side feelin' heavenly.

The hin' wheel hit a root an' I saw three o' the smaller kids shoot out in the bushes like young quail. Nex' the front wheel went down in a chuckhole an' four ether children sailed out in the pawpaw bresh like flyin' squirrels. Nen the wagon run out a ninch er two an' a hub hit a noak saplin', the hin' en' sloughed 'roun' with a fearful roar an' the res' of the kids went soarin' somewher's. Missis Oleson clung to that high spring seat like death. She looked like a goggleyed napperition froze stiff.

W'en the puffin' mules, swingin' ther heads side-to-side, es if runnin' off was ther reglar business, an' them happy dogs, barkin' like they'd treed a coon, struck the plowed groun' the wagon reach broke, the back en' dropped an' poor Misses Oleson went whirlin' over an' over back'ard like them showmen an' lit head down in the top of a big patch of elderberry bushes, 'er body settlin' graceful down till on'y about four inches o' her shoes an' red stockin's showed, jus' like them smallpox signs the doctors tack up.

Ole hung on to the lines an' was drug fer a hundred foot in the sand an' dirt 'fore he had sence 'nough to leggo. Then the mules runnin' light, kep' on the rest o' the efternoon. D'reckly he rose up slow, waved slow from side to side, his face covered with blood an' dirt an' his white eyes starin' like death. Evrybody helt his breath, expectin' him to drop over dead. Suddenly he come to; he jerked up a tuft o' grass an' swingin' it roun' 'is head fierce he yelled, you could hear 'im four mile,

"Hoo-hoo-hoora-ay fer Jim Blaine an ol' Irelan'."

Nen evrybody, thinkin' o' pop, run to wher he was with his feet hangin' limber down in the hog-scaldin' barrel. They drug 'im out an' rubbed 'im. D'reckly he opened his eyes an' said feeble,

"Jake, what's the price o' seed corn this winter?" He was that onsensible. Nen we got axes an' fence rails an' cut an' pried Misses Oleson out. She kep' moanin' an' moanin' an' moanin'. Purty soon we could make out,

"Whair is my little baby Sam; whair is my little baby Sam; whair is my little baby Sam." And she was leadin' him roun' by 'is little nigger han'. Nex' we looked an' saw Jelly 'bout four mile away still runnin' 'roun' the end of the slough with his han' on his side pocket.

* * *

Nex' day pop, feeble in bed, opened 'is eyes an' ast me,

"Skid, how much did that pententiary animal beat me out?" Nobody had tol' him cause he was onsensible most o' the time an' besides we was fearin' the shock.

"Seein's it's you, pop, I sh'd say 'bout ten rod. Y'ought n't to've hit the zebra." Nen I hung my head, I felt so bad.

He raised up like that dyin' gladiator he speaks at the literarry an ast agin,

"Was Jelly **square** on, Skid?" an' I jus' knowed his heart was in his mouth.

"Pop, he reached up an' swiped the purse," I said, ready to bawl.

"Nen, Skid, the dodly blamed all-fired wart mus' be runnin' yit." An' pop turned his face amoanin' to'ards the wall.

THE MAYOR OF TOKIO

Yukio Ozaki, the mayor of Tokio, who was recently in London, has had a varied political career, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The study of John Stuart Mill made him an ardent advocate of representative government in the days when such opinions were held to be treasonable in Japan, so that in 1887 he was deported, and came to England. He returned in 1890, and was elected to the first House of Representatives, where he distinguished himself so highly that in 1897 he was made minister of education. Soon after his appointment he made a speech, in which occurred the words, "Suppose that Japan should ever become a republic." This was considered disrespectful to the Emperor, and Mr. Ozaki had to resign. He is now a parliamentary free lance, and so has found time to serve as Mayor of Tokio since 1903.

WM. H. CHAMBERLAIN (Attorney-at-Law) President.
CHAS. PRESTON CHAMBERLAIN (Certified Public Accountant) Vice-President.
HENRY W. CHAMBERLAIN (Corporation Secretary) Secretary.

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SHEAR WIT

"The valedictorian was a very fluent talker. "What was his address about?" "He didn' say."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you think it will rain on our picni day?" "Yes." "Do you know when the pic nic is to be?" "No."—Buffalo Express.

"How's business?" "Brisk," answered th druggist. "I've bought tickets for two picnic and four excursions this morning, and donate goods for several indoors affairs."—Pittsbur Post.

"You treat that gentleman very respect fully." "Yes, he's one of our early settlers." "An early settler? Why man, he's not mor than 40 years old." "No; but he pays his bill on the first of every month."—Clevelan Leader.

Head waiter (dignified and pompous)—Hav you ordered, sir? Despairing Patron—Yes, ordered a porterhouse steak half an hour ago and I wish to apologize for my rudeness. Wit your permission I will withdraw it as an orde and renew it as a suggestion.—Chicago Trib une.

"You are not tall enough to wear that bath ing suit," remonstrated the dark girl. "Don' you know a skirt that ends above the knee makes a girl look shorter!" "I know it make the men look longer," insinuated the littl blonde. And that settled the matter.—Nev York Times.

Now that day school is out a small Yonker boy divides his devotion between his Sunda school teacher and his father. The latter is dentist. "Of course, little ones," said th teacher to her class, one day, "you must al try to be good, and some day you'll wear golden crown." "I can get a golden crow easier than that," responded the boy. "My p makes 'em and puts 'em on."—Yonkers State man.

A young man called at the office of a justic of the peace, and, with some hesitation, mad known his business, which was to get mar ried, says the Youth's Companion. The jus tice replied that he thought he could perform the service, and asked if the young man ha his license. "Yes, sir," the youth replied, "Well, where is the young lady?" "She she's at her father's. She'd rather be marrie at home, squire." "And you expect me to g there and marry you?" "Yes, sir, if yo please." "Young man," said the justice, "thi office of mine is like a department store. W sell matches here, but we don't deliver them at the house."

The late John J. Ingalls, United States sena tor from Kansas, once told with great glee th story of a joke at his own expense, the humo of which, however, he enjoyed as keenly a if he had not been the victim of it, says th Youth's Companion. "I went one evening, said Mr. Ingalls, "to make a political speech in a small town. I presume the people thought I would have difficulty in filling a hour; at any rate, they called upon the village choir to assist. I trust that the hymns were selected before my arrival, but of that I can not be sure. I know that before the talk the choir sang, 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' and after it 'Nothing But Leaves.'"

Dr. A. M. Worthington of Harvard has an nounced wittily to the world that the "kiss germ" is a myth, says the New York Times Apropos of this happy announcement Dr Worthington said at a dinner in Boston: "So they who frown on the kiss are too exclusive They are, in fact, as bad as old Dr. Thompson of Cambridge University. Dr. Thompson thought that Cambridge was the finest uni versity in the world. Her rival, Oxford, he despised and abominated. Once, at a dinner a lady said to the exclusive old man: 'I under stand, sir, that the attendance at Oxford has fallen off tremendously. How do you account for it, sir?' 'It must be due,' said Dr. Thomp son gruffly, 'to the increase of emigration among the lower classes.'"

("A Republic That Was"—Concluded)

wealth, and, second, a government by ılth and for wealth to the degradation if virtual enslavement of the mass of man-d.

'or this reason Venetian history is com-ıded to the student of affairs as being ·thy of careful study. We shall never get ıy from those basic instincts of our com-n humanity. The Venetians were flesh and ɔd the same as we are, and if we would ɛ a different ending for our experiment ree government it must be through hold- before our minds' eyes more wholesome ıls than money-getting and greater fears n of "hurting business."

IOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

Special Meeting of the Stockholders of the KIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at the : of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Bank ding, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursday, ember 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., for purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of the oration from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

SUMMONS

the Superior Court of the State of California, in for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.

tion brought in the Superior Court of the State alifornia, in and for the City and County of San cisco.

HERINE MUNDELL, sometimes own as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff, vs. ersons claiming any interest in or lien on the real property herein described, any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST , OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY REIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THERE-, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the laint of the above named plaintiff filed with the of the above entitled Court and County, within (3) months after the first publication of this sum-, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you in or upon that certain property or any part there-ituate in the City and County of San Francisco, of California, and particularly bounded and de-ed as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

mmencing at a point on the easterly line of Second ue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" , running thence northerly and along said easterly of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, e at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet thence at right angles westerly one hundred and y (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue point of commencement, being a portion of Rich-, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

mmencing at a point on the easterly line of Twen-rd Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet erly from the southerly line of J street, running e southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line wenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly y-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running north-ifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in sterly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, e point of commencement, being a portion of block er (747) of outside lands in the City and County n Francisco.

d you are hereby notified that unless you so appear nswer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said iff be decreed to be the owner of said property and part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said rty and every part thereof as her separate prop-and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to property, and every part thereof be established and ed, and that the Court ascertain and determine all , rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said rty and every part thereof, whether the same be or equitable, present or future, vested or contin-and whether the same consist of mortgages or of any description; and that it be decreed that no n or persons other than said plaintiff have any , right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to property or any part thereof, and for such other urther relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just proper in the premises.

itness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day ly, A. D. 1910.
al)

H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

: first publication of this summons was made in rnia Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, . 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

: following persons are said to claim an interest lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff: : German Savings and Loan Society, 526 Califor-street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San isco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
mboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.
7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22296

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS.
NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.00) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute its Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.
RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
By R. C. Shaw, President.
(Seal) By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.
7-8-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor Market street, near Third.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22295

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22294

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.
(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

All a Matter of Ideals

Last week the young citizen was admonished to look well for the right and wrong of the impending primary issue, and an effort was made to impress upon his mind that, if he will but look, he will be sure to find the fundamental struggle between human rapacity seeking only a selfish gain and an effort to withstand that tendency for the benefit of all.

It does not follow that the rapacious know that they are rapacious any more than that the wolf knows that he is wolfish. The law of the jungle is natural law. In it each seeks his own good unmindful of all the rest, but it was given to man to rise out of the jungle. He can do this only when he fixes his mind on something other than the jungle life. That is, he must have ideals.

Long ago it was written that, "As a man thinketh so is he." As a nation thinketh so is it. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a hasty sketch of the history of the Republic of Venice, which existed under the pretense of being a republic for anyhow seven hundred years after the last vestige of free government had vanished out of its life. The reason for it was that the Venetians lost their ideals of free government. There came a time in the history of that people when they cared more for creature comforts than for the common good, more for pageantries and pleasures than for the Rights of Man. When that time comes in the life of any people that people is drawing near to national death. The rich and powerful were willing enough to take upon themselves the responsibilities and burdens of government and the commonalty became willing enough that they should. When Venetians reached that frame of mind the doom of their republic was sealed. Afterward it was a republic in name only.

Little Switzerland determined to be free. Through all vicissitudes for hundreds of years its people have not lost their ideals of government of the people and for the people. For near to five hundred years it has maintained its independence, and it is Switzerland rather than America that is teaching the world, teaching us how to be free, how to make the will of the people the law of the land. As Switzerland thinketh so is it, a land where justice is swift and sure and the common good is held high above all forms of special privilege.

What this republic is to be depends not upon the fathers, but upon the sons. The fathers wrought well according to their lights. They made mistakes. They made property, rather than manhood, the foundation of social order, but they would not that anyone not of their own free choosing should rule over them. For that, at least, we may honor them. If we lose that ideal we shall be false to them and they will have lived and struggled in vain, for men live in their children and die only when their line runs out.

We have resorted to the direct primary because we found ourselves being ruled by persons not of our free choosing. It is claimed in extenuation that we have nevertheless been ruled well. Without discussing whether we have been ruled well or ill we are no true Americans if we rest content to be ruled by anyone not of our own, free, deliberate, positive choice. "Consent of the governed," does not imply a shiftless and inert acquiescence. It implies positive action. Custom has ordained that the woman may reject an offer of marriage, but may not make such an offer. The free citizen is under no such constraint regarding government. He may not only reject anyone's offer to rule him, but he may command that the one whom he regards as the best man for any given office sacrifice his own preference to serve the common good.

We have resorted to the direct primary because the indirect convention method did permit our judges, all of our men in authority, to be selected for us and not by us. No matter how fit, how disinterested those selected may be we must, as American patriots, denounce and reject them. By "we" we mean the will of the majority directly expressed through the voice of the ballot.

On the 16th of August the men of the political parties contending in California have full freedom of choice as to party candidates within their reach. Whoever has desired to serve the people has had opportunity to make that desire known to the people. Whoever has desired that some other person should be placed in authority has been free to bring that other person's name to the open forum. So far so good. Now it remains to be seen if there be patriotism enough to go forth and make free and positive choice, and whoever is so listless, so indifferent, so negligent as not to avail himself of this opportunity to choose, is at once false to his citizenship and false to those ideals that constitute the nation's only hope. He should suffer some form of public ignominy for his fault.

Mrs. Rebecca Spring of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a luncheon given the other day by the Friday Morning Club in celebration of her ninety-ninth birthday. Mrs. Spring was a daughter of Arnold Buffum of Providence, R. I., and eighty years ago she married Marcus Spring, who twenty years ago moved to Los Angeles. Mrs. Spring was surrounded at the luncheon by her descendants, one daughter, who is a sculptor and writer; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. She reads and writes much, is fond of working in her garden, is interested in reforms, was an abolitionist and is now a suffragist.

Mrs. Maria W. Coronel de Dominguez is said to be the only railroad promoter of her sex in Mexico. She recently perfected all arrangements for the construction of a railroad from Oaxaca to the port of Salina Cruz on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, with a branch line to Puerto Angel on the Pacific coast.

Bertram Mackennal, who has been appointed to design and model the coronation medal and the coinage of the new reign, is an Australian sculptor, born in Melbourne in 1863. He designed and modeled the medals for the Olympic Games of 1908 and was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1909, being the first Colonial to achieve that distinction, as he is the first ever called upon to design the English coinage.

Slum worker—What a well-behaved little boy he is. Burglar's wife—And he comes by it natural, ma'am. His poor father always got his sentence reduced owin' to good behavior. —Stray Stories.

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Week: " THE STORY OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC"

By E. French Strother

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The Man

[JOHNSON is in his prime. He knows how to handle elf. His steering gear is perfect. He cannot be swept :t. He has ideals. He has character. He will rise to ements of every emergency that confronts him. He is o usher in a new era in the political life of California. the kind of campaign that he needed to make in order the primaries. Now he will make the kind of campaign ill need to make in order to win the election. Then he the kind of a campaign that he will need to make in ive California the kind of government it needs, but he into office with no trained, self-abnegating support. There) "passing out" the "straight be swallowed whole and acted inter. Good men differ. Bad e brought into agreement with of the magic wand of patron- new policies will have to be ut in conference after confer- e reform element, including nson, will have to give and a consensus of opinion, make olicy and march on to victory. it Hiram Johnson will be the the dictator, and it is a leader dictator that California has ering for for forty years. ie spirit of the newer Repub- The railroads will not be y will see the day when they glad of the change as they f governmental regulation. As ey have become used to the ital new era they will have no the passing of the old. Hav- The Man it only remains to nd make him governor. We We must.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON

Cause They Are Black

IS JOY IN DIXIE among te Republicans of standing on," over the fact that the has turned out of office, be- are black, men whom Theo- evelt had appointed to office nding that they were black. m is difficult. None more so. millions of black folks in this ay get on without social equality, certainly without ptability, but can they without civil? No answer will ed. It is sufficient to note that President Taft took the f least resistance in the matter, Theodore Roosevelt the f the greatest. Could anything be more characteristic ?

That Eastern View

HERE IN THIS PAPER will be found an anonymous n view of what San Francisco ought to do with refer- grafters. This paper dissents. It savors too much of forgiving the fellow one can't lick and licking the fellow one does not have to forgive. The grafting was venial compared with the debauching of public sentiment and crushing of justice. The shadow of the law should hover over the grafters to the latest moment, then they should be suffered to go their way followed by a faraway look in the public eye. It will be time to forgive when they ask it. There is no law human or divine that requires forgiveness in advance of the asking, or in advance of sorrow for the sin, as distinguished from sorrow for the sinner.

We Are It

THE LINCOLN-ROOSEVELT Republican League is no more. It is now the "regular" Republican party of California and every Republican who wishes to maintain his "regularity" should make haste to get aboard the "regular" bandwagon which is about to start. Plenty of seats specially reserved at the tail end. The amen corner is occupied by the progressives. The platform will be of their making.

Has the President Heard?

DID THE SOUND waves from the Pacific break on the shores of the Atlantic down at Beverly? Did they make a noise like standpatism in distress? Will the President send us Murray Crane to smooth our ruffled feathers and bid us be calm and content with things as they were lest we disrupt the party by tearing a few corporation hirelings to tatters? If the President heaves a sigh over California let him remember that when he was in San Francisco he confronted one of the greatest moral issues of his time and yet went his way saying not a word. It was not until the 16th of August that the Republicans of California had a chance to say what they thought of his side-stepping that issue. Then they spoke. Did he hear it?

Biffed

THEODORE ROOSEVELT spoke for the direct primary system in New York. The "organization" turned him down. They had biffed him on the right cheek. He was asked if he would accept the temporary chairmanship of the Republican state convention. He said he would if he could speak for the right kind of man and the right kind of platform. The "organization" turned him down in favor of Vice-President Sherman, who will be content with any sort of man on any sort of platform. They had biffed him on the other cheek. Unless that African trip took the fight all out of him the next pass will set Theodore in action and a roar will come up from Oyster Bay that will make "organization" politicians think that a tidal wave is at their heels. Hope they will make that pass. They are just fools enough to do it.

Freedom In Sight

After forty years in the wilderness of corporation domination California is now in sight of the Promised Land of Liberty and free government. It was a great contest, of Tuesday last, and the victory was well earned. Forty years from now grizzled men will be telling their grandsons how, in 1910, they cast their first votes to make California a free state. They will tell of the splendid campaign made by their leader, Hiram W. Johnson, and they will say: "Ah! in those days there were men."

Without money, without a political machine, with nothing but a righteous cause, boundless enthusiasm and a fixed purpose, a great people was made to see and know the truth and the truth made them free. This paper had little doubt of the result. There is little reason for doubt whenever all of the people turn out, but oh! how hard it is to get all the people set in motion. It is a burden that ought not to be inflicted upon the few. How shall that burden be lightened?

But it will not be enough to make California free. Our state must use its freedom well or lose it. There is much to do. Hiram Johnson cannot be all or do all that must be and be done. He can only lead. That he can do and that he will do. The curse of bondage is that only third or fourth rate men are available for public affairs. Free government cannot be a success except it fetch into public life its best men. Public life must be made attractive to them. The task of bringing them out of the avenues of private occupation and inducting them into public service will not be easy. Governor Pardee essayed to do it and found it hard. So little honor has gone with office under bondage that office became acceptable for the emoluments rather than for the office. Only by making office honorable can honor-loving men be induced to take office, and without honor-loving men in office, men who take office that they may serve the public rather than feather their own nests, free government must fail. The task set for the newer Republicanism is not small, nor is it too great. It is such a task as will call forth Men.

The primary election was a crucial test, but it does not end the fight. The citadel of the enemy has been taken, but he has not capitulated. It will take a fortnight to clarify the political atmosphere and sense the temper of those who have passed through the late unpleasantness. The campaign of the "organization" has been characterized by imbecility. The "organization" knows how to "play the game," but, confronted by a moral enthusiasm, they are helpless for the reason that they do not know what a moral enthusiasm is when they see one manifested. It is not of their world. Never having experienced such an enthusiasm in their lives they are dead to it and are made vulnerable by it. They have been unhorsed but not disarmed. Whipped in the open they will take to the brush, and to the brush and through the brush they must be pursued until they surrender.

Bonds For the Fair

The Panama-Pacific exposition project is taking definite financial form. By private subscription $7,500,000 is to be pledged, the State of California is to be asked to vote $5.000,000, the city and county of San Francisco $5,000,000, making $17,500,000 for one grand "Blowout" that will last half a year!

That it will do good no one can question. That the same amount of money could be made to do ten, twenty, forty, a hundred-fold more good few who have the power to put pencil to paper intelligently will dispute. Only the effervescent, hotheaded, vociferating boomers will attempt it, and with them calm discussion is not to be looked for.

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Let us see what might be done with these three several sums if put to wiser uses. San Francisco's industries and her commerce languish. Where there were a hundred iron workers before the fire there are now not a score, perhaps not ten. Our oversea commerce has taken to itself wings and has not returned. Put that $7,500,000 to the credit of the Chamber of Commerce, with instructions to expend a million a year until exhausted in opening up trade with China, the Philippines, Australia and India; in studying the needs of those and other markets and finding methods of supplying them from this port; devote that seven and a half millions in money, and seven and a half years in time, to finding out how to make a dollar in San Francisco, otherwise than by retail trade, running a hotel, a restaurant, or a saloon, with the night life wide open, and the results will discount the Panama-Pacific exposition so far as to make its promoters deny that they ever entertained such an idea in their minds.

Now take the state's $5,000,000 donation. Send our congressional delegation back to Washington with a proposal that, if the national government will put up dollar for dollar with the state, the landowners will contribute enough more to reclaim to settlement the million acres of swamp and overflowed lands in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. No richer land lays out of doors. It will make 50,000 twenty-acre farms and add a population of 250,000 to San Francisco's back country, a never failing source of wealth. With a tenth of the expenditure of energy that will be required to get up the great exposition this result can be achieved and our great inland valleys be made a double cornucopia pouring wealth into the lap of San Francisco.

Take the $5,000,000 in bonds proposed to be devoted to the exposition by San Francisco! Devote it to such an extension of the Geary street railway system as will make accessible the near-by districts of the peninsula for the accommodation of citizens. Or establish playgrounds with it, small parks and boulevards, that San Francisco may be not only the city beautiful, but the city homelike, clean and moral. The expenditure of the credit would furnish as much labor devoted to these purposes as to another, and give the city an enviable reputation among men.

And there would be no period of reaction to go through, no surplus population to float away, no useless hotels to injure legitimate hotel trade. What San Francisco needs is something like the "1915" spirit that has taken hold of Boston. That would be something like.

But what can one little weekly paper do to stem the tide of misapplied capital and enthusiasm! It can have its say, that's all, and, having had it, it can take hold wit[h] the rest and do its best for what the rest [think] best. California can better afford to vo[te] $5,000,000 for a 1915 "Blowout" than San [Fran]cisco can afford to vote another $5,000,0[00] to the same end, and then bear its share o[f] the state votes. Having spent a few da[ys] the fair our visitors will hie away to So[uth]ern California to spend as many weeks the[y] they have spent days here before going [home] and they will spend dollars in other p[or]tions of the state to dimes in San Francisco. [Every]where, outside of San Francisco, it w[ill be] much to gain and relatively little to lose, [while] in San Francisco there will be much [to lose] and relatively little to gain compared to [what] might be realized could the same energ[y and] enthusiasm, the same capital and enterpr[ise] be directed to wiser ends.

But let there be one Panama exposition [or] none! Anyhow, stick a peg there to st[art].

All There Is In Conservation

In an address at Klamath Falls, Secretary Ballinger is reported as saying that, "The time has now come when we have got to be frugally economical, and we have got to use common sense in the handling of the resources we have. **That is all there is in conservation.**"

That shows how little of a conservationist Secretary Ballinger is. Frugal economy is part of it; common sense must be the foundation for it, but for whose benefit is this frugality to be practiced? For whose advantage is this common sense to be exercised? It is not enough that our resources be conserved, they must be conserved **for the common weal**, not for the huge special value of the privileged few. At best Richard Achilles Ballinger is only a half-breed conservationist. He should give place to a stalwart.

With the exception of the pre-emption, the homestead and the timber claim act the policy of our government toward the public domain has been characterized by imbecility, not common sense, and the imbecility of that policy has been due to the truth that the imbecile policy best fitted the requirements of the land-grabbers. It served their purposes better to secure absolute title through dummy locators than a conserved and regulated use under governmental supervision. Nothing should ever have been sold or given away that could not be made into a home, and nothing should be held in perpetuity by the government that can be made into a home. All the rest must be conserved, regulated, supervised by government, but for the common good.

It is the speculative interest that only needs to be conserved for the common good. Under the swamp land acts speculators, in passing the land from its watery condition to reclamation and settlement, have made not hundreds per cent on their investmen[t] but thousands. The great timber speculators, the coal barons, the owners of iron ore have done as well. It has been estimated that the "Morganheiming" of Alaska will, if the promoters have their way with the government, yield them 5000 per cent on the investments.

The transmission of electric energy so cheap when generated by water power that power for use in the oil districts of California is being furnished at a price that forbids the owners of oil and gas wells generating their own electricity though they have the fuel virtually free. That the promoters of hydro-electric development if left to themselves will make hundreds per cent on their investment is not beyond reasonable expectation.

Now conservation, in its true sense, [plans] conserving to the consuming millions the [spec]ulative value between a resource in its [natu]ral

e and a resource developed and made ser-
able. To the developer should go a lib-
recompense to compensate him for his
erprise and his energy. To the public ser-
or other corporation that afterwards takes
product in its raw state and makes a com-
lity out of it should be ungrudgingly
ded a fair rate of income on a fair
italization, such a rate as, in a generation,
return the original investment together
a fair annual interest, meantime, on that
stment. Whatever is more than this is
loitation, not conservation, and not to be
rated if free government shall make shift
overn in the interests of the many instead
he few.

his issue will come before congress for ac-
this coming winter. Our national re-
ces, whether in Alaska or in the states of
Union, are not to be locked up, but it
better that they remained locked for a
dred years than that they be unlocked to
speculator, the exploiter and the grabber
er than to the consuming millions.

here is more in conservation than Ballin-
his backers and his apologists, have
med of in their philosophy.

A Question of Red Tape

orence Nightingale is dead. The world
, "ah-ha!" and passes on. Not one in a
sand could have told off-hand whether she
dead or living, but the presumption would
been that she had slept decades. So is
ith one who lags upon the stage after her
is done. Julia Ward Howe's work isn't
yet, although she was born a year earlier.

Florence Nightingale showed the world
t a woman with a will could do at a time
n men stood in the midst of death tied
redtape. On shipboard in the offing were
he things the British soldiers needed and
the want of which those soldiers were
g by the hundreds, yes, by the thousands.
officers said the things could not be got
The woman said they could. They were.
woman found her way to the heart of the
ble and the heart of the world. As the
st of the nightingale sets millions of tons
ir to pulsating with its song so the will
his woman moved mountains and saved

She made the army nurse as much a
of the army as the artillery. It is not
so soon to forget such transcendent per-
lities.

Let the Women Have a Say

each hundred pupils in the normal
ols of California ninety odd are young
en. Of each hundred teachers in the
c schools of California eighty-nine are
en. But on the boards of trustees of the
ial schools of California there is not one
an. Does that seem to be quite a square

There are business interests connected
the normal schools with which men may
ıpposed to be best equipped to deal, but
are social values there for the guarding
hich the intuitive genius of women may
ıore safely relied on. The case of Van
emphasizes this truth. Had there been
women on the board of trustees of the
normal they would have long since got-
o the bottom of that situation. Had
been any miscellaneous hugging going
t would have come to their knowledge.
ere had not been, if the principal of that
ol had been made the victim of a put-up
those women trustees would have learned
too. Had there been anything unwhole-
in that atmosphere their olfactories
d have scented it. The California Weekly
s bold to suggest that two out of five in
lirectorate of each of the normal schools
is state be women. If the other trustees,
nen principals and teachers in the normal
ols, object to this then we favor filling three of the places on each board with representative women of California. As to material to select from the club life of California has developed an embarrassment of riches. To accomplish this our governors will have to forego politics, but that will hurt neither the schools, the state, nor the governors.

The Temptation of Theodore Bell

The crucial test of character is the ability to "Swear to one's own hurt and change not." Can Theodore Bell stand that test? Thousands of voters are asking this in their hearts. Four years ago Bell made a campaign only less brilliant than that just made by Hiram Johnson and upon a similar issue. He came near to winning, but, running against Hiram Johnson on that issue, Theodore Bell will have no chance of winning. There are not Democratic votes enough in California to elect anybody to anything. Bell's only hope lies in a division in the ranks of the Republican party. Had Curry or Anderson been nominated by the Republicans nothing that Johnson or the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League could have done to hold their followers to party lines would have prevented tens of thousands of them breaking out of the reservation and voting for Bell. Was that Bell's only chance?

In the congressional election of 1902, the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company came to the rescue of Bell's fight, very likely without Bell's knowledge, with $2.500 and all the influence it could muster, but it was not that the bureau cared for, or had any hold upon, Bell. The Herrin machine wished to defeat Frank L. Coombs, who had proven independent, and did it. Will that Bureau pursue the same policy this time? Not alone to punish Hiram Johnson, for Bell, too, has been obstreperous, but that Republican insurgency may be punished! From out of the East come persistent rumors that Republican "regulars" prefer to see Democrats rather than insurgents elected. Do California "regulars" feel so, too?

This paper does not believe that Theodore Bell can be caved down that bank. He has seen subserviency so empty a gubernatorial office of honor as to leave behind no trace of reputability that would be accorded precedence outside of a political tenderloin. Our belief is that Bell will stand in the future, as he has stood in the past, for a free Democratic party and a free state. He will make his battle more in the hope of re-creating the Democratic party than of being made governor of California.

But this affords no assurance that the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau may not throw its strength to Theodore Bell. There is an able bodied fight ahead of progressive Republicanism in this state and it is not impossible that party lines may be as nearly obliterated in the November election as they were in the August primaries. When the Men of California see the line-up they will know how to vote without being told and the line-up will be made clear before the campaign will have waxed a month old.

Short Weight

Not alone have prices gone up but packages have systematically shrunken all over the country. Wherever wrappings are cheaper than the commodity wrapped the commodity is incased like a mummy in wrapping after wrapping, and the purchaser pays for it all by the pound. What one manufacturer does in the way of scrimping another imitates, a custom is established, and to follow an established custom, however dishonest, is looked upon as fulfilling the law of probity. If there be anything more uncommon than common sense it is common honesty. Not only must we fight to make products pure and true to name, but to get full measure and full weight.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

If one wake up in the lone watches oppressed by the greedy unconcern of those who seek only for self regardless of the well-being of the race, he is apt to feel that, if God be not so abounding in mercy as to be wholly unjust, somewhere, somehow, some time, these heedless workers in public iniquity must be roundly come up with; that when they go to their place—it is shocking to speak of it as hell, for we are "wae to think on yon den" e'en for the sake of "auld Nickey Ben." It is not much better to call it hades. Let us, therefore, think of it as the place, or the condition, of impassioned regretfulness for a misspent life. Well, one is apt to think of that place being peopled almost wholly by scalawag politicians and enemies of the public welfare.

But, upon reflection, we cannot avoid the conclusion that there are other roads that lead to that same place, other open doors to the same abode of impassioned regretfulness. There are those who are unjust, yet generous, and there are those who are as just as their preconceived notions will permit them to be, but who are wholly ungenerous. Their hatred of evil goes so far as to hate the evil doer. They have faith, faith that the worker in social iniquity may be punished; they have hope, hope that the dross will be burnt out of the world as by fire, but they have not charity. Being the greatest of all the virtues charity hangs out of their reach. They cannot attain unto it, and, somewhere, sometime, they, too, may find themselves in the place, or condition, of impassioned regretfulness because of the dulled, hard edge they kept upon their affections, their sympathies, their compassion.

Yes, there are ways of reaching impassioned regretfulness other than by giving the mastery to an unbridled acquisitive faculty. That reaching out to grasp all of the sources of wealth for which the thoughtful world is so deeply concerned is an excess of virtue rather than a vice, and an excess of virtue is to be preferred to a lack of it. The money-mad men are doers and it need occasion no surprise if, on the last day, we find that, what with weighing and balancing, the Father of us all has graded even the most grasping of them as high as some of those who have droned their ways through life doing neither good nor evil, seeking only pleasure, or self culture, tranquility or unspottedness from the world. The religion of the Christ is a religion of action. It terminates in no Brahmanical Nirvana.

This is not to say that greed is not damning, but only that other things are so, too. Nor is it intended to imply that, because other things are just as bad as unrestrained greed, therefore unrestrained greed cannot be so very bad after all. By such processes of pretended reasoning we upset our understandings and lose our moral bearings. How often do we hear it said that such or such a wrong is no worse than such or such another wrong; that avarice is no worse than hatred, greed than lust, theft than lying, drunkenness than gluttony. All true enough and all bad enough, all so bad that if one fetches us to impassioned regretfulness any of the others will do likewise.

There is no greater sinner than he who would corrupt another's power to distinguish between good and evil, and perhaps there is no greater servant of his kind that he who can make us all see with clarity of vision the difference between that which is soundly good and that which is certainly evil. If we will walk in wrong paths let us at least be brave enough to walk with our eyes unbound. Let us choose the evil rather than the good if it suits us better, but let us not add to that sin the sin of trying to deceive ourselves as to what is right and what is wrong. That is cowardice. Blind man's buff is a good game, but a bad habit of life.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Where Islamism Beats Christianity

There appears to be a consensus of opinion among those who are best situated to know that Mohammedanism is gaining converts among the native tribes of Africa more rapidly than is Christianity. For instance, the Berlin missionary society, in its report for 1909, directly admits that unless strenuous efforts are made by Christian missions to counteract the present tendency, East Africa surely will become Mohammedan within the next half century or so. This is high authority which may be presumed to look upon the situation as hopefully as is possible. Nor is this trend confined to German East Africa. For example, travelers in Abyssinia a half century ago reported that the two Mensa tribes were Christian—such Christianity as it was, presumably. Now Professor Enno Littmann of Strassburg university reports that this was the case, but that these tribes now have been converted to Islamism, till very few members now profess the Christian faith. Other authorities might be cited, too, but these probably are enough to convince that there is a very potent possibility that the natives of Africa may become followers of Mahomet rather than of Christ; and the Moslem knows how to engender a hatred of all things Christian in his converts.

What Becomes of the Pennies?

A penny is a coin of small consequence, but —what becomes of all of them? There is a question to give the thoughtful pause, and answer there is none. The Philadelphia mint, which coins all pennies, sends out as many as one hundred millions of them in some years, and it does not greatly fall below this number. These do service for a brief time, and after that nobody knows what becomes of them. Inspect the pennies in your pocket. Whether you have one or a dozen of them, the chances are fair that there is not one coined within the last five years. The fact is that most of the pennies have gone within five years, almost all have gone within ten years, and nobody knows where they went or in what manner they disappeared. If those that were coined ten years ago were placed side by side, and touching one another, they would reach more than a thousand miles, yet if you wished just one of that multitude the chances are that you would search long before you would find it? In what innumerable earth-crannies are they hidden, that they may not be found? What gnomes or earth-sprites have buried them in unguessable places? In short, where is some fraction of this flood of pennies? Give it up? Never mind; so does everybody.

So That Aviators May Land Gently

The science of aviation is young, but it did not need to be old in order to lead to the discovery that a fall, whether of 50 or 5,000 feet, is likely to inconvenience the aviator. The discovery having been made, aviators, and particularly those of France, where the science of aviation has made the most progress, have attempted to devise some means by which the gloom of a fall would be lessened. Such plans still are in the suggestive stage, but aviation experts appear to be centering particularly on two. First, in the event of a short fall of, say, from fifty to two or three hundred feet, the bird man or woman should be encased in pneumatic armor, presenting the appearance of a football player, only more so. Of course a person thus protected would be likely to bound and continue to bound for some time after striking the ground, but the interested spectators could rush in and catch him when they concluded he had bounded long enough. A cheerful aviatory diversion, too, could be introduced at this stage by making it a rule of the game that he should be counted out if caught on the first bound, but not otherwise. In the second place, and in the event of a long fall, the aeroplane would be equipped with an automatic parachute guaranteed to work in the event of a tumble. In this case, of course, the rule should provide that the aviator must be caught on the fly or he would not be counted out. However, this is making light of serious things, and it need not be said that it really is of gravest importance that some method of guarding against the effects of falls must be found if aviation ever is to be entirely successful; and sooner or later such a method will be discovered.

Cost of Living Increases Everywhere

American housewives may find some small consolation in the reflection that they are not alone in their daily disheartening struggle to "make both ends meet" while the cost of living constantly increases. Throughout the civilized world the same protesting cry goes up. Look at Germany, for instance. There is no people more thrifty and economical than are the Germans. Yet in the Kaiser's provident realm the hausfrau is finding it difficult to make the income equal the outgo. Within five years her household expenses, it is statistically shown, have increased twenty per cent. Six dollars go no farther than five formerly did, and in too large a proportion of instances the sixth dollar has not been forthcoming. Meat is higher, so are butter, eggs, coffee and the general list of things, and, to add the final blow, there is an increased tax of a cent a gallon on beer—which is adding inhumanity to cruelty, in Germany. English housewives, French, Italian, Swedish—from these and all others goes up the voice of lamentation because of the situation, and if there be any consolation for American housekeepers in this fact, it is abundantly theirs.

Amputation by Electricity

Now a French surgeon named D'Arsonval steps to the front with a theory that the really scientific and admirable way of amputating limbs would be by the use of electricity. He has tried his method on lower animals with entire success, but has not as yet tried it on man, although he greatly desires to do so. The method consists of passing an electric current of high voltage through the part where the limb is to be amputated. The process is said to be entirely painless, but it results in so cooking that part of the limb that in a few days it falls off, leaving the stump perfectly cicatrized. In brief, then, the French surgeon claims that his method is painless and that it results in a more perfect operation than otherwise is possible. He should know whereof he speaks, too, for undoubtedly electricity would act on men precisely as it does on lower animals. It may be that we are standing at the dawn of a new era in surgery, so far as amputations are concerned.

The World's Greatest Warship

The world's greatest battleship is about to be built by a British firm. When completed it will belong to the navy of Brazil, and its name will be Rio de Janeiro. The vessel will be 655 feet (two city blocks) in length, and 92 feet in width, and its cost is estimated at $14,500,000. Its comparison with the greatest vessels of other nations follows: The Rio de Janiero, of Brazil, 32,000 tonnage, carries twelve 14-inch guns; Moreno, of Argentina, 28,000 tonnage, carries twelve 12-inch guns; Arkansas, of the United States, 26,000 tonnage, carries twelve 12-inch guns; Wyoming, of the United States, 26,000 tonnage, carries twelve 12-inch guns; Oldenburg, of Germany, 23,000 tonnage, carries twelve 12-inch guns; Tegetthoff, of Austria, 21,000 tonnage, carries twelve 12-inch guns; Orion, of Great Britain, 22,000 tonnage, carries ten 12-inch guns. There is a total of well toward $100,000,000 (say, enough to feed a half million people for a year) invested in just seven warships, and every one of them will be obsolete in a decade or so. The Rio de Janiero will be the greatest of the lot, but it is a mad competition, and nobody could foretell how long it will remain so.

Why English Railroad Men Are Proud

It is reported that English railroad men are proud of the record made by their roads during the year 1909, and, accepting the record at its face value, as we probably should, it is clear that they have a right to be so. During the year 1,264,900 passengers were carried, and of these but one was killed by an accident to a train, although nineteen were killed while getting on or off trains. Commuters are not included in these figures, but not one of them was killed. Of this great total of passengers, too, but 390 were injured. It is a remarkable record, and it is one that will not be equalled this year, as two or three accidents involving the killing of several people already have taken place.

Our New National Forest

The daily papers have published little concerning the national forest reservation recently created in California, which will be known as the Eldorado. Nevertheless it may be considered of considerable interest to the people of this state. It consists of 809,9[illegible] acres (an area more than equal to that of Rhode Island, or five-eighths that of Delaware), and it is composed of the southern part of Tahoe national forest and 31,7[illegible] additional acres taken from the national domain. The headquarters of this reservation are to be at Placerville. The total number of national forests now is 151. The Tahoe forest reservation 125,761 acres were added, while 7,678 acres were taken from it. The Plumas reservation gained 31,1[illegible] acres and lost 1,940 acres.

Not Hard Times in the Art World

Between April 7 and July 14 of this year or in a little more than three months, there were eleven sales of collections of paintings and engravings at Christie's in London, and the total of prices paid for these pictures was $2,763,380. The individual who suggested that these are hard times evidently did not have his eye on the world of art.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

THE METEOR

By Joseph K. Hutchinson

(Written for the California Weekly)

ighty I rise,
ntil each toiling planet of the sky
neath is hurled;
t I my lust upon a star, and cry:
: is my world!"

vage I leap;
utal I strike the heart of night; I stay
e heaven's aim;
rk, how I roar upon my astral prey
d crush its flame!

OF RULES FOR LITERARY ART

rtain absurd attempts are nowadays made
x the technical limits of the short story.
stinguished periodical, noted for the high
ty of its fiction, recently announced with
r of solemn conviction that one inviolable
of the short story is that it shall treat
ly one incident and of that incident only
s crisis. This statement is but another
festation of that classical spirit which has
so much to preserve the achievements of
ast and so much to oppose the progress
ie present. It is a manifestation of a
rful tendency of mankind to fix certain
te rules for everything, to analyze, class-
nd set in unbreakable moulds an author-
coinage for each art, transgression of
1 is imputed to be a degradation of the
ncy.

a matter of fact there are no rules for a
of art that a master may not break—
d, a masterpiece cannot be produced with-
reaking some of the accepted generaliza-
—and break with advantage if it suits his
iar genius to express itself otherwise than
e rule. And it is futile to lay down such
for an additional reason, which is this:
nly person for whom the rule could con-
ly be profitable is the creative artist him-
ind he must make his own rules or he
t create. As for the reader, the only rule
eds, the only test that is not an injury
; pleasure instead of an aid, is the test
joyment of what he reads. It is wholly
fluous for him to know why he enjoys:
ment is his whole aim. In fact, it is part
: art of the author to conceal from the
the mechanism whereby he produces
enjoyable sensation in the reader. Man
no added power of pleasure, when con-
ating the innocent loveliness of a young
by knowing the intricate and marvelous
nism of nerves and blood vessels that
ner life and motion. And, to carry the
gy further, and to a completer revela-
of our meaning, suppose man knew, to
inutest fact of growth and function, this
nism of life, even then he would be as
ever from understanding what was the
e that makes her lovely and the lack of
makes her sister only tolerably attrac-

vith the work of creative literary artists.
where they are, as Stevenson was,
y conscious of the mechanism whereby
achieve their effects, they themselves
o not understand the source and char-
of the added something, the individual
e, that makes their work different and
it with an elusive and inimitable charm.
o define this innate quality that the
"genius" is used, and it cannot be too
ly stated that the artist himself is as
nt of the nature and laws of his own
as anybody else. He may stand off and
o anlyze it, as Poe did, but his analysis
ctly as much outside and useless as that
y other person. Genius eludes the ef-
of even its possessors to catch and fix its
's.

returning to our original proposition,
itile is the attempt to mark out definite
aries for a certain classification of art.
rtist is a law to himself. When he
to obey somebody else's so-called law,
he sinks from the rank of creator to the rank of imitator.

This point is scarcely worth the making, were it not that so much of readers' capacity for enjoyment is diminished by it. We know many ardent lovers of books whose enjoyment of favorite writers has been disturbed by questionings raised by these attempts at classification. The safe rule is to throw the classicists to the winds and read where you enjoy. The great writer is he whose books appeal to people after endless re-readings. There is no Shakespeare cult, for you will find enjoyment of Shakespeare in every stratum above illiteracy. There is no need to classify "The Merchant of Venice" as a comedy or as a comi-tragedy, or as anything else but a most enjoyable play, either to read or see.

So with all literature. The personal, individual pleasure, your pleasure, in it is the thing.

PERSONALIA

Miss Alice Longfellow, a daughter of the poet, has been elected vice-president of the recently organized Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. The object of the organization is the preservation of buildings and sites of historical interest.

Edward Sheldon has been abroad for some months putting the finishing touches on his new play, "The Murder," in which Florence Roberts will star.

David Belasco has at last made public his plans for Blanche Bates for next season. She is to star in a new play by Avery Hopwood, called "The One Woman."

Californian Poets' Corner

MARKET DAY

By Daniel O'Connell

See Maggie in the morning spring up and seize her basket,
While Alice, drowsy Alice, lies prone between the sheets;
But Maggie, rosy Maggie, the household queen, whose task it
Is to go to market, trips along the silent streets.

Fair goddess of the dawning, the opening buds, the grasses,
All glistening in the night dews, are not fresher than her face;
The birds, but half-awakened, salute her as she passes,
The tall trees bend in homage to her beauty and her grace.

As she moves among the farmers, they know well that the cherries
Wear no hue that can be likened to the ruby of her lips.
Mark the snowy hand that picks out the largest, ripest berries,
Staining with their crimson juices her dainty finger tips.

They look after her and bless her,—and the coin her hands have clung to
Is cherished as a talisman from one so fair and bright.
Were yon rustic but a Corydon, he surely would have sung to
This Aurora buying butter in the early morning light.

Were I thy lover, Maggie, they should paint thy picture, dearest,—
Not dressed in gleaming satin, the splendor of the feast,
But arrayed in market costume, the same plain dress thou wearest,
With thy pouting lips preparing yon golden roll to taste.

OF LOVE INTEREST IN BOOKS

Playwrights especially find that the public demands a love interest in most of their productions, that without the heart thrill of sentiment the play seems to lack something necessary to make it complete. Novelists have learned the same lesson. Why is this demand so insistent?

A wise man once replied to this question, that the only dramatic event in the lives of most people is their courtship. The ordinary man or woman lives apart from active participation in the great currents of affairs. Few people have to do with the intrigues of policy or the vicissitudes of war. It is rare, comparatively, that a man or woman is involved in an encounter where life is endangered. In other words, the ordinary man or woman rarely experiences the great emotions that lift being out of the commonplace rut to exalted states of excited feeling.

But nearly every man and woman has had one such experience, the experience of falling in love. Nearly every one has felt that exaltation, and remembers how it altered and glorified his whole existence, how it colored the landscape and the sky, how it made him, for the time, a different being in a strange and alluring world. This emotional experience lasted throughout the days of courtship.

Why, then, does the average story end with "and they married and lived happily ever after?" Because marriage usually ends the dream. This is said in no cynical spirit at all, for even in the happiest marriages there comes the end of this golden mirage, a descent from exalted emotion, a routine acceptance of happiness. The reason the dramatist and the novelist—who is a dramatist without a stage—must leave their characters at the altar is that happiness is not dramatic. The pursuit of happiness is dramatic, the dawning of love, the struggle to arouse it in another, the courtship, the capture, the surrender—here are dramatic episodes, the clash of interests, the contrast of characters. Love is a storm, marriage is a calm.

And the reason, then, why the novelist must introduce a heart interest in his story is that love is the one universal passion, love is the one dramatic experience that everybody has undergone and appreciates. We may understand, sympathetically and by a stretch of the imagination, the emotional experiences of a sailor beset by a tempest, or of a soldier breasting the charge, but the representation of love is intelligible to all of us so much more vividly and intimately because we have ourselves experienced it in our own lives. And love is almost the only dramatic incident that is of universal experience.

There is this added reason for our appreciation of love scenes: love is one of the few things that are essentially dramatic that are also pleasant. Nearly all other dramatic episodes are dramatic because they have a dark side. It is easy to conceive of the dramatic possibilities of war, of personal conflict, of the dangers of death, of heroism—which is the disregard of danger—of any human experience that leads toward unhappiness. Love, alone, pleases while it stirs us.

HARDY'S HEROES AND HEROINES

J. M. Barrie has analyzed six novels of Thomas Hardy's, says the New York Dramatic Mirror, and found in them eight heroines, with twenty-two lovers, with incidents that lead to eleven secret engagements, three marriages and three elopements that come to nothing. "Nearly every one of the ladies practically proposes to at least one man, and two run after him to do so, and one of them then marries another. Were these eight ladies to meet their twenty-two lovers in, say, the market place of Casterbridge, there would, one feels, be a strange reshuffling of cards." Mr. Barrie claims that Mr. Hardy's heroines are the most charming in their womanliness and the most subtly drawn, with the exception of Meredith's, of this generation of novelists.

AN EASTERN VIEW

OF SAN FRANCISCO'S PRESENT CIVIC CONDITION

A distinguished student of civics and economics recently visited San Francisco from the East. His name cannot be disclosed, but his ideas about the present status of certain important matters in this city were so stimulating to the present writer that they are worth reviewing. This gentleman has long been familiar with San Francisco's municipal problems. He has made numerous visits to the city and has always kept in touch with it through correspondence. He speaks, therefore, with knowledge, and his words carry added suggestiveness by reason of the fact that they are from the fresh viewpoint of an outsider who sees the subject in perspective with similar problems elsewhere and with the eyes of a disinterested but friendly critic.

It should here be pointed out that The California Weekly takes no responsibility for the ideas advanced by this gentleman. They are published because they are interesting and significant. They are, substantially, as follows:

San Francisco, in spite of the exposures of corruption and in spite of the desperate, and now probably successful, efforts to defeat the law, is really in a civic condition far better than that of any other city in America. This sounds like a contradiction, but it is not, as an illustration will show:

Talk to a resident of San Francisco about the condition of the city, paint that condition as black as you will, accuse the citizenry of civic turpitude as profound as you will—and the San Franciscan will make no defense. This is typically true. It means, to use the language of Methodists, that San Francisco is "under conviction for sin," a condition as hopeful for better things in civics as the like condition is for salvation in religion.

But try to point out to the resident of any other city the evils that underlie its municipal life—the same evils that flourished in San Francisco, only not exposed with such dramatic incident—and he will say, "Oh, perhaps some things are wrong, but, you know, we're not really so bad, not half so bad as San Francisco, for instance." This, also, is typically true. And this means that the other cities of the country have not yet come to the realization of their fallen estate, which is the first and indispensable prerequisite of better things.

In other words, San Francisco has learned humility. The city has reached the state of mind where it knows that it needs improvement and is willing to accept the councils of wisdom for the working out of its salvation. This is a tremendous gain.

Another thing: I don't know how I should act, if I went to war, on the field of my first battle. I wish mightily that I did know. I wish fervently that I could know that I would not run. But I don't know. But here in San Francisco your people have been through not only that first battle but through a long war. Every man in your citizenry has been under fire, shot at from the front and both flanks, tried by every test of courage. And from this ordeal many have come out with the Red Badge of Courage. You know that there are twenty-five thousand men in San Francisco that no danger can daunt, no illusion deceive. That twenty-five thousand can be counted on, as one man, in every emergency, to stand for right to the last extremity. Think what a tremendous asset that is, what an advantage it gives you over other cities. No man, fighting for decency in San Francisco, feels alone. He knows that he has these thousands of tried fellow-fighters who will back him to the last ditch.

And, again, San Francisco now knows very definitely what its problems are, what its weaknesses are, where it needs constructive work to build up the structure of civic life.

At this point it is well to outline our visitor's idea of the importance of the municipal problem. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the city. The world has had as great soldiers as it will ever see, as great orators as it will ever hear. But it has never yet had a great governor, an administrator who really solved the problem of administering the laws for the best good of the people. And the place where the problem of administration is most complex is in the huge cities of the present day, where vast bodies of people congregate, where distinctions of wealth and poverty are most sharply contrasted, and where the problem of getting government to come really from the people and of administering government equitably in the interest of all the people is so complicated.

It should be noted, too, at this point, that American cities are in many respects behind European cities in this problem of administration. Public sentiment has not been educated to expect works from municipal administrations that have been matters of course for years in European countries.

Now to return to the specific question of San Francisco: The graft prosecutions have achieved the benefits outlined in the first of this article: the consciousness of evils to be corrected and the knowledge of the existence of a dependable army for the right. But they have also brought dissension. They have drawn a line straight down through the middle of the people, and arrayed half the citizens against the other half. As long as this condition of division, marked by bitterness of feelings, exists there is small room for improvement. This breach must be healed.

In other words, the time has come, in the graft prosecutions, when they must be ended one way or the other: either the indicted men must be convicted or the prosecutions must be closed. But the important thing is to end them, and quickly. Remove them as a source of bad feeling, put them behind us, forget them, and everybody get together in a movement for constructive work to make San Francisco a united and progressive city.

It now seems probable that the indicted men cannot be convicted. If this be the consensus of opinion, the thing to do is to dismiss the indictments and put the prosecutions away from us as matters of history. This policy is advisable for several reasons, but one reason, additional to those suggested above, is noteworthy: the indicted men have undoubtedly been punished by the prosecutions. They have cost them anxiety, heartburnings and much money. But the important thing is, they have cost them probings of their consciences. These men now know that they did wrong. Naturally, as long as society has them at bay, with the penalty of prison staring them in the face, they are not going to confess that they did wrong. As long as society fights them, they are going to fight back. But in their hearts they know that they did wrong, and most of them are sorry for it. And they know that the public knows that they did wrong, and the castigation of public ignominy has had its effect.

Now these conditions offer an opportunity for ending the prosecutions without wasting the opportunity for gathering great good to the public from them. Here is a suggestion to that end:

Have every organization that is now working for better things in San Francisco appoint a delegate to a convention that shall lay out a great plan for a better city. Have the good government clubs, the improvement clubs, the Commonwealth Club, the civic leagues, the churches, the settlements, the chamber of commerce—all—represented. Let the convention of these representatives make a list of the things San Francisco ought to do, not a list of impractical things, but a list of things that have actually been done successfully by other American or European cities. Then have the convention assign to each organization represented in it a task to occupy its energies for the next ten years. This task should be something in addition to the work now being done by each organization. An each task should be part of a coherent schem for betterment, so that the grand result of th whole plan will be a harmonious whole.

And—here is the point—include in the gran plan a large task for Mr. Patrick Calhou Give him something to do with his railroa that will cost him money, something that wi be of more benefit to the city than to hi self, something that will tax the ingenuity o his capable mind and that will appeal to th imagination of a man of wide vision.

Then have a great public mass meeting which the entire program shall be announce Have speeches by men representing both side of the present division of the citizenry. B have the principal speech by Mr. Francis Heney, a speech in which he should announc the end of the prosecutions and the dawn o an era of good feeling, a speech in which h would declare his conviction that the metho of purifying a city by criminal prosecution is not only a practical failure but a metho mistaken in principle. There are indication that Mr. Heney is in a state of mind whe that is his conviction, and that he would b willing to say so.

In other words, the whole idea of the pla is to announce the forgiveness of Mr. Ca houn by the public and the ushering in of a era in which all sides shall profit by the le sons of the past.

LEHAR'S LIFE AND NEW OPERA

The first account we have seen of the lif of Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merr Widow," is from the New York Times and as follows:

Born April 30, 1870, in the Hungarian vi lage, Komoin, Franz Lehar inherited his taler for music from his father, who was ban master in the Austro-Hungarian army. H studied the violin five years at a conservator in Prague. He received private instructio from the Bohemian composer Zdenko Fibich and made such wonderful progress that Dvo rak and even Brahms spoke very favorabl about two of his sonatas which he compose when only 16 years old. In 1888 he held position as solo violinist in Barmen-Elberfeld The next year he went back to Vienna, joine the army, and became a member of the mili tary band of which his father was the con ductor.

Ten months later Lehar received a positio as bandmaster in a small town called Losonc in Upper Hungary. There he tried for the firs time to compose for the stage. From 189 until 1896 Lehar was conductor of the marin band in Pola, and as such in April, 1894, h had the honor to concertize before William II and there, inspired by the composer, Antoni Smareglia, he composed his opera, "Kukuska, produced for the first time in November, 189 in Leipsic. As a composer of light oper Franz Lehar conquered the world, and has, o course, enough fame, though he did not suc ceed at once with his earliest operettas "Wiener Frauen," (Viennese Women,") "Di Juxheirath," ("Married for a Joke,") and "De Goettergatte," ("The God's Husband").

Lehar's operetta, "Das Fuerstenkind," fo which Victor Leon and Leo Stein wrote th book, is to be produced for the first time i Vienna early next season. Mr. Savage has i for America.

It deals with the adventures of a Prince daughter, who falls in love with an America visiting Athens. The noble father leads double life. Unknown to his daughter, he i chief of a band of brigands in his idle mo ments, and he bitterly opposes the marriage The father makes a specialty of capturing rich Americans visiting the mountains where hi band holds sway and of holding them for ran som.

In the course of events his daughter's lover falls into his hands, and as the girl is the de termined child of a desperate father, she sets out to find and free the American. Ultimately she accomplishes her object and marries the American. As the latter's wealth permits her father to live like a real Prince without resorting to hold-ups in the mountains, he resolves to abandon the latter profession and live peacefully upon the income of his son-in-law.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

After the Primary

ırd ye the news of Johnson,
heard ye the news of Kent,
urry and Anderson wilted,
McKinlay went sheol-bent
ard ye the news from the Northland,
heard ye the news from the South?
gine's attacked by paresis,
Herrin looks down in the mouth.

rrah for the State that is Golden,
vhich now of insurgency boasts!
rrah for her people enfranchised,
nd praise to the Captain of Hosts!

woe in the tents of the Curry,
's pain in the Anderson class;
trouble and anguish and worry—
people have voted en masse;
lings of Duncan, the stalwart,
brimstone and pepper are blent—
n't so much of a walker
ared with a runner named Kent.

rah for the State that is Golden,
/hich now of insurgency boasts!
rah for her people enfranchised,
nd praise to the Captain of Hosts!

* * *

Concerning Doing Right

the easiest thing in the world to do
Rehoboam. That is, it is the easiest
ı the world to do right, with some
tions. For instance, nothing could be
ıan for you to do right, if you were in
eighbor's place. You realize this.
when he has done something partic-
olish, you say to yourself: "Oh, what
he is! If I were he I never would
ıch a monumental imbecile of myself.
d to such a temptation! Why, it
t tempt me at all." And probably it
ıot; only, how about the things that
ou, and do not tempt him?
again, it is more than easy to be
ıen you wake, about 'steen g. m., after
rmally carmine evening. "Alas!" you
yourself, "I have been dining on the
ıat the swine didn't eat because I
ve them a chance. I have gone astray
ttled myself. Such conduct stultifies
llect and dwarfs the soul. I will have
e of it. Henceforth it is me for the
and narrow way, till people will look
ınd audibly remark, 'How good and
e is!' How easy it is to do right. I
that I have hesitated so long."
ow easy and comfortable you now feel,
ı look with almost intolerant pity on
wander. And the beauty of it is that
up in the morning feeling precisely
ıe. You really have reformed. Isn't
iful? Then you go down town, and
:hose pink-tinted, smiling, ingratiating
ons comes along, and—I find that I
write about it, my boy, for every time
o so the many scars on my shins turn
ıg wounds. But you know how it is,
does every other man or woman who
honest with himself or herself.
ndeed, it is easy to do right—for the
llow, Rehoboam, and it also is easy
ght in the midnight watches when you
e with your conscience and temptation
ırticular temptation) is absent; but, oh,
d it is at other times and under other
.ances!

* * *

An Aviation Idyll

in an aeroplane,
t,
wind smote his face, but he mur—
l, "Scat!"
. 'twas a wild and a thrilling ride,
ıingumbob slipped that shouldn't slide,
y gathered his fragments from far and
:—
ı that?

The Opinions of Rufus

Any man ought to know himself well 'nough to reclize that the feller that allers agrees with him must be consider'ble of a dern fool.

I should s'pose that every time the Almighty sees a woman in a waste basket hat an' a hobble skirt He must be a good deal discouraged 'bout ever makin' anything out of the race.

The poet said, "Let us, then, be up an' doin'," but lots of us would have thought more of his poetry if he'd mentioned who.

Josh Bings trained his daughter fer a Society woman; said she wan't either han'som or useful, an' he felt it his duty to do somethin' with her.

Haste makes waste, es the fat woman said when she objected to bein' hurried to ketch the train.

Good clothes may make a man feel more respectable, but it's gener'ly admitted that they don't improve his character much.

When Hi Pennick told his wife she couldn't have a fireless cooker she said he ought to be grateful that he prob'ly wus goin' where one wouldn't be needed. I reckon that wus a hot one on Hi.

'Bout the best thing some parents could do fer their child would be to pervail on him to do es they don't an' don't es they do.

Don't brag 'bout your "permanent position." Remember that the only reely permanent position in this world is in a coffin.

I've seen a good many things in my time, son, but never yit a marriage that wus a failure when both parties to it wus determined it shouldn't be.

Anyway an' always, es I see it, marriage would be a glorified success if 'twas in some way so 'ranged that no human bein's wus mixed up with it.

Philosophy is the science that tells you everything 'bout anything—'cept where you come frum an' where you're goin', an' if you consider them matters of no 'count prob'ly you'll think philosophy's jest beautiful.

I know some men I'd trust with my pocketbook lots quicker than I would with a vote. You see, there's imprisonment for stealin', but not fer votin' iniquity.

* * *

A Little Surgical Paean

(Tenderly addressed to whatever is left of dear Susie at this writing.)

Her vermiform appendix they
Cut out, and, just to do it right,
They then, in quite a casual way,
Removed most everything in sight.

Refrain

(In a minor, broken by fitful but determined sobs, which must be imagined.)

I love her, oh, I love her!
Whatever they may do,
I'm bound to love my Susie dear
The lifelong journey through.

Her lungs or liver—I know not
What next served peace to rout,
But, ah, I know, and sadly know,
The doctors cut it out!

Refrain

(As before, only more so.)

I love her, oh, I love her!
They cannot quench the flame.
Although she's scattered round somewhat,
I love her just the same.

I think it was her larynx
That was the next to go,
Although it may—it matters not;
They cut it out, I know.

Refrain

(Pull out the tremolo stop.)

I love her, oh, I love her!
She yet may disappear,
But while one fragment comes my way
I'll love my Susie dear.

The Fly Philosopher and the Sawmill

A colony of flies which had settled in a sawmill became deeply interested in the mechanical operations about them. These they could not comprehend, and, being intelligent flies, they desired to do. So they called a certain grave and profound Fly Philosopher to instruct them.

"What is it that makes the saw go?" they inquired.

"Why, it is attached to this cylinder," the Fly Philosopher responded, "and as the cylinder revolves, necessarily the saw must."

"Yes, but what makes the cylinder revolve?" they inquired further.

"It is connected with this belt, and as the belt revolves, so must the cylinder," he replied.

"But what makes the belt revolve?" they still queried.

"It is connected with a shaft which turns, and consequently the belt does the same."

"But why does the shaft turn?"

"It is connected with this large thingumbob, which turns it."

"Yes, we see," the inquiring flies responded, "but what is the power in the large thingumbob that turns the shaft, and how does it do it?"

The Fly Philosopher put on another pair of spectacles, so as to see his questioners better, and gravely responded:

"My friends," he said, "you must recognize that there are profundities and mysteries of nature never yet sounded in fly philosophy. In your questioning you have reached one of those depths, one of those dark profundities over which are written the fateful words, 'Thus far, and no farther,' but you may console yourself by the reflection that after you have absorbed all I have told you, you will be wise and learned, as I am."

So the fly convention, being eminently satisfied, adjourned.

Moral: In fly philosophy and human philosophy there is a "thus far, and no farther," and fly philosophers and human philosophers alike entertain with explanation of small why and petty how until they face the vast, eternal Why and How, and then they are heard no more.

* * *

It Is Like This, Son

You may sow wild oats, but you won't get much of a crop of potatoes or barley from the seed.

You may save a sinner, but you will not do it by walking away from him and scowling.

There is one sinner that any of us can save, and he wears our clothes.

It is well to be righteous, but don't make the mistake of thinking that it and self-righteousness are the same thing.

Don't imagine that the dear girl is perfect. If she were, do you suppose she would have you hanging around evenings?

We are half what our fathers and mothers make us, but never forget that we have the privilege of building the other half for ourselves.

Of course you can "drink or let it alone," but did you ever notice that men who are that way almost always conclude to drink?

* * *

Sweetsie Won a Prize

Fond Mama—Our dear little Sweetsie won a prize in the baby show.

Interested Friend—Wasn't that perfectly lovely! She won it as the handsomest child, I suppose?

"Er—well, you know, there were several different prizes, and—"

"I'll bet she won it as the brightest baby."

"No, I can't say that she really did, but—"

"For what was she given the prize, then?"

"Why, she—I—well, if you must know, it was as the homeliest kid in the bunch."

"What a perfectly cute little dear she is, isn't she?"

"Yes, ain't she though!"

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

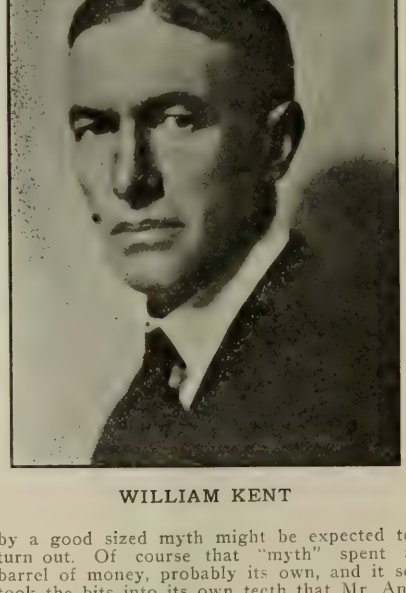
Something Working In the Taft Mind No one knows how much credence to place in reports from Beverly. The President's summer home is beset with reporters as hungry as wolves for any scraps of news that may be thrown to them. Under such conditions the temptation to make a "story" out of little is great, and yet woe to the reporter who is caught at it! He will get not a scrap more. Therefore, we have a right to conclude that persistent rumors from that domicile have at least a foundation in fact, and such rumors are persistently to the effect that there is something working in the Taft mind. The President appears to have become persuaded that, whether or not he has made a bad choice of advisers, the American people are convinced that he has, and seems inclined to defer to their views to the extent of some changes. In other words, he is showing signs of weakening on his standpat affiliations. He will let Ballinger go from his cabinet and Aldrich and Hale from his councils. Cannon will be dropped like the hot old potato that he is. William Howard Taft is the great American placater and if he can take the "curse" off the Republican handicap, and so save the House to the party, by paying heed to progressive public sentiment, he is not unlikely to sacrifice a few pieces from the political chessboard to that end. The more especially if those to be sacrificed are dead ones already or have signified their intention to remove themselves from public life.

Will Murray Crane Be Better Than Aldrich? Senator Winthrop Murray Crane is said to be the chief fugleman in these maneuvers. He is no gumshoe man. The pad-pad-pad of a gumshoe would be a disorderly racket by comparison with the movements of Murray Crane. He flits. He is as noiseless as a shadow falling athwart a path. He compels nothing. Aldrich applied the cinch and no amount of kicking and squealing on the part of the cinched elicited so much as a "poor fellow!" out of Aldrich. He went on with his cinching until he had his victims safely straightjacketed and willing to suffer in unprotesting silence. Nature made Murray Crane winsome and he wins. He so fixes things that the logic of the situation becomes compelling. But how much better off shall we be with Murray Crane than with Nelson Aldrich at the President's elbow? Murray Crane is no progressive. His only redeeming trait is that he has the faculty of sensing public sentiment, and has not, like Aldrich, the hardihood to defy it. But the sympathies of Winthrop Murray Crane are not with the progressive element. He will not work for it or with it and will circumvent it if he can. He is a good man to fix things political for the President, but a very unsatisfactory man to fix things economic for the public good. If the President really wishes to put himself in accord with progressive Republican sentiment, he will select someone other than Murray Crane to be his interpreter of that sentiment.

An Apostle of Contentment If John Temple Graves tells the truth about Judson Harmon then the latter will not be the man to lead a forlorn hope for the Democratic party two years hence. Unless all the signs and omens are propitious for success he, the said Harmon, will offer himself as no living sacrifice. He will preserve his serenity of mind and take lessons in contentment in the comparative security of the buckeye state. That is not the type of man the Democratic party needs. Better Bryan a fourth time than that, for, to the credit of Mr. Bryan be it said, he did not hang back until the chance to win looked good to him before he offered to stand in the breach. A chance to fight was all he asked and all he got and twice, at least, it wasn't a very good chance either.

Another expression from the mouth of Judson Harmon was almost equally unfortunate, always provided that John Temple Graves reported him correctly: It was that historic and traditional Democratic policies have been vindicated by the mistakes of the Republicans. This country is not going to return to any historic and traditional Democracy. There is to be no about-face that the hosts of free government may march backward. There are no steps to retrace. The fault the American people find with the Republican party is that it has been marking time instead of moving toward a fuller participation of the people in their own government. If the Republican party is to be withstood it can only be by a Democratic party that will move forward faster, and take more advanced ground than the Republican party dare. That interview granted to John Temple Graves appears to have been a characteristic Democratic blunder.

Adieu Alden Anderson During the campaign Mr. Alden Anderson ventured the opinion that the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company is a myth. Now he is probably convinced of it. His campaign has turned out about as a campaign managed



WILLIAM KENT

by a good sized myth might be expected to turn out. Of course that "myth" spent a barrel of money, probably its own, and it so took the bits into its own teeth that Mr. Anderson had nothing to do or say about what was done or attempted no matter whether he pushed on the lines or pulled on them. Of all the candidates the plight of Anderson is the worst. He had much to lose and he gained nothing. He was practically loaned by the governor to the "myth" for the occasion, to be returned to the superintendency of the banks when the "myth" had used him up. Adieu from political life, Alden Anderson! No finer gentleman was ever more outrageously undone.

His Record Undid Him The case of Harry Pulcifer should be a warning to two kinds of people, to those who make records and to those who should make records known. It was Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature" that defeated Pulcifer. There was no getting away from that record. And this was no injustice to Pulcifer. No man has any right to quarrel with his own record. Nothing spoke against Pulcifer but his record. It was the only objection to him. What Hichborn's history did in that district it has done in many others. That history has proven a losing proposition to its author. It has proven a mighty profitable proposition to the State of California. Some plan should be devised for a like history of each legislative session. Who will see to it?

San Francisco's Legislative Vote San Francisco declined several opportunities to improve its legislative delegation. The sorriest break of this kind that was made was the defeat of E. J. Callan in the 22nd senatorial district. Here was an opportunity to promote from the assembly a man with a perfect record who has repeatedly proven his usefulness to the state. Callan's defeat is a misfortune to the whole state. It is directly attributable to the interjection of Edwin T. McMurray's name into the list of candidates by McMurray, in the face of warnings that McMurray's personal ambition at this time would endanger the success of Callan, in whose principles McMurray professes to coincide. McMurray's votes were drawn from Callan's natural strength, and half of them would have given Callan the nomination over John J. Cassidy. The defeat of Callan may therefore justly be laid at McMurray's door, and The Watchman feels that McMurray merits the condemnation of the state for it.

In the 20th district, John W. Sweney was defeated by a large vote. The nominee is Edward F. Bryant, whose political affiliations promise no improvement in the San Francisco delegation.

In the 24th, Marc Anthony went down to defeat at the hands of Dominick Beban. This is another **bad trade.**

In the assembly districts there are two or three encouragements and many discouragements. In the 35th Fred Gerdes, who deserved renomination, got it by a handsome vote, and will doubtless be returned to the legislature where he made good last year. E. R. White, in the 39th, wins, but by a beggarly majority of 16 votes in a district that boasts itself the cleanest in the city. He should have received hundreds majority. In the 7th Fred Heim should have been chosen. He lost by a large majority. In the 41st, Abram Perry Harris was defeated by Nat Coghlan, but it is encouraging to note that he made a good race. In the 42nd, Arthur Joel Upson, which is encouraging. In the 30th, Annie McAllister lost out. In the 36th, Henry N. Beatty won, as his record entitled him to do.

On the whole, the San Francisco delegation will run about the same as to quality as it did last year. The general result is an indication that the city is largely impervious to moral impulses that move the rest of the state toward better things.

Congratulations To Macarthur Walter Macarthur the nominee defeated R. E. Troy the Democrat by a handsome majority for the Democratic nomination for congressman from the Fourth district. The Watchman congratulates Macarthur and his district. It is good to know that sometimes voters put manhood and a forward vision before the golden calf of party regularity. Macarthur is as good a Democrat as there is in California, but that is the least of his qualifications. He is able, he is honest, and he knows what needs to be done.

Santa Clara Legislators Marshall Black is nominated for re-election to the senate from the 28th district. It was a close fight, but Black won. This is good. He made an admirable record last year, and will go back to be a power for progress next time. In the 56th assembly district, L. D. Bohnett won by a large majority. This also is good. His record was perfect, and he gave proof of the possession of great executive ability in addition to absolute integrity and great al-

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

. In the 56th, our information is that ert L. Telfer is having a close call for omination, with the result still in doubt. he wins out, as he should, Santa Clara nty is to be congratulated upon sending the men who have demonstrated their racter and ability.

at Credit Due To rles R. Detrick Charles R. Detrick, secretary of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, was also a candidate for the ublican nomination for assemblyman from 57th district, Santa Clara county, against id R. Hayes, incumbent. Detrick knows game of politics, has repeatedly won elecs for other men in his district, and could oubtedly have won this nomination but one thing. This one thing was the fact his sense of duty was so strong and his lty to Johnson so great that he would not e his office at League headquarters even one day to make his own canvass. He defeated probably by only 52 votes. He d have won, but saw his own nomination oing from him while he stayed by the ship. this genuine sacrifice of his own imiate future, Detrick cannot be too highly ed. And right here it should be added he developed a really remarkable executive ability during the campaign. In the t of excitement, disputes, doubts and perities, Detrick preserved an admirable nce, and with quiet but decisive judgment ed matters into calm and effective chan-

To no man actively in charge of the paign north of Tehachapi is more credit than to Detrick for the results achieved. comes out of the campaign with the highdmiration of as experienced a politician as iam Kent, for instance, and with a reputafor ability among all those who watched work that places him among the most efve instruments for reform in California. an eye on Charles R. Detrick. He is in for big things in this state.

ue Captures the State iblican Organization One surprising and happy result of the election the capture of the Republican state orzation by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. In the excitement over the ion or defeat of candidates, the newspaand the public generally have overlooked natter of delegates to the county conven, so that it is not generally known that League elected an overwhelming major- f its delegates in San Francisco and in a Clara county, and that the indications hat the same result has been achieved in eda, Los Angeles and Fresno counties, ct, probably in every large county of the

The results of these facts are of treous and far-reaching importance. They that there is no longer a Lincoln-Roose- Republican League, for the Lincoln- evelt Republican League is now the Rean party in California. They mean that the state convention of the Republican convenes in San Francisco on Septemth, the majority will consist of the delelected by the League, and that this rity can veto the action of the present ine state executive committee in the sen of temporary and permanent chairman e convention. As the chairman appoints ommittees and the committees bring in eports that result in the organization of onvention and in the personnel of the central committee, this means that the state central committee will be progresthe next executive committee of the state l committee will be progressive, and the party machinery and organization e entirely in the hands of progressives. means the crushing of the Southern Papolitical machine's grip on the Republ party in California. All these results learly in the power of the reform ele- They can do these things. Now int leadership must see to it that they do these things. Then the last snarl of the old machine gang about "insurgents," "party wreckers" and like gibes will be spiked forever. Insurgency is regular Republicanism henceforth in California.

William Kent The Wonder Just look at it! William Kent went into the second congressional district practically unknown except by name. Not one voter in a thousand in that district had ever seen him. He is no spell-binder as an orator. He did not begin his campaign until late, months after Hiram Johnson began his. He went up against the administration pet of the California delegation. He went up against an orator with a national reputation, against the united brotherhood of postmasters, against all that Ballinger and Wickersham, winked at by the President, could do against him in the most adroit manner possible; but he went at them hammer and tongs. He met the people face to face. He told them the truth. He made them no promises that he will not fulfill, told them plainly that he would do what was right rather than subserve any selfish special interests they might have, talked plain common sense to common sense people, those that he could not see he wrote to and the more he talked the better the people liked him. Five minutes' talk with William Kent will make

THE CHIEF MOURNER

any open minded man William Kent's friend, just because he is frank and honest, so frank and honest that the voters took him on sight and at his word. His district was not as large as that of Hiram Johnson, and his personality is not just the same sort, although every whit as engaging, but, in proportion to the size of the district the Kent campaign was anyhow next, if not equal to, that of Johnson. For McKinlay was and is no weakling. He knows how to give and take blows man fashion, and yet he went down to defeat before Kent. It really was a wonder!

Many Precincts Not Heard From At the hour of going to press (Thursday at 3 p. m.) not all the precincts in the state have been heard from. Therefore The Watchman cannot tell of a certainty how the contest has fared with all the men on the progressive ticket, but at this hour it seems likely that the entire Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League ticket will pull through with the exception of Allison Ware for Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. Hyatt has not been going about the state for his health alone for the last three and a half years. He was not opposed because he was thought to be a bad man for the place, but because it was believed that Allison Ware would be a better. Another week will have reduced the whole incident to history, and very instructive history at that. Eshleman carries every county in his district.

In the Case of Frank Leavitt Let not young Mr. Tyrrell take the flattering unction to his soul that he beat Frank Leavitt for the senatorial nomination in the sixteenth senatorial district. He never touched him. Frank Leavitt beat himself. It is written in the book of fate that no man can continuously misuse splendid abilities without being brought to book for it. Leavitt tried to. He had his day. He got to his rope's end. A cigar store Indian could have beaten him just as well. Right thinking men simply would not vote for him any more. All the same The Watchman hopes that young Mr. Tyrrell will keep his head, improve his opportunity and try to be right rather than smart. That is the besetting sin of young legislators. The opportunity of a lifetime is his. May he make the most of it.

Congratulations Are Now In Order Many "organization" men made haste to extend congratulations to Hiram Johnson and pledge him their support. In this no one was more prompt or cordial than Governor James N. Gillett. The Watchman believes the Governor to be sincere in this. He is a party man. His political future lies with the party. He was a "long-hair" before he was an "organization" man and he can be a "long-hair" again if the logic of the situation compels it without more embarassment than he experienced in making the first change of political raiment. The Watchman counts on the Governor doing good, loyal work for the success of the new Republicanism. And oh! how good it will seem to him to be free once more.

The same may be said of Mr. Charles Forrest Curry. He is a Republican. What kind of Republican he is called upon to be is wholly immaterial to him. Any kind is good just so it is Republican. His political future, if he has any, and he probably has, is in the Republican party. His case is different from that of Leavitt, and yet not so different. He is a man of exceptional ability. The same qualities of personality that bound the barkeeps to him so that the breweries could not tear them asunder, had he lifted up his eyes and his political morals, would have bound to him as firmly the very best in this state. Only one thing he lacked, and that was a high moral purpose, to have made him instead of Hiram Johnson, the deliverer of the state and that long years ago while Johnson was a boy. He will work for Johnson and that work will count for Johnson. Other men have done the proper caper, some in sincerity, and some because it was good form. But these two at least have spoken with sincerity of purpose.

Splendid Work In Los Angeles Splendid work for a free state was done by the Lincoln-Roosevelt forces in Los Angeles. Those men early got together and stood together, with the result that they will send to Sacramento next winter a solid delegation of free and independent legislators. McCartney, Savage, Leeds, all have gone down to a deserved defeat. There organization was met with organization, not organized on the same lines, to be sure, but organized none the less thoroughly for that. The old organization was held together by the cohesive power of patronage, the new by pouring out money and effort for the good of state, county and city, asking nothing in return but a chance to boost for Right Things in government. No compromises were attempted. The fight was clean cut and the victory is unquestioned. Great glory to the Men of the South! They couple a fine moral enthusiasm with splendid common sense reinforced by indefatigable industry. There are those who prate of organization being a sin and contrary to the spirit of the direct primary. Those who

(Continued on Page 620)

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THE
CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
The Complete Text of the
REPORT
ON THE
Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco

As disclosed by the investigations of the Oliver Grand Jury and the prosecution of certain persons for bribery and other offenses against the state.

William Denman, Chairman
Will J. French
Henry Gibbons, Jr.
Alexander Goldstein
William Kirk Guthrie
William Kent
D. O. Crowley

Committee appointed by Mayor Taylor October 12, 1908.

The California Weekly has reprinted, in pamphlet form, the official copy of this report, as published by the Board of Supervisors, and has added a complete INDEX OF NAMES AND SUBJECTS discussed and an explanatory preface.

Copies of this report may be had, together with three months' subscription to The California Weekly for 50 cents.

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY
26 Montgomery St. San Francisco

THE PEPPER TREE

By Lannie Haynes Martin
(For The California Weekly)

Filmy, floating, filigree,
Sun-spun, is thy drapery,
Fairy-fruited pepper tree!
With thy red-bead rosary—
Scarlet thread of memory—
Thou dost bring again to me
Magic tales of Araby.

In the Genie's garden growing
There such trees with rubies glowing;
Such, with emerald fringes flowing;
Such, their potent charm bestowing;
Nature's hidden secrets showing;
When Aladdin thither going
Found the wonder-lamp of Joy!

Sybil, singing pepper tree,
Wind-tuned harp of greenery,
With aeolian minstrelsy
Blending song of bird and bee—
Blending all Life's ecstacy—
With thy vocal rhapsody,
Till adrift I seem to be
On thy liquid melody,
Heart's content my lone convoy.

BERNHARDT'S LAWSUITS

A new phase of Sarah Bernhardt's character is revealed in the following account from the Springfield Republican:

Henry Bataille, author of "The Foolish Virgin," is known in Paris as the man of many lawsuits. He is an able man, a clever man, a successful man, and one with whom it is dangerous to fool. His most recent litigation was with Sarah Bernhardt over his version of "Faust," which she accepted and announced, and even began to work on, and then abandoned, declaring that the piece was impossible. They went to law. The decision of the first trial condemned each party to pay the expense incurred. Bataille appealed, and the second verdict condemned Bernhardt to pay Bataille damages to the amount of $4000.

This is not a large sum, but it would embarrass Mme. Bernhardt to hand it over all the same. Besides, she has been used to things of that sort all her life. Never since she left the Theatre Francaise has she been free from judgments. When it is the case of an author she does not put herself out much. In the case of Bataille she did not put herself out at all. She simply left Paris to go on tour, leaving the company of her son playing a new failure by that hero of so many, Emile Bergerat, which a few days later was withdrawn for the inevitable "Dame aux Camellias." But the dramatist is not a man to take liberties with. Suddenly the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt was closed. All the advertisements of the theatre had a band pasted across them, on which were the words, "Closed owing to the illness of a member of the company."

It did not take long, however, for the truth to reach the boulevards, when it was known that Bataille had legally seized the box office receipts, and, Bernhardt being absent, her manager at once closed the house until she could be heard from. In twenty-four hours the matter was adjusted by the actress agreeing to pay the author 4000 francs ($800) a month until the debt was settled. Then the theatre reopened, and Bataille wrote a letter to the press explaining that it had never been his intention, in putting an execution on the house and the theatre of Mme. Bernhardt, to do more than use that method to let her know that he was in earnest, and proposed that this time she should settle a just debt. He announced that every penny of the money should be used to further the interests of young authors in Paris.

The first 4000 francs is to be given as a prize for a play, the decision to be in the hands of a properly appointed jury. The second 4000 francs is to go to aid a young author in getting his play staged, and so on. The letter is clever, and ends in asserting that he is sure that Mme. Bernhardt, who has in her time done so much for young authors, will not so much mind paying up when she knows that none of the money will go to him, but will serve a good purpose.

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of t PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at t office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Ba Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursda September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., f the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of t Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary.
7-8-1

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE RI CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a res lution and order of the Board of Directors of the RI CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a co poration organized and existing under the laws of t State of California, unanimously adopted at a regul meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the Ci and County of San Francisco, State of California, meeting of the stockholders of said corporation hereby called for and will be held at the office of sa corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Po Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (sa place of meeting being at the principal place of bus ness of said corporation and at the building where t Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 12 day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afte noon of that day, for the purpose of considering ar acting upon the proposition of increasing the capit stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousar ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundr (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Do lars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.0 Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital sto of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-fi Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the san time and place there will be submitted to said stoc holders meeting the matter of increasing the numb of Directors of said corporation from Three membe to Five or more members to thereafter constitute t Board of Directors, and to elect such additional dire tors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at t same time and place, there will be submitted to sa Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Law amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, ar that said meeting is called for the purpose of conside ing and acting upon all of the propositions and ma ters hereinabove named and such other business as ma properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPAN
(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary.
7-8-1

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of t Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was levie upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im mediately to the Secretary, at the office of the com pany, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californi Any stock upon which this assessment shall remai unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will b delinquent and advertised for sale at public auctio and, unless payment is made before, will be sold c the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinquer assessment, together with costs of advertising and e penses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary.
Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californi.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REA ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, i and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, d ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of An Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the rea estate and personal property of said deceased, havin been this day presented to the Court, and it appearin to the Court from such petition that it is necessary an that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best in terests of the said estate and of those interested therei to sell the whole of said real estate and personal prop erty in order to pay the debts outstanding against sai decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of ad ministration, and for the purposes and reasons mer tioned in said petition, and the said petition havin been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that a persons interested in the said estate be and appea before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in th Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market an Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Fran cisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day o August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there t show cause why an order should not be granted t said executor for the sale of all of the real estate an personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this orde be published for four successive weeks next preceding said day in "The California Weekly," a newspape printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 170 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. .
7-23-4

THE STORY OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC

CALIFORNIA'S NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

r the autocratic railroad regime of the H. Harriman, many of the old inde- railroad systems felt the weight of ver. Stuyvesant Fish, the benevolent of the Illinois Central, was ousted ntrol and the road placed in the Har- group under the presidency of Hara- Harriman satellite. Even James J. im old warrior of the north, had the his life to preserve the integrity of ght territory, and only saved his pre- e in the Northwest through conces- iat threatened, had Harriman lived, to supremacy.

Gould's Dash to Tidewater

is war of the railroad giants, George strove mightily to preserve his lines But he was in a weak strategical posi- large part of his resources had gone nplish his gigantic feat of putting the into Pittsburg over the veto of Car- nd the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in mpt—which is still not quite success- reach the Atlantic seaboard. In the he was beset on all sides. His Den- Rio Grande system, it is true, con- eastward at Pueblo with his Missouri to St. Louis, and his Missouri Pacific ed, still eastward, with his Wabash to and thence east as far as Detroit and g. These roads all tapped rich ter- nd gathered much freight, but they short of tidewater both east and west. s fact left them at the mercy of con- roads on transcontinental business. at Eastern systems bled the Gould m Detroit and Pittsburg for the final tidewater, and the Harriman lines in st bled them for the haul from Salt ty to the Pacific Ocean.

s in the struggle to break from these of drainage of profits that Gould made for Pittsburg with the Wabash, in- to go on to tidewater, presumably at re. But the financial stringency of 1907 caught him in bad shape, and im to terms with Harriman and the vania that held up the continuation of ash to Atlantic waters.

ie Western Pacific was not entangled financial difficulties, and now that n is dead and the money market is he labor of getting a Pacific connec- the Denver & Rio Grande has been d, and the name of that achievement Western Pacific Railway, which will first passenger trains between San o and Salt Lake City next Monday, 22, 1910.

a Epochal Event For California

dvent of the Western Pacific should epoch in the history of California. advent of a new railroad, under in- nt management, and under no obliga- the Harriman system. The Santa Fe er had an opportunity to compete Southern Pacific in California, be- had to make terms with the Southern o get into upper California over the pi Pass, where it had to use ninety the Southern Pacific tracks. Further- ie Harriman group of capitalists o heavily in Santa Fe stock that Har- as always able to exercise a consider- ience in its councils, at least sufficient nt any radical competition on its part. e Western Pacific has no such handi- s freedom to compete with the Cen- ific. It has had to ask no favor of tral Pacific, and its engineers have certain signal advantages over that he most decisive of these are in the of grade and snow.

ineering Feats of Western Pacific

ifficult to make clear to the lay mind endous importance of seemingly very slight differences in the percentage of grades on a railroad. For instance, the highest percentage of grade on the Central Pacific is probably a trifle over 3 per cent—that is, a rise of three feet to every hundred feet of track. And from an engineering point of view it is considered that the Western Pacific engineers performed a tremendous feat in getting over the Sierra Nevada mountains with no grade greater than 1 per cent. But if the reader has ever traveled over the Santa Fe and remembers going up the grade, westbound, from Trinidad to Raton Pass, he will recall that an ordinary passenger train required two engines in front and one behind, and that the train ascended no faster than a horse could walk. That was a 3 per cent grade. When you figure that the bulk of railroad traffic—and the profitable part of it—is freight traffic, and consider the difference in annual cost of running freight trains over frequent stretches of 3 per cent grade and in running them over a line that has no grade above 1 per cent—in practice a tremendously less difficult grade—you will perceive the importance of this matter of grades in the ability to compete for freight, both on the basis of lower charges and of faster schedule time. As a matter of demonstration, tried out with an actual train, the Western Pacific has proved that it can put freight into Chicago, from California, almost as quickly as the Central Pacific now puts passengers there. And, as much of California's freight is fruit, the matter of time is of vital importance.

Another achievement of the Western Pacific is that it has got over the Sierra range at a maximum elevation 2,000 feet lower than the Central Pacific. The Central Pacific has always had trouble with its Truckee division, where the snow is so bad that the track has to be covered with wooden sheds for forty miles. In winter there are constant delays, owing to breaks in these sheds, caused by the terrific pressure of snow piling down upon them and crushing them in, thus blocking the tracks. The elevation of Summit, the highest point on the Central Pacific in the Sierra Nevada, is more than 7,000 feet. The highest corresponding point on the Western Pacific is at Beckwourth Tunnel, where the elevation is only 5,100 feet. Of course, this is not below the snow line, but it is probable that it is low enough so that the problem of keeping the track clear of snow will not be any more difficult than in many stretches of all the other roads, which means that it will be much less difficult than the same problem on the Central Pacific.

Route of the Western Pacific

The route of the Western Pacific from Oakland to Stockton is by way of Niles, getting over the Altamont range through the Livermore valley route. From Stockton to Sacramento the Western Pacific parallels the Southern Pacific, and from Sacramento to Marysville and Oroville it still parallels the Southern Pacific, but not the through line, or Central Pacific, which cuts more nearly due east to Truckee and Reno. The Western Pacific here runs much farther north, seeking the lower crossing of the range at Beckwourth Tunnel, and to do this it follows up the North and Middle Forks of the Feather River and enters Nevada about sixty miles north of Reno. The Western Pacific then gradually approaches the Central Pacific, at length meeting it at Winnemucca. From Winnemucca east to Wells, a distance of 185 miles, the two roads are nearly always within sight of each other and, in some places, on practically the same roadbed. From Wells the Central Pacific runs directly in the direction of Ogden, while the Western Pacific runs directly to Salt Lake City. As Ogden is forty miles due north of Salt Lake City, the Central Pacific cuts directly across Great Salt Lake by way of the famous Lucin cut-off, while the Western Pacific skirts the southern shore of Great Salt Lake, coming in directly to that city, which is at the southeast corner of the lake. The Union Pacific ends at Ogden, and any traffic it sends by way of Salt Lake City must make the extra run of forty miles over the tracks of the Rio Grande Western.

Length of the Line

In spite of this advantage, the Western Pacific is the longer route from San Francisco to Salt Lake. This is due to the necessity for it to reach Sacramento by the long detour of the bay by way of Stockton, while the Southern Pacific has a cut-off from Sacramento across the marshes to Benicia, thence ferrying across the Straits of Carquinez to Port Costa and coming into Oakland by the shore line. Thus by the Southern Pacific the distance from Oakland to Sacramento is only 86 miles, while by the Western Pacific it is 139 miles. This advantage applies principally to passenger traffic, as all freight traffic goes by the Niles route to save the ferry at Port Costa, and the Southern Pacific route via Niles is practically the same as the Western Pacific route.

From San Francisco to Salt Lake City the Central Pacific route is 98 miles shorter than the Western Pacific, the distance being, via the Western Pacific, 921 miles; via the Central Pacific, 823 miles. But on freight traffic this advantage is more than discounted in favor of the Western Pacific by reason of its easier grades.

Passenger Service

Of course, in passenger traffic, the Central Pacific will probably long be able to make better time, unless the Western Pacific builds a cut-off from San Francisco to Sacramento, in which case it would be shorter than the Central Pacific, as well as much easier to climb. On the basis of present time-tables the difference in passenger time is as follows, though, of course, such a comparison is obviously unfair, considering the fact that the Western Pacific will run only one through passenger train each way daily and has not yet proved what it can do: the time announced by the Western Pacific from San Francisco to Salt Lake City is 38 hours; the time of the Overland Limited on the Central Pacific is 27½ hours to Ogden, the corresponding point on an eastbound transcontinental trip.

Wonderful Scenic Attractions

But for passenger traffic of which time is not the essence, the Western Pacific route offers much more beautiful scenic attractions. Its route through the canyons of the California side of the Sierra Nevada is said to equal in majesty and wild grandeur the famous Royal Gorge, and to be unequaled on any other railroad line in the United States. Thus the eastbound traveler on the Gould system will travel through this new and magnificent scenery on his way to Salt Lake City, he will skirt the Great Salt Lake, and, east of the city, will travel on the Denver & Rio Grande through the Royal Gorge and the Canyon of the Grande to Pueblo. There connections are made both with the Missouri Pacific to Kansas City and St. Louis, and with the Burlington to Chicago. From Chicago the route is by way of the Wabash to Detroit or to Pittsburg. For freight purposes, or for passenger traffic that cares to go that way, the route from Pueblo can be via the Missouri Pacific to St. Louis and thence via the Wabash to Chicago.

Sources of Freight Traffic

The resources of freight traffic for the new road are tremendous. The Gould lines of the Middle West, including the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific and the Iron Mountain, gather freight from the richest developed section of the country. All freight for Oriental shipment

originating in this vast territory, extending from Detroit and Pittsburg on the east to Denver on the west, and from Chicago and St. Louis on the north to Southern Texas on the south, can be routed over the Denver & Rio Grande and the Western Pacific to tidewater at San Francisco. At San Francisco the Western Pacific has perfected an arrangement with the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the great Japanese steamship company, to handle its Oriental traffic. One of the two present terminals of the Western Pacific in San Francisco is Pier 34, which is also the berth of the vessels of the Japanese line.

Another great freight resource of the Western Pacific will be eastern freight originated by the Hill system, especially by the Burlington, and destined for San Francisco. The Hill lines would naturally prefer to transfer freight from the Burlington to a Gould line rather than to a Harriman line.

In California itself, the Western Pacific has already captured a good share of the fruit traffic originating in the Sacramento valley. The freight service has been in operation since last spring, and for some weeks the Western Pacific has run out a daily fruit special train from Oroville to the East. In the course of time, the Western Pacific will naturally build branch line feeders to other centers of freight traffic in the state. Such lines would naturally tap the San Joaquin valley, the upper Sacramento valley, and the fruit districts of Santa Clara.

Oakland and San Francisco Terminals

The Oakland terminal of the Western Pacific is an 11,000-foot mole running out into the bay midway between the Southern Pacific mole and the Alameda mole. The passenger ferries from this Oakland terminal will run to the Ferry Building at the foot of Market street. The freight terminals on the San Francisco side are at Piers 34 and 36, at the foot of Brannan street, connecting with a small yard, and a second terminal at the foot of Twenty-fifth street (near Islais Creek Basin) from which there is a rail connection with a yard at Ninth and Bryant streets. In the course of time there will also be a third terminal in the North Beach district, at the foot of Chestnut street.

Time of Building

The first work done on the construction of the Western Pacific in California was in Marysville, near the site of the present station, on September 11, 1905. The work in Utah was begun somewhat earlier. The last spike was driven, connecting the last gap in the complete line of rails from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, at Spanish Creek, in Northern California, on October 30, 1909. In those four years, 921 miles of track were laid, 29 steel bridges were built, 43 tunnels (aggregating 8½ miles in length) were driven, and the great terminal works at Oakland and San Francisco practically completed.

Some remarkable engineering problems were solved. Some of the surveys in the Feather River country were made by men suspended by ropes over the edge of precipices. In one place the course of a stream had to be turned to allow space for the roadbed. In another, the narrow ledge of rock on the face of a steep cliff had to be bolstered up with huge masonry walls. To get over the summit of the range at Beckwourth Pass, a tunnel 6006 feet long (1.14 miles) was driven. The road is also noteworthy for the excellence of its first construction. The rails are heavy and the roadbed is rock ballasted throughout. The credit for the engineering feats performed in the discovery of the route and the construction of the road is due to Virgil Bogue, the engineer.

The Western Pacific is remarkable in other respects, especially by contrast with the Central Pacific. It was built absolutely without government or local bonuses of either money or land, the only exceptions to this statement being in a few cases where individual property owners voluntarily donated the right of way through their land. The Western Pacific was built wholly by private capital. And it is especially noteworthy that the Western Pacific has been built without any accompanying scandal either of finance or of politics. This is peculiarly refreshing to California.

Altogether, California has reason to be glad of the advent of the Western Pacific into California. A new transcontinental railroad connection, under management independent of the generation-old domination of the Southern and Central Pacific; the hope of freight competition; a new promise of supremacy in the Oriental trade; a strong stimulation of local industry; and the example of a railroad that believes in staying out of politics. These things are more than novel, spurring to the imagination though they are. They are significant of a dawning era of profound import to California, both economically and politically, and full of suggestion of the greater destiny that looms before this state.

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("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

talked that way were either babbling political idiots or they wished the forces of civic righteousness to remain a mob that the organized, paid and disciplined forces of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific might handle them as a disciplined soldiery would handle a mob—send them scattering at a single volley. Without organization nothing. With it everything, but all depends on what kind of organization it is, whether for good or for evil, of volunteers or of hirelings, for good government or for plunder.

Los Angeles vs. The Alameda Way

There are good men in politics in Alameda county, but their method is not that of Los Angeles and neither are their results. They asked that the welfare of the Lincoln-Roosevelt state ticket be placed in their hands without organizing the League forces separately, promising to see the ticket through in good shape. They kept the faith. But they wanted a clear field for clearing some objectionable men out of the court-house. This

(Concluded on Page 624)

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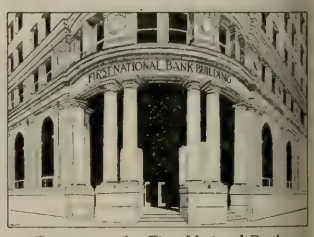

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JACK KILLMILLAN'S COURTSHIP

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

KILLMILLAN lay at ease on the
nter of the commissary of Camp 5,
ng at the end of an unlit cigar and
out the low door to the sidehill across
h, where the crosscut sawyers were
g the timber fellers up the slope.
llmillan was the boss of the woods.
ans that he had at his command some
ndred lumberjacks, and that, again,
iat he was all man. Bossing three
woodsmen is not the work for a boy
chicken-heart. Jack Killmillan had
his way to the top, by gigantic
and tireless energy and a fearless
when aroused.

he lay on the counter, with his limbs
he was a pleasant sight to look upon.
ie rough, loose shirt, the rolls of
ose and fell with the slightest move-
He did not look the giant, for all his
two, for he was not broad, only splen-
oportioned and suggesting rather the
in the bear. He wore overalls and
oes, and beside him lay his buckskin
s, for the big black horse tied to a
utside was one of three that he made
living as he rode his forty or fifty
lay from gang to gang over the moun-
ck's eyes were gray, and often full of
now pacific as they could be. Only
ess rippling of the muscles and the
rve of the great mustache suggested
l man," as the lumberjacks often
m.

tremendous energy and resolution
ed constantly, roused easily into
d terrific action. There were not a
n men in camp who did not fear him,
one who knew him well that did not
. A hard driver, violent and unbe-
profane, he had yet a quick sympathy
nderstanding of trouble, and a rough
justice that made men feel that he
ve them a fair shake, as they called it.
ily the smouldering fire flamed up.
he gulch he had noted a sawyer using
l instead of two at the end of the
osscut saw. Jack sprung from the
and made for the door, ending an
of profanity with the self-addressed
f the Eternal meant for a man to use
hand to work with, why did he give
?" when he was interrupted by some-
cing the door. He stammered, turned
over, and backed away from the ap-
as from a ghost. It was a girl.

why the appearance of a girl should
disconcerted the boss of the woods
made plain. In the first place, the
lumberjack has an innate reverence
good women—as most simple men
d an innate spirit of courtesy that re-
woman's feelings to the utmost. Not
n the hill but would rather have bit
ie in two than knowingly to have
fore a woman. To this feeling Jack
positive terror of all womenkind. The
nberjack could not recall having even
speak to a woman, and many of
uld remember seeing him detour a
oot to avoid having to do it.

nfusion in this case was pitiable. To
eet of really tremendous manhood
g backward from the presence of a
of a girl was one of those humors
ds that make the world so perennially
of interest. Plainly he thought of
that was barred by the counter from
had just descended. The only exit
doorway, and this the girl continued
y, a good deal bewildered at Jack's
n. He had to face the music, and so
it like a man.

," he said, to break the perceptibly
ng space of silence.

or the first time he saw the girl
nstead of as the blur that she had
before. She stood there with open,
yes, a bit wistful, her face very grave
manner deliberate, a trifle hesitant.
t be seventeen, not more. Her dress
le, and all black except for a touch
at throat and wrists. When she
r voice was very low.

looking, sir, for a Mr Killmillan,"
"They told me I'd have to see him

There was a question in her eyes, which moved from Jack's face to the storekeeper's and back to Jack's.

"That's me," he replied, in a voice that growled unintentionally, a fact that caused her to start a little and him to hastily clear his throat and add, in a carefully pleasanter tone, "that is, my name's Killmillan, so I reckon I'm the fellow you're lookin' for."

"Yes, sir," she continued, in the same grave, low voice, "they told me at the mill that I'd have to ask you first if I might show this book to the men. I'm selling it. You see," she went on, drawing a book from a bag on her arm and handing it to Jack, "it's a good book and won't do the men any harm; it's the Lives of the Saints."

Jack gingerly took the book and opened the gaudy blue cover, embellished with silver gilt lettering and a picture, and turned the leaves over from page to page of the hideous caricatures that illustrate subscription books of the kind. Suddenly he became conscious of the fact that he still had his hat on, and with a rapid schoolboy gesture of guilt he reached up to jerk it off. The violence of the movement and his confusion made him drop the book, and in reaching as violently for it, he tripped and fell on the floor at the girl's feet. But he was on his feet again like a cat, and snatched the book open and continued to pore over the pages. The storekeeper was amazed; he had caught the significance of a suppressed aspirate sound of "h" when the girl had handed the book to Jack, and had waited for an explosion, minus profanity. Instead, only increasing intentness as Jack slowly turned from page to page.

The girl, meanwhile, had watched Jack's gymnastic feat with eyes opened wider in wonderment, but with no change from the modest gravity of her demeanor. At length, Jack closed the book and turned it over and over in his hands. He spoke without looking at the girl, in a voice in which deference and gentleness were combined.

"What might you be sellin' that book for?" he asked.

"It's the only way I have to make a living," she answered, dropping her eyes.

"I mean, how much do you sell 'em fer apiece?"

"Oh, excuse me. Why, two dollars."

"You got more'n this one, ain't you?"

"I have ten with me. The rest are at the ranch. I hardly ever sell more than two a day."

"I'll take ten, then," said Jack, still looking down at the book he was turning over in his hands.

"Oh, thank you, sir. But," the girl's face flushed and she spoke slowly, "you aren't buying them just because I said that, are you? I couldn't let you do that."

"No, ma'am," Jack replied, the growl coming back into his voice. "Some religion wouldn't harm this here camp none. But," and a gentleness came into his voice and a faraway look into his eyes. "I'll tell you honest why I bought 'em. I got some little nieces back to Michigan, and them books'll please 'em to death. Yessir," he added, to himself, "them kids'll be tickled to death with them books."

He drew out a handful of money from his overalls pocket and fingered it over.

"Two tens. That right?" and handed them to the girl.

"En you come here again soon's you can with some more books and you c'n sell all of 'em you can to these here fellows. 'F anybody says anything to you, tell 'em Jack Killmillan sent you, and you won't have no trouble with him, I reckon," and he clamped his jaws down with a snap.

Some of the lumberjacks wondered why the "man on the black horse" had not made his usual rounds that afternoon. When they came straggling into camp at dusk to wash up for supper, they found the terror of the woods seated on the steps of the commissary, with a book in his lap, his forefinger moving slowly from side to side of the page. At his side was a stack of gaudy blue books. Nobody ventured an impertinent question, but as they passed by him, going into the commissary for the daily mail, some caught the name on the books, and nudged their fellows.

Night descends upon the mountains in swiftly falling folds of impalpable darkness. The lights in the cabins of Camp 5 gleamed from the little windows and from beneath the loosely swung dors. A little while and these were gone. Lumberjacks sleep early. But the boss of the woods sleeps when he can. The nightwatchmen watch for forest fires, but the boss must watch the nightwatchmen. So the stable boss asked no questions, even in his own mind, when Jack Killmillan called for his bay horse at eight o'clock, and rode out of the corral into the starlit night. And Jack Killmillan asked no questions of the horse as he turned him into the dark trail beneath the cathedral pines, heading down the ravine toward Lost Creek Flats. The horse was as good a woodsman as he, and took the trail at a rapid walk.

By nine o'clock, rider and horse emerged on the flats. A light still shone from the solitary house that stood in the middle of the little meadow. As he entered the flat, Jack paused. He had seen the house before, but, having heard that it was tenanted only by two women, a widow and her daughter, he had always given it a wide berth. Tonight he was plainly headed for it, but now that he neared it he hesitated. For a moment he seemed about to turn back! Just then his horse whinnied, and the door of the house opened and a girl's figure appeared outlined against the light.

"Hello!" she called. "Somebody there?"

Jack ground his teeth together and drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, and they galloped up to the doorway and reined in so quickly that the horse reared on his haunches.

"Yes'm," Jack roared, as he flung off the horse and threw the reins over his head, letting them trail to the ground. "Be you the woman what sells the books?" he added, in a voice that could have been heard half way back to camp.

"Y-yes," the girl faltered, as Jack strode into the light, his eyes gleaming and his fierce mustache bristling. He would have been a startling object at that hour to any man. To this girl, he was terrifying.

"Yes, sir. Is there anything the matter with them?" she added.

Jack did not answer. Instead, he started to brush by her, calling, as he did so, in tremendous tones:

"Where's yer ma? Where's yer ma?"

"I'm Mrs. Martin," said a voice, and Jack followed its sound into the simple little sitting room, where an elderly woman sat sewing by a table on which an oil lamp stood. The girl closed the front door and followed Jack into the sitting room, standing in the doorway behind him. The older woman looked up from her sewing, and spoke gently:

"Excuse me for not getting up to greet you," she said, and pointed to a pair of crutches, adding, "It is hard for me to rise."

"Don't you bother none about me," Jack replied, and began twirling his hat in his hands and looking down at it. Then he blurted out, roughly, turning to the girl and addressing her:

"You can't sell none of them books in the camp. You musn't do it, I tell you."

Tears rose to the girl's eyes as she replied: "I didn't sell any till I had asked you, and I thought you said it would be all right, and

I was so glad"—her face flushed and she added hotly—"but if your word is no good I can get along very well without your old camp, anyway."

Jack realized that it was his manner that offended, though, rather than what he had said, but he replied in his former tone, with an air of bravado:

"My word's good enough. And that ain't what I meant." He turned to the mother. "But that ain't no place for the likes of her. She ain't got no business foolin' 'round them ruffians. No tellin' who she'll run into. I try to weed out all the skunks early in the season, but sometimes I overlook some o' the sons-o'—." Jack had warmed to his theme so as nearly to forget himself, but caught himself in time and gulped, then hurried on—"I can't tell all the skunks, and a nice girl like her ain't got no business takin' chances o' bein' insulted."

He paused for a moment and looked around the room. Then he blurted out again:

"Why'n thunderation don't she stay home? You've got a ranch here. Can't you make it pay?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head:

"There's no man to run it."

Jack's eyes gleamed.

"That's it," he shouted. "You ain't got a man. That's what I come here for. Looka me! I'm the man! No, sir, not a word out of you. I'm the boss o' these here woods. I make five hundred dollars a month, me, and I live like a hog. Yes, sir, like a hog in a cabin up yonder. An' no wonder. I'm a savage, that's what. Never talked to a woman 'cept my mother. Never saw a woman I warn't scared of. And I'm scared o' her," he pointed at the girl, "but, by thunder, I ain't so scared of her but what I know a good thing when I see it. She's got grit, that girl, she's my style, 'n I want her'n you to cut out this here damnation lonesome ranch and I want to cut out my cussed lonely cabin and make a partnership out o' it. Name your terms. That's just what we'll do. Ain't it?"

Jack's eloquence had carried him beyond realization of everything but the gorgeous solution pictured to his eyes. The girl brought him to earth. She advanced toward him with flashing eyes and clenched fists:

"That's just what we won't do," she retorted. "You're the most impudent person I ever saw. Leave this house, sir—instantly!" and she drew herself up to five feet two of slender majesty and pointed to the door.

Jack was dazed for a moment. Slowly he recovered his self-possession. At last it dawned upon him that, in his enthusiasm, he had blurted out what he had intended to come at only gradually. At length he looked up and spoke with defiance in his eyes but with a change in his voice, which was now soft and persuasive. He spoke to the older woman, ignoring the girl:

"Well, it's out, anyway. I didn't mean to say it so soon, an' I didn't mean no harm. What I wanter know is, would you have any objections, ma'am, if I ast this here young lady to go a-ridin' horseback with me. I've got the best horse on the hill, ma'am, I really have, gentle es a kitten, 'n I'd be most pleased to death 'f you'd let me ask her to ride him."

The woman had been quite composed throughout the whole scene, and had studied Jack's face intently though unobtrusively the whole time. Now she looked up at him with a not forbidding look in her eyes, perhaps a twinkle, but her face was very grave.

"I have no objection, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Killmillan," Jack added, eagerly.

"Mr. Killmillan; but Lucy, of course, knows her own mind about that."

Lucy's mind was very evidently known to herself, for when Jack turned and looked at her she was shaking her head vigorously and looking almost angrily at her mother, trying to convey the negative signal to her.

"Please, Miss Lucy," pleaded Jack. "I'm dreadful sorry for what I said. 'N you c'n sell all the books you want to them durned heathens. But that black horse o' mine is a beaut', fer a fact he is. 'N I'd give a thousand dollars to have a sight o' you ridin' him."

Jack voice would have charmed the birds out of the trees. Lucy still shook her head, though she cast a questioning glance from time to time toward her mother, whose head was bent again over her work. Jack went on, stepping to the door and throwing it open:

"Jes' look here, Miss Lucy. Ho, Joe! Ho, Joe! Looka him. That's the bay. See how he comes right up 'n eats outer your hand. 'N he ain't half's fine a horse's that black. Lemme come over Sunday 'n jes' show him to you."

Anyway, the next Sunday the stable[illegible] was astonished to see Jack enter the stable in the morning, saddle his bay horse himself and then throw on the black horse a bridle and leave, without a word, leading the black. And Sunday evening after dark, the black led in again, with saddle plainly visible, but no saddle. This happened every Sunday for a few weeks, then often in the evenings of week days. Gradually the word went about the camp concerning Jack's mysterious goings and comings. And when went the tales of teamsters who claimed they had seen Jack and a girl! Yes, sir, Killmillan, by all that was blasphemous and all that was holy, out riding with a girl. And gradually the name of the girl was added and the myth became conviction.

Then the storekeeper recalled the boo[illegible] sode, and the circle of evidence was complete. But now it began to take on new trimmings in the mouths of men with evil minds. Ugly suggestions were added to it, and the [illegible] began to nudge and nod and wink and ga[illegible].

Jack had no intimations of the fact that his romance had been found out until he rode over one Saturday evening to the Half-Saloon. Lumberjacks here went on their weekly spree, and gamblers congregated here to help relieve them of their wages. Jack entered the bar looking for one of those logging bosses, and stopped to take a drink. As he stood facing the bartender he became conscious of a lull in the talk at the card tables behind him, and turned to find the eyes of everybody in the room upon him. When they saw him turn, all eyes were dropped again to the cards or turned elsewhere, and an effort was made to resume the clatter of conversation. All eyes but one, those of Jim Malone, a huge timber feller whom Jack had fired a week before for failing to sober up. Malone had spent the past week in the saloon drinking and gambling and cursing Killmillan. Nobody had ventured to cross him, because he was a terror in a fight, at any time, and now he was viciously ugly. Malone stared at Jack with an expression of leering insolence too obviously intentional to be ignored. Jack's mustache bristled as it did whenever he faced trouble and he walked up to Malone, who bulked taller and more massive even than he.

"Here I am, Jim Malone," he snapped out. "You seem to be lookin' fer trouble. Take me. Spit it out!"

Malone eyed Jack malevolently.

"You're a nice one," he began, "you that fires a man fer takin' a drop too much 'n lettin' on to be such a angel yourself. Oh, yes. Mebbe I takes a drop too much. All right, that's my business. But I don't l'on to be no saint, 'n then go'n the dark of the moon a runnin' round 'n playin' loose with a pore innocent widow woman's daughte[illegible]

A low laugh ran around the room.

"What d'ye mean, you —— — ——," Jack's voice was hoarse with anger.

"Oh, everybody knows 'bout you'n that Lucy Martin girl—"

Jack's fist shot out and took Malone's jaw clean. He gave the grunt of a felled ox and went to the floor unconscious, blood streaming from his mouth. Jack turned to the tables.

"Stand up, the hound among ye," he laughed."

His eyes roved from face to face. Every eye fell before the blaze of his.

"That's what ye are—curs, that a real man'd be ashamed to spit on. Ye're the sort that slander women. Yah! Ye don't dare say that sort of thing to a man. Not a word! Well, you kin git out o' here. Git! I'll brain the pack o' ye."

The saloon emptied swiftly, silently. Jack looked at the barkeeper. He was busily washing glasses and looking down. Then he looked at Jim Malone, conscious now and groaning on the floor.

"Anything more outer you?" he demanded.

Malone answered only with a groan.

Jack turned and strode outside. He mounted his horse and mounted, then sat still for a moment in a revery. The next moment

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hed away. An hour later the door of the
rtin cabin burst open and Jack Killmillan
ed the two women, his eyes flashing and
ry spots of red blazing on his cheeks.
Git yer hat," he said to Lucy, and his
ce was a command, "and come on!"
Why, what's the matter? Where are you
ng?" Lucy asked, frightened at his look.
We're goin' to git married, you'n me. Right
v. There's a damned slander loose in this
e camp, and you'n me are in it. I've jest
ished Jim Malone for it and I'd have
ed the pack o' dogs that laughed at it ef
y'd been men instid o' dogs. I made 'em
it. I kin fight slanders down that're on
but that don't stop 'em talkin' 'bout you,
ain't goin' to stand for that. You come
it on and we'll go to the county seat 'n
married."
ucy's face had flushed at his first sentence,
then her eyes had flashed and then filled
i tears. But at his last words she drew
k. She stood looking at him with wide-
ing eyes, and with an expression half of
or in her face. Gradually that look faded.
blushed and dropped her eyes.
Marry?" she said. "I haven't been asked
"
or reply, Jack stepped over to her swiftly.
hout a word he picked her up and swung
lightly to his shoulder.
Good-night, Mrs. Martin," he said. "We'll
back tomorrow night," and strode out the
r. A moment later the sound of rattling
fs grew fainter and fainter down the
intainside. As Mrs. Martin leaned against
door post, straining her eyes to follow
n, and sobbing aloud, a man came around
corner of the house.
Evenin', ma'am," he said. "Jack sent me
ook out fer you. I'll put up in the hay
n the barn, 'n if you need me jes' holler.
I reckon likely you wont. Jack Kill-
an's sort o' posted this ranch ez a place
eave alone, and taint likely anybody'll do
respassin'."
'hich they did not. And the tongue of
der stopped wagging before the door of
and Mrs. Jack Killmillan, plus Mrs. Kill-
an's mother. But the tongues of the camp
ips long wondered how Jack Killmillan
got his courage up to propose. And
himself often wondered how it happened.
etimes yet he looks quizzically at a row
en volumes of the Lives of the Saints, in
covers with silver gilt binding, scratches
head and grins, and mutters unctuously a
osyllable that seems rather inept, for it
with double "l."

ULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC
Office, ontgomery St. e Kearny 4491
Residence, 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4490
SAN FRANCISCO

SUMMONS

the Superior Court of the State of California, in
or the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.
tion brought in the Superior Court of the State
alifornia, in and for the City and County of San
cisco.
HERINE MUNDELL, sometimes
wn as Kate Mundell,
Plaintiff,
vs.
No. 22107
ersons claiming any interest in or lien
n the real property herein described,
any part thereof,
Defendants.
WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST
OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY
REIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THERE-
, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:
are hereby required to appear and answer the
laint of the above named plaintiff filed with the
of the above entitled Court and County, within
(3) months after the first publication of this sum-
, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you
in or upon that certain property or any part there-
tuate in the City and County of San Francisco,
of California, and particularly bounded and de-
d as follows, to-wit:
PARCEL NO. 1.
mmencing at a point on the easterly line of Second
ue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five
feet northerly from the northerly line of "C"
, running thence northerly and along said easterly
of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at
angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet,
e at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet
thence at right angles westerly one hundred and
y (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue
and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.
7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.
No. 22296

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor Market street, near Third.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
No. 22295
Defendants.

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof,
No. 22294
Defendants.

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

What Martial Law Is Like

Primitive man knew no way of righting a wrong except with a club. In every social order there is a substratum of primitive men, and nearly all men become primitive when over-mastered by some ruling passion. Hence riots and insurrections are to be provided against in any scheme of government. California has made such provision.

During the street car strike in San Francisco some years since passengers were assaulted, men who undertook to operate cars were dragged from them and beaten, much property was destroyed, redhot bolts were hurled from tall buildings in process of construction upon the heads of persons below and it seemed not unlikely that the city would be given over into the hands of a mob, the more likely because the government of the city was then in the hands of men of doubtful character and the police force was supposed to be in sympathy with the rioters.

Now it is the first duty of a city to govern itself if it can. Its police should cope with the difficulty if it has the power. To give it power the mayor has authority to call upon able bodied citizens to do police duty, but if order cannot be restored in that way the military arm of the state may be called into requisition. During the street car strike Governor Gillett had the National Guard ready to be called into action, but it was not actually called. The fact that the National Guard was within call helped the mob spirit to control itself. There is nothing that more greatly aids an angry person, or number of persons, to re-establish self-control, than the knowledge that, in the event of failure, there is a power outside of self that can control. A small, disciplined, order-obeying force can control an unorganized mob a hundred times its own numbers if only it makes the mob know that it is in earnest.

Commonly where a city or community fails to establish order, and the state is called upon to aid, it merely aids. It places its forces at the disposal of the mayor or chief of police to supplement the power of the police, but there are cases in which the civil authorities so go to pieces that the state has to assume entire control through its military arm. In such cases the courts are set aside and justice is determined and executed by military processes.

It all rests in the discretion of the governor. When he thinks that his interference is needed because a state of insurrection exists he makes proclamation to that effect, orders the requisite forces into the field and places them under the command of such officers as he thinks best, although he is commander-in-chief and may himself assume control. Usually he chooses the ranking officer to command.

There are two kinds of law, sometimes confused in the minds of those who have not especially studied the subject. One is "martial," the other is "military." Martial law is for the government of citizens within the district where that form of law has been proclaimed either by the governor of a state or the president of the United States, and it is for the government of civilians within that district. Military law exists wherever there is a military force, whenever there is a military force, and it is for the government of the military force, its own officers and men. It only touches civilians when they are found acting as spies or aiding or abetting the enemy. Its decisions are summarily executed and no appeal lies to civil courts.

If martial law be declared justice will be administered during its continuance as the commanding officer may deem best. His will will be the supreme law, but he will generally manifest it through a court-martial of thirteen commissioned officers, if so many can be spared, although he may constitute his court of as few as five officers, one of whom he will designate as president of the court. He will then appoint a judge-advocate, who will both prosecute and defend; that is, he will conduct the case for the prosecuting or complaining officer and, at the same time, prevent the putting of leading questions to the witnesses. The members of the court will ask questions, too, will reach a verdict and certify the whole to the commanding officer for approval. According to law jails and state prisons must receive prisoners and, if the offense warrants it, executions may take place at the hands of a squad of soldiery.

Being a form of government by men and not by law, martial law, which is little more than the will of the officer in command, is seldom resorted to and the presumption is against its being necessary, yet sometimes it is necessary. Society abhors disorder as nature abhors a vacuum and generally makes shift to preserve order even if it has to employ the rope or the file of soldiers with loaded rifles.

Sometimes while this form of law is taking care of the issues growing out of disorder the civil courts are going right along settling such differences between citizens as do not involve the public peace or the authority of the military tribunal. If the state be not able to establish order the forces of the United States may be called for by the governor, so we see that resistance to authority, and the spirit of mob rule and insurrection, give small promise of being successfully applied anywhere. What the state cannot do Uncle Sam can.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

was laudable. They wanted especially to turn out the county clerk and two supervisors. To this end they compromised with as bad elements as there are in the county, made "gentlemen's agreements" with that element. As well might they have made "gentlemen's agreements" with pickpockets! The gentleman respects his agreement, the pickpocket picks the pocket of the gentleman and makes off with both copies of the agreement. Result: the good government organization is itself more or less discredited and the court-house ring still rings. The pickle the President is in should have taught them that compromises with the representatives of bad policies make trouble. If Alameda county is to be redeemed to good government it will be after a group of men have stood up and taken a few good lickings with unimpeachable candidates. Once having gained the confidence of the public in that way they can clean up Alameda cities and Alameda county once for all. There is no other way.

The Bakersfield power, transit and light company has sold its system to the San Joaquin light and power company of Fresno.

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16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

This Week: "THE WATER QUESTION"

By George E. Burlingame

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A Soft Spot

SON A. ALDRICH has attained his three score years and , is about to retire from public life full (we shan't under- say of what), and is about to build for himself a palatial e. It is estimated that it will cost $400,000, but he could happily and die as decently in a home costing a tenth as id, at the same time, avoid disclosing that soft spot in his that tends to vainglory.

Beware of the Froth

SE WHO FAVOR THE RECALL should beware how y make the percentage of petitioners so low as to require ticipation of none below the froth on the political mug. ten or fifteen percent of any voting constituency is likely over at the slightest provocation.

Why Shouldn't They?

R EASTERN EDITOR sends the warning home to gland that, as soon as the Hindus awaken to the fact that n govern themselves as well as Britain can govern them, ll "sweep British control away in a breath." Why 't they?

The Price of Harmony

IBLICAN "REGULARS" ARE INSISTENT on knowing ir status in the new regime. It is simple. Accept the re- the conflict in good faith, cut loose from Herrinism and In other words, repent, believe and be baptized into the :h.

Waiting To Catch Up

COTTON MANUFACTURERS of the United States no ger contravene anti-trust laws by fixing prices. They shut down the works until consumption catches up and x themselves. Great idea for men of means, but, somehow, r tends to decrease the cost of living nor increase the earn- er of factory workers in general. But then, it isn't any business.

A Plank For Every Platform

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB, of San ncisco, an organization from which California has a expect much: "We pledge our candidates for the ire to work and vote for such revision of the laws inal procedure in this state as shall make the ad- ation of justice more speedy and certain." If we can add ter procedure a better appellate judiciary, a judiciary that ey the statutes in spirit and truth, our state may come to abundantly supplied with malefactors of great wealth who crime and then demand to know what we are going to do

We Move To Amend

N FRANCISCO PAPER lately announced in large type it "the 'organization' control of the Republican party will rom office in a blaze of glory." We move to amend by out "of glory."

Hair-Trigger Preferred

THE HONORABLE, THE SECRETARY of the Interior (read- ers are so tired of the word "Ballinger" that only ill-advised persons will employ it) affirms that only "hair-trigger reformers" hold to the principle that an executive officer can do aught not laid down for him by congressional enactment, and that therein lies the main difference between his administration of that office and that of his predecessor. It has been hitherto held that im- memorial usage has the force of law, and it has been the custom of executive officers to perform the recognized functions of ex- ecutive offices ever since government was, whether laid down in the statutes or not. The hair-trigger method is to be preferred, Mr. Secretary. It saves the national bacon.

What Can the Matter Be?

A NEW BEDFORD (Mass.) factory family of five earns $25.08 per week and it costs it $21.15 to live, leaving a balance of $3.93 for the rainy day. A Burnley (England) factory family of five earns $17.97 (pauper wages) per week and it costs it $12.44 to live, rainy day balance $5.53. In the name of the "best tariff ever," what in thunder is the matter with these figures?

Lorimer's Model Man

LEE O'NEIL BROWNE, who handled the sack for the buying of Democratic votes in the Illinois legislature for the election of Billy Lorimer to the United States senate, is declared by the senator to be a "model citizen and an honorable, upright, God- fearing man." If anyone has reason to fear God it is about that kind of a man.

Mistaken

A ONE-TIME ADMIRER of The California Weekly cut it square off because it was found supporting for office a man whom he did not like, declaring that he wanted a paper on which he could absolutely depend for wise guidance in all such matters. He was mistaken. It isn't a paper that he wants, but a guardian. A paper that should remove all need for private investigation and judgment in matters political would deserve to be burnt in the market place as destructive of an independent and self reliant man- hood. Of his paper a reader has a right to demand good faith and good sense, no more.

Corpus Delicti

IT IS REPORTED FROM LONDON that Dr. Crippen may never be prosecuted for the murder of his actress wife, for the reason that he murdered her so thoroughly as to have removed all positive evidence that any part of her remains exist to prove that she is dead. The fragments of a human female found in the cellar of the house he occupied may have been there before or may have belonged to some one else. Moral: Only the bungler is punished even in England.

What If It Should Pay?

IF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION should return the capital invested by state, city and subscribers, and return a profit, whose returned capital and profit shall they be? Shall they share pro rata or shall the proceeds all go to the Panama-Pacific corporation? The time to count those eggs is before they are laid.

Inevitable Tariff Tendencies

Sir Wilfred Laurier has just been across Canada. He has been meeting the people and he finds this to be the attitude of Canadians on the tariff issue: The east coast and the west coast want protection. The interior wants tariffs reduced to a revenue basis. The coasts have held the power hitherto, but the interior is developing the more rapidly and will soon hold the destinies of Canada in its own grasp, leaving the coasts at the mercy of the interior save as the opinions of the interior are like to be modified in the interests of the common good.

The condition of the United States relative to tariffs is not unlike that of Canada. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts want protection and a good deal of it. The interior does not need protection and is inclined to reduce tariffs, if not to a revenue only, at least to a revenue mainly basis, with such protection as a careful, honest and scientific investigation into the facts may show to be indispensable to coast industries.

Heretofore the Atlantic coast states have dominated, not because they had the population or the wealth, but because they had so manipulated party as to retain political power in their own hands. The great interior can dominate. It will do it. If the issue is to be settled by a fight the Middle West will win the fight. It has got the votes, and it is going to have them in an ever increasing preponderance. The only refuge for the coasts is to fall back upon a scientifically applied protective policy, designed for the common good and so honestly scheduled as to be above suspicion of being of advantage mainly to aggressive interests. The President appears to have an idea that there is something of the sort in the wind and he has come out in favor of revising the tariff schedule by schedule, session by session, as his tariff board says revision is needed.

The difference between a tariff board, such as we have, and a tariff commission, such as will take charge of the subject in Canada, is not as broad as the continent and similar results may be obtained by both methods. The iniquity of 1909 will have a troubled career and a brief. It is right that it should.

The Best Possible Condition

Theodore Bell, in a personal letter to the editor of the Sacramento Bee, declares that, "I shall do nothing and permit nothing to be done that will in the slightest degree tie my hands or prevent my being a full moral agent after taking the office of governor, if I should be elected," and, "I do not propose to saddle on my conscience the thing that has cursed our state in the past, is now cursing the nation, and has been the greatest cancer that has eaten out the hearts of the nation and the peoples of history," reference being made to special privileges to the few.

Heretofore both political parties in California have been subservient to corporation domination to the special advantage of special interests. That was the worst condition possible. If we have now come to a state of affairs in which both political parties are free of all such domination, if the leaders of these parties stand shoulder to shoulder for a free government and a fair opportunity for all with special privileges to none, then have our lines fallen in pleasant places, then has an era of good feeling and high purpose been ushered in.

We believe that Theodore Bell penned those lines in sincerity. If he did then the contest between Johnson and Bell must be fought on lines other than that of corporation domination. These utterances of Bell's are not to be accepted as final. They were not meant for the public ear. Neither ticket is to be judged

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by its head alone. A hundred other quantities enter into the equation, but it is going to be important to know, if we may, that whichever wins Herrinism loses. Watch the symptoms. Watch them close. The whole situation will bear much watching.

Land as an Absorbent

Good alfalfa land is renting for more in Tulare county than it could have been sold for thirty years ago. When the railroad reached that county the land value promptly absorbed the value of the added benefit. When water was taken out of the rivers and applied to the land the land absorbed the added value as readily as it had absorbed the water. Every successful experiment made in the culture of the grape, the peach, the orange, was instantly reflected in the increased price of land. Was the freight rate on wheat lowered? The land rather than the cultivator of the soil took the larger benefit. It was thought to be too hot a country for successful dairying, that alfalfa bloated the cows too much, and that "alfalfa butter" wasn't good butter anyway, but the discovery was made that good butter could be made in a hot valley and that "alfalfa butter" is a myth. What is the result? Why, merely that good alfalfa land will rent for more in annual cash rent than the land could have been sold for twenty-five years ago. The advance in the price of the land has absorbed the full value of every forward step taken by science or industry. What is true in Tulare county is true in every county, in every state and every country. The land absorbs to itself, in the form of enhanced value, the greater part of the results of applied science and industry, from which fact we draw two conclusions: One is that whoever would be anchored to prosperity, and transmit prosperity to his children, should possess himself of good land. The other is that a land tax is everlastingly a just tax. It recovers for the common good some portion of what has been absorbed from the common earnings. This does not imply single tax, but only land tax.

Unduly Exercised

Certain governors of states but lately assembled at Salt Lake and there resolved many things with regard to that portion of the public domain lying and being within the respective states of said governors. Those gentlemen have unduly exercised themselves. Conservation does not contemplate the removal of Uncle Sam's possessions outside of the boundaries of any of the states in which they are now situate, and without being removed the states in which they are situate cannot be deprived of their full usufruct whenever they are converted into marketable commodities. Our forests cannot be taken east and there felled and worked up into lumber and stove wood, our oil districts cannot be transferred to Pennsylvania to replenish he exhausted formations of that commonweh. All the exploiting that is to be done will he to be done on the ground where that grod now is. All the king's horses and all he king's men can not have it otherwise. he worst that could happen would be to lre these resources saved awhile before beingle-ploited and, if done, that would not be n unmixed hardship to our western states. ht it will not be done. If the national govh-ment retains control of these properties ty will be utilized for the benefit of all the p-ple instead of for the benefit of a part of he people. There is where the snoe pin-s tender feet. They want this untold wealth to be put into their hands for a song that ty may exploit both the resources and the p-ple. That is all there is to it. It would he interesting to know whose governors the were who convened last week at Salt Le and by virtue of whose political prowess ty were given their jobs. If we knew that re might see the issue wonderfully illuminat.

In the Old Swing

Theodore Roosevelt is out upon one of his well-loved "swings around the circle," ll-lowed by two carloads of bright young gh-tlemen who will convey to millions someth-g of what he says to thousands. Only the hh points will be hit, and they will be "hit d" The daily press is for those who grab a le and run. It would be profitable to know wt this first citizen of the civilized world hac o say to the Patrons of Husbandry in relan to the premier industry of this nation. re may get it through the New York Outlo-, but not through the daily press which kin-s tomorrow's fires. It is not likely that Colel Roosevelt will say many new things, ht rather will he say old things that should re ever new, such things as, in the hurry of re and its fevered aims, we forget and so lose r moral bearings. When he shall have cle-pleted his circuit the American conscience ll have been quickened anew and the people ll have been spoken to that they may go r-ward, politically, industrially, morally. e waves of sentiment he will have set in moti will culminate at St. Paul when the conset-tion congress is in session. That, in part, t least, is what the "swing" is for.

Hoke Smith

The triumph of Hoke Smith in the Geora primary is regrettable. Hoke Smith has co-e to be a reactionary, a veritable negro-bai-. His victory over Governor Brown is no-e to the world that the "progressive" Dem-cracy of Georgia has about-faced and is do-g its progressing toward ante-bellum conditio-. Hoke Smith would not only deny to the ne-o civil rights, but his deliberate purpose appe-s to be to reduce the black race to a servi-serving class and so fix his status there th no member of that race will ever rise above He has as much as said that he would cl-e the avenues of skilled labor to the black ma because he is black, that no black man shou- hold a job that a white man would care hold. That is what Georgia has voted f- It is a shame to Georgia. In the langua- of our first citizen, "All men up, and not so men down," should be the motto for Ameri- of which Georgia is irremediably a part.

The Hermit Kingdom

The fate of Korea is the fate of eve country that does not keep the world's pa It will avail nothing to waste tears over t ravaged liberties of a free people, a peop that desired to live within themselves and themselves and let the rest of the world o on about its business. It is a part of t

d's business to see to it that the world es, all of it, and that it keeps step. Rus- great hulking mass that it is, is being d to move. It is far down the proces- but it is coming on. Korea squatted in ath and declared it would not budge, but budging, kicking and squalling, and yet ing. To be sure it is inside of Japan, but s joined the march of human progress. fate of Korea will be the fate of Central rica. It is not forever that Nicaragua be permitted to play thumbs up and bs down with the commerce and comity he nations. Congratulations to Japan! s done the thing inevitable. Uncle Sam d do likewise with reference to Panama Central America, if not this year or next some other year not far distant. World ure will yet force his hand.

The Bay Cities' Proposition

our leading article this week the pro- s of the Bay Cities Water Company are dered by one in a position to throw light ie subject. The issue is vital to the in- s of the prosperous and delightful cities border the eastern shores of San Fran- bay. Their supply of fresh water is in- iate and unsatisfactory. It must be bet- and enlarged. How shall it be done? inly not by the individual action of in- ial property owners contracting with ir- nsible agents of a corporation whose osals have not been proved to the satis- n of the collective whole. We are not g that the proposals of the Bay Cities r Company are bad, or that the water any is itself irresponsible and shrewd r than sound. Our contention is that ever is done should be done by all acting ne and one for all, not each for each. a situation where collective bargaining nes imperative. It is a matter in which should act as cities and not individuals lividuals. Our leading article is respect- commended to the thoughtful considera- of east bay property owners.

Lesson of the Fires

forest fires that have prevailed the past have proven a calamity to the nation. s of lives have been lost, millions of h have been consumed, hardship has inflicted and homes destroyed. It is not known that human foresight could have nted all of these catastrophes, but the nood is that, in most instances, human ght did not try. Owners of timber have strangely neglectful of their own and ublic interest. The state must invade rongholds of an ultra individualism and el each holder of timbered lands to so is own as not to injure, or jeopardize, a neighbor's property or his own. No owns timbered lands. He merely holds and holds them subject to the common re. His interest is that of a steward- To that stewardship he must be held ict account. It is not impossible that h has been lost during the past week ve safeguarded the section burned over e end of the present century.

Who Fetches the Hindus?

swer by asking who fetched the Chinese, the Greeks, the ignorant sort from the and east of Europe, who scattered the an peons along all our coast and through ir valleys? If this answer be not suffi- look to see where these Hindus go upon arrival. It will be found that they go went those who came before, to the n gangs on the railroads. There is no tment of railroading more important to afety of travel than the maintenance-of- way, and yet to that department go the least responsible, the cheapest and the poorest help that the ransacked world can produce. Is it any wonder that rails spread? Many a thrifty American citizen, yes, many a railroad contractor, superintendent, president, got his start as a section hand, but that was when the section hand was paid a white man's wages and when he yielded a white man's fidelity to the trust imposed. If responsibility would be had it must be paid for. If it be not had, the lack of it must be paid for, too, in terms of wrecked trains, maimed bodies, destroyed lives. That absentee landlordism that owns our railroads, and is concerned only for dividends and stock quotations; and that non-stockholding, hireling administrative force that cares for little save a good showing in its own department, upon which showing the high salaries depend—it is to these that we are mainly indebted for needless hazards of travel and the degradation of our citizenship. Put the responsibility where it belongs.

The Crocker Canines

That riches cannot bar sorrow from the gate is exemplified in that the grim reaper entered the kennels of the Crocker terriers at Hillsborough and carried off a number of brindle bowlegged Boston pups of the reputed aggregate value of $17,500. But the mistress of the kennel mourns not as without hope. Another "pup" is coming by special car all the way from Boston, at an expense of other thousands that he may sustain the royal prestige of that royal canine line. It is not worth while to become bitter in reflecting upon this silly fad of this silly young woman. Who of us, surrounded by so many silly and idle persons as she, could be sure of being less silly than she; and yet when one thinks on the myriad enterprises richly worth while suffering for want of financial aid we know that such waste of wealth is worse than silly. It is ethically criminal. It makes it clear that society, for its own protection, must at death dip liberally into every private fortune and then so compel the absolute division among the heirs of what is not taken for the common treasury as to make it inevitable that fool and money shall promptly part company. Poverty must be made the end of prodigality. Our inheritance laws must seek to reduce to a minimum such flauntings in the faces of the many whose lives are hard of the follies of the few who chance to be the grandchildren of financial brigands.

Again, One Or None

If a Panama-Pacific exposition is to be held in San Francisco five years hence it is appropriate that the state contribute a substantial sum to its success. Perhaps $5,000,000 is not too much. If such an exposition is to be held in San Francisco it is appropriate that San Francisco, as a municipality, contribute to that end, and perhaps $5,000,000 is not too much. But suppose New Orleans goes ahead and holds an exposition also, ought these great sums to be raised and expended just the same? We think not. We think that a fight should be made in congress for a determination by congress that only one such exposition shall be held, with the aid and support of the national government, and where it shall be held. Unless San Francisco is to be the place for holding that exposition then it should hold none. It is all right to authorize the state and authorize the city to make these expenditures, but the authorizations should be made contingent upon there being one exposition or none. Unless these appropriations are made contingent upon that event, and plainly so, there may be difficulty in carrying the proposals before the people. And there should be.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

For four hundred years the top of the world was the quest of the bravest and strongest and most daring of our navigators. That quest cost hundreds of lives, hells of suffering and millions of dollars, and when at last it was reached, by a man who had devoted twenty-three years of his life to the enterprise, there was nothing there, not a thing in the world but ice and snow and bad weather. The inflexibility of purpose of the indomitable Peary developed in him traits seemingly so ungenerous that, despite his great achievement, his country turned from him to half sympathize with a rival who had struggled as hard and endured as much as he and, to cover his failure, had boasted of a success he had not achieved.

Is there any lesson in all this that may touch our own lives helpfully? Perhaps so. There ought to be. Many a less important consummation has made ineffaceable impress upon the minds of millions. Let it be said that Commander Peary deserves better of his country than he has received. The worst that can be said of him was that he seemed to be ungenerous to a rival. Is it human to devote twenty-three years of life, years of exposure and suffering, only to see, without protest, another snatch the laurels out of one's hand? And what man could endure all that Peary had endured and be quite himself at the end? It is time for his country to think better of Peary. A malign and defeated press worked him incalculable injury by misleading the public. Not being given for nothing what another paper had paid for, rival papers turned upon the explorer and rended his reputation into shreds. That is the truth.

But, has the reader a pole star that he is resolved to stand under? If so is it really worth while? Is it absorbing all the sweetness, all the health, all the vigor out of life? Is its realization going to be worth all that it will cost? This is not saying that the achievement of Peary was not worth to the world all that it cost him and his supporters. The question for the reader is, "Is my quest, my indomitable purpose, going to be worth to the world, to me and to mine all that it is to cost?"

It is not unlikely that, some day, we may each of us stand on the top of the world and look back over it and over the trails that we have made on it. Will our tracks be like those of the rabbit seen in the freshly fallen snow, that seem to start nowhere and lead in no direction? Or will they make straight for our bright, particular pole-star? If not straight, will they tend steadily in that direction despite the open "leads" and "pressure ridges" that block our path?

In a sense we are all of us explorers. If we are searching for nothing else we may be seeking to find our true selves and, among the great discoveries of life, self-discovery ranks high. There have been thousands who failed of making that discovery until so late in life that it was of little use to them when found, generally for the reason that they had not really been looking for themselves. They were blundered onto by themselves, as Columbus blundered onto a continent, while looking for something else.

It is good to read Peary's rather prosaic narrative. It is being neglected to the injury of those who neglect it. It has a hundred lessons in it, not alone for those who may seek, after him, also to stand on the top of our material world, but for others who have worlds of their own upon whose top they would stand, and pole-stars of their own that they would fain stand under. Whoever has been persistent, courageous, enduring, inflexible of will and wise in ordaining means to ends, becomes one of the world's teachers. When the mischief which has been done him passes away, as it will, the quest of Peary and its achievement will become an inspiration to countless thousands.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

How Dr. Jordan Would Terminate War

Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University's great president, recently read a paper before the Berlin congress of liberal religions, and the topic he chose for discussion was "War and Manhood." Inasmuch as his paper included a suggested method of terminating warfare on the high seas, and as that would be a long step toward terminating all warfare, it should be of deep interest to all who hope for that day when swords shall be beaten into plowshares. The doctor's plan is very simple, and yet it is submitted that it should be equally practical. In brief, it is this: Before the congress he urged, as he frequently has done heretofore, the establishment of an international law prohibiting the killing of seals, sea otters, whales, etc., outside a three mile limit from land. Thus far all is easy, as none will dispute the right of the nations to make such a law. But now comes the next step which Dr. Jordan would see taken: He would have the killing of men outside that three mile limit also made illegal. Is it not apparently an easy and logical step to take? Yet it would terminate warfare upon the wide oceans, it would make of the world's navies that dead lumber in the junk heap which they become after a decade or so in any event, it would convert mighty Dreadnaughts into useless mementoes of a murderous age—and what consummation could more devoutly be wished? Perhaps all this is a dreamer's dream, but what is there in it which is impractical save that which is made so by the spirit of murder in man's heart? Can man not protect the seals and sea otters, and, if so, then can he not also protect man? May Dr. Jordan ultimately succeed in his righteous mission.

Concerning Lovely Woman and Big Feet

No longer need the otherwise lovely woman with big feet be entirely discouraged; on the dim horizon of the future there is a ray of hope for her. The ray faintly scintillates in the immediate vicinity of Munich, Bavaria. There a society of women has been organized with the object of promulgating the glorious gospel of big feet. The larger the feet the more beautiful and healthy the gentle creature who drags them around, is the motto inscribed on the banner beneath which they proudly take their stand. And, mark you, the women who have joined this society are members of the aristocracy, and there are several hundred of them, their leader being the real, live Austrian Baroness Mohn. They have pledged themselves to appear at all functions, even at court, in the biggest possible shoes with the flattest possible heels. And such a society should grow and extend in many directions, for it has been whispered that there are several women here or there who cover the ground liberally when they stand. But it is dollars to nickels that no women with such feet as poets praise belong, or will belong, to that society.

Increase of Population by Decades

Not until this fall will the population of the United States, as ascertained by this year's census, be officially given out, but it is understood that 90,000,000 is a close official approximation. Accepting this approximation as fairly close, it is of some interest to note by what leaps and bounds the population of this country has advanced in the 120 years since its first census was taken. According to that first census, taken in 1790, the population of the United States was 3,929,214; in 1800 it was 5,308,483; in 1810, 7,239,881; in 1820, 9,663,822; in 1830, 12,866,020; in 1840, 17,069,453; in 1850, 23,191,876; in 1860, 31,443,321; in 1870, 38,558,371; in 1880, 50,155,783; in 1890, 62,622,250; in 1900, 76,303,387; in 1910 (estimated), 90,000,000. It will be noted that the increase in each decade has largely exceeded that of the immediately preceding decade in all instances except the decade covering the time of the civil war, and even during that decade there was an increase of more than seven millions. Note, too, that the increase from 1890 to 1900 need only be equaled in the decade just past in order to make our present population reach the 90,000,000 mark, so that if the increase of past decades is continued we must pass that mark.

Red Stockings and Aviation

Perhaps nothing would have seemed more improbable than that feminine hosiery would get mixed up with aviation, but reports from France indicate that it has done so. It was at the Etampes meeting that the unfortunate and unexpected mixture took place. A Mlle. Abukais was one of the aviators at the meeting, and during her ascensions she wore knickerbockers and red stockings, and the stockings were of no subdued red either, but were of that brilliant vermilion hue which dazzles eyes. In this spectacular costume the Mayor of Etampes saw Miss Abukais, and naturally he was shocked. He was, indeed, so shocked that he had her summoned to court, but the young woman went right ahead and made an ascent so high that nothing but two dots of red could be seen against the azure sky. The next day she again appeared costumed as before, again the mayor had her summoned, and again she flew without changing her garb. There was a precisely similar course of events on every day of the meeting, and now Miss Abukais must appear in court, where decision will be duly and solemnly rendered whether a feminine aviator may wear stockings and, if so, what color they must be. Now that women are entering the aviation field, this is a question that should be decided, and decided right. The world should know what to expect when it is at an aviation meeting.

The World's Socialists

The International Bureau of Socialists, which is recognized as the fountainhead of European socialism, recently published statistics showing what it claims to be the number of socialists in the world. The statistics are acknowledged to be incomplete, inasmuch as they do not give (through lack of ability to obtain them) those pertaining to Russia, Spain and Australia, but, even with this considerable hiatus, they total enough to cause either apprehension or joy, as the point of view may differ, in one who reads them. Here are the figures, as given: Socialists in Germany, 3,250,000; France, 1,000,000; United States, 600,000; Great Britain, 500,000; Belgium, 500,000; Italy, 390,000; Finland, 337,000; Switzerland, 100,000; Denmark, 99,000; Norway, 90,000; Holland, 82,000; Sweden, 75,000. This is a total of 7,023,000. It will be remembered that these are socialist figures furnished from a socialist source, and it goes without the saying that they have not been "underdone" any, but, on the contrary, it is not likely that they have been grossly exaggerated, and, admitting that they have not, it is evident that the problem of socialism is with us, whether as hope or menace, in degree sufficient to warrant earnest and serious consideration.

The American Sweet Tooth

It is evident that the American people have a well developed sweet tooth. Witness the fact that last year they consumed 7,500,000,000 pounds of sugar. If the reader of this paragraph got his share, his sweet tooth called for and received between 80 and 90 pounds of this compressed sweetness last year. Who says the American people do not know a good thing when they taste it?

How Worry Kills Its Victim

Modern science, which discovers ma
things, has finally determined that the lo
maintained popular theory that worry kills
sound, and more than that, it tells, ratl
vaguely to be sure, just how it accomplish
this end. According to a late scientific theo
worry kills by absolutely destroying or i
pairing beyond repair certain cells of the bra
Of course it would be gratifying just at t
point if science would inform us just how a
why worry thus injures these cells, but th
are certain lines of demarcation in both t
physical and spiritual worlds beyond whi
science cannot go, and the how and why
this brain-cell injury apparently is beyo
these lines. Worry, then, hurts these ce
and as the brain is the nerve center of t
body, it follows that other organs also fina
become diseased, and in the end death resul
Thus worry kills, and after it has killed, co
the doctors and say, "Heart disease,"
"stomach trouble," and their late patient
laid away. So much for science, but after
has spoken it has told us only what the wo
knew long ago, and it has given us no n
suggestion of why and how there is conn
tion between worry and brain cells whi
suffer. Science indeed is wise, but how sh
she avoid being short-sighted in a count
where dense mists abound?

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco, Depa ment No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs.
ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNI
To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien up the real property herein described or any part there defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Mo gomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of above-entitled court and City and County, within th months after the first publication of this summons, a to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in upon that certain real property or any part thereof, uated in the City and County of San Francisco, St of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Bro way distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from corner formed by the intersection of the northerly li of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, a running thence westerly along said line of Broadw twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northe one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inche thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) fe and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred a thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appe and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to eve part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to sa real property and in and to every part thereof, whet the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vest or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages liens of any description, be ascertained and determin by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudg and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in co mon in fee simple of the said real property, and of eve part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the sa real property, and of every part thereof, subject to conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kir character, or description, and for such other relief the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19 day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of Augu A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest i or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.

The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.

ADDRESSES.

San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bui ing, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

A ROMANCE OF THE DEEP

By M. L. Theiss-Whaley

(Written for The California Weekly)

languished in a steamer chair,
sauntering by, beheld her there,
unning girl, divinely fair.
"O, avis rare!" he muttered.

straightway he was very sick.
of the sea, but love. And quick
ght introduction. My! how thick,
Those two became instanter.

place at table, fortunately,
le him to be her vis-a-vis.
le he ate, but greedily,
Her myriad charms devoured.

helped her up and down the stair;
ordered fizz; she drank her snare.
re she was seen, he, too, was there;
A cavalier devoted.

y promenaded, chatted, danced,
1 hour he grew the more entranced.
leaps and bounds his love advanced,
To point of ardent telling.

she, divining his intent,
amorous words would aye prevent.
she was but on frolic bent,
With her 'twas simple flirting.

n fool's Paradise he passed,
blissful days, until at last,
trip was o'er. How furious, fast,
His eager heart was thumping.

swelled of head, aglow with pride,
walked the gang plank by her side,
ing her trap. I could have cried,
For his confused awakening!

"avis" flew to love's embrace;
n turned, and with still witching grace,
: "How I thank you, Mr. R——!
w my betrothed; I've journeyed far,
Once more to meet and wed him."

AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS

ıe following account from the Springfield ublican recalls the fact that there is a lar Academy of Letters in this country, which Mark Twain was a member, and gests some of the potentialities for use- ess that exist in such an institution:

he recent flurry over the rumored foun- ɔn of an English academy of letters proves ıave been needless. The historian G. M. velyan, who is a member of the "academic mittee" recently constituted by the royal ety of literature, writes to the London es denying the reports that a "full-blown" lemy after the French model is contem- ed. The situation at present is this: Last a joint committee was appointed by the ıl society of literature and the academy uthors to consider the creation of a body resenting literature as the royal academy esents art, the royal society science, and British academy learning. Recently it e its report, and upon its recommenda- the royal society of literature estab- ed a subordinate body called the academic mittee. Except for this subordinate us, it is modeled very closely after the nch academy. Like that it is limited to members, although only 27 were at first ointed. The academicians, or perhaps e properly academic committeemen, are to wear palm leaves or be called "im- tals," or do anything, if it can be helped, ring down on their heads the ridicule of ountry which has been more used to hon- ıg brewers than poets. It was not the pose, nervously insists Mr. Trevelyan, to t us up as 'immortal' cockshies."

evertheless, the functions of the commit- are to be very much like those of the nch academy. As stated in its charter, the vince and duties of the new body are:

(a) To take all possible measures to maintain the purity of the English language and to hold up a standard of good taste in style;

(b) To encourage fellowship and co-operation among those who are disinterestedly striving for the perfection of English literature;

(c) By "discourses of reception" and "obituary addresses" to mark the current of literary history in this country;

(d) To designate from time to time persons to become recipients of the medals of the society;

(e) To make awards of merit to particular literary works.

It is an excellent program, and the committee should be able to carry it out no less efficiently than if it should take on all the pomp and circumstance of what Mr. Trevelyan calls a "full-blown academy." It can hardly avoid, however, the principle which he objects to in academies, the "distinguishing between rival merit." Certainly in making up the list of members there must have been a purpose to choose the most distinguished and gifted living men of letters, and it is too much to hope that such a committee of eminent authors can be constituted, even "to discharge 'specified functions,'" without exciting jealousy and ill-will. That the choice has fallen, in the main, upon deserving candidates, appears from the list of original members:

Alfred Austin, Laurence Binyon, Andrew Cecil Bradley, Robert Bridges, Samuel Henry Butcher, Joseph Conrad, William John Courthope, Austin Dobson, James George Frazer, Edmund Gosse, Richard Burdon Haldane, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, William Paton Ker, Andrew Lang, Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall, John William Mackail, the Viscount Morley of Blackburn, George Gilbert Murray, Henry Newbolt, Edward Henry Pember, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, George Walter Prothero, Walter Raleigh, George Macaulay Trevelyan, Arthur Woollgar Verrall, William Butler Yeats. The secretary is Dr. Percy W. Ames.

At the first meeting the names of the novelist, Maurice Hewlett, and the poet, Arthur Christopher Benson, were added, but there is to be no haste in bringing up the number to the sanctioned 40. The office of president has been offered to Lord Morley, and that of perpetual secretary to E. H. Pember, K. C.

In considering the list the first thing to note is the absence of women, an injustice which will doubtless be remedied, or the academy smashed to matchwood, when women get the ballot. In the meantime there is nothing to prevent the authoresses of England from forming an academic committee of their own, or a full-blown academy for that matter, and if palm leaves should please their taste, it is a woman's privilege to wear whatever she likes. The second point which strikes the reader is that the list includes most of the distinguished names in contemporary English letters, besides a few so obscure as to suggest that the material available does not warrant an immediate enlargement of the number. Perhaps when genuine distinction is scanty, the problem might be solved by having two classes of academicians, the immortals and the semi-immortals, so to speak. Thus a man like Thomas Hardy or Henry James might be elected for life, while minor and younger men whom it would be invidious to mention could be chosen for say five years, and confirmed at the expiration of the term if their growing reputation and their academic usefulness should warrant it.

It is to be observed, however, that it is no just cause for criticism or ridicule if a part of the membership of an academy is obscure, hardly known at all to the general public. It is, in fact, one of the valuable services of an academy to honor achievements which are not of a sort to excite public applause. Learning as distinguishable from letters falls, to be sure, within the province of the British academy, but there is a considerable field which belongs both to scholarship and to literature, and its practitioners are not so likely to be known by the world at large as the novelists or even the poets. A considerable part of the committee is made up of men who have done valuable work, but whose ability has received little recognition except in English literary circles. An academy helps to even the scales and to remind the public that notoriety is not everything—there are some highly successful "best-sellers" who have not been invited to help to "maintain the purity of the English language and to hold up a standard of good taste in style."

The question of the value of academies has been much debated, both in England and America, and the general sentiment has been hostile. It is argued that it is the nature of an academy to be academic, and that the spirit of English literature is too individualistic to brook the tyranny of an organized dictatorship. No chance is lost to point out the weak points of the French academy and to show how the most original and brilliant writers have been rejected by it. Nevertheless the feeling seems to be growing just now that changing conditions are making some such central literary body more needful than formerly. The business of publishing books has increased enormously, and the stress is mainly on the light popular literature of the day. Critical authority has declined, and the machinery for puffery becomes daily more aggressive. Too little distinction is made

Californian Poets' Corner

A CYCLE

By Millicent Washburn Shinn

This well known poem was written by Miss Millicent Shinn when she was an undergraduate of the University of California and appeared in a little collection of college verse which is now a rare volume.

I.

Spring-time—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clovery floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes, that is the blackbird's note;
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard or seen them, for my heart was far away.
Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they cannot bring the May:
For the human presence only
That has left my ways so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of to-day.

II.

Autumn—is it Autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields;
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept slopes with grain;
Trees all gray with dust that gathers ever thicker till the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare white channels wander stonily across the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I when in the channels of my life once more I see
Sweetest founts long sealed and sunken bursting upward glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou my life, my best beloved, all my spring-time comes with thee.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SIN

A SOCIETY WHICH HOLDS THAT IT IS PROFANITY

If there be an evil in the land let the heart be cheered with the reflection that there must be at least one, and perhaps a hundred, associations of mortals camping on the trail of that evil, striving to abate, mitigate or annihilate it and never in the world's history was there more unselfish effective work done for Right Things than is being done here and now.

One of the newer associations for the lessening of evil in the world is the "Anti-Profanity Society of the World," with headquarters here in San Francisco. It is doing what it can.

But before we take up the society or its work let us consider a few moments some aspects of the task it has cut out for itself. Profanity is as old as language and with a large number of persons comprises a considerable share of their vocabulary. It seems to be hereditary in the male line and not infrequently it manifests itself in the female line as well. It has its origin in making common that which is held to be sacred.

In all ages of the world, and among all peoples, certain persons or things or places or words have been held to be holy. Custom required that they be treated with respect, but there were always some who failed of showing honor to those things that were looked upon as honorable. This was held to be profanation and was sometimes punished by death. What a mortality would rage if profanity were a capital offense in California! Anyhow for about a week! After that we should be surprised to find that many a sorry swearer had broken short off and made his conversation yea yea and nay nay. It is wonderful what being brought up with a short turn can do for the reformation of a careless person.

The society in question may or may not be in error in declaring profanity to be the "great American sin," but it certainly is one of the most common. Our spoken language is punctuated with it as the air is punctuated with rifle shots on the firing line. Unfortunately this form of punctuation is employed by persons who have no need for it, when they have no need for it and, therefore, without other excuse than a foolish habit foolishly learned in foolish youth when such things seem smart.

If profanity is ever to be tolerated it is in the cases of those astringent mortals whose vocabularies are meagre, persons who can scarcely express themselves without some form of catastrophe similar to an explosion. If heaven ever looks with forbearing eye upon profanity it is in the cases of such persons, but what shall we say of that voluble and picturesque profanity of which men richly endowed in flow of language are guilty? In such cases it is intolerable, and yet there are relatively few fluent talkers, persons to whom eloquence is natural, who are not profane. Theirs must be the greater condemnation.

Profanity is also a symptom of unbridled excess. The excessively profane are excessive otherwise. They overshoot the mark. It is an indication of a character out of balance. The soundness of the judgment of a profane man is to be questioned. He is a blunt fellow incapable of the finer distinctions, as a rule, not one to whom one would go for advice in a matter of life and death.

Nor is strong language necessary to express even the most vehement opinions or portray emotion in the most superlative degree. The language of diplomacy is strong, but even the most tense situations are expressed in language of the most reserved import. As, in the care of the mentally incapable, the most indescribable filthiness is designated, with perfect intelligibility, as being "untidy," so in diplomacy an "unfriendly act" may precipitate a war. Italics have practically gone out of use because people have learned to write forcibly without their use, and profanity may be dispensed with without impoverishing our language. Its inflections will still be able to convey more of meaning than even the most intense will ever experience.

But to get back to our society for the suppression of profanity in America. This society was organized January 20, 1904. Its president is W. A. Smith, its first vice-president, Charles Adams; second vice-president, W. R. Bradshaw; secretary, W. R. Lett, all of San Francisco. The purpose is to invite all moral and religious persons to unite in forming a strong body to put forth a united effort to suppress profanity if possible and to discourage it whenever possible.

Cards have been placed in many depots and other public places where men are likely to be provoked to use profanity, such cards bearing the simple words "Don't Swear." They help to remind the careless of their weakness and so tend to prevent sacrilege. The hope is to place such cards in all cars and where people travel or work or are congregated together, and it is expected that, by these methods alone, the evil will be much lessened.

Then it is proposed, as opportunity offers, to enforce the laws against profanity. Nearly all states have such laws. California has, although little heed is paid to them. Perhaps not all know that there are such laws they are so seldom enforced: "Any person using profane or indecent language in any public place within the hearing of women or children, in a loud and boisterous manner, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be fined not exceeding two hundred dollars, or be sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment or both." So reads the law of this state.

San Francisco has a stringent ordinance against profanity, more stringent even than the state law. It is the purpose of the society to enforce these laws whenever possible and a good many convictions have been secured through the efforts of members of the society. It now has about 7,000 members in all scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic. No doubt a general enforcement of the law would greatly abate the evil, and if it could be abated for one generation it would almost drop out of our spoken language as it already has, well nigh, out of our written.

Anyone wishing to get in touch with the society can do so by addressing Mr. W. R. Lett, 154 Sutter street, San Francisco. There is much to do and more workers are wanted to help do it.

We have, in this article, treated profanity merely as a bad habit, a thoughtless, foolish over emphasis of opinion, but in truth it is much worse than that. If there be a God of all this universe, a Father of all the children of men, it cannot be less than a sin to use his name as we should not think of using even that of Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold. One who does it cannot be guiltless.

It is because this paper takes an interest in whatever is trying to make things better than they are that the Anti-Profanity Society of the World is given this bit of publicity. It is not likely to sigh for new worlds to conquer after having conquered this habit in this one.

(An Academy of Letters—Continued)

even by persons of some intelligence and culture, between artistic success and material success, and the critical are too scattered and too lacking in opportunity for expressing their views to command much influence. But the "crown" bestowed by such an official body as this academic committee should have no little influence in calling attention to unusually well written books and might even make them popular. For example, Mr. Conrad's vogue was greatly hastened by the unofficial crowning of his "Nigger of the N. cissus" by the London Academy, a wee review which at that time had more weig than now. If the activity of the committ were confined to hunting out and prais well-written books its work would am justify itself. Even among the literary, nd adays, contempt for good writing is rath the fashion, and this in itself is a rath strong reason for founding an academy. is to be hoped that England may be al by the new arrangement, to secure the d vantages of such a conservative body.

SUMMER IN KANAWHA

(Edward B. Kenna in Charleston Gazette)

Oh summer in Kanawha, you have this he of mine
When purple grapes are bursting into ripene on the vine;
When sweet peas light the trellis like a ra bow gone to bloom
And flood the dozing garden with their st tle sweet perfume;
When bees are softly humming round the ; ples on the trees
And purple morning glories nod a greeting the breeze;
When far across the meadows the rippli waters gleam
Like the lazy, mazy, hazy recollection of dream;
Oh summer is Kanawha, when skies are azu hue
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turni home to you.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, when standing the gate
And hearing, far across the fields, the pa ridge call his mate;
'Tis sweet to think the world all love, w not a thought of hate,
To dream the dear old dreams again, befo it is too late.
Ah, life is worth the living in the golde dewey morn
When field larks pipe their silver notes acro the tasseled corn;
And life is worth the living in the drow summer noon;
And dreaming, more than dreaming 'nea the gleaming summer moon;
Oh summer in Kanawha, whenever skies a blue,
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turni home to you.

Oh summer in Kanawha, when twilight sha ows fall,
And floating from the mountain comes t night bird's triple call,
'Tis then the dreams come thronging lil the ghosts of happiness,
And evening breezes thrill me like a mothe dear caress,
And I see you, sweetheart, waiting at the o familiar place
And I catch the graceful glimmer of the moo light on your face;
And my thoughts go winging swiftly throug the slowly lapsing years
Till my eyes are brimming, swimming, din ming fast with mists of tears.
Oh summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts a true
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turnin home to you.

"I cannot understand," wrote the colleg boy, "why you call yourself a kind fathe For three weeks I've had no check from yo Pray, what sort of kindness do you call that? And the father wrote back: "Unremittin kindness."—Lippincott's.

A young lady who taught a class of sma boys in the Sunday school desired to impres on them the meaning of returning thanks be fore a meal. Turning to one of the clas whose father was a deacon in the church, sh asked him: "William, what is the first thin your father says when he sits down to th table?" "He says, 'Go slow with the butter kids, it's 40 cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—Everybody's.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Good Old Days

the good old days, and the fine old days,
e days that were rare and mellow,
n "Off with his head!" by a monarch said
as the end of a likely fellow;
n the guillotine ran on a wholesale plan,
ith a butcher to pull its lever,
the Church and the State on the people
ate—
, the good old days forever!

the good old days, it is them I praise,
d for them we all are sighing,
n the knights were bold, as by poets told,
d their starving serfs were dying;
n "good Queen Bess" raged more or less,
d Henry was wifeless never,
he found one new for each one he slew—
s, the good old days forever!

the good old days, and the rare old days,
hen villeins were less than cattle,
n questions of right were settled by
night
idst the roar and the gore of battle;
n the ruling class rode the hopeless mass
goad and to scourge, oppress them,
it seemd man's plan to belittle man—
, the good old days, God bless them!

* * *

Ship Him to San Francisco

there in your community a man who con-
with the vile and is recognized as an
rent of corruption?
there a man whose headquarters is a
n, and who generally is found at his head-
ters?
there a man whose vocation, before he
into the political game, was that of the
ist or the tenderloin rounder?
there a man who can be relied upon to
ort every gambling device, from nickel-
e-slot to horseracing?
there a man who always opposes that
h is for the moral welfare of the people
favors that which is to its injury?
there a man whom the "machine" safely
count upon to heed its beck, run its er-
s and further its political debaucheries
ip him to San Francisco. The chances
air that the people of this city will send
to the state legislature. But if the man
cent, they probably will drop him at the
opportunity, as they did Callan, who shone
ie San Francisco legislative delegation of
like a jewel in a heap of compost.
be sure, this big city occasionally does
a respectable citizen to the legislature,
when it does people gaze one on another,
e their heads, and inquire, "How did it
en?" and nobody answers, for nobody can
s.
s, if you have such a citizen as is described
ie opening paragraphs of this article, ship
down here. We cannot absolutely guar-
e that he will be sent to the legislature,
he will have a mightily good show; and,
vay, if you take such action, you will notice
you experience great relief in breathing.
is not saying that San Francisco never
s decent legislators. It does—sometimes
iany as four or five out of 27, as it has
this time; but if you want your moral
licts honored, ship them this way.

* * *

May Come To This

Ma, she's got a fresh divorce;
Dreaded it, but, la!
Said she's bound to keep the cook,
An' so she discharged pa.

* * *

The Evident Distinction

What's the difference between a suffragist
a suffragette?"
Why, a suffragist wishes to secure political
ts for women."
All right. What's a suffragette?"
She's the awful example of what women
be without those rights."

The Opinions of Rufus

If the recordin' angel had to keep track of the things we meant to do, an' didn't, I reckon he'd have resigned his job long 'fore this.

Whether er not a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush depends some on the bird. I've seen them that wan't worth a whoop in either place.

I don't indorse lyin', but I've seen fellers tell the truth when it seemed to me they'd have been more Christian if they'd kind o' edged round it.

I b'lieve it's better not to be so devoted to c'rect language that you can't recognize a good idee when it's expressed with bad grammar.

Josh Bings says this life would be a heap easier if it wus es easy to do our duty today es it is to do it tomorrer or even yisterday.

I've looked through several books of etiket more or less, but I hain't yit found any rule perscribin' a fashionable style of dyin'. I s'pose the books must have overlooked it.

I don't blame John D. Rockefeller fer wantin' to go to Heaven, but I should s'pose he'd be afraid the time would hang heavy on his hands if there ain't any oil there.

It isn't charity, son, it's justice to recognize that a bad man is a good man gone astray, an' lots o' times the good man would have been the bad man if he'd had the same temptations to rassle with.

Did you ever think how much pleasanter a place to live in this world would be if some of us couldn't talk?

Anxious Inquirer writes askin' if bribery is a state prison offense in this state. Es he didn't say how much the party is worth, course I can't answer him.

Rickollect, Ezry, that tain't how much you dream, but how much you do, that reely counts in this world.

* * *

The World Our Mothers Know

You now have reached the time of life, my dear boy, when you are convinced that you know more about the world than your mother does, and I should not be surprised if you are right. In fact, the more I think of the matter, the more I am confident that you are right; but, how would you like to have your mother know the world you know, and, for that matter, how would you like to have her know that you are acquainted with it?

You see, my boy, there is in every good mother's soul an ideal of a world in which she hopes to see her son register as citizen. It is a splendid world, this of her dreams, a world of stalwart men who battle beneath the white banner of right nor cringe before the black flag of wrong. It well may be that it is a world in which the garish light of the Great White Way shines not, but neither is the better soul revolted by the scenes familiar there. And in this fair world of her dreams each good mother's son stands erect and wholly admirable.

As surely as you and I talk together, my dear boy, such is the world in which your mother, in dreams that made her loved features tenderly, divinely beautiful, has seen her son, and—honestly, now—don't you think that it beats "out of sight" the carmine-tinted world into which you have been making little side trips lately? The world of her dreams and hopes for you may not be so fantastically lighted as one you have seen, but don't you fancy that a man would live more comfortably with himself in her world?

I tell you, son, there is such a thing as knowing too much about the world—about the wrong world—and when a boy begins to feel that he knows more about the world than his mother does, it frequently would be a good thing for him to sit down with his best self and seriously inquire if he has not attained that condition of over-knowledge. Perhaps he has not, but I fancy that the odds would be against him in the poolrooms.

Pa and the Calf

Oh, woes of life that come to pass
No matter what we do,
Oh, blighting worries that en masse
Our paths with troubles strew,
My tranquil peace you do not rout,
From you I do not shrink,
When I recall how pa went out
To teach the calf to drink.

The calf was young, its health was sound—
"So, bossy! Do not fear."—
Convenient handles father found,
Each one a bossy's ear.
The bossy's nose he then immersed—
Oh, halting, useless pen,
How ill ye serve to tell the worst
Of all that happened then!

There came a snort of thund'rous sound—
The bossy wasn't there,
And pa was scattered o'er the ground,
His words remote from prayer.
The barnyard mingled with his clothes
In combination drear,
And blood was flowing from his nose,
And milk from out his ear

Six times he tried; six times, at least.
Oh, dreadful scene, and grim!
Sometimes my pa was on the beast,
Sometimes it was on him.
Oh, best intentions gone astray!
Oh, failures sad and rank!—
The butcher called on us next day,
And bossy never drank!

* * *

Thoughtful Man on the Situation

"And now Kentucky will go Insurgent," said the Thoughtful Man, with a sigh.

"I thought that state was counted as certainly Democratic," I remarked.

"It was," he responded, "but haven't you heard that Congressman McKinlay has gone there to speak? He has, and that settles it. He went to Kansas to preach the golden gospel of Regular Republicanism, and Kansas went so Insurgent that the sole Regular who is left has checked his baggage to Jersey City. Then he came to California to disseminate that gospel, and it now is almost impossible for an Insurgent to find a Regular here to taunt, while our Duncan, himself, soon will write his title with an 'ex' and tears. It's a plain case; keep your ear to the ground and you soon will hear the reverberating roar of Insurgent thunder from Kentucky.

"I wish it understood, however," the Thoughtful Man continued, "that the Insurgents by no means gained an absolute and unequivocal victory in this state. By heroic exertions we saved Frank Jordan and a constable in Gewhilaken township. I do not know much about the constable, although I am credibly informed that he is Regular, but Mr. Jordan's hand is glad enough to compensate for a multitude of losses. In the night of defeat hope sees that hand and braces up wonderfully. No, the defeat was not absolute. The head, the feet, the legs, the body, the neck, the arms, may be theirs, but that joyous, jubilant, yearnful hand still is ours.

"And don't forget," the Thoughtful Man concluded, "to listen for the Insurgent thunder as it booms out of Kentucky."

"I will not," said I, "but I have become so used to such thunder that I may not notice it."

* * *

Not a Millionaire

He ne'er a millionaire will be,
Though he is far from dunce;
And if you ask me how I know,
I'll answer you at once:
He sees how little children need
And women's hearts grow cold,
And, since he has not callous grown,
His coin he cannot hold.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Cannonism Not Cannon It is evident that the administration is going to throw Uncle Joe Cannon overboard. Probably it cannot throw Cannonism over without jettisoning Uncle Joe himself, but it is not the man that the country particularly desires to be rid of. It is the system that has come to be identified with his name. And what the country particularly does not desire is to have the old system perpetuated with a new exemplification of it in the speaker's chair. That is the danger. The interests do not hesitate to consign to the junk pile any statesman, however serviceable he may have been, who has worn himself to tatters in their service. It will be well to be on the watch lest some man publicly unknown, but foreknown to the interests, be suddenly exalted to high station. Cannonism has been much abated through insurgency, but it is likely that final victory will be won only when the House of Representatives has a speaker elected from outside its own membership working under rules for the transaction of public business non-partisanly laid down.

Present Primary Not the Ultimate Our direct primary law is crude. It is ponderous. It is not the ultimate thing. It must somehow be simplified. We have not found the best way of bringing candidates before the people. The number of offices to be filled by general election must be reduced. What if we were to follow the plan of the government of the United States and elect a chief executive and let him choose all the other state officers! It does not work badly with the nation. Would it with a state? It simplifies the matter of elections. If the direct primary were concerned only with governor and lieutenant-governor, members of congress and of the legislature, it would be possible for the people of the state and districts to make intelligent choice of candidates. It is not now. Why attempt to do at all what we cannot do at all well? The convention system of representative government failed because it failed of representing the will of the people. The convention became a bargain counter. It destroyed free government. The new system is better. It does represent, but at what a cost of effort, time and money! Will the people continue to rise to participate in the contest as they did this time? Is it not now the "new broom" that sweeps clean only when new? The Stetson primary bill of 1907 combined the best features of the direct primary with the best features of the convention, allowed the people to instruct at the polls wherever they had instructions to make, but left delegates free where the people had none to give. It might have proven better. We may ultimately come to something of the sort, but this much is evident: Our present system must be simplified.

Consider the Case Of A. R. Spalding Election of United States senator by direct vote of the people never received a harder knock than that given it by A. R. Spalding August 16, 1910. Not one voter in a hundred who "advised" the legislature to elect Spalding to the United States senate had, a month before he voted, even seen the name unless he saw it stamped upon a base ball. The sporting fraternity probably knew that there was such a man, but no one of these, even, had so much as a hint as to his fitness for a seat in the counsels of a great nation. He appeared before no audiences, he made no speeches, he has manifested no interest in public affairs. It is not known from anything that he has ever done or said, or anything that has ever been done or said for him, that he is anything more than a very pleasant gentleman who has made some hundreds of thousands of dollars as a manufacturer and vendor of sporting goods. Was it by such a test of fitness that a Clay, a Webster, a Benton or even a George C. Perkins came to sit in the most potential deliberative body on earth? And yet tens of thousands cast their ballots for this man, "advising" the legislature to choose him to fill the highest office within the gift of any state! And who vouched for him? No one but the "organization" push of San Diego, as bad a "bunch" of Southern Pacific politicians as this state affords. The only reason for bringing Spalding out was to serve as "angel" to help secure the nomination of Leroy Wright in the fortieth senatorial district and, unfortunately for the state, it accomplished its purpose. Word was passed "down the line" and more than 50,000 "citizen sovereigns" swallowed the "dope" without looking at it. Could anything more absurd be looked for outside an asylum for incurables? This is not saying that Mr. Spalding may not be the fittest man in California to be United States senator. We merely call attention to the fact that no man outside of San Diego has so much as an inkling as to whether Spalding is fit or not. Those who voted for him did so "unsight and unseen" and thereby betrayed their unfitness to be trusted with the ballot.

The Republican State Convention It is probable that by the time this issue of The California Weekly reaches its readers most of the Republican county conventions will have been held, and delegates will have been elected to the Republican state convention. Some of the delegates may be loth to attend, being under the impression that, inasmuch as there are no state officials to be nominated, there will be nothing to do worth while. No error of judgment could prove more serious. The Republican party is, and is likely to remain, in control of the government of California. Therefore whatever interest controls the Republican party will control the state. There will be a sharp, active fight for control of the state convention and of the state committee it will select. That committee, for the next two years at least, in all matters that affect California in relation to the administration at Washington, will speak in the name of the Republicans of California, and it is important that it speak in the name of the newer Republicanism and not the old. All during Theodore Roosevelt's administration the federal brigade in this state was almost a unit against Roosevelt and the Roosevelt policies. Such a condition ought not to exist. It need not. If progressive Republicanism does its duty the state committee can be made progressively Republican. That committee can voice the sentiments of the people rather than of a corporation-dominated political machine. For the first time in many years freedom is within our grasp. Shall we make the most of it?

A Ringing Platform A platform made after the candidates have all been nominated is not worth a whoop except for a whoop, but a whoop from California may sound good to Republican insurgency in many eastern states, and especially in Wisconsin, where Senator La Follette is having the fight of his life. Candidates have mainly run and been nominated on the Lincoln-Roosevelt platform. On that they will stand or fall. A bad platform might embarrass our candidates, but would not be obligatory upon them. No candidate nominated at the polls will resign his candidacy because he cannot stand upon the platform the state convention may adopt, and yet a good platform, a progressive platform, a platform that rings true, will give life and zeal to the campaign before the people. It will be a part of the duties of the delegates to the state convention to see to it that the voice of California is heard over the mountains clear and true and strong. It has been a long time since it has been.

A Little Self-Felicitation The Watchman notes with what he hopes will be looked upon as a pardonable pride that the banner Johnson county of the state, so far as unofficial returns indicate it, is the county of Tulare, in which The Watchman upheld the cause of a free Republicanism for twenty straight years. Of the 1464 primary Republican votes cast in that county, 1236, or 85 per cent, were cast for Hiram W. Johnson. And the particular community in that county which cast the highest percentage of votes for Johnson, 91 per cent, was Tulare City and the joining precincts where The Watchman fought, bled and nearly died for Right Things. Whether a newspaper man finds an indication that the work he has done really counted for something it is hard for him to be perfectly humble and abstain from all self-felicitation. Thank for Tulare!

Is Taft Learning Who His Friends Are? The President has been slow to learn that which should have been obvious from the start, that among the Bourbon element in his own party is a bad place to look for friends to help on the Roosevelt policies, to which the President had committed himself, or for progressive Republican legislation. The slogan of Bourbonism is, "Play your strongest cards, take every trick no matter how you take it, the people be damned." For a year and a half the President has surrounded himself with men of that class because they happened to be in control of the machinery of his party, and uneasy lies rested the presidential head in consequence. It begins to look as though there may be seeing into the presidential understanding some inkling of what these Republican Bourbons have been doing to him. They have led him into treating the insurgents outrageously, and yet all the good legislation that has been had was forced upon a reluctant congress by the insurgent uprising. Under which banner, Mr. President? You cannot fight La Follette in Wisconsin and Sherman in New York. You cannot stand with Roosevelt before the nation and with the Foraker crowd in Ohio. You cannot be at once insurgent and standpatter. You must make up your mind who your friends are and make your political bed with one side or other for better or for worse. The conflict is irrepressible. Better make your choice, and do it now. You will find the door of progressive Republicanism thrown open wide enough to admit you, but not after the eleventh hour, not after the interests have gotten all they want and have prevented all they hope to.

We Do Not Want Taft And Roosevelt To Fight There are those who would love to see a fight between President Taft and former President Theodore Roosevelt. They would go farther and pay more to see it than anybody went or paid to see the "contest" between the grizzly and the gorilla at Reno; but it would be no more in the public interest than was the Reno combat. What the public welfare demands is that the two strong men shall work in accord in the future as they have in the past, that they shall join hands for a progressive Republican policy for a policy that will give to capital and acquisitive ability all the opportunity they need, and, at the same time, work toward a better a more equal and more just distribution of the common earnings and toward a better safeguarding of our common heritage. The President's purposes have been fine, none better. His one mistake, which came near to being fatal to his administration, has consisted in placing party regularity above the common welfare and accepting party bosses as his advisers merely because they were in possession of the machinery of party. It is not too late for him to have a house cleaning. Ballinger and Hitchcock, Aldrich and Cannon, Sherman and the New York machine, must go and the President must stop fighting La Follette and Cummins. The country wants Taft to make so good a president that there will be no need to recall Theodore Roosevelt to the presidential chair, no need to break with a not un

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

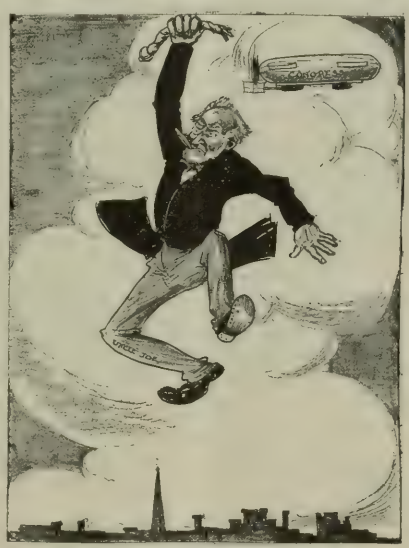
lesome third term tradition, but if the ident fail, if he continues to fight his ıds and take counsel of his enemies, that l term tradition will prove no more of an diment to Roosevelt than a paper hoop circus rider.

hort Chapter League History In the light of the recent splendid triumph a short chapter of history on the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League into being may not be devoid of interest. ng the legislative session of 1907, E. A son represented the Los Angeles Express he legislature. He came up full of the Club idea that had worked so well at Los les. He wanted to see other cities esh such clubs and then federate them for common interest. Chester H. Rowell was at Sacramento. The editor-in-chief of paper was then editing the Sacramento n. Many conferences were held at lunch nner, in twos or threes, and the idea was threshed out. The advice of others was ı. It was finally agreed that if Dickson d have invitations sent out by the City to prominent reform Republicans a conce would be held at Los Angeles. This called for May 16, 1907. Only Rowell of ıo, G. B. Daniels of Oakland, T. C. Hockof Modesto and The Watchman went ı. A meeting was held with selected bers of the City Club that day, but Rowıd to go to Santa Barbara to lecture that , Daniels had to go to San Diego, and Hocking and The Watchman could stay until the next day for a fuller discussion. Watchman put in his time until the next in drafting a platform of principles that t contain everything that anybody could in a reform platform with the expectathat much would be cut out of it. Much cut out, but enough remained, with some ing up at the second day's conference, rve for a platform of principles. But the ng was not thought to be sufficiently reptative of the progressive republicanism of tate and an adjournment was taken to ınd, where, in August, the organization perfected, the tentative platform was reıed and officers chosen. All of which s what tall aches (for bad politicians) little toe-corns may grow. It wasn't of a beginning, but it served. It has its work. It is now the Republican party lifornia. The party has been regenerated within.

An Eye On Hampshire The Middle West spoke a while ago. California sent greetings the sixteenth of st. New Hampshire holds state pris September 6th, and there is just about ot a fight on in the Old Granite state st Gallingerism as there has been in this against Herrinism. New Hampshire has een less under the domination of the Bosz Maine than California has been under of the Southern Pacific. The fact is that ndid fight for freedom is going on from e to California. Keep an eye on New ɔshire.

Bugaboo ampaign Cost It will be remembered that Senator Frank Flint declined to enter the lists -election to the United States senate on round that, being a man of moderate s only, he could not afford so expensive ıpaign as it would be necessary for him ake, so he took his family and went to ɔe to avoid the expense. Now comes D. Works, who made all the campaign ıy man of reputation ought to have to in order to come fairly before the peond avers that his campaign expenses do mount to one thousand dollars. Of e if he had been "angel" for a questionıatch of political odd jobs men he could enough have multiplied the expenditure enty or thirty, but he did all that any who has a reputation to begin with needs to do and all that Frank Flint would have needed to do to make his candidacy. If a man expects to buy a seat in the senate, either outright or by financing the campaigns of a lot of legislators, that would be different, but for legitimate campaigning the allowance made by the law is liberal enough. The example set by Judge Works is wholesome and like Judge Works himself, calls for no apologies.

He Got Things, Also the Axe James McLachlan probably estimates the patriotism of his constituents several notches higher than he did before the primary election. He made his campaign squarely on the issue that he had gotten more good things for his district than any other member of congress that district ever had and he demanded to know of them what more they had a right to ask. The answer came in no uncertain tones. It was: "We want what is right for state and nation and our favor for wrong policies is not to be bought with 'Things.'" So, despite all the "Things" McLachlan had gotten for them they gave him the axe because he got them at the price of subserviency to baneful interests. The standards of the people are higher than the standards of the men who have held office to represent the people. The



SOMETHING BROKE

reason why is not far to seek. The people did not select those officers. They were selected by a political machine whose political morals were those of grafters and the tenderloin. McLachlan's own standards would have been higher had he looked to his constituents, rather than to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, for preferment. Few men can prove better than their creator. Changed creators will give us changed men. What insurgency shall we not now see from McLachlan, Smith, Needham and Kahn!

Some Queer Instances It is not to the discredit of those who drafted the direct primary law that they did not foresee every eventuality. That is a limitation upon all legislation. It affords explanation for the fact that two-thirds of the time of every legislature is devoted to revamping old measures with the view of trying to make them fit. The worst tailor that ever was made a better fit than the best legislator who undertook to cut a new law out of whole cloth, and our direct primary bill will need a deal of tucking and padding, taking in and letting out of seams, when the legislature meets. One of the most serious defects, and one that it would seem might have been foreseen, is the ease with which candidates on one ticket may become the nominee of the opposing party which fails to put up a candidate. Marshall Black defeated Jim Rea for the senatorial nomination on the Republican ticket in the twenty-eighth district, but quite a few Democrats wrote in Rea's name on their ticket and now Rea proposes to run as a Democrat. There are instances where a few votes cast for a Republican or a Democrat on the Socialist ticket will put into the field candidates who have been defeated in their own parties as being unfit to represent them. At such a time as this, wherein party counts for relatively little and the real issue is one of good political morals against bad, this comes to be a serious defect and the next legislature should fix a minimum number of votes to nominate in any case, say as many as is required to constitute a political party, three per cent of the total vote cast in the state or any legal subdivision thereof. That would lessen if it did not remedy the difficulty.

The Case of Frank Jordan Frank Jordan probably could not be elected to any office in Alameda county. Few in Alameda county have confidence either in his discretion or his integrity of character, and yet Republicans of that county voted heavily to foist this man on the state as Secretary of State. He has probably received a plurality of the votes cast for a Republican nominee for that office, although it will take the official count to determine the fact. It is a nomination not fit to be made. His nomination makes it almost incumbent upon Mr. Charles F. Curry to go on the ticket for that office by petition. Had it not been for the fact that Jordan did politics for him, and he for Jordan, at the primaries, Mr. Curry might be induced to make the venture. He could beat Jordan for his present office and it were a hundred times better that he should. It is thought that Mr. O'Brien was defeated through his given name chancing to be "Florence," many non-suffragettes conceiving that the candidate must be a woman, all of which goes to show that there are no end of stupid people in this world. Frank Jordan is an unequalled glad-hander, and it was that, with the Curry influence and a mistaken notion of local loyalty to a home candidate, that has probably given him a nomination that will prove a heaviness to the ticket and a misfortune to the state.

Free Government Within the Party Considerable anxiety is felt as to the character of the state committee of the Republican party to be constituted by the forthcoming state convention. A good deal depends on it. But bear this in mind: If the state convention does not constitute a good state committee it will be its own fault and not the fault of another. Heretofore the fault, if there has been a fault, has laid, not with the Republican party or the Republican convention, for neither party nor convention constituted the party committee at all, but with the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, with the result that when George C. Pardee was nominated for governor his committee was against him and in favor of the other man. No such conditions need happen this time. At last the government of the party will be representative of the party. It is a great achievement and among the very best results flowing from the direct primary law. All that the people need is to make use of the mechanism of party managament placed in their hands.

Publicity An Injury Mr. Barnes, the boss of Albany, New York, wants peace. It is his opinion that the business men want peace, political peace, that blissful condition of the American electorate that encourages voters to doze and nod, an imbecile smile of contentment playing over their features while the politicians and the interests go through their pockets as often as they have

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22294

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law, 729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

anything in their pockets worth going through them for. Now comes that arch disturber, that sensation maker, that butter-in, that Bwano Tumbo late of Africa, and sets the people of the empire state all by the ears and the politicians to fighting for thier lives! Also for that daily graft by which they do live. And he comes declaring that the "old guard," the guard that watched the police while their associates looted the strong box, will be given all the fight they want. But Mr. Barnes and his associates do not want any fight at all. They are men of peace. They do not wish to have the people of New York all stirred up. All they want is to be let alone in the operation of a representative form of government that long since ceased to represent anybody but the looters. There is to be some mighty interesting reading in the news from New York for the next few weeks and the probability is that the "old guard" will become the rear guard if it does not find itself under guard.

Greetings To La Follette One of the most strenuous battle grounds of the year is Wisconsin. Senator La Follette is fighting for re-election to the United States senate and against him are all the powers of plutocracy, of darkness and of the administration at Washington. La Follette is the father of insurgency. He began it. For two years in the United States senate he fought for a hearing. The traditions of the chamber were made the most of to smother him, but he would not be smothered. Those who sat on him in the senate found him in their own states at the earliest opportunity holding their records up to their own people. That was discourteous and Honorable Senators did not like it. La Follette was "hurting himself," they affirmed as they nursed their own wounds, but he got a hearing. Perhaps he has hurt himself. He has so thrown himself into the fight against special interests that he is reported to have consumed what of fortune he had gotten together and is now practically penniless. Witness therefore a penniless man fighting all the money that any possible use can be found for together with the moral influence of the Taft administration that looks upon La Follette as a thorn in its own flesh. He is getting help. Cummins and Dolliver, Bristow and Beveridge, are all stumping Wisconsin. The prayers of progressive Republicans should go with him and, some of their dollars, too.

SHEAR WIT

"My dear," said the young husband as he took the bottle of milk from the dumb waiter and held it up to the light "have you noticed that there's never any cream on this milk?" "I spoke to the milkman about it," she replied, "and he explained that the company always fill their bottles so full that there's no room for cream on top."—Everybody's Magazine.

There is a story of a man who thought he had struck oil on his land and hastened to carry a bottle of the promised treasure to a chemist for analysis. At the moment of departure from his home he was hurried and took the first bottle at hand, for this is the notice he received in due time from the chemist: "I find no trace of petroleum. You have struck salad dressing."—Exchange.

Parcells Safe Co.

SOLE AGENTS

DIEBOLD SAFES AND VAULTS

ALL-STEEL FILES AND OFFICE EQUIPMENT

577 Market St. San Francisco

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis B. Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thursd September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.

By John Parkin, Secretary

7-8-

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE R CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a re lution and order of the Board of Directors of the R CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a c poration organized and existing under the laws of State of California, unanimously adopted at a regu meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the C and County of San Francisco, State of California, meeting of the stockholders of said corporation hereby called for and will be held at the office of s corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 F Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (s place of meeting being at the principal place of bu ness of said corporation and at the building where Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 1 day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the aft noon of that day, for the purpose of considering a acting upon the proposition of increasing the capi stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thous ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hund (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) D lars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000. Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital st of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-f Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the sa time and place there will be submitted to said sto holders meeting the matter of increasing the num of Directors of said corporation from Three memb to Five or more members to thereafter constitute Board of Directors, and to elect such additional dir tors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at same time and place, there will be submitted to s Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-La amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, that said meeting is called for the purpose of consic ing and acting upon all of the propositions and m ters hereinabove named and such other business as n properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPA

(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.

By L. W. McGlauffin, Secretary

7-8-

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location principal place of business, San Francisco, California

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was lev upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable mediately to the Secretary, at the office of the co pany, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ Any stock upon which this assessment shall rem unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will delinquent and advertised for sale at public auct and, unless payment is made before, will be sold the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinqu assessment, together with costs of advertising and penses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary

Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF RE ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of A Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the estate and personal property of said deceased, hav been this day presented to the Court, and it appear to the Court from such petition that it is necessary that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best terests of the said estate and of those interested ther to sell the whole of said real estate and personal pr erty in order to pay the debts outstanding against s decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of ministration, and for the purposes and reasons m tioned in said petition, and the said petition hav been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that persons interested in the said estate be and app before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Fr cisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there show cause why an order should not be granted said executor for the sale of all of the real estate personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this or be published for four successive weeks next preced said day in "The California Weekly," a newspa printed and published in said City and County of Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL, Judge of the Superior Court

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 1 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22

THE WATER QUESTION

AS AFFECTING THE EAST SIDE BAY CITIES

By GEORGE E. BURLINGAME

· attention that is being given to the situation by the people of Alameda y could hardly be directed toward a ion of more intimate and far-reaching as is immediate importance.

: supply is now insufficient under most ible conditions, with one or two dry conditions would be little less than itous, much of the water now supplied : what it should be, and the cost to the mer is exorbitant. The present distri- system is in a large measure inadequate for domestic use and for fire protection. resent company appears to be incapable ing anything to meet the present emer-, or to provide for normal growth of the unity in the future. In fact, its plans) make the present meagre supply take of the increasing population for four to come.

ıething must be done.

nust be done at once.

The Bay Cities Company's Offer

this opportune moment the Bay Cities · Company offers itself as the solution s perplexing problem, and some of the rty holders are accepting it at its face

It is right, however, that we should this question before we consign our to it.

Bay Cities company says, through its ors and advocates, that it has good water a mountain source, and plenty of it, that going to put in an up-to-date plant and icient distributing system, and that it ses to put in its plant as soon as a cer- pecified number of gallons of its water ıed for.

s is what its solicitors say. Authorita- the company says nothing of the kind. ntracts make no mention of the quality water or the source from which it will tained, the nature of the supplying sys- or the size or distribution of any of its the conditions under which it will pro- vith the installation of its plant, nor, in hat it will install it at all, even though property holder in the east side bay signs its contracts. In fact, it fails to ny detail whatsoever except its schedule ter charges. It has, moreover, main- dense secrecy before the public in all sential details.

attempt has been made time after time ure even the barest outline of the Bay company's proposition authoritatively, ey have absolutely refused to commit to g one detail of the plan they are adver- so widely by word of mouth.

Questions That Are Not Answered

obvious question is, if the Bay Cities Company are acting in entire good vhy should they so consistently refuse to hemselves? If they mean to bring in from Mt. Hamilton, why haven't they o? If they mean to install a new dis- ng system, no pipe to be less than four why doesn't the contract so state? If now they have the water and know they ıd will give the service, and know they egin to install their plant immediately signing up 5,000,000 gallons per day, is no mention of their intention to do their agreement.

ıgh this be madness, there is method in ıe well authenticated fact seems to be ıe rights to Mt. Hamilton water are so tely involved in other ownerships that ay Cities company could not bring a from this source no matter how tightly ound themselves to do so.

taking the Bay Cities proposition at e value, supposing it actually does all ocates and solicitors say it will do, and all the things they imply it will do and do, and indeed all the things that its most optimistic follower would like to have it do; as a common sense, good of the community proposition, would the coming of the Bay Cities Water Company help us out of the hole or help us further in?

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that competition between the two companies were possible, that the Peoples' company would meet the Bay Cities price and remain in business: We have two systems of mains in the street doing the service of one. Double investment and double upkeep, to say nothing of our city streets being mangled and torn up by two companies.

If the Bay Cities supply half of the people that means half of the Peoples' company's income eliminated. Still assuming the impossible, that there continues to be active competition, the time must come when the Peoples' company will demand interest on their plant and operating investment. Their only customers are the property holders; their only source of income is the property holder; it is not hard therefore to answer the question of who will pay this interest.

But competition is clearly impossible. What, then, obtains—the elimination of one company or the consolidation of the two. Now what is involved in elimination? We naturally assume the elimination of the Peoples: (1) Total loss of their distributing system; (2) Practical loss of local reservoirs and pumping stations; (3) Heavy depreciation in value of the greater part of, if not all their other holdings. (See Schussler's theory.)

By elimination from the field of supplying water to the Alameda county cities the Peoples' loss in actual value would be conservatively fifty per cent. What does this mean? Forty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of an incentive to sell to the Bay Cities, which in all likelihood would happen, or rather some stronger company would consolidate the two and take over both properties.

Let the issue be not confused. The Peoples' Water Company will not be eliminated by a simple twist of the wrist. The logic of the question proves otherwise and the universal experience bears out the logic. Competition of natural monopoly in this day and age has never amounted to more than very brief temporary and scanty advantage to the people. A million dollars is too much of a fighter to allow any good or advantage to come on account of a slight to it.

Interest on Two Investments

There would, unquestionably, be consolidation of the two companies. The Cities then would find that they had to pay interest on two investments. This proposition seems quite clear, that the legal basis of fixing rates is the cost of the plant with little regard to whether the same service might not be rendered better with an investment half as great judiciously placed. Every indiscretion, every mistake, every manipulation, every tangible absurdity becomes an asset upon which the company can legally collect interest from the community. Do not hold up the Bay Cities schedule of rates to disprove this. It is a very unsophisticated business man who does not know that he must make a sacrifice to gain entrance into a profitable field. He makes the sacrifice with the fixed intention of reimbursing himself after he has a foothold. Ten years is not a lifetime, nor fifty per cent of the property holders the whole community.

Suppose, however, it is a fact, what they now maintain, that they do not want the Peoples' plant, that they mean war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. We will assume that this Bay Cities company installs its system and is able, through larger financial backing in a fight to finish competition with the Peoples' company to cut rates to the unsigned consumers sufficiently to put the Peoples' entirely out of business. After the war is over, what then? Can anyone be so bold as to assume that the Bay Cities monopoly will refrain from using its monopolistic advantages and reimburse itself for all past efforts, with a liberal handful for good measure? If such a thing as this did happen it would be the opening act of the millennium, and we should require no more water. The situation as it would work out (from worldy standards) would be this: The company, impoverished by cut-throat competition, would raise the rates among the unsigned consumers—in fact, we have a veiled threat to that effect in the hint by the Bay Cities spokesman, Col. Ogden, that his company was not concerning itself about the "foolish virgins" who failed to take advantage of the opportunity to fill their lamps now.

The signers of contracts would have the happy privilege of using water at the old rate until the contract had expired; then the community would be in a typically private-monopoly-ridden state, somewhat worse than the present symptoms of the same disease.

The question is a grave one and the solution of it is not to be arrived at without careful consideration, and consideration, first of all, of the fundamental questions involved.

Water supply is a natural monopoly. Sustained competition is impossible. The question is, should this monopoly remain in private hands or should it come into the hands of the public?

Some Municipal Ownership Statistics

Probably three-fourths of the people of Alameda county believe in municipal ownership of the water supply. It is also probable that the faith of three-fourths of these is not of the aggressive, initiative variety, that they have lingering doubts as to whether municipal ownership is really worth a lively interest. The following facts should reassure them:

Of the sixteen water plants in operation in the United States in 1800 fifteen were private. Of the thirty-eight cities having a population of over 100,000 in 1900, eight remain which are supplied with water from private companies; the population of the thirty cities having their own plants comprises ninety per cent of the population of the thirty-eight. The public ownership cities average a lower death rate from typhoid fever, two of the nine private companies in 1906 were among the nineteen having the lowest death rate, seven of the nine were among the nineteen having the highest death rate. As to net cost of water: an average of twenty-one cities situated in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Maine shows a situation as follows: The total revenue per family (including hydrant rentals, street service, etc.) per year under private ownership is $13.00. An average of twenty-one cities situated similarly to those above shows a total cost per family under complete municipal ownership of $3.80 a year. The Philadelphia water works turn into the public treasury $1,302,000, or about four per cent a year on the value of the plant above expenditures, though the average receipts are but 3c per thousand gallons.

We also have near at hand the striking examples of Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle. In our own case, we are now paying 35c per thousand gallons. Allowing a liberal margin for leeway over the estimate of City Engineer Marsden Manson, of San Francisco, of the cost of delivery of water from Hetch Hetchy, the cities on this side of the bay can, by joining San Francisco in this supply, deliver pure mountain water to the consumer for an actual cost of 10 cents per thousand gallons.

As to the character of municipal plants the National Civic Federation's report has this to say: "Those who imagine that municipal undertakings do not put in as large and up-to-date units of machinery and introduce as great labor-saving devices as do private plants should visit the pumping stations of Chicago,

Detroit, Cleveland, Boston, etc. * * * * * they will compare at any time with the best that private water works can show in any part of the world.

Advantages of Municipal Ownership

The explanation of the advantage and economy of public ownership as evidenced by the instances cited lies in the following, that with municipal ownership there are:

No dividends on watered stock;
No dividends on actual investment;
No lawyers and lobbyists, no graft money, no entertaining of officials;
No soliciting of business, no advertising or publication bureaus;
No interest, or if interest at all usually a lower rate than that at which private companies can borrow;
No salaries of inactive corporation heads;
Less tendency to waste and destroy;
No stocks to gamble with;
Honest accounts, less fraud, corruption and bribery.

Municipal ownership is economically and ethically right, and because it is right it will ultimately obtain. The question with the cities of Alameda county is how can we take care of immediate, pressing necessity and at the same time secure at the earliest possible moment our own water system. The situation is indeed pressing, but we cannot afford, in our desperation, to throw discretion to the winds and hastily seize upon the first thing that offers. Let us admit that the situation demands drastic measures, that in the emergency we must make some sacrifice. It is certainly the part of wisdom not to sacrifice all when less is possible.

The advent of the Bay Cities Water Company would be about as perfect a calamity to municipal ownership as a public service corporation could desire.

Three Evident Essentials

The three essentials in getting a municipal water supply are: (1) the people must want it; (2) they must have the money to get it; (3) there must be a source which can be reasonably secured.

Taking (1): The argument of the Bay Cities company in its recent memorandum to the City Council of Alameda is a most valid one, that the tendency of the community is to neglect to act until it is compelled to. That is, a crisis is about the only thing that will stir us to interest and with the present emergency cared for we would probably settle back into the old rut and forget the idea and the essential advantages of a municipally owned supply.

Furthermore, the attitude of the private company is to discourage in every possible way any movement toward public ownership. It has good interest paying property. It therefore has no desire to sell to the city. With the growth of the public ownership movement capital is finding it more and more difficult to find fat investment and tends to cling tenaciously to whatever good propositions it may have. The coming of the Bay Cities would distinctly be a blow to initiative of the public in this direction.

(2) Suppose, however, we remain alive to the question in spite of everything and still vigorously want our own supply? How are we going to get it? Wait until we save enough money? Of course not, we will issue bonds. Suppose we issue bonds for the purpose of installing a water supply that does not take care of the existing private investment, who is going to buy the bonds? It is a fixed policy with capital to refuse to go to the assistance of municipalities until local investment is taken care of.

(3) This means that existing companies will have to be bought out before the cities can go further. We need only look across the bay to San Francisco to recognize the seriousness of this phase of the question and the wisdom of refusing to lay ourselves liable to such tribute.

Opposition to Hetch Hetchy

There is now through the agency of the Hetch Hetchy an opportunity for the bay municipalities to get out from under the very costly experience of having to buy out private interests at exorbitant prices. By allowing our water stress to be alleviated now by a new company we stand a chance of losing this opportunity. That is, our right to the Hetch Hetchy stands a chance of being rescinded, the existing water companies are doing everything in their power to bring this about and unless the people of the cities about San Francisco bay exert themselves actively in its behalf it will be lost, and once lost the opportunity will never occur again.

Not only do the Bay Cities company know this, but also the Peoples' company know it, and the Spring Valley company know it, and they know that the entrance into the field of a new company is an asset in their favor to eliminate the much more to be feared Hetch Hetchy. They have, therefore, shown little interest in the proposition that would seem to be of vital importance to them. It is not that they love the Bay Cities company more, but that they love the Hetch Hetchy less.

The Bay Cities company, I say, knows that once the municipalities are committed to the Hetch Hetchy the rights which it accumulated with the idea of finding an easy customer and a handsome profit in San Francisco through the agency of the Ruef-Schmitz regime, will be useless and worthless. It proposes, therefore, with commendable thrift, to forestall the Hetch Hetchy and fasten its properties securely upon the east side cities, well knowing that if this action itself does not do away with the cities' rights in Hetch Hetchy, the cities will be compelled to purchase their properties before further development can be made.

The Bay Cities company cannot, of course, be blamed for desiring to get rid of their assumed water rights which they went to considerable trouble to secure and in which they have considerable money tied up.

The question of whether they can be blamed for securing these rights with the idea of selling them to the cities at a handsome profit is a moral rather than a commercial question. This plan of forestalling the public in the natural resources of the country has long been attractive to certain aggregations of capital.

The Bay Cities company cannot be blamed, perhaps, for framing their contracts in such a way as to place no obligation upon themselves and every obligation upon the signer. They may not be blamed, perhaps, for slipping in a joker whereby a man cannot use water from his own well without paying the Bay Cities for it.

Perhaps, I say, the Bay Cities cannot be blamed. At any rate, wherever the blame may be placed it is the public that has to suffer.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

FACE TO FACE WITH "OLD CROP EAR"

BY

A. JUDSON

HE hair-breadth escapes of Jed were infinite in variety and number. The frontier was full of perils to life and but was it more so than the streets modern city? With the automobile, the cars passing each other at high speed, motor cycle and the carelessly driven ss wagon, and with no place to play t in the street with all its wheeling life, greater risk had the frontier child than he child of the metropolis every day in ear? Life has come to be rated at little and each must be the custodian of his if he would save it. It is little enough ed that others will give to it. If the r doubt this let him watch for a quarter hour the people crossing Market or ıy at Market and Kearny in San Fran- or Broadway at Fourteenth in Oakland. may there read fear in faces as he might n the firing line.

summer chinks were taken out of the ation course of logs under the cabin the space beneath the floor might be ated and, one day, Jed saw a copper- crawl under at one of these spaces. his older cousin was gone for the rifle hrew himself upon his stomach on the dooryard with arms outstretched di- in the path of the snake that he might where it went. Meantime, the mate e first snake came tagging after and ed over Jed's arm between shoulder and not half a foot from the boy's face, assed on to join its mate without harm- he boy in the least. Presently both of ıakes fell a victim to the rifle. Nothing s a finer mark for a ricochetted bullet a coiled snake. It goes through him and again.

Jed's most dangerous enemy was the og. With sleeves rolled up he spent trying to catch them as they wriggled pools at the crossing, or else Jed built to pen them in. Half the time he was ıg wet, with the final result that rheu- fever caught him and a great abscess ıped on his arm, eating the bone partly and, for five straight years, consuming reater part that Jed consumed. It was getting hurt, healing up only to break ı a new place, making Jed white, under- lacking in strength and endurance. ıg him weeks and weeks of acute suf-

at Jed disliked more than anything else it was that he could not fight so well on nt of that bad arm, and it lasted him all gh his fighting age, from nine to four- It handicapped him on the ball field. could throw the ball neither so far nor aight as other boys of his age, and if ained his lame arm ever so little there days or weeks of carrying it in a sling. events have an effect upon character. ps nothing else had greater influence Jed than that. Although he ventured in en as he could this weakness tended to him on the outside of the more rugged ıprises of his fellows, and it accustomed o defeat, than which few things can be

tunately for him Jed's playfellows ed him little mercy because of his in- y. If they had babied him he might been and remained a baby half his days. hey did not. Like other healthy, active they were savages and if Jed was re- us they would threaten to hurt his sore f he didn't watch out, and that usually he effect of making him watch out, but lways. If encroached upon too far he t anyhow he could, with kicks and hes like a girl, if not with blows man ın that he could not so effectively de-

hese uninteresting details are set down because the purpose of the "Recollec- of Jed," is, if possible, to reveal some- of the mind of a child to those who to know it that they may the better the growing timber in their own hands. have no other justification.

's handicap, therefore, accustomed, if it not reconcile, him to defeat. If the r will suffer his own mind to run back his childhood that he may form some estimate of the daily efforts to excel someone else in something, in plainer terms, to "beat" someone at some game, he may be able to form some idea of what part competitive play has in human development. It is a good half of it. The case of the handicapped competitor is lamentable. It deserves, though it ought never to receive, commiseration. Sympathy accentuates and confirms the evil consequences.

Now the weapon of the weak is deceit. It is that which makes the straightest woman rather more indirect in her methods than the most circuitous man, and what enables her to twist the strongest man around her little finger. Jed's weakness made him circuitous in his methods. If he got tired of school and wanted to go home or to stay at home the boys hurt his arm so he could not go. If he did go to school and wanted to go home at the afternoon recess his arm conveniently pained him so that he could not study. If he wanted anything that another had, and could not take it by force as others did, he watched his chance to steal it. From stealing successfully some object of no value the step was not far to stealing something that did have value, but that belongs to another chapter, only stopping here to suggest that a careful observer will be able to find a reason why for every form of moral delinquency in children if he will look. If the cause be found it may be removed and the child saved from ruin if not from ignominy.

But about "Old Crop Ear:" The gray wolves usually, but not always, followed the buffalo westward as settlements crowded them back toward the Rocky Mountains. Now and again a pair of them would take up their abode in a settlement fairly to haunt it. This happened to the settlement on the Serpentine. Nothing like a gray wolf had been seen for several years when Wesley Blair, on the North Fork, found a yearling colt killed and half devoured. A few days later, on the South Fork, one of the Marsh boys saw one wolf kill a yearling heifer while his mate looked on. The wolf seemed as big as the heifer. Within a week as Chet Taylor was driving up his cows in the shade of evening these wolves dashed into the herd as they neared a ravine, tore open the throat of a calf before his very face and held to their prey and feasted on it while he watched.

The neighbors turned out for a wolf hunt with all the dogs in the country, but although they jumped up and killed a few coyotes they saw nothing of the pair of grays. One of the Blair boys, out for prairie chickens with his shotgun, surprised the pair in a cove and blew the ear off of one of them with a charge of shot at short range. Some young stock was killed over on the bottom of the Sandy, half a dozen miles away. The wolves were seen at different times and places and all agreed that one of them had one good ear and only a stub of another. They were shot at a number of times, but always at long range and with no success. Hogs were killed in the blackjack country the other side of the Sandy. They were seen there, too, "Old Crop Ear," leading, so their range was evidently a long one.

The spring work was pressing, but in very self defense the settlers felt forced to take a day off and make another hunt. The Blackjack people formed a line and crowded down to the bend of the river. The men on the North fork rounded the head of that stream and swept toward the bend of the Sandy and the men of the South fork did the same. The valley men turned out likewise. There were half a hundred men and more than a hundred dogs, all starting with the dawn. The hope was to drive the beasts out into the broad valley of the Sandy where they would be in plain sight and the hunters would have a fair chance to ride them down and kill them.

Enough coyotes were killed to give the chickens comparative security for that season at least, but it was not until nearly noon that the trail of the grays was struck. They headed for the Blackjack country with the North Fork men at their heels, but by that time the dogs were tired. The line drew in and pressed forward. From the point of the bluffs overlooking the valley the Blackjack men were descried just emerging from the timber on the river and warning was given. It was yet early spring and the grass was not so high that the big fellows could not be seen by the men on horseback. The flanks of the approaching wings met and it did not seem possible that the wolves could escape.

But the wolves could see, too, and began to understand what was up. Hitherto they had trotted contentedly out of rifle shot. Now that they saw horsemen and dogs in front as well as behind them they turned up one of the ravines back toward the direction from which they had come. The country was rough but the North fork men and dogs surrounded the head of the ravine as soon as possible and advanced down it. The dogs came on helter-skelter, big and little, old and young. Instead of flying from them the wolves pitched onto them and killed three or four in the twinkling of an eye, taking the fight out of the others, but the men with rifles did not look good to the wolves, and they ran out of that ravine, turned to the right and up the next, the Blackjack men thundering upon their heels, the South fork men at the head of the ravine and the North fork men gathering in.

This time the South fork dogs went at them with much the same fatalities as in the case of the North fork save that Old Noble and Turk were not so easy. While Turk was getting a dressing down from the female Noble got a grip on her throat and was too powerful to be shaken off. The men sprang from their horses and went to the rescue of their dogs, leaving an opening through which "Old Crop Ear" made his escape back toward the North fork country. Turk's owner dispatched the female wolf with his revolver while Noble held to her throat and Turk to her flank, but, as for "Old Crop Ear," it was now a stern chase in which he distanced dogs and horses. Although they followed him until dark and far out of the country he kept beyond rifle range, and the hunt was only a partial success.

Elder Giddings, a few days after the hunt, was returning from the home of a neighbor by starlight when "Old Crop Ear" sprang into the road in front of him not ten feet away. The elder, pocket knife in hand, backed toward a worm fence at the side of the road, tore from it a rail and backed brandishing it three-quarters of a mile to his own gate, the wolf every instant seeking an opening for an attack. As he drew near to his home his faithful old shepherd dog flew at the wolf only to have his side ripped open and his throat cut in payment for his valor. Instead of the dogs hunting the wolf the wolf hunted the dogs, and more dogs than calves or colts were killed and many farms made dogless.

One of these was that of Oscar Marshman, one of the most prosperous young settlers on the Serpentine, the owner of Turk. Turk came up missing a few days after the Giddings incident and his torn remains were found in the gulch a hundred yards from the house. In the dead of night there had been a furious barking and then silence.

The Blairs had lost their dog, too, and Mrs. Blair, going into the kitchen with a candle, was confronted by "Old Crop Ear," looking in at the kitchen window, his white fangs gleaming and his chops drooling with blood from the throat of a calf he had killed less

than ten rods from the door. He was rarely seen at daytime, not infrequently at night, and he became a sort of malign spectre in the minds of the people of the Serpentine where he mainly ravaged, something to frighten naughty children with, not without reason.

Oscar Marshman was out plowing for corn. It was geting late in the season, the 20th of May, to be exact, but he thought he might get in a few acres more with diligence, although the planting had been mainly done. It was one of those mornings such as nature can now and again afford, not too abundantly lest we lose our power of appreciating them; just perfect, that's all.

Oscar was one of the most buoyant of men and Maybel, his wife, was the life of the younger people of the community. Charley was toddling about the house and yard carefree. There had been no rain for a week nor had "Old Crop Ear" been heard from. Perhaps he had been paying his respects to the Blackjack country. Oscar's three sturdy horses, harnessed abreast, were turning the rich brown loam up as easily and as smoothly as though they had been plowing cheese. So overflowing was Oscar with happiness that, as frequently happened, he lifted up his voice in singing, "A health unto the farmer who lives among the hills." God did seem so good to him and his frontier farm was so much richer, bigger and better than the old one upon which he had spent his boyhood. He was consciously so happy.

Just then Maybel screamed: "Oh Oscar, come quick, I can't find Charley." Oscar was not three hundred yards from the house, just ending the furrow next to the fence. Hastily hitching the horses to the fence he ran to the house to find Maybel white and trembling. "Where was he when you last saw him?" was his first inquiry.

"Why, I only just went to the spring," she said, "and left him toddling after me in the path. I came back in just a minute and he was gone. I have looked everywhere." Yes, everywhere except in heaven.

The spring was not fifty yards from the back gate. The house was built there because of it. The path wound around the end of a wild plum thicket that extended up the gulch a hundred yards or more. It was bordered with sumacs, very dense, through which the pigs and calves, running loose, had made some trails.

Oscar plunged into this thicket, running from end to end and side to side, crashing through with all his power that his eyes might see every square foot of space within the least lapse of time. A passing neighbor was hailed and joined in the search on horseback. The child was not to be found in the gulch.

The neighbor put spurs to his horse and carried the word from house to house. By noon every man and half the women and boys on the Serpentine were sweeping up the ravines that led out from this gulch and out over the terraced hills that bordered the wide bottom of the Sandy. Night came with no trace of the child save that on a thorn far up the gulch was a shred of calico that looked as though it might have been torn from little Charley's dress. A band of Indians having camped on the creek the night before, two or three of the neighbors followed and overtook them, thinking that the child might have been kidnaped, but to no purpose.

Night came on and all the lanterns in the community were brought out and the search continued. A heavy rain storm came up the next day, but through it all a.. ever-increasing force of men continued the search, until literally every square yard of ground for miles around had been searched. Had the child been taken up to heaven bodily, as was Elijah, his disappearance could not have been more complete.

The search was given over. Oscar Marsman and Maybel, his wife, took up the thread of life as best they could, but the joyousness had gone out of it for both of them. Other sons and daughters were born to them in after years, but none took the place in their hearts of their lost Charley. They seldom left the farm, joined in no festivities, worked like Trojans, prospered in a monetary way but, instead of being buoyant as he ever had been, Oscar became morose and silent, contentious with his neighbors and estranged from them. As for Maybel she seemed to grow more and more large-eyed and silent year by year. She looked at one as a sick animal might. Oscar had taken her to task for want of care, and that had doubled her grief, but she held her peace save when the storm blew hollowly under the eves and she fancied that, coming down the wind, were the voices of lost children crying into the night. Then her throat ached and her bosom heaved, she laid her silvering head on Oscar's bosom and wept.

One fall, after the prairies had burned out in the sandy bottom a good four miles from Oscar Marshman's home, a horseman came upon something glistening white and got off his horse to look at it. It was a part of the skull of a child. It may have been all that remained of Charley, but that was a presumption only. By and by Oscar Marshman sold his farm to a newcomer, auctioned off his effects and went away with his family to another state, but the shadow of the "Lost Child of the Serpentine" did not lift from the community life for a' that. The story is still told to little children who tend to wander off, and a sinister spectre of a great gray wolf, with one ear cropped close, trots unhurriedly across the vision of the mind.

The corn had reached the roasting ear stage and was especially attractive to breechy cattle. Jed's father's fences were never quite as effective as they might have been made. The sun, shining in at Jed's chamber window, fell directly across the head of Jed's bed and woke him betimes on sunny summer mornings. The point of danger from cattle was the south fence forty or fifty rods down the road which skirted the creek bank before and after the big bend. The bend lay to the right and was a hay field.

Jed was told to run down and see if the cattle had disturbed the fence during the night. He started accordingly and, someh.., Old Noble, who was generally either at Jed's heels or just ahead of him, did not follow. Jed had nearly reached the hayfield, quite out of sight of the house when, hearing something crashing through the bushes under the creek bank, he stopped to see what it was. Instantly there sprang into the road directly in front of him "Old Crop Ear."

Jed froze. The wolf stood with his body across the road, but with head turned toward Jed. Jed looked him full in the eyes. They were evil, hungry, sinister eyes never to be forgotten. How long the two stood there looking at each other Jed had no definite idea. For that matter Jed was without ideas. He was not even afraid. He uttered no sound, made no motion, experienced no sensation. He was turned to stone. "Old Crop Ear" must have been of the same opinion, having no stomach for the digestion of a stone boy, for, instead of springing upon the boy and rending him limb from limb, he sprang into the corn. Then Jed came to himself. His feet pattered home and he staggered near fainting into the presence of his father, tongue-tied to tell anything except "The wolf."

Meantime "Old Crop Ear" glided through the corn to the melon patch where the chickens were, but had no business to be. He swung a big rooster over his shoulder and made for the fence. Jed's father saw him and he sprang upon the fence with his prey. Old Noble saw him, too, and plunged after with a cry of rage. Jed's father turned the boy over to his mother, grabbed the rifle from its peg and hastened after.

For a time he was able to follow by the feathers which the rooster scattered. The trail made directly for the open country, but at the end of a quarter of a mile, it terminated. The dead rooster lay upon the ground, and the trodden grass gave evidence of a terrific struggle between dog and wolf. Handicapped by the rooster the dog had overtaken the wolf and there had been a fight, but the wolf had made off, with the dog following him and soon the trail was lost in the indistinguishable stubble. For an hour or more Jed's father searched the brush, the creek-side and the open, but he saw nothing and heard nothing of dog or wolf, and went home to breakfast.

Two hours after breakfast "Old Noble" was found whining at the outer gate too weak to get over the fence, bleeding from a dozen vicious cuts and wounds and as near dead

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His wounds were washed and stitched, as tenderly cared for and, in a week or was as well as ever. That was the last of "Old Crop Ear" in the district of the ntine. Whether or not Old Noble sucd in killing him no one ever knew, for Noble could not talk, although he would had much to say had he been able to. new enough. Some thought that, handied by the rooster, "Old Crop Ear" had red the dog to get such a hold upon him ad crippled him, that he had made off the dog in pursuit, was finally overtaken he issue settled. But where? Neither nor the echoes ever answered.

(The Water Question—Continued)

therefore up to the public to say whether will take the burden upon themselves or refuse to take it.

at there is some other solution to the nt emergency that will tide us over the d necessary for the development of the Eleanor-Hetch Hetchy supply seems probable.

are now paying dividends upon hun- of millions of gallons of water that run ie water sheds of the Peoples' Water pany untrammelled into the bay. It l seem the part of common sense that we what we are already paying for before ig the privilege to pay for more. There illable from the present sources of sup- n additional amount of approximately 14 n gallons per day, or nearly 75 per cent what is now being supplied.

have a right to look to our city officials rge upon them serious effort in the mat- t least, before committing ourselves unbly to the sacrifice of bringing in the Cities supply.

The Moral Issue Involved

re is further the moral issue. We have for the Peoples' Water Company, there doubt about that. But we may not slap Peoples' through the Bay Cities. Any which takes no cognizance of the right asonable consideration of existing enter- is immoral and unsquare and wrong. se the bay community has suffered what from the abuse of power by the ex- water company this gives the commun- moral right to assume to retaliate. A community cannot afford to put itself e same plane with an immoral corpora-

us not confuse the issue. Competition ossible, private monopoly is insufferable. time is now ripe to take up and press ously the step toward municipal owner- of its water supply by the bay commun-

serious condition of the water situation, esent agitation and interest, is the most ive aid possible to the successful further- of this issue. The Hetch Hetchy is now critical shape, and being contested every by the present companies, and vigorous nited and unanimous action by the cities he people is required to save it to them. epping into this now with San Francisco, st side cities step into a heritage without

we ignore this opportunity, if we permit onomic monstrosity to fasten itself upon ommunity, it will be the source of deep during all the years to come.

PERSONALIA

old mahogany desk used by Robert at Ellisland and Dumfries, and at which pet wrote "Tam o' Shanter," "Auld Lang and many of his other famous lyrics, old in London recently for $3,000. Of eachable pedigree, this relic aroused interest. The desks of other famous s sold much cheaper. One used by ns at Tavistock house went for $65.

There Are Several of His Kind

ie editor's motto is, 'Boost, don't .'"

oes he live up to it?"

ell, yes—that is, he lives up to it as others do."

ow is that?"

hy, he runs the motto in his paper."

A very rich strike of gold is reported to have been made in the Tightner mine in Sierra county. It is estimated that over two million dollars' worth of ore is in sight.

Mrs. I. C. Booth arrived this a. m. from Blanchardville, where she has for the last two weeks been giving sewing machine recitals.—Monroe (Wis.) Sentinel.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.

7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22296

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law.
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22295

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law.
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

TITLES RESTORED

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The State Board of Examiners

Under our original scheme of government the State Controller was made the especial watchdog of the treasury, but at some time or other some controller must have been neglectful of his duties, for the state found it necessary to have a preliminary check upon the action of the controller and from an independent source. Consequently, the governor, secretary of state and attorney-general were constituted a board of audit to examine and approve or reject claims against the state, unless especially excepted by law, before they go to the controller.

As a matter of practice this board does not do any of this auditing. These men have other work to do that commands all their time and attention. Sometimes when a claim is in question, when a matter of policy is involved, meetings of this board are actually held and the issues gone over and a rule laid down, but that seldom happens. The actual work of auditing is done by the assistant secretary of the board and a force of three or four clerks. The assistant secretary's "o. k." is all that the board goes by when two of them certify that the claims are correct. This confidence in the assistant secretary is seldom abused, but a careless or incompetent assistant mightly easily put through many bills that ought not to be allowed, as he does correct and reject many that are irregular. For the last eight years, or very near it, the state has had in this position, in the person of Mr. Clyde L. Seavey, a very competent and careful official. He is really the State Examiner of claims and that should be the title of his office; he should hold his office by appointment of the governor and the State Board of Examiners should be abolished. It is clumsy, it cannot do the work assigned to it as a board, and there is nothing in administrative government more detrimental than the possession of functions that are not and cannot be performed by those who possess them.

In the days when Markham was governor claims against the state were delayed in their payment for weeks and months because neither the governor nor the attorney-general could be caught at the state capitol to sign the checked-up bills for their audit. The law requires that two out of three shall sign. To facilitate the signing the attorney-general was authorized to perform his service through the deputy stationed at the capitol, but, inasmuch as that did not provide for the signature of the absent governor, the law was so changed as to allow the secretary of the board of examiners to sign when it requires his signature to make two, but he cannot do this if any two out of the four members are in Sacramento. In case any of the members of the board are disqualified for acting, because interested in a claim against the state, the state treasurer may act in his stead.

The secretary of the board of examiners is seldom secretary of the board. The work of the secretary usually falls to the assistant secretary. Section 654 of the Political Code closes by saying that the secretary of the board of examiners, "shall perform such duties, other than secretary, as may be assigned to him by the governor from time to time." This work, "other than secretary," commonly consumes all the time of the secretary and makes him a very busy man. He is virtually outside man for the governor.

Some governors have made the secretary of the state board of examiners their political manager and sometimes this service has been assigned to an alleged "expert" especially employed by the board. Anyhow the secretary is a member of the governor's official family and, if relieved from "doing politics" for his chief, he visits all the state institutions and reports on them to the governor, settles controversies, and is a sort of general agent for the state. The governor needs such a subordinate. There is enough non-political field work for such a man to do to keep him on the go to the extent of a thousand miles per month if not more. He needs to be eyes, ears and hands for the governor.

The secretary of the state board of examiners now receives $3,600 a year, his assistant $3,000 and there are four clerks who receive $1,800 each, and an expert who receives $2,400. The duty of the expert is to attend to the auditing of the accounts for the dependent children's fund, but that will merit a special lesson inasmuch as California's method of aiding dependent children is unique among all the states of the union.

Occasionally the legislature passes an appropriation bill that specifically exempts that appropriation from being audited by the state board of examiners. That should be notice to all concerned that there is a "negro in the woodpile," that someone is being exempt from surveillance who ought to be under surveillance.

There are also certain institutions whose expenditures are not subjected to scrutiny by this board. The state university is one of them. That exemption should not be made. Every claim against the state, of whatever character, should pass through the regular channels of audit, and all state moneys should be deposited in the state treasury and drawn out only upon the Controller's warrant. Even with all these checks upon expenditures errors happen and the public interest suffers. That risk should be reduced to a minimum.

For his own amusement Paul Sorg runs a coach and four between the Holland house and Larchmont. The turnout is about the snappiest thing in New York. And Mr. Sorg, as becomes a very rich man who can afford to take his sport in his own way, is the very glass of coaching form. The other day a party of Western people, unfamiliar with coaching customs, engaged the vehicle for the round trip. The four toppy horses were slashing through the park, and Mr. Sorg, as good whip should, was driving with the tips of his fingers. The sunlight and the keen air and the greenery got into his blood. He turned to the host of the coaching party on the seat behind. "What a perfect day," said Mr. Sorg, genially. "The elements have combined to make us happy." "What?" said the man behind. Mr. Sorg called renewed attention to the scenery and the sun. "My soul expands upon a day like this," said he. "Well," said the man behind, "don't you expand too much. You watch your horses, and we'll pay attention to the elements." Mr. Sorg tells the story on himself, but admits that he drove his team four miles before he was able to laugh.—New York Sun.

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This Week: "A PLAN FOR A FARM CITY"

By Elmer Ellsworth Carey

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: SEPTEMBER 2 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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No. 41.

Laurier's Dream

ELLOWGRASS Sir Wilfred Laurier, in addressing an emblage of farmers who had gone there from the United said: "I have had great dreams. An alliance between tish empire and the American republic would result in of world affairs under which not a single shot could be ithout their permission." It is nearly a hundred years ere has been a serious disagreement between these two nglish speaking peoples, and it should be a thousand efore there is another. Having disarmed the world, in- themselves, except for an international police force, it nly remain to make life worth while and then enjoy it. ightmare by a long chalk!

The Titian Tufted Lady

MAS W. LAWSON AFFIRMS that the charms of nen were stock in trade in frenzied finance. John Arch- ies the allegation and brands the statement as ridiculous. culousness of the pious Rockefeller and Rogers resorting devices will not be questioned, nor will the substantial Tom Lawson's allegation. While nothing that he ever robably happened just as he wrote it, his picture of The has been accepted as essentially true in substance if not . It is improbable that if any "Titian Tufted Woman" ilable, and likely to prove useful, she was unemployed. o swallowed whole menageries of iniquities are unlikely strained at such gnats.

How Did They Happen?

WHERE IN THIS PAPER will be found a well written le showing why fires in forests should not happen; but public now desires to know is, how the great forest fires ed during August came to happen. The Forest Service nake it its business to furnish the public with a full his- each instance. Did these fires originate in cut-over dis- longing to private owners? Were they confined to ands? Did they originate in forest reserves and were inly confined thereto? A full history of all those hes given the fullest publicity cannot fail of being profit- orest conservation, and the blame should be put where it

Land Subdivision in England

ADY THE LAND TAX FEATURE of the Lloyd- ge budget is prompting subdivisions of large land hold- England. Earl Manvers, in Nottinghamshire, and Earl n, at Burton-On-Trent, have placed considerable tracts narket in subdivisions to suit purchasers of moderate ne first because he does not favor land taxation and the ofessedly because he believes in the wider dispersal of how; but it is noticeable that his belief prompted no his part until the government arranged to take to itself er cent of the unearned increment. The idea embodied udget will find expression in many forms in many lands nity comes to appreciate the justness of it. If all the increment belongs to all the people there appears to od reason why they should not take to their own uses modest fraction of it.

No Modest Violet He

CERTAIN PROPER PERIODICALS are much incensed because, in his great swing around the circle, Theodore Roosevelt has said "I will, I, I, I," more than a modest man should. It must be confessed that Theodore is no modest violet, hanging his drooping head in humility. If he were he might prove a moral influence, but scarcely a moral power. Nor is he a Christ-like personality, content to start in his own time influences that will be increasingly potential for good as the ages roll on. He is an American statesman who must do the work he has to do here and now, and he is setting wheels to going in the only way he can, by giving the crank a vigorous turn. Those who don't get aboard will get left. This is a militant world, my brethren.

Democrats Decapitated

WHEN TAMMANY WENT TO THE RESCUE of Cannonism in the House, two Georgia representatives, Livingstone and Howard, joined Tammany and helped to save the day for Uncle Joe. Now they wish they had been confined to their rooms with the mumps instead. Their constituents turned them down cold. And yet Uncle Joe didn't make a single speech in all Georgia!

Up From Servitude

OF ALL THE MOVEMENTS of our time there is none other so important to humanity as that which will be commemorated on Monday. Industrial and economic wars have been waged for the right of the individual man to rise. The labor movement is for the right of the human mass to rise as one man, all for one and one for all. There is more of downright brotherhood in this movement than in all other movements combined. It has made mistakes. It will make more of them. As it comes to feel its power it is likely to abuse it. It has done so already. It has had all the power-holding world to set it that example. The future is to them. It is of them that the generations of the future are to be bred. Their line does not die out like that of their employers. Their womanhood does not constitute an aristocracy of intellectual and social childlessness. It is of them and theirs that the nation must live and move and have its being. Therefore, think kindly of those serried ranks as they march by. Also think prudently of the fact that, take the country over, they are three million strong and are to be reckoned with in whatever this nation does or attempts to do.

They Behaved

WE HAD AN IDEA that the Calhoun attorneys could behave if they had to. We surmised that they knew how. When they returned to Judge Lawlor's court they were as demure and respectful as gentlemen at the bar should be. And this notwithstanding that they had converted a jail sentence into a high time regaling themselves with the best a high-living, pleasure-loving city could afford. Did they nevertheless think it over? Did they, after thinking it over, reach the sound conclusion that they had acted outrageously for months and years, abusing the long-suffering lenience of a judge who never once lost self control? Their behavior since being delivered out of jail raises the presumption that they are not the swashbucklers they had seemed, but really did know how to behave. That was something to their credit even if they did not avail themselves of that knowledge. It is reassuring to know that the bar is not barbarian.

The Mayor and Water

Mayor P. H. McCarthy defeated the late proposal to purchase the Spring Valley water plant when the good sense of the community was overwhelmingly for it. That he is now in favor of what he previously opposed should not prompt those who favored such purchase then to oppose it now. The ambition to equal the mayor of this city in wrong-headed stubbornness would ill become the city over whose misfortunes he unfortunately presides. If a renewal of the former proposal of Spring Valley can be obtained, just as before, the plant should be purchased. Failure to purchase that plant on some basis will stand across the path of the city leading to a Sierra or other adequate supply. All financial interests can be counted on to stand together for the inviolability of capital invested in public service corporations. No municipality will be permitted to bankrupt any big water company by establishing a municipal system in competition therewith.

The declaration of the Mayor that the Garfield permit is not worth the paper it is written on exceeds the truth, but the fact that congress neglected or refused to clinch the claim of San Francisco to that source of supply was notice to the city that the Garfield permit was and is at least voidable. The best that can be said of it has been said by former Mayor Taylor as affording the city "good fighting ground," but something more than "good fighting ground" must be had before millions are expended or plans are finally made with that source as the keystone to the arch. It would be foolhardy for the city to do more than needful to preserve its easement from lapsing by reason of lack of due diligence until congress shall have made the grant in fee simple.

The proposal to divert the bonds voted for Hetch Hetchy to the purchase of Spring Valley wears a sinister look in that it implies a covert intent to abandon Hetch Hetchy, which should in no wise be abandoned so long as "good fighting ground" remains, and yet, aside from the unfavorable impression it might create, and particularly on the mind of congress (which might accept such diversion as an implied abandonment of the Garfield permit), the suggestion is not intrinsically bad. It might prove tactically an imprudent thing to do, but it would lessen the risk of leaving what remains of the city's credit to the hazards of the existing city government.

It is as true now as ever that when the Sierras are drawn upon for a water supply that supply should be available for all the bay cities and all the bay cities should be united in a metropolitan water district for the purposes of that enterprise. Meantime, San Francisco should go ahead and, if it can, perfect its title to a Sierra source abundant for all the cities around the bay.

Meantime, a source of power supply should be held only second in importance to a source of supply of water. If the signs of the times are to be depended on the city of the future will furnish its own lights and operate its own traction system. This will require power and the cities about the bay may as well own their sources of power as their sources of water. The fact that the San Joaquin power company is invading the oil districts of Kern with hydro-electric energy, in competition with oil that virtually costs nothing, shows what a cheap commodity that energy may become when the cost is reduced to the plant and its maintenance.

That there is an African in the McCarthy woodpile, more huge perhaps than a dozen "Jack" Johnsons, may be suspected, but, in absence of better evidence than suspicion affords, it may be the part of wisdom to forget McCarthy and look at his proposition as impersonally as though it blew in from no one knows where. Inherently it does not look so bad, but first impressions are not to govern in so important an enterprise. Investigation should be searching and judgment deliberate.

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Pensions In the Civil Service

Next to love of power the greatest incentive to human endeavor is the need for making provision for age. Not all do it. The great majority of all those born into the world enjoy no old age for which provision need be made. Their six feet of earth sufficeth them. Perhaps the best provision that a man and a woman can make for life's evening is the rearing of a family of good citizens. It seldom proves inadequate.

But pauperism of the aged is nevertheless a burden upon society. The number of those who fail to provide for themselves is so great as to constitute a social menace. In the case of the civil service it is especially burdensome in that it chokes the service with dead timber. The problem is not an easy one and nowhere has it been solved with satisfaction.

England has struggled with the problem for nearly a hundred years and has not solved it. It began by deducting from all salaries paid to civil service servants 2½ to 5 per cent for the creation of a pension fund, but the salaries were held to be too small to stand the drain and those who died or retired before reaching sixty-five gained nothing. Hence the contributory factor was eliminated and a direct pension substituted, but that was found to tend toward lower salaries than were paid by private enterprises so that the servants of the public paid their own pensions in one way if not in another. And so it will always be. The guaranteed snug corner and free table in age will somehow be paid for during life, as they ought to be. The natural adjustments of salaries and wages in commerce and industry will determine that beyond the power of governments to ordain otherwise, and it is well that it is so. Public servants, as well as others, should pull their own weight to the end.

Therefore, it is in vain that employes of the national government assemble in mass meetings to resolve against the contributory plan. Whatever system is adopted, the Gillett or the Goulden, will be all the same to them in the long run. They will pay their own pensions, and they ought to. The important point is that there be a pension system of some kind, with compulsory retirement, that will enable the government to rid its service of dead wood. The welfare of the nation requires that. This is the more imperative because the civil service attracts mainly those who are minus quantities. If they had the plus condition of mind and body they would be forging ahead in the world of individual endeavor. A salary, a stool and a pension at the end would have no attractions for them. What the government does in the matter of pensions for civil servants it must do in self defense and for the good of the service.

It is in vain to urge that those in the service might provide their own insurance cheaper. They won't do it, and government cannot discharge into pauperism those who have served it long, no matter if it be their own fault that provision has not been made for age. In their cases government must be paternal whether it would or no. The issue between the Gillett and Goulden pension proposals is one of salary, not of pension. In the long run all pensions are paid by the pensioners and not otherwise. And so it should be.

The Head of the Party

The president of the Republic is the putative head of the party in power in the nation, as the governor of a state is the putative head of the party in power in the state; but it frequently happens that the fact does not square with the putation.

When William Howard Taft succeeded to the presidential chair Nelson A. Aldrich succeeded to the leadership of the Republican party in this country. If there was any one back of Aldrich manipulating him, as he manipulates others, that one was J. Pierpont Morgan representing the allied Morgan and Rockefeller interests. All signs point to the essential truth of this statement. Its import may be the easier comprehended if we reflect that while James N. Gillett has been the putative head of the Republican party in California, William F. Herrin has been the actual head. It has fared badly with these heads of the party in nation and state this year of our Lord. Amen!

But the Republican party in this nation is about to change heads. It is about to knock off the new and put on the old. Theodore Roosevelt was head of the party while he was president, and when he laid aside the headship of his clan to go on a hunting expedition to Africa, he laid aside a greater power than that of being president. This is what his swinging around the circle means. This is what "My Progressive Policies" require for their fulfilment. He is getting the ear of the people and the response is insistent and insistent.

Theodore Roosevelt is a great politician, but his methods are not those of the small politician. The small politician requires a boss and a machine. Theodore Roosevelt will be no boss and he will create no machine. At the psychological moment he will say the thing that is already in the hearts of the American people, though as yet unuttered, and they will get busy on the instant. No machine can stand against them and he.

His first onslaught will be to give "the old guard" in New York, "all the fight they want." Vice-President Sherman has got all he wants now. The others will get all they want at Saratoga. He demanded a progressive candidate on a progressive platform. The "old guard" said, "No, we want a reactionary candidate on a reactionary platform." The President, as was characteristic of him, washed his hands of both sides. He is watching the scrimmage with contentment.

"Back from Elba?" Yes, but it is improbable that Theodore Roosevelt has any purpose to resume the presidential chair. It need surprise no one if he were to announce an absolute refusal to become a candidate under any circumstances. This republic is in hard straits if there be only one man in fit for chief executive, and the anti-third term tradition is not unwholesome.

But leadership is different. There is no position greater or more responsible than that of leadership of the dominant politi

in a nation of ninety millions of people. is the position to which Theodore velt aspires. Himself a man in whom purpose is a passion, he is able to make l to the elemental enthusiasms of the That is the secret of his power, the of his purpose. If heaven shall spare e we shall witness such a reaction from on as will set the nation to throbbing high resolves. We have had a year-and- of, what shall we call it? not mark- ne for we have gone forward, not in- in legislation for there has been much legislation. Shall we call it a waiting voice of leadership in tune with the f the nation? The smile of the Presi- is infectious, but the voice of him, well, ad ears to hear any message he has had iver.

are on the eve of great events. We rested. The cohorts of progress are to swing into line and go forward at all of leadership. That leadership is from Elba."

at is the goal? A more equitable dis- ion of the five or six billions a year of that the commerce and industry of ountry together creates; the holding of ommon inheritance for the common use, g only to those who, in development, r service to the public in a return com- rate with the service rendered. What

s your fight, reader of The California ly. Get into it.

Carey's Farm City

s a pleasant dream in which Mr. Elmer rth Carey indulged himself when he d his "Farm City" idea, but it is of the hat dreams are made of. It is impossi- at the bulk of humanity shall be agri- l. The inventor of farm implements ken care of that. When five men can nore people than fifty could fifty years rty-five of them have got to hunt jobs ere than in agriculture

s easy, too, to overdo the small farm Some of the most lamentable degrada- the world knows have come from sub- g "widow's thirds" into sixths, twelfths, -fourths, and so on, to infinitesimal s here and there. The cost of superin- ce, the restrictions as to commodities, s competition with real farms, except in gardening, out of the question and the market is easily over supplied.

e is a way, however, in which a scheme ing like that which Mr. Carey has elab- might be worked out in limited meas- There are districts in France where it en done. In such instances each farm ctory as well as a farm. During the g season the farm commands the atten- ut all the rest of the year, and on rainy by touching a button a loom is started he or some sort of machinery for manu- . This form of manufacture, like gardening, may easily be over- The great factory with its division bdivision of labor, its massing of forces materials and product may be handled ast of waste of time and effort, ordi- will put the home factory out of com- . It is true that in Japan hand looms mpete with power in weaving cottons, weavers are ever on or below, never he poverty line, and Mr. Carey's benev- ucubrations contemplate affluence and verty.

e the problem of sustenance is impor- nd to become increasingly so as pop- presses upon subsistence, it is mainly lem of distribution and avoidance of not of production. The world is for things, not foods. It wants auto- s, pianos, picture hats, travel, theatres, soft clothes, social functions, fine houses. These needs will absorb the activities of the work-day world in larger measure than agriculture ever will.

The farms have been the breeding places and the cities the shambles of civilization. "Back to the land" is good—for the rejuvenation of the worn-out, but the greatest danger threatening agriculture is that farming will be transformed into a manufacturing of agricultural commodities by captains of industry, employing wage earners as factories do. This will take "back to the farm" all the frivolities and artificialities of city life together with the slums and so destroy the breeding places of the nations.

In frankness, we find place for Mr. Carey's imaginative "Farm City," not because we find in it much of practical value, but because it may set in motion trains of thought, or even of speculation, that may prove important. For, of all problems that beset us, there is not one that outranks that of agricultural America. Both the trend and the pressure of our age is toward the annihilation of that farm life which, with all its isolation and unattractiveness, has proven the backbone, the soul, the conscience of our American civilization. It were better to keep it as it is, if by any means anything can be kept as it is, which it cannot, than to make it so ape the city as to copy its vanities and lose its own virtues.

Panama

The consensus of opinion, national and world wide, is that Uncle Sam did, in relation to the Philippines and Porto Rico, what he was in honor bound to do, no more and no less. Why not do the same with Panama? The government of that country is harassing the canal zone and creating embarrassments for our government. Why permit the game of "pussy wants an office" to be played at our expense and with no profit to the Panamans? It were better to treat that incipient republic as Porto Rico is being treated, better for the Panamans, better for the Americans, better for the world that will use the canal, better for everybody. Let's do it.

Why Not All Be Happy?

Prohibitionists point with pride to statistics which seem to show that, whereas, ten years ago, there were only 2,500,000 Americans living under prohibitory laws now there are 41,000,000. Why should they not be happy? The association of brewers of the United States claim that the consumption of beer has, during the first decade of the new century, increased 51 per cent. What cause for complaint have they? The distillers point with pride to trade statistics which show that the consumption of spirits has, in the last ten years, increased 45 per cent in this country and business continues good. Why should they grumble? And if the prohibitionists, the brewers and the distillers are all satisfied with past, present and future, why should the rest of us become exercised? Why shouldn't we all be happy?

No Occasion For Surprise

Reports from the southern portion of the state indicate a favorable disposition toward the voting of $5,000,000 in state taxes for the Panama-Pacific exposition. San Francisco may well think twice before entering upon such an enterprise, but not the state so far as its share is concerned, provided, that the exposition held in San Francisco be the only one held in the United States with governmental recognition and, provided further, that the expenditure be contingent upon San Francisco's raising its proposed subscription in hard cash and voting its credit likewise. One fair or none, all contribute together or none at all! Faith must be so good as to leave no room for bad.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Few of us, if we wished to develop a [illegible] rose, would stick a cutting in the ground and go off and leave it to shift for itself, beset with weeds, deprived of moisture, in an impoverished soil; and yet there are times when it would seem as though the Almighty had pursued much such a course with men. We find ourselves beset by the temptation to overreach or to underpay, to struggle for all the traffic will bear instead of being content with a reasonable return on a reasonable investment; friction, blind prejudice and unreasoning partisanship confront us at every turn to lead us astray, and we feel that if only we might withdraw from the world and live in seclusion, as did the holy men of old, then, indeed, might we develop symmetrically.

We couldn't. Those holy men of old generally did not. In their withdrawal from their fellows they became morbid and unhealthful of mind, half insane and, if they conceived and taught a few great truths, they also conceived and taught a thousand distressing errors. The Almighty knew what he was doing when he placed men upon this earth. What is food and drink for the rose would mean poison and death to the child.

This has been demonstrated in a most practical way by "Daddy" George, the founder and good angel of the George Junior Republic, of Freeville, New York, founded for the purpose of giving bad boys and girls a chance to grow into good men and good women. Instead of taking them out of the world as we find it, and as most reformatories do, Mr. George undertook to surround their new world with as many elements of the old as possible, for the reason that those institutions and customs that go to make up society are the very best yet devised for the development of manly and womanly character.

Property is made the foundation of the social order in this little republic as it is in the greater. No one has anything that he does not earn or steal, borrow or buy. The newcomer is given a job at whatever he may be able to turn his hand to, but he does not have to take it if he does not want to. His room costs him so much and his meals cost so much. The republic will not trust him for more than a day's lodging and victuals. If he would rather sell his shirt than work he can do that and, if he has nothing to sell and would rather go to jail to live on bread and water than take a job, he can do that, too. The only limitation upon his liberty is that he cannot go away from Freeville.

Sometimes newcomers live in jail, and by begging or by borrowing, several weeks before they go to work. The saloon and the brothel are kept away, but everything else is as much as possible as it is outside, and because that is the best possible condition for the development of character. Remembering that only those who are looked upon as incorrigible are sent there at all the results achieved are remarkable. Not all are redeemed to good citizenship, but most of them are, and not a few splendid, scholarly men and women have been developed at Freeville out of material that promised no good thing.

The special lesson to be learned from all this is that it is citizenship that does it. The colony is self governing and suffrage is equal. Every citizen twelve years old and upward has a vote, all officers are elected, they make their own laws and mete out justice with their own judges and juries, and justice is established in Freeville. The quality of justice is just rather than merciful. Sometimes the management has to appeal the case to a higher court to prevent criminals inflicting upon criminals penalties unnecessarily severe. Whoever avoids or neglects the obligations of citizenship deprives himself of those very experiences that are most necessary to his intellectual and moral development. Good thing to remember when one feels out of patience with the world.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Figures That Indicate No Drouth

No inconsiderable number of the American commonwealths have enacted prohibition laws within the last ten years, and yet—and here is the striking feature of the situation—the increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors has gone merrily, not to say hilariously, on. Witness the figures: Commence with the beer sales, which amounted to 39,330,848 barrels in 1900. In 1910, notwithstanding the spread of prohibition, 59,485,117 barrels were sold, an increase of 51.2 per cent. To be sure, the population of the nation has increased fully 20 per cent in the same time, but this leaves a 25 per cent increase in beer consumption to be accounted for. A similar condition in reference to distilled spirits prevails. In 1900 93,391,827 gallons of such liquors were drank, and in 1910 this total had increased to 134,572,010 gallons, an increase of 44.9 per cent, or fully 20 per cent over that of population. It is when we pause to consider averages that the heart grows weary in the breast. To illustrate the idea, the average man, woman and child of us all must, in order to do his share in the beery flow, drink about 20 gallons, or, say, 320 glasses annually. This would not seem so bad if the rest of us were not compelled to hold up the end of the babes and older infants who cannot drink, the women who do not drink and the men who will not drink, but, considering these, the burden appears heavy. Then, in addition to the beer, we must drink a gallon and a half apiece of whisky or other distilled spirits—infants, most women and some men still barred. Considering the states that have "gone dry," our burden seems unduly heavy.

Uncle Sam's Navy in Peace and War

From 1861 to 1865 inclusive our days were red with the fires of war. Those were the years when great navies as well as great armies were direly and regrettably needed, and it is not strange that vast sums were invested in the construction, equipment and maintenance of battleships. So we are not surprised when we read that the sum expended on Uncle Sam's navy during that five years was $326,650,069. The tremendous need of the time justified the tremendous expenditure. But the five years just past were years of profound peace. There has been neither war nor rumor of war, and the utmost use of a navy has been found in taking a show trip around the world. Yet in these five tranquil years we have expended $573,022,101 on our navy, and this is an increase of more than 75 per cent over those five years which knew the agony of civil war. It is a fine situation for the owners of steel mills, but is it as fine for the people who have paid much more than a half billion dollars for navy equipment in a time of peace? There are those who hold that less expenditure for building navies, and more for building men, would be preferable. If the world would consent to it great would be the gain.

The Very Latest in Postal Cards

Have you received, and added to the collection in your album, an "aerial postcard?" If not, nothing could be clearer than that you are not entirely up with the times. This postal card is of French inception, as the name printed on it, "carte aerienne," would indicate. The aviator who desires to keep in the postal swim has them printed with pictures of his own aeroplane, and they also bear a printed request that any person who finds one of them will deliver it at a postoffice for forwarding. With a bunch of the "aerial postcards" ready addressed, the aviator writes in a space left for that purpose the height to which he has ascended at the time of writing, drops the card, and whoever finds it is supposed to do the rest. The time may come when such postal cards will be a drug on the market, but, with aviators still decidedly limited in number, the person who now receives such a card may consider himself fortunate, if he cares for that sort of thing.

Light For the Belated Joyous

Jocketa, a village of Saxony, recently installed electric light for its streets. Now it chances that the people of Jocketa are a very simple-minded and old-fashioned folk, so old-fashioned and simple-minded that it never once occurred to them that it would be of any earthly use to have streets lighted after 11 p. m. Accordingly an ordinance providing for shutting off the light at that time was adopted, and at that point the trouble began. It transpired that a number of Jocketa's leading citizens were not so old-fashioned but that they had a club, and it further transpired that the club sometimes detained its members till after 11 p. m. and dismissed them in such condition that they needed all the light obtainable in order not to walk on both sides of the streets at once. Let it be recorded that the "city fathers" rose to the emergency. They had a penny-in-the-slot device attached to the electric light poles, and after that all that the clubman had to do was to drop a penny in the slot, if he could find it, and light shone upon his path. Sometimes, to be sure, a man might find it difficult to walk forward faster than he walked backward, but in that event he could keep on depositing pennies until his forward tendency had overcome his backward tendency and the expense would not be heavy. The idea is ingenious, but it probably would be more practical if a greater proportion of the men who go home after 11 p. m. had a penny left which they might invest in light.

Prehistoric Man and the Ape

That long, long ago man who dwelt in caves and fought with the beasts of the fields for the raw food he ate was very little ahead of the ape in intelligent development. At least, this is the view entertained by Boule and Anthony, French physiologists who recently have written a treatise on the brain power of prehistoric man. Their theory of his brain power is based upon the convolutions of his brain, as indicated by such skulls of antediluvian men as have been found. These skulls show much development of that portion of the brain devoted to the animal instincts, while that part devoted to the faculty known as association of ideas is developed in very slight degree. In fact, the brain of the ape shows about as much development in this higher respect as does that of the prehistoric man. Again, the development of the brain nerve supposed to control articulate speech is so slight that the language the cave men talked must have been extremely rudimentary. The most notable difference between the ape and our remote ancestor consisted in the fact that the latter used his hands almost exclusively in grasping objects, while the ape uses both hands and feet. On the whole, according to these Frenchmen, the main difference between man and the ape consists in the long forward journey man has taken since the two started out not so far from side by side.

Newfoundland To Be Explored

Centuries before Christopher Columbus made that celebrated voyage which resulted in giving America to the world Norsemen had crossed the stormy waters of the north Atlantic, and Newfoundland was nearly, if not quite, the first of American lands to be looked upon by European eyes. That was a long time ago, and during most of the centuries since then the name and outlines of Newfoundland have been known throughout the world, so it is likely to strike the reader as somewhat odd that now, for the first time in all these centuries, this well known unknown land is to be explored and mapped. It is true; long as Newfoundland has been known, it yet is largely an unknown wilderness. Much of it never has been penetrated except by Ind[i]s and, in a desultory way, by an occasio[n]al hunter. Two Englishmen now have und[er]taken to explore and map it, and they exp[ect] to devote all of two years except the winte[r]s to the work. The enterprise has been un[der]taken under the auspices of the royal [geo]graphical society of England.

The Growth of Germany

In 1870 Germany and France were st[ill] about even in population. Forty years h[ave] passed since then, and now Germany h[as] a population of about 65,000,000, while tha[t] of France is but 39,000,000. A remarkable [dif]ference, this, in so brief a time. Nor ca[n] it be accounted for exclusively on the ground [of] that "race suicide" with which France [has] been charged, for, although France be [is] guilty, the birth rate has decreased in Germ[any] also, only, the death rate has decreased [still] more rapidly. Withal, the emigration [fr]om has been reduced mightily in Germany. Th[irty] years ago 200,000 people left that country [an]nually; now the emigration has been redu[ced] by ninety per cent, or to 20,000 annually. [On] the whole, perhaps somebody was right [wh]en he wrote: "Germany seems prosperous enough to make it of advantage for Germans to remain at home."

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK
Attorney for Plaintiffs

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have or upon that certain real property or any part thereof situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Bay[view] way distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to any part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 9th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESS.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

WTHORNE ON WOMEN WRITERS

wthorne's letters, written to his publisher, Liverpool during his consulship there, in opinions of much interest. In one he : "In my last I recollect I bestowed vituperation on female authors. I have been reading 'Ruth Hall,' and I must say oyed it a good deal. The woman writes the devil was in her, and that is the only tion under which a woman ever writes ing worth reading. Generally women like emasculated men and are only to be guished from male authors by greater ness and folly; but when they throw off straints of decency and come before the stark naked, as it were—then their are sure to possess character and "

NCH'S NEW CHIEF CARTOONIST

successor of the late Linley Sambourne ef cartoonist of Punch is Bernard Part- whose delicate line work, able drawing, lever ideas are known to everybody fa- with the famous weekly, says a London ch in the New York Times.

Partridge is a comparatively young man, 48 years old and for twenty of those he has been drawing for Punch. His was a celebrated surgeon, and before rd Partridge devoted all his time to the which he has succeeded so well he was n actor.

n the case of Sambourne, his first work nch was done by request. It was a draw- a Bishop and a shoeblack. He had been ating about that time the sketches which stey Guthrie (F. Anstey) had collected Punch for publication in a book, and Sir is Burnand asked him for an illustration other little sketch by the same author.

n after becoming a contributor "B. P." the staff permanently. It was he and y Sambourne who were mainly responsi- r the introduction of process work in of wood engraving. This was during ne that Sir John Tenniel was chief car- t, but Sir John himself, though he was interested in the change, and Mr. Part- showed him a number of good results, worked by process. His cartoons, al- in pencil, were invariably reproduced by engraving.

ocess is more accurate," said Mr. Part- in an interview this week in The Pall Gazette. "You may draw a good por- nd yet, in a wood engraving, lose some- of the likeness. Process is surer and eliable; but, on the other hand, you lose t deal of the richness of the effect."

Partridge began to draw political car- on the retirement of Sir John Tenniel m His first subject was the codfisheries e between England and France, in which h were represented by a couple of fisher espectively English and French. For the ree months, throughout Mr. Sambourne's , he has been acting as chief cartoonist, his most successful and striking works "Et tu, Brute!" in which John Bull is g up the umbrella of free trade against panese onslaught with the short sword eased tariffs.

Partridge's preference in his work is bjects that give scope for the imagina- The political cartoon that simply con- portraits of statesmen in frockcoats he ers rather dull. If he were to criticise uld probably be that the tendency of n times in regard to cartoons is, in his n, to be rather too precise.

nty years ago if a subject were sug- that immediately struck one as good, it ccepted, but nowadays the tendency is icise it too closely. Tenniel's most fa- cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," would, nks, scarcely be possible at the present n account of the criticism to which it be subjected, that the symbol is incom- the dropping of a pilot being merely the ry routine of a voyage, implying no slur pilot.

OF ART IN WRITING

Robert Louis Stevenson so greatly loved the craftsmanship of his profession that he often came near to spoiling the effect of what he had to say by using such extreme care and dexterity in saying it that the reader is more taken with the manner than the substance. Stevenson once described a good writer as one who handles words as a skilled juggler handles the vari-colored balls that he tosses and catches, tossing words so that they maintain a rhythmic motion and throw off flashes of color and rearrange constantly into new and charming shapes.

We note Stevenson because he represents conscious artfulness in writing in at once its most dexterous and its most winning embodiment. He was the delicately organized, sensitive, sophisticated modern, fully conscious of his purpose in writing and conscious of the means he could command to produce his effects. He is interesting to the student of the history of literature because he is a type of the inevitable literary product of these sophisticated times.

But he is especially interesting when thrown into contrast with a truly artless writer, Shakespeare. Not that Shakespeare did not realize that there is an art of writing, but that the art was so natural to him that he gave little thought to it—one would say none, except for his sonnets—and he could hurtle onward through masterpiece after masterpiece, careless of form, indifferent to breaches of canonical style, carried resistlessly by the tremendous momentum of his passions, the superb self-confidence of his intellect, and the unequalled native gift of song.

But it must be noted that he really was artless at heart. Great as his intellect was and piercing his intuitions, his heart was his overmastering motive. Not since the dawn of time was there ever a spirit so responsive to emotion as this volcano of passions, tuned to melody. He was too deeply touched by emotions to describe them artfully.

Space forbids an elaboration of these suggestions, but the foregoing may point to the reader a path for interesting speculation upon the effect of art upon writing. The artless, the writer believes, will always be the transcendently great style of writers. Human society and individual destiny will always be shaped by emotion primarily.

Californian Poets' Corner

IN SHASTA
By Charles H. Shinn

Where the torrent winks in spray
Past its pebbles worn and gray—
Where the mountain slopes to meet
Waves that fret about its feet—
Where the glance can sweep across
Rifted rocks and fading moss,
Groups of clinging chaparral,
Manzanita rooted wall,
Edges of deserted mines,
Set around with blasted pines—
Where the autumn sun is clear
On the sleepy village near,
On the long black bridge below,
On the orchard's leafless row,
And, across the narrow trail,
Slowly pass the fearless quail—
There's an alcove. Overhead
Droop the dogwood clusters red,
And I find a snow-white stone,
Set in fern, as royal throne.
Thence to look on height and stream,
Sunlit woods, and autumn's gleam.
So, to this long-waiting nook
I have brought a well-worn book,
Full of autumn's windy gold,
Full of music long untold,
That I may, in this fair place,
Meet the poet face to face,
And, while low the river beats,
Read the mellow verse of Keats.

ROSEBERRY ON WEALTH AND GENIUS

Lord Rosebery reopened the Auld Brig of Ayr on the 29th of July. Burns clubs all over the world helped collect the $50,000 to restore it. In his address, Lord Rosebery rejoiced that Burns had been persuaded not to accept the situation in Jamaica once offered him.

"Amid the tropical luxuriance of that island," he said, "and the degrading conditions of slavery, together with all the convivial associations of the island at that time, I do not believe that we would have heard much more of Burns. Some of his genius would have evaporated. He might have come back wealthy and strutted about as a rum lord, or sugar lord, or tobacco lord, but he would have been a totally different Burns. His genius could hardly have survived the luxury of wealth.

"Poverty produces masterpieces, but wealth smothers them. You would be able to count on your fingers all the masterpieces produced by rich people. You would find that almost all have been written under the pressure of poverty, though I believe Shakespeare became the owner of some urban property in his after years. But take one instance: Would Wordsworth have written any better than Rogers had Wordsworth been as rich as Rogers?

"And my clear conclusion from a very general survey of all great masterpieces of literature is that a genius should not be wealthy, or he is very likely to see his genius stifled by that fact."

BELASCO ON PLAY-WRITING

David Belasco in an article in the Associated Sunday Magazines says that most of the work of novice playwrights shows lack of concentration on their theme and lack of adequate study of literature and life. He recommends focusing the interest of the action on the affairs of two central characters and forcing all other interests into the background.

Mr. Belasco emphasizes the fact that dialogue in plays is intended to address the intelligence through the ear, and so must be composed under different conditions than those regulating composition of words for the eye, as in story writing. He says that the attention of the audience must not be distracted by stage tricks introduced for their own ingenious sake. He advises study of methods of gaining the audience's sympathy for the central character, and of gaining suspense by withholding as much of the explanation of the plot as possible until a time when it will be effective both as a surprise and as an explanation.

Mr. Belasco concludes by saying that plays are built, not written; that they may be greatly changed in rehearsal from their form as they leave the author's pen; that the more work that is done by the author the better will be his play and less work will have to be done by the stage director when the play is produced.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch and William Gillette have seen certain of their plays produced as they left their pens, with scarcely the alteration of a comma, so expertly did their authors develop their ideas according to stage conditions.

PERSONALIA

The family name of Ethel Barrymore and John Barrymore is Blythe. The Barrymore name is for stage use only.

Mrs. M. E. Pengelly, aged 84, worked all day at the polls for the election of Mrs. Florence G. Mills as a member of the school board of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Edmond Rostand, author of "Chantecler," recently won the grand prize offered by the French Society for the Protection of Animals. The award was really made not because of any active friendship shown by the poet for dumb creatures but because of the genuine sympathy and tenderness for them which is supposed to have animated to a very great degree his composition of "Chantecler."

ABOARD A CRUISER AT MARE ISLAND

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

The scene from the Vallejo side looking across the narrow strait to Mare Island, is full of action. A half dozen impudent little launches puff and cough and turn sharply in to the landing, leaving a sweeping half-circle of foaming wake, or shrill their little sirens in barking warning to one another to keep out of the way. On the other side of the water rises a confused mass of smokestacks, brick buildings, cranes and masts. Men, little as insects in the distance, run about decks or crawl along wharves. A haze of blue smoke veils the whole scene. The sharp clangor of five bells —one-two, one-two, one—rings out, and ends abruptly. A bugle blows.

We sit on the deck of the ferryboat, lazily waiting to start. The journey will take four minutes: we must wait three-quarters of an hour to begin it. We have just walked down the main street of Vallejo from end to end, and now we look back and wonder how so small a town supports so many stores. Then we recall the crowd of hundreds of sailors who passed us as we came, and remember that Jack ashore loves gewgaws, and that most of the stores display them. A glance discloses also that the largest building in town is the Naval Y. M. C. A. for Enlisted Men, an antidote for the plentiful saloons that pitfall the course from the wharf to its haven.

The captain of the ferryboat rouses us from revery. He asks for our fare. There are only we three going toward Mare Island, which hundreds have just left. We pay, and discover that the captain is still more versatile. He enters the pilot house, pulls the whistle cord and heads the boat against the tide. Almost before we have time to wonder idly if he stokes the furnace too, we drift gently into the slip on the Mare Island side.

Here we confront the majesty of the National Government in one of its most austere manifestations. A sign warns us that smoking on the island is prohibited, and that all visitors must show passes. Before we can wonder where passes may be obtained, a sentry confronts us, beckons with crooked forefinger, and without words, leads us into an office where rifles are stacked in their racks and an orderly snores softly from a cot. An officer rises, also without words, and enters a second room, behind the first. We follow. He seats himself at a desk, draws a yellow slip of paper before him, takes up a pen, writes "Mr.," and lifts his eyes and at last his voice in one word—"Name?" We spell it out and he hands us the paper, neatly blotted, disentangles his legs from his sword, and rises to watch us walk out.

We leave the ferryhouse—but a word before we leave. The ferryhouse on the Vallejo side is private property. It is a dingy, time-stained, one-story affair, without a trace of architectural design. The ferryhouse on the Mare Island side is government property. It is a frame building, but built upon lines that suggest massive strength, designed with the intention, at least, of following a consistent architectural style and with an eye to beauty as well as utility.

We follow the wharf northward to see the cruisers. Two of the three that lie anchored here for repairs are in our course. Huge as they are, they are yet trimly beautiful. They have much the grace of a tall, clean-limbed athlete, stripped for a race. There is strength, but there is also the beauty of fitly rounded curves. The smokestacks tower upwards with a suggestion of the pride of self-possession of a boldly erect man.

A gangplank leads from the wharf to the high crest of the towering side of the first cruiser. A sentry paces nervously up and down before it on the concrete wharf. As we approach he stops, presents arms, directs us to ask the officer on deck for permission to view the ship, and resumes his restless beat.

The officer on deck is pursuing the same restless track as the sentry below. He marches sharply across the narrow deck, turns abruptly and marches back. He carries a useless telescope in his hand, which we mistake at first for the ancient baton of authority. His gait and the expression on his face suggest an unappeasable irritation. We have seen this rigmarole of official squirrel-wheel evolutions before, however, and realize that he is only following one of those hoary traditions of discipline that carry their intention of inspiring awe to even tolerably sophisticated people.

We ask permission to view the ship, and he views us smilelessly for an appreciable interval before granting it. This is more of the same rigmarole, and we endure it patiently, waiting for the processes of naval show to work out their accustomed ends. He has no idea of refusing the request. At last he turns and beckons to a sailor grinning down over the railing of the deck above.

"Show the people the ship —— please," he says, and turns instantly to resume his beat.

The sailor is a good-natured boy, not very grammatical, with the honestest eyes in the world and an innate sense of courtesy, pretty awkward, and not displeased to show us the wonders of the ship. We are told at once that this is the flagship of the fleet, the ship on which the admiral stays and from which he directs all fleet operations. But, he adds at once, the admiral hasn't a word to say about the management of the ship; the captain is supreme here; the admiral only gives out the orders for the movements of the ships as a fleet.

We recall at once having heard somewhere that an admiral at sea is the lonesomest mortal in the world. He has his private cabin, where he must remain alone, for the discipline of the navy forbids him to fraternize aboard ship with any inferior officer. When the sailor who is our guide points out that the admiral has even his private kitchen on the ship, the isolation of his job comes home with a deeper thrust. The poor devil cannot even know what the captain has to eat.

But the sorrows of being a boss are forgotten in our interest in the guns. We learn new facts about them. We knew already that the old pictures were out of date that showed the gunner in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, holding a lighted torch to a powder hole on the top of the breech. We know that the gunner now stands on a little platform beside the gun—if he stood behind it the recoil would knock him into last week's pi—the platform moving with the recoil so that the shock to the floor will not knock the gunner down. And we knew that the torch and powder hole had given place to a little pistol-like affair, with a trigger to pull that makes an electric connection that makes a spark that ignites the powder.

But we did think that the charge that is put in the breech was made like a rifle cartridge, with the missile and powder all in one shell. Now we learn better. We learn that the missile is the thing that looks like a cartridge, and is put in first—naturally—and that the powder is put in afterwards in bags, several of them, and the breech then closed.

And we learned something about the aiming of the guns. We had supposed, from loose accounts we had read, that one man did all the sighting. Now we know that two are needed: one to keep the gun trained horizontally on the target, and one to keep it trained vertically. And it is so absurdly easy to move these huge heavy guns about. They must be nicely balanced, and the leverages must be tremendous, for two little hand wheels, that a child could turn with the thumb and forefinger, move it swiftly up and down and from side to side.

We pass on to other parts of the ship. Here is the ship's kitchen, or "galley," where twenty ranges stretch out in a row. Here is the ship's bakery, with an electric bread mixer as big as a drygoods box.

"Man got his arm cut off with it the other day," our guide remarks.

"Peace hath her dangers no less than wa" we mentally add.

We note that there is little wood anywhe The floors are bare steel, the walls steel, e beams steel. The only wood we see is e flooring of the upper decks, which are open the air, and the tables that hang overhead a are swung low, at meal times, by ropes.

Somewhere near amidship a group of fell tourists are gathered. We approach and fi them standing about a table on which ribbons and flags, done in embroidery. Th are the work of a sailor, who sits by ready sell his wares. Other sailors sit about, wat ing to see if he makes a sale, and looking if they hope he will. Our guide says: " works at that embroidery all day," and wonder that our guide does not seem at l disposed to scoff at such a ladylike occupat for a man who is hired by the government engage in the butchery of war upon a n ment's order.

Regaining the upper deck, we look overs and see a group of sailors coaling the admira new launch. It has just been delivered fr the boat-maker, and steam is being made her boilers for the first time. No one but admiral may use her. We note the roo cabin astern, glassed in, and that the windo are hung with richly embroidered curtai and that the seats are lavishly upholstered.

We stroll about and look at the men wh the government has hired for "cannon's mea They are hardly men. Most of them are m boys, just about the age and appearance boys who would be lured by our Uncle Sa brilliantly colored lithographic bill posters scribing the charms of travel and educati and the chance to save. Most of them a smoking cigarettes and chatting. Some sitting on their "dinny-boxes," writing lette Some are playing backgammon on a boa painted on a piece of canvas.

"Do you have much to do?" we ask o guide.

"Not much but loaf most of the time. holystone the deck once a week, and scrub every morning. Most of the rest of the ti we loaf around."

"Would you rather be ashore or at sea?"

"More fun at sea, only there's no place spend your money."

"But aren't those men gambling over there

"No. Gambling aint allowed. The mast at arms prevent it. They're ship's policem carry a club and a gun."

"What about the stories of trouble betwe the marines and the sailors?"

"Well, the sailors aint got much use for t marines. The marines make us all the troul they can with the officers, and sometimes even up ashore. Some sailors make a busin of looking for marines on shore leave a licking them. There's talk of doing away wi marines altogether, but I ain't anxious for th They do all the sentry duty, four hour shif and if they go we'll have to do it."

We thank our guide and the officer on de and go down the gang plank. The sentry still on duty. We pause and remark:

"Great ship you've got here."

"Reckon it looks great when you've nev seen one before."

He takes a short turn on his beat and fac us again. In a tone of bitter irony he adds

"I thought it was a great ship myself on —that's why I'm doing this."

And he about faces and marches away. Po devil, he bit at the colored posters.

As we walk away to the ferry to go ba to Vallejo we sum up the whole experience one word—childishness. Little men, boy playing at a silly game, a profitless gam Millions of money and thousands of caree wasted to keep a foolish world's peace and keep up an ancient court of folly.

At Vallejo we walk up the long wharf town. A cart rattles by us. An old man in white cap and blue uniform, with very lon white wispy burnsides flying in the breeze, driving. It is the admiral. His hair pr claims him old, but his face too is childis The lines that come from the stress of th ordinary vicissitudes of life are not there. H manner is full of childish self-consciousnes He looks as absurd as Baby Tom in a wig an

(Concluded on Page 652)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Mighty Composer Is Love

wee bird's call to his wee brown mate
Sweetheart, sweetheart," is sung,
the world is old, and its hour grows late,
ut love is forever young.
eetheart, sweetheart," he calls and calls;
)ear heart," she makes reply,
the night creeps on, and a curtain falls
pheld by the stars on high.

world is asleep, yet the voices blend
anthems minute and shrill:
, love's the beginning, and love's the end,
nd love is the Father's will."
, "Love me, love," sings the tiny throng,
nd "Love" is the sweet reply,
all of creation is but a song,
ith "Love" for its chorus high.

see not the Father, nor know his way
iat leads through the halls of pain,
the chorus swells forever and aye,
id "Love" is its sweet refrain;
we need but list to the finer song
iat rings below and above
know, though a discord be born of wrong,
iat the mighty Composer is Love.

* * *

How a Husband May Be Helpful

any husbands desire to be helpful to their
s, but do not entirely know how. When
have fed the family exchequer, and per-
have wiped the dishes, they know of
ing further to do, much as they desire it.
the benefit of such I here narrate how
Jotham Meeker helped his wife.
rs. Meeker belongs to the Woman's Up-
Club, the members of which, as they ad-
are not radical, but are united in firm
rmination that man's tyranny over the
rior sex must cease. She was preparing
ttend the club the other evening, when a
y thought occurred to her husband, and
sked her if she would like to have him
mpany her. Mrs. Meeker was delighted,
she expressed the opinion that the meet-
would do him good. Perhaps it did, but
ker does not seem to be certain of it.
chanced that he was the only man at
lub that evening, and so the speaker, Miss
cca Skatts, did not feel it necessary to
ify her remarks in the least.
he history of the world," she said, "is a
rd of man's despotism over woman."
he shame of it!" several women re-
ded, and all looked reproachfully at
er.
Ve must rise and crush this tyrant," said
speaker.
Ve must, indeed!" the women agreed, and
enthusiastic woman absent-mindedly
k her fist at Mr. Meeker.
s he trampled on us, let us tramp on
" Miss Skatts urged.
es, let's!" a number replied.
id so it continued. Meeker says that
r before did he live an hour that was
a month long; says he wouldn't have
led it so much if some of the women had
ceased looking at the speaker so as to
at him. On the way home Mrs. Meeker
ked him for accompanying her, adding
she often felt the need of his helpful arm
an upon. But I infer from something I
d Meeker say that she will have to go
out leaning hereafter.
ius is pointed out one way in which men
be helpful to their wives, but I fear that
ge number of them will overlook it.

* * *

The Doctor's Dire Dilemma

ie young physician sat in his lonely office
wept bitterly and while he was weeping
end came to comfort him.
Vhy do you weep?" the friend inquired.
las! I—I—" The young physician broke
n utterly but soon assumed a forced com-
re. "I cannot raise a beard, and what is
ung doctor without a—"
gain the young physician broke down, and
friend knew that he was as one who can-
be comforted.

The Opinions of Rufus

'Bout the only business I know of where settin' round an' waitin' is profitable is fishin', an' I ain't seen many rich fishermen.

Es 'tween a cataclysm an' a catastrophe I ain't ever been able to see much diff'rence in the size of the cats.

The distinguishin' diff'rence 'tween death an' taxes is that a man can be so dratted poor that he can escape the taxes.

I hain't ever been much attracted by these waste-basket hats, but I must own that I'm kind o' fascinated by the swill-pail hats the women now are takin' to wearin'.

Josh Bings says he b'lieves the Almighty can fergive sinners, but that he can't figger out how that helps them that's been sinned 'gainst. Still, Josh admits that he's a poor, blind worm o' the dust.

Sometimes seems to me that the main diff'rence 'tween a great philosopher an' a little philosopher is that the great one manages to say in three thousand lines what the little one says in three.

Culcher is all on the surface. I never knew a community so culchered that an epidemic of hives wouldn't set it to scratchin'.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but hain't you ever noticed that middlin' frequent it has some mighty fascinatin' primroses growin' 'long it?

A minute is only sixty seconds—unless it's a woman's. Then there's no knowin'.

Josh Bings says the main reason some folks hold their Party higher than their God is 'cause the latter ain't givin' out postmasterships. I can't help wishin' Josh wan't so pessimistic.

It's a consolin' thought that Heaven must be a big place, fer 'most any of us would hate to set too close to some church members we've known.

Mrs. Perkins hoped that her child would be anyways es good es she wus, but it turned out that the child was handicapped—it wus a boy.

* * *

Cause For Thanks

If tongues were all attached to brains,
How happy we would be;
If hogs were barred from railroad trains,
How happy we would be;
If fads and foibles were tabooed,
If gum was not by ladies chewed,
If death would only steal the dude,
How happy we would be!

Chicago Record-Herald.

If cats would only sleep at night,
How happy we would be;
If money would not get so tight,
How happy we would be;
If women would not talk, forsooth,
If ladies' hats were less uncouth,
If weather clerks would tell the truth,
How happy we would be!

Yonkers Statesman.

If payday came six times a week,
How happy we would be;
If purses never sprung a leak,
How happy we would be;
If married men might stay out nights,
And there were no more skeeter bites,
If prices did not take such flights,
How happy we would be!

—Houston Post.

If we could always have our way,
How happy we would be;
If ne'er the fiddler we need pay,
How happy we would be;
If conscience we could hypnotize
Till we had won some spotted prize—
E'en then I dare not here surmise
How happy we would be.

* * *

Room For Hope

"He is a Theosophist; says he can remember thirteen lives that he has lived."

"Yes? Well, I feel hope, then."

"Hope of what?"

"Hope that he finally will remember that ten he borrowed from me last winter."

Consid'rin' This Here Johnson Man

"Consid'rin' this here Johnson man"—just
once he hung his head,
The grizzled veteran of the "gang" whose
Herrin-faith was dead—
"Consid'rin' this here Johnson man, an' also
namin' Kent
An' Wallace, Stephens and the rest which gave
our game a dent;
Consid'rin' things
Which same are facts,
And also how
We got the ax,
I wish to state in accents clear a statement
which is true:
I am, and always I have been, a bold Insur-
gent, too."

"Consid'rin' this here Johnson man," remarked
the beery bum,
"Consid'rin' how our game is dead or marked
for Kingdom Come;
Consid'rin' how the tenderloin and Higher-ups
combined
Has met the foe and they are his, though
damaged as to mind;
Consid'rin' how
Our hope's a wreck
And we have got
It in the neck,
I wish to make it mighty clear, so no one
need be told,
That I am now, and always was, in the In-
surgent fold."

"Consid'rin' this here Johnson man"—I'm
writing this to say,
Considering Kent and Stephens, too, and how
we ran away
With almost everything in sight, including
some not seen,
'Tis well that we should now expect the "boys"
of the "machine"
To break their necks
To place secure,
The while they yell,
"We're wid ye sure!"
And what I wish to know is this: What are
you going to do
When every rounder shouts, "Make room! for
I'm Insurgent, too?"

* * *

Thoughtful Man on Some Resolutions

"I notice," said the Thoughtful Man, "that Republican county conventions throughout the state recently have adopted resolutions in the nature of small platforms, and it is observable that there is a similarity in many of them.

"Resolved (they say), That we cordially and heartily indorse the intentions of President Taft and the deeds of Theodore Roosevelt. Naturally, we regret that such gaudy intentions and potent deeds do not get more mixed in the present administration, but, anyway, we patriotically indorse them; and,

"Resolved, That, while we unreservedly admire and esteem our honored President, we unqualifiedly indorse those heroic blows for freedom and right bestowed by La Follette, Bristow and Cummins upon all whom he has chosen as advisers, counselors and friends; and,

"Resolved, That, while we greet our revered President with enthusiasm, we yet hope to catch Aldrich, Cannon and that ilk out when he is not along with them; and,

"Resolved, That we would express our lofty regard for the President's intentions even more emphatically than we here have done were it not that we have been so busy electing or nominating Insurgent congressmen that we really have had no time to spare."

"Will they engross these resolutions and send them to President Taft on a gold platter?" I inquired.

"Not to Taft," the Thoughtful Man responded, "but I don't know how it will be about Roosevelt."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Fine Republican Rallying Ground It is time for men who believe as Republicans believe and who feel as Republicans feel in relation to government, to get together if they can find common ground upon which to stand. The President, among others, has suggested the Republican national platform of 1908. That was a fine platform. The Watchman has just re-read it. The spirit of it is the spirit of insurgency. In fact, insurgency consisted mainly in striving to incarnate the spirit of that platform into legislation, and standpatism consisted mainly in treating that platform as old lumber, fit only for kindling, having served its purpose when the campaign of 1908 closed. If the standpatters can stand pat on the Republican national platform of 1908 there isn't a doubt that the Lincoln-Roosevelt wing of the Republican party in California can stand on it with both feet right glad to shake hands across the voluble vortex of the last half year's campaigning for Johnson and a free California. But the standpatters must accept that platform in spirit and truth. No mere lip service will suffice. The spirit of it is the spirit of the newer Republicanism. A careful re-reading of that platform will make this clear, and yet we have seen patronage used, pressure employed and threats made to read out of the Republican party Republicans whose only offense was that they accepted that platform in letter and spirit and dared to insist that its pledges be fulfilled.

What It Said Of Roosevelt In part this platform had this to say of Roosevelt and his policies: "His administration is an epoch in American history. In no other period since national sovereignty was won under Washington, or preserved under Lincoln, has there been such mighty progress in those ideals of government which make for justice, equality and fair dealing among men.

"The highest aspirations of the American people have found a voice. Their most exalted servant represents the best aims and worthiest purposes of all his countrymen. American manhood has been lifted to a nobler sense of duty and obligation. Conscience and courage in public station and higher standards of right and wrong in private life have become cardinal principles of political faith; capital and labor have been brought into closer relations of confidence and interdependence, and the abuse of wealth, the tyranny of power and all the evils of privilege and favoritism have been put to scorn by the simple and manly virtues of justice and fair play.

"We declare our unfaltering adherence to the policies he has inaugurated and pledge their continuance under a Republican administration of the government."

Immediately Ballinger was made Secretary of the Interior. On the very night of his inauguration the President refused to ally himself against Cannonism. Pinchot was broken with, Nelson A. Aldrich, the negation of Rooseveltism, was made confidential adviser of the administration, and those who stood for the Roosevelt policies in spirit and truth had their political patronage taken away from them! It is to smile audibly.

Measured By The New Tariff Law A principal cause of strained relations between standpatism and insurgency in congress was the tariff bill. After declaring for a revision at a special session the Republican platform of 1908 committed itself to a definite standard for revision in these words: "In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad together with a reasonable profit to American industries." In the revision that followed standpatism paid not the smallest attention to this rule for revising a tariff, while insurgency fought at every opportunity to have that rule applied. The President has lost no opportunity to extol the Payne-Aldrich law, but not even he has dared to say that any attempt was made to apply that test in good faith to the making of the schedules. The standpatters in congress not only failed to apply that principle but refused to make any provision for applying it until after the schedules had been enacted into law, the bill had been signed and the party was confronted by a demand for an accounting of its stewardship. Then, at the urgent request of the President, a tariff board was constituted from which it is to be hoped that some good thing may hereafter come. Meantime, the special interests are rejoicing in a special privilege they are like enough to enjoy for years to come. That plank in the platform of 1908 suits the Lincoln-Roosevelt wing of the Republican party to a nicety. Can the "organization" fellows stand on it?

What Should Go Into a 1910 Platform The Republicans of California may safely accept the National Republican platform of 1908 as a proper rallying ground upon which all Republicans may gather, the administration at Washington is to be endorsed and congress commended, in so far as that platform was carried into effect and no farther. We can afford to waive the issue as to who forced the good things to be done, for, in the final analysis, nothing could have been done without the concurrence of a majority in both houses and the signature of the President, and President and congress did concur in whatever good was accomplished.

But there are other issues. Pressing problems are nearer home. There is much to be done. Not all of the things needing to be done for California can be outlined in a party platform. Bridges can only be crossed when they have been reached, but there are some such bridges in sight. We must cross them as soon as we get to them and we must get to them as soon as possible.

There must be an uncompromising plank in favor of a free party and the exclusion from government of public service corporations and other special interests as such. Government must be of the people and for the people. How far it shall be by the people, directly instead of representatively, is for the people themselves to say. The initiative, the referendum and the recall should be made available for use whenever The People wish to use them, only being careful to provide that the light and frothy element in our political life, ever in evidence, shall not abuse elemental powers by precipitating needless conflicts over frivolous issues. The platform should say as much by way of restriction upon direct methods.

Some Things Must Wait There are a great many reforms in the state government that a progressive Republicanism should grapple with, but they have not been sufficiently discussed to warrant their finding a place in a party platform. Between the election and the assembling of the legislature they should be discussed with all the care possible and volunteers should busy themselves with drafting bills embodying such ideas, but the likelihood is that a good share of such reform measures will have to go over until another campaign for the proper education of the public in regard to them. Reference is here made to making the machinery of the state government more responsible and more efficient and, therefore, more honest and economical.

But there are other issues upon which unequivocal declarations may now be made, such as favoring a remodeling of the direct primary law in the interests of simplicity and economy, the non-partisan election of the judiciary, a direct and state-wide advisory vote for United States senator, the reformation of our criminal procedure, the reformation and unification of our prisons and reformatories and the creation of a state reformatory for adult delinquents. Finally, the pledging of the party and its candidates against all measures having for their purpose the "cinching" or penalizing of corporate enterprises however great, and in favor of equal laws and equal opportunities as well as equal justice for all. While the Watchman regards the platforms upon which candidates made their campaigns for nomination as paramount the importance of having a state platform that rings, and rings true is not to be overlooked.

Some Questions Of Conscience What is the Republican State Convention to do where nominations have been made at the direct primary that were not fit to be made? Shall all the candidates be pledged to support all the ticket? That the will of the majority is the law of the land is a cardinal principle of our government. Government cannot exist, except by force as in Russia, unless the minority abide the will of the majority. Under the primary law a plurality has all the moral sanction of a majority. These considerations bid us, in the absence of fraud which vitiates all obligations, "take our medicine," even though it be a bitter dose.

But it can be of little advantage to resolve to do what everybody knows nobody will pay any attention to when he comes to vote, while the harm of being put in a false position may be great. Therefore it will be well for the convention to exact no pledges that will not be as binding upon delegates and upon voters as upon candidates. That convention cannot bind candidates for the candidates have all been nominated. The convention can bind its own delegates and the state committee it will create, but no one else.

And no resolution adopted by any convention can so bind a voter to his party as to ratify that voter's obligation to vote as he would pray, in honesty of purpose and with purity of motive. Commend the ticket to the thorough scrutiny and favorable consideration of voters and stop right there. Let the candidates stand or fall as they deserve.

A Question Of Hard Cash No doubt Mr. Herrin is chuckling in his inermost soul. He is biding his time. He will narrowly watch the reorganization of the Republican party in this state, the selection of its chairman and secretary, its campaign committee and especially the finance committee thereof. Just there Mr. Herrin expects to laugh last and best. "Where," and his "te-hes" and "ha-has" that gentleman will demand to know, "are you fellows going to get your money for making the campaign?"

The question is pertinent. So far as simplicity and directness are concerned the method of the "organization" had everything to commend it. The Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company paid the bills. If that bureau will withhold its largess from Republicans and Democrats alike both parties will get along right enough. Not much of a campaign will be needed. It has already been made. But if that company espouses the cause of Bell, against whom hate may have grown cold, then the question of hard cash will be a hard question for the Republicans to handle.

But they will handle it. They have got to. Decent politics under the old system is impossible. Whoever puts up the money for the campaign will demand, and receive, the advantages of having made the campaign. If the people want the advantages they must pay the price and, until such time as legitimate campaign expenses are defrayed out of the common treasury, the only way to get the needed money is to pass around the hat. The people, yes, the common people, must be educated to give to their party if they would receive good government.

Our Candid Friend Is Much In Error Our Candid Friend of the Call, in trying to account for the increase in the assessment of the railroads in recent year

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

iven the chief credit to Alexander Brown e State Board of Equalization, aided by onsent of Mr. W. F. Herrin. There is just a little of truth in that version. It Mr. Harriman and not Mr. Herrin who his consent and it was given to Governor e and not to Alexander Brown. State oller A. B. Nye was Governor Pardee's e secretary and he interested the gov- in a new plan of taxation whereby the revenues would be separated from the ues needed for the subdivisions of the and Governor Pardee went at the sub- vith customary vigor. The State Taxa- Commission followed and "amendment er one" was the outcome. Governor e had pushed the issue of railroad taxa- ıpon the attention of the Board of ization and much progress was made Pardee's administration. Inasmuch as arriman had consented to the 4 per cent income tax it naturally suggested itself re minds than one that the State Board ualization apply that rule in fixing the d valuation and see what it would result was done with results at once startling and satisfactory, at least, to the public. Mr. Harriman consented to this arrange- can only be surmised, he being incom- ıdo, but there are two, possibly three, s why: One is that it is the general cy all over the country and uniformity all the states in taxing railroads is de- to large enterprises. Another is that ıre advancing the world over and, if a method of taxing railroads can be de- difficult to be increased, even though ıarity with other forms of taxation at ıment of going into effect, it will, by re- g stationary, soon fall behind the gen- lvance that is world wide. Shall The man venture one more reason why, pre- ıus as it may seem? Mr. Harriman may ecome converted to the "square deal" as taxation is concerned. The fact that lroads of California had, between 1884 04, shirked $14,000,000 in taxation may ufficed him. Anyhow, Our Candid is in the wrong.

esident and Commission A number of Republican platforms adopted throughout the state have declared r of the tariff commission idea "as by President Taft." Now as a matter fact the President is not in favor of commission. He has denounced it with arity. The commission idea implies schedules are to be fixed by an expert, tisan, permanent board of tariff ex- nd submitted to congress for ratifica- he President is not in favor of such a sion. What he does favor is a tariff hat will make such investigations as he made and, when it reports to him, he ıvey such of its recommendations as he ıdvisable to congress in a special mes- he commission would report to con- nd the public. The board reports to sident alone and only through him, as him, to congress or public. The dif- is important. The tariff commission ocated by President Taft" is not a ımmission at all. It is the servant of cutive and not the legislative depart-

ıende ole Sometime since The Watchman published a list of legislative candidates for nomination at ct primary advising whom to support . In doing so reference was made to lidacy of Mr. George A. Wentworth mer assemblyman with a bad record." ack to the sources of information it that the bad record was assumed to inasmuch as, at that time, Mr. Went- ad the support of the Crimmins and action, the conclusion, not warranted ses, being that if he had been a good could not have had their support. ch inquiry as we have been able to does not appear that Mr. Went- record in the twenty-ninth session was bad. On the contrary he stood for some very good things. Since then he has been little in politics. A desire not to do injustice prompts this explanation.

Our Friends The Democrats Our good friends the Democrats, who have been off the reservation for some months participating in the Republican unpleasantness, in about equal numbers on both sides, are beginning to return home to go through the motions of holding conventions and adopting platforms. In San Francisco there was a most unwonted and even spectacular harmony between the McNab faction and the San Francisco Democratic club. Which faction was on the inside of the other is immaterial. There was peace, tranquility, unanimity and enthusiasm.

The proceedings began, of course, with a rattling of the dry bones of Jefferson and Jackson in a bag. How else would they know that those proceedings were Democratic? It may be noted in passing that Jefferson and Jackson had about as much in common as Theodore Roosevelt and the late Thomas Collier Platt.

Nor have our Democratic friends any very ample justification for biting their thumbs at Republicans because of the latter's belated emancipation from corporation control. The Democrats themselves are so recently born again that they are scarcely dry behind the ears. Honors, and the lack of honors, have been distributed with a non-partisan impartiality. It is not to boast. Remember Jim Budd and how he secured his election. Remember that the San Francisco delegation voted for saloonkeeper Flannery for United States senator. Be humble.

The Watchman On The Party Circle Sometimes The Watchman finds himself afoot and alone. He does in his desire to have the party circle retained. Something like twenty per cent of the voters of San Francisco, and probably over this state and other states, found the primary ballot too much for them and they stamped their tickets hit or miss. Those whose names begin toward the beginning of the alphabet got thousands of votes from that cause alone. It was so in Kansas. In that state judicial candidates whose names began low down in the alphabet were scarcely in the running at all. Of course this defect can be remedied by rotation of the names on an equal number of tickets, but, at best, it leaves elections to chance rather than to design. The short ballot would help, but the shortest ballot that ever was was too long for the ass to note intelligently.

Now, no matter what the influences that dominate political parties, some intelligence has to be used in making up tickets and some consideration has to be paid to public sentiment. The enfranchised ass and blunderhead employ no intelligence and pay no attention to public sentiment. They can't. They don't know how. The safest thing they can do is to attach themselves to some political party and vote its ticket in the only way they can vote it, by stamping one time in the party circle and letting it go at that. This will leave the independent voting to be done by men who outrank the ass in intelligence and the blunderhead in facility with the fingers. The abolition of the party circle is the equivalent of introducing the dice box into our election system. But The Watchman is afoot and alone in this and what's the use of doing any more than just having his say!

California Democracy Not Alone Tempted The report that the Wall street cow has gone dry to the Republican fatted calf, no matter how much bunting it may do, is not unbelievable and the addresses Theodore Roosevelt is delivering are not calculated to increase the lacteal supply. The interests want the next House to be Democratic, and they particularly do not want it to be insurgent Republican, as it will be if it be not Democratic. Therefore, the national Democracy is being taken up into a high mountain to be tempted of the Wall street devil, with Judson Harmon a most interested spectator. But that also is incongrous. In Ohio Judson Harmon is likely to win the election by insurgent Republican votes, only to become a second Alton B. Parker candidate for the presidency with the interests supporting him with money and influence. There is no question that if the Democracy, American and Californian, will compound felonies, accept blood money with which to finance campaigns in a round about way, promise to be "conservative," which, being interpreted, means that it will work the states' rights doctrine for all it can be made worth to prevent all progress of the national government toward effective control—if it will do these things it can be given a good fighting chance to get that party into power again. It is the only chance it has got. Will it take it? Watch! Watch every move, every wink of the eye, shrug of the shoulders. It will bear watching, for are there not politicians in the Democratic party?

The Awful Temptation Now The Watchman is not hinting at anything. He is merely pointing the index finger to the fact when he states that, four years ago, Democracy's only hope lay in insurgency, in throwing the gauntlet at the feet of Mr. Herrin and riding forth to do battle for an emancipated commonwealth. And a right robust campaign they did put up, so robust and inspiring that something like 40,000 Republicans scratched Gillett and voted for Bell for governor. Not one of them ever regretted it.

This time a very high mountain of a different character looms in the prospect and Satan is going to take the Democratic organization to the tip top of it and show it kingdoms that will make Democratic mouths water. Those of them who love party more than state and country are going to make a lunge for the prize. They will be restrained with difficulty. This time the only chance of Democratic success lies in making terms with Mr. Herrin. The boot is on the other foot. The Watchman hopes they will not. The Watchman will go farther and affirm that he believes they will not, but, bless their hearts, they will bear watching! They will be watched as never before. The best possible condition for California is to have both political parties free of corporation domination, both parties clean and strong, and so nearly balanced that a wrong step taken by one will be corrected by the other party.

Heaven grant our Democratic sojourners steadfastness in their, at best, four-year-old faith!

Upon What Shall The Fight Be Made? In this state both parties stand for practically the same principles. Apart from rattling the bones of Jefferson and Jackson, and calling upon the names of Lincoln and Roosevelt, our platforms will not greatly differ. We shall all stand for a modified tariff, not so high as to foster monopoly, not so low as to injure any American industry that really needs protection. We are all for a simplified primary, for free parties and a free commonwealth, for non-partisan election of judges, for better regulation of great corporations, conservation of our national resources, election of United States senators by direct vote and, meantime, a state-wide advisory vote of instruction to the legislators; removal of party circle (from which The Watchman alone dissents); reform of criminal procedure; establishment of a state reformatory for first offenders; an effective employers' liability law, the conservation and regulation of state resources as well as national. In the last legislature that element in the Democratic party that was then dominant stood shoulder to shoulder with that element in the Republican party that is dominant now for all the good things that were accomplished and against all the bad ones that were sought to be accom-

(Continued on Page 652)

BOWMAN
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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. No. 22294

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22-10t

FIRE, THE ARCH-ENEMY OF THE FOREST

By Louis Margolin

It has been estimated by the most competent experts who have made a study of the subject that the stand of timber in the virgin forests of this country will be exhausted within from fifteen to twenty years. That the so-called timber famine is already here in a mild form is indicated by the rapid advance in the price of lumber in recent years. The famine will become more pronounced as the available and more easily accessible forest is cut-over and destroyed. Since the world supply of timber is even now becoming low, and therefore importation from other countries can not be depended upon to any large extent, the future timber supply will necessarily be obtained from the following four sources:

1. Areas of virgin forest considered inaccessible at present but which will be rendered accessible by improved methods of transportation or increased lumber prices.

2. The young growth on cut-over and burned forest land which, if properly protected, will eventually reach a merchantable size.

3. Forest areas managed under proper forest regulation where exploitation is regulated in such a manner as to insure successive cuttings from the same area.

4. Artificial forest plantations.

The amount of timber in virgin forests inaccessible at present but which will be made accessible in the near future is comparatively small and probably will not be a great factor in relieving the hardships of a timber famine. Neither will artificial forest planting affect the situation seriously for a long time to come, since, with two or three exceptions, it takes a tree from 50 to 150 years to reach an exploitable size. Of even greater importance, therefore, than the protection and preservation of the uncut virgin forest is the protection of the cut-over land and the young growth existing upon it, since the vast bulk of the future timber supply will necessarily have to come from this source.

To bring the young trees to merchantable size it is absolutely necessary to keep out fires from the forest. This is so axiomatic and self-evident that it hardly seems necessary to dwell on it, except for statements which have recently appeared in some magazines and papers, that in order to protect the forests from fire it is necessary to burn them over regularly. The arguments given in support of this dangerous theory are as follows: The longer a fire is kept away from a forest the more young trees and forest reproduction appear, and the more debris accumulates from fallen leaves and twigs, and so, when a fire finally does come it is much hotter and burns more readily than it would if the forests were burned over regularly every three or four years. Assuming that the arguments are sound—and it is not at all certain that they are flawless, since common experience has shown that the debris from one fire usually furnishes the fuel for subsequent fires—but granting that repeated fires will decrease the danger from more intense fires, the fact still remains that the forest reproduction and the future forest are thus hopelessly destroyed, and that such repeated fires together with extensive logging operations in the virgin stands will soon reduce the forest land of this country to a treeless region. The main argument in favor of burning over the forests regularly is that it will decrease the cost and trouble of protecting the forests. It may be argued with equal force that since it is troublesome and expensive to raise children, and since children are sometimes a positive source of danger by spreading measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., it would therefore be well that no more children be raised. Without children there can be no future human race, and without forest reproduction there can be no future forests.

That forest fires are absolutely preventable is not a theory, but an actual fact. The area covered by forest fires in the European countries where there is adequate fire control is almost insignificant, and under similar condi-

(Concluded on Page 652)

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thurs September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.
By John Parkin, Secretary
7-8t

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day of July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of the corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 Post Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (the place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 19th day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousand ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hundred (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000) Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place there will be submitted to said stockholders meeting the matter of increasing the number of Directors of said corporation from Three members to Five or more members to thereafter constitute the Board of Directors, and to elect such additional directors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the same time and place, there will be submitted to said Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-Laws, amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, and that said meeting is called for the purpose of considering and acting upon all of the propositions and matters hereinabove named and such other business as may properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.
By R. C. Shaw, President.
(Seal)
By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary
7-8t

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, an assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary.
Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, California.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition of Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said deceased, having been this day presented to the Court, and it appearing to the Court from such petition that it is necessary and that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and of those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate and personal property in order to pay the debts outstanding against said decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition, and the said petition having been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said estate be and appear before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in the Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market and Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day of August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to said executor for the sale of all of the real estate and personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks next preceding said day in "The California Weekly," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. Call Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-15t

A PLAN FOR A FARM CITY

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF CONGESTION

By ELMER ELLSWORTH CAREY

holars of economics everywhere note with
n the growing tendency of the people to
rt the country and to gather in the larger
ers of population. The congestion and
mpanying squalor, misery, vice and the
merable evils which follow are greatly to
eplored. The effect of such congestion
he health, morality and the well-being of
affected is frightful. How to ameliorate
conditions has long been the problem of
nitarians; the dire effect of overcrowding
ie city is patent to the most casual ob-
r. Such congestion is a fertile source of
riad ills and in this article I will point
plan for the relief of the intolerable con-
is mentioned. I do not believe that the
lers of the slums and tenement districts
ver be helped or benefited to any appre-
extent so long as they remain in the
; at least, not unless radical changes are
in our industrial system. All attempts
have so far been made to help the condi-
of the dwellers in the congested districts
been but palliative. They have not
ed the root of the evil and, as a matter of
they have simply made matters worse, be-
the people in question have learned to
to various settlements for aid and by so
their weakness has been intensified.
nly sovereign remedy must be one that
s at the very root of the trouble.
ropose that we go back to first principles,
to the Nature" and seek to remove the
oilers to the country. I will take as a
or this article, "Back to the land."
it," someone will say, "the average city
would not live in the country if you
him a farm; he craves the excitement,
hange and the kaleidoscopic life of the
he will not go to the country under any
ions. As the light gathers the moths,
city gathers the flotsam and jetsam of
nity."
s is all too true. If one thousand men
taken from the cities to the country and
suitable employment under fair condi-
or even under the most favorable condi-
within six months ninety per cent of
would be back in their old city haunts.
I believe that an appreciable percentage
middle classes would leave the city if
ans I propose were carried out. In brief,
ose a "Farm City" on co-operative prin-
A city in the country or a farm in the
ust as you choose. The idea is to join
lvantages and benefits of farm life with
ercial life, and briefly I will tell how it
done.

an Feasible as Business Proposition

carry out my ideas, it would be neces-
or the national government to take as
interest in solving human problems as
s in inspecting carcasses in the packing
as much interest in rearing healthy
n as it does in rearing lady bugs and
es. Of course, a philanthropist with
capital at command could inaugurate ex-
nts in a farm city with little chance for
al loss, but I notice that millionaires
lly follow the prevailing style in their
hropic work; custom is strong in phil-
py, even as it is in fashions. My plan
pay three or four per cent on the capital
d.
rm city should be laid out according to
epared plans and the city built before a
occupant arrives. The dwelling lots or
should contain from one to five acres
each; on each lot should be built a
table cottage, with barn, outhouses,
etc. Orchards, vineyards, meadows,
ould be all in order. Every road should
cadamized, cement walks everywhere,
cars on every road, or street, as you
all them, should be provided. There
be alleys, sewers, telephones, water sys-
ectric systems for light, heat and power
ted with every house; the farm city
should be connected with the railroad so that a train of cars containing farm produce could be made up every morning and dispatched to the nearby cities. The center of the farm city should contain the public park, store, public hall, factory, shops, churches, etc.

Peopling the Farms

After the building of such a farm city is completed, the occupants, carefully selected, could step in, take possession and begin the tilling of the soil. The city should be run according to a well-defined program. In a few weeks or months the dairy and produce trains would begin to move out, laden with all kinds of dairy, farm and garden produce, such as eggs, cheese, butter, poultry, etc. For the sake of harmony, it would be best to populate the farm cities according to nationalities or creeds, etc.; if one farm city were populated by Swedes entirely better results would be obtained than if a heterogenous population were secured; or one farm city could be populated by members of a certain religious denomination. After a farm city had been built to order the farms should be sold on installments to selected families of good character. Everything needed for farming should be provided, even necessary credit at the city store. If all the details of such a city were carried out, I believe that no difficulty would be experienced in securing desirable tenants and I also believe that the investment would pay the projectors a fair rate on the money invested. How much it would pay in terms of philanthropy, generosity, good citizenship, patriotism, in the future well-being of the country and in the uplifting of humanity, I do not know; but I have my opinion. I also think that a millionaire who would institute a series of "Farm Cities" would erect for himself a monument far more enduring than granite, even if it were in the form of ten thousand library buildings.

Farm and City in One

In a farm city the inhabitants would have fresh air, healthy homes, sunshine, flowers, trees, green grass, birds, domestic animals, bees and contentment; there would be no demoralizing influences, no saloons, no cigarettes, no viciousness, no gambling, no poverty; the children could go to schools free from vicious surroundings and childhood could be spent amid scenes of enjoyment and pleasure. The farms would be close enough together for social intercourse and the trolley cars would take the family to the theatres, stores, post-office, lectures or socials in the center of the farm city. There should be a band to play two evenings each week, giving open air concerts in the park. Such a farm city would enjoy all the benefits of the country and country life as each lot would practically be a small farm, producing not only all the fruits and vegetables needed for the family, but enough extra to bring in a substantial sum by the end of the year. Such a farm city would possess all the good features of a city with none of the evil.

A model Farm City should consist of a tract of land four or five miles square approximately. This would contain 320 two-acre farms to a square mile. As some families would need four acres you could make the average farm three acres, which would provide for about three thousand farms, each one of which would be capable of supporting three or four persons, giving a total population of about 10,000 souls. The rich lands of the south and west under irrigation are enormously fertile and two acres devoted to truck farming, poultry, etc., would easily support in comfort a small family. Four acres would support a large family. Of course, on these small tracts all the work can be done by the head of the family by hand labor. That it may be understood that I am not romancing, I will state that there is in California a very productive and remunerative farm which consists of one acre and there are many farms containing from four to six acres which yield a substantial income, and an annual profit of from $200 to $500 per acre is not exceptional. Ten acres on the range in three years will produce one $40 steer. In reference to farming, the same land will yield a profit of $5000 to $10,000.

Farm Dimensions

The following table shows the dimension in feet of small farms as they would have to be laid out in a Farm City:

1 acre, 66x660.
2 acres, 132x660.
3 acres, 198x660.
4 acres, 264x660.

A Farm City should be laid out like a city except that in the farm city the blocks would be half a mile square and instead of the lots being 25x75 feet the smallest would be 66x660. The average farm would probably have a frontage of 198 feet and a depth of 660 feet, this being the dimension of a three-acre tract.

A Farm City is simply an ordinary town magnified or enlarged until the smallest lot is capable of maintaining a family when devoted to diversified farming. Of course, it is understood that these figures refer to the south and west where there are no winters and where diversified farming is practiced. All the benefits and conveniences of a town should be provided; such as letter carriers, letter boxes, electric lights, paved streets, cement sidewalks, park, avenues, electric cars, schools, libraries, churches, baths, factories, stores, newspapers, telephones, sewers, etc., etc. The Edison plan for concrete houses could be adopted, making the buildings fireproof and everlasting. By selecting the inhabitants for such a city among the more intelligent of tenement dwellers and by teaching them how to till the soil and by practical help and counsel and by allowing the city a fair measure of self government, I think the problem of keeping the people in the country will be solved. Land for such a city can be had at from $20 to $50 per acre. An irrigation system would add little to the cost and such a system is imperative in "intensified" farming.

The labor question would be solved because each farmer could do his own work and a system of reciprocity would furnish all the additional help that might be needed in emergencies. The laundries, shops, creameries, or cheese factories, would offer work to the younger members of the family who might not be needed at home. The factories could make clothing and furniture for the people and the cheese factory could use the surplus milk, for every three or four-acre farm could maintain a cow.

Enumeration of Advantages

Some additional points regarding distinguishing features and advantages of a Farm City are as follows:

1. Every family will own a home—a small farm.

2. The farm will maintain a family and produce a revenue each year above expenses.

3. By grouping the farms in a city all the objections to country life will be removed.

4. Young people will be satisfied with life in the Farm City as all the attractive features of city life will be retained, such as roller skating, parks, baths, music, theatres, ice-cream parlors, baseball grounds, tennis courts and various other forms of amusement.

5. In the Farm Cities children would be raised under the most favorable conditions, as the charter of such cities would forever forbid the sale of liquors, tobacco, poisonous drugs, vicious literature and all undesirable influences would be barred.

6. By means of the co-operative feature, people would share in the profits arising from the stores, shops, factories, banks, newspapers, etc., and by this means the cost of everything would be reduced to a minimum.

7. Every farm owner would be a shareholder in the corporation and have a voice in the se-

lection of the local officers and in the formation of local government.

8. Such a farm city could make use of the best features of socialism, municipal ownership, co-operative colonies, etc,. without infringing on the rights or privileges of the individual.

9. In brief, it is proposed to gather together in one community all the good features of social life, business, government, administration, etc., which already exist in different localities, taking as a basis the idea of farm life.

10. No change in any state laws will be necessary to form a Farm City.

11. In such a community as hereinbefore outlined disease would be practically unknown. With the observance of all sanitary and hygienic laws, with pure air and pure water and an abundant and wholesome food supply in which fruits, grains, vegetables and dairy products would largely enter, with an abundance of pure air, sunshine and freedom from fear, worry, etc., it may be said that the doctor's services would be seldom, if ever, needed.

12. Weekly lectures should be given by the management on all topics pertaining to the welfare of the farm and family.

13. The educational system should embrace instruction in housework, farm work, manual training, practical agriculture and good government. In connection with each school should be several lots devoted to various kinds of farming, in which the boys would be shown the most improved method of diversified and "intensified" farming.

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("Fire, the Arch Enemy"—Continued)

tions the same is true of this country. Since the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture has instituted its fire patrol both the number of fires started and the extent of the areas burned over have been materially reduced. As more money becomes available for forest protection there is no doubt that the danger from forest fires in the national forests will be still further reduced, though there is always the great danger from fires starting on the cut-over private land of timber companies, adjoining the government land.

Forest fires are the most unnecessary and the most wasteful form of human carelessness. Probably over 95 per cent of them are preventable. Of the other five per cent, started mostly by lightning, many are extinguished by the rain which often follows the lightning, while the others can and should be detected and extinguished by an efficient patrol before much damage is done. What is needed is an enlightened public sentiment in regard to the danger and absolute needlessness of forest fires, and an effort on the part of all timber owners to prevent these fires. Most of the forest fires are started on the cut-over lands of timber companies who short-sightedly do not consider it worth while to spend the extra money needed for protection. The time is probably not far distant when it will be considered just as illegal to leave slash and debris from logging lying on cut-over forest land as it is now illegal to leave benzine and kerosene soaked rags lying around a dwelling.

Within the last few years there has been a change for the better in the attitude of the more progressive and up-to-date lumbermen. As a result of this enlightened sentiment, forest fire associations have been formed in various states, notably in Washington and Oregon. The members of these associations co-operate with each other and with the forest service in protecting their holdings against fires, at a comparatively low rate of insurance.

In discussing forest fires it should be borne in mind first, last, and at all times:

1. That forest fires are unnecessary and preventable.

2. That repeated fires, regulated or irregulated, invariably destroy forest reproduction.

3. That without forest reproduction there can be no future forest and therefore no future timber supply.

("Aboard a Cruiser"—Concluded)

whiskers. He is the top of the heap, the little autocrat of this nursery of war. We look away and into the faces of everyday folk about us, farmers, river pilots, professional men, and read a different story. Character, energy, singleness of purpose, the marks of conflict and conscious intelligence grained into their faces by life that means something in a world that is full of all manner of things. We have been interested, yes, but give us the workaday world. We shall look hereafter upon colored bill-posters with more enlightenment and with less allurement. Something has faded from the phrase, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded)

plished. Will the campaign, then, be conducted on issues of fitness of the men put up for the offices to which they aspire? If so, there is no reason why the campaign should not be clean and in good temper. Why not? The only possible reason why is that the Democracy on the mountain, with Satan as guide, may wobble and fall down.

Wilhelm of Germany, who is a man of considerable influence in his own bailiwick, has expressed views on woman's rights which, while they may please some women, will not endear him to suffragettes, nor even to suffragists. In brief, the Kaiser expresses a belief in woman's right to work, and to work in any calling or vocation which may please her. Whether she becomes a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, a clergyman, works in an office, or does something else, she has both his sanction and his approval. But right there he draws the line; he does not believe in extending the right of suffrage to her.

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A FIRE KIN'LER

By the Author of

"SKID PUFFER"

(Henry Holt & Co.)
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POP nearly always c'menct 'bout his fire kin'ler sperians by tellin' that his pop died 'bout ten year before, mebby with the ager, mebby with the quinine habit, mebby 'cause the mast seemed to sort 'o pizon that year. Nen his mother died with the Wabash scratches gittin' mixed with the pizon o' wil' parsnip. Nen the 'state bein' settled up pop got his share,—'bout three thousan' acres mos'ly san' burs, hazel break an' forty dollars spot cash. Pop bein' nembitious got to wearin' boots an' e he was a-goin' to see the worl'.

saw an ad in our weekly 'bout a wonde'- discov'ry in Sciens. The ad said the tific worl' was standin' aghast 'bout a explodin', nindestructibul and autoramatic kin'ler. He sent fer the particulars. Pop to me one time, "Skid, comin' evens cast shadders before an' consid'rable behin'. hist'ry o' the worl', at least a part of it, nentirely changed from that day.

kid, I set up the hull night readin' them c'lars back'ard an' for'ard, up'ard an' in'- W'y my hair rared up on en' wen I saw much them agen's was makin'. One sol' six hundred the firs' forty days n' s'much money he paid fer three years olin' at the Valperaiso Normal. A widder an, who had jus' lost one o' her last hus- an' mebby might 'a' done well if she'd out th' Indiany habit a-marryin 'bout summer,—she had 'leven childern on the y—sol' forty-six the first eight days, n' evenin's, sixty-four the secon' week, seventy-two the follerin' ten days. Nen checked up. She foun' she had 'nough y to last out mebby fer two er three in's more. 'Course not all to onct; she 'a' took 'em single file. The last heard r she had seventeen children all on the visors' an' was thinkin' up another hus- ' Nen pop scratched his head slow an' hful with 'is thumb nail .

l widow women natav t'Indiany air al- sprintin' after husban's, Skid. If they o lan' they take to writin' di'lect po'try er . Sence I think, Skid, there was another made s'much money sellin' fire kin'lers mebby he was thinkin' of astin' in the bors jus' to spen' it. But there was a in seller, a perfessor Whilps, who'd his pile an' retired an' was thinkin' g 'bout 'rectin' a public library, mebby o settle his conscience.

ex' week w'en I was down at the swamp who sh'd come mozyin' 'long but the al agen' himse'f. Talk? He c'd beat a a hen with his cackle. The sap was jus' n' right anyways, Skid, and in 'bout an I was luggin', fifteen mile home, a gunny- ul o' fire kin'lers on my back. An' say, my pocket over my lef' hin' laig was r by forty dollars. A hull gunnysackful em non-explodin', nindestrustibul, autor- c fire kin'lers. Skid, I have wondered a an' times w'y I carried 'em home as I o go back past the store w'en I took out swamp 'long the San'ridge road. Mebby s excited, that's not unpossible. But, it is efterthoughts like these, that bustin' a feller's cerybeltum, w'ich makes 'im er w'ich is older in the straterfications, r er monkey."

at kind of a man was "Squire" Puffer. el? Well, I ain't any good discribin' e. Pop weighed two fifty, was six feet all, had w'iskers that come down to 'is just as shiny as a crow's wing in June, e c'd swing over a fourteen han' horse t tetchin'. An' what's more, he wasn't of the seven horned devils er anything cept a punched up nest o' hornets, them faced kin'. They'd take the starch out spinal column quicker'n lightnin'. Onct aid to me:

started out with my tail up, on a trot the San'ridge road, them thirty mile to ation, 'bout two weeks 'fore Christmas. one cost me seventy-five cents and I sold er one-fifty. That was a case o' petty y with gran' larc'ny fer dessert. An' 'em altogether they was livin' examples o' before an' efter takin'. The secon' day, ridin' west on the Tip-Up railroad, I landed at th' immortal city of Eas' Wolcott. It's the capitol of a country bounded on the south by civ'lization and on the north by frogs an' swamp deviltery. It's a hay country between. Th' 'inhabitans, in th' early times, come out o' th' ark an' some of 'em run on all fours. Lots of 'em had six fingers an' toes. So I'm reliably tol'.

"The first one I got up against was one o' the seeders out o' th' ark. He had embraced civ'lization an' was deacon, postmaster, school d'rector, spress agent', Justice o' the Peace, th' oldest inhabitan, an' so 'fernal stingy 'at he'd squeeze the tail feathers out o' th' eagle on the dollar, just a holdin' on.

"Efter half a day I had sold 'im a fire kin'ler fer ninety cents. He groaned w'en he paid. W'en he'd make up the fire, he'd open the stove door, have a season o' meditation an' religious doubt and if the fire was real low he'd shet his eyes an' moan pityful, and about half the time 'd shove the wood in. The ether half he'd slam the door shet an' pet the stick o' wood. He was a mighty near man as mom'd say, Skid.

"The nex' man I sol' to was a fancy farmer called Jedge Jinkins. He was a hay farmer, built som'at like a fat gran'daddy long laigs. He never tetched a han' t' anything; he was jus' that full of advice an' pompos'ty. He had wrote po'try, c'd talk in fer'in languages, slung a gol' headed cane an' wore broadcloth. He was always interferin' with 'is cook, tellin' her how to bile potaters with the jackets on to preserve the nuterition, how to make his pancakes 'roun', an' to use the whites of aigs 'stead o' the yeller fer coffee settlin' and about a thousan' ether things 'at 'd make a live woman take to the swamp, mumblin' on 'er way to death.

"But Jedge Jinkins had one virtue, Skid. He'd stomp out to his hired experts in the hay fiel' ev'ry day to give 'em advice and ether trouble. With his gol' headed cane in one hand an' th' ether flung graceful under his coat-tail, flippin' it up now an' then like a catbird, he c'd let out the polites', cuttines', didrapines' perfanity as ever disturbed th' atmosphere of a Nindiany hayfiel'. Even the meanes' man on earth, Skid, has sothin' to 'im. I have always noticed them kind o' men air mighty long lived, scarcely ever dyin'.

"W'en I splained to 'im the 'natomy, fysology an' hygeen o' the kin'ler, tellin' 'im it was invented by the prince o' Metheglin of Austerrailway, I'll be goshslammed before I was half through, th' ol' blubberation, po'try an' brimstone, yanked out 'is check book an' writ in four dollars.

"Skid, y'ought to've seen the way he signed 'is name. It looked like a bresh heap afire. The pompous way he done it an' waved me off the hayfiel' 'd make a feller think he was the hull hay crop o' the United States an' mebby part of Austerrailway. I have that check yit and I look it over once naw'ile w'en I'm lonesome, fer it looks jus' like a burnin' bresh heap afire in a high win'. It was 'bout as val'ble as buckeye soup fer a dead hog.

"Nen learnin' sothin' 'bout th' Eas' Wolcott perfessor, thet's the name fer Indiany school teachers, I surrounded him. They had a habit them times of lickin' the teacher 'bout Christmas time fer the safety of edication an' the gen'ral good o' the community. None o' th' inhabitan's 'd think snappin' holidays was orthodox, 'less the teacher was mussed up in a snowdrif' er woozled under the pump, er gen'rally scrambled up with mud er snow an' gittin' a chanct to die with pneumony.

"I guess it was a special providence brung us together. He was a new teacher on his firs' term, th' ether teacher dyin' off efter an experiens of three year. He was a feller weighin' 'bout ninety poun's, havin' two strips er bunches o' w'ite hair runnin' from his temples way back behin' his ears. The res' was bald. He was 'bout as quick as a weasel an' looked 'siderable like a bal' faced hornet.

"It was the las' day o' school 'fore vacation. Knowin' 'bout the propigatin' o' the pneumony habit, I kind o' run parallel in sellin' him. Says I, 'Perfessor Dicks, I have a new invention fer the pursuance of eddication an' school economy. W'ile teachers is tryin' to git the alphabet an' spellin' in the systems of Indiany future poets and ethers as may grow up right as descenden's o' the Roun' Circle, this scientific instrumen' is a mighty fine thing fer c'rober'tive evidens.' I tell you, Skid, I c'n throw words 'ith any of 'em pervided the 'casion rares up high 'enough. I splained 'bout the two foot handle, the seven poun' asbestic fire en', the case to keep it in an' so on. Nen I broke out bol'.

"Supposin,' Perfessor, a boy—er—I mean a pennyroil bull'd come snortin' mad at you. All you'd have to do, pervided you had it red hot, 'd be to stick it in the case 'bout a third full o' gas'lene an' fling it in the bull's count'nance. Nen he said:

"'Supposin' he'd come quick an' the kin'ler was col'. Nen what?'

"Percisely," says I. "W'y jus' swing. You c'n scramble up the bigges' pennyroil bull as ever straddled a pawpaw bush in fly time. Nen," says I agin, "Sposin' f'rinstans, a nunrooly school boy'd come a-jumpin' at you, I mean jus' supposin' o' course. Supposin' you had it in the crack above the harth, red hot an' the case 'bout a third full o' gas'lene, kind o' hid in the wood by the stove. Supposin' f'rinstans you was readin' the bible just efter takin' up school an' mebby three er four natav sons 'd tackle you. Sech a thing is not onreason'ble. All a feller 'd have to do 'd be to jerk out the kin'ler, slam it into the gas'lene case an'—"

"'I'll take a couple of yer heavier ones, Dr. Puffer,' he said, breathing hard. I'll be geedanged, Skid, he said 'Doctor Puffer.' My heart went out to him then. Just think o' them husky longhaired Indianyans tryin' to woozle up a poor little bal' faced hornet like him! That was jus' miserable.

"As they was to have exercises in th' afternoon, I staid with sev'ral ether visitors. I could n't he'p noticin' that a kin'ler was shinin' red hot 'tween the harth an' stove door. Nen I saw the case kind o' hid in the wood by the stove. School was called an' there set the perfessor a-readin' the bible kind o' waitin' fer things to settle down. D'rec'ly in come late 'bout ten of the big chunks o' natav Indiany, lookin' innocent. They done that just to rile him. There they stood inside the door sassy an' waitin' fer the perfessor to look up. Lord, how he did git interested in that bible. Th' ether scholars had been bendin' down studyin' so hard that I c'd see with half an' eye they needed lickin' on gen'ral principles.

"The leader of the boys was a starin', big blue-eyed lunk o' cussidness with teeth like a muskrat—jus' prominan' that way. He shifted from one foot to th' ether waitin' an' winkin' at th' ethers. Lookin' sharp I c'd see the perfessor slippin' a glanct over the top of his bible at that red hot kin'ler. Nen a sort o' side gleam at the kin'ler case in the wood. But he jus' kept on readin'. I never saw anything as still as that schoolroom. D'rec'ly the boy, mebby weighin' two hunderd poun', spoke up brazen:

"'Teacher, I am p'inted t' inform you thet the snowdrifts outside is waitin'. We invite you to have a dive.' That room was stiller 'an ever. I c'd hear the fire a roarin' in the stove and ev'rybody seemed to be holdin' his breath. An' the perfessor jus' kept on readin' bible.

"'Perfessor, us boys invite you out adoor-

t' injoy the scenery. Shant you take m' arm, hugh?' An' the perfessor was so geedanged interested in bible readin' that he did n't hear th' invite. Nen I saw the leader begin to step up bol' an' nen w'at happened the nex' four secon's I can't fergit in a thousan' years.

"The boys made a rush; the perfessor met 'em with open arms and a bustin' fire kin'ler blazin' an' hissin' like a wash b'iler o' sizzlin', explodin' red-hot snakes. The perfessor begun jabbin', settin' clo's a-smokin' an' burnin' off crops o' pennyroil hair. The room smelt the rest o' th' afternoon fearful. The boys was screamin', yellin' and all tryin' to jam through the door to onct. Seven was headed off an' scared back in the schoolroom. Three took towards Kentlan' scart nigh half to death, th' ethers rammed 'roun' the room feelin' ther heads an' lookin' daft.

"Y'ought to've seen that perfessor go lopin' like a moose elk acrost them snowdrif's. I guess he was n't enjoyin' the scenery any more 'n them three racin' chumps. He mighty soon overtook two an' lef' them settin' in a snowdrif a smokin' an' fightin' ther heads like a boy fightin' mad bumble bees. As the leader got the firs' jab in the house he was flyin' like as if the devil an' Tom Walker was efter 'm. The perfessor stoppin' just a minnit, completely firin' up the two in the snow, he ramped efter the muskrat.

"Though he was 'bout half a mile off we c'd hear the muskrat boy screamin'. Just as the perfessor was stretchin' out his arm a-tetchin' the boy's haid, they closed out 'roun a ben'. Mighty me-e! that was disappointin'. But sev'ral said they could see a little smoke behin' the trees jus' like an Indian campfire.

"There was another good thing I saw in Eas' Wolcott. That happened nex' mornin' just as I got settled down in my seat on the Tip-Up railroad. I looked out the winder an' saw the stingy ol' dink, that ninety cent 'riginal inhabitan', what had bought my firs' kin'ler. He was jumpin' up an' down an' screamin' 'fire.' His woodshed was burnin' up right gay. Nen I knowed he'd stuck the red-hot kin'ler back in the case 'fore it had got cool."

The way pop 'd sell fire kin'lers was 'bout like this: In the evenin' at the country stores he'd tell stories an' hist'ry o' the Ridge swamp people and ether things. Efter awhile he'd come 'roun' to fire kin'lers. Nen he'd imitate the way most Indianyans 'd build a fire in that part o' the country. Onct at Monticello he made a speech 'bout like this:

"Genlum, d' y'ever see a natav Indianyan git in the kin'lins the night before, specially w'en the weather was snappy? D' y' ever see a human bein', in this part o' the worl', have a woodshed chuck up with stovewood on a col' winter? Specially with dry kin'lin an' mebby shellbark hickory? D' y' ever see a feller want to climb out 'bout five o'clock w'en it was so col' that the hogs was a-squealin' all night? D' y' ever see this kind of a feller rarin' 'roun' in his shirt-tail tryin' to git the dodbinged stove a-goin' w'en he was freezin' to death? That's w'at has been the matter with Indiany, I'm reliable tol', fer fifty thousan' years er so. The firs' groun' hog was invented in this state, genlum. W'en he goes to bed d' y' s'pose he's a-comin' out till the weather gits kind o' sof'? Well I jus' should snickernix. A groun' hog some say is the reg'lar 'riginal inhabitant of Indiany. Genlum, s'pose you'd wake up and yer beard was froze to the feather tick with 'bout a ninch of ice. S'posin' you c'd see the snow flirtin' long the floor; nen remember'n' there was no wood chopped, no dry kin'lin' to be had, an' mebby what wood you had was mos'ly green, an' mos'ly covered with snow an' sleet; s'posin' you c'd hear the horses a-kickin' the stalls to pieces jus' tryin' to keep warm; s'posin' you was a man of influens an' knowed you'd have to git up er the stock would starve er freeze to death; s'posin' w'y—w'y say, genlum, ain't it hell?

"Now, genlum, s'posin' you had one o' these nindestructibul, non-explodin' autoraramatic fire kin'lers, w'ich costs you on'y two dollars, jus' w'at could you do under sech sorrorful circumstances, jus' w'at could you do? That's w'at I ast in thunder tones. Why, cautious breakin' th' ice off yer beard from the feather tick, takin' a big breath, ram-m-m out o' bed, spring over the little snow drif's, grab off the stove leds, slam w'at wood you have in the stove, slap on the stove leds, jerk the kin'ler out of the coal ile case, snap a match to it, jamb the kin'ler through the crack o' the harth, Bull Run back to the feather ticks an' let 'er ro-o-ar. D'rec'ly you'd ha to kick off leas' one o' the feather ticks you'll be sweatin' like thunderation.

"Genlum, that's its on'y fault—the ro-o- an' the heatin' an' the smotherin'. You j got to git up an' yank the kin'ler out er i burn till noon, efter it gits started, clean t noon. Y'never have to git a nax to chop the sossage, never have to git in kin'lins, d wood be goldurned, w'y sometimes I kind think a feller c'd purty near burn up a sno drif'."

Lots o' people didn't min' payin' two d lars 'cause some of 'em said pop's talk w worth least a dollar. The bigges' busine he done, in them early times, was 'ro Monty, where he got in with the superviso givin' 'em a rake off. That's in White Coun where the firs' track was laid north t'oar Canady. Later on Pop said most ev'ry coun had a trail north.

At Logansport, right in the center o' t pennyroil district, he sol' two hundred a forty. That was the place where the penn roil cow was monarch of all she c'd surve pop said. In them early times th' inhabita hadn't givin up pennyroil milk so's they cou write d'ilect an' po'try. At milkin' time if t cows didn't come home nachural, er was tame enough to lasso, you had to run 'e down with long laiged dogs.

Pop said the hardes' thing he had to bu aginst was w'en them farmers 'd be 'roun' t stove a-talkin' governmen' questions er w they got to goin' 'bout 'rithmetic questior I remember two w'ich at times 'd git 'em frothy that they'd have to go out adoors finish. One question was about a hen and half layin' a naig and a half. Th' ether w about the squirl on a tree. If a man had fool squirl help doin' 'is 'rithmetic fer 'i that is if the squirl was on the furside of tree. Nen if a man walkin' fur out 'd sl 'roun' through the pennyroil, spanish needl an' beggarlice an' the squirl'd keep jus' out sight as he sneaked roun' the tree, an' s'posi they both like goldang ijuts 'd keep goi gran' right an' lef' that way till both had ma the circle, nen a feller'd ast, "Does the ma go 'pletely 'roun' that gol dinged squirl To'ards the las' the younger descendens g to killin' off fellers as'd ast them kind questions. Nen the country got t' improvi

All pop tried to do, if they got to goin' har was to try to switch 'em off to, "Which h the most enjoymen', 'Pursuit er possession' Nen pop if he got 'em goin' he'd example 'e with the kin'ler. Pop said he had a perfe orgy a-sellin' kin'lers along the Wabash, eve wen spring begun to kill the fruit trees off usual. Pop said he never did jus' kno w'ether it was the frost that killed the blo soms ev'ry spring, er w'ether it was 'cau most apple an' pear trees hadn't been prun fer three er four gen'rations of inhabitant Gen'rally, most orchards 'long the Waba looked like a bresh heap stood up on end t'a out.

Pop said w'en he druv up to a place an' saw 'bout fifteen dogs an' childern, with t women smokin' iron clay pipes, havin' a acorn knob o' hair settin' on the back o' th heads, he knowed mighty certain he'd g away with more'n a dollar in his butternut He has sol' to deaf and dumb people, jus' wit imitatin' a natav Indianyan makin' a fire o a ripsnortin' winter mornin' an' tryin' not t freeze to death. His unfailin' rule was kin'ler t'any man w'ich had wrinkles a freckles on 'is neck, an' hair that hadn't bee cut sence the last county fair. One of sellin' p'ints was to git a sneak glanct und the hair.

Pop showed the special things the kin'l was good fer, as brandin' stock, fer Fourth July and Christmas doin's, fer killin' grou moles jus by stickin' it in ther holes a stranglin' 'em to death 'ith the pizonous ga Fer burnin' out hornets nes' an' cleanin' u breshy lan' it was a special providens. A Irishman, w'ich like all of 'em way back i the timber, is always 'spicious o' strangers t they git sothin' in ther system as loosens 'e up, 'specially w'iskey, ast pop onct. "M Poofer, how an' the divil whin ye dhraw th

(Concluded on Page 656)

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

the Superior Court of the State of California, in for the City and County of San Francisco, De- ient No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

RENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly ORENCE E. DORSEY, Plaintiff,

vs.

ersons claiming any interest in, or lien on, the real property herein described or part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, eal property herein described or any part thereof, iants, greeting:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly nce E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of bove entitled Court and City and County, within months after the first publication of this Sum- and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, ave in or upon that certain real property or any thereof, situated in the City and County of San isco, State of California, particularly described as s:

mmencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) Easterly from the point formed by the intersection Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the North- ine of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along iid line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle west- Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches e Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of ning.

l you are hereby notified that, unless you so ap- nd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for elief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it udged that the plaintiff is the owner of said prop- n fee simple absolute; that her title to said prop- e established and quieted; that the Court ascertain letermine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, er the same be legal or equitable, present or fu- vested or contingent, and whether the same con- of mortgages or liens of any description; that ff recover her costs herein and have such other rther relief as may be meet in the premises.

TNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this ay of August, A. D. 1910.

L) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of ober, A. D. 1910.

following persons are said to claim an interest lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES. ADDRESSES.

nd County of San Francisco, San Francisco, nicipal corporation. California.

. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, nd, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

he Superior Court of the State of California, in or the City and County of San Francisco, De- nt No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

E B. CHILDS, a femme sole, Plaintiff,

vs.

rsons claiming any interest in, or lien n, the real property herein described or part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, al property herein described or any part thereof, ants, greeting:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, vith the Clerk of the above entitled Court and nd County, within three months after the first ation of this Summons, and to set forth what t or lien, if any, you have in or upon that cer- eal property or any part thereof, situated in the nd County of San Francisco, State of California, larly described as follows:

mencing at the corner formed by the intersection Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with orthwesterly line of J Street, running thence vesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Ave- venty-five (75) feet; thence at right angles North- y One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles asterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of et One Hundred (100) feet to the point of com- nent.

lot or parcel of land being known and desig- as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number on a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Sur- which map was filed in the office of the County er of the City and County of San Francisco, on th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

you are hereby notified that, unless you so ap- nd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for lief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it udged that the plaintiff is the owner of said prop- fee simple absolute; that her title to said prop- established and quieted; that the Court ascertain etermine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, r the same be legal or equitable, present or fu- ested or contingent, and whether the same con- of mortgages or liens of any description; that ff recover her costs herein and have such other rther relief as may be meet in the premises.

NESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES. ADDRESSES.

City and County of San Francisco, San Francisco, a municipal corporation. California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell, Plaintiff,

vs. No. 22107

All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, Defendants.

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.

By JAS. P. KANE, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff: The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON, Attorney for Plaintiff

Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.

7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, No. 22296

Defendants.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,

729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, No. 22295

Defendants.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,

729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

TITLES RESTORED

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State Commission of Horticulture

There is a theory of government that holds that government has done its whole duty to the people it governs when it has preserved order and established justice. There is another theory that adds to these functions the advancing of the common welfare. It is needless to state that American governments, among them the government of California, believe in trying to advance the general welfare from the general purse. It is not easy to do this. It is sometimes much easier to spend money than to produce good results from the expenditure, as California has learned to its cost.

It was early discovered that California was to become a great horticultural state and the state early began to help that industry upon its feet. It was slow work. Every fruit undertaken to be grown soon had one or more besetting pests and there were few expert orchardists, vineyardists or scientists to grapple with the problems growing out of the fruit industry.

Thirty years ago the state constituted a Viticultural Commission of eight persons and, three years later, a State Board of Horticulture of nine. How they did fight! They were liberal spenders of public moneys and the results gained were not satisfactory. The act providing for the Viticultural Commission was repealed in 1895, and the State Board of Horticulture went out of existence in 1903.

But the state did not forego the attempt to help these interests on. It abandoned the commission and board idea and, in 1903, constituted a State Horticultural Commissioner. The wisdom of this has been proven by results. One man can do better than a commission of eight or a board of nine. If he be capable he can be much more efficient. The tendency in all activities of government is now toward the department with a superintendent answerable to the governor of the state rather than toward a numerous body with divided responsibilities and likely to be at cross purposes within its own membership. A department with a superintendent and subordinates can be held to a strict accountability by the governor and through the governor to the people.

The State Horticultural Commissioner has a main office at the state capitol at Sacramento, from which the work is directed, and a quarantine office at San Francisco. The main office answers questions that puzzle fruit growers over the state, holds conventions of fruit growers, publishes bulletins and leaflets and furnishes information to the press for the public in general. Inspectors are sent wherever new difficulties arise and investigations are made. If there be need for it, districts, whole counties or special orchards are quarantined so as to prevent the spread of pests or diseases.

At San Francisco is the main quarantine office with a chief and two assistant inspectors. They inspect ships that come in from foreign countries to see that infected plants are not introduced. They also search shipments of trees and shrubs brought to California from other states.

Then there is an insectory division for the discovery in our own state of such insects as are the natural enemies of other insects that are injurious to fruits and vines. Such insects are propagated and distributed where they are needed. Imported insects found useful in preying upon pestiferous insects are also propagated and distributed in colonies where needed.

It has been discovered that nature will, if she can, maintain such a balance in her insect life as to render mankind the maximum of good and the minimum of harm, but sometimes an insect gets imported without its attendant and limiting adversary. Then great mischief results and the injurious insect must be traced to his original habitat and his natural enemy discovered and imported to hold him in check. For this work the State Horticultural Commissioner keeps one man traveling over the surface of the earth wherever duty calls him hunting for enemies to the enemies of California's fruit and vine interests. This has proven very profitable to the state, which ships out of the state tens of thousands of carloads of fruits that bring back millions of dollars to advance the general prosperity. Perhaps this could not be done if the state did not strive to advance the general welfare in this way.

This office costs the state $27,500 a year, and it repays its cost many times over. The governor appoints the commissioner and holds him responsible for results flowing from his office. The commissioner appoints his deputies and holds them responsible to him for the conduct of each department of the office. The people, in turn, hold the state administration, and the political party in power, responsible for all of them. This is in line with the best tendencies in the organization of the state government.

("A Fire Kin'ler"—Concluded)

little hellfi'e out o' the sthove whear do yez poot it? Ye caint poot it in yair pockit. Do—" pop broke 'im off this way, "Pat, on them mornin's w'en its cold 'nough to snap the door knobs off, jus' slam it into the water pail t'thaw out th' ice. Er tie a string to it an' thaw out the pump, er hitch it on the clothes line, er thaw out yer boots," nen pop let his voice drop to a w'isper sayin':

"Pat, there's nothin' on this yerth as c'n touch it fer coonhuntin'. I aint tol' that t'any one yit. Y'ought to make a fortune with it jus' coonhuntin'." W'en he got up to'ards the forks of the Wabash he sol' it to th'lect, 'at's pop's words, sol' it fer scratches. Most people up there then had Wabash scratches by heredity an' pop took like hog cholera with 'em. He tol' 'em, first pour coal ile out of the case on the sore, nen heat up the kin'ler an' hold' it to the scratch place. But lots of 'em wouldn't buy it 'cause they had been brought up fer sev'ral gen'rations jus' grinnin' 'ith joy w'en rubbin' with a fresh corncob an' scratchin', scratchin' and scratchin'.

As the weather was warm 'bout then he sol' the kin'ler as the Cel'brated Cutaneous Killeree fer scrofuler an' scratches an' wart burnin'. W'en he come back in Aprile he had made sixteen hundred dollars clean. An' he said he was a goldang swifter in 'magination an' po'try an' eloquens.

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This Week: "A Renewed Charter for a Renewed City"

By Harris Weinstock

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The Sun

E SUN, LONG PREDICTED, began to shine in San rancisco September 3. It is not to be judged by its first rty-first attempt. It requires time for any new journalistic rise to discover itself and strike its gait. The public should ient. The California Weekly will be. It is right that The e constructively Democratic, as the other papers are con- ively Republican or Doodle-Dee, but the party organ idea of joint with our time. San Francisco needs a morning that will print all the news that is fit to print, that will not s news columns or editorial influence, and will love truth than party advantage. If The Sun shall be such a paper find itself warmly welcomed. Here's hoping that it may.

What Of That Jury?

\T BALLINGER BE WHITEWASHED, unwashed or ainted ebony by the tribunal before whom he was tried is e moment to The California Weekly. The status of Bal- is as fixed in our national history as that of that Belknap isgraced the office before him. Our lament is that the jurors, chosen from among our legislative great, should at the close of the investigation as they notoriously stood it opened, seven to five. If big men prove themselves so what hope have we that little men shall ever prove big n to judge impartially according to law and evidence? ing less than a unanimous decision in that case will dis- American statesmanship.

Joseph Hutchinson

S SELDOM THAT THE WORLD loses aught by suicide. e melancholy act that deprived California of Joseph Hutch- and The California Weekly corporation of its honored esident, was an exception. Nervous prostration, while not tic as is insanity, is more to be dreaded by the sick man thousand devils by them that are whole. It was from that that he came to his end. Keen of intellect, warm of heart mpathetic with all high purposes, we have encountered a tune long to be remembered with regret.

Woman Suffrage

VN DEEP MOST MEN at once favor woman suffrage and ar it. They love women, and respect their intellectual s, with reason, but they hesitate to impose upon them the is of state, the more especially in the fear that the burden ot be generally assumed. They cannot look with indiffer- pon doubling the constituency of the indifferent. Never- , it is right that the issue should come on for reargument n as once in sixteen years and, in declaring for its resub- n to the manhood of California for a rehearing the Repub- tate convention acted justly if with less than a wordly n.

Bell's Bad Break

STOCKTON THEODORE BELL declared that when xes increase out of proportion to population it is notice mething is wrong. Not so. It only may be. If taxes do crease out of proportion to population it is notice that there ething wrong. Taxes are taken from the prosperous few for mmon benefit and they should increase as wealth increases. the standard of municipal living should rise, and taxes tend to verge upon the danger of hampering productive enterprise by consuming productive capital. Not until there are all the parks and playgrounds, free baths and boulevards, open art galleries and endowed theatres, civic buildings, hospitals for the sick and homes for the aged, that our common citizenry have need for should public taxation be crowded much below the point where productive capital begins to be encroached upon. Evidently there are things which Mr. Bell does not know. "Do we get a dollar of value for every dollar taken in taxes?" That is the real question, Mr. Bell.

Exit Wild and Woolly

CERTAIN WILD AND WOOLLY GOVERNORS put their heads together and prepared to teach the Conservation Congress what is what. They went home before the congress adjourned, having been taught what is what themselves. Pinchot pitched into them, even the President did not seem to favor them, and Theodore Roosevelt finished them. Render to Uncle Sam the things that are Uncle Sam's and to the states the things that are the states'—when the states have made themselves fit to be trusted with that responsibility. Let them first take care of what is undisputedly within their own exclusive jurisdictions. That will keep them all busy for a decade.

Meyer Lissner

WATCH THIS MAN. He possesses all the political acumen of a Ruef with all the public spirit of a Folk or a Pinchot. He is as good an organizer as Herrin with as high standards of public morals as Theodore Roosevelt himself. His strength lies in seeing clearly and pointing the way so that those about him see as clearly as himself. He is a leader not a driver, a captain not a boss. All bad men hate him and the better good men come to know him the greater confidence will they have in him. No mistake was made in making Meyer Lissner chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. The party will hardly know itself under such leadership.

The Right To Scratch

A PLURALITY OF REPUBLICANS placed a certain state ticket in the field. A plurality of Republicans delegated authority to certain of their number to declare a platform and use all honorable means to secure the election of that ticket. That committee so commissioned must stand to its guns and do its best for all party candidates. No other course would be honorably representative of the popular will. But when it comes to us voters, and even to the committeemen as voters, that is an issue betwixt our God and each of us, and the Republican who does not scratch his ticket until he makes it straight is recreant to his trust. Judge the committee as a committee, and the men who compose it as men, that is the enlightened view to take.

Three Score Years

IT IS NOT WELL FOR A MAN to forget the anniversary of his wedding day, nor for a state to cease to regard the day it was admitted into the Union of states. This is a great experiment we are engaged in making. Only the unthinking think the problem solved and their thinking goes no deeper than the cortex of the brain. But hope sees six-and-forty stars already in the firmament and the aided vision discerns two more. A great experiment! It is good to be alive to have a hand in it. Rah, for Admission day, rah! rah! rah!

Two Views of Conservation

Two great conservation addresses were delivered at St. Paul this week, one by the President, the other by Theodore Roosevelt. The addresses were characteristic of the two men and show what radically differing types they are.

The address of the President was restrained, abounding in modified statements and inferential beliefs rather than downright contentions. He made bold to venture some opinions so universally conceded that no one would think of contradicting one of them, such as, that the resources of the nation are for use not abuse, that their use by capitalists must be under such public control as will prevent monopoly and extortion, that our laws are not now sufficient to that end, that congress should enact remedial legislation and should do so at the coming short session, that control and not revenue is the essential principle. The most timid might venture these opinions with impunity.

With reference to the disposal of national power sites the President contented himself with stating the case to the people as he might have done from the bench to a jury, or have stipulated in an agreed case to a higher court. He finds the problem abounding in interesting legal niceties. The nation owns the banks to certain streams without the use of which no power can be developed. The riparian proprietor owns the right to have the water flow by his home undiminished in quantity, but he has no right to the power which the flowing may develop. The state owns the power if any shall be developed, but neither banks nor riparian rights. Which is boss? The President is wae to think that the national government may not be, but does not declare that it is. A fine puzzle with which learned periwigs may fill tomes with hairs nicely split while industry waits for the cobwebs of learning to be brushed aside by a rude, but constructive hand!

As the President seemingly sees it, although he is not specific on the subject, there are two contentions between which congress, not he, must render decision. One is whether or not the national government shall lease its power sites directly to those who would put them to use on terms such as: that leases shall run for no longer than fifty years, that combination in restraint of free competition shall be prohibited; that extortion shall not be allowed and that, to that end, rates charged for use of power shall be readjusted from time to time, say at intervals of ten years. That is one side of the case.

The other is like unto it, except that the nation shall cede these power sites to the states in which they are situate with covenants in the Act of Cession that the sites be leased on exactly the same terms as first above suggested, failure to carry out which shall result in forfeiture to the nation not only of the lease, but the works created.

It is respectfully submitted that the difference to the lessee involved in this great issue is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. In either case the lessee is subject to exactly the same restrictions, the only difference being that, in the first instance, he deals directly with the government, while, in the second, he deals with the government indirectly through the state, which conceivably might impose additional restrictions but would have no power to modify any. The plight of the power customer is also exactly the same, provided that the state keep faith with the covenant made with the government. There is the rub if there be any. In the disposal of the swamp lands the states broke faith with the government and the government had no remedy. The lands were deeded in fee simple, and were not reclaimed as the states had covenanted with the government that they should be.

But the President will find to his sorrow that state control means no such thing as he has outlined, that it will involve an absolute cession of the governmental title to the states with no effective restrictions whatever remaining in the hand of the national government. It will be state or nation, one or other, now and forever.

Now what did Theodore Roosevelt say on the subject? Epitomized, just this: "The essential question is not one of hair-splitting legal technicalities. It is, Who can best regulate the special interests for the common good? A prime object of the grasping and greedy is to avoid any effective control either by state or nation. They advocate state control because they believe it will be least effective. The nation is stronger and its jurisdiction more effective. The predatory corporations are interstate. Therefore the control over them must be interstate. The most effective weapon against these aggressive interests will be federal laws and the federal executive."

No trouble to understand that! Theodore Roosevelt knows where the line is drawn and he is ready to toe the mark and fight it out on that line if it takes all summer, fall, winter and spring. The President is the judge, always the judge. Theodore Roosevelt is always the militant warrior waging "bully fights" for Right Things as he understands them. The one makes right decisions, the other makes right fights. If the President were Chief Justice and Roosevelt were President things would go better.

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Our Friends The Railroads

A better understanding between people and railroads is desirable. There is no more reason in the nature of things why the railroads and the people they serve should be continuously at war than there is for any gentleman being at war with his coachman or his chauffeur. A more perfect understanding will make for a more perfect peace, and the more hearings held in public by the Interstate Commerce Commission the better will be the understanding.

This is not saying that either the people or the railroads are right as right can be, and that everything would be lovely if each could put himself in the other's place just as it is. That would not be true. Neither the railroads nor the people are now wholly in the right, but they would get right if they understood each other better. They would have to.

When a man like President Ripley of the Santa Fe is put forward as an exemplar of the railroad view of the railroad question and declares: that freight rates are absurdly low, that extortion has never been practiced, that the "what the traffic will bear" theory of fixing rates is the correct one and that the railroads should be unhampered in the application of that rule, we know that the railroad view is untenable.

When, also, railroads, in order to maintain their views in application seek to subvert government, control courts, resist regulation, advise all their employes to vote against all candidates proposing to regulate railroads in the public interest we know that the practice of railroads is as unsound as their philosophy and that there cannot be peace until they change their methods.

There is a great deal that the people do not know about railroading, but there is at least one thing that the railroad men do not know about the American people, unless they are just beginning to find it out. That is that the people can not be ridden over rough-shod, cannot have their legislatures systematically debauched, and their courts manipulated, without creating such a revolution as will make the railroads suppliants rather than autocrats. That much the railroad men must be taught at whatever cost to themselves or their country.

What the people do not know about the railroads is mainly how they are financed, what the money that goes into betterments comes from, or ought to come from, and upon what capitalization the people pay dividends and ought to pay them. Mr. Ripley has thrown some light on this subject.

He affirms that betterments and terminal facilities should not be paid for out of capital, but out of earnings over and above reasonable dividends to stockholders. This contention is sound if the betterments so made are not capitalized, that is, if they do not have issued against them shares of stock to be distributed to the shareholders as stock dividends upon which they are to receive interest ever after. Mr. Ripley lately declared that the Santa Fe company has expended forty millions in betterments that have not been so capitalized and made an interest bearing asset of the stockholders. If so, good.

The American people are not thick headed. They can be made clearly to understand that the betterments which the patrons of a railroad pay for should belong to the patrons of the road and not to the road itself in the sense that its stockholders would have a right to charge interest against them. Can the railroad operators be made to understand this too? If they can and will agree faithfully to respect such rights on the part of the patrons of their roads, the people will be well reconciled to the earning of a round surplus over and above a fair rate of interest, that surplus to be devoted to new stations, safer roadbed, more life saving appliances and better service. President Ripley demands that, if six per cent be paid in dividends, six per cent more should go into betterments.

That seems reasonable. The patrons of the Santa Fe will not object to it, provided they do not have first to create the improvements and then pay interest on them ever after. Let it be so nominated in the laws and enforced by the Interstate Commerce Commission, then we shall all be content and at least one bone of contention will have been eliminated.

The issues involved are all elemental. They can be understood. All they need is clearly to be stated to be fairly decided. Then, if the decisions be faithfully observed, we shall have amity and comity with "Our Friends the Railroads."

The Fiesta Spirit

"The fiesta spirit is very strong in San Francisco," remarked one who for many years has had his fingers close to the San Francisco pulse. So it is. It is not a bad spirit to keep alive, but it is a wonderfully poor kind of spirit upon which to lay the foundation of a great city. It was cultivated in Venice for no less than ten consecutive centuries, the most assiduously as special interests came increasingly to aspire to control. It helped to keep the common people interested in something diverting while the special interests were

gh their pockets and filched away their ·ignty.
nade Venice the smartest city in Europe. mart sets" were quite the swiftest and its life the most entertaining. Venice was ·ded by Paris, which has cultivated the spirit assiduously, and there are those ave wanted San Francisco to become the of America. That spirit scatters "chink" ·eps the cafes, the theatres and the hotels .partment houses brimming. A great ent clientele of spenders is a resource not despised. We must all admit that.
the fiesta spirit is the spirit of gaiety, happiness. Its purpose is to eat, drink e merry lest tomorrow we die. Those oster it have in mind the purpose of ıg the whole state to town to spend its change, as often as it has any, and so ate petty trade. It is hand to mouth ·hen hard times come, all the finery and of it are as insubstantial as a dream. vanish, leaving behind but poverty and)lf.
fiesta spirit is mercenary rather than ercial. It swells the passenger rather he freight traffic. It creates few chim- nd furnaces and sets no ponderous ma- y humming. It sends few argosies over ·as. Its habitat is in happy-go-lucky rn Europe, not in Glasgow or Liverpool, or London. It is ephemeral and un- · of the best product of serious minded It is the fiesta spirit and not the spirit nmercial and industrial enterprise that noting the Panama-Pacific exposition as future of San Francisco depended upon ch it does not. The future of San Fran- lepends upon the establishment of com- l arteries that ramify the western half earth, upon the utilization in manufac- f the three-and-thirty-million of horse- pouring, unused, from the summits of ·rras.
that the fiesta spirit is not good. It is n its place, good for an occasional gala ood to break the grim monotony of a lay world, but it should be the dessert t the staple of diet; the benediction, not vice that uplifts and strengthens. "The pirit is strong in San Francisco," strong ı as it is. It needs no fostering. What eed fostering is that broad commercial hat has development and not The Cinch object, the spirit to redeem deserts and s, rectify rivers, construct canals and he people of California how to make a rather than how to cover into one's cof- me dollar that some one else has made.

Buying Their Freedom

egro slavery days many a black man his own freedom and, afterward, that family. A kind master gave them one the week to work for themselves. With ·nings of that day they bought another ·y and then a third, and, finally, all the f the week, after which they bought a y for the wife, and another and another he became a free woman, when the two d teams and bought their children. By ·eans there came to be so many free s in the south as to be a menace to

hear much of wage slavery. Our mod- ıge system is a species of slavery, for ·rker is dependent upon the man who he tools and the opportunity to labor. cannot be entire freedom until the owns the tools and that opportunity. an he acquire them? That is one of the ·roblems of our day. Another equally s, how can he continue the business he shall have acquired the tools? He ·omehow learn that or little good will ·ls do him. He will be little better off he very small boy with a very large t turned loose in an orchard.

The first half of this dual problem was worked out four score years ago by many a black "daddy" and "mammy" working together. May not their white brother and sister do as well if they try?

The writer has in mind a factory employing four hundred hands and worth a hundred thousand dollars. It would necessitate some deprivation, some "cutting out" of the beer and pretzels, the vaudeville and car rides, to accomplish it, but if the workers in that factory were fighting for freedom for themselves and their families, as many a black family fought for theirs, they could lay by fifty cents each working day. This would mean $200 per day, $1,200 per week, $60,000 a year, allowing for holidays, or sufficient in two years to buy the whole plant outright and pay a considerable bonus for the privilege.

It is estimated that there were 40,000 workingmen in the labor day procession in San Francisco Monday. It would be possible, close scrimping perhaps but possible, if they knew that they were buying their freedom, for those men to have, on an average, fifty cents per working day each, $20,000 all told, $120,000 per week, or, allowing for holidays, $6,000,000 a year. How long would it take them at that rate to buy out all the industrial plants in San Francisco and become the owners of their own tools? Certainly less time than it required any black "daddy" to earn the emancipation of his black family.

But it is one thing to own the tools and it is quite another to be able to use them cooperatively! Perhaps unionism may teach men how to trust each other, how to submit to authority constituted by themselves and so bring a sound discretion to bear upon collective enterprises. If so, well and good. If not so, then that lesson must be learned some other how or labor can never be emancipated, can never be very far from dependence and subservience.

For the wage system stands next to the slavery system in that it not only does not possess the resources needful for its own employment, but it shirks the responsibilities of employment. In shirking those responsibilities, it likewise shirks the very experiences that develop strength, capacity, power. The slave takes no heed for how he shall be fed or clothed or housed. The wage earner takes no heed for where his wage fund is to come from, but only that he shall be employed when it suits him to work at what it suits him to receive. Such lack of responsibility is incompatible with industrial freedom, and the price of that freedom must be the burden which the capitalist now bears, that of ways and means, the securing of the raw material, the disposal of the product, the financing of enterprise.

Were those labor day processions marching toward the assumption of that responsibility or away from it? Will some one who knows be good enough to reply?

Are They Getting Ready?

Boston national banks have formed an association under the Vreeland emergency currency act of two years ago, the New York banks took similar action some time since and there are other movements in the same direction elsewhere. That act is not what the safety of the nation requires, but it is better for stopping a panic than unlegalized clearing house certificates. Is the banking world looking for another visitation that it is making this preparation?

This Also Is a Hopeful Sign

Extract from a would-be assemblymen's official statement of his campaign expenses:

"For eight men to loaf around Johnson banners, at $5 per, $40.

"$140 for bad whisky to make myself known in the 30th district, $140.

"LONN SCHAEFER."

Mr. Schaefer was defeated.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Did it ever occur to the reader that he is in fact a special creation of the Almighty? If he have an exaggerated ego it probably has. If he be a "common mortal" he may regard himself as very common but he is not. There is not in all the world another like him, never was and never will be. Moreover, he will go through all eternity a thing apart, much alone. The nearest and dearest friend he has on earth will be separated from him by an impassable barrier. His personality will still be his own.

There is, from this cause, a deep sense of loneness that comes to all of us. There are times when each of us feels that no one understands us, no one truly sympathizes with us, no one sees things as we do, and we allow ourselves to be made unhappy by the thought.

And yet this individualization is our most priceless heritage. It insures us eternal life. It guarantees us against being absorbed into anything short of the infinite. We shall be ourselves, not alone while the world stands, but while the heavens endure. We shall not be always as we are now, as we are not now what we were a decade ago or a year ago, but our identity will be preserved. We shall have our chance to make of ourselves something unique in all creation, but we shall have our lone watches while the universe endures. No one, except the God who made us, will ever understand us.

Do we recognize, and value at its worth, this priceless personality of ours? What is more important, do we recognize and value, and respect, the sacredness of personality of others? How sacred did The Christ recognize it! "Behold I stand at the door and knock," he said. Behold, then, The Man, the ideal of the race, the most puissant power in all the history of humanity, not venturing to intrude upon the privacy of the individual soul except that soul bid him enter in! What right have we, then, to thrust ourselves upon even the humblest of God's creatures, our opinions, our concepts of what they should become and do? Upon no account should we venture to do more than to stand at the door and knock, just loud enough to be heard, waiting for the word before we seek to enter into intimacy with even our own offspring.

Many a mother, gazing into the eyes of the babe at her breast says in her heart, "This is mine, born of my body, flesh of my flesh, mine to be answerable for, mine to make of what I will." She is mistaken. The babe is hers only in a qualified sense. It is hers to nourish, to lead, to surround with conditions favorable to growth, hers as her rose garden is hers, to be tended, watered, fertilized, but the "W. A. Richardson" will still be the "W. A. Richardson," and the "Cherokee" the "Cherokee," luxuriant and beautiful or mildewed and unattractive as she shall discharge her duty toward her rose garden, but every rose in it will persist to be what it is. Its individuality will be preserved, and it should be.

But the preservation of the individuality of the child is a million times more important than that of all the rose gardens that ever were. We cannot break it down if we would, but we can better the doors to its soul, we can disturb its tranquility, hinder its development after its kind, starve it, smother it, annoy it and make it uncomfortable, we can dwarf it and fill it full of ill health and morbidity, break its spirit, clip its wings, render it dependent. We can harm it for this life and send it to the next decrepit, misshapen and unprepared, but we cannot swallow it, assimilate it, make it our own. Though its body be begotten or born of our body, nevertheless it will be and persist to be as much a separate creation as this world is separate from other worlds. If we could get this truth into us how differently would our treatment be of those committed to our care! How much less satisfaction would we feel in being able to impose our strong will upon the weaker, but, not unlikely, equally healthy ones in our charge.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

The Latest in Begging

The "dummy racket" is the latest thing in artistic beggary, and is now at the height of its popularity amongst the "burlies" or "huskies" who are the aristocrats of mendicancy. The "burlies," by the way, look down on the "mush fakirs" whose attack on the "jungle"—which means every place except New York, Chicago and San Francisco—consists in "battering privates" only on the lowly village or rural "poultice route." The "burley" wants a "hand-out," but he must get it as a "set down," that is, be shown to a table and given a full meal, ending with pie. The "mush fakir" is content with bread and the doorstep.

But the more artistic of the "burlies" make a good living in the cities, "plinging ablebodied on the main stem," that is, collecting money from prosperous-looking people. There are no less than 500,000 beggars in the United States at the present time. Among them the "dummy racket" is the latest and most profitable scheme. It consists simply in the "burley's" determination not to speak nor seem to hear. He poses as a deaf-mute, in other words, and hands out a printed card with a sorrowful verse on it, asking for aid.

This, and much more interesting and illuminating information is contained in the first annual report of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy and Charitable Imposture. James Forbes, the director of the society, has offices in New York, and is constantly called on by the police of eastern cities to help ferret out such impostures.

Americans and "Old Masters"

The suspicion has been abroad for some time that there were an astonishing number of "genuine old masters" in American galleries. We have become so accustomed to pride ourselves upon the enterprise of our wealthy people in getting the choicest paintings of the old world right out from under the noses of the connoisseurs of Europe, by the simple expedient of accepting the dictum, "They come high, but we must have them," that we have failed to check up the figures on these importations and have scoffed at the effete art lovers of Europe who told us we were being played for suckers. But when somebody figured up that there were some thousands of "genuine" Rembrandts and Corots and Mauves in the United States, while the number of these same masters' works in European galleries remained undiminished, we began to have our doubts. Now comes a case that seems to prove conclusively that our touching tribute of faith in the productive powers of great artists is a misplaced faith and that the most touching part of the whole business is the "touching" of American purses by guileful European art dealers. In this case M. Carrier Belleuse, the French artist, was appointed by the French courts as an expert to pronounce upon the value of the paintings composing the gallery of Mrs. Hamilton Paine of Boston, and he has arrived at some conclusions not at all flattering to American purchasers of pictures. Mrs. Hamilton Paine brought an action against a pseudo French nobleman, said in reality to be the son of a London tailor, whom she accused of selling her at inflated prices a number of "old masters" which turned out to be clever frauds.

"What astonishes me is the simplicity of these Americans," says M. Carrier Belleuse. "After seeing some of the abominable paintings which composed Mrs. Hamilton Paine's gallery I cannot understand the error of the victim. A child would not have been taken in. It is certain that these worthy foreigners have a great deal of money, but they are entirely lacking in artistic sense."

That quotation hurts, probably because it is largely true. And the question arises, Why did Mrs. Paine, and why do others, buy these pictures? Do they really enjoy them? Or do they just want them to make a display? The answer is pretty obvious, and that hurts, too.

Enormous Business in Talking Machines

The man who invented and who still controls the manufacture of the Victor talking machines is Eldredge Reeves Johnson, a native of Delaware. He was born forty-three years ago. Without financial means to obtain a college education, Johnson drifted to Camden, N. J., where he worked at the bench in a machine shop. Later he drifted to the far West, which he did not like and where he had the unpleasant experience of going broke. Returning to Camden, he went into partnership with a friend, starting business with a capital of 50 cents each. The firm ran a machine shop in a room seventeen feet square. Johnson invented a wheat cleaner that afterwards made a fortune for other men. He invented a lamp burner that was a failure. Then he set about to take the squeak out of phonograph records, at that time regarded as a toy.

That was twelve years ago. The experiments of several years produced the perfected Victor talking machine. In 1901, Johnson's company sold $3,000,000 worth of them. In 1903, the sales had doubled. In 1905, the sales amounted to $12,000,000; in 1907, to $27,000,000. The panic dropped them 25 per cent, but in 1909 they were again $27,000,000, and this year's sales will exceed $30,000,000. Pretty good twelve years' work.

Japan's Great Commercial Growth

An English observer in the Far East notes that Japan is steadily forging ahead in the race for commercial greatness. He declares that she has passed the stage of "muck and truck" commerce, and now deals in all the modern elements of commerce on a dignified scale. She has not yet originated much, but she has shown originality in her imitation of foreign products. This imitation has, however, been disgraced by the grossest forgery of trade marks, which still continues.

Japanese coal controls the markets east of Colombo. Japenese vessels are rapidly driving English vessels from the China coast trade. Japan is in much the strategic position toward China, commercially, that England occupies toward Europe.

This observer finds reason to be apprehensive of the financial future of Japan. The heavy loan indebtedness of the Japanese government, her need for raising millions more for railways, and the poor administration of her finances, he thinks are bound to react upon the economic development of the empire. He finds an importunate cry for capital, but discourages individual investment by foreigners.

A dark side of the picture of her commercial progress is this observer's view of the spoiling of the aesthetic side of Japanese life and the submersion of the laboring class. He says of these things:

"From the aesthetic standpoint the results are already disastrous. The towns are being turned into unimpressive and unattractive hives of industry—built for the most part without any sense of architectural beauty and with the least possible regard for the preservation of the amenities of life. The landscapes are being vulgarized by the advertiser, and, in a lesser degree, by the Development Syndicate. The people, especially the women, are being subjected to the strain and stress of modern industrial competition, with but very few of the compensations or safeguards existent in western lands. There is more than a risk, owing to the demands on the worker, of his gradual brutalization."

Hobble Skirt "Provincial," Ugh!

Paris is not responsible for the horrid thing, anyway. America gets the blame. Paris calls it a "ridiculous and exotic style." Paris is horrified. Says the manager of the Maison Laferriere: "The hobble skirt cannot continue to exist. It is not worn among really smart women, only by those who wish to appear conspicuous in the street. It came to us originally from across the Atlantic."

The director of the Maison Rouff also declared in an interview that "American women tried to accustom Paris to this fantastic style of skirt which they liked, but they have not succeeded except very temporarily. Now is considered distinctly provincial and comm."

That settles it. Parisian women may not object to being "conspicuous in the str." Parisian women may not object to wear a "fantastic style." But to be "provin." never! The hobble skirt is doomed.

Italian King Condemns Dreadnoughts

A Neapolitan newspaper has publish a short interview with the King of Italy wh it states, was obtained by an Englishman ell known in public life. The authenticity o he interview it guarantees, although for ob us reasons it does not publish the English's name.

"In five years' time," the Kind said, "a ge of perfection will have been reached in the science of flying which will show how sh sighted the policy is to go on multiplying these monster ships. They offer a splendid target to an enemy, and the loss of on of them with all on board would be an immense national disaster.

"During experiments recently carried o in America oranges thrown from an aeroplane traveling forty miles an hour struck the huge of a warship at which they were aimed. Th gs like this should be ample warning that a 0,000,000 battleship may be crippled by an ae plane costing $2,250. Moreover, since an aeroplane can carry two passengers, it would be easy to carry 170 pounds of some strong explosive in bombs, which could be scatte over an entire fleet."

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of Californ in and for the City and County of San Francisco, D rtment No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,

Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaint

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFOR A:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien on, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answe he complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of he above-entitled court and City and County, within ee months after the first publication of this summons nd to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof situated in the City and County of San Francisco, ate of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Bid way distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from he corner formed by the intersection of the northerly ne of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street nd running thence westerly along said line of Broa ay twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) et, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so a ar and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to ry part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of any part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Cle

By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Cle

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was mad The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESS:
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Franc Californ

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Bl ing, San Francisco.

8-26-1

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF ENGLISH REVIEWERS

›py of the Literary Supplement of the' n Times has come to the writer's desk. ught great refreshment to the spirits. suggested a comparison with similar ·an reviews that is not flattering to our il pride. The nearest American parallel supplement is the similar supplement of w York Times. And what a difference! nglish reviews are written so obviously who know what they are writing about, n with a comprehensive knowledge of re as a whole, and, most striking of ices, by men who know how to write. l of the note of nervous haste that is so uous in American writings, instead of :cato phrases and the crisp, blunt words, l here a calm and orderly progression lea to idea, a rich and varied and supple lary, the easy charm of the finisned an, the assured touch of the man who how.

ne reads these English reviews one anew what we Americans have almost en, that our language contains words of ıan two syllables which, when used by d writer, add variety and grace and › prose without the least appearance of ion, without the slighest loss of sim- ınd clarity. When one pauses to reflect urrent American writings, is it not re- le how generally we have lost sight of essity for melody in the composition of ınd how poorly we have utilized the re- of our generous and flexible language? e not done, even in our more cultivated s, the thing we have protested we would lo, write down to the level of an as- ignorant mob? It seems to the writer influence of the yellow journal has, in ard, penetrated to the ranks of our best making them loth to use the words make possible the finer distinctions of g and the more delicate shadings of

RT IN "PARSIFAL" FOR PATTI

› Hale, who writes the editorial para- for the New Music Review, has been ing the story told by a Paris inter- about Adelina Patti and Wagner, and ıreful comparison of dates has decided :re may be something in it. Patti was as saying that Wagner told her he had mind for Kundry when he wrote "Par- Wagner was working at "Parsifal" in er '70s, when Patti was at her height ger, and according to the story, Wagner ıurice Strakosch in London that he was : on a new music drama in which there ›e a stunning part for his sister-in-law, Adelina, herself. Mr. Hale works it follows:

›urse, Maurice told this to Patti, who y thought of Kundry, and this idea ublished in the papers, when the me, as related by her to the interviewer, , of course, the musical world guffawed dea. But, though Patti certainly played foon to the world's "guffoon" in the s, has it ever occurred to you that Wag- ıo never lacked cold cheek) may really ›ld Strakosch just what she reported have told, only that he was not think- Kundry at all as a part for Adelina, but First Flower Maiden? Wagner always good thing when he struck it, and sup- Patti able to learn the part at all, she surely have sung it at that time as no ›oman in Europe could sing it. Nat- it never occurred to Her Divine Ma- hat Wagner could mean anything but ling part for her!

story is told that Judge Story and Ed- verett were once the prominent person- a public dinner in Boston. The former, ›luntary toast, gave: "Fame follows where Everett goes." The gentleman licately complimented at once arose, plied with this equally felicitous im- u: "To whatever height judicial learn- y attain in this country, there will al- ›e one Story higher."

MORE BIBLES THAN EVER

The British and Foreign Bible Society has just published its 106th annual report, showing that 6,620,024 Bibles, New Testaments, or portions of the New or Old Testament were distributed by the society during 1909. This is a record year, not only on the total, but on account of the 843,484 complete Bibles distributed, 493,000 of which are in the English language. The mission fields show a great advance in the number of Bibles taken, while the home fields and the continent show a perceptible falling off.

The Gospels have been published in six new languages during the past year. St. Matthew has been published in Ongom, the speech of a powerful Rantu tribe inhabiting the basin of the Gabun River in French Congo. St. Matthew and St. John have been published in Namau, the speech of 40,000 cannibals on the south coast of British New Guiana. For two tribes in New Caledonia St. Mark and St. John have been printed in Houallou, and St. Mark in Ponerihouen. For the Solomon Islands St. Matthew has been printed in Eiu, a dialect spoken on the Island of Mwala; while St. Luke has been issued in Raga, spoken on Whitsuntide Island, in the New Hebrides. All these six languages were reduced to written form in order that they might become vehicles of the Gospel. For the subjects of the Emperor Menelik a complete New Testament has at last been published in Tigrinya, a Semitic language spoken by 3,000,000 people in the Tigre Province of Abyssinia.

The marked increase in the issues during the past year is chiefly due to the advance of Christianity in the Far East. More than 1,500,000 copies of the Scriptures went out to China, and of these nearly 99 per cent were sold; while 356,000 books were circulated in Korea and 305,000 in Japan. In India, including Burma and Ceylon, the circulation rose to 780,000. In South America 155,000 copies, and in Canada 148,000 copies were put into the hands of the people, while 1,115,000 copies were distributed in Continental Europe.

Californian Poets' Corner

BALLADE OF THE NATURAL HEART

By Lionel Josaphare

To me it seems a glory to excel
Where nature placed the honor long ago;
And I prefer the nut with hardest shell;
The bread I eat I ask be made of dough;
The purest white is all I ask of snow;
And diamonds I ask in all my rings.
All honor to the rivers when they flow!
I claim the real, old, rigid rule of things.

When all is duly done I feel quite well;
Therefore I like my wagon-wheels to go.
Lines may be straight and not be parallel;
I want my oars about me when I row:
Indeed, I yearn to pay the debts I owe;
And I respect the little bee that stings,
Aspiring not to say "Yes," meaning "No."
I claim the real, old, rigid rule of things.

I wish to say "Ah" when a rose I smell;
And when I make my finger bleed, scream "Oh!"
For what is pain without the right to yell?
Why have I tears if not to wet my woe?
I like all things to do the best they know;
If but a leech and faithfully it clings.
There's beauty in the peacock and the crow.
I claim the real, old, rigid rule of things.

ENVOY.

Prince, bring me not bouquets where flowers grow.
On beggars I want rags; crowns on my kings.
I love to see the peasant use his hoe.
I claim the real, old, rigid rule of things.

OPERA PREMIERES IN AMERICA

Operas which have attained international fame in the singing theatres of the world have not up to now received their first productions in America, says the New York Times. There have been some attempts to bring out operas by native or semi-native composers here. Walter Damrosch's opera "The Scarlet Letter" is an example of this sort of thing, and the most recent case which comes to notice is that of "The Pipe of Desire," which was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House last season. But an opera by an internationally famous and popular composer has yet to receive its first performance in this country.

The history of opera shows us, however, that by no means all the operas by Italian composers have been produced in Italy or by German composers in Germany. Gluck, for instance, wrote operas for Germany, for Italy, and last of all for Paris, where his "Iphigenie en Tauride" and "Armide" were brought out. Donizett's "Fille du Regiment" was produced in Paris, and Verdi's "Aida" in Cairo.

These circumstances being well known, it seems strange that it has not occurred to the directors of the destinties of opera in America to order a few operas to be written for production here. If the idea was late in coming it has at last struck the town with force. During the coming winter New York is to have the privilege of witnessing the first production of three operas by three internationally famous operatic composers.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" and Humperdinck's "Konigskinder" will be given for the first time anywhere under the direction of the composers, and Liebler & Co. will inaugurate the starring tour of Miss Bessie Abott with the first production of Mascagni's as yet uncompleted "Ysobel."

The scores of the first two operas are completed and the dates for their production at the Metropolitan more or less definitely settled. "The Girl of the Golden West," for instance, has been announced for Dec. 6. And yet it is probable that the first of them to see the stage will be the new Mascagni opera, as the composer is now working on the scoring of the last act, and it is intended to have the opera ready for production at The New Theatre early in November.

When "Ysobel" is brought out, therefore, with the composer in the conductor's chair and Miss Abott singing the part, New York will have an opportunity of witnessing a first night which will bring prominent people from all over Europe to America. The scene will be repeated later with the other two operas.

It must be remembered that Mascagni is the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which belongs in the repertoire of every opera house in the world, and that Puccini is the composer of "Boheme" and "Madame Butterfly," which are equally popular.

HOW KANT WORKED

Kant, the great philosopher, cultivated peculiar habits which enabled him to accomplish a certain work in the world, says the London Globe. From the day he began to write until 60 years later we are assured that he kept the first two hours of the morning free from interruption, even eating his breakfast alone. No matter what the emergency, his family or servants dared not disturb him in these two hours of meditation. The rest of the morning until 1 o'clock was given to his work. At 2 o'clock he dined, always with invited guests, usually those interested in different pursuits from his own. Kant's effort was to rest and amuse his mind by contact with as many diverse intellects and characters as possible.

Kant entered the university of his native place when 16, but circumstances prevented him from taking his degree until 16 years later. So wedded was he to the scenes of his youth that it is said that he was never beyond a radius of 30 miles from the seat of learning to which he owed so much and which was so greatly indebted to him.

SAN FRANCISCO IN FESTAL ARRAY

NOTES OF COLOR AND CHARACTER IN ADMISSION DAY CARNIVAL

San Francisco is astir. This is gala week. The crowds on Market street are thickening with the added thousands of visitors. There is a nervous speeding-up of activity. The pace of the passing throng is quickened. More automobiles are darting about the streets, moving more swiftly than their wont, sounding their horns more sharply and insistently.

Color has been added to the gray aspect of the streets. Festoons of green are looped from pole to pole along the sidewalks of Market street, and the poles themselves spray out into blossoms of palms. Strings of incandescent lights hang over the streets, shaded with rosettes of gold colored paper. Every building is decorated with bunting in green and gold. Gilded papier mache bears growl over many entrances. Across the front of the St. Francis hotel, two paintings are swung, one bearing the legend, "Welcome N. D. G. W." and the other, "Welcome N. S. G. W." It's a pretty warm welcome, for the first painting represents ambushed Indians welcoming a prairie schooner with a nice assortment of rifle shots, and the second represents Indian braves on horseback in their time-honored feat of "circling" a small group of pioneers brought to bay, one of the latter appearing in the act of dying with one arm carefully draped over the supporting knee of a comrade. At last the eye detects above each painting the magic letters, "1849," which throws the pictures back into historical perspective but hardly clarifies the symbolism. It may still be objected that the Native Sons depicted in the paintings are the Indians—but what's the use. Wait, though: we have settled the symbolism, we have decided just what to make of the pictures. There isn't any symbolism.

Thus relieved, we turn to the north face of Union Square. Here is an inspiring sight. Five thousand school children sit on bleachers in the benignant sun, a band plays softly, a solitary woman waves her arms, and five thousand childish voices rise in patriotic song. We confess unblushingly to a lump in the throat and tears in our eyes. We know not what brings them, but something is inexpressibly moving in the sight of these young faces, and thrilling in the treble note of their swelling song. They are practicing for the Admission Day Festival, where they will sing as they did for Portola last year.

But to get back to Market street. Here the newsboys are crying:

"Get that festival programme! Festival programme, here!"

Men are clambering reed-like ladders, putting up the last rolls of bunting and the last gilded bears. Merchants are finishing the dressing of their show windows, and putting in the cards announcing their most appealing bargains. In vacant doorways the itinerant fakir is erecting his stand, where he will sell anything that nobody wants the day after circus.

The crowd itself is full of interest. The country folk have come to town, father and mother and the kids, but it is not, as they say at Coney Island, to laugh. Father and mother are pretty pert, thank you, dressed about the same and as well as their city brethren and sisters, and looking prosperous and contented Your Uncle Reuben with the foxtails and the billy-whiskers is conspicuously absent. They differ from the urbanites mainly in the fact that they are frankly enjoying themselves and don't care who knows it. The urbanites are walking a little more jauntily than usual and trying very hard to look sophisticated and superior, and showing that pretty plainly, too. Fortunately, however, one fails to observe here what is very common in New York, the being that someone has aptly dubbed "the city Rube." There is there a type of being as provincially urbanite as the traditional hayseed is provincially rural, and a much more offensive type he is, because he adds to conscious awkwardness a silly pride in his citified and benighted condition. In San Francisco one gathers that the city hasn't got too far away from the farm to be wholesomely affected by it, and that the farm has kept in close enough touch with the city to be alive to its advantages and to utilize them.

That lots of these people are from out of town is indicated by little things that strike the city eye as unusual. Family groups moving slowly up and down the streets at noontime, obviously continuing to walk only because they have no place to go to sit down, is one sign. Other groups settling this problem by sitting on the stone steps of banking houses is another. The mere presence of large numbers of family groups is, in itself, another. And the number of people carrying parcels wrapped in paper that has plainly been wrinkled by repeated tyings and untyings of the string, is another.

Of course the celebrations of the week are planned to amuse these visitors, and the amusements was planned to bring them here, and the bringing them here was planned to permit them to spend what they will in the shops of the town. It seems that the tradition of the shopkeepers runs back to prehistoric days, for have they not in all ages thus encouraged the thrifty agriculturist to "loosen up" on the store of wealth laid by at the harvest? Mayhap the agriculturist needs this gentle titillation of his purse nerves, at all events he rarely fails to get its subtle persuasion at the hands of the guileful tradesman. Pleasure for treasure is the bargain, and the county fair and Vanity Fair and the world's fair are parts of the age-old game.

The expectancy of waiting hopes is in the air. The shops show it in gorgeous and insinuating displays. The street fakir has scented it and has winged his way to the curbs to display his wares. A gleam of hope lightens the professional gloom on the face of the blind beggar on the corner and swells in the wheezy note of the ragged beggar woman in black as she turns the crank of her mournful hand organ. The bell-hop's feet from the Palace twinkle more spryly still as he shows a lady to the car, and his eye is brighter and his smile more shrewd as he bows to the proferred tip.

Now is a chance to catch certain popularities awing. Three styles of badges—where did the badge habit come from, by the way?—are the hope of the fakir's sales. The most popular is the Teddy—where have we heard that name before?—the Teddy bear, shrunk to the size of your thumb, and mounted for wearing in the coat lapel. The second is most improper, a tiny little china doll, clad like Eve before the fall, and bearing the burden of a song, "I love my wife, but, oh, you kid!" The third is a miniature reproduction of a glass of beer, with an illusion of the amber flood and the foaming collar, inscribed with the melodious and moving sentiment, "I feel so very dry." Wine and woman, and Teddy instead of the song.

Fiesta week comes opportunely. The Native Sons and the Native Daughters are coming into town. The order of Hoo-Hoos concatenate in the sounding aisles of the city instead of those where the dim woods ring. Barnum's circus, heralded by Tody Hamilton's aspiring alliterative adjectivity of phrase, comes with pomp and pageantry, cymbals and callliope, elephants and equilibrists. There will be no end of colors, crowds, music, money, fun and frolic, confetti and carefree gaiety. It may wind up with an empty purse and a buzzing head, but who cares now? San Francisco claims the palm of cities for mirth and for abandonment to the joyousness of the fiesta spirit. She held it ere the fire, she would claim it once again. In one bold week she would recoup her place and erase the hiatus in her long tradition of carnival.

This is the joyous side of the picture, and all this article pretends to show—the light and obvious, careless and superficial upper side of the show. Unquestionably it makes a pleasing appearance to the eye. To the student of economics it has another side, reflected in an editorial in the forepart of this paper. To the reveler, innocent or otherwise, it is a week to be memorable for many days.

SHEAR WIT

Falguiere, the sculptor, tells a capital story of Henner, the great artist, who, although he lived in Paris all his life, never lost his Alsacian peasant accent or his country manners. But Henner was a keen critic and had a clever way of showing his dislike of wordy enthusiasm. Falguiere, whose talent as a sculptor is known all the world over, was very fond of painting, but he did not paint particularly well. One day Henner was in his studio, and Falguiere showed him some of his pictures. "What do you think of this one?" asked Falguiere. "Suberp." said Henner, with his Alsacian accent. "Marfelous." "And this one?" "Broditchous!" "And this one?" "Suplim" Then he picked up a little bust which his friend had just finished: "Ah!" he said. "Now, dis good!" "I never painted after that," Falguiere used to say.—New Haven Palladium.

Here is a revision of the immortal tentmaker's work that a correspondent tenders: A book of verses underneath the bough; A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou—Beside me, sitting in the wilderness. The jug is mine, the book and bread for thou!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her husband was out walking with her for the first time since she had got her new hat satisfactorily trimmed. "Isn't it a perfect dream of a hat?" she remarked. "I said," she repeated, after some moments of silence, "isn't this a dream of a hat?" Still silence from the man. Then she ventured reproachfully. "Why don't you say something?" "Why, dear," he answered, "you seemed to enjoy your dream so that I was afraid of waking you."—Scraps.

"Now, dear," said a Yonkers mother, "when the cake is passed take a piece and say 'Thank you.' If it is passed again say, 'No, I thank you.' And should it be passed yet again say, 'Thank you, I don't care for any more.'" Unfortunately, it didn't stop there. The cake was passed yet again, and in relating her predicament the small maiden said: "I didn't know what to do, but then I happened to think of dear papa and I said, 'Excuse ME, but I take you no.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Of late she has been saving her pennies to buy a birthday present for her father, and as the time draws near she has been much in doubt as to what she should get. Recently she was in a street car with her mother when an inspiration came. "I know what I'll buy father for his birthday," she said. All the passengers smiled at her eagerness and listened indulgently to hear what she might say. Looking at her mother she said, so audibly as to be embarrassing: "I'll buy him a bottle of beer."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"One of my acquaintances is much interested in the Chagrin Falls Hunt club, and an onlooker at most of the functions of the organization," says Ward Jackson. "The other night he said to me, with some show of enthusiasm, that gradually he was getting acquainted with the club members. "'Why, Dan Hanna came right up and spoke to me today,' he said exultantly. "'Is that so,' I replied. 'What did he say to you?' "'He said, "Don't get too near that horse there or he'll kick your darn head off.'"—Cleveland Leader.

"Bill Sprague kept a general store at Croydon Four Corners. One day he set off for New York to buy a lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and, as Bill had lingered in New York sightseeing, they reached Croydon Four Corners before him. The goods, in an enormous packing case, were driven to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague came out to see what had arrived and with a shriek tottered and nearly fell. 'Oh, what's the matter, ma'am?' cried the hired girl. Mrs. Sprague, her eyes blinded with tears, pointed to the packing case, where upon was stenciled in large, black letters, 'Bill inside!'"

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Maid of the Untamed Hair

itiful tale as ever was told,
f a beauteous maid with dreamy eyes,
her bonnet was made a bushel to hold,
/hile her head was only of two-quart size.
re was vacant space for a foot or two
bove and around and everywhere,
l, alas! there was nothing the maid could do
xcepting, of course, to fill it with hair.

Hair of Malay, Hindoo and Chink,
Hair Polynesian and Afric hair,
Hair the straightest and hair a-kink,
All on the head of the maiden fair!

she sails the street with that mop of hair,
raight or twisted, or frizzled at worst,
I say as I gaze on the structure there:
The Lord only knows who has worn it
first";
her bonnet looms like a mushroom top
ipported by stem that is slenderly fair,
the men when they meet her quite fre-
quently stop,
ppalled by the lady, and more by her hair.

And this is my girl, and this is your girl!
And to her our love we were ready to
swear,
With her hair all straight or her hair a-
curl.
The piteous maid of the untamed hair!

* * *

When the Telephone Goes Astray

he telephone undoubtedly is useful, but
etimes it fails in its divine mission to help
kind to hurry a little faster. It failed with
the other night, and this is how it did it:
nes' wife gave birth to twins about a
th ago, and I had intended to congratulate
couple as soon as I met either of them.
ortunately, however, I met neither, and I
that I should delay no longer; so I called
r residence number on the 'phone.
ive me blinkty-blink double blink," I said
entral.
Blinkty-blink bl-z-z-z-z," said Central.
ou know how it is: Central always repeats
number, and not in one case out of six
you understand her, and then only by an
sight on her part, I am convinced.)
feminine voice said, "Hello!" Evidently
. Jones had responded.
trust that I do not call you from the
ery," I said, "at an inopportune time,
—"
ir-r!"
Double blessings come so rarely in this
ld of adversity," I continued, "that since
have been favored with twins you must—"
ir-r-r! I presume that you are not aware
you are talking to Miss Angeline Bor-
gh-Trubble!"
have never met Miss Borrough-Trubble,
I trust that I never will, but my house
ated for some time as a result of the force
which she hung up the receiver.
fter I had somewhat recovered from the
k I told Central that she had given me
wrong number, and again called for
kty-blink double blink. A feminine voice
onded to the call. This time I probably
Mrs. Jones, but I would make certain.
s this the Jones residence?" I inquired.
t is."
ll right. I could safely go ahead.
have been so desirous," I said, "to see the
little twins that were born to you that—"
Te he he he! Te he he he he he—"
ery singular conduct on the part of Mrs.
es, but I resolutely went ahead.
That I could scarcely wait to see your
ming little duplicate blessings and—"
Te he he—I'm the—he he he—I'm the nurse
he he he—"
asked the nurse to present my felicitations
Mr. and Mrs. Jones, but never again will I
mpt to congratulate anybody over a tele-
ne. It is too uncertain.

The Opinions of Rufus

I don't know any harder test of the religion of some people than they would have if belongin' to a church wus considered unfashionable.

When I c'nsider that woman wus made out of man's rib I can't help feelin' it would have been a mighty good thing if more of him had been used es well.

I've never met a man that I b'lieved could have made the universe but I've met lots of 'em that wus willin' to give the Almighty pointers on how it ought to have been done.

They say a feller feelin' makes us wondrous kind, but o' course it depends some on what the feller's feelin' fer.

Consid'rin' that solemnity an' wisdom ain't twins or even cousins, it's middlin' curious how often they're mistook fer each other in this world.

People are a good deal like the box of apples you bought: The best side of them is carefully placed where it will be the easiest seen.

My observashun of men leads me to more'n half b'lieve they's none that is reely good 'nough fer an everlastin' heaven an' none that ain't too good fer an eternal hell.

Even if Methuselah did live to be 'most a thousand years old, he didn't see nigh es much nor es interestin' es any man or woman livin' today hes seen.

They say that hell's paved with good intentions but if none of us ever had any we wouldn't stand much show of reachin' the other place.

The big porker that had captured 'most all the trough said they was nothin' grieved his soul like the heartless selfishness of the insurgents in insistin' that he ought to stand over some an' give them a show.

Hope is never in vain, Hiram. Even if it dies, haven't you noticed that it gives you a heap of pleasure while it lasts?

* * *

The Reformed Fish in the Purified Pond

Once upon a time there was a certain fishpond which had become sadly unclean because of the filthy habits of some of the fish that swam about in its depths, and therefore did the better fish bemoan themselves and righteously vow that the pond should be purified.

To this end, accordingly, they straightway organized the Insurgent Piscatorial Association, and so righteously did they insurge that ere long the pond was largely purified, and they were exceeding glad and rejoiced without ceasing.

"Behold!" they cried one unto another, "We have forever annihilated the boodle fish and the graft fish, the tenderloin fish and the higher-up fish! These are they which contaminated our pond, but now they are nit, and also they are aus gespiel!"

But, lo, even as they rejoiced, there were the boodle fish and the graft fish, the tenderloin fish and the higher-up fish, in their midst.

"What now?" they cried. "What do ye here? Avaunt, and also git, for your participation in our rejoicing is not seemly."

Then did the boodle fish and the graft fish, the tenderloin fish and the higher-up fish, explain with many explanations.

"Not so," they cried, "for, lo, we have been with you always in spirit and in sentiment. We have yearned as you have yearned and longed as you have longed, and our hearts' deepest emotions have stirred in response to your demand for better things and a cleaner pond. We did, indeed, conceal the fact, but this was only because our profoundest feelings forever are inexpressible."

Thereupon did the Insurgent Piscatorial Association slap them on the back as dearest friends, receive them into its membership and give them high and honorable offices.

And the last condition of that fishpond was worse than its first.

Moral—(If any man has not discovered the moral ere this, it would be useless to publish it for him. Others will not need it.)

Here's to the Race of Fools!

Here's to the race of fools! God wot
They're a cheery race to know,
For they smile no less though the sun shines not,
And they sing though the cold winds blow.
Well they know that the end is a six-foot home
With ne'er a partition or wall,
Yet they dance no less till the twilight gloam,
And never do falter at all.

So it's ho for the fools,
And it's hey for the fools,
And here's to the fools alway!
For they bring delight
To the darkest night,
And, "It's all for the best," they say.

But the wise, the wise, the profoundly wise,
It were surely an absurd thing
If, knowing the riddle of earth and skies,
They ever should pause to sing;
So they say "ho hum," and they say, "hum ho,"
And, "We are the People," they say;
But the fools dance on till the sun sinks low,
With joy in their hearts alway.

So here's to the fools,
To the race of fools,
With faith as a child's alway!
Though they feel the rod,
Yet they trust in God,
And, "It's all for the best," they say.

* * *

He Couldn't Endure It

"Their engagement is broken off."

"Why I thought they were very devoted to each other."

"Yes, they were, but—"

"But what?"

"He saw her in a hobble skirt."

* * *

Now Abideth the Politician

And now abideth faith, hope and the politician, but the most frequent of these is the politician.

He goeth forth in the morning and, lo, the voter drinketh right merrily at his expense.

And the voter's helpmeet, he greeteth her, and his kisses and microbes they are upon the lips of the little ones.

There is none whose saying he doth dispute; no, not one.

He proveth beyond peradventure that his opponent is a purloiner of sheep and abideth not in the ways of the just.

And the voters do beguile him, saying, "Inasmuch as a sparkle is upon the rye that the barkeep dispenseth, lo, it is recorded that we will vote for you."

Wherefore do they wink the eye right cheerily when he hath gone.

And, behold, he is with us always as election time draweth near.

And there is none who is registered that may escape him; no not one.

Wherefore, brethren, let us weep, for the day of the politician, who is eke a glad-hand artist, it is upon us, and we may not flee unto the mountains.

* * *

We Ought To Auto

We ought to feel that death is nigh
We ought to solemn be,
We ought to think our home's on high,
We ought to trouble see,
We ought to loathe this mundane sphere,
We ought to resigned feel,
We ought to do these things whene'er
We auto-mobile.

* * *

They Married for Love

"The marriage of the duke and Miss Richleigh was recognized as entirely one of love."

"Are you certain?"

"Oh, yes; he married her for love of money, and she married him for love of title."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Politics Galore During the past week there has been politics to satiety. The atmosphere has been charged with it. There has been no escaping it without taking to the tall timber and whoever took to the tall timber to escape it deserved to be devoured by the timber wolves. Our civic duty bids us stand and take our medicine. The season opened at the Central theatre in San Francisco with a keynote speech by Theodore Bell. It has been watched for with much interest. There are many who were curious to know if the changed situation would be signalized by a changed note on the part of Bell, if his voice would be at all modulated to the sane and safe tone, the Republican boot being on the other leg this year. Besides, the Republicans and Democrats of our own state, talking both at once if not in unison, through their respective state conventions, Wisconsin and Michigan, New Hampshire and Vermont, have claimed their meed of attention, to say nothing of the President and Colonel Roosevelt at the Conservation Congress and the tribulation of Ballinger. There has been much doing and mainly of a most satisfactory character.

Ding-Dong Theo. Bell The keynote address of Theodore Bell on Saturday evening last was an eminently satisfactory event. In many respects it was a brilliant effort. When Bell referred to those of us who have been over-much anxious to see how he would stand the test of altered conditions he declared, with a fine tartness we must allow, "You need not bother me with ordeals, tests or trials, but save them for yourselves. I have gone through them all when many of you were not beside me with your counsel, but before me with your swords. I have withstood those tests and trials, and have come out unscathed and self respecting and I pray that in the midst of all your paper talk about mucilaging your party together for another partisan battle you may emerge as clean and undefiled. If you must deny to me the simple tribute of having steadfastly kept the faith, please refrain from subtle intimations that I may be turned aside by votes and influences that you, yourselves, will make a desperate effort to retain, and with harmonious jubilation accept with open arms if they come within your reach." Very finely, effectively and even brilliantly said! The Watchman is disposed to take Theodore Bell at his word, to value him at par, and to rejoice in what he regards as the best possible condition for a redeemed California, a condition in which both parties and candidates are determined to be free. Time was, and not so very long ago, when both of them were willing enough to eat out of the Herrin hand and thought it no degradation. That was the worst condition possible. Heaven grant that it come not again. California can not endure half slave and half free, with one party chained to the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau and the other fighting energized and concentrated millions. It is glorious for both parties to breathe the air of freedom.

The Clarion Call Of Hiram Johnson But if Theodore Bell imagined that Hiram Johnson would sing low, now that he wants the regular votes of regular Republicans, he also underestimated the steadfastness of his opponent. In his address at the close of the Republican state convention Tuesday evening Hiram Johnson made it as clear as language could that, while he had no purpose to reopen the wounds inflicted during the campaign, nevertheless, as to the main issue upon which he had made it, the issue of a free state and the elimination of the Southern Pacific Company and William F. Herrin from control of the Republican party in this state, he would stand for no wavering, no concessions, no apologies, no compromise, no bargaining, compounding or yielding one iota from the stand he had taken. He would fight it out on that line to the end be the consequences what they may and, furthermore, he believed in carrying the war into every other commonwealth in the United States until there should come to be no foot of territory in the Union not in the political possession of free men. The language here used is not that of Mr. Johnson, nor so good, but it fairly epitomizes what he drove home again and again until the dullest comprehension could be in no doubt that, as to Herrinism and all it stands for, the black flag still waves. How splendid it all was and how splendidly did the convention rise to it! Some of us who have fought years and years, within the party, to see such a day, have experienced no such ecstacy of civic joy since the surrender of Lee and the fall of the Confederacy. It was glorious!

What Both Parties Have Declared For It will be borne in mind that, while the Republican state convention was sitting in San Francisco, the Democrats had tempted providence by assembling at Stockton, where the echoes of the Stockton convention of years agone still reverberate, severally deliberating on how to save the state. As all the delegates live in the same state and at the same time it is not surprising that both conventions thought much alike on many things. Briefly and substantially the two conventions were in agreement along the following lines:

The elimination of Southern Pacific influence in the politics of the state.

The elimination of partiasn politics from public institutions and administrative affairs.

Economy and efficiency in state government.

The non-partisan nomination and election of the judiciary.

Removal of the party circle and restoration of the Australian ballot.

Asiatic exclusion.

Reformatory for first offenders.

Reformation of criminal procedures.

Simplification of the Direct Primary Law.

Direct vote for the election of United States Senators.

Initiative, referendum and recall.

Railroad regulation and physical valuation of railroad properties.

The establishment by the national government of a Panama-Pacific steamship line similar to the one plying on the Atlantic side.

Conservation of resources within the state by the state, and nationally as well.

Improvement of roads and harbors.

With reference to these important issues the two parties travel roads essentially parallel and there is nothing to quarrel about as to them.

Republican Policies Not Also Democratic With reference to the tariff both conventions voiced their dissatisfaction with the present law and present methods of making a tariff, but the Republicans declared for the protection idea measured by the difference in labor cost at home and abroad. The Democrats dodged that very important issue. The Republicans declared for a non-partisan tariff commission. The Democrats were mum again. They distinctly fell down on that very important issue.

While both stood for the election of a United States senator by direct vote the Republicans demanded a state-wide free expression of advisory, primary opinion until such time as the constitution should be so amended as to elect by direct vote. The Democrats probably overlooked that. There is no good reason why they should not be for it.

The Republicans called upon our representatives in congress to join the forces of progress, the Democrats did not, but then they haven't anybody in congress.

The Republicans favored the short ballot, meaning such a reduction in the number of offices to be filled by election as will simplify elections. The Democrats forgot or dodged.

The Republicans declared in favor of home rule for counties instead of the abominable system of fixing up county government bills at the instance of senator and assemblyma without the people at home having anythi to say about it. It is constructive legislati of a high order. The Democrats overlook it, not being very constructive anyhow.

The Republicans declared for an employe liability act that will make the industry itse and not the employer or employe, carry t cost of crippling workmen. That the Dem crats failed to do this is surprising. At be they are belated.

The Republicans favored limiting and re ulating the use of injunction in state as we as in national affairs. The Democrats we caught napping again.

The Republicans declared in favor of allow ing the manhood of California again to vo on the issue of woman suffrage by the sub mission of a constitutional amendment. Th Democrats did not have the requisite courag to face that issue.

The Republicans approved the Panam Pacific exposition. The Democrats made noise that sounded like keeping mum on th issue so far as platform is concerned.

The Republicans declared for the Dem cratic idea of a national income tax and th ratification of the amendment therefor. Th Democrats forgot it, strange to say.

The Republican convention resolved i favor of a rigid enforcement of all anti-trus laws. The right hand of the Democrats for got its cunning that time, too. They shoul have been able to pump some thunder on that

It will be noted that the things the Repub licans stand for that the Democrats do no are mainly constructive.

Democratic Policies Not Also Republican The Democrats also got a few things in their platform that th Republicans did not think of, but they are mainly perfunctory things that are to be taken as matter of course and are about as significant as copying in the Ten Command ments would have been. They are:

"Equal protection and enforcement of the laws." Certainly.

"Retrenchment and reform in public expenditures." Of course.

"Eight-hour law particularly specified." The Republicans endorsed unionism, which amounts to much the same thing.

"Improvement of the public school system." Nobody will object, not even old bachelors or Indians not taxed.

"Fostering of agriculture, etc., etc.," squinting at, but not daring to say, district fairs. No chance for a fight on that.

"The encouragement of manufacturing and home industry." How not suggested. Very empty. As illuminating as a candle that has gone out.

"Reform of the fish and game laws and regulations." This is encroaching on the private preserves of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. Wonder how the Republicans forgot it! It is full of Herrin's handy men. However, Republican senators did not overlook their chance when the confirmation of W. G. Henshaw for member of the Game and Fish Commission came up. Honors are even.

"Preventing alien ownership of lands." There is some difference of opinion on this issue, but not along party lines.

Where the Issue Is Likely To Lie The Republican and Democratic candidates and platforms stand on the paramount issue of making California a free commonwealth, precisely alike and, The Watchman is disposed to concede, with equal sincerity of purpose. The Republican platform is characteristically progressive. It lays hold on what it touches with a firm grasp. The Democratic platform is characteristically timid. It failed to take hold as though it meant to do something as well as to be something. If there is anything in the Democratic platform that suggests concession to the safe and sane element it is this lack of robustness.

The campaign is likely mainly to pivot on

POLITICAL TABLE TALK—Continued

rsonalities of Johnson and Bell, both in rime, both morally and intellectually ut, as The Watchman sees them, dif- markedly in both fibre and size. It is respect to Mr. Bell to say of Mr. John- at he, Johnson, was cast in a much lar- ld, made of tougher fibre, endowed with splendid mental capacities and a more e and inflexible will.

Bell has made his own political ad- ent the study of his life, honorably and patriotically, as becomes ingenuous an manhood. It is not ignoble to as- a public life. Mr. Bell has joined ing that came along, cultivated ac- nce and planned for years to reach the now aspires to reach.

he other hand, Mr. Johnson has given f to the practice of his profession, not to discharge the duties of citizenship n occasion, to throw himself into con- vithout thought of self, waging "bully for Right Things because they were nd because it was right that he should. s juncture Mr. Bell desperately wants governor. Mr. Johnson desperately to see the fight he has spent half a making completely triumphant. That's ference.

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endent Why Finally, a transcendent reason why the Republican party should triumph in the forth- election is that defeat would be ac- as a repudiation by the party of all iis newer and freer Republicanism for. Just think what it would mean to st important movement of our time if llette and Beveridge, Norris and Mur- should be defeated for election in their ates! Think what it would mean if the won at the primaries by the Progres- ng of the Republican party in New hire and Michigan should result in ratic and not Republican success! It be a national calamity. And there is no the Union, unless we except New in which the triumph of a progressive icanism would mean so much to the as in California. Here is the Demo- great temptation. Here is the reason patriotism on the part of Mr. Bell that be absolutely forgetful of self and of would prompt him to make the elec- Johnson unanimous. Here is the rea- y every Democrat who registered as a can to help nominate Johnson should r Johnson to help elect him. Satan e to the mountains to view the situa- large, and he hasn't gone alone.

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g orks There is a deal of idle talk in the newspapers as to the result of the advisory vote for United senator, much of it with the evident of booming Spalding through whether The truth is just this: Judge Works the larger number of votes in the t, under the fearful and wonderful ad- provision of the primary law, even a vote throughout the state does not Mr. Spalding has received a plurality the larger number of districts through- state, at least presumptively, **if the atic districts be included.** But the cifically reads thus: "Members of the re shall be at liberty to vote either choice of their respective districts ex- at such primary election, or for the e who shall have received the en- nt of their party in the greatest num- districts electing members of **such** o the legislature." This eliminates e Spalding vote all Democratic dis- rried by him and leaves Judge Works tate-wide plurality, which has a moral , and a plurality of **Republican legis- stricts,** so far as it can now be fore- how the elections will turn out in er. Nothing can be certain until November election shall have been t the preponderance is positively on of the candidacy of Judge Works. he rest, wait and see.

The Watchman's Convention Notes The Watchman has attended, first and last, a good many Republican state conventions. This was different. It was tanned. It was largely made up of men who are out in the sun working for a living. There was an absence of rotundity of figure, of that peachblow complexion, faultless attire and shaved neck which so becomes the barkeep and the political odd-jobs man who helps the barkeep hold up the bar from the other side. This convention was made up of those who work. There was no flabbiness in it. Many visages were deeply chiselled. The delegates were mature men.

The old guard was absent, conspicuously so. Many "organization" delegates did not attend. The few that were there joined in the cheering sparingly. It was their funeral and they behaved as well regulated corpses should in such cases. They just lay low and, with the exception of John McNab, sang low.

The speech made by Chester H. Rowell in taking over the gavel from the "organization" chairman of the state central committee was a fine effort. It will read even better than it sounded. It was in good temper, but straight from the shoulder and thoroughly intelligible.

The address made later by A. J. Wallace, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was also admirable. To many of the delegates Mr.

WHAT HE IS NOT DOING

Wallace had been merely a name. After they heard him he became a fixed quantity in public affairs. He had measured up far beyond their expectations.

There was not a false note in the whole proceedings. Not a word of buncome was spoken or read or adopted into the platform. There was a sincerity and frankness that was refreshing and that made it good to be there.

It goes without saying that the address of Hiram Johnson at the close was full of fire and high resolve. That was expected of him and he made good, absolutely good.

The platform committee made one mistake. It endorsed the good roads bond proposition, at least inferentially. The state is not ready for that yet and will not be until it has placed its engineering forces in better shape to grapple with it. It was a scheme to spend public money to political advantage, crude and undeveloped. It can wait. It should be voted down and not up. That was the only false step from start to finish.

The McNab Incident The McNab incident was in some respects unfortunate. The convention had adopted the customary rule that all resolutions go to the resolutions committee without debate. Mr. McNab failed to send his resolution to the committee at all but sought to bring it before the convention after the platform had been reported. There he was tactically at fault. Had he taken his resolution to the committee, and the committee had rejected it, he would have had a right to appeal from its decision. However, The Watchman felt, and still feels, that the convention could have afforded to be more generous. Very likely it would have been had it not been that Mr. McNab's manner and method indicated a purpose to obtain by indirection that which he might not obtain directly. He should have moved to amend the section endorsing the President by substituting his own and, after the question had been put, then debating it. It has seldom happened that a platform has been amended after it left the hands of the committee on platform, but there should be freedom to amend and to debate amendments. A progressive Republicanism may well stand for freer methods in that regard. However, the platform correctly voiced progressive Republican sentiment regarding the President. He is not entitled to more until he does more.

The Watchman supposed, when Mr. McNab took the platform, that he was going to offer a resolution commending the Gillett administration. That would have precipitated a merry war, not that the convention has anything against Gillett except that he owes his political existence to a political system that has been overthrown, and he has not been disobedient to that system. To have endorsed him would have been stultifying. The best thing that could be done was done. The face was turned the other way in silence and the state moved forward to higher ground, with "charity for all and malice toward none." Let us hope that James N. Gillett will be the last of the corporation line.

Many "organization" men will feel as George Knight, always an "organization" man, is reported to have expressed himself as feeling, glad that the old order has changed. It was dominated, as he declared, by essentially small men. It was. No big man will take orders from a boss. That shut the big men out and left Herrin naught but intellectual and moral mediocrity with which to run a government. It is a wonder that he did as well as he did.

Great News From the East Joy is experienced in all progressive hearts, whether Republican or Democratic, over the victory which La Follette has won in Wisconsin. It was a hard fight, because all the powers of privilege were against him. The interests felt that if La Follette could be downed in his own state, and by the people at large, it would deal insurgency a staggering blow. But that blow did not arrive. It hit the air. La Follette won in a great dash to look back chagrined to find that his competitors had been distanced at the quarter pole. Great news!

And Michigan! Julius Caesar Burrows, who "got things" for his state by eating out of the hand of Aldrich, is rubbing his eyes in a vain effort to understand how the Michiganders could be so ungrateful.

And that dear old granite state! For a generation a political dependency of the Boston & Maine as California has been of the Southern Pacific, well, it went insurgent, too, and there will be some more congressional candidates declaring that as for Cannon, he is not for them.

In Vermont the insurgents had not done much and the "organization" conducted the campaign with a dearly bought and scanty victory over the Democrats and free Republicans. The campaign had the moral value of a victory for Right Things if no other.

"God reigns and all is well in his world."

A Snapshot of The Convention A visitor to the Republican state conventioned likened it to a family reunion. He noted that good-natured jubilation was the key of the temper of the delegates. There was no rancor, no bitterness. The only references to the late campaign were made in friendly banter. None the less the delegates were profoundly in earnest. Noteworthy was the high class of men, many of whom were present at a state convention for the first time.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22294

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law, 729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-10t

ANALYSIS OF AMENDMENT NO. ONE

By CARL C. PLEHN

(Prof. Plehn, by far the best authority on the subject in the state, has kindly consented to prepare a series of short articles on Amendment Number One for The California Weekly, which we hope will meet a want on the part of those who seek information, and also promote discussion upon those features in regard to which two opinions may be held. Questions asked through these columns will, we are quite certain, be readily answered by Prof. Plehn. The staff of The California Weekly is not thoroughly convinced that the amendment is yet in the form it should take before being adopted by the people and, for that reason, welcomes brief discussion of the subject, point by point. Make the articles short.)

As the preamble states, the amendment opens the way to the separation of state from local taxation. To this end it adds a new section to article XIII of the constitution, which article is the one dealing with revenue and taxation. It leaves the old sections unchanged, except in so far as they are modified by the provisions of the new section. Section 10 of article XI, a section in the article relating to counties, cities and towns, is repealed because it prohibits separation.

The amendment provides that certain taxes on the property of certain classes of companies, as named and described below, shall be exclusively for state purposes. It leaves the old system of ad valorem taxation on property in general other than that of the classes named, for the use of the counties, cities, school and other districts. The term companies is defined to include persons, partnerships, joint stock associations, companies and corporations.

The taxes reserved for the state are:

(1) On the operative property of railroad companies, including street railways, at the rate of four per cent of their gross receipts annually.

(2) On the property of sleeping car, refrigerator car and all other car companies at the rate of three per cent of their gross receipts annually.

(3) On the property of express companies at the rate of two per cent of their gross receipts, annually.

(4) On the property of telegraph and telephone companies at the rate of three and one-half per cent of their gross receipts annually.

(5) On the operative property of all light, heat and power companies at the rate of four per cent of their gross receipts annually.

All the non-operative property of the above corporations is left subject to local taxation.

Street car companies must pay, as now, the two per cent of their gross receipts to the cities under the Broughton Act, for the enjoyment of their franchises in the public streets and this is in addition to the four per cent paid to the state.

(6) Insurance companies are to pay one and one-half per cent of their gross premiums. The real estate of insurance companies is to be taxed locally as now.

(7) Banks are to pay six-tenths of one per cent on their capital stock, surplus and undivided profits, but there is to be deducted from the capital stock the assessed value of their real estate, which will be taxed locally as now.

(8) All franchises other than those included in the property taxed as above are to be valued and taxed at the rate of one per cent ad valorem.

The rates of taxation set down in the amendment can be changed only by a three-fourths vote of the legislature.

The gross receipts upon which the taxes are to be computed are defined in accordance with the law that has been in force in Minnesota for over half a century and which is supported by numerous decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and of the state courts.

The State Board of Equalization is made the board of assessment for banks. But it is left to the legislature to determine who shall administer the other taxes.

The amendment makes it obligatory on the legislature to continue the present contributions from the state funds for the common schools and other educational purposes. It provides that the property of the classes mentioned shall be subject as heretofore to taxation to meet the interest and principal of outstanding bonded indebtedness of the cities, counties, school districts, etc., where such property is located.

It provides further that in case the state revenues from the taxes named are not suffi-

(Concluded on Page 668)

NOTICE REDUCTION OF CAPITAL STOCK

A Special Meeting of the Stockholders of PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY will be held at office of the Company, Room 1006 Metropolis B Building, Market Street, San Francisco, on Thurs September 15, 1910, at the hour of 12:30 P. M., the purpose of diminishing the Capital Stock of Corporation from 50,000 shares to 10,000 shares.

PARKIN-HOWARD COMPANY.

By John Parkin, Secretary

7-8

SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS. NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE R CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a re lution and order of the Board of Directors of the R CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPANY, a poration organized and existing under the laws of State of California, unanimously adopted at a regu meeting of said Board, duly held on the 1st day July, 1910, at the office of said corporation in the C and County of San Francisco, State of California, meeting of the stockholders of said corporation hereby called for and will be held at the office of s corporation in the Foxcroft Building, Number 68 F Street, in said City and County of San Francisco (s place of meeting being at the principal place of bu ness of said corporation and at the building where Board of Directors usually meet), on Monday, the 1 day of September, 1910, at 2:00 o'clock, in the aft noon of that day, for the purpose of considering acting upon the proposition of increasing the cap stock of said corporation from Seventy-five Thousa ($75,000.00) Dollars, divided into Fifteen Hund (1500) shares of the par value of Fifty ($50.00) D lars each, to Three Hundred Thousand ($300,000.0 Dollars, divided into Six Thousand (6,000) shares the par value of Fifty ($50.00) Dollars each.

The amount of increase proposed in the capital st of said corporation is Two Hundred and Twenty-f Thousand ($225,000.00) Dollars.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at the sa time and place there will be submitted to said sto holders meeting the matter of increasing the num of Directors of said corporation from Three memb to Five or more members to thereafter constitute Board of Directors, and to elect such additional dir tors.

AND NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that at same time and place, there will be submitted to s Stockholders' meeting the matter of repealing By-La amending By-Laws, and adopting new By-Laws, a that said meeting is called for the purpose of consid ing and acting upon all of the propositions and m ters hereinabove named and such other business as m properly come before such stockholders meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated July 1st, 1910.

RIO CIMARRONES PLANTATION COMPAN

(Seal) By R. C. Shaw, President.

By L. W. McGlauflin, Secretary

7-8

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location principal place of business, San Francisco, California

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of t Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was lev upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable mediately to the Secretary, at the office of the co pany, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ Any stock upon which this assessment shall rema unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will delinquent and advertised for sale at public auctio and, unless payment is made before, will be sold the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinqu assessment, together with costs of advertising and penses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary

Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REA ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. 10.

In the above-entitled matter the verified petition Michael Dugan, administrator of the estate of A Dugan, deceased, for an order of sale of all of the r estate and personal property of said deceased, havi been this day presented to the Court, and it appear to the Court from such petition that it is necessary a that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best terests of the said estate and of those interested there to sell the whole of said real estate and personal pr erty in order to pay the debts outstanding against s decedent, and the debts, expenses and charges of a ministration, and for the purposes and reasons me tioned in said petition, and the said petition havi been this day filed herein,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that persons interested in the said estate be and appe before this Court, Department Ten thereof, in t Grant Building, on the southeast corner of Market a Seventh Streets, in the City and County of San Fra cisco, State of California, on Friday, the 19th day August, 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., then and there show cause why an order should not be granted said executor for the sale of all of the real estate a personal property of said estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this ord be published for four successive weeks next precedin said day in "The California Weekly," a newspap printed and published in said City and County of S Francisco.

Dated, July 15, 1910.

J. M. SEAWELL, Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed July 15, 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Executor, No. 17 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal. 7-23

A RENEWED CHARTER FOR A RENEWED CITY

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO SAN FRANCISCO'S CHARTER

By HARRIS WEINSTOCK

here are, so to speak, new styles in city
rters as well as in spring bonnets. "The
ld do move" and so we find that municipal
s which seemed perfectly to fit the condi-
s of today, are tomorrow found to be a
fit.

very once in a while a new municipal wave
eps over the country and leads scores upon
es of cities to change the fundamental
s of their local government.

his is not to be deplored but is rather to
regarded as an evidence of progress. The
erican, unlike most orientals, has little rev-
ice for laws which have nothing to com-
nd them other than their age or mere tradi-
s.

/hat has put the American manufacturer in
world's industrial forefront has been the
rage he has displayed in today casting upon
scrap pile costly machinery that but yes-
ay, so to speak, was looked upon as the
in the world, but which had to make way
something still more perfect.

/hat will ultimately put our American cities
ne world's forefront for good municipal
ernment is this same spirit of irreverence
laws that but yesterday were looked upon
deal, but which must make way for other
regarded today as still more ideal.

One-Man Government in Cities

was not much more than a decade or so
when a municipal epidemic broke forth
cities north and south, east and west, were
ging their city charters with the view of
ralizing power in the mayor, thus largely
olishing the one man power system. This
done on the theory that the one man
er system located responsibility and when
gs went wrong enabled the people to put
finger on the sore spot.

r a time, the system worked fairly well in
e cities. The uncommon power that this
m gave the mayor for good or for ill,
a great incentive for the unholy among the
s to make heroic efforts to get their man
e mayor's chair so that through him they
l run and own things.

n Francisco was among the cities that
ted the one man power plan of govern-
. The people found, however, that when,
example, they got a Eugene Schmitz in
nayor's chair they were very much in the
ion of the man who lies helpless before
nemy. The people discovered that the
man power system was a system full of
t consequences to themselves should they
unfortunate as to select an unfit man for
nayor's post. Other cities found out the
thing and the one man power idea soon
l itself on the wane.

The Commission Plan

an improvement on this system the so-
l commission plan of municipal govern-
was brought into life. This system in
at least among the moderate sized cities
e country, has swept over the nation and
fair to become the prevailing system until
n deemed still better presents itself. Un-
he commission form of government, the
s of a municipality are placed in the
s, usually, of five men, each in charge of
important municipal department. Col-
ely they act as the municipal legislative
and separately, as, more or less, inde-
nt executives.

the recent San Francisco city charter
ntion, the question of adopting the com-
on plan of government for this city was
ssed at great length. The consensus of
on reached, however, among the dele-
was that the system is still in too much
experimental stage to be recommended,
as yet it has not been attempted by any
n America containing more than a frac-
of San Francisco's population. Some
erhaps in the not far distant future, the
on will again be brought up in our midst
different results.

San Francisco Charter Outgrown

The recent city charter convention found that in the brief period of a decade the city had outgrown its municipal laws. The time at command was insufficient to re-make the charter as a whole. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to deal only with the more salient points needing attention, with the view, immediately after the coming fall election, of reconvening the convention and utilizing the next two years for the preparation of a complete new instrument.

Of the nine proposed amendments prepared by the charter convention, I shall, in this response to the invitation of The California Weekly to prepare an article for publication in its columns on charter amendments, confine myself to the three or four proposed amendments which to my mind are the most important and which if approved by the people at the polls will largely, in my opinion, change for the better our form of local government.

Requiring Majority Rule

The most important of these several prospective amendments is the one providing for a majority rule. One of the fundamental principles upon which American government is based is that of the rule of the majority; and yet, this city, in common with many other American cities, has frequently found itself ruled by officials representing a minority of the voters. There is always danger of this where the three party system prevails, thus defeating one of the fundamental principles of a true democracy. To overcome this weak spot in our political system, an amendment is to be submitted, not unlike that which has recently become known as the Berkeley system, now in operation in our neighboring city of that name. Under the proposed change there is no limit placed upon the number of candidates who may submit their names to the voters at the primary election. Out of a possible multitude of candidates for any one office to be voted upon at a primary election, should any one candidate receive a majority of all the votes cast, he would be declared elected. Should no candidate receive a majority of votes cast, then all but the two candidates receiving the highest number of ballots are dropped and the voters are called upon at the regular election which shortly follows, to choose between the two, thus insuring a majority election.

Direct Nominations Simplified

Another important proposed amendment is the one providing for direct nomination in the simplest possible form. At present a citizen wishing to become a candidate for public office must go to the seemingly needless trouble and expense of circulating petitions and getting a large number of signers. This costs him a considerable sum, is an interminable nuisance to voters, who are pestered from all sides to sign an endless number of petitions for the usual large number of candidates for public office and adds nothing to the possibility of securing good government. Under the proposed amendment any citizen can become a candidate for any municipal public office who can bring to the public registrar not less than ten nor more than twenty sponsors who under oath will vouch for his fitness. There is little danger of more candidates submitting themselves to the voters under the proposed than under the present system, since few men care to offer themselves as candidates for public office unless they feel assured of a reasonable number of votes. The ridicule and humilation following a pitifully small vote are powerful restraining influences even with the vainest.

Initiative, Referendum and Recall

The next important amendment deals with the initiative, the referendum and the recall. The only provision for the referendum in the present charter is the one which provides that ordinances involving or granting any city franchise for the supply of light or water, or for lease or sale of any public utility or for the purchase of land of more than fifty thousand dollars in value must be submitted for approval to the vote of the electors.

We have recently heard much of the likelihood of the present Board of Supervisors rescinding the act of the previous board which drove out the slot machines, and bringing back into life this modern evil.

The Board of Supervisors under the present charter have the power to do this pernicious thing. They have the power to re-establish a condition which in the interest of the few, means the moral degradation of the many. Means not only robbing the wives and the children of many small salaried men as well as the wives and children of wage earners of the ordinary comforts of life, in order that the insatiable appetite of the slot machine may be appeased, but it also means arousing the gambling habit in the youth of our city with all its dreadful and almost inevitable baneful consequences to the victims of the vice. Under our present city charter the Board of Supervisors, despite the protest of the people, have the power to do this and for the time being the voters would be helpless. Under the proposed change in the referendum, a petition containing the names of five per cent of the voters would compel the Board of Supervisors to submit such ordinance to the vote of the people at the next election, who could repeal it. A petition containing seven per cent of the names of the voters would suspend the measure until the people had voted upon it.

Smaller Percentage For Initiative

In the matter of the initiative, that is, permitting the voter to initiate legislation, the present charter calls for petitions containing 15 per cent of the names of the voters before a proposed measure can be submitted to the people. This percentage was deemed needlessly large and tending to hamper initiative legislation. The proposed charter amendment provides that four per cent of the voters shall have the right to initiate legislation and that when ten per cent of the voters sign the petition a special election must be called.

The recall has in various cities been found an excellent remedy for cases where the people had unknowingly elected to public office unfit or incompetent men. Our present charter has within it a recall provision, but it is made almost prohibitory because it requires the recall petition to contain the names of thirty per cent of the voters. Since only about sixty per cent of the registered voters cast their ballots at the average election, this means getting the names of about half the actual voting population. Under most circumstances this is almost impossible. Many voters dissatisfied with the conduct of the official about to be recalled and who at the election would vote against his retention, hesitate to sign the recall petition through fear that if it should fail, they might find themselves treated as a target at the hands of the offended official. The proposed amendment reduces the number of signers required to a recall petition to ten per cent or a minimum of 7000 votes.

If nothing more should be achieved at the coming charater amendment election than the the adoption of the several foregoing amendments a great step will have been taken locally in the direction of good government and an important stride will have been made toward putting San Francisco among the cities of the country that are making the speediest progress toward clean, decent, honest municipal rule.

For the first time the Kaiser's prize, the most coveted of all honors at the University of Berlin, has been awarded to a woman this year. The winner is Fraulein Schwenke, one of the first women to matriculate in the university when it was thrown open to women in 1908. She is a daughter of Herr Schwenke, chief director of the Royal Library in Berlin.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5900.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

Parcells Safe Co.

SOLE AGENTS

DIEBOLD SAFES AND VAULTS

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Savings (THE GERMAN BANK) Commercial

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526 CALIFORNIA ST., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,555,093.05
Deposits June 30th, 1910	40,384,727.21
Total Assets	43,108,907.82

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; Second Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; Third Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS — N. Ohlandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

("Amendment No. One"—Concluded)

cient to meet the state's needs there may be a state ad valorem tax on all property, including property of the classes named.

To tide over the period of change and readjustment two counties, San Bernardino and Placer, are, until the year 1918, to be re-imbursed by the state for what they lose in railroad taxes, and any districts which may suffer by the sudden change are to be aided from the county general funds.

The legislature is required to pass the laws necessary to carry the new system into effect.

In explanation of the above rates it may be stated that they are fixed on the theory that these proportions of the gross receipts will in each case equal the average burden of taxation on other classes of property.

The attempt has been made by the legislature, in re-submitting this matter to the voters, to meet the principal objections which were urged against the reform amendment. One of these was that in case the revenues set apart for the support of the state shall prove insufficient the corporations of the above classes would not be taxed to make up the deficiency but that tax would fall only upon other classes. The new amendment provides that all shall bear this alike.

Another objection was that it was not clear whether the property of the corporations would continue to be subject to local taxation for the payment of interest and principal of bonded indebtedness incurred prior to the adoption of the new system. This has now been made clear.

Another objection was that if it should appear in the future that the rates of taxation levied upon the corporations were insufficient they could be changed only by a constitutional amendment. Under the new amendment they may be changed by the legislature but only by a three-fourths vote which is designed to prevent hasty and ill-considered reductions or increases.

WHAT LINCOLN STEFFENS THINKS OF THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

The staff of The California Weekly was made almost proud on the reception of the following letter from Lincoln Steffens, and for the reason that there are few men in America in a better position to know of the things of which he writes. His good opinion is an asset.

But he has rather better expressed the purpose of The California Weekly than its own staff has been able to. The state is entitled to have a soul, not two but one, large-minded and generous, and if The California Weekly shall be helpful in the discovery and development of such a "Soul of California" it will abundantly justify its existence.

Editor California Weekly:

We hear it said that there are too many magazines, weeklies and other publications in this country. I think there are not enough. I think there are not enough magazines to represent half the thought, facts and feelings of the American people. And I think that besides the more magazines needed, we should have also more local or territorial monthlies like the Pacific Monthly, the Sunset, the New England Magazine, etc.

And so in the weekly field we should have not only national weeklies, like Colliers, for example, but local or provincial weeklies, like the Mirror in Missouri and The California Weekly. And these are needed not alone for their local service to the people in their province but to those of us also who want to know what parts of the people are thinking, feeling, and doing. The California Weekly I find to be indispensable if I am to keep track of California. You do that well. I could wish that you would lead your people a little faster; I think they would follow a little faster if their leaders would but dare to lead, but I think you do reflect the progressive movement in the state, and are serving a function there which your readers, probably, do not all appreciate. **You are developing a community sense, a consciousness of the state of California as a whole.** And the people of the state need you more than they know. For there really is no such thing yet as "The People of California." They don't think together, nor do they feel as an entity. (I say this in spite of the returns of your primary election.) If you go on giving expression to the common thought and feeling of the whole people, you will produce a very beautiful thing: **the soul of a state.**

And you are fit to do that, because you have at least one quality that is inherent in our state: a sense of the beautiful. **The California Weekly is one of the best written publications in the country.** And this is not my judgment alone. It is the judgment of all the editors East here who have tried to get members of your staff to write for them.

I sincerely hope you will have no trouble in tiding over the period that it takes all young publications to become known to the readers who would like to read them if they knew about them.

Yours sincerely,
LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Little Point, Riverside, Connecticut, Aug. 28, 1910.

HONOLULU AND BACK

Reduced Rate $110 FIRST CLASS

The splendid steamship SIERRA (twin screw, 10,000 tons displacement), makes trip in 5½ days. R. T. tickets good for 4 months. Sailings, Sept. 10, Oct. 1 and every 21 days. Book now. Honolulu, most attractive spot on entire round-the-world tour. Volcan Kilauea now unusually active.

LINE TO TAHITI AND NEW ZEALAND: S. S. Mariposa sails from S. F. Sept. 11, Oct. 17, etc. Tahiti and back, first-class, $125. New Zealand (Wellington) and back, $246.25. Good 6 mos. Write or wire

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The Cross Roads of the City

Capital Guaranteed	$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	300,000.00
Surplus	400,000.00
Profits	45,000.00

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Attorneys—J. C. McKinstry and D. C. Murphy. Geo. A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Assistant Cashier; A. E. Curtis, Assistant Cashier.

Entrance to the First National Bank

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

POST & MONTGOMERY

Checking Accounts Cordially Invited.

CAPITAL $3,000,000.00

SURPLUS and PROFITS . . . 1,900,000.00

FIRST FEDERAL TRUST COMPANY

POST & MONTGOMERY

CAPITAL $1,500,000.00

3½% per annum on deposits.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

JED MOVES TO TOWN

BY

A. JUDSON

JED'S father had, in his younger days, learned the printer's trade. There was no paper at the county seat. "The Ajax" id perished of inanition. When there was a ıper there the people did not care to have ıy, but when there wasn't any they wanted ıe real bad, and Jed's father was induced to vive "The Ajax." York was the farthest wn of any size, short of the mountains, out ı the frontier, and it was not of any size to ıeak of, either. It may have contained seven ındred or eight hundred inhabitants about ually divided between those who hungered ter righteousness for others to practice and ose who thirsted after whisky that they ınted for themselves and their friends. The st half served God with more zeal than discetion and the last half served Satan with an defatigable sagacity that was worthy of a tter cause.

The town see-sawed between no license and w license, saloons wide open and saloons osed so tightly that no one could get into em without a password, signs, grips and prite keys to private lockers. There were more both churches and saloons than could dently be maintained and, with strained relaons between these two warring factions, d's father soon found that a paper published a liberal thinker who would not allow a uor advertisement in his paper, and persistly demanded the enforcement of the law, ıs thin ham in a stale sandwich. But that is other story, a story of deprivation and hero-n, of fidelity to principle at the cost of alth and of life, as brave a battle as was ever st and won since seed corn was first put into e ground to die that it might live more undantly.

Such was York at the junction of the Indigo d the Sandy when Jed, a little more than ıe years of age, came to it with his father's nily to hazard new misfortunes. He carried sick arm in a sling, for he had only just overed from the fever that had caused it to sick, and he walked pigeon toed, a result having burned his feet when he was a baby. The live stock, with the exception of a cow d a pony, had been exchanged for a home the family. It seemed palatial. There was a ım below with a chamber above reached by l stairs instead of by a ladder. Jed ran up l down those stairs fifty times the first day honor of the man who invented stairs to e the place of ladders. A little one-story cotıwood cabin had been moved onto the place d set at right angles to the wing first menned, after which the two were connected th a lean-to and another lean-to hung preiously to the cabin. Here indeed was a nsion! To be sure the parlor had to have ed in it and the dining room was kitchen,). The little sisters slept in the lean-to and l shared the chamber up those wonderful irs with the trunks and trumpery that natılly had to go somewhere. It was a pertly splendid home, the very best Jed had r seen the inside of. To be sure the roofs ked some when it rained hard and pans had be set under the leaks to catch the dripping ter; the snow sifted through the shingles in ıter when the wind blew hard, but it was n so in the cabin down on the Serpentine. ıen it was very cold out of doors it was very d indoors, but whoever heard of it being ıerwise anywhere! Certainly not Jed.

No sooner were the household effects gotten ide, and the mansion explored than Jed tched his chance to slip off up town and see sights. The printing office was to be in second story of the only three-story build- in five counties and Sailor John was boss- a crowd of volunteers who, with block and kle and a tangle of ropes, were getting the ıshington hand press and the imposing nes up and in through the front windows, outside stairway being too weak to bear weight of the machinery and the men to ry it.

low Sailor John did swear! It made Jed's r turn white and his blood run cold. Jed l heard very few swear words in his nine rs of life, for his own father never used so ch as one in all his life; but he knew what y were and how intolerably wicked. Once had used them himself with consequences, he then believed, nearly fatal. Old Kate l jumped across certain gullies that the ıs had made in an old road, nearly throwing out of the saddle, whereat Jed swore at her the biggest roundest oaths he knew, and then trotted straight home through fear that Satan would waylay him on the way if he did not hurry. That night he was afraid to climb the ladder in his "bears" to go to bed and begged that the candle might be left burning, a state of mind so unprecedented that his mother would give him no rest until she got the truth out of him. Good mother that she was, she helped him fix it all up with God and Jed went off to sleep in tears of contrition mingled with joy at his providential escape from some horrible end as the consequence of his great trangression. He had been more wicked if anything than Peter in his denial of his Lord.

But what was that to the transgressions of Sailor John! He was both boisterous and fluent in his profanity, and Jed felt that all must be off with the paper, the town and the people in it, that the fate of York could not be other than that of Sodom and Gomorrah for harboring such a wicked man, so, much as Jed wanted to see the wonderful machinery gotten into the wonderful office building, he turned and fled home as fast as his feet could carry him, the safest place he knew when the brimstone should begin to writhe and sizzle, snap and fume. He had not a doubt that he had seen the wickedest man in the world.

In those days Jed's understanding of the ways of God with his children was clear and unquestioning. There were two places to go to after death and choice must be between them in advance. Delays were dangerous. If one had not made choice of heaven he would be sent to hell inevitably the very instant after death. Heaven Jed had glimpsed through the clouds. Hell he was not quite so sure about, except that it must be a good deal like the lime kiln on the creek bank down on the Serpentine, where Jed's father had burnt the rocks with oak wood. Jed's friend, Monroe Scranton, firing at night, had suffered Jed to look in when he thrust in more wood. Hell was a great deal hotter than that, Monroe had explained, because the fire was fed with the stuff that matches are made of, and hell was so big that the whole world could be chucked into it as easily as Monroe could chuck an oak limb into the furnace under the pit full of stone. Monroe insisted that if one had eyes sharp enough he could, by looking into that furnace, discover little "niggers" making jackknives, but of course only a silly would believe that. It was only when Monroe likened hell to such a furnace a thousand times bigger than the whole world that he was to be taken seriously.

There wasn't any church on the Serpentine. Sometimes, Sunday afternoons, religious services were held at the school-house in the little valley between the forks of the creek, and sometimes at the homes of the people, all crowding into the living room as close as matches in a box. In the first case a clergyman generally came out from York. In the latter Elder Giddings usually took the lead. He nearly lifted the roof off when he prayed and, so far as Jed could gather from what he said, we were all of us on the very brink of irretrievable disaster and nothing short of the most fervent beseeching, with groanings and deep amens from all over the room, could save us from awful death and endless misery ever after.

There was some kind of a difference between Jed's father and the rest of the men, and especially the ministers who came once in a while to preach, but Jed had no distinct idea what it was, only for once his father must be wrong or else all the rest of the people would not be so certain of it. He understood this much, though, Jed's father wanted the people to let him read to them printed sermons that had been delivered by Henry Ward Beecher or Theodore Parker instead of listening to Elder Giddings or sending to town for a minister. That made trouble and once as many as a dozen men, with two ministers, came to the home on the Serpentine and argued all day with Jed's father about those sermons of Theodore Parker's. They all talked about it and prayed about it and at last Jed's father agreed that if nobody wanted to hear the sermons he would not read them anywhere except at home, but if any one did want to hear them they could come to his house any Sunday and Jed's father would read them to whomever would listen. Only a few came, just two or three, and all the rest seemed much aggrieved.

After that Jed's father and the family seldom went to any of the other meetings but, if they did, there was sure to be a long argument among the men out of doors after the meeting was over. Jed had no idea what it meant, except that it must be very bad, but people said that Jed's father had been "excommunicated for heresy."

That seemed to hang like an infection about Jed's father for years after. More than once in after years, at revivals in York, Jed had heard his father made the special subject for prayer by the ministers, to which there were loud amens from all over the house. It was all very appalling, the more especially as people said it was all pure stubbornness of spirit in Jed's father and the fact that he was so good a man made his offense so infinitely worse that there could be almost no hope at all for him if he were to die. That worried Jed, because his father was never strong and had scarcely seen a well day since boyhood. That is why he did not go to the war, except to help repel "Pap" Price and his raiders. The recruiting officers would not take him.

Jed got to know Sailor John better afterward. They had elected Jed's father justice of the peace to sort of help him out with making a living while he was getting his paper on its feet. Sailor John had been on a protracted spree, had shot up a saloon or two, and had made trouble for the officers. It had taken half a dozen men to take him to the "calaboose," where he arrived kicking and cursing with half of one man's shirt in his fist and scarcely a rag of his own clothes on him. He was brought next morning very early before Jed's father to answer for his fault, handcuffs still on him. Some of the witnesses did not wish to be kept from their work. Early as it was there was a considerable crowd in the court room. Jed had been sent to the office to tell his father to come to breakfast, that it was waiting. Jed's father heard the witnesses, ordered the handcuffs removed and then said, "Come with me, Mr. Hare, let's go to breakfast. My wife sends word that it is waiting." "Damned if I don't, Squire," exclaimed the prisoner, "I'm hungrier than a wolf." So home they went to breakfast, Jed following after.

Having reached the house, Sailor John washed up, pulled his clothing together as well as he could and Jed's father gave him one of his own shirts to put on in place of the shreds the officers had left him. He ate everything offered him, slick and clean, and back they went to court. The crowd filed in. "Guilty or not guilty, Mr. Hare?" Jed's father demanded, "I want to know what you think about it."

"Oh! I'm guilty all right enough, I reckon," was the reply, "though I can't remember anything that happened after about the eighth or ninth drink. I'm mighty sorry, and besides, the weeds are growing in the corn and I don't know what the old woman 'll do if you send me to jail 'till husking time as the other squire did two years ago. It nearly floored us."

"Well, John," returned Jed's father, "the court sentences you to go home and plow corn and don't you leave the farm without my permission until the corn is all in the crib. If you do you may have to stay in jail all winter, but come with me to the office first. I

want to talk things over with you in private," and off they went.

A little while after Jed burst into the little sanctum at the back of the office, supposing that Sailor John had gone, but he hadn't. He was crying and his blood-shot eyes were very red. "It's of no use, Squire," he said, "you don't know nothing at all about it. I've fought this thing ever since I was a half grown boy, and it gets me down three or four times a year in spite of hell and high water."

"But did you ever really ask God to help you? You've damned everything in sight a million times, the men that sold you the liquor and the fellow that drank it, but have you ever asked God to help you let the stuff alone?"

"Well, I reckon not, anyhow not the way you mean, though I've wished it hard enough."

"What do you say to our asking him now, here by ourselves? Jed, son, run out."

Jed closed the door, but from within he heard first his father's voice in prayer, very brief, then Sailor John's, louder, but sort of blunderingly and broken, and presently they came out, went down the stairs and Jed's father went with him to the ferry and saw him safely in the boat, from which he waved his hand a good-by.

As Jed's father returned to the office he was taken to task by one of the saloonkeepers whose place Sailor John had shot up the night before. "Squire," he said, "you ought to have made an example of that man. He might, as easily as not, have killed someone with that pistol."

"You should have thought of that before you sold him the liquor," was the reply. "You knew what his failing was as well then as you do now. But I'll make an example of him all right, an example that some of the rest of you may do well to pattern after."

"Huh! It is mighty little good you'll do trying any of your Sunday school ideas on that old ruffian. It is such men making hogs of themselves that makes us saloon men all our trouble. If it were not for them our business would be as much respected as any other. They ought to rot in jail for their conduct. He will be back here and drunk again before the month is out. Just mark my word!"

But that prophecy was not fulfilled. Sailor John did not go on another spree for more than a year. He never quite conquered himself, but as often as he got into his cups he would either come to or send for Jed's father to take him to his home and make him stay there until he had sobered up. Jed's father spoke of him as one of his ten-pins that he had to set up as often as the saloon keepers bowled them over and if Jed's father was out pretty late at night, or was called away unexpectedly, Jed's mother consoled herself as best she could by reflecting that probably he was out setting up one of those pesky ten pins.

Jed's father wasn't regarded as much of a success as justice-of-the-peace and when he came up for re-election, after two years, he was defeated, in fact fairly snowed under. He sent few culprits to jail and the fines inflicted hardly more than met the costs. When delinquent youths were brought before him he generally sent for the father or mother, often for both of them, talked the matter over with them, sometimes with no little severity, and the upshot usually was that the parents took the delinquent home under promise to see that the offense complained of did not happen again.

Much complaint was found with this system of administering justice and one father, at least, made bold to tell Jed's father to his face that if he kept better watch of his own little "hellian," ransacking people's barns and melon patches, he could with greater consistency lecture others on their want of care of their children; all of which astonished Jed's father beyond measure and not a little interfered with Jed's care-free enjoyment of the "priceless boon," at least for a season; but Jed's father was a hard driven man and could not devote all his time to rounding Jed up and keeping him under surveillance. No one but Jed's maker could do that and he did not seem to want to have the bother either.

A trouble with Jed's father was that he was anywhere from one to two score years ahead of his time and "probation," anywhere outside of a Methodist meeting house, was not heard of for for full forty years after Jed's father's judicial career had been brought to an inglorious close, and yet he had applied that idea to adult and juvenile offenders alike.

Sailor John outlived them all, saloon keepers, officers and Jed's father, too. When the end came to Jed's father Sailor John came the house and, leaning heavily on the ga cried like a baby. The procession of ca riages to the cemetery was the longest ev known in the history of York, but by that tim Jed had become man-grown and he unde stood some things some better than he did those early days when the saloon faction r sented Jed's father's goodness as a reflecti upon them, and the over-zealous church pe ple resented it as a stubborn and wilful a tempt to demonstrate that "making confe sion" was not indispensable to living a blam less life. They declared that his righteou ness was, at best, as filthy rags and altogeth inadequate unto salvation.

Nor was Sailor John the only reprobate wh sorrowed when Jed's father died. There w old "Jack" Ashley, who complained bitter of the officers for interfering with his person liberty, insisting that no one could be call drunk until he was flat on his back feelin upward for the ground. He had to go bac to jail to think it over, not being in a fram of mind to profit by one of those heart-t heart conferences for which the little sanctur in the rear of the office finally became note

And just why is it that a good man is n only without honor in his own town an among his own people, but measurably with out influence with his own children? Ofte a word from such a man spoken to a truan lad belonging to another family, may have a the value of a guideboard to a confused trav eler at the parting of the ways. Many sanctum talk with the sons of other men ha influenced them for their great good whe such talks with Jed rolled off him as wate from the back of a duck. Why?

They little knew, those worthy people, tha while Jed's father never maintained famil worship, said grace at table or made pretens to piety, he never in his life went to slee without committing himself and his loved one to his God, or lived a day that he did no reach up many times for divine help in word of prayer, breathed rather than articulated and the reason that they suspected it not wa that Jed's father felt that he was too unworth to make public professions lest he fail so mis erably to walk in the footsteps of The Chris as to cause his brother to stumble. In his las hours, when a minister implored him to "mak his peace with his God while yet he ha breath," his reply was: "I want my God t take me just as I am. I am not afraid," an so it was that he went.

But again the writer of this gets years an years ahead of Jed's story. That first day i town was big with consequences to Jed. H had moved into a mansion with real stairs, h had seen and heard the wickedest man in th world, and he made the acquaintance of Herl Pomeroy.

Mark Tulley was a traveling salesman fo twenty-five years and has a fund of goo stories of the road. He tells that one tim he was in a town in central Kansas where a protracted revival meeting was going on. On of the residents of the town was named Toby He was a tall, gaunt man with long whiskers and was very fond of whisky, of which he frequently imbibed beyond his limit. This man was attending one of the meetings, an the revivalist was busy scoring every form o vice and calling down drastic condemnation upon them. "Woe to the drunkard! Woe t the drunkard! Woe to the drunkard!" he shouted in doleful tones. Old Toby got o his feet and tugged at his whiskers, and the fact that he stuttered only made his interrup tion the more marked. "G-g-g-uess th-th-at's m-m-e! I-I-I-I'm present!" The preacher went on. "Woe to the liars! Woe to the liars! Woe to the thieves! Woe to the thieves!" His voice was dolorous and sepulchral. Again old Toby got to his feet. He motioned around the room, swinging and pointing with his arms and fingers. "G-g-get up!" he commanded. "G-g-get up!" He's calling on s-s-ome of you fellers! I've answered p-p-present. It's your turn now. S-s-stand up and be c-c-counted!"—Kansas City Journal.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

the Superior Court of the State of California, in or the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

RENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly ORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ersons claiming any interest in, or lien n, the real property herein described or part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, eal property herein described or any part thereof, lants, greeting:

u are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly nce E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of bove entitled Court and City and County, within months after the first publication of this Sum- and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, ave in or upon that certain real property or any thereof, situated in the City and County of San isco, State of California, particularly described as s:

nmencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) Easterly from the point formed by the intersection e Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northine of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along aid line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westFifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches e Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of ning.

d you are hereby notified that, unless you so apund answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for elief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it judged that the plaintiff is the owner of said propn fee simple absolute; that her title to said prope established and quieted; that the Court ascertain letermine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, er the same be legal or equitable, present or fuvested or contingent, and whether the same conof mortgages or liens of any description; that iff recover her costs herein and have such other rther relief as may be meet in the premises.

TNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this lay of August, A. D. 1910.

L) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of nber, A. D. 1910.

following persons are said to claim an interest lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES. ADDRESSES.
nd County of San Francisco, San Francisco,
nicipal corporation. California.

. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, nd, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

he Superior Court of the State of California, in or the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

E B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
rsons claiming any interest in, or lien n, the real property herein described or part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, al property herein described or any part thereof, ants, greeting:

are hereby required to appear and answer the int of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, ith the Clerk of the above entitled Court and nd County, within three months after the first ation of this Summons, and to set forth what t or lien, if any, you have in or upon that cerl property or any part thereof, situated in the nd County of San Francisco, State of California, larly described as follows:

mencing at the corner formed by the intersection Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue orthwesterly line of J Street, running thence vesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Aveventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles North- One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles asterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of et One Hundred (100) feet to the point of comnent.

lot or parcel of land being known and desigas Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number on a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surwhich map was filed in the office of the County er of the City and County of San Francisco, on h day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

you are hereby notified that, unless you so apd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for ief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it udged that the plaintiff is the owner of said propfee simple absolute; that her title to said propestablished and quieted; that the Court ascertain termine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, r the same be legal or equitable, present or fuested or contingent, and whether the same conf mortgages or liens of any description; that f recover her costs herein and have such other ther relief as may be meet in the premises.

NESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES. ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, San Francisco,
a municipal corporation. California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell,
Plaintiff,
vs. No. 22107
All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof,
Defendants.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. 1.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.

7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife, Plaintiffs,
vs. No. 22296
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 74 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, No. 22295
Defendants.

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor. Market street, near Third.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office, 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491
Residence, 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4890
SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Department of Veterinary

If government were confined merely to protecting people in their individual rights it may be doubted if a place could be found in the scheme for a state department of veterinary, and yet no owner of any animal is safe so long as there is another animal abroad afflicted with a contagious disease. Animal industry is a most important factor in the industrial life of almost any people. Whole regions of some countries have been depopulated because the animals upon which the people have depended for a livelihood were carried off by some destructive malady, witness the rhinderpest in the Philippines and the tsetse fly in Africa. The newer philosophy of government is that government must act for the common good when the common good cannot be obtained without governmental action, as it certainly cannot without some safeguarding of the animal industry of the country.

It may be remarked at the outset that the Bureau of Animal Industry, in the Department of Agriculture of the United States government, has done a great work for that industry in the country at large and in many of the states and for many counties and neighborhoods in the several states, but, except there be interstate commerce to be protected, the national government cannot interfere in the affairs of any citizen, against his will, to deal with contagion. That must be left to the police power of each state.

Now the police power of the state, with reference to the protection of animal industry, is mainly exerted through the office of the State Veterinarian and, secondarily, through such live stock inspectors as county boards of supervisors may employ to act in conformity with instructions from the State Veterinarian.

The main office of the State Veterinarian is at Sacramento, and the Veterinarian himself is an appointee of the governor and answerable to the governor, an ideal way of securing responsibility and efficiency. Besides the State Veterinarian himself, who receives a salary of $3,600 a year, there is an assistant stationed at Los Angeles who receives $3,000 a year, a deputy with a salary of $1,800, a clerk with a salary of $1,600 and a state inspector who receives a salary of $1,500. Besides these salaries there is an allowance of $8,000 a year to the entire office to cover traveling and incidental expenses. The office was created by special statute in 1899, and has proven its usefulness in a thousand ways.

In addition to the above authorized expenditures the legislature sometimes allows special appropriations for special purposes, as, for instance, $18,000 to be used for eradicating the disease of scabies among sheep, the treatment to be carried on through a series of years.

So extremely individualistic are we that we Americans have a tendency to resent governmental interference even when it is for our own good, so there has been resistance at times to compulsory treatment of maladies affecting our animal friends but, with a better understanding of the common interest, cooperation has largely taken the place of opposition with great good to the state.

For instance, take the history of the effort to eradicate the Texas fever tick from the state. It has been estimated that this tick costs the United States $25,000,000 a year and time was when it cost California hundreds of thousands; but our state veterinary department, acting with the national Bureau of Animal Industry, and the authorities in the afflicted counties, has well-nigh redeemed California from the pest.

Take the disease known as scabies in sheep as another instance. Two years ago an investigation revealed the startling fact that practically 80 per cent of the sheep in California were afflicted with that distressing and costly malady. Two straight years of systematic dipping, enforced by law and efficiently seen to, has reduced the number of sheep still afflicted to less than 2 per cent. In a state that has more than 3,000,000 sheep, which constitute an important income-producing element of our commonwealth, this was an important achievement.

These instances, only two out of many, are given to show the student of affairs how important it is to have a broad view of the province of government and to exemplify the truth that we shall, as time passes, have more of government rather than less. We shall need to preserve our individualism from an exaggerated spirit of governmental regulation of individual life and activity, but, on the other hand, there is no more important truth to carry home to the minds of students of government than that we must also rid our American minds of that exaggerated individualism which makes us almost anti-social and very slow to profit from co-operative endeavor.

The State Veterinary Medical Board is merely a board for examining and certificating practitioners of veterinary science and has nothing to do with the Department of Veterinary above described.

PERSONALIA

At the banquet given by the medical women of St. Louis to the women physicians who attended the recent convention of the American Medical Association, Dr. Ida Hyde of the University of Kansas replied to the toast "The Women Laboratory Worker." After giving information in regard to her varied chemical experiences abroad and in the leading universities of this country Dr. Hyde declared the laboratory to be a great field for medical women. She asserted that it was practically an unoccupied field with a great demand for skilled workers and with great rewards for those who were willing properly to prepare themselves.

Mme. Emma Eames, in absolutely renouncing singing for two years, is following the command of an eminent Parisian musical instructor. She may not even practice for scales and will resist every request, even on the part of intimate friends, to strike a vocal note in private. Mme. Eames is assured that, if she rigidly adheres to this regime, leading at the same time as tranquil an existence as is possible, her voice will be restored to her in all its original beauty and strength.

Henry Russell, while motoring through Italy this summer, discovered by chance an untrained voice which he believes destined to rank with the greatest. Its possessor is 16-year-old Maria Cappa, daughter of an innkeeper of the village of Sinalunga, on the road from Florence to Siena. The girl is now placed in the care of Maestro Morangoni, who predicts that she will be one of the greatest stars of the operatic stage.

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This Week: "The Non-Partisan Judiciary Problem"

By William Denman

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Fitting

ERE IS FITNESS in the suggestion that automobiles pplant carriages in funeral corteges inasmuch as the y of automobiles as causes of such functions is not to be d. More deaths, undeserved and tragic, are due to this than to railroads, street cars, the equine race, tornadoes ghtnings combined. We have become calloused to them. ssumed that whoever can drive a horse can run an auto- . It is as if the locomotives on our railroads were being farm hands. What essential difference is there between tive and automobile except that a roadbed and track have evised which the locomotive need not leave? Progressive ion cannot do better than strictly to limit the operation mobiles to those who have systematically learned how and een certificated accordingly.

Suggested Substitutes

SLOT MACHINES of San Francisco formerly turned to the coffers of the city something approaching $200,000 in licenses, and proponents of these devices demand to now the deficit is to be made good. As ways morally pre- there might be suggested the municipal ownership and on of the new and enlarged tenderloin, the licensing of y and hold-up men, a head tax upon summary executions ens by automobiles, street cars and carelessly operated rs, the letting to the highest bidder of rake-off privileges licing Chinatown. There are ways innumerable of re- ing the municipal till without reintroducing those kinder- devices for developing the gambling spirit.

A Job For the States

EE-FOURTHS OF THE FORESTS of the nation are private hands, three per cent of the forest lands in private are properly safeguarded against fire. Before sighing for orlds to conquer would it not be well for the states to take rivate owners in hand to compel a recognition on their part stewardship of an inheritance belonging in fee to the gen- that now is and others yet to come?

Did Not Originate In San Francisco

LYMAN ABBOTT, in the New York Outlook, tells this: he story is told—I believe it is authentic—that a western arrested for murder wrote to Theodore Roosevelt for al aid in securing competent defense, but subsequently re- the contribution, saying: 'I do not need it; we have the district attorney.'" Was that where our San Fran- igher-ups got their cue?

We Do It Now

H POLITICAL PARTIES in California stand for the n-partisan nomination and election in future of judges. aper stands for it now. There is no reason why press or should wait. In making up its candidates for judicial ent The California Weekly will not consider by what ny candidate be nominated. That issue has no place in g judges. The question is, is he fit? Therefore this ominates for election to the supreme bench William P. of San Francisco. This is not saying that this paper will the election of either Sloss or Melvin, but only that it for Judge Lawlor. California owes that man that promo- t alone because, as elsewhere outlined in this paper, he is the place, but because, being fit, he has proven himself a imperturbable rectitude that all the power of millions and malice, of cunning and contumely, could not shake. Up from the people, Judge Lawlor is of the people, understands the people and is a proper custodian of their judicial interests. A health to Judge Lawlor!

The Mob

ACCORDING TO MR. BARNES of New York, the "Old Guard," the kept press and financial confidence men, Colonel Roosevelt has been swinging around the circle inciting the American mob to hysteria. What a splendid mob it was that he everywhere met! Mobs singing "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," mobs of trainmen, farmers, women holding up little children that they might see and not forget the most vital moral force the nation has known since the sixties, mobs at all the stations through which the train passed, mobs by day and mobs by night, mobs in sunshine and mobs in rain, hurrahing mobs, mobs crying "God bless you," and "Good-bye and good luck," mobs that answer with a whole-hearted amen the demand that there be one law for rich and for poor, one justice for citizen and corporation. A dangerous man, that Roosevelt! A danger- ous mob spirit he is arousing in the breasts of ninety millions of people! The world do move.

The Issue the Man

NEXT TUESDAY HIRAM JOHNSON enters upon his final campaign of the state. On the surface both parties and both candidates stand for the same things. The sincerity of both is conceded. Beneath the surface there are differences that will de- velop as the campaign waxes. In Bell the people will discover the politician, the man adaptable to his environment whatever it may be, not questionable and not to be feared, but one who ever has before his mind's eye his political prospects. In Hiram John- son they will find a man cast in larger mold, made of sterner stuff, capable of forgetting self in zeal for his cause. He will do impolitic things that Bell would not hazard, but he will strike blow on blow so clear and strong that no ear will doubt the mes- sage. As much difference as may be found between Taft and Roosevelt will be found between Bell and Johnson. In the pres- ent temper of state and nation little doubt can be entertained as to the choice that the Men of California will make.

Heney Coming Home

AFTER MONTHS SPENT IN RECUPERATING his vitality exhausted in three years of unrequited service for the establishment of justice in his home city, service that will be remembered as long as the infamies he fought, Francis J. Heney is coming home, coming, we hope, to stay. He is a man whom San Francisco cannot afford to lose, a man whom California can- not afford to lose, a man who, by his persistence in the cause of civic righteousness, will yet command the respect, as he already commands the fear, of his detractors. Good news: Heney is coming home and he will be greeted as befits the occasion by men capable of a sustained moral purpose. They are not few, no, not even in San Francisco.

Uncle Joe's Fight

AS THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS a battle is raging in the eighteenth congressional district of Illinois between Uncle Joe Cannon and silvery haired Parson Henry B. Downs, and the issue is, "Drink Joe Cannon Whisky Eight Years Old," and "Touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed stuff." If the women could vote Parson Downs might have a fighting chance instead of a chance to fight.

The Madera Case

The Madera case, lately decided by Judge Wellborn of the United States district court of Southern California, holding that the granting of a franchise to a water company does not preclude a municipality from entering into competition with a private water company, has attached to it a certain degree of importance. It has not been contended that such franchise rights were exclusive, or that similar franchises might not be granted to another company. Why, then, should not a city have a right to do what it may authorize another company to do?

The policy of competitive franchises is another issue, and the ability to float bonds for the construction of competitive water or light systems would be another. The abstract right, important though it is, is the smallest toad in that puddle, especially in the case of a large municipality where the investment runs up into millions.

British custom and parliament prevent municipal ownership except where the ground is first cleared of private rights through their capitalization and payment, but then the British government is founded on privilege. Massachusetts will not grant a competitive franchise unless the volume of business clearly justifies doubling the investment, but Massachusetts is dominated by the spirit of the investor rather than that of the consumer.

Nevertheless, fair play requires that no private corporation investing in a public utility be ruthlessly ruined unless it is itself so iniquitous as to be outlawed. The need is for a summary, certain, workable means for clearing the ground, as in England, before venturing upon municipal ownership, but a judicial inhibition upon municipal competition with an established private enterprise would be a poor beginning for such an end.

The public is in far graver danger of being made the victim of extortion on the part of a public service corporation than a public service corporation is of having its property confiscated through municipal competition. Every municipality is more inclined to be generous than any public service corporation is to be just, and it is the injustice of public service corporations that makes municipal ownership even a debateable question.

Bourbonism In Business

The characteristics of Bourbonism are that it never learns anything and never forgets anything that it has learned, that it will concede everything to force but nothing as of right. This was the spirit of the employers in the cloakmaking industry in New York. For nine weeks they withstood the demands of their workers at a cost to the workers of many millions in wages and more millions still to the employers in loss of business to other manufacturers. In the end they conceded practically all that was demanded, yet haggling to the last for a "principle" (the open shop) that they waived in effect if not in terms. That is Bourbonism in its purity and it characterizes a considerable part of the employing world. It tends to justify the feeling in the ranks of labor that no good is to be gained for those who toil except at the end of a fight to a finish, that pleas for justice and mercy fall on dead ears and only power is respected.

These are the things that the cloakmakers were fighting for: free electric power, the closing of the sweatshops and the requiring that all work be done at the factories under sanitary conditions, six days' work a week and a weekly payday, nine hours to constitute a day's work for five days in the week and five hours on Saturday, no subcontracting in the factory, the price of piecework to be agreed upon by a committee of employers and employes, double pay for overtime, the discipline of any manufacturer who unjustly discriminates among his employes, the "preferential union shop" in lieu of the closed, the manufacturer having the right to prefer one union person to another in any instance, but not to employ non-union workers so long as there are union workers to select from, the unions to admit all fit persons to their unions without prejudice, collective bargaining and, whether union workers are employed or not, union standards as to wages and conditions to be observed.

Why should it be necessary in any enlightened state for civil war to be waged for such contentions of justice as these? Why should the workers be compelled to endure privation, eviction from their homes and other hardships for contentions scarcely one of which should have been disputed? And why should any commonwealth be without a proper commission or tribunal to make prompt inquiry into every such cause of complaint and report to the public all the facts that the power of public sentiment may be invoked on the side of justice and fair dealing? Until such impartial tribunals or commissions of inquiry do exist we have small cause to boast of our civilization. Until the employing world shakes off the spirit of Bourbonism and evinces a willingness to do right because it is right it must not be surprised or pained if the presumption in every labor war, that the employers are in the wrong, be accepted without question.

The fault lies in that materialistic conception that man and mule, woman and steam, childhood and electric energy, industrially considered, are commodities and to be similarly reckoned. The humanhood of labor must be so insisted upon in season and out that no employer will ever think of it as commodity.

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What Are We Going To Do About It?

Lee O'Neil Brown, the God-fearing dealer in Democratic votes purchased for the election of Lorimer to represent Illinois in the United States senate, has been duly acquitted on one of the charges against him. It is unquestioned that he paid a thousand dollars to Assemblyman White, another thousand each to Beckemeyer and Meyers, with a "reward" of another thousand to Link, besides fitting out one Wilson with a legislative "jackpot" to take to St. Louis to dispense to other members of the Lorimer Democratic "bunch."

The evidence of his guilt came chiefly from fellow conspirators, with no great amount in corroboration, and Lee O'Neil Browne refused to take the witness stand to either affirm or deny the testimony. He sat back upon his haunches, after the example set him by our San Francisco grafters, and demanded of the people, "What are you going to do about it?"

What are we? The issue is as pertinent in California as in Illinois.

Back of this man Browne are the corruptionists who furnished the money. So long as he holds his peace they, the supremely guilty ones, whether Lorimer or some corporation interested in his election, rest secure ev from taint, and he rests secure in the bel that the pouring out of yet more money his backers, to be used in jury tampering a political machinations, will see him throu unscathed, just as the associated villainies San Francisco saw their retainers safe through their ordeals, so far as stripes a prison walls are concerned. Their good nam they are powerless to give back to them, b that is one of the risks that go with the j of subverting justice and destroying free go ernment.

What are we going to do about it?

These infamies are, unfortunately, constit tional guaranties. They are part of that c nationalism for which vested interests are co tending. The spirit of the newer nationalis must, as Colonel Roosevelt so clearly d clared, not only stand for fair play accordi to the old rules of the game, but the rul themselves must be changed, and that chan must not stop short of their fundamen origin, in the organic laws of the nation a its commonwealths.

For one thing, cases of certain classes, a perhaps of all classes, must, where their i portance warrants it, be prosecuted by t state with all the power of the whole sta and not of that of a mere county in a sta to sustain that prosecution. The state mu have all the rights that the defendant has.

Refusal to testify should be accepted by jury as implying that if the witness had tes fied he would have testified against himse The law needs a sternness that it has n had for a century. No power less puissa than capitalized scoundrelism can bring ca talized scoundrelism to justice, and if th form of scoundrelism be not brought to ju tice then human rights are done for and h man liberty becomes a joke.

The Scent of Treason

In one of his Colorado addresses Theodo Roosevelt sent this message to Arizona a New Mexico. "Do not make your constit tions difficult to amend." This messag coupled with his criticism of certain decisio of the supreme court of the United States, a his declaration at Ossawatomie, that, "Th newer nationalism regards the executive the steward of the public welfare," ha caused certain eastern journals to raise the c of treason, treason to the constitution as it and to those orderly processes of amendme that virtually make it impossible to amen our nation's constitution at all.

We shall do well to understand that our co stitution as it is was not given from Sinai. was made by men, and the feet of many those men were of clay, half baked at th else they never would have submitted to th three-fifths clause which Garrison fitly chara terized as a "covenant with hell," for it to four years of hell to get rid of it. It san tioned the permanency of slavery.

These fleshly-vestured men provided their "immortal document" that the law they laid it down should never be amend except upon the initiative of two-thirds of t states or two-thirds of the members of bo houses of congress, and then only upon rati cation by three-fourths of the states. Twel states can now refuse what thirty-four stat demand, and it is not too much to say th Wall street influence can buy up the legisl tures of twelve states whenever it feels i vested interests at stake, whenever it is se ously proposed to make property subordina to manhood instead of manhood subordina to property. We need a national constit tional convention, if for no other purpose, the to make it easier to amend the constitution the United States.

There is, however, one other method of a amending the constitution of the United Stat as to make it fit the constitution of the Ame

:ople, and that is through judicial inter-
on. To suggest that it be so done is to
e open to the charge of treason. Make
)st of it. It has been done a hundred
since the constitution was adopted, if
thousand. John Marshall did it by
ale with his doctrine of implied powers.
t be done as many times more if that
rtal document" is to be saved from de-
)n. The feet of a nation are not to be
by a parchment.
as necessary for the supreme court to
he people and from the people, thinking
ings that the people think and feeling
ngs that the people feel, as it is that
ss and the executive shall be of and
he people. There may be a natural law
ian society, as there is a natural law of
try, biology, astronomy, for aught we
but if there be such a natural law it has
en discovered. The law is therefore
e make it and we make it by choice, by
ion, by executive policy and by judicial
n. If these be not one and all of the
we may rest assured they will not be
people and will not fit the people's

dent Taft professes himself a liberal
ictionist. Let us hope that in recon-
ig the Supreme Court of the United
as he must, he will fill that bench with
at any rate as liberal in their construc-
the constitution as himself. Otherwise
iust come to the country or to the judi-
)erhaps to both.

Face to the Future

times demand new measures and new
wrote Lowell more than half a century
d he lived to see, and be a part of, a
-making epoch difficult for the world to
ace with. It seemed to the vested in-
of those days certain that property and
, perhaps civilization itself, were head-
destruction.
of this struggle the Republican party
rn. The times were new, the meas-
espoused were new and new men rose
ership and great strides were taken.
he party rested from its labors and for
er of a century lived on a nation's
le to its saviors. It was pensioned as
erans of the Civil War were pensioned,
fell into the control of conservatism.
w men" of another era had grown
ffecting slippered ease. The party
ed in wise counsels, but cherished few
asms. It became carnal-minded, and
d of death reached for it, for to be car-
ded is death.
there broke upon its startled ears the
nd rattle of war. It aroused itself.
roes with stiffening joints responded to
and, by pressure of events rather than
l purpose, strode forward and made the
an nation a world power. Then these
sted and with them rested the party in
ranks they had wrought so well.
the times did not rest. The struggle
of the common man did not rest.
ss for money did not rest, nor did that
for power and privilege that has been
ve-owner of all history. These im-
and inspirations have never known
is to rest and to say: "My work is
l. I have enough." The upward pres-
the rise of the common man and the
ard pressure of the amalgamated mil-
f illicitly acquired capital forced new
new times and conditions and made im-
e the demand for new measures and
en.
e who cannot keep up with the cohorts
gress within the Republican party will
ut of its ranks. Not many who are
ed with much luggage will be able to
). Those staggering under millions will
id turn their faces to the past. They will fall into line with the slower marching hosts of the Democratic party under the leadership of Judson Harmon of Ohio, relict of the Cleveland regime. Judson Harmon will not be less satisfactory to vested interests than was Grover Cleveland.

"But the Republican party is divided?" It certainly is, from stem to stern, and so is the Democratic party, and on precisely the same line of division. As there are Roosevelt Democrats so were there Cleveland Republicans. Republicans who "hark back" will fall into the Democratic ranks. May they find rest to their perturbed spirits! Democrats who face the future with the light of hope in their eyes will become Republicans. They will fight with Roosevelt.

These things are said in spite of a few surface indications to the contrary. The Democratic victory in Maine was won by Republicans chiefly as their only means of protesting against that standpatism that has dominated their party in Maine for a third of a century. Ohio is likely to be carried by the Democrats for the same reason. It may seem an illogical thing to do, but it is the only way of protesting effectively. These are evidences of a breaking up of old alignments preparatory to making new.

What of California? Here both parties seem to have faced the future. Unquestionably they have meant to, but this is a phase of the problem that will pass within a few months. The Democracy of California will not be at cross purposes with the Democracy east of the mountains. In 1912 it will fall into line with the older nationalism under the Harmon banner. Democrats who helped to nominate Hiram Johnson will help to elect him. Republicans who cannot join in the enthusiasm for the newer nationalism of Roosevelt will vote for Bell, not because they like Bell better than Johnson, but as a protest against the Republican quickstep with which they cannot keep pace. It is going to be an interesting conflict, and it may be closer than many suppose.

Let no one be deceived as to the issue. Neither platform recently adopted in this state fully expressed it. Perhaps the issue cannot yet be reduced to exact statement. It is the newer nationalism vs. the older; property for man rather than man for property; law interpreted to fit the fact rather than a philosophy of what that fact ought to be but is not; a reaching out toward the future instead of a clinging to the past and its time-sanctioned wrongs. It is to be a "bully fight." Get into it. "New times demand new measures and new men." Help to meet that demand.

The President Sees a Light

The President is no Bourbon. He can learn and because he can learn there is hope for his administration. The letter of his private secretary to an Iowa unknown makes this clear.

It was denied that he had withheld patronage from insurgent members of congress. Now he admits it and explains why. It was because they "seemed to be in opposition to the administration's efforts to carry out the party platform." Where he made his mistake was in looking upon "the administration's efforts" as the test of loyalty to the party platform.

Now the "administration's efforts" were the efforts of Wickersham, Ballinger, Aldrich, Hale, Lodge, Elkins and a few other leaders of the party machine, all servants of the "interests." There is small wonder that free men were found in opposition to such "efforts," but they were a great deal more loyal to the party platform than the advisors of the administration and, when the "administration's efforts" got whipped into proper shape the insurgents stood for them.

The President is hitching toward the right notch by notch as the returns come in. By the time they are all in he will probably be all right.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Last week we talked in this department of the value of the independent soul and the right that each person has, man or woman, husband or wife, to live an own life, neither crushed by the dominance of a stronger personality nor absorbed into any other life short of the life of the infinite.

There runs a story that, upon the occasion of a great musical feast held in London thirty or forty years ago, a noted orchestral leader had gotten together many hundreds of players with their many hundreds of instruments to practice for the final event. The roar of melody was tremendous. In the middle of a chorus he signalled silence and then called out in anger: "The flageolet! The flageolet!" The flageolet players had gone through the motions of playing without making a sound and his trained ear had caught them at it, notwithstanding the hundreds of other instruments.

It has been declared by some idealist with imagination enough to go to the ultimate concept that human society has not so many units in its make-up that it can afford to lose one from the resultant; that not until heaven shall have created two persons exactly alike can the world afford to lose the reaction of any one from the general effect.

Anyhow those societies have gotten on least well that have allowed the narrowest scope for individual development and individual initiative. The ancients got their governments and their religions so inextricably mixed with the authority of king and priest, oracle and soothsayer, that the individual counted for nothing. The orientals, the true ancients of our own day, have done the same thing, with the result that, while their imitative powers are great, their creative powers are little and their respective countries have marked time for centuries while the soul of the occident has gone on to subjugate the powers of nature and to possess itself of the earth and the fullness thereof.

When General William T. Sherman stood in Washington reviewing his 60,000 soldiers who had marched with him through Georgia and up the coast he declared that every man of them all was fit to command a regiment and could do it if the emergency required. His army was not a fighting machine. It was vastly better than that. It was made up of sixty thousand individuals with powers of initiative unimpaired voluntarily co-operating for a cause upon the success of which they had staked their lives in all unselfishness.

It is such another army as that, only ten times as numerous, that this country of ours now needs to redeem it to higher ideals, an army of 600,000 volunteers in the cause of Right Things, striving co-operatively, yet with powers of originality and initiation unimpaired, to make right might, each in his own way in his own sphere, taking orders from none but God and his Christ, calling no man master and holding the individual soul unconquerable. The gates of hell cannot prevail against such a host.

There are those who look upon Socialism as a menace to human progress, but when asked their reason why their fear is usually found to be that Socialism will confiscate the material things of the world wherever they find them and redivide them, giving to each a similar share. That is the objection to Socialism with which we may be least concerned. The spirit of Socialism is the spirit of ancient and orient which would order society after immutable laws, reducing civilization to a system that would destroy the initiative and make the individual indistinguishable in the mass. That would be not only to turn the clock backward, but to make it run backward, to face toward the dawn of creation, not to follow the star of empire toward the West. We may owe to the state all that we have, and all that we are save the individuality of the soul. That belongs to the individual and to his God alone.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Now the Dreadnoughts May Go

"It is to laugh," or it is to sigh, when one reads that Great Britain now has under active consideration a plan for constructing a vessel of war so effectively deadly that it must supercede the Dreadnoughts, make of them Dreadsomethings and render them obsolete. The infinite folly, thus to be emphasized, of little man's ceasless effort to attain perfection in the art of murdering his fellow men—surely one may laugh at the futility of efforts thus pitiably forlorn, but the smiles should be washed by the tears of all who have minds to realize and hearts to feel. But, regardless of both smiles and tears, it certainly is a fact that one of the greatest of English ship-building firms, acting under the supervision of the Admiralty, now is planning for the construction of a monster of war which, if successful, is to have the capacity to annihilate Dreadnoughts. The idea is simple, it being nothing more than to decrease the weight and the space occupied by the engines, do away with the funnels, and thus give room for a greater number of more efficient guns. It is proposed to attain this end by introducing an engine of the "producer gas" type which would use crude oil as fuel. It is calculated that this would save so much in space and weight that it would add enormously to the vessel's fighting capacity. There would be practically no smoke, and this would make the vessel less visible as a target. Briefly stated, thus stands the plan, and, if it proves to be effective, the hundreds of millions of dollars invested in Dreadnoughts will be as scattered to the four winds. But, then, what of it? Does not all history demonstrate that people are ready and willing to pay for perfecting the noble art of killing other people? Selah! Let it go at that.

Great Britain to Own Telephone System

At the present time the National Telephone Company owns and operates the telephone system of Great Britain. It will continue to do so until the close of the year 1911, but after that it will step down and out. At that time the government will assume ownership and control of the property, paying the company the value of the property as inventoried by experts. It need hardly be said that the service now is in most execrable condition, for it is not in human nature to give close attention to that which soon is to be lost. Indeed, the service is said to be so unbearably bad that government management cannot well make it other than better, although, of course, many difficulties must be surmounted in beginning. In its very inception the enterprise will add 18,000 names to the list of civil service employees. Some idea of the immensity of the undertaking may be formed by considering facts connected with the business the company did last year. It handled 1,362,000,000 messages, had 1,569 exchanges and 516,888 subscribers, and its annual revenue runs from $17,500,000 to $20,000,000. It will be recognized that it is something of a burden which Johnnie Bull is shouldering, but his shoulders are broad and he feels that there will be both financial recompense and better service for the people in the job. All of which might suggest the question whether similar governmental action would be beneficial in this country, but, of course, this would lead up to discussion too broad to be considered here.

How About Your Monoplane Hat, Sister?

Be up and doing. Get into the swim. Buy your monoplane hat before it is everlastingly too late, and thus demonstrate that you are about as classy as some of the rest of them. That is, you should do this if you are a woman; if you are a man you are only indirectly interested, although you may have the privilege of paying for the creation. For the laudable purpose of reassuring any faint-hearted one, let it at once be announced that the monoplane hat is a Parisian device for covering the feminine head, and hence there can be no doubt that it is strictly all right. This latest hat monstros—what we intended to say is that this latest perfect dream of a hat was invented to commemorate Moissant's flight from Paris to England, and naturally any fair lady should be glad to immortalize such an event at any cost of making herself ridiculous. The hat has a wing on each side, each shaped like a monoplane's wing and over a foot long. The entire structure covers more than three feet in width. Some sweep, isn't it? And it must be perfectly lovely! But, after all, the chief glory of the hat is its hatpins. On the ends of these are miniature propellers with wooden blades. The real thing, too, mind you, and when milady walks the blades whirl blithely in the breeze. Would it be possible to think of anything more delightful, unless it were a hat consisting of an automobile in full action? Ah, those Parisians! It does hurry us some to keep our costumes up to the mark set by their inventive genius, but, of course, we have to do it—and thus again do we frequently exemplify the tragedy of life.

Telephone Supplants Telegraph

Is it possible that the telephone eventually will supplant the telegraph to a large extent as a medium for the transmission of ideas and nearideas? Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is certain that the former is making notable inroads upon the field formerly occupied by the latter. An illustration of this tendency is found in the fact that the Lackawanna railroad has entirely dispensed with the telegraph for train dispatching and has substituted the telephone for it. The experiment first was tried in 1908 on the 63 miles of road between Scranton, Pa., and Binghamton, N. Y., and it was so successful that at the present time the company has equipped 271 stations and relies exclusively upon the 'phone in its train-dispatching operations. It is claimed that a great saving of time has resulted, it being easier to summon stations and calls being answered more promptly. It is quite likely that other railroads will follow the Lackawanna's lead.

Another Test of Intelligence

Many and sometimes surprising have been the suggested tests of man's intelligence and intellectual ability, but it has remained for a Dr. Warburg, of Cologne, to suggest one so absolutely new that it probably never had occurred to anyone other than him. If the doctor's test is as reliable as it is simple, it is going to be very easy hereafter to determine the size of anybody's intellect. Just place a collection of colors before the individual under investigation, and if he distinguishes and names them readily he is intellectually bright; if he does not he is dull. The simple statement sounds like an attempt to ridicule the doctor's overflow from the fountain of science—which heaven forbid!—but it is nothing of the sort. It is a brief, unexaggerated announcement of the doctor's theory, as he has presented it to the world of savants. Moreover, he says that he has tried it on the pupils in public schools until he is convinced that there is nothing wrong with it: The bright pupils distinguished the colors; the dull ones were unable to do so. The question might arise, Do the colors affect the intellect, or does the intellect affect the colors? But this is going so far in the scientific method of investigation that we grone. Anyway, show your child some colors, and thus measure his intellect, for it should be a gratification to know just where he stands in this important respect.

A Bas Stage Fright!

Nearly every good actor suffers from stage fright. A good actor has temperament, elsewise he could not act, and temperament implies sensitiveness to emotion. The sensitive man who can face a critical audience without a tremor probably does not exist.

But Dr. Pierce Bonner, of Paris, thinks he has found the nerve of sensitiveness of this particular kind, that he can lay hold of it with his pincers, apply a hot iron to it, and—nerve and stage fright are gone forever. Dr. Bonners' theory is that stage fright is attributable to an involuntary contraction of the diaphragm. The muscles of the diaphragm are connected with a facial nerve that runs up through the nose. Kill the nerve, and the connection between the diaphragm and the brain is cut off, and the stage fright is ended. Which suggests that stage fright is really what we had always supposed it to be, a matter of nerve. But isn't this business of interrupting nervous connections, once to stop stage-fright, as Dr. Bonner proposes, next to eradicate crime, as somebody else proposes, next to overcome cowardice, as a third proposes, rather going to limits that may have ulterior results in unexpected ways? Maybe Nature had other uses for that nerve than merely to cause stage fright.

RESIDENCE TO LEASE

A residence with exceptionally beautiful and unobstructed marine view, in a desirable and accessible part of Presidio Heights, containing ten rooms and three baths, well designed and in first-class condition; may be leased for a term of not less than one year.

Address M. P. W., California Weekly,
26 Montgomery St., S. F.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have or upon that certain real property or any part thereof situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Ladway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESS
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

TORY OF MASCAGNI'S CAREER

following, from the New York Times, a vivid picture of the life of Pietro Mas-, whose popular "Cavalleria Rusticana" wn to all the world, and whose new opera el," is to be produced for the first time nerica.

tro Mascagni was born at Leghorn on 7, 1863. His father was a baker, and in- d that his son should be a lawyer. He raged the boy's attempts to learn music. oung composer, compelled to prosecute usical studies by stealth, secretly became il at the Instituto Luigi Cherubini, where incipal instructor was Alfredo Soffredini.

a matter of course, Mascagni's father out how his son was spending his leis- me, and the musical career of the future oser of "Cavalleria Rusticana" would come to an untimely close had it not been amiable uncle who came forward and d to adopt the young musician. Trans- to his uncle's house, Mascagni devoted lf in earnest to music, and the first fruits labors appeared in the shape of a symph- n C minor—an immortal key—for small stra, and a Kyrie written to celebrate the ay of Cherubini, both of which works performed at the Instituto in 1879.

1879 "In Filanda," a cantata for solo and orchestra, was produced, and was ibly mentioned in a prize competition ited by the International Exhibition of at Milan. These semi-successes recon- Mascagni's father to the idea of making n a musician, and so when his uncle died l he returned to his father's house, where s allowed to study music in peace.

next composition was a setting of Schil- Ode to Joy," which Beethoven had set in ale of the Ninth Symphony. This was med at the Teatro degli Avvalorati with h success so that Count Florestano de rel, a wealthy amateur, offered on the o pay for the composer's education at the Conservatoire.

cagni's career at Milan was not a suc- In spite of the sympathy and encourage- of his teachers, among whom were Amil- Ponchielli and Michel Saldino, he found urse of regular study insupportable. He gled through fugues and counterpoint for , but finally ran away with a traveling company. For years he led a life of ob- y and privation. He had little time for sition, but doubtless he learned a great bout orchestras in his experience with the companies of which he was the chef estre. After many wanderings he settled ignola, near Foggia, where he managed ke a living by giving piano lessons.

889 the publishing company of Sonzogno l prizes for the best operatic composition tted to them, and Mascagni's opera "Cav- Rusticana" won the prize and rescued nposer at once from obscurity. The opera erformed at the Costanzi Theatre in on May 18, 1890. It was received at its erformance with tumultuous applause. he composer awoke the next morning a s man. He was greeted as a successor rdi, and medals were struck in his . He was welcomed back to the town ghorn with illuminations and torchlight ssions, and the King of Italy presented ith the Order of the Crown of Italy, an not accorded to Verdi until he had d middle life.

valleria" at once made the tour of Italy on crossed the Alps. It was produced rlin during the summer of 1890; in Lon- October, 1891; at the Opera Comique is in January, 1892, and by Oscar Ham- ein in New York. Everywhere its suc- vas unquestionable, and since then this has had a decided influence on a cer- roup of composers, known as the Italian s. A mushroom crop of one-act melo- is sprang up, each more squalid in sub- ian the last.

cagni's next work was "L'Amico ," which was produced at the Teatro anzi on Oct. 31, 1891. "I Rantzau" was brought out at the Teatro della Pergola, Flor- ence, on Nov. 10, 1892. "Guglilmo Ratcliff," which was produced at the Scala in Milan in February, 1895, was a work of the composer's student days which had been revised and re- written.

During March, 1895, "Silvano" was pro- duced at the Scala. Meanwhile Mascagni had been appointed director of the Conserva- toire at Pesaro, and his next work, "Zanetto," was produced there March 2, 1896.

"Iris," produced at the Constanzi on Nov. 22, 1898, has been the composer's most suc- cessful opera since "Cavalleria." The work was introduced to this country in concert form by the composer himself when he vis- ited this country some years ago, and it was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House two years ago with Mme. Eames and Caruso and Scotti in the principal parts.

Mascagni hit upon a novel method for pro- ducing his next opera, "Le Maschere." On Jan. 17, 1901, it was produced simultaneously in seven different Italian cities. His next work, "Amica," was brought out at Monte Carlo during March, 1905. Mascagni has also written a cantata for the Leopardi centenary and the incidental music for Hall Caine's play, "The Eternal City."

MASCAGNI'S MECHANICAL COMPOSER

"I have attached to my pianoforte a new machine, which records automatically every note which is sounded," says Pietro Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Ysobel." There are a number of delicate levers attached to the lower ends of the keys, which force down the point of a pen making a line, or a mechanical arrangement making a series of dots (according to whether a black or a white key has been struck), on a piece of revolving paper, and thus an improvised composition remains recorded exactly, the length of the line showing the duration of the note, and the character of the line, whether continuous or dotted, showing where the nat- ural scale becomes changed and where not. I do much composing in this way."

NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITTANNICA

In issuing an eleventh edition of the Encyclo- paedia Britannica, the University of Cam- bridge is taking over the work begun by The London Times in 1903. Even though Hugh Chisholm, one of the editors of the tenth edi- tion, had begun work on the preparation of an eleventh edition, latterly the authorities in Printing House square came to the conclusion that the enterprise was too vast to be an addi- tion to the activities of the great newspaper, and Cambridge took up the scheme.

Californian Poets' Corner

VIOLETS

By Emilie Lawson

One of the early and much esteemed writers of Cali- fornia was Emilie Lawson. Several of her poems ap- pear in Poetry of the Pacific, the early collection of California verse made by May Wentworth.

On the blue ocean of air
Slow drifts the ambery moon;
The dew hangs its pearls in the willow's pale hair;
But my soul drifts on dreams to a moonlight more fair,
When the dusk came too late, and the dawn came too soon,
One long vanished June.

Lily-bells shake at my feet;
Heliotropes nod at my head;
And the rarest of roses make the air sweet;
But I think of a blossom-time—precious and sweet—
Till the ghosts of dead violets over me shed
Lost odors instead.

BURTON'S ENGLISH NOVELISTS

Prof. Richard Burton's lectures, delivered at the summer school of the University of California a few months ago, have now been published in book form, by Henry Holt & Co., under the title, "Masters of the English Novel." The following review of the book, from the Springfield Republican, will be of great interest to the hundreds who followed Professor Burton's lectures with intense en- thusiasm:

In "Masters of the English Novel," Rich- ard Burton goes back to Richardson and the 18th century beginnings and treats of the principal novelists down to Hardy, Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, with a closing chapter on "Fiction and the novel." He ob- serves that while all novels are fiction, all fic- tion is by no means novels, and he quotes from Steele's "Tender Husband": "Our amours can't furnish out a romance; they'll make a very pretty novel." This clearly marks, observes the author, a distinction, and it gives a hint as to the departure made by Richardson in 1742, when he published "Pa- mela." Mr. Burton defines for his purposes the modern novel as "a study of contemporary society with an implied sympathetic interest." Love is the chief motor force, "simply be- cause love it is which binds together human beings in their social relations."

From the first, he holds, the English novel has stood for truth, and he agrees with W. D. Howells and Henry Alden that "it has grown on the whole more truthful with this generation, as our conception of truth in lit- erature has been widened and become a nobler one." The increased realism with which appearance, speech, setting, and actions of characters are portrayed in modern Eng- lish fiction produces "a semblance of life which adds tenfold to its power." To illus- trate this he compares the dialogue of mod- ern masters like Hardy, Stevenson, Kipling and Howells with the best of the early writ- ers: "It is the difference between the idiom of life and the false literary tone and imita- tions of life which with all their merits are still self-conscious and inapt." Also the psychology of modern novels is more compli- cated and more truthful: "Human nature is depicted in a novel as a curious compound of contradictory impulses and passions, and instead of a clear-cut separation of the sheep and the goats we look forth upon a vast in- discriminate horde of humanity whose color broadly surveyed seems a very neutral gray —neither deep black nor shining white."

In his account of the American contribu- tion, though he treats only of the writers of the past, he remarks that, "The modern real- istic movement has been affected to some de- gree by the work, has responded to the in- fluence of the two Americans, Howells and James. What has been accomplished during the last forty years has been largely under their leadership. Mr. Howells, true to his own definition, has practiced the more truth- ful handling of material in depicting chosen aspects of the native life. Mr. James, be- coming more interested in British types, has, after a great deal of analysis of his own coun- trymen, passed by the bridge of the interna- tional novel to a complete absorption in trans- atlantic studies, making his peculiar applica- tion of the realistic formula to the inner life of the spirit, a curious compound, a cosmo- politan Puritan, an urban student of souls." He concludes that while Henry James's influ- ence is perhaps less obvious than that of Howells, it is none the less indisputable.

Bret Harte does not fall within the scope of the present volume because "although he essayed full length fiction it was not his forte." As to Mark Twain, also, Mr. Burton has to raise the question, whether he is nov- elist, humorist, or critic. Of Hawthorne he says: "For some the style of Hawthorne may now be felt to possess a certain artificiality: the price paid for that effect of stateliness demanded by the theme and suggestive also of the fact that the words were written over half a century ago.

WILLIAM P. LAWLOR

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

A short, thickset figure of a man, dressed in black; a smooth-shaven face, seamed with lines of character; the thoughtful eyes and knit brows of a student; a crown of unruly, curly white hair—that is the first visual impression of Judge William P. Lawlor.

As one talks with him, other impressions are added. His voice is soft and his manner gentle. He talks fluently, and with a fine choice of words from an unusually large vocabulary. Two things constantly impress you as he speaks: his earnestness and his anxiety always to be fair. In describing even trivial things, he obviously is trying to use the words and phrases that will tell exactly how the thing looked or happened, to describe it in just proportion, so as to convey to the auditor the exact impression in its proper outlines and correct detail. And this is done, not at all to make his own appearance in the narrative attractive, because the same method is used by him to describe incidents in which he himself appears at a disadvantage. One is impressed with the conviction that he is searching for the truth, the facts, just as they are, and that he goes to any needed pains to get at the facts and to reproduce them. When he has achieved a full and fair statement of the truth, he is satisfied to go on to other subjects, but he obstinately holds your attention to the subject in hand until this is done.

Another impression of the man is his simplicity. You see it in the sober and inconspicuous dress, you see it in the quiet good taste of his room at the Family Club, you see it in the absence of gesture or emphasis in his manner, and you see it most strikingly in the straightforward earnestness of his speech, in which there is not a trace of declamation nor a superfluous adjective. Earnestness—that is the thing that strikes you, earnestness in a constant endeavor to find the truth and state it.

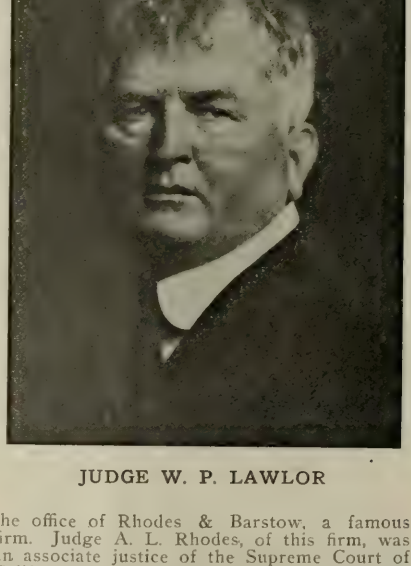
I reiterate these first impressions of candor and sincerity because they are exactly the things that newspapermen learn not to look for in men in public life. What we expect to find—because we usually do find it—is a pose, an effort to impress, what commercial travelers call "throwing a front." We have seen so many examples of the "solemn ass" who poses as profound, and of the "bluff and hearty" hale fellow who poses as sincere, that we are wary of both breeds. Judge Lawlor belongs to neither class. He talks too freely on too many subjects to maintain the pose of the first, and he talks with too little thought of appearances to belong to the second. If man to man impressions count for anything, Judge Lawlor is genuine.

Judge Lawlor is a fine blend of two types of man, the man of the world and the student. He was left a full orphan at the age of ten, and he has fought his way up in the world from bobbin boy in a cotton mill, from work in the quicksilver mines, up through the practice of the law to an honored place on the bench. It is these experiences with the world of things as they are that give him, though a bachelor, his keen insight into the problems of childhood and of poverty and his ready sympathy with people in distress. He knows, because he has been there, and has not forgotten. On the other hand, he is a scholarly man, profoundly in love with books. Two walls of his room are stacked from floor to ceiling with them, hundreds of volumes in the rich dress of leather bindings that a booklover buys when he can. His speech alone would betray his intimate acquaintance with books. They, and his long walks, are his principal recreation.

Judge Lawlor was born in New York City, Sept. 17, 1854. He attended the public schools there for three years, the only formal schooling he has ever had excepting attendance upon night schools. When he was ten years old, his father and mother died within a few months of each other, leaving their five children to make their own way in the world. Judge Lawlor at once moved to Paterson, New Jersey, where he was employed as a bobbin boy in a cotton textile mill, carrying the spindles from floor to floor. An opportunity to better himself opened in office work in a neighboring coal yard, and he left the mills to take it. Later, the mills became a better field, and he returned as a yarn presser. For a time he worked in a silk factory, run by John Ryle, the first manufacturer of silk in the United States. During these years in Paterson, Judge Lawlor attended night school, and continued his studies at every opportunity.

At twenty-one years of age he came to California, and found work in the quicksilver mines at Oat Hill, in Napa county. From general work in the office he was promoted to be timekeeper and to take charge of the accounts of the company store. For a time he performed similar duties at the Aetna mines. In six years he had risen to be superintendent.

In 1886, Judge Lawlor resigned his position with the mining company and came to San Francisco to enter the practice of the law. He had read law while at the mines, and in San Francisco he continued these studies in



JUDGE W. P. LAWLOR

the office of Rhodes & Barstow, a famous firm. Judge A. L. Rhodes, of this firm, was an associate justice of the Supreme Court of California from 1862 to 1879. After reading law for two years, Judge Lawlor was admitted to practice. In 1898, he was appointed by Governor Budd to fill out an unexpired term on the bench of the superior court in San Francisco; in 1900 he was elected to succeed himself for a full term, and in 1906 he was re-elected.

Right here it is worth while to point out an interesting contrast offered by the career of Judge Lawlor and the career of most judges. The usual course by which a man achieves a position on the bench is something like this: education, in grammar school, high school, college and law school; practice, some years before all the courts of his county and as attorney for many people; finally, election to the bench, where, as judge, he is called upon to decide cases presented by lawyers for or against men whom he may have appeared for or against, himself.

The experience of Judge Lawlor, on the other hand, has been more like the experience of judges in Germany. There a young man determines to study expressly for the purpose of being a judge, and not for the purpose of practicing at all. His training is different from the training for the bar. He never practices, and his whole experience tends to develop in him the impartial and judicial mind as opposed to the habits of mind of the pleader of causes in search of a favorable verdict.

The intent of the German system happens to be practically worked out in Judge Lawlor's experience. His term of actual practice in the courts was very brief, and he appeared in court in relatively few cases. Most of his work was in the office, and there he made the reputation of having an extraordinary nicety of conception of the principles of justice. So when Judge Lawlor went upon the bench he had not had the years of experience in mastering the technicalities of the law to the necessities of clients that is one of the almost inevitable experiences of a practicing lawyer. He went on the bench with a native bent toward a judicial career, and with a mind not clouded with the cobwebs of technical expedients. He has been continuously on the bench since his first appointment. His development, therefore, has been free from the warping entanglements of the profession both personal and mental, and has tended solely toward the perfecting of the really judicial temper.

This point is important, and its results have been noticed by observers of Judge Lawlor's career. It has caused him to retain a flexibility and openness of mind to the spirit of the times that is notably lacking in many judges. It has caused him to keep fresh and clear his perception of the human side of the cases that are tried before him. And it has caused him constantly to keep uppermost in his rulings and decisions the broad view of the law that takes into account its prime purpose of doing justice. No decision from his court has ever used the refined technicalities of the law as an excuse for defeating the obvious purpose of all law.

Judge Lawlor's own conception of the method of procedure in his court is illuminating. In conversation with the writer he said:

"Whenever a case before me is fairly under way I begin carrying its elements, in my mind, back to the foundation sources of the law—to the federal and state constitutions and to the common law—to see what form it assumes when measured by these standards. After reviewing the case in the light of these fundamentals of the law, I pass over it again in the light of the statute law which modifies the details of cases in accordance with modern conditions."

This constant return to the sources of the law is a characteristic of Judge Lawlor's, noted by many who have never heard him enunciate it as a rule of procedure. It is a great force toward preserving a well-balanced sense of justice and a broad view of the application of the law to particular cases. In Judge Lawlor's case, at least, this does not imply ignorance of the statute law. On the contrary, his knowledge of the codes is remarkable; hundreds of times in the recent cases in his court it has been observed that he quoted the exact language of code provisions, from memory, adding the number of the section where the quotation would be found. Someone has likened his knowledge of the statutes to the feats of memory formerly performed by those Puritans who could quote the Bible entire, recalling the verse and chapter numbers of every phrase. The last thing that could possibly be said of Judge Lawlor is that he is no lawyer or that he does not know the law.

Returning to the human element in Judge Lawlor's decisions, it is noteworthy that he practiced the principle of probation for first offenders in his court long before that principle was incorporated into the statutes. The procedure in his court has always been very informal, but when the verdict in criminal cases is announced, Judge Lawlor always takes the prisoner in hand himself, and, without having him sworn, makes a searching but friendly examination. He tries to find out how the prisoner came to commit the crime, what the course of his life has been, whether he is an "accidental" criminal—there are many such—or whether he is a confirmed enemy of society. And in many cases decided by him before probation was recognized by the statutes, Judge Lawlor, by friendly admonition and suspen-

(Continued on Page 686)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

We Clearer See

l me not, in your doleful way, that the world
rows ever worse;
ıt we cannot escape from the drear old sway
f the drear old primal curse;
l me not that there is no hope except in the
race of God,
, though it be true, He sets that grace in
ıe veriest human clod.
· world is sweeter than e'er it was; I read
ot far or deep
I know that out of the slough of sin the
ıultitudes upward creep.
· sight may be dim while we walk our time
n this misty, earthly shore,
we clearer see what the right must be
ıan ever man saw before.

· world is better, aye, better far, than it was
ı the days of eld,
en they might take who had the power and
ıey might keep who held;
en the belted knights rode to and fro, their
·uel will to do,
l the king was lord of his subject's brawn,
ıd e'en of his spirit, too;
en a woman's name was a thing to toast
ıd her honor a thing to own;
en a serf and a bondsman bore the mark
f a tyrant upon the throne.
sigh if you will for "the good old days,"
ıe fabulous days of yore,
we clearer see what the right must be than
·er man saw before.

ıow that the problems that vex us now are
›re to our errant view,
we've gained the sight, as we've gained the
ight, that our grandsires never knew;
have swung from the day when might was
ght to the day when Right reveals
ıe part of her face, divinely fair, to the
·riest clod who feels;
ough the long, slow aeons we've upward
·essed, as ever our God hath willed,
here has the Right been crowned our king,
· there has the Wrong been stilled.
re is much to do, there is much to win, for
ıe ages have taught their lore,
we clearer see what the right must be than
·er man saw before.

* * *

Selling Good For Evil

suppose that Judas Iscariot did the most
strous bit of financiering that has been done
e the great Stage Manager rang up the cur-
on the drama of life. And yet, if we pause
:onsider it, what did he more than men do
y? To be sure, he sold the best that
:hed his life for a sadly paltry price, but
› is there among us who has not done the
e thing ere now?
e sold his God for a few pieces of silver—
ıt was the price that you asked? When you
ttled your splendid womanhood for a place
Society, was that you received much bet-
than thirty pieces of silver? When you
led your strong manhood for position,
·er, wealth or the lust of pleasure, do you
know, in saner moments, that you sold your
l for that which, in the final account, is no
er than petty silver? I have no extenuat-
word for Iscariot; I but contend that such
gain as he made we also have made. He
not realize that unnumbered generations
ıld worship the One he sold, but he knew,
we know, that he sold the God within him
that which was comparatively worthless.
ıdas went out and hanged himself; we still
le and try to appear as if we had done no
ıng. I am not so certain that Iscariot de-
·es the execrations beyond all execrations
ı race that never has ceased to sell that
ch is good for that which is evil.

* * *

Charity That Ends at Home

He is very fond of charity, which, as he
.hfully remarks, begins at home."
How do you know?"
Why, he is so fond of it that he keeps it
re."

The Opinions of Rufus

If folks had to have licenses to play the fool I reckon we'd be 'stonished to notice how many of us would wear tags.

Middlin' often I've noticed that a tyrant in his own home is likely to be a mighty humble critter when he's out around among men.

'Bout the hardest lesson that life gives some men to learn is that it possibly may be them that's mistaken.

Es somebody remarked, the candle that's burned at both ends to once gives out the quickest, but it's more or less consolin' to reflect that it gives the most light, too.

I never noticed many fellers that paid off the mortgage on their homes by settin' round a grocery an' talkin' politics. P'raps they did, but I never noticed it.

I've heard p'litical orators that made me think of a parrot. I s'pose I ought to explain that this remark ain't intended fer any reflection on the parrot.

Appearances are ruther deceitful. A mudhen looks a good deal like a duck, but some fellers that have tried it say that its meat ain't nigh so satisfyin'—not nigh.

I've noticed that it's mighty hard to make a woman that's keepin' house fer a husband an' nine children dread the wrath to come very much. Some folks might consider this theorlogical weakness, but I look at it es somethin' else.

They's nothin' in this world that's es ready to come when you invite it es trouble.

* * *

What the Man of Mars Saw

The Man of Mars was telling about his trip to the earth. "Once," he said, "an aeroplane ran into my etheroplane, and for a moment I feared it was all up with me but, fortunately—"

"That's all right," another Man of Mars interrupted, "but tell us about the people down there. Are they intellectual?"

"Sure! There appears to be no doubt of it."

"That's good! But what gave you the impression?"

"Why, some of them have so many and such superior brains that they have to drink stuff to reduce the quantity and quality of them. Their recognition of the sad necessity of thus reducing their brain capacity is really remarkable."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said all the Martians, as with one voice. Then one of them asked:

"Do they recognize a supreme power—a God?"

"You bet they do!" was the response. "We people of Mars are not in it when it comes to recognition and worship of an Almighty. In all the affairs of life his name, as they speak it, is on their lips. You meet them on the street, and they talk about him: in their clubs he is the subject of conversation, and in their homes it is the same. He is remembered at the time of their birth, and when they are cold in death those who speak of them first of all inquire concerning their life relations with him."

"This is wonderful that you tell us," said an ancient Martian. "Do they give this much worshiped Almighty One a name?"

"Indeed they do," was the answer; "it is forever on their lips."

"What is this august name of the deity that is so dear to them?" the ancient Martian inquired.

"His name, always reverently spoken, the Man of Mars replied, "is Dollars. I could not fail to learn it, because I heard it so often spoken."

Then the Man of Mars explained that he had left his documents on the earth and would have to go back after them before he could prove he was there.

* * *

Others of the Kind

"Do you know, Slitz, the office-seeker?"

"I do."

"With what political party is he affiliated?"

"Well, if you will tell me which party is the most likely to win in the next election I will give you the information that you desire."

The Gentle Father's Lullaby

(The partner of his joys and sorrows being at the club.)

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."
How the dear old lyric charms,
As the gentle father sings it
To the babe within his arms.
Softly rocking, gently rocking,
Soon the downy head shall nest
In the lovelight of his glances,
Safely sheltered on his breast.
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Heavenly blessings without number—
Mama won't be late, she said."

Loving lullabies, and tender,
Sung by fathers meek and mild,
How their melody remembered
Shall in future bless the child!
As might woo him angel anthems
From beyond life's misty deep,
So his gentle father's crooning
Shall, in dreams, lull him to sleep.
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.
Holy angels guard thy bed—
Ma must read a special number,
But she won't be late, she said."

* * *

When He Proposes To Her

The manner in which man proposes marriage to woman has varied greatly during the slow creep of the ages. When Adam proposed to Eve it is recorded—but the writer does not recall by whom—that she looked long and yearningly about her; then she timidly said:

"Are you the only man?"

"I am," Adam responded.

"Sure that no other is concealed anywhere?"

"I am."

"Do you suppose that another may arrive before long?"

"I am confident that none will, darl—"

"Well, then, I—what did you say your name is?"

"Adam."

"Well, Adam, I—oh, this is so sudden—but I well—yes."

Then he drew her yielding form to him, and later they were married, and everybody knows how it turned out.

Poor Eve! She didn't have much of a show, did she? And that is where Adam had an advantage over his male descendants—she had to take him or trot alone, which would have been a dreary fate, and where would the rest of us be?

Since that quite-a-while-ago time the methods of proposing have varied widely. For instance, it formerly was the custom to propose to one's dear one by knocking her down with a club and dragging her away, but as women now vote in several of the states and are likely to vote in others, this custom has been discontinued.

Yet later it was the custom of the fond lover to drop upon his knees before his lady fair and implore her in impassioned accents to become his own, but as the floor frequently had not been swept and the price of trousers even then was increasing, this custom, too, gradually fell into disuse.

These are only two instances, but they illustrate how far man traveled before he reached the present stage, in which no rule applies except that he look as much like a chump as possible and trust to the woman's lack of judgment to cause her to accept him.

* * *

A Bit of Advice

If you've not a thing to say,
Drop it;
Words are wasted every day—
Stop it.
Though you'd like to prate and prate,
Guess you'd better hesitate.
If your word will nothing state,
Chop it.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Net Results Of the Swing Theodore Roosevelt has been undignified and improper. Instead of mounting a pedestal and assuming the statuesque pose of the greatest living has-been he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and waded into a "bully fight" just as though he were any other American citizen who has something to say and is able to command a crowd to hear him say it. Of course this was in very bad taste. Those who ask nothing, except to be left alone while they take to themselves the earth and the fullness thereof, profess themselves profoundly shocked. They feel that an American ex-President should retire to some cloister from which vantage of imperturbable irresponsibility he may utter cautionary ponderosities upon occasion.

But that is not Rooseveltian. He is militant. He does things, and he did a very great deal during his twenty days' swing about the Middle Western circle. He aroused the whole nation to a renewal of zeal for the square deal. He brought them back to a renewed consciousness of the indispensable quality of those elemental moralities without which nothing, and to the forgetting of which we owe all our present-day problems. And he aroused and arrayed in hostile panoply all the forces of reaction which must be overcome if progress is to be made.

The fight is on anew. Theodore Roosevelt precipitated it and must see it through or surrender. If he hesitate he will be lost. In vain may the President lift his hands high in air and cry out for peace. There is no peace and will be none until one side or other is vanquished.

What About This Newer Nationalism? There is no question that the American mind is profoundly stirred. Representatives of historically vested interests are pleased to call it hysterical and Theodore Roosevelt the apostle of hysteria. The Watchman doubts the symptom of hysteria. It would be truer to speak of it as a consciousness of being a living being and something more than an appendage to property. Mr. Roosevelt has spoken of the goal toward which this movement is reaching out as "The Newer Nationalism," whereat many timid souls shudder and say, "What is this newer nationalism? Are you very sure that it is a good thing? Ought we not to be very prudent and go very slow?"

Yes, indeed. We shall be more prudent than we need and we shall go slower than we ought even with Theodore Roosevelt to lead. Ninety millions of people are not to be started on the double-quick at the firing of a pistol.

The old nationalism placed property above man. The newer will place man above property. The old nationalism applied in theory the same principles of constitutional right to the owner of a peanut stand and the United States Steel Corporation or Standard Oil. The policeman told the peanut vender to move on, if it suited the disposition of him to do so, and the peanut vender had nothing for it but to comply, constitution or no constitution, police or no police. Now the newer nationalism recognizes that principles that apply well enough to individuals may apply ill enough to vast artificial persons aggregating hundreds of millions of invested capital. The newer nationalism would make the laws fit the fact rather than continue to have them based upon a theory that has little relation to the fact.

The Roosevelt Assault On the Supreme Court The old nationalism assumed that courts, when about to render decisions, retired to the deserts to consider apart cold questions of fact and law unrelated to human passions, needs or aspirations and that, inasmuch as the Supreme Court of the United States has before it the great Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, it was highly improper for Colonel Roosevelt to disturb that court's tranquility of mind. No doubt he has jolted it. No doubt it needed jolting. Ninety millions of people will be helped or hindered by the decisions that court will render in these cases. It were a bad thing to have that court influenced in its decision by a popular wave of feeling, by anything akin to hysteria, but it would be a worse thing for that court to leave out of its decision all consideration for the rise of the common man, and the newer nationalism places the rise of the common man far above the prosperity of any one man or group of men. It cannot be a bad thing for that court to feel the influence of the spirit of the age and the country whether it be written into the record or not. The old nationalism also held inviolate the right of contract. The newer nationalism has said that a woman shall not contract away her power of motherhood, that children shall not contract away their childhood, and it may say that no man shall have the right to contract for a less wage than will yield him a livelihood. The old nationalism is of the legalist. The new nationalism is of the humanist. The old nationalism was founded upon property with the rights of man incident thereto. The newer nationalism is founded upon the rights of man with property rights incident thereto. Is it not good to be alive at such a time as this? Does not such an issue warm the heart and set the blood to pulsating? The vested interests say: "This is revolutionary." Well, they don't miss it much.

Crucial Test Of Roosevelt There is no estimating the power of an unselfish patriotism. Nor is there any estimating the weakness of an over-vaulting ambition. The crucial test of Mr. Roosevelt's character is yet to be applied. The "interests" have declared that he is campaigning for the Republican presidential nomination for 1912. If such shall prove to be the fact he will fall as politically dead as a salted mackerel. He can be United States senator, governor, anything but president, but if he shall betray an overruling ambition it will be his undoing and to the serious injury of the movement toward a newer nationalism. He has said that whoever has been made president has placed himself under obligation to his country that never can be repaid, and if what he shall do be done only to be credited against that account he can do whatever ought to be done and not even the Morganheims can prevail against him. If our giant's feet be made of clay we shall know it in due season. He cannot conceal the fact, but until he shall betray himself The Watchman will continue to look upon Theodore Roosevelt as the nation's leader toward a newer and better nationalism.

Lorimer Incident The refusal of Theodore Roosevelt to attend a banquet at which Senator Lorimer was to be a guest struck home. It gave notice to the nation that it is no longer respectable to be indecent; that being under indictment, or connected with persons under indictment, is no badge entitling the wearer to the society of self-respecting men. Lorimer must first purge himself, not only of all taint, but if it be proven that his election was secured by the use of money he must resign his seat in the senate no matter who furnished the money.

And who can read of that incident without knowing as well as he wants to what would have taken place had President Roosevelt, instead of President Taft, chanced to be in San Francisco while the graft prosecutions were at their height! Is there any question that he would not have sat down to a banquet with half those under indictment baring their glistening shirtfronts to his indignant gaze? Not a bit of it. He would have warned them to go on the witness stand and purge themselves of all taint before venturing into the presence of the untainted. Such shocks are needed to keep alive the power to discern good from evil, to separate the reputable from the disreputable. He would have given us an object lesson worth 10,000 votes at the then ensuing city election.

From Down In Maine While the Democrats won in Maine over a standpat, old-riveted, armor plated Republican machine, over which Senator Hale has lorded it as grand mogul, and by the defection of insurgent Republicans as a protest against standpatism, nevertheless it is not quite fair to say that this was the only result that helped the Democratic cause. There were other reasons why. Prohibition is not quite a figure, the resubmission issue being an important factor. Another was that the growth of taxation for a generation, no greater in Maine than elsewhere but there as well as elsewhere, made some impression on the general results. The clamor to "turn the rascals out and let us look at the books," after thirty years of unbroken Republican domination probably influenced some votes. Nevertheless, nothing short of a Republican revolt against the methods and the men of the old Republican regime could have induced the Republicans of Maine to fill the seat so long warmed by Eugene Hale with the "corporosity" of a Democrat. That was the unkindest cut of all. Now if some representative of labor could be elected to fill the seat of Aldrich the eternal fitness of things would stand completely vindicated. Those two austere personalities will make excellent stone posts for the newer nationalism to look back to once in a while just to see how far we have come since plutocracy was in flower.

Those Valiant Men Of Washington State No more significant event of a most significant year has taken place than the sweeping victory of the insurgent cause in State of Washington. It was supposed that there, of all states, the gospel of conservation had fewest friends. It was in that commonwealth that schemes were chiefly hatched to annex to cunning promoters the wealth of Alaska. A purpose of the direct primary was to vindicate Richard Achilles Ballinger by "advising" the election of a standpat United States senator and by the nomination of standpat congressmen, and there is no question that all the influence that Ballinger and the administration could exert was brought to bear against Miles Poindexter and the insurgent candidates for congress. Nevertheless, the sweep of insurgency was almost clean and the vindication of Ballinger appears to have been certified to the history of the future for further action. It is sunrise on a new era and old fogies are still snoozing unconscious of the fact.

The Empire State As a Battle Ground The contests we have had in Maine, Washington, California, Kansas, and even in Wisconsin, are as skirmishes compared with the war that is being waged in New York. There the interests are entrenched as nowhere else, but there, also, Theodore Roosevelt is to be reckoned with. Wall street dreads him now as never before. His gospel of the new nationalism has created consternation in the world of high finance. Money by the million will be poured out, first to prevent Theodore Roosevelt capturing the Republican organization in that state and, second, to defeat the ticket he and his friends may nominate if he does capture the convention. Give him the power to name the delegation to the next Republican national convention and the new nationalism for which he stands will be on the high road toward realization. The state convention will not be held at Saratoga until the 27th. From now until then there will be some tall scurrying all over the state. There is no patching up a truce. The direct primary is the immediate goal and that will mean the last of one-man power in the state of New York. It is true that Barnes of Albany is rather a small figure as a boss compared with the late Tom Platt and the odious Odell, but he has the interests behind him and they are big if he is not. Watch New York. That state is engaged in making history.

HE TAX-REFORM AMENDMENT

By CARL C. PLEHN

(Article No. 2)

the issue of this journal, of September 9, 1910, ap- an outline of the new system of taxation provided enate Constitutional Amendment No. 1. Before dering in detail the merits of the proposed system necessary to decide the question whether the pres- ystem is so bad that a radical change is necessary. next article will deal with "Why these evils are as are."

he present system of taxation comes in for demnation the country over. In 1901 a mittee of the California state senate re- ed: "From Maine to Texas and from fornia to Florida there is but one opinion o the workings of the present system of tion. That is, that it is inequitable, un- and positively unjust." By way of proof his assertion the Civic Federation of Chi- o in 1907 published a summary of the re- reports of twenty special tax commissions ifferent states. The editor of this sum- y gives the "significant features" of these rts in the following language:

a) A general recognition of the necessity ljusting tax systems to meet changing con- ns.

b) The general property tax is denounced a large majority of the commissions as itive, ineffective, unadapted to present in- rial conditions, and the greatest obstacle he way of revenue reform.

c) Constitutional restrictions on revenue ods in most of the states are declared un- ssarily rigid and harmful; efforts are be- made in many toward amendments.

d) The separation of the sources of state local revenues is generally favored, and g widely adopted.

* * * * * * * * * * *

f) A recognition, all but unanimous, that inds of property cannot be properly taxed he same methods; that classification of ects of taxation is wise and equitable and tioned by the highest courts.

g) An increasing tendency to apply rail- and other corporation taxes (including on franchise values), and license fees, to purposes; these being assessed by state ds; leaving local assessments for county municipal purposes."

to California every one in the least fa- r with the actual workings of the tax- m knows that there are glaring inequali- between man and man, between city and try, between county and county. Last the state board of equalization raised the ations of no less than eighteen counties by nts ranging from 10 to 100 per cent. while doing this the board declared that is beyond its powers to apply any really ive remedy to the known inequalities that

ghty per cent and over of the taxes fall on estate alone. The farmer whose property gely real estate and most of whose other rty is visible and easily found pays far than his just proportion. Public service orations are generally undertaxed, al- h there are some very notable exceptions. s, except the savings banks, cannot be lly compelled to pay any taxes; what do pay is nearly as much a free gift as contributions to public festivals. But the gs banks are, as a rule, overtaxed. Fran- s and many valuable privileges evade ion. A corporation by the simple device anging the record of its principal place siness can evade taxation on its franchise ether.

t, but not least, revenues that belong by to the state at large are seized by cer- localities advantageously situated and rty located elsewhere is taxed to make this loss. One county alone is drawing the state treasury over $200,000 per an- nore than she pays in. Yet all the coun- re supposed to contribute to the support state institutions.

re are other evils, but these alone are ently serious to be the cause for deep rn.

Angeles is to have a home for young n, to be built by William A. Clark, the r magnate, formerly United States sena- s a memorial to his mother, Mary An- Clark. The home will cost $500,000.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor California Weekly:

As a subscriber I have read your publication and have recognized the fact that in your effort to win a political victory, you presented certain things from your own view point, but, as your candidate has secured the nomination for Governor and he will need the votes of all that he secured at the primary and some more, I am surprised to see you continue your attacks on President Taft.

Either you have deliberately misstated facts or have, through ignorance, done him an injustice. If the former, there is no hope that you will make any attempt to do Taft justice, if the latter then you owe it to yourself as well as Taft to do the square thing.

Furthermore, there are many who believe that Taft is just as reliable as any who ever held the office of President and when you assail him you only tend to lessen the strength of the Republican candidate.

As a Republican I am anxious for the success of the party. Simply because I could not have my way I am not out for "rule or ruin" policies. We must pull together. Continued unwarranted abuse will lessen the respect of your friends and certainly not win the esteem of those who have different ideas than those you advocate.

You are in a position to roast me for bringing this to your attention, but it don't warrant it. Play fair. Elect Johnson and if there be wrong methods pursued in the Republican party let men get together, discuss and correct them. Do the right thing. The bigger the man the more liberal and fair. Show that you are big.

W. W. COOLEY.

717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 3, 1910.

We have not the faintest desire to "roast" the author of the foregoing. On the contrary, we are greatly obliged to him for letting us know that the things we say have had the effect on his mind that they evidently have. We have never yet been able to foreknow just how anything that we say will strike the target it aims at. For instance, we have not the smallest idea of ever having "abused" President Taft in thought, word or deed. We have criticised him, but our faith in his integrity of character and single mindedness has never been shaken, though we here and now confess that he has disappointed us as President, and we fear that he will continue to do so to the end.

William Howard Taft is in the wrong pew. His place is on the supreme bench. He knew this better than anybody else and characteristically manifested his supreme weakness when he consented to be a candidate for president instead of going upon the bench as he wanted to. He knew his own capabilities better than Roosevelt or anyone else knew them. Ever and always he is the judge and not the executive and a judge he should have been and not an executive.

Which reminds that Lincoln Steffens gave the writer of this, and a few others, a true estimate of Taft more than a year before he became president. In substance, it was this: "He is naturally an indolent man, intellectually and physically. He loves ease and the easy way of dealing with problems. Give him a task and he will execute it splendidly, and then go away back and sit down until he is given another. He will fight when aroused, but he would rather be let alone."

This disposition has caused him to yield to pressure, first on one side and then on the other, with the not unlikely result that he will be the gladdest man in America when he can quit being president and go fishing, a loveable man, a safe judge but by nature unfitted to executive tasks in a nation throbbing with life and heart-bold to do and dare. If this is "abuse of the President," then we expect to abuse him some more. His own supreme yearning is, "For God's sake let us have peace, don't do anything disagreeable."

The particular fault our correspondent finds with us is with reference to our statement last week in "Political Table Talk," that the President is not in favor of a tariff commission, but prefers a tariff board. We made no mistake in that statement. The President did ask congress for a tariff commission, but the Payne-Aldrich influence cut it out of the bill and the President yielded. He then asked for a tariff board to advise him with reference to putting into operation the maximum and minimum features of the tariff law. This was given and he announced that he should hold that the scope of that board could be construed by him as broad enough to serve the uses of a commission, and asked for a further appropriation of $250,000 for the continuance of this work Thereafter, in an address that the writer cannot lay his hands on at the moment, but that he remembers perfectly, the President expressed his preference for a board reporting to himself, and he to congress, rather than a tariff commission empowered to fix schedules and report directly to congress for the ratification of its action. The difference between the two, board and commission, is radical. Not all understand this. Those who drafted the tariff plank for the Republican platform here in San Francisco did not else they would not have said, "We therefore **join with the President** in demanding the appointment of a **permanent tariff commission,"** etc. That is just exactly what he is **not** demanding. He pointed out, in the address referred to, that the plan had not worked well in Germany where it had been tried. If not it was because the Reichstag preferred to log-roll, as does the American congress. Congress has got to stop it.

The President yields to pressure. At the start pressure came from the wrong side and he yielded to it injuriously. It is now coming from the other side and he is yielding to it hopefully. He antagonized the insurgents at the instance of the regulars and sought to read La Follette and Cummins out of the party. At the instance of the insurgents he has thrown Cannon and Sherman on the junk heap, and has grown cold toward Aldrich. If, at the end, he finds himself on foot and alone between two fires it will not be because William Howard Taft is not an honest, wise, capable, loveable man, but because one whom God Almighty ordained to be a great judge the American people made an executive. Theodore should have stayed at home and looked after his man.

THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS

Ernest Rutherford did more, says a contributor to Current Literature, than solve the problem of the nature of matter. He proved that an element is forever transforming itself into some other element. Gold, to put the matter in simple words, is striving all the time to become some other thing than gold. It succeeds in the long run—perhaps in a million years, more or less. Therefore the alchemists of the Middle Ages were theoretically correct. There does occur a transmutation of elements. Rutherford did not merely theorize about that. He demonstrated the fact. The base metals do not transmute themselves into the precious ones. It is the other way. There is "a breaking down," as physicists say, of the precious into the base. Herein we have the net result of the upheaval and excitement in the realm of the physical sciences due to the discovery of radium, or rather, to be quite precise, to the discovery of that property of matter which is styled radio-activity. It is due to the genius of Ernest Rutherford alone that the world realizes at last the meaning of the spontaneous emission of radiations or rays capable of passing through plates of metal. Science stood at first bewildered by cathode rays, Roentgen rays, X-rays. The immortal Becquerel discovered that potassium uranyl sulphate emitted rays which acted on a photographic plate enveloped in black paper. The Curies analyzed systematically the mineral pitchblende and dumbfounded physicists by isolating radium with its incredible emanations. J. J. Thomson investigated the conductivity of electricity through gases and split the atom into smaller particles. But what did it all mean? The old chemistry was exploded The physics of the 19th century stood discredited. Rutherford explained everything. The series of experiments through the medium of which Rutherford established the fact of the transformation of elements supplemented the investigation of J. J. Thomson into the conductivity of electricity through gases. Both breathed the breath of life into the conception of this universe as a mass of what, for want of a better term, we may call entities.

Madame Le Blanc, wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, recently acted the part of Melisande in her husband's play of "Pelleas et Melisande" at a private representation at the Chateau Saint Wandrille, where only twenty spectators were invited to follow the action of the piece by moonlight through the ancient castle.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. | No. 22294

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

MINISTERS' SALARIES

A bulletin just issued by the government gives facts about Christian ministers in American cities, their number and salaries, and about the mortgage debts of churches. The figures are for 1906, but have just been made public.

There were 164,830 Christian ministers and 1,084 Jewish rabbis in the United States in 1906, and they increase at the rate of nearly 4,000 a year. Their average salary is $663, and there was paid to them in 1906 a total of $69,667,587. Baptists and Methodists have more than half the whole number of ministers in the country, due to their large number of small churches, especially in rural districts.

In Manhattan and Brooklyn are several scores of ministers whose salaries exceed $5,000 a year. The highest salary ever offered a minister to preach in New York was $18,000 a year and a house, offered last year by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Manhattan —and declined! Several ministers receive $15,000 a year, and there are a dozen or more who get $12,000.

These salaries are the highest in the world. London and Berlin averages are hardly more than $3,000 a year. That is, a London minister who gets $3,000 is near the top. In New York he is near the bottom.

The government shows the average salaries of ministers in cities having 300,000 population and over to be: Baptist, $1,793; Congregational, $1,938; Methodist, $1,642; Presbyterian, $2,450; Protestant Episcopal, $1,873; Reformed, $1,938; Roman Catholic, $684, and Jewish, $1,491.

In the smaller cities and rural districts, ministers' salaries run away down. Baptists in the South average $334, and colored Baptists in the South $227. On the other hand in bodies that are strongest in the cities, like the Unitarian, the Protestant Episcopal, and the Roman Catholic, the averages stay about the same.

For example, Unitarians receive the highest average salaries of all, their figure being $1,653. The Protestant Episcopal ranges down from $1,873 to $1,517, the Roman Catholic does not fall off at all, the rural districts ranging higher than the average, at $724.

The average salaries of Christian Science readers is only $234 for the whole country, with $958 as the average in cities having 300,0 population or more. The government explains this curious fact as that readers are practitioners as a rule, and are expected to earn their own support.

In actual money, Methodist ministers t most of all, their salaries amounting annu to $16,150,000. Baptists receive $10,323,0 Presbyterians $7,610,000, Roman Catholics 779,000, Episcopalians $4,887,000, Congregationalists $4,154,000, Reformed $1,682,000 Jews $801,000. Not all bodies reported, these figures, in practically every instan ought to be increased by one-fifth for 1906, another fifth for the present year. It is estimated on the basis of these reports that in $100,000,000 will be paid in salaries, and congregational expenses, missions and extensions will involve $300,000,000 more.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location principal place of business, San Francisco, Californi

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was lev upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable mediately to the Secretary, at the office of the pany, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ Any stock upon which this assessment shall rem unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will delinquent and advertised for sale at public auct and, unless payment is made before, will be sold the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinq assessment, together with costs of advertising and penses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretar
Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, Californ

NOTICE OF MEETING OF STOCKHOLDER

A meeting of the stockholders of the YUBA C SOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY of Ari will be held at the office of the company, Room Balboa Building, in the City and County of San F cisco, State of California, on Saturday, the first day October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., for purpose of electing directors and such other business may come before the meeting.

It is proposed at such meeting to amend the arti of incorporation of the company to provide that 000 shares of its capital stock shall be preferred st under such terms and conditions as may be determ at the meeting.

In order to comply with the law of Arizona, the nual meeting of the stockholders of this corporation be held at the office of the company in the room J. E. Bennitt, Phoenix, Arizona, on the 7th day October, 1910, at two o'clock P. M., for the purp of considering, ratifying and confirming the action tak at the said meeting of October first.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Secretar
9-1

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Berkeley Business College

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"The Business University of California"

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Z. P. SMITH, President

The School that "made good" because its graduates "make good"

THE NON-PARTISAN JUDICIARY PROBLEM

THE LAW IN OTHER STATES AND A SUGGESTION FOR CALIFORNIA

By WILLIAM DENMAN

The short campaign for a non-partisan judi-
l ballot, inaugurated but two months before
e last session of the legislature, found not
ly a very large majority of the incumbent
dges, but the people of the state themselves,
ady for the measure. In response to a few
cular letters from the writer, over a hun-
ed of the stronger newspapers throughout
lifornia gave active advocacy to the system.
ie subsequent approval of Judges Gilbert,
orrow and DeHaven of the United States
nch and of Chief Justice Beatty and Justices
oss, Shaw and Angelotti of the State Su-
eme Court gave the demand for the measure
weight and dignity which would seem to
ve made its passage certain.
The bill introduced by Senator Boynton
ssed the senate by a vote of 25 to 10, Sena-
rs Leavitt, Savage and Willis leading the
position. The vote in the assembly was de-
ed till next to the last day of the session,
ien, with the active assistance of Young,
eston, Juilliard, Beatty and others, it re-
ived a plurality of the votes, but failed of a
ajority. The defeat in the assembly was
e to the adverse efforts of Phil A. Stanton
d Walter Leeds, of Los Angeles, and Milton
hmitt, of San Francisco. Grove L. Johnson
o opposed the bill, but his efforts served only
solidify its supporters. The active opposi-
n of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of Los An-
les, then a known candidate for a partisan
mination for election to the Supreme bench,
nt a certain kind of respectability to the ad-
rse attitude of the Los Angeles delegation.

Defeat of Opponents

It is interesting to note that all these op-
nents of the measure have since received dis-
ct expressions of public disapproval of their
islative attitude. Judge Wilbur's immature
ack on the system as a "humbug," although
ommended by the strongest federal and
al judges in the state, prejudiced him in the
re northern counties where his kindly ad-
nistration of the juvenile court was un-
own, and his candidacy for the Supreme
ch fell behind the other Lincoln-Roosevelt
ndidates even amongst the progressives of
party. Grove L. Johnson, who character-
d the nonpartisan judge as a "spineless
itical cactus," was also defeated at the last
ction. So also were Leavitt, the race-track
nator from Alameda, who could find no in-
nbent judge in California who had gotten
nomination by improper convention meth-
s; Savage, of Los Angeles, who opposed the
a of non-partisanship on the bench as "new
gled"; Assemblyman Leeds, of Los An-
es, who said "we have a lot of good Re-
blican judges in Los Angeles and, of
rse, we don't want to change," and Stanton,
o gave all the power of the speakership in
assembly to prevent the passage of the bill,
mitt by a narrow plurality in a large num-
of candidates received the Republican
mination, but his defeat by his Democratic
ponent seems likely. With the exception of
lbur, there was more than enough else ob-
tionable in the legislative records of these
n to cause this downfall, but the question
their vote on the non-partisan judicial bal-
bill I am informed appeared again and
in in their campaigns.

Law Passed in Other States

The proposed measure fared better in other
tes. The writer sent his circular letter to
governors and chief justices of the various
tes. The governor of North Dakota wrote
t he had recommended adoption of the
asure in his message to the legislature in
January following, and that a non-partisan
icial election law was enacted (Laws of
rth Dakota 1909, page 84). The chief jus-
of Montana wrote that he had turned the
respondence over to the judicial committee
the state senate with his personal endorse-
nt of the plan. A similar law to that of
rth Dakota was passed at that session (Laws of Montana 1909, page 160). Nebraska enacted similar legislation at the same session of her legislature (Laws of Nebraska 1909, Ch. 53, page 256). Many other governors and chief justices responded favorably and no doubt the need of some such change is as keenly felt and will be as productive of results in those other states having the elective system.

The fight seems to be won in California, as both parties have non-partisan judicial elections planks in their platforms. The question now is, what kind of a judicial election law shall we enact? The bill proposed at the last session provided for a change merely in the ballot, which is the best we could hope for in the mass of legislation then presented for enactment. In the coming session, however, we may look for a law which will provide for a nomination as well as the election of all judicial officers.

Double Elections and Elimination of Lower Candidates

The Washington law of 1907, which was very loosely drawn, provided that all of the judicial candidates for the superior and supreme judgeships should appear on all the primary ballots and those receiving the highest vote equal in number to the vacancies to be filled should be printed on the ballot at the general election. This means that the judge was elected at the primaries and by a mere plurality, as it was impracticable to write in a sufficient number of new names on the final ballot to defeat a candidate whose name was printed. It is questionable whether the law was much of an improvement on the old system.

In Montana, North Dakota and Nebraska, the legislatures removed the judge from all consideration at the primaries and provided that he should be placed on the final ballot by petition only. At the general election a mere plurality of votes elects. This, though an improvement on the trading of the party convention system, still leaves the better qualified candidate open to defeat through the nomination of other well qualified persons, who, though without chance of election, divide his vote. By this means less desirable candidates often win by a small plurality, in a larger field of candidates where they could not possibly obtain a majority of votes.

Fortunately in California, where the question of non-partisanship in municipal elections has long been a subject of discussion and experiment by politicians, we have worked out a practicable scheme for electing the candidate of the majority of the voters. It is what is known as the Los Angeles plan, whereby the candidates obtaining the largest vote at the primary election, double the number of vacancies to be filled, become the only candidates whose names are printed on the ballot at the general election. The Berkeley charter has added an improvement whereby a vacancy is filled at the first election if any candidates secure a majority of the votes then cast. San Francisco will vote in November on another improvement, a simple method of rotating the candidates' names so that the lowest in the group alphabetically arranged will have the same chance with the lazy tops-of-the-column voter as each of his opponents.

Applied to the judicial elections, the modified Los Angeles plan would require that all the names of all the candidates for the judgeships should appear on the ballot of all the parties at the primary. This is also the first step in the Washington system. The votes on all of the ballots would then be totaled and if any judge received a majority of all the votes cast, he would be declared elected. For any vacancies not thus filled, double the number of candidates, from the top of the list, will be placed on the ballot at the general election.

By this process it becomes almost certain that one of the two men on the general ballot will be well qualified, as it is practically impossible to split the intelligent vote in such a way as to elect any two of the candidates of the special interests.

Place on Ballot

The judges' names should be grouped at the head of the left hand, or first column on the sheet, as provided by the bill presented at the last legislature. This is not because the office is more important than the governor's, though under our constitution it is not less so. It is because the judicial functions being the less conspicuous, bring the judicial candidates in less prominence before the voters and hence as a compensation they should be given a more prominent position on the ballot. No voter will fail to vote for the governor because his name comes after the judges. Many will fail to vote for the judges if their names are placed after the gubernatorial candidates. It is well both for the voter and the judges that the importance of the judicial office should not be overlooked.

Facility of Nomination

The Washington Act provided that any elector might become a judicial candidate on the payment of a small fee. The opponents of the measure raised the bugaboo of a deluge of candidates, but, as in England and in our California municipalities, the freedom of entry into candidacy produces fewer instead of more candidates than when three or four parties each nominate a full ticket. Even at the first election in Washington there were but eight candidates for the three vacancies on the supreme bench. Our experience in California has been that under the system of open candidacy there have been fewer candidates in the subsequent elections than at the first.

In any event the number of signers of the petition of the judicial candidate should be reduced to a minimum and he should be permitted to gather them at any place in the state where his judicial qualifications are recognized.

Rotation of Candidates' Names

The great disadvantage under which all candidates, judicial and others, labor, whose names are low in the alphabet, is an evil which is now well recognized. It can be overcome by a system of rotation of the candidates' names. Various experiments have been tried in other states, and the subject is of sufficient importance to be treated in a separate article. Sufficient to say that the non-partisan candidates will suffer even more from the evils of "top of the column" voting than those who have a party distinction to label them.

There can be no question that the best method of securing an able and impartial judiciary is by restoring the power of selection to the hands of a strong and independent governor. The appointment system is that in use in practically all the civilized countries of the world save the United States. Our fear of corporate control of our governors has led us to retain the elective system and it seems to the writer we have acted wisely. If, after a decade or two of experiment, the direct primary continues to supply us with such candidates as in this campaign, there is no doubt but that we will come to adopt the method of other civilized communities. However, as we may count on the continuance of the present system for some years, we should give our best energy between now and the session of the legislature to the solution of the problem of procuring an intelligent choice by the electors, free from considerations of partisanship. It is hoped that the above suggestions may at least serve to start the discussion.

Mrs. Rufus P. Williams is the chairman of the department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which has charge of the work of fighting tuberculosis. Four years ago when the work was begun there were only about thirty women's clubs engaged in the fight. Today more than two thousand women's clubs are taking special interest in the fight.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
967-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5990.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9 9 10t

Parcells Safe Co.

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Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,555,093.05
Deposits June 30th, 1910	40,384,727.21
Total Assets	43,108,907.82

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Wells, Fargo & Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

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SELMA LAGERLOF'S CAREER

One morning twenty years ago a school teacher living in a small country town in Sweden awoke to find herself famous. A story of hers, submitted in a competition offered by a Swedish magazine, had not only won the prize, but had received the enthusiastic congratulations of the entire board of judges.

She had been composing this story in her mind since her schoolgirl days, says the Woman's Home Companion, and it was such a simple, straightforward, compelling, yet romantic story of ideals that it took all the Scandinavian countries by storm.

It was the now famous story, "The Saga of Gosta Berling," the first in a series of remarkable books that finally won for Selma Lagerlof the Nobel prize for literature last year and made her one of the most eminent and interesting of modern authors.

In a subsequent account of how she came to write this romantic epic she tells us that once upon a time there was a story that yearned to be written to the world. So it went around from village to village and from house to house, knocking at each door until it came to her own humble cottage. She reverently determined to try.

She had absorbed as a child the naive, primitive folk talk of the country and being a born romanticist she thought that the greatest of all reality was the reality of the ancient legends of folklore. But romanticism was dead in these days and how could she bring it to life again?

Twenty years of brooding thought and labor taught her the leson, and now at the age of 51 this charming spinster is known and loved throughout the whole Western world, not as the fortunate winner of the $40,000 prize but as a teller of fairy tales of that rare kind that may be read with equal pleasure by children and grown-ups. All the world now knows of the literary and ethical beauty of her stories and legends.

ADAM AND US

(Or Where Adam Had the Best Of It)

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."
—Success Magaizne.

Whatever troubles Adam missed,
This must have made him sore—
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam bore,
He never had to grieve
Because a woman lived next door
Who coaxed the cook from Eve.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He was a lucky man,
He was not nightly told to dump
The ice box water pan.
—Detroit Free-Press.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
With cooks, and doors, and jokes,
Eve never claimed that she was glad
'Cause Cain looked like her folks.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No one of sense believes,
That fashions ever bothered him—
The people wore fig leaves.
—Des Moines Capital.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
With earth and sea and sky,
He never starved because the cost
Of living was too high.
—Omaha World-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He never had the blues
From paying off the monthly bills
For grub and clothes and shoes.
—The Commoner.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He never could be jealous,
For Eve could never, never flirt
With any other fellows.
—D. B. Moody.

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Reduced Rate $110 FIRST CLASS

The splendid steamship SIERRA (twin screw, 10,000 tons displacement), makes trip in 5½ days. R. T. tickets good for 4 months. Sailings, Sept. 10, Oct. 7 and every 21 days. Book now. Honolulu, most attractive spot on entire round-the-world tour. Volcano Kilauea now unusually active.

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Attorneys—J. C. McKinstry and D. C. Murphy.

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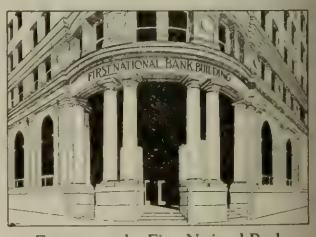

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THE WHITE ATTENDANT

BY

ARTHUR YOUNG

WAS in the midst of a vast, level plain, across which the rising moon threw the shadow of myself and my horse in a ndigious black bar that stretched toward westernmost point of the horizon, even, I cied, up upon part of the impenetrable sky ove. A more melancholy ride could not ll be imagined. Whither I was bound I not know. I could recall no farewell from wife, only a space behind me as interminaas the immensity before me. I could not sp even an intimation of a measurement of e nor space. How far I had come was re guesswork; I conceived it only as an neasurable distance. How far ahead my tination lay seemed equally unknown, it ght be infinite indefinite spaces. I seemed pended in a void: behind me nothing by ich to gauge my progress from it, before nothing by which to gauge my progress ard it. Those narrowing vistas of perctive behind and those widening perspecs ahead, by which the traveler notes his vard movement, were not existent. That I ved at all I was conscious only from the tion of my body as my horse's body rose fell.

le, too, added to the unearthly attributes my position. We had taken our way at a tle lope, and he had maintained it without instant's pause and without a perceptible inution of his pace. He seemed tireless, a chinery of motion perfectly adjusted. Every f-beat sounded with the same methodical uracy of the beat before, with the same e, after the same interval. Time and in I held my breath and strained my ears nerves to detect a possible variation of movements. There was none. As rhythas the motions of the stars, he bore me on. was inexpressibly weary. From the very t my limbs had yielded to a fatigue so r that further weariness could not have le an impression on my brain. And yet, as I know it sounds to say it, I sat my lle erect with ease, without a thought of ng or of calling my horse to halt. Onl I must continue, where or why I knew and yet "must" seemed not compulsion a vague, though irresistible, impulse.

s the moon rose higher the outlines of the ıry scene about me came out in clearer aments, in those mystifying illusions of onlight, those startling contrastings of chtness and shadow, those disturbing inalities of vision. I perceived clearly now where I rode was desert. Far as the eye ld penetrate the ashen haze of moonlight, tree nor house nor man appeared. I rode ough a low forest of dead brush and grass, highest stalk or twig rising no more than ot above the ground, I, by comparison, a ister looming gigantic above them. All gray. The moonlight shone with lifeless liance over the vast plain, and silvered the with a dead tint of light that robbed it of lustrous blue.

was conscious that a wind blew at my k. I could hear it, whispering, whisperrising, falling, sighing. And yet not a le of grass quivered at its touch, nor a gh of sage turned before it. One moment vas hot, and scorched me as if a furnace r had opened in the gates of this emptis and poured a flood of molten air upon The next moment it was icy cold, and I ered convulsively. Nevertheless, when it v cold, I was still conscious that the desert re I rode was in a tropic land on a high barren plateau.

/ave upon wave, a frightful sense of loness swept over me. Somehow I knew that living thing before me had ever crossed desert, that no man's habitation lay upon hat until I left it I should see no sign of nor hear anything but the rhythmic hoofs of my horse and the sound of the spering wind. I strained my eyes to the zon before and on either side, and saw distance receding into greater distance melting into the sky. I looked up at the above me, and saw only the dimmed stars the cold face of the moon, and seemed to the heavens crushing down on me in soft, thering folds of impalpable mist.

:ill, I did not seem to be lost. There was ath to guide me, yet the way seemed perly clear. Straight forward, without hesion or turning, my horse drove on in the night, and the reins rested idly in my hands.

Something was following me. Of a sudden I knew it, though I did not turn to see. I dared not turn. It made no sound, and it was at a great distance, but I was afraid. I knew that it was of the size and shape of a human being, but that its form was wreathed in a white mist, and only its eyes could ever be seen. It did not ride, and it did not walk, yet it advanced with an even motion, and slowly, the more terribly because so slowly, it gained upon me. I felt like a child in the dark, that has entered an unlighted chamber without fear, and, having turned to go back to the light, hurries panic stricken away from the shadow behind him.

I tried to picture the features of this mysterious shape that followed me. I saw it first as a death's head grinning, and with phosphorescent fires gleaming from its eyes. Again I pictured it as a wan woman, with flying hair and pallid lips.

At length I ventured to turn my head and beheld—nothing. Nothing but the same interminable waste behind me that stretched before me. But, though I saw nothing, I knew that It was there, silent, swift, and gaining upon me with excruciating slowness.

I tried to urge my horse to speedier flight. It was a vain effort, for so utter was my weariness that I could not move my limbs to spur him on, nor raise hand or voice to urge him. The beat of his hoofs continued as rhythmic as before.

As I gazed ahead, a black spot appeared in the distance, in a horizontal plane as if it were something laid upon the ground. At last my eyes had established a vanishing point, a perspective. Now I could see that I was moving forward. The spot grew larger, and, if such a thing could be, blacker as well. We drew nearer and nearer to it. And yet my spirits were not exalted. Rather they sank lower as I neared the margin of that ominous lake, for lake it proved to be as I drew near enough to discern its character. It was a black and stagnant pool, though pool does not describe it, for it shared the immensity of the whole scene, and spread in a vast, unbounded monotony as far as the eye could follow. I was conscious now that we were descending a slope in the plain, a slope that grew steeper as we advanced. The rhythmic hoofbeats of the horse under me resounded with the same regularity, but his speed seemed unconsciously to quicken, faster and ever faster, until we were rushing toward the sullen sea at lightning speed. But not even a breath of wind blew in my face, though I still could hear it whispering beside me. Fear seized me, and I strove to turn the horse's head aside. Weariness again forbade me. Even my voice was still with utter weariness. And on we sped, straight toward that sullen sea. I could not turn my head, but still I knew that mystic shape in white pursued me. Terror followed me and death lay before me. And still we sped onward, straight toward that black, mysterious sea.

Which fear lay heaviest upon me I do not know. The terror of the man who walks in darkness, pursued by a silent, unseen shape, is the most exquisite of mortal terrors. Perhaps, as I weighed the fear behind and the destruction that lay before, I may have felt that that which lay before, promising oblivion and relief, was preferable to that which followed, mysteriously menacing. Still we sped onward

Suddenly we were in the midst of that black sea. We were in the midst of it, but it did not touch us. On either side of us its waters lay, before us and behind, yet we were not tarred with its muddy touch. Like pitch those waters stretched away on either side, and at my left, glassed in its smooth surface, lay the cold reflection of the silvery moon. No ripple disturbed its image, no living thing moved in the depths to stir the waters. The desert had been as ashes of desolation; the sea was as the chilled lava of despair. Only the wind still whispered as before. My spirits sank lower and lower. And still the menacing presence followed, though I could not, for utter weariness, turn my eyes to look upon it. And still we sped onward.

And then the waters opened. Straight as the path of a moonbeam the way lay open before us, and the waters were rolled back as a bank of pitch on either side. And ahead, far ahead, I saw that the path divided, and one way turned to the left and the other to the right, and that no sign marked any difference in the paths. But as we drew near, the white figure that had followed me appeared at the parting of the ways, one arm upraised and pointing to the left hand road. My horse would have taken the right, and strove mightily to pass the figure, but, though the figure did not move, it barred the right hand path and forced him to the left. And then the figure disappeared, but I knew that it followed as before. And fear left me.

Suddenly we left the sea and began to ascend, without diminution of speed. As we ascended, my spirits rose. Our path lay toward the mountains. Soon the desert disappeared, and we were in a deep canyon, whose walls towered immeasurably high overhead. Darkness hedged me and shut off the light of the moon, but that darkness seemed brighter than the light. Soon even the trace of moonlight was gone, and utter darkness covered me. Still that darkness seemed brighter than the light. And still the shape in white followed me, close at my horse's heels, and fear was not with me.

Of a sudden we left the canyon, and my horse stood still. Weariness left me as a man drops his mantle, and I dismounted and moved slowly, for the darkness was profound. I turned again to remount, and my horse was gone. But as I turned my eyes were dazzled at a radiant shape, clad all in white. And now I could see it clearly, and its face was wholly beautiful and benign. And over its brow appeared a band of sparkling gems, curiously wrought into a mystic symbol, though I knew at once what the symbol meant. Its meaning was "Love."

As I gazed upon the band of sparkling gems the figure dissolved, and I was all alone. But a great light illuminated the place where I was. It was the light of the sun, the warm and glowing light of day. And the place where I stood was at the edge of a green valley, gemmed with flowers. The habitations of men appeared at a distance, and smoke arising from the chimneys. The sweet odor of morning filled my nostrils, and the cool dew wet my hands as I stooped to touch the flowers. A bird sang in the boughs of a tree nearby. My heart swelled with joy as it does in the clean strength of spring.

For a moment all was black. I reeled through a black infinitude of space, and then came peace. I opened my eyes, and at the bedside stood the physician, and, at his right hand, my wife. He smiled and murmured:

"He will live. Last night was the test. All he needs now is sleep."

And I saw that the face beneath the band of sparkling gems was the face of her who stood by my bedside, and that the dew that had touched my hands fell from her piteous eyes. And I smiled contentedly and closed my eyes in a deep sleep, in which was profound peace.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, widow of a congressman from Georgia, has just won her fight before the Georgia Railroad Commission, in which she pleaded her own case and was opposed by fifteen railroad attorneys. The railroad had received free a right of way on condition of establishing and maintaining a sidetrack on the Felton plantation. After the death of Congressman Felton this sidetrack was removed against the wish of Mrs. Felton.

("William P. Lawlor"—Continued)

of sentence, has turned erring men and women from the path toward hardened criminality into the paths of self-respect and useful citizenship.

Another example of Judge Lawlor's human and common-sense view of the law is his belief in the dignity and proper finality of the trial court's decisions in all but extraordinary cases. This belief was expressed by him in an address before the City Club of Los Angeles, last Saturday, and it must appeal to the sound reason of anybody who thinks of it, just as it has always appealed to the best judgment of the English people. The idea that substantial justice can best be done in the court in which all the facts are brought out from the oral testimony of the actual witnesses, under conditions that safeguard all the rights of the accused—a jury of his peers, a public hearing, the presumption of innocence—rather than by an appeal court which never sees any party to the cause and which concerns itself almost wholly with technical refinements in the procedure of the case, is an idea that seems elementary, and which has been discarded only in America, of all civilized countries.

Returning to Judge Lawlor's election to the bench, two matters are of interest. In the election of 1900, the four judges elected to the superior court received votes in the following order: Judge Coffey, Judge Lawlor, Judge Sloss, Judge Graham. In 1906, the election was more stirring. The fire had completely disorganized the life of the city, making it extremely difficult to do effective campaign work. Abe Ruef was in political control, and he fought Judge Lawlor viciously. Some of the reasons for Ruef's opposition came to light only after the election. Judge Lawlor had presided at the trial of some of Ruef's henchmen who had been caught committing election frauds, and had sent them to prison. He could naturally expect reprisals for this incident. But the real reason came out later. The crimes for which Ruef was afterwards indicted had been committed in May, and Ruef had reason to believe that he would be discovered. He also knew that if Judge Lawlor were to try the cases against him he would have only the usual protection offered by the law to all persons accused of crime. Hence the intentness with which he pursued his purpose of defeating Judge Lawlor.

In this campaign Ruef procured for Judge Lawlor's opponents, Edmund P. Mogan and Charles T. Conlan, the nominations of all three parties, Democratic, Republican and Union Labor. Judge Lawlor was able to secure only the Democratic nomination and the endorsement of the Bar Association. This fact was especially important at the time, because the voting machines were then in use, and it was difficult to explain to the voter how to scratch a ticket. If a Republican pulled down the lever to vote his whole ticket, Mogan and Conlan each got a vote, but Lawlor got none. If a Union Labor voter pulled the lever, Mogan and Conlan each got a vote, but Lawlor got none. If a Democrat pulled down the lever, Lawlor got one vote, but so did Mogan and Conlan. The only way a man could vote for Judge Lawlor and against the other two candidates was to pull down the Democratic lever, lift the pointers off the names of the other two and then release the lever.

Naturally, this was a difficult thing to make the voters understand, especially under the confused conditions in 1906. An added difficulty was the fact that Ruef had moved the registrar's office far out into the Mission, making registration extremely inconvenient for a large proportion of the voters. But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, out of the 35,000 votes cast for judges of the superior court, Judge Lawlor received 21,000 and his opponents only 16,000 each.

Judge Lawlor's record on the bench since 1906 is too well known to be reviewed here except in the most general way. It is well to recall that the attorneys for the defense in the graft cases, month after month, used every conceivable means to trap the judge into errors of ruling, to so harass him as to make him seem to take sides against the accused, to wear down his patience and his strength so that he would turn the cases over to another department for trial, and that the judge, through it all, maintained his composure, preserved his judicial temper, and kept his rulings free from bias. To conceive the strain that he has gone through during the last four years would tax the boldest imagination. He has been the target for the bitterest hatred, the most unscrupulous and libelous newspaper attacks, and the object of an organized conspiracy to wreck his life, both mentally, nervously, socially and as a judge. That he has come out of that ordeal in sound health and without a trace of unstrung nerves, is a wonderful tribute to his physical powers and to the resources of fortitude in his spirit. That he has come out of it with general recognition of the fairness of his course upon the bench is an even more extraordinary tribute to his qualifications as a lawyer and a judge.

To sum up Judge Lawlor briefly, he is a man—a big man. He knows his business—the law—he knows life, he has been tried as in a furnace in the fires of temptation and the fire of hate, and he has come out unsmirched and unscathed, a quiet, resolute, self-controlled gentleman, unembittered and a judge profoundly respected for his learning and integrity.

SHEAR WIT

German orator, in the heat of the campaign: "Put as for me, mine friends, dere is only vo course, unt dat is forwart, for I haf purnt m pritches behint me!"—Sewanee University Tiger.

We were walking along the shaded street o an eastern Pennsylvania village when a gi came to the door of a nearby house and calle to a small boy playing on the walk: "Gusty Gusty, come and eat yourself once. Ma's o der table now and pa's half et already!"—Th Housekeeper.

"Now, professor, you have heard my daugh ter sing, tell me what I ought to do with her? "Sir, if I told you what you ought to do wit her the law would hold me as an accessory."— Houston Post.

Belle—Nellie, dear, may I introduce you t my fiance? Nellie—Delighted to meet yo sir. All of your predecessors have been suc bully fellows.—Cleveland Leader.

A gentleman was strolling across a larg estate when he came upon a man fishing "What sort of fish do you catch here?" h said. "Mostly trout," replied the man. "Ho many have you caught?" "About ten o twelve, sir." "What is about the heaviest yo have caught?" continued the gentleman. "Wel I don't know the weight, but the water sun two or three feet when I pulled it out!"—Ch cago Journal.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who ask questions on the installment plan. "Did I eve notice what?" queried the party of the dens part. "That a married woman's description o an ideal man isn't a good picture of her hus band?" continued the other.—Chicago News.

"I suppose," said the mere citizen, "tha electioneering has a great deal to do with th success of a political campaign, doesn't it? "Oh, yes," replied the gang boss, "but collec tioneering has more to do with it."—Chicag News.

"Her husband is a brute." "How now? "When she asked him how long she could re main at the Thousand Islands he told her t spend a week on each island."—Pittsburg Pos

"How is it that Miss Josephine fishes so suc cessfully for compliments?" "I guess it is be cause she listens to her callers' stories wit bated breath."—Baltimore American.

"I want you to take care of my practic while I'm away." "But, doctor, I have jus graduated. Have had little experience." "Yo don't need it with my fashionable patient Find out what they have been eating and sto it. Find out where they have been summe ing and send 'em somewhere else."—Louisvill Courier-Journal.

Miss Kate M. Gordon is the leader in th movement to have the women of New Orlean vote on the question of holding a Panama ex position in that city. By law all taxpayers ar entitled to vote on questions involving taxa tion. As a majority of the taxpayers of Ne Orleans are women and as the exposition would make it necessary to levy a tax, Mis Gordon contends that it rests with the wome of the city to decide whether or no the ex position shall be held. Miss Gordon, as th leader of the Women's Sewerage and Drainag League of New Orleans, is credited with hav ing won the fight for the new drainage an pure water system put in a few years ago.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

the Superior Court of the State of California, in for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

RENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly ORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
ersons claiming any interest in, or lien n, the real property herein described or part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, eal property herein described or any part thereof, lants, greeting:

are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly ice E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of bove entitled Court and City and County, within months after the first publication of this Sumand to set forth what interest or lien, if any, ave in or upon that certain real property or any thereof, situated in the City and County of San isco, State of California, particularly described as s:

mencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) Easterly from the point formed by the intersection Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northine of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along iid line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westfifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of ning.

you are hereby notified that, unless you so apnd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for lief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it udged that the plaintiff is the owner of said propn fee simple absolute; that her title to said prope established and quieted; that the Court ascertain etermine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, er the same be legal or equitable, present or fuvested or contingent, and whether the same conof mortgages or liens of any description; that ff recover her costs herein and have such other rther relief as may be meet in the premises.

TNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this ay of August, A. D. 1910.

L) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of ber, A. D. 1910.

following persons are said to claim an interest lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
nd County of San Francisco,	San Francisco,
nicipal corporation.	California.

. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, nd, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

he Superior Court of the State of California, in or the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

E B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
rsons claiming any interest in, or lien n, the real property herein described or part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, al property herein described or any part thereof, ants, greeting:

are hereby required to appear and answer the aint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and nd County, within three months after the first ation of this Summons, and to set forth what t or lien, if any, you have in or upon that cereal property or any part thereof, situated in the nd County of San Francisco, State of California, ularly described as follows:

mencing at the corner formed by the intersection Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with orthwesterly line of J Street, running thence vesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Aveenty-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northy One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles asterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of et One Hundred (100) feet to the point of comnent.

lot or parcel of land being known and designas Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number on a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surwhich map was filed in the office of the County ler of the City and County of San Francisco, on th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

you are hereby notified that, unless you so apnd answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for lief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it udged that the plaintiff is the owner of said propfee simple absolute; that her title to said propestablished and quieted; that the Court ascertain etermine all estates, rights, titles, interests and in and to said property, and every part thereof, r the same be legal or equitable, present or fuested or contingent, and whether the same conf mortgages or liens of any description; that ff recover her costs herein and have such other rther relief as may be meet in the premises.

NESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 12.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATHERINE MUNDELL, sometimes known as Kate Mundell,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof,
Defendants.
No. 22107

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO ALL PERSONS CLAIMING ANY INTEREST IN, OR LIEN UPON THE REAL PROPERTY HEREIN DESCRIBED, OR ANY PART THEREOF, DEFENDANTS, GREETING:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and County, within three (3) months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL NO. I.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Second Avenue distant thereon one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet northerly from the northerly line of "C" street, running thence northerly and along said easterly line of Second Avenue twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the easterly line of Second Avenue and point of commencement, being a portion of Richmond, formerly outside lands, block number (380).

PARCEL NO. II.

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue distant thereon two hundred (200) feet southerly from the southerly line of J street, running thence southerly fifty (50) feet along the easterly line of Twenty-third Avenue, thence at right angles easterly ninety-six (96) feet, more or less, thence running northerly fifty (50) feet, more or less, thence at right angles in a westerly direction ninety-nine (99) feet, more or less, to the point of commencement, being a portion of block number (747) of outside lands in the City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: that the said plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of said property and every part thereof in fee simple and to own and hold said property and every part thereof as her separate property and estate, and that the title of said plaintiff to said property, and every part thereof be established and quieted, and that the Court ascertain and determine all estate, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; and that it be decreed that no person or persons other than said plaintiff have any estate, right, title, interest or lien whatsoever in or to said property or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem meet, just and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and seal of this Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
County Clerk.
By JAS. P. KANE,
Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM:

The first publication of this summons was made in California Weekly newspaper on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM:

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Isaac Eliaser, San Francisco, Cal.; Rosa Cohen, San Francisco, Cal.

WILLIAM F. HERRON,
Attorney for Plaintiff
Humboldt Bank Building. Phone Douglas 3595.

7-15-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.
No. 22296

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet, and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.
No. 22295

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

TITLES RESTORED

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The State Printing Office

The State of California is a great consumer of printer's ink and paper, no doubt the greatest, except the railroads, within the state. The state prints the greater part of the text books used in the public schools, all the offices get out at least biennial reports that are printed for distribution to those who take an interest in public affairs and the state offices use no end of stationery and blank books in correspondence and accounting. Taken all together the business is very large every year, but, during the years in which the biennial reports have to be gotten out, and especially when the legislature meets, a great amount of printing is done.

The writer has not available the figures for state printing since the fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth fiscal years, the years ending June 30, 1907, and June 30, 1908. The reports for later years will not be out until about the first of January or, anyhow, not until along toward the end of this year. However, the reports for these two years are fairly typical.

The legislative session for 1907 ran up printing bills at the state printing office amounting to $84,880.43, for printing and reprinting bills before the legislature, journals and proceedings, stationery and whatever else was wanted. It all has to be done under rush orders, the printing office is running night and day while the legislature is in session and as many as 350 hands are frequently employed in the office.

When the legislature makes an appropriation to carry on the several state institutions and departments of service it usually stipulates a certain sum that can be expended for printing, but requires that the printing shall be done by the state printer at such rates as he finds it necessary to impose in order to make the printing office pay its way out of these appropriations. There are about seventy such consumers of printing aside from the legislature. For the fifty-eighth year these departments expended all together $103,939.64 for printing. For that year the total payroll of the state printing office, not counting the text book department, amounted to $122,412.30 and the entire expense, other than for school book account, was $185,232.52.

The fifty-ninth fiscal year had only a two or three day's extra session of the legislature and so the printing bill ran up to only $3,105.75 for the legislature that year, and the total expenditures of the State Printing office, outside the text-book business, were only $88,718.45.

The text-book business requires a large capital and furnishes steady employment for a good many workers. During the fifty-eighth year there were printed 440,030 school books, but that wasn't a good year for text-books. The fifty-ninth year showed a printing of 1,266,519 school books. The payroll for that department for the year averaged over $5,000 per month or $62,553.70 for the year; the paper used cost $42,940.04; binder's board, $2,222.15; binder's cloth $7,536.60, and the total expenditures were $130,585.65 for that department that year.

But the state gets its money back on the text books, for, during the fifty-seventh year, it sold to the school children of California, 450,607 books for $184,434.82; during the fifty-eighth year 538,437, which brought $214,758.04; during the fifty-ninth, 534,088, which yielded $179,870.68.

The text-book capitalization, furnished by the state some years ago, is what is known as a "revolving fund." Most moneys have to be paid into the state treasury and cannot be paid out again until appropriated by act of the legislature, but the money received for text-books is paid out as the printing office needs it for printing more text-books without special appropriation.

To do all this printing the state has quite a printing plant at Sacramento on the capitol grounds. The building is an old one, not very well suited to the purpose, but the legislature is little disposed to construct a new one, although asked for by the state printer at every session. An inventory of the contents of the printing office made in 1907, disclosed a value, including stock on hand, amounting to $311,192.27 and a good deal of new machinery is bought from time to time to take the place of the old or to meet new requirements. State Printer Shannon will ask the next legislature for three additional Mergenthaler typesetting machines, and for four Michle presses, the latter to take the places of old ones.

The criticism made of the State Printing office is that printing costs, when done by the state, from one-half more to twice as much as it could be done for in the open market—if the state could maintain an open market for doing printing, but experience has shown, in this and other states, that it is very difficult for a state to get a square deal in having public printing done no matter how it is done. Bidders collude on the one hand and, on the other, a state printing shop tends to be filled by persons who cannot hold jobs anywhere else. Every legislator feels that he must find a place for one or more printers in the state printing office and such help is generally costly at any price. A merit system might solve the difficulty.

The Superintendent of State Printing is elected by the people, although he ought not to be. The people of the state cannot determine who is fit and who is not. The governor should select the man and be responsible to the people for him.

His salary is $5,000 a year and, in the present case his wife is his deputy and draws $2,400 more, making the office a profitable one to hold. There is no department of state government that more certainly needs being put upon a strictly business basis than the state printing office.

WHERE ABRAHAM FISHED

Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers, says the London Globe. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees. She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those who jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham, as a child, fished in the tank. Hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has ever been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

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This Week: "The Call of the Day"

By Prof. Burt Estes Howard

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: SEPTEMBER 23 :'10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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By Way of Amendment

WEEK THIS PAPER SAID, "More deaths, undeserved tragic, are due to automobiles than to railroads, street e equine species, tornadoes and lightnings combined," to reader replies, "If all your statements are as far from the this you'll soon have the dailies beaten," which moves us d by inserting the aviators also. Seriously, though, there statistics to depend upon, but enough is known to justify ement that the automobiles maim and kill more people railroads, destructive as they are of life, and to empha- necessity for strict supervision and training of all who ke to operate those machines. The havoc they have t is fearful.

Which Showed Blood?

TSAI HSUN UPHELD the prestige of the Flowery gdom while in San Francisco by scattering royal largess wide cannot be questioned. He proved himself a game . It may be noted that the country he comes from is one oorest on earth and that every tael he threw to a lackey its earning, some subject of the youthful emperor bloody Munificent opulence astride the back of misery without not edifying. When Benjamin Harrison visited San Fran- gave the hotel porter seventy-five cents. Tsai Hsun left be distributed among the hotel's servants. Which showed

Lorimer's Vindication Feast

REPORTED from Chicago that Senator Lorimer is to be ered a vindication luncheon by those who resent the cold n him by Colonel Roosevelt. Nothing could be more ap- e provided that the characters of the guests fit the quality ccasion. Such an event would but poorly furnish forth lful vindication without the presence of Calhoun, Schmitz f, of San Francisco; Clark of Montana, who knows how nself; the indicted Chicago packers and such St. Louis as made shift to beat the law. Perhaps Pittsburg might fitting few if their terms have expired. Let nothing be ne to make the personnel fit the event!

Glad Days

WILLIAMS HAS TESTED the issue and he knows. A has been found for beating the anti-racetrack gambling t California was at so much pains to enact, and a great f prosperity is looked for at Emeryville. The law pro- ookmaking, but if books can be made without books, and illiams says they can, what can the courts do about it? n do this: They can hold that bookmaking is bookmaking the books are made and so go straight to the substance vil rather than potter over the form. And they ought to! lliams is betting that they will not. Whose faith in the s strong enough to warrant calling his bluff?

Previous Good Character

RLES R. HEIKE was and is an exemplary gentleman, us, well behaved, temperate, soft spoken, conqueror of as fine a model of probity as Addicks of Delaware, better as the "unspeakable Addicks," who was without spot or , as also is Lorimer, the unfit to sit at meat with gentle- They are of the number of those who have no vices and few virtues, a species of the genus homo not unknown in all climes and times. Heike stole for the sugar trust two or more millions from his country, and a merciful judge, who should have shared his penance with him, sentenced Heike to eight long, dreary calendar months in jail and to pay a fine of $5,000. Did not the blind goddess yearn for a hatchet when that sentence was pronounced? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per month! The common misdemeanant works out his penance at $2 per day. Why not Heike?

The Lid

CHIEF MARTIN REGARDS Mayor McCarthy as an unknown quantity. Well he may. Whatever McCarthy does he will undo and whatever he does not that will he do. Chief Martin complains also that he was ordered to take the lid off and now his head is going off because he took the lid off. This is all very true, but not so absorbingly interesting as to justify the public taking their eyes off the Halsey case for a single minute. Watch that case! The sincerity of the administration and Fickert is on trial there, not in the new tenderloin.

The Pork Barrel

THE JUDICIAL UTTERANCES of the President in relation to the Pork Barrel are eminently sound, as sound as were his Des Moines utterances in relation to the railroad regulation law; but will the President content himself with impartial utterances or will he expectorate in his broad right palm, reach for the big stick and say: "Here, you fellows, quit your foolishness and get busy on the lines I have laid down. Not that the executive desires to trench upon the peculiar province of the legislative department. Far from it, but what I want to know is, do you gentlemen see this cudgel?" That will produce consequences invaluable to the state. Amiable and unobjectionable conversation is unlikely to.

Nothing New

THE PRONOUNCEMENTS OF ROOSEVELT contain nothing new." The charge is sustained. It is one of the limitations of sound morals that they lack piquancy. But was it not a bit new to refuse to eat with a senatorial corruptionist? New to challenge to combat the greatest political machine in the greatest political state in the union? Was it not new to put aside a third term in the presidency that could have been had for the consenting? After all, isn't the career of this man Roosevelt about the newest thing in human history?

Western Conservation

NOTICE HAS BEEN SERVED that, at the American Mining Congress to be opened at Los Angeles Monday, resolutions will be adopted setting forth a distinctly western view of conservation, a view that may startle the theorists of the over-enthusiastic East, a view practical, such a view as best fits the needs of that part of our common country that is to be conserved. Will this "western conservation" be for public benefit or for private? Will it first go through the centrifugal separator and be skimmed of the unearned increment or go straight to the public use, butter fat and all? A waiting nation is curious to know. At all events let us hope that it will not be akin to that conservation of Indian mineral lands, for the benefit of a close corporation of swindlers, to which an Oklahoma witness testified, and then apologetically protested to an eastern senator, "We western men do not look at these things as you do in the East. We are practical."

The Meaning Of It

All over the nation men are turning to each other and asking, "What is the meaning of this unrest among the people? Are they not prosperous? Why are they, therefore, not content?"

Various are the answers given. Some say, "It is one of those distempers that sweep over the nation periodically. Don't mind it. It will pass." Others say, "It is populism risen from the dead." Others that, "Those scoundrelly demagogues are at their old tricks again. They are out and want in." Yet others, "The Lion Hunter is at the bottom of it."

None of these answers is satisfying. Distempers do not sweep over a nation without provocation. Populism was born of adversity. It owed its existence to six successive seasons of deficient rainfall from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and from the Canadian to the Mexican line. This upheaval among the people, from Maine to California and from Canada to the gulf, comes in a period of almost unexampled prosperity. The demagogues we have always with us and they are not at their old tricks again. They are always at them. The upheaval began to manifest itself at a time when the Lion Hunter was in darkest Africa.

May The California Weekly venture to interpret the signs of these times and so assign the cause?

If we may stick a peg at an initial point we shall place it at the rise of Mark Hanna to supremacy in Republican counsels and his mortgaging the Republican party to special interests for the saving of the nation from the insanity of free coinage. He made government by checkbook recognized and regular. The exigency deserved almost any means needful to the end. Our adoption of free coinage would have staggered the world. The mortgagees had well-nigh foreclosed on the party when a fortuitous circumstance brought Theodore Roosevelt into the presidential office. Roosevelt spent three 'prentice years in learning how to be president, in learning in what interest and by whom our nation was, in fact, not theory, being governed.

He took the nation into his confidence and laid its bosom bare that the wounds inflicted by Shylock in obtaining his pound of flesh might be visible to the world. The people saw with consternation that government by an incorporated plutocracy had supplanted government by the people, but they had pinned their faith to Theodore Roosevelt, believing that he would, with their support, retrieve that which was lost and restore that which had been taken away. When Mr. Roosevelt waved the task aside and pointed to one William Howard Taft as a fit person to finish what he had begun, the American people took Taft at his word and rested content that the big, generous-minded, kindly-disposed Ohioan should complete the unfinished task.

The new President sent to the senate the names of his cabinet, and the American people, rubbing their eyes to make sure that they saw aright, found that cabinet made up of attorneys of special interests, acceptable to the special interests, scarcely one of whom gave entire satisfaction to the public. That made the American people sit up.

Then the President made his chief advisers Aldrich and Hale, Elkins and Cabot Lodge, and the American people began to take notice. There followed the greatest bargain-counter tariff-making exposition the world had ever seen, in which the efficiency of the steam roller and hydraulic compress in action staggered the reasons of men. For the first time the American people saw who their masters were and with what tyranny they were to be governed. "Cannonism" was rampant.

Then followed the presidential swing around the circle, beginning with a laudation of Aldrich, continuing with a justification of the unjustifiable tariff, made memorable by sitting down, without protest, with confessed grafters in San Francisco, the Pinchot-Ballinger incident, returning to Washington to present the Roosevelt policies in carefully drafted bills for the consideration of congress, a bug in every bill, every measure a device to effect a seeming redemption of pledges with an actual betrayal to the plutocratic oligarchy, the cunning work of Wickersham. These are hard things to say, but they are true, although a magnanimous American sentiment has attributed the situation, with entire truth no doubt, to an overmastering pressure brought to bear upon the President rather than to a betrayal upon his part of the confidence that had been reposed in him. They have pronounced him an efficient subordinate, but a disappointing chief.

"What, then, means this national upheaval?" Just this: The American republic is rapidly coming to be a republic in name only, the shadow without the substance. An insatiate money-hunger has assumed to govern by checkbook in the interests of a few vaster aggregations of capital than the world had dared to dream of. The ideals of the people are being debased and their morals subverted by a gross materialism. Once again, the national life is in danger and if government by the people is not to perish from the earth men must fight to retain it, fight without asking or giving quarter, fight until not one malefactor of great wealth will dare dispute the supremacy of the popular will.

That is what means this mighty upheaval. The Lion Hunter has returned. He has voiced what is in the hearts of the people better than they themselves can voice their own feelings, give tongue to their own cry. It is one of the most splendid awakenings in human history. It is good to be here. It is magnificent to be alive at such a time. It is glorious to bear a part, be it never so humble, in such a splendid struggle for the common good of mankind. Men had feared that the greatest experiment in government in the history of the world was about to fail. The doubtful are being cheered, the despondent are taking heart. California calls to Maine and New Hampshire to Iowa as they called in '61, and, from ocean to ocean and lakes to gulf, the answer is, "We are with you once again." That, men and brethren, is the meaning of it.

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The Political Judge

Free government is put to its highest test in the constitution of its judiciary. There is need for clear thinking and sound reasoning on the subject. Fundamentally, the public will get no more from its judiciary than it will have or know the reason why, and it should tolerate no less than that without knowing the reason why. What is that judicial standard without which nothing?

That the judicial candidate shall owe nothing to any special interest, any local boss, any partisan organization. Whoever, sitting on the bench, looks into the eyes of another and there reads: "I made you a judge. But for me you would not occupy your present exalted position. Therefore, if you do not remember who made you whenever your maker or his friends have causes in your court you are an ingrate and merit political punishment"—no-ever reads such a message in the eyes of un-other and does not spurn it with scorn is less than a free man and is unfit to occupy any judicial position.

Now where judges come to the bench through election men must vote for them or they cannot get elected, their friends must champion their cause or the voters will not be aware of their existence. They must go about and be seen of men else voters are deprived of at least a qualifying opportunity to judge of fitness. Otherwise the voter votes for a name rather than for a man. Hence it follows that a candidate for judicial honors cannot be a mere onlooker, a non-combatant, a statue on a pedestal. It is honorable to desire judicial preferment and it is not dishonorable for a judicial candidate to desire to make friends. Where then shall the line be drawn that differentiates the political judge from the non-political?

It is not easy to draw that line. There are men now on our appellate bench who got there by making overtures to the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. They should be cast into outer darkness at the first opportunity. There are men there who got their positions by trading the votes of the delegations from their counties for anything offered in exchange for votes for a judicial position. That is ignoble and any judge who will stoop to it should be respected as little as he is respected himself.

There are men on our appellate bench in this state who got there through entering into the game of politics, county, city and state, and playing the game for all it could be made worth according to the rules of the game. Such judges, at the crucial moment, are likely to remember who made them judges, and in ways that will make it profitable to their makers to have made them. Than such as these there are no more dangerous men in human society and the elevation of such men to the bench by popular election will do more to discredit free institutions than any other misfortune that can befall. They are political judges and the political judge is a menace to justice.

But for a judge to be ambitious to rise in the judicial scale, for him to ask and receive the support of his friends, become acquainted with the people, show himself at their meetings, is not to disqualify him, and yet, in the final analysis, the record he has made as a judge and the characters of those who approve and disapprove of him, these must be the determining factors in his election or defeat.

What Of It?

Many minds are concerned to know whether the next house of representatives is to be republican or Democratic. That is not the paramount issue. The real issue is, is that house to be progressive or retrogressive, intelligent or reactionary, for government by the people or for government by checkbook, government for the people or government for the special interests? Wherever the Republican candidate is in possession of the incorporated plutocracy and the Democratic candidate is not every God-fearing Republican will pray to Almighty God to deliver the victory into the hands of the Democrat. Wherever the Democratic candidate is in the control of the interests and the Republican candidate is not then should the prayers of free Democrats ascend to heaven, and their votes go into the ballot box, for the victory of the Republican candidate in that district. Where the issue

ved to such a choice in any congressional ct, as in the fourth congressional district alifornia, for instance, where the victory d go to the candidate who is free and o the one under bond, to a Macarthur ıot to a Kahn. Never in all our history ›arty been entitled to count for so little, reedom from bondage to special interests o much. Where, as in California and Hampshire, progressive Republicanism riumphed over reaction and corporation nation, it becomes the duty of every lover ›erty to enlist in the progressive cause ıelp to make that cause triumphant. No calamity could befall the country as to progressive Republicanism beaten in ›rnia and New Hampshire, Wisconsin Washington, Minnesota and Michigan.

The Sinews

indifference of the citizen is the body ıth chained to the ankle of liberty. The n mass is inert. It takes a great deal to e it to action. Perhaps the time may when something more urgent than moral ›n may be applied to the voting constit- of a state to induce it to turn out and ·m the functions of citizenship, but un- nething more potent is applied the per- ›n of the many must be the burden of w. That costs money. It costs money ·ry on a successful propaganda for any if it is to cover a state as large as Cali- . In short it costs money to conduct a ·al campaign. Whoever bears that cost ly to claim a benefit commensurate with ›ntribution. If the books of the South- acific Company could be opened to pub- rutiny, and the truth made plain, the of California would be astounded both cost of government to that company ·s profits on the investment. The ac- would be in terms of millions. The ıt Republican State Committee has not esource. It has wisely limited the con- on from any person to one thousand s. A wealthy man may contribute that without assuming to own the state gov- nt, but such contributions will not be ous. The need is for several thousand ›ntributions. That will give The People precedented claim upon successful can- s for efficient service for The People. ›fore the experience of candidates has that each voter has wanted something ·ach candidate rather than to contribute rying the load for making a campaign. he California Weekly views the situa- o greater misfortune could befall the of progress and political Right Things o have Hiram Johnson and the Repub- state ticket, in the main, fail of being ıed by the voters in the November elec- Such a result would be accepted the y over as proof of the hopelessly sub- ıt condition of the Republican party in ·nia. But no winning fight can be made ıt money with which to make it and can come only through free-will offer- ıot from the very rich, whose sympathies e enough to lean another way, but from middle class citizens for whose benefit ·isting war for Right Things is being . Any contribution sent to Adolph 17 Market street, San Francisco, will be ted for promptly and with sincere ap- tion.

The Line of Advance

nen are people. Government by, of and ıe People comprehends government by, for women. Women cannot be left out equation. They are not left out of it. government was women have had a hand sometimes as queens, sometimes as mis- s of kings, sometimes as ladies shining ırt, sometimes as entertainers in their own salons, often as participants in campaigns of education. In America, always as listeners to political addresses and as persons who employ their personal influence for what it is worth for political ends. It is useless to talk of excluding women from participation in government. They never have been excluded from it and never can be.

But shall they vote? The Republican party of California has promised them that they shall have that issue put up to the men of California for a rehearing and, in preparation for that rehearing, the California Equal Suffrage League is to hold a state conference at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco on the 30th of this month.

The issue is not one to be lightly determined. It is not one to be determined by deductive reasoning. It is not an issue of natural right. The sole question is, What is best for the state, for human society, the progress of the race? If the well-being of society needs the votes of women it must have them, it should have them no matter how great the burden inflicted upon women, and that that burden will not be slight every man who performs his civic duties in good conscience and with diligence can assure them. It is no easy yoke to bear. It costs time, money, nerve force, patience, friendships, a never-ending resistance to evil persons and tendencies. It is war, and war is—well, General Sherman knew, and dissent has never been registered against his definition.

This paper believes in equal suffrage and doubts not that it will some time come, but it dreads the doubling of the inert voting constituency of the state to be pleaded with, appealed to and scolded in the hope of inducing it to perform its civic duty. The task is now almost greater than the relatively few devoted spirits are able to perform. Will doubling the mass double the leaven that must work within that mass? Frankly, we don't know. It is a question for sound judgment to determine.

We could wish that the goal of equal suffrage might be come at by easy stages and hand in hand with such restrictions as will limit all suffrage to those who have made themselves fit to be electors. Suffrage should be something to be achieved, open to all, except to the unfit while they are unfit.

However, these are issues for the California Equal Suffrage League to consider.

Justice M. C. Sloss

Elsewhere in this paper will be found an appreciation of M. C. Sloss, justice of the Supreme Court of California and candidate before the people to succeed himself. We favor his election. We do this notwithstanding his participation in the unfortunate Schmitz decision wherein we think that the court erred in following the letter rather than the spirit of the law. We cannot at once break wholly away from time-honored rules of construction, but we recognize in Justice Sloss a man of liberal mind, of breath of view, of fine mental powers and young enough in years to keep step with human progress toward a freer spirit on the part of the judiciary. He is no reactionary. The faces of the people, here and everywhere, are set toward emancipation from the letter that the spirit of justice may have freer course in the minds of judges. Justice Sloss is of progressive temperament. He will keep up. His intelligence is keen. He came by preferment, in the first instance by appointment, and he owes nothing to any special interest. The taint of corporation designation does not attach to him. If he was nominated at Santa Cruz it was because it would have been suicidal for the "organization" manipulators to have traded him off. He is progressive. His attitude of mind is healthful. He worships at the shrine of no fetich. He should be preferred to any of his competitors except Judge Lawlor, whose should be the first name stamped on every man's ticket.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

That, "as a man thinketh so is he," is as true as gospel preaching no one will deny, but it is not truer than that as a man thinketh not so is he. Who, that has been striving to make society better than it is, has not many times asked himself if those against whom he must wage war are possessed of devils, if they are not actuated by the spirit of malignancy, if they really hate their kind and would inflict injury upon them if they could?

There are bitter souls that would inflict pain and work injury for lust of ill will, but they are few and mainly behind bars already, morbid souls so distempered as to be restrained of their liberty. The great workers in iniquity are not these. Problems of evil in the social order were easily solved if diabolism, open, frank diabolism, were the only social enemy. No, our enemy is not he of the cloven hoof. It is he who thinks not, regards not, cares not, for as a man thinketh not, so is he.

It was prophesied that men should think that they are doing God service in putting to death the disciples of The Christ and the prophecy was fulfilled, and, today, those elements in our social order against whom unceasing conflict must be waged have either persuaded themselves that what they do is a real human service or else they have thought not at all.

Are the Rockefellers, Morgans and Guggenheims trying to injure their kind and to inflict great wrongs upon the nation that has made them possible? Not so. Either they have persuaded themselves that it is best for all that the wealth of all be confined to the care of a few great, executive stewards for the people, and that the "oligarchy" is the best "archy" for all the people or else they have thought not at all.

Workers in iniquity are seldom "onto their jobs," as the street would express it, seldom conscious of being in the business of producing iniquity. They are merely attaining the ends in sight and are not considering consequences not to themselves alone. Often they are not considering even their own well-being, but are following inclination and inclination is absence of thought.

But shall we excuse these workers in iniquity because they proceed without malice prepense? Perhaps so, in some measure. At least it should help us not to hate them. But there is a principle in jurisprudence that warrants the presumption that men intellectually intend to do the things they do, that they do think and for that reason are held accountable for their acts. The presumption is frequently violent, but it is a sound one to hold to. For what else are our minds and our power of thinking given us? What right can we have to go through the world careless of consequences? For what purpose were we given eyes except that we may see where we are going?

"Didn't mean to do it," is an excuse that may be taken with some measure of leniency from a heedless urchin, but that is one of the childish things that should be put away when one is grown. It will furnish but a poor excuse for lack of responsibility, for failure to be on the right side, for the tragedy of having lived a life that made the social order less healthful, the conditions of life harder for others to bear because one has lived. We hold accountable our hands, our feet, why not also our thoughts? And if we shall hold our thoughts accountable for what they do why shall we not also hold them accountable for not thinking of the things that we should think of? Why should we permit ourselves to be careless of consequences to others as well as to ourselves in the lives we live, the things we do, for what we are? Personal responsibility, if not heaven's first law, ranks second easily enough.

Personal responsibility is one of the most fundamental of all moral laws, responsibility for what we do not think as well as for what we do, for as a man thinketh not so is he as certainly as that the thoughts of a man make the man.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

How Our Population Grows

According to the United States census bureau, 9,771,512 aliens have come to this country by the immigration route since 1901, or more than a million a year. The figures will mean more to us if we compare them with others, and therefore let us do so. For instance, there is a tremendous tract of country in the United States west of a line including the North and South Dakotas and Texas. Yet, excluding, let us say, Kansas from that vast territory, its population according to the census of 1900 was less than the immigration to this country since 1901. Again, the entire population of New England, according to the census of 1900, was less than half the number of these immigrants. There has been an infusion of about eleven per cent of new and imported blood in about nine years. Where does this blood come from? Immigrants to the number of 1,761,948—little less than the present population of California—came from Southern Italy; 976,263—more than the population of Oregon and Washington combined in 1900—were Jews, mostly from Russia; 873,660 were Poles. While there are Southern Italians, Russian Jews and Poles who eventually make the best of citizens, their desirability as a class is questioned, and it is doubtful if our stock will be improved by that variety of inoculation. Nevertheless, that is what we are receiving to a large extent, and the problem concerning how to make the best of it it serious.

Simple Life Under Adverse Circumstances

Be a disciple or apostle of the simple life if you deem best, but beware of the quality of those who stroll where your simplicity displays itself in pristine beauty. It was the unfortunate misadventure of an apoostle of the simple life in Germany that led to the foregoing philosophic reflection. The man's name is Heyer, and he had convinced himself that all that is needed to insure eternal life, or something approximating it, is a liberal sufficiency of sun baths taken without intervening clothing. So he retired to a lonely wood near Dresden, and there daily disported himself, clad in only bathing trunks and a bright and fascinating smile. One day, as he was thus cavorting around in his guise of the Simple Monarch of the Very Simplest Life, a man and two young women came upon him. The girls immediately screamed and fled, for they were not acquainted with the forms and ceremonies pertaining to the simple life, but the man remained long enough to threaten to knock the apostle down with his cane and to announce that he would bring the law to bear upon the disciple. As it turned out that the man was the King of Saxony and the young women were his daughters, there seemed to be no question that he could execute his threat if he desired. The story does not say whether he has done so, but it is a forty to one bet that the disciple and apostle is dispensing with a considerable number of sun baths in these days. So we cannot be too careful in obeying the demands of the simple life. To be sure, we have no king in this country, but Mr. Roosevelt is wandering around a good deal of late.

"The System of Ghent"

What is known as "the system of Ghent" is being adopted in many cities of various European countries. Concisely stated, the system consists of a plan for the assistance of unemployed laborers by municipalities. Its salient features, although they vary somewhat in different localities, are the following: Those who thus receive help must belong to some trade union or recognized association of employees; second, the city pays no allowance unless the lack of employment is involuntary, that is, not caused by strike, lockout, or even by illness or accident; third, the city pays but half as much as the union to which the workman belongs pays and never more than a definite and fixed amount; fourth, payment ceases as soon as work is obtained; fifth, if the union pays nothing, neither does the city. That the system must have much to recommend it is indicated by the fact that forty cities and several departments in France have adopted it, as have ten cities in Holland, while the state has done the same in Norway and in Denmark. At the present time a movement is on foot to have it adopted in Berlin, the fact that 80,000 organized workers recently have been without work adding emphasis to the movement.

Where Socialism Flourishes

It is in Germany that the utmost present force of the Socialistic party movement is witnessed. Vorwaerts, a Socialist publication, gives some facts in relation to it. According to it, while the party a year ago had an enrolled membership of 633,000, it now has such a membership of 720,000, an increase of nearly 14 per cent in a twelvemonth. The party now is represented in 19 out of 23 landtags of the various states, and in these nineteen parliaments there are 186 Socialist members, as against 140 a year ago, a gain of 33 per cent. In municipal offices there are 7,729 representatives of the party, whereas there were but 6,431 a year ago, a gain of about 20 per cent. It is a noteworthy fact that there is not a district throughout the German empire wherein Socialism has not shown progress. Thus, in brief, stands the record of Socialism in its own particular and chosen hothouse, but one need not look far to realize that it also progresses where conditions apparently are less favorable—in the United States of America, for instance.

Better Order Your Iron Now

When the international geological congress met at Stockholm the Swedish premier read a summary of sixty special reports compiled for the congress by governmental departments and scientific institutes in all iron-producing countries. According to this summary—and, of course, nothing could be more reliable—we are not as yet standing on the verge of an iron famine, but that verge is not so tremendously far away that it can be considered without some trepidation, for it is difficult to imagine just how the world would get along without iron. It appears that the visible supply of iron, amounting to about 10,000,000,000 tons of the metal, will, at the present rate of increase in its use, be exhausted in about sixty years, or while our children or grandchildren still are on the human stage. However, in addition to this visible supply, there is the potential supply, consisting of the ore which is not visible but is guessable. It is guessed that there is enough of this to make 53,000,000,000 tons of metal, or enough to last about 300 years. Of course this admittedly is rank guessing, but inasmuch as it postpones the ironless day to a more comfortable distence, the guess may as well be received with pleasure. The iron famine seems to be getting too close for comfort, anyway, but it is at least hopeable that when it arrives man will scrape up and husband the old iron scraps and manage to get along in some way.

Hotel Where Tips Are Unknown

In London, at the present time, an experiment is being made which should be observed with interest wherever men have lived, loved, suffered and tipped the waiter or porter. The experiment takes the form of an absolutely tipless hotel. No waiter or employee is permitted to accept a tip, and if he is caught in doing so he is at once discharged. Moreover, if any guest insists upon presenting tips he is compelled to cease or move on. How does the experiment succeed? Just as you might expect; it succeeds beyond the wildest dreams of its promoters. In the year the hotel has been open it has housed a quarter of a million guests, and never yet has it had a vacant bedroom. The difficulty is that every day the management has to turn people from its doors. It is noteworthy, too, that there is no difficulty about securing employees. They are well paid, and consequently are satisfied without tips.

THE TAX-REFORM AMENDMENT

(Article No. 3)

By Carl C. Plehn

The second article in this series dealt with the evils of the present system in a general way. This one will point out specifically some of the inequalities between localities, which constitute the second part of the indictment.

Almost every taxpayer knows of some glaring actual cases of inequality in taxation. But few are those that try for any abatement. It may be that the taxpayer who suffers keeps silent because he knows that his own property is under assessed although not so much unjustly assessed as that of his neighbor. Or it may be that the evils are attributed in the popular mind to "corrupt politics," and it is hoped that they will be remedied in the millennium to come. But corruption is on the wane and the inequalities of taxation are growing greater every year.

The reason is not far to seek. It lies in the imposition of a state tax on the basis of an assessment of property made primarily for local purposes and by local assessors. Because the amount that his constituents will have to pay to the state will be determined by the total of his assessment of property in his county each county assessor endeavors to assess property at as small a proportion of the "true cash value" as possible. If he succeeds getting the proportional valuation lower than the other assessors do he saves his constituents money. No assessor can serve two masters, the state and his own constituents, and he naturally chooses the latter. For example, the State Board of Equalization found out that the county of Los Angeles had during the past five years saved in state taxes some $2,500,000, or about half a million per annum. Probably few people in the county knew of this or even understand how it was done, as was demonstrated by their resentment of the state board's action in raising the assessment. They certainly would not have resented it if they had but seen its justice. Their neighbor, Ventura county, has been profiting in even greater proportion, for according to the state board's findings she has evaded half her state taxes, while Los Angeles only evaded two-sevenths.

It is bad enough that other counties with assessors were for one reason or another unable to get their rolls as low as the twenty found guilty in 1909 should have to pay hundreds of thousands more taxes than is fair, but that is not all the story. Take San Bernardino as example of another case. Not only has this county been notoriously undersassessed, but she has for years and years been **drawing from the state treasury more than she has paid in.** Last year, as the state controller's reports will show, she drew out more than $200,000 in excess of what she paid in, yet every county is supposed to help support the state institutions.

Shocking as all this is, there is still more to the tale. The state tax is also the cause of inequalities between parts of the counties. Many small cities find it hard to furnish all "modern improvements" in city government under the tax limits imposed in their charters. The only recourse is to raise the valuation of property taxed. But the county assessor may not ignore this and he soon copies the assessments made by his colleague, the city assessor, but does not raise the valuation of property in districts where there is no such pressure—because of the state tax. The consequence is that some afflicted cities pay fifty and some one hundred per cent more county and state taxes than is their due. This is all beyond remedy by either the state or the county boards of equalization, because neither of them is legally empowered to raise or lower assessments by districts or by cities.

It is only because people regard matters of taxation as disagreeable mysteries and allow themselves to remain in ignorance of them that the state is not "burning with indignation" at the outrage of justice that the present tax system invokes.

PERSONALIA

rman J. Ridgeway, publisher of Every-'s magazine, offered to take the Republi-nomination for mayor of Montclair, N. J., exhibit some reform in practice, but the ghted citizens turned him down at the iblican primaries in favor of Ernest C. , a successful business man—who almost the Democratic nomination at the same

in Fox, Jr., once wrote a story called l-fer-Sartain," which made him famous. igh there really is a Hell-fer-Sartain creek in the Kentucky mountains, the writer of story had not been there until recently, he visited the scene of his first success-ction.

ton Lang, the famous Cristus of the ammergau Passion Play, will shortly his first visit to the Holy Land, under ican auspices. A travel bureau of Boston nvited Lang and his wife to join its next ital cruise as guests of honor. Lang has ted the invitation with keen delight. It es one of his lifetime ambitions. Only before has the remarkable portrayer of Savior been away from his native heath; when he made a pilgrimage to Pope Leo . and later when he visited England as uest of English admirers.

ne sculptors, two of them Americans, have itted designs for the great Goethe Me-al to be erected in Chicago—A. Jaegers of York; H. Schuler, Baltimore; Hugo Le-, Berlin; C. A. Bermann, Munich; Her-Hahn, Munich; Hubert Netzer, Munich; ge Werba, Dresden; O. Schimkowitz, na, and A. Hanak, Vienna. The competi-has been decided at the Royal Academy, n, by an international jury.

lliam H. Crane has a new play by George provisionally named "United States Min-Jackson," which he says he has not seen nd knows nothing about, but will produce ovember.

ss Alice Thompson, University of Califor-1905, is the soil chemist at the Hawaiian cultural Experiment Station, Honolulu. will return to the United States this fall enter Columbia University for advanced es in chemistry.

ss Ina Shepherd is said to be the only an who holds the place of secretary to a ing house association in this country. She held that post in Birmingham, Ala., for than five years. She handles the clear-of eight banks, amounting to between 00,000 and $15,000,000 a month. She is, over, a fine horsewoman and sings in a ch choir and at concerts.

orge W. Wrightson, 70 years old, still a railroad engine. He has seen 50 years ntinuous service with the New York Cen-He fired the engine of the train that gled Lincoln into Washington for his in-ral, and was engineer of the train that ed Lincoln's corpse to Springfield.

lbrook Blinn, whose association with Mrs. e for two years has been very successful, become a star under the management of iam A. Brady in a play called "The Boss," en for him by Edward Sheldon, author of vation Nell" and "The Nigger." The pro-on will be made early in November.

igustus Thomas's new comedy, "The iber from Ozark," was recently presented he first time in Hartford and was well re-d. It is a play of love and politics and ness, centering in a character named Desha tney, who is described by the reviewers Lincolnesque."

vi P. Morton, who was vice-president of United States when Benjamin Harrison president, recently observed his 86th birth-He retired from active work as a banker serving for two years as governor of New k in 1896-98, but of course retains large in-sts in the financial world. He has a big at Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, N. Y., and gets of satisfaction out of it.

Californian Poets' Corner

AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN
(Old Portsmouth Square, San Francisco)
By Wallace A. Irwin

Perchance, from out the thousands passing by,—
The city's hopeless lotus-eaters these,
Blown by the four winds of the Seven Seas
From common want to common company,—
Perchance someone may lift his heavy eye
And smile with freshening memory when he sees
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.

And O, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy, till to his ears
Might come the tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,
To catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face,
And draw contentment from a cup of tears!

SOUTHEY'S THOUGHTS

Southey probably deserves to rank as the most industrious of authors, says the London Chronicle. In the greater part of his life he spent fourteen hours a day in composition. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged. He once described to Mme. de Stael the division of his time; two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," asked madame, "when do you think?"

O. HENRY'S READING

The late O. Henry, whose flippant and slangy stories gave him a great reputation as a humorist, was, in private life, a serious student.

A visitor to the library of Mr. Porter's New York residence was amazed at the ponderous histories and biographies on every side.

"But don't you read," said the visitor, "Ellis Parker Butler and writers of that sort?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Porter.

He laughed and added whimsically:

"I make fancy cakes and sell them, but I only eat bread and meat."

MOLIERE AND SHAKESPEARE

"Moliere is an artist always, and Shakespeare is an artist only intermittently." This is Brander Matthew's statement in the September North American Review, and he further says:

To push the comparison between these two great dramatic poets too far would be unfair to Moliere, since Shakespeare is the master-mind of all literature. He soared to heights and he explored depths, and he had a range to which Moliere could not pretend. His is the spirit of soul-searching tragedy, of youthful and graceful romantic comedy, of dramatic romance, of dramatized history; and in no one of these is Moliere his rival. But in the comedy of real life he is not Moliere's rival. In every variety of the comic drama Moliere is unequaled—in farce, in the comedy of situation, in the comedy of character, and in the comedy which is almost stiffened into drama, yet without ceasing to be comedy. Shakespeare's greatest strength is in tragedy, after all, even though he delights us also with comedy. Moliere is at home in comedy only, even though he had a latent tragic possibility. "In depth, penetrativeness and powerful criticism of life, Moliere, comic as he is and not tragic, belongs to the same family as Shakespeare and Sophocles," so Matthew Arnold maintains, pointing out that he had also "one great advantage over Shakespeare" in that "he wrote for a more developed theatre, a more developed society."

SHEAR WIT

"And what sort of a town is yours—I didn't catch the name?" said the polite stranger on the train to the man who had been patiently listening to a long description of a Wisconsin lumbering city. "Bates," said the other, promptly, "and she's a comer! Two months old, a good band, a soap factory and more English sparrows than can sit on the telegraph wire! Oh, Bates is the real thing!"—Youth's Companion.

As a precaution against members of congress using the government mails for private purposes at the expense of the federal treasury, the envelopes in which free garden seeds are sent to constituents bear in one corner this inscription: "Penalty for private use, three hundred dollars." The other day, says the Popular Magazine, Representative William A. Rodenberg, of Illinois, received the following letter from a farmer to whom he had sent a package of the seed: "Dear Congressman Rodenberg: I return under separate cover the seed you sent me as I would use them for private purposes, and this would make me liable to the $300 fine."

"That statement made me think," said a veteran newspaper man to the Cincinnati Times-Star, "of the celebrated row between President Cleveland's colored man and Secretary Hoke Smith's colored man. The two were exercising their master's horses out on a country road and got into a dispute as to what is the best thing in the world. Finally they made a bet of a dollar on it. 'Well, what is de bes' thing in the world?' asked Cleveland's man. 'Roas' possum and sweet taters,' said Hoke Smith's moke. 'Whoa,' says Cleveland's man, dragging at the bridle. He jumped to the ground, seized Hoke Smith's man by the leg and dragged him to the dust. 'Take that,' says he, lamming him on the neck. 'You miserable black rascal! You ain't leave me nothin' to guess at.'"

"The directors of the road were a precious lot of grafters." "You don't say so!" "Yes, every last man of them had his appendix removed, and charged the cost to operating expenses."—Puck.

The congresswoman had arrived and they were fitting up her desk. "It's not complete," said the presiding speaker. "But I have placed the pen holders and the pencil holders in position." "Yes, but where are the chewing gum and powder puff holders?"—Chicago News.

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausage at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight-pence on his card. No. 1 then placed a notice in his window saying that sausage under one shilling could not be guaranteed. No. 2's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the king." In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God save the king!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jim McDermit, the lawyer, has a great fund of "darky" dialect stories, says the Newark Star. The one he most delights to tell follows: "A traveling salesman in a Southern town came to a small pond. An old negro was lolling contentedly in the sun with fishing rod in hand. The salesman paused and watched the fishing. After watching for half an hour without seeing the least sign of a bite he asked how the fish were biting. The fisher looked surprised. 'Why, boss,' he exclaimed, 'dere ain't no fish in dis yere pond. Dere never was a fish in it.' 'Well, what do you fish for?' the salesman wanted to know. 'So's my old woman can see dat I ain't got no time to chop wood for de fire,' the negro answered."

"Good morning, sir," said the artist, politely, "that's a perfect cow of yours down there in the field. I'd like to paint her if you don't mind." "By heck!" exclaimed Farmer Korntop, "I reckon ye won't. Git outer hyar! I'm tired o' you 'Perkins' Purple Pills' fellers."—Catholic Standard and Times.

JUSTICE M. C. SLOSS

HIS RECORD AS A LAWYER AND AS JUDGE IN TWO COURTS

Justice M. C. Sloss, of the Supreme Court of California, was born in New York City, February 28, 1869. He was the youngest of the four sons of the late Louis Sloss, who came to California in '49 and who afterward gained considerable fortune and reputation as a pioneer in the fur trade and other enterprises in Alaska.

As a child of three years, Max Sloss was brought to California by his parents, and has lived here ever since except for absences in the pursuit of education. In his boyhood, he spent three years in Germany, the native land of his parents, attending a German school. But the most of his primary education was received in San Francisco, where he completed his grammar course and took part of the high school work preparing for college. Many men now in business in San Francisco remember him as a classmate at Lowell High School, where he kept at the head of his classes and was reputed to have done no studying to speak of to maintain that lead. He left high school without graduating, to complete his preparation for college at Reid's school, Belmont. His university education was received at Harvard, from which he graduated in 1890, and his legal education at Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1893. An enthusiastic friend and admirer declares that he made the most brilliant record in law school of any graduate in fourteen years, but Judge Sloss is known to have denied this flattering compliment with the ironical remark that he had not heard of it yet, and that, as he graduated nearly eighteen years ago, he would probably know it by this time if it were true. However, Judge Sloss did graduate cum laude, which is as high honor as the school bestows, and Harvard Law School ranks first among the law schools of America.

Judge Sloss returned to San Francisco from Harvard and immediately entered practice as a member of the firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory, one of his partners being William Thomas, now of Thomas, Gerstle, Frick & Beedy. Judge Sloss practiced law for seven years.

In November, 1900, he was elected to the superior court bench of San Francisco, taking office Jan. 1, 1901. Here he was fortunate. Usually the junior members of that bench are assigned the criminal departments, which are generally considered less desirable than the civil departments. But it happened at the time of Judge Sloss's election that the three judges who then had the criminal cases preferred that class of work, and Judge Sloss immediately received a department devoted exclusively to civil cases, which were more to his taste. Nearly all his work on the superior bench was in equity cases and other cases without jury.

In cases of this character Judge Sloss had an opportunity to pass on several questions involving principles theretofore undecided by the courts of the state, and in some instances the decisions he handed down have become precedents that are still frequently applied to similar cases. At that time the then new city charter had just gone into effect, and many problems arose, concerning particularly the status of civil service employees and of the administrative commissions of the city government. Nearly all the cases were tried before either Judge Sloss or Judge Seawell. The decision rendered by Judge Sloss in the case involving the right of Mayor Schmitz to oust by force the old board of health is a precedent in a case now pending. In that case Judge Sloss issued an injunction against Mayor Schmitz and laid down as a principle of law the dictum that, where an appointive officer refuses to surrender his office to a successor on the ground that the appointing official has no power to oust him, the incumbent is entitled to peaceable possession of his office pending decision of the courts as to his legal status. The dictum amounts, in effect, to an injunction to keep the peace until the courts decide a moot question by due process of law. It has been followed as a precedent several times since in various cities of the state, and the present board of education in San Francisco is holding office against Mayor McCarthy's will by virtue of it.

Another interesting point decided by Judge Sloss was in connection with the famous libel action brought by Governor Gage against the San Francisco Call. The Call had virtually charged Governor Gage with grafting the labor of prisoners in one of the state penitentiaries to make furniture for his personal use, and the governor sued for libel. But he also attempted to compel the defendants to defend the suit in Los Angeles, four hundred miles from the scene of the alleged libel, on the ground that Los Angeles county was the complainant's place of residence. If this contention had been successful, it would have added enormously to the cost of the defense, and indirectly would have denied the assumption of innocence to the defendants. As a precedent, it would have compelled newspapers generally to defend suits all over the state, and would have laid them open to constant harassment. A second prosecution was started at San Francisco, where the paper was published. Judge Sloss decided that while such suits may, under the constitution, be tried either in the county where the paper is published, or the county where the person claiming to be libeled resides, the latter cannot exercise a choice so as to compel the trial to be held in the county of his residence, rather than the place of publication.

Still another decision of great interest at the time and of importance as a precedent, was handed down from the superior bench by Judge Sloss. This was in the case of Johnson vs. The Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Union. During a strike the union had boycotted and picketed Johnson's place and had used violence to make the boycott effective. Johnson prayed for a restraining order to enjoin the boycott and picketing and sued for damages. The case attracted tremendous interest, as the legal rights of strikers had not been determined in California, or in many other states, at that time. Judge Sloss's decision recognized the right of the union to strike, the right of its members as individuals to boycott, and the right of the union members to use peaceable persuasion to extend the boycott to the general public, but denied the right of the union to use violence, misrepresentation or intimidation for this purpose. This decision, also, amounted substantially to a command to keep the peace. It was unpopular at the time it was rendered, both with the unions because it did not allow them full license to win a strike at any price, and with the employers because it recognized that the unions had any rights at all. But the substantial justice of the decision is now generally conceded by both sides, and its legality has been repeatedly affirmed by the supreme court, notably, in recent cases, in Parkinson vs. The Building Trades Council and in Pierce vs. The Stablemen's Union.

In 1905, before his term on the superior bench expired, Judge Sloss received from Governor Pardee the tender of a seat on the supreme court bench to take the place of Justice Walter Van Dyke, who had died. Judge Sloss accepted and took office Feb. 1, 1906. Under the law such an appointment holds only till the next general election, so Judge Sloss was a candidate at the election of November, 1906, to succeed himself for the remainder of Justice Van Dyke's unexpired term. He was elected. The term expires with the end of the present year, and Judge Sloss is now a candidate on the Republican ticket to succeed himself for a full term.

When he was appointed to the supreme bench Judge Sloss was only 36 years old, so he was probably one of the youngest men who ever sat in that court. This is not a bad precedent from any point of view. In Judge Sloss's case it happened that the youngest member of the court was also rated by the legal profession as one of the ablest members. And, in general, at thirty-six a man is at his prime, and he is also in closer touch with [illegible] spirit of his day than he is likely to be wh[illegible] he is fifty. It is a good thing to have the l[illegible] of the land expounded by men whom age h[illegible] not crystalized and whose minds are s[illegible] resilient and open to the influence of pul[illegible] opinion of the better sort.

During his service on the supreme ben[illegible] Judge Sloss has written probably 200 or 3[illegible] decisions. Most of these, naturally, were [illegible] more or less routine cases, but at least t[illegible] of them are of first importance, both becau[illegible] of interest in them at the time and and b[illegible] cause they are precedents. The first uphe[illegible] the validity of the McEnerney act, passed [illegible] the legislature as an emergency measure [illegible] provide a legal method of restoring recor[illegible] of real estate titles destroyed by the great S[illegible] Francisco fire of 1906. The finality of th[illegible] decision is still in doubt, as the case has be[illegible] carried to the supreme court of the Unit[illegible] States, which has not yet passed on it, h[illegible] there is no great reason to suppose that [illegible] will reverse the action of the state courts.

The other decision referred to above su[illegible] tained the ordinance of the board of supervi[illegible] ors of San Francisco prohibiting the burial [illegible] human remains within the city limits. Th[illegible] ordinance was opposed by the cemetery ass[illegible] ciations. The decision is far-reaching in [illegible] effects, as it will not only mean the ultima[illegible] removal of existing cemeteries, but it will al[illegible] undoubtedly result in the passage of simil[illegible] ordinances in other large cities.

Outside of his legal work, Judge Slos[illegible] principal interest is in charities. He is t[illegible] president of the Pacific Hebrew Orph[illegible] Asylum and Home Society. He is also pre[illegible] dent of the Federation of Jewish Charities, [illegible] organization formed for the purpose of eli[illegible] inating duplications of gifts for Hebre[illegible] charities and for the better systematization [illegible] the work of solicitation and accounting. B[illegible] sides his connection with charitable wor[illegible] Judge Sloss is one of the trustees of the S[illegible] Francisco Public Library, which has the di[illegible] tinction of paying proportionately less for a[illegible] ministrative expenses and more for books a[illegible] equipment than any other library in the cou[illegible] try.

In private life he is the father of two boy[illegible] and a girl in whom he is wrapped up. Mr[illegible] Sloss, who was Miss Hecht, of Boston, befo[illegible] her marriage, is prominent in club work in Sa[illegible] Francisco. Judge Sloss is something of [illegible] linguist; speaks German and reads Frenc[illegible] and he still follows his interest in history an[illegible] political economy, as he did in college days

In forming an estimate of Judge Sloss as [illegible] member of the supreme court and a candidat[illegible] for re-election, it is fair to take into accour[illegible] other things in addition to his record on th[illegible] bench and his reputation as a lawyer. Hi[illegible] record as judge has been sketched here. Hi[illegible] ability as a lawyer is conceded by everybod[illegible] who is competent to judge it. But one othe[illegible] thing is quite as much to his credit: Judg[illegible] Sloss was born to great wealth and to th[illegible] temptations to be idle that go with that con[illegible] dition. He deserves praise that he has adde[illegible] industry to ability, and has applied himsel[illegible] faithfully to a laborious career. It is als[illegible] something of a qualification that he seeks con[illegible] tinuance in an office whose salary could by n[illegible] chance be of any moment to him. It is a[illegible] assurance that he is in public life for the lov[illegible] of it and for the opportunity to earn the hono[illegible] of the community. It is a good thing for th[illegible] community when men who can afford to liv[illegible] without employment seek public office fo[illegible] these reasons.

GEN. SHERMAN IN CALIFORNIA

A Confederate veteran who knew Gen[illegible] Tecumseh Sherman before the war, writes:

I heard General Sherman say that he had learned to command, to decide, when in the bank in San Francisco; that he had often there said "yes" or "no" when he didn't know whether he was right or wrong, only he believed he was right; but that it was the time to decide, and that he would rather promptly decide a thing wrong at the right time than to be undecided and put it off. So it was often with him years after in campaign and battle; he was ever prompt and decided. This habit of mind, with his naturally quick and intuitively unerring thought, made him a dangerous antagonist, a great commander.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

A Common Prayer

ghty Father, at whose hest
pale star-lamps are lighted,
of all by all possessed,
er of realms unsighted,
ık Thee that to me, a clod,
orm of vermian brains, it
given to know the thought of God—
creed. Thou know'st, explains it.

d, the universal wheel
olves as Thou hast bidden;
lanets roll, the comets reel
ough spaces dim and hidden;
"Whence, and whither?" was our cry.
ouncil met, austerely
ied to us Thy purpose high—
creed explains it clearly.

id the maze of earthly things
) my way securely;
thers crawl with broken wings,
: serene and surely.
ht have chosen creeds that jar
creed and quite distress me—
I am not as others are
ank and praise and bless Thee.
but my creed is perfect, then,
ratitude. Ahmen! Ahmen!

* * *

Concerning the Hour of Night

. wake in the night, although you would
preferred not to do so, and lie there and
and think. In the distance a dog is
its eternity-old defiance to the moon;
vhere a nestling bird sleepily twitters to
ıte; a cat is warbling that chant of love
ich the world has shuddered since first
ıe sat on Adam's back fence and wooed
r. But you do not mind these things,
is up to you to think, and think. By
side, your dear wife laughs cheerily, for
dream she is happily shopping. Of
, you are passionately fond of your
l one, but what right has she, you say
urself, to be asleep while you lie awake
ink and think?
y should one's errors, failures and in-
s recall themselves so insistently at such
, and—I wonder what time it is.
s is the first time, in that melange of
ful thought, that this question about the
ıas obtruded itself, but after this it never
forsakes you. The hours drag on, and
lock ticks and ticks, but it does not
Queer about that clock! Three or
ıours, at least, must have passed since
vaked, and yet it has not struck; some-
must be wrong with the bell. This eter-
me of waking! What right has your
o be asleep? She wouldn't be if she
loved you and sympathized with you.
t dratted clock! Somebody ought to
with a hammer. What is the use of a
iece that doesn't know enough to strike,
ıy? Well, if you must—
ı crawl out of bed, immediately fall over
r, and, while you are rubbing your shins
hinking perfervid thoughts, your wife
"No, I will take six yards off the other
" and—the clock strikes three!
y is it that the clock won't strike, no
r how many suffering hours you lie in
vaiting for it? Why is it that it always
s just as soon as you have got out of
and hurt yourself? Why—but what is
l by asking? These are the problems
nake life interesting, and nobody answers

* * *

As We Differently View Suet

ever," said the man with the poetic soul,
ver do I look upon a pan of suet without
hole spirit responding to its mute poetic
stion."
-er—I guess I don't catch the connec-
said the man of the crude, practical
e.
hy, you know: 'Grease, but living grease
ore.'"
they went to a neighboring establishment
ıitrate it.

The Opinions of Rufus

I dispise shoddy pretence, but I can't help noticin' that it wins consider'ble many tricks in the game of life es men play it.

F'rinstance, ain't you seen men win out when they hadn't much of anything to recommend 'em 'cept a solemn air an' a large stummick?

When John D. Rockefeller heard that it wus easier fer a camel to go through the eye of a needle than fer a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven I've been told that he first sighed, and then says, "Well, if the needle's a big one an' well oiled I b'lieve the camel could do it. I've a good deal of faith in oil." This explains why he ain't es one without hope.

I don't claim they ain't any sech thing es a fashionable church, but, anyway, I'm middlin' certain that the Man of Nazareth didn't set the fashion.

I can't know a man long 'nough to know his creed 'less he tells it to me, but I don't have to know him very long to know whether he's a good man or not.

Sometimes seems to me that the best part of life ain't what we have today, but what we hope for tomorrow and remember of yesterday.

Honesty's the best policy, but Josh Bings says the trouble is so many fellers read the motter wrong an' make policy their best honesty.

Es I remember it, folks used to b'lieve in eternal damnation—'cept fer their families. Somehow, they couldn't help trustin' there must be an exception in their case.

"Stolen fruit is sweetest," but prob'ly you've noticed that the digestin' of it sometimes is consider'ble painful.

A hero is a man who has been brave or noble—an' had the fact largely advertised.

A heroine is—well, I reckon it's most any woman that's keepin' house on a slender income fer a husband an' several children.

* * *

Just a Little More

I knew a man who little asked,
And just a little more;
That care should come disguised and masked,
And just a little more.
He said: "'Tis little that I need,
A bird and bottle for my feed,
An auto and some cash, indeed,
And just a little more."

One day he took a "smile" or two,
And just a little more,
Till all things doubled on his view,
And just a little more.
He sought his home at half past two,
And while the pavement upward flew
The little stars played peek-a-boo,
And just a little more.

His wifie met him with a frown,
And just a little more,
And said, the while she knocked him down,
And just a little more:
"It pains me thus to fondle you,
But still my duty I must do."
Next day his eye was black and blue,
And just a little more.

The moral of my tale is tough,
And just a little more:
Best be content with just enough,
And not a little more,
For, oh, the giddy way, you know,
Leads on to trouble, pain and woe,
To swollen heads that grow and grow,
And just a little more.

* * *

Cupid Out of Luck

Once Master Cupid shot a bolt
To hit a pretty maiden—
The arrow was by Passion made;
'Twas frenzied yearning laden.
"Ah, woe is me, or woe is I,"
He cried—his bow, he dropped it—
"In vain do I my archery try.
Her hat and hair, they stopped it!"

Thoughtful Man on the Situation

"'Tis claimed," said the Thoughtful Man, "that these are not prosperous times, that the people are restless and dissatisfied, and that this is why they have voted for insurgent Republicans, Democrats and the Mayor of Milwaukee. 'Tis false. There's nothing to it."

"I think so?" I remarked.

"Sure! Look about you, and you'll see," he responded. "When before in the history of the world has there been a Rockefeller who has laid up a half billion on earth and a still greater treasure in Heaven? When has there been a Morgan who, besides owning the rest of us, has expended millions for works of art and their imitations? When has there been a Calhoun, who, out of pure goodness of heart, has donated $200,000 to a number of poor but noble grafters and boodlers whom he admired? And everyone could be a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Calhoun. There isn't a thing in our laws to hinder, and only a few men are too decent."

"I hadn't thought about that," I said.

"And there is another absolute demonstration that these are prosperous times," the Thoughtful Man continued. "Everybody who is alive eats and wears clothing, and one need but study the market reports in order to know they must be well off to be able to do that. Oh, 'rah for our prosperity, the kind we got from G. O. P.! There ain't no question that it's here, and so I'll take a stein of—"

I interrupted him sternly. "Then how do you account for their recent votes?" I inquired.

"Ever watch a dyspeptic?" the Thoughtful Man responded. "Ever watch him kick and groan around just because he had had a square meal? Well, that is what ails the people. They are dyspeptic, and they have been living too high."

"Could you suggest a remedy?" I inquired.

"Well, I should suggest giving the dyspeptic people a pill, only—"

"Only what?"

"They have been giving them to us, instead."

* * *

A Delightful Little Story

A story, entitled "Healthy Los Angeles," which now is going the boiler-plate rounds of the newspapers to a certain extent, is richer in unconscious humor than anything which has limped in this direction recently. It is credited to Luther Burbank, but it is unnecessary for him to announce that he had nothing to do with it. It runs like this:

"The other day a hale but very aged couple boarded a Los Angeles river steamboat." (Listen to that! Did you ever see the Los Angeles river and mistake it for a sand-pile?)

The story continues its mad career by asserting that the purser of the Los Angeles river steamboat asked the aged couple if they were about to travel; whereupon the veteran explained that they were so old that they were tired of living, and so were "going down to San Francisco to die."

Picture it! A pair of world-worn centenarians taking a Los Angeles river steamboat to go "down" to San Francisco to die! Nothing could add to the richness of such a work of art. Its rare and racy humor is so deliciously unconscious that it seems best to label it a literary triumph, and let it go at that.

* * *

A Tenacious Evil Thought

"Wiseun used to be a Christian Scientist."

"So I have understood."

"But he isn't any more."

"Why not? What happened?"

"He got his leg under a railroad train, and he can't get rid of the evil thought that he is minus a foot."

* * *

Mary's Extravagant Order

Mary had a little lamb—
I claim that Mary should,
Considering market price of meat,
Have ordered breakfast food.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and thence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of J Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 485 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Colorado Hydraulic Mining Company, location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 9th day of August, 1910, an assessment (No. 7) of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of September, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 8th day of October, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

A. J. HENRY, Secretary.
Office: No. 656 Market St., San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broadway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. L. HOLMES and MARY FRANCES HOLMES, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.
No. 22296

J. E. WHITE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of H. L. Holmes and Mary Frances Holmes, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Louisburg (formerly Spring) Street, distant thereon one hundred and seventy-eight feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Mount Vernon Avenue; running thence northeasterly and along the said northwesterly line of Louisburg Street thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly one hundred and three feet and six inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly thirty-eight feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly one hundred and three feet and six inches to the northwesterly line of Louisburg Street and the point of commencement, being a part of Lot number 14 of San Miguel Homestead Association as per map thereof filed March 5, 1867, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple as absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Amanda Carmean Tharp, San Jose, California.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.
7-22t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the said consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim,	2360 Howard Street San Francisco, Ca

9-9-1

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY AC complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-9 Monadnock Building, ninth floor. Market street, ne Third.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

freshed and ıminated On Sunday the President will return to Washington fresh from the golf links of the ssachusetts coast and, on the day following, will gather his official family about him in cabinet chamber. They will note a change their chief. A new light will shine from his s. He will have speculation in them. Since took his vacation from the White House he heard from California and Maine, New mpshire and Wisconsin, Michigan and ıshington state, also from Tawney; the Lion nter has swung around the circle, the brand- iron has been applied to Lorimer, Kansas ed something other than corn, hogs and ather and the scrap at Saratoga will be in swing. Verily, the President's vacation not been lacking in diversions. If Wil- n Howard Taft could first make Charles E. ghes Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of United States and then swap chairs with wouldn't he jump at the chance? There talk of decisive changes in the personnel of cabinet, but to The Watchman they do seem likely. The President is a pacifica- He will make further concessions to the gressive spirit in the interests of harmony the party, but anything akin to an about- and counter-march is not to be looked for n him. He yields to pressure but is not ily spurred to action. He may make up to nmins and Dolliver, but he is not likely to ak with Aldrich or Lodge. He will bend the storm, but will not be swept from his servative moorings. He has been true to self from the first and what he has been is and will remain to the end. We may ect modifications, not transformations from President.

Big Fight the Year The big fight of the primary season will take place in New York Monday. It is of little to try to forecast the immediate result. ultimate outcome may be predicted with tter certainty. It may be that the "Old rd" will control the state convention in e of Theodore Roosevelt and his progres- associates. The presidential influence help him some, but, characteristic of our f executive, he halts half way. He favors direct primary for nominating members ongress and the legislature, but is not sure ut the whole state and county tickets. If s good for part it is good for all. Being ed for the supreme bench Governor ghes has about as much influence with the d Guard" as a dead king would have with privy council of his successor. The fight Roosevelt's fight and he will win it if he s long enough. He will carry the issue n the convention to the legislature and n the legislature to the people of New k, and he will skin the "Old Guard" alive re he is through with them. Otherwise rnment of the people cannot endure. But Watchman looks hopefully for a winning t for Roosevelt in the forthcoming con- ion. There is no sound reason why The ve should be turned back at New York r having swept so far. If the direct pri- y, unvexed, open and free, does not come New York through the Republican party ill come through the Democratic, and Republican Bourbonism will hesitate to that plunge. Here's hoping.

Shadow 1912 The mind of the politician is overshadowed by the presidential contest of 1912, but that of American citizen is not and will not be a full half year. It will be time enough onsider presidential candidates after the ent congress shall have adjourned and the acter of the new congress shall have e evident. There is no hurry. There those whose anxieties are excited and ms obscured because of the Lion Hunter, he will eliminate himself at the psycholog- moment. If he were to do so now it ıt weaken his power for effective work for government. A knowledge of what he could do if he would will exert a wholesome restraint upon the interests. It may even make the President more aggressively progressive, and Theodore Roosevelt is not a fighter to throw away a good club and go at it with bare hands if there is any chance that a club would be more serviceable. But The Watchman has not the remotest idea that Theodore Roosevelt will ever again be a candidate for president. He will be more powerful out of office than in, as leader of that part of the American hosts capable of a sustained moral purpose than in any office that can be given him. He may conclude to succeed Depew in the senate of the United States, although that is less and less likely as the strength of being party leader becomes more apparent. We ought all of us to cease worrying about 1912, anyhow until 1911 is half gone.

And Tawney Went, Too Next to Joe Cannon The Interests had no more serviceable agent in the House of Representatives than "Jim" Tawney of the first Minnesota congressional district. He was a thorn in the flesh of Roosevelt and has proven the hoodoo of Taft. The Watchman happens to know that, a few weeks before he started out on his swing around the circle, the President told former Governor Pardee and another that Tawney could not come back if the President could prevent it. Pressure induced the President, not alone to withdraw opposition, but to go into Tawney's district and give him a clean bill of political health. It was that Winona address that proved the presidential undoing. It cost the Republican party hundreds of thousands of votes and the President's hold upon the public mind and heart was fearfully shaken. Not until Tuesday of this wek did the constituents of Tawney get an opportunity to say what they think of Tawney. They have spoken. A majority of 2,500 has been turned into a minority of 2,500. Tawney has been turned down. Tough as he is, a Minnesota September frost nipped him. It is unfortunate that the victory of the progressive forces did not go far enough to sweep Stevens and Nye into the same vortex, but they were not so offensive as Tawney. Their service to The Interests had been as consistent and persistent as the services of Tawney, but perhaps not as insistent. The fate of Tawney may be a lesson to them. It was a famous victory.

Francis J. Heney Had a Hand In It It is gratifying to the spirit of Adam that is in us to know that Francis J. Heney took a hand in the defeating of "Jim" Tawney for re-nomination for congress. It served Tawney right. When Mr. Heney was in the height of his fight against graft in San Francisco Tawney obliged the grafters by giving out the information that Heney had been paid by the government in such a way as to imply that it was for services rendered while prosecuting the grafters. It was a trick that served for the time-being, although afterward so fully explained as to react on Tawney, but Heney remembered. While up in Wisconsin helping La Follette Mr. Heney crossed over into Minnesota and gave Tawney a boost down hill by speaking for Sidney Anderson, the successful insurgent candidate. He held large and enthusiastic meetings at Austin and Rochester. Mr. Heney's return to California has been further delayed by additional calls to work for progressive Republicanism in close eastern districts. Everywhere he goes the people turn out to hear him and it cannot be amiss for him to make his reputation more thoroughly national now that he has the opportunity. On the 19th, he addressed the City Club of Chicago and was listened to with great interest.

How S. C. Smith Faces the Music Hon. S. C. Smith, representing the eighth district of California in congress, is no ostrich. He does not shut his eyes to a painful truth or ram his head into the sand to escape observation. He faces the music bravely and not apologetically. He recognizes that the voters in the eighth district to the number of 10,000 or more, voted, not for Kirby, but against Smith, but he is not quite sure why. He is confident that he did not do anything that it was not necessary to do in order to secure that measure of protection for his district which the people of his district wanted. The leaders in the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement recognized that Smith could be beaten but, knowing that he naturally belonged with them and not against them, as in the case of Needham, they took into account the embarassments of his position and forebore to lend any aid or comfort toward his defeat or that of Needham. Their positions were trying. Smith is a shrewd politician and "does politics" according to the rules of the game, but he is not soft spoken and rather loves a fight for its own sake. He will not go through his district apologizing for his course. He will justify it to the best of his ability, will take what is coming to him and, if not beaten by a blank space on the oposing party's ticket, will be re-elected this time. After that, well, much may happen within the next two years.

The Case of Spalding Those politically astute gentlemen who had the hospitality to make the stranger within our gates candidate for United States senator are fearful lest they be deprived of their prize when nearly within reach. If consummated it will be a good joke on California but not a better one than the state has been the victim of more than once. It can stand it. It has had few senators of senatorial size and if Spalding is, or no, no man knows. But he can be sure of a square deal. The official returns show that he has carried seventy-four legislative districts to forty for Judge Works. It took adroit work and plenty of money to accomplish that and the fact that it was accomplished suggests that the "organization" was doing work for Spalding to the neglect of Meserve, who also ran. But that cuts no figure in the case of Spalding, the sporting man. In the first place the vote is advisory only. Legislators may be governed by it or not as they may or may not have pledged themselves to be governed. No influence will be brought by the friends of Judge Works to induce any legislator to break faith with his constituents. Whichever gets the majority of the Republican districts, when the election shall have shown what districts the Republicans have carried, will no doubt be the caucus nominee of the Republican party. That any district will be allowed to slump into the Democratic column because the Republican legislative candidate, if elected, would be pledged to Spalding is preposterous to suggest. There may be some districts in which notoriously unfit Republicans should be defeated by notoriously fit Democrats, but the people in those districts will take care of that without outside interference from any quarter.

The Campaign Of Caminetti When Abraham Lincoln called for "Three hundred thousand more" volunteers to fight the common enemy for the salvation of the country the recruiting officers did not demand to know of applicants for enlistment if they were Republicans, Democrats or old line Whigs. What they did demand to know was if they had enlisted for the war and were willing to take the oath of loyalty to the union. There is a fight on now not less threatening to the national life than was the conflict of nine-and-forty years ago. Then it was whether or not the nation should survive. Now it is whether or not a government of and by The People shall give place to government of and by a plutocratic oligarchy masquerading in the form of popular government but without its substance. A. Caminetti has volunteered for that fight and on the side of popular sovereignty. The Watchman does not know Clark Howard, the Republican nominee for senator from the tenth district. For aught The

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court made and entered in the minutes of said court on the 19th day of August, 1910, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, will, on or after the 12th day of October, 1910, sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street three hundred (300) feet Northeasterly thereon from the Northeasterly line of Eighth Street, running thence Northeasterly along the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly, twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street and point of beginning.

That all bids or offers for said property must be in writing, and will be received by the said administrator at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court in said City and County of San Francisco at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Terms of sale, ten per cent (10 per cent) of the amount bid shall accompany the bid. The balance of the price shall be payable in cash upon confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

Dated the 21st day of September, 1910.

MICHAEL DUGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Ann Dugan, Deceased.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Administrator.

9-23-3t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG,
GEORGE KNOX,

Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

J. R. ALEXANDER, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property described herein, or any part thereof, Defendants. — No. 22294

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of J. R. Alexander, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Day Street thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly one hundred and fourteen (114) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly along said Easterly line of Castro Street one hundred and fourteen (114) feet to the said intersection of the Northerly line of Day Street with the Easterly line of Castro Street and the point of commencement, being a portion of Block No. 171.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco. Cal.

7-22-10t

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded)

Watchman knows he may be a bigger, brainier, broader and better trained legislator than Mr. Caminetti and his loyalty to government by The People may be as unquestioned. Nothing herein is said against him; but unless he is at least the equal of Caminetti in all these respects it would be a misfortune to the state not to have Mr. Caminetti in his seat in the state senate. Despite some tendencies to hark back to the ancient and unchangeable democracy of the fathers Senator Caminetti proved himself one of the most reliable and useful, independent and free, members of the last two legislatures, and he stood for Right Things even if he had to stand alone. The voters of the tenth senatorial district should well consider and compare the characters and capacities of these two men, rather than their party affiliations, before making choice between them. Senator Caminetti is, on the floor or in committee, wonderfully alert, watchful, not easily bluffed and he knows how to handle himself like an athlete. May the victory go to the man best fitted for the fight ahead of us.

Mr. Bell Has No Priority of Claim

All honor to Theodore Bell for making the fight he did four years ago, but he was no original discoverer of opposition to railroad domination in the politcs of California. The Watchman is ready to qualify that the Fresno Republican, for instance, has been waging that war for a quarter of a century and so has The Watchman, to the extent of his abilities, the more especially since the campaign of 1896, when he first realized the cinch-like hold the Southern Pacific had upon party management in this state. Four years ago, some sixty thousand Republicans revolted and voted for Bell because of the action of the Santa Cruz convention and, in the apt language of Hiram Johnson, "No party and no individual has a patent right to that which is good." Although Mr. Johnson began his fight against railroad domination in Sacramento eight years ago, instead of four, priority of discovery does not constitute preponderance of claim. The issue is, which is the fitter man of the two to carry this fight to a finish, and the triumph of which party will mean the most to the cause of free government? Without disparagement of Mr. Bell or his party The Watchman believes that Hiram Johnson will prove the stronger man and that the one thing most essential at this time is the triumph of the regenerated Republican party in California. That would be a clincher.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office. 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence. 1297 McAllister St Phone Park 4398

SAN FRANCISCO

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ABRAHAM C. MINCHIN, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants. — No. 2229

J. E. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Abraham C. Minchin, the plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue, distant thereon three hundred and fifty-five (355) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Harrison Street; running thence Southeasterly along the said Southwesterly line of Madison Avenue thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southwesterly eighty feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly thirty-two (32) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles Northeasterly eighty feet to the point of beginning, being a part of 100 Vara Lot, No. 190.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 19th day of July A. D. 1910.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By Jas. P. Kane, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 22d day of July A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

None.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney at Law,
729-731 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10t

NOTICE OF MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

A meeting of the stockholders of the YUBA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY of Arizona will be held at the office of the company, Room 207, Balboa Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Saturday, the first day of October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing directors and such other business as may come before the meeting.

It is proposed at such meeting to amend the articles of incorporation of the company to provide that 300,000 shares of its capital stock shall be preferred stock, under such terms and conditions as may be determined at the meeting.

In order to comply with the law of Arizona, the annual meeting of the stockholders of this corporation will be held at the office of the company in the rooms of E. J. Bennitt, 16 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Arizona, on the 7th day of October, 1910, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering, ratifying and confirming the action taken at the said meeting of October first.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Secretary.

9-16-4t

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THE CALL OF THE DAY

WHICH IS THE CALL FOR MEN

By PROF. BURT ESTES HOWARD, of Stanford University

This article is the stirring address delivered by Pro- or Howard before the Commonwealth Club at lunch- on Saturday, September 10th. The Editor.]

It is becoming increasingly difficult to be iest in any walk of life. There may be m for argument as to the reason for it, there can be no dispute as to the fact of it. neets us at every turn. Life, in these days, i succession of moral crises. Each man of who attempts to do business in any form, fessional, commercial, even ecclesiastical, ls himself led into a wilderness to be ipted of the devil of Graft. The world is en with a desire to obtain wages without equivalent of work and to secure the prizes life without fairly earning them. This rge can be laid at the door of no special ss. All classes are tainted with it. The n who would conduct his affairs honestly squarely must needs enter into an unfair ipetition with swindlers and tricksters, h quacks and charlatans, with thieves and s. We are rapidly reaching a point in our vate and public life where we must choose ween personal and corporate integrity and ional decay. The immortality of any peo- rests on their fidelity to immortal princi- s.

The Disease

We have grown sick at heart, then indig- t, over disclosures of graft and greed in nerous great corporate interests. Our it has waxed hot within us as there have n uncovered before our eyes evidences of itical rottenness and betrayal of public sts. A wave of moral revulsion is sweep- over the country, an insurging tide of ral awakening that is the earnest of a new . We are looking for remedies to heal the our body politic is heir to. We shall easily lead ourselves in the search for nostrums, ent or other, which shall cure our moral political ailments. The disease lies too p for legislative or social fads to eradicate

Individual Morality the Need

We Anglo-Saxons are noted for an implicit h in law. Law is not so much construc- as it is restrictive. It does not define the ral equipment of a people, but it merely ks the level below which the moral con- t of that people cannot fall and still ex- t the support of the government. Law can ct the forms in which our commercial and itical life is uttered, but it cannot put a it spirit at the heart of those forms. Social emes and economic theories, looking to slation for their realization, may be in a sure and for a season efficient, but they not be sufficient. Socialism may create an nomic Garden of Eden, but it cannot put a al backbone in Adam or render the garden ke-proof. Righteousness cannot be legis- d, it must be lived. Righteousness must ome a personal habitude before it can be e a social force. It is not social theories t we need, but individual morality. Cor- ations, whether commercial or political, simply the forms in which the individual mercial and political life organizes itself. porations, whether commercial or political, fictitious persons by courtesy of the law. members composing those corporations moral persons by the fact of life. Cor- ations, as such, are neither moral nor im- al. They may furnish opportunity for the who compose them to do moral or im- al things, but they have no will apart from will of their members, and their moral racter is a composite of the moral char- r of the men who control them.

Every great reform is built on the scale of We must get back of legislation and k of socialism to the individual unit if we ld make the work of reform sure. No at uplift is possible which overlooks the in- dual man, and undertakes to reform men the lump.

Personal Righteousness the Foundation

The social and political status of any community, under a democratic form of government, is no worse than the social and political conscience of that community. The social and political conscience of any community is the resultant of the individual consciences of that community, actively uttered in its affairs. The ultimate responsibility for evil conditions, whether social or political, does not lie in the forms in which the social or political life organizes itself, but in the individual integers who make up that particular community. A righteous society cannot be created out of unrighteous men. The Almighty himself cannot make a good government out of bad citizens, or a strong government out of an apathetic people. Any work on the masses will fail that does not involve a prior work on the man. Improved conditions are of no avail without improved character to live in them. We shall never have honest government or honest business methods by any outside system of legislative checks and balances, but only when the people get over their personal dishonesty. Such fault as exists today in the business and political world, does not lie in the forms of society and business so much as in the factors that compose society and business. No mere shifting of the social or political mechanism will heal the hurt of the nation: We cannot have fair business dealing or straight politics till our citizens are willing to put more conscience into their business and their politics. We cannot eradicate the evils that infest our day until we reach the point where we put a higher value on morals than on money; where we would rather be righteous than rich; where we would rather be men than millionaires.

Man's Full Part

The call of the day is a call to play a man's full part in a world of men. This involves a higher standard of values than this busy age seems to be given to, and a different measure of success. We are living in an economic period, when thought is dominated by economic ideas. We are striving for economic achievement. We are figuring up values in economic terms. To the great bulk of men success in life means merely the accumulation of stuff. We are given to rating each other by the amount of material we have heaped up outside ourselves. We are calling those men our representative men, who are representative of nothing but a certain shrewd muckwisdom which enables them to thrust their hand in where pay dirt is to be found. Even education has come to mean the qualifying of our youth for economic supremacy. Universities are seeking short cuts by which they may send their students forth into what they are pleased to call "practical life." So keen is our scent for material gain that we grudge our boys and girls the time spent in developing the humanities. We are teaching our young men that culture is secondary to cash, and we are in grave danger of dulling the edge of their moral sensibilities till they come to think that the chief thing in life is to get on and the subordinate thing to get honest.

Manhood Needed, Not Muck

If our times are to be saved there must be a return to a philosophy based not on muck but on manhood. We must learn to measure a man in terms of what he is rather than of what he has. We must recognize the fundamental principle that a man's worth cannot be properly estimated by the amount of stuff he has accumulated, but by the amount of qualities that make for manhood which he has assimilated.

We must get to know that the biggest and finest thing in God Almighty's world is a clean, white-souled, honest man, whether he sits upon a throne and wears the royal purple, or walks barefooted along life's dusty highways. We must get a new and divine vision of the dignity of our own manhood. We must explode the theories which permit market quotations to outweigh men in the world's estimation and allow an aristocracy of gilded mud to take precedence of homely virtues.

Individualism vs. Socialism

Whatever views we may hold with respect to socialism, we should never lose our hold, in the midst of these great and confusing mass-movements, on the value of the individual. While teaching men the worth of social relationships we must not overlook the worth of the man. Socialism is purchased at too great a price when it blots out the units which compose society or gives them a minimized sense of their own value. What we need in these days more than all else is a quickened appreciation, on the part of every man of us, of his own share in the responsibility for social uplift and in the work of securing it. We need to inspire men with a mighty faith in the power of their own spirit. Mr. W. E. Henley wrote a poem some years ago that illustrates what I mean:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the Master of my fate,
I am the Captain of my soul!"

Call this poem atheistic or skeptical as you like, but there is a fine ring to it, a stout courage, a bold willingness to shoulder the responsibility for what he is and does, that shames the flabby opportunism that infests these present days. Whatever may be the condition of his soul, it is **his** soul, and he is the Captain of it. It is the one fixed point in this fluctuating world of men and things. "I am the Captain of my soul," and he doesn't forget it for a moment. Too self reliant? Perhaps, but infinitely to be desired above the anaemic rabble of insect men, who whine over their lives and charge their incompetency and spinelessness to fate or to the world about them.

Most of us are slaves to the existing order of things and the little finger of custom is thicker than our loins. But look back over your history and see if it is not the men who believed in the individual, who believed in the integrity of their own motives, who had a profound faith in their own capacities, who having heard the call of their age admitted it into the spring of their action and went forth to answer it with a sublime faith in their own ability to answer it, who have moulded and shaped and reformed the world atfer a divine pattern. You remember how Emerson puts it: "Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent, put all means into the shade. Every true man is a cause, a country, an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought—and posterity seems to follow in his footsteps as a procession. A man Caesar is born, and for ages we have a Roman empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded

with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called the Height of Rome, and all history resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons."

The Moral Might of the Individual

Does our own time need anything so much as this supreme confidence of men in the moral might of the individual? Do we lack anything in these unstable days so much as men who are sane in their judgments, men who cannot be frightened from their calm poise by the roar of the multitude or the crack of political and social whips? We need men who are not crouching in their attitude, with ear bent to the ground to determine on which direction their own interest is moving or the popular mood is tending, but who, believing in the divine right of a man to his own high calling and destiny, stand square upon the earth, with brow to the stars, and fight for the right as God gives to see the right, till the victory is won, or the hungry sod drinks the last drop of their blood.

If there ever was a day when independent men are wanted, men who can hold their footing in the swirl of conflicting and confusing currents that threaten to overthrow all moral values and overwhelm the conscience of the public, that day is now. Organized wickedness, secure in power, was never more brazen and impudent than it is today. We need men who can see and dare and decide in this moral welter of things, and who can become fixed pillars of moral power and steadfastness. We need fearless men who cannot be flattered nor forced from the path of duty; self-reliant men, who believe in the power of righteousness and in their own indomitable souls. We need men who can gather up in their own fists the floating filiaments of moral responsibility and of moral might and weld them into a strong force that hell itself cannot withstand. Do we need faith in God? Yes, but we need more a sturdy faith in the invincible power of consecrated and courageous manhood. It is time that we quit our skulking and cringing before the hosts of organized corruption and of wickedness entrenched in high places, and stood upon our feet to do a valiant battle in the world for the things that are pure and lovely and of good repute.

A Cry For Men

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with its thumb-worn creeds,
Its large pretensions and its little deeds,
Mingles in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps.
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

The call of the day, men, is not to material success, but to moral steadfastness. That which gives life its value is not its concrete deeds, but its fidelity to duty. It is said that it is impossible in these days to do business or to engage in politics honestly and succeed as a factor in public life. Whether this be true or no, this is certain; that it is impossible to do business or politics dishonestly and **succeed as a man.** If it be true that there is thus placed before every man of us the choice of moral failure or material success, then let us stand up, in the strength of an honest heart, and be counted among those who "dare to love their country and be poor."

Moral Principle

It is no easy task to stand fast for moral principle in an age snarled and tangled in moral obliquity. The victories that shall save our day will not be wrought out in the limelight, but in the silent struggles of the soul where a man wrestles with his own meanness, in the unmarked conquests of the "nobly brave, who died and made no sign." But the man who believes enough in the ultimate success of righteousness to give himself to it with a fine fidelity, is a victor immortal though he may never gain the shining heights toward which the hosts are pressing, but dies there, with his eyes filled with the smoke of battle and his nostrils choked with the dust of warfare, forgotten on the field while the conquering troops sweep over him.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Oh, for strong minds to think through, with quiet sanity, the problems that harry our age. Oh, for strong hearts that are full of a fine, high courage to face a world of demagogues and grafters and force them to be decent. Oh, for men great enough to fail in a great cause, if need be, that the blood of the faithful may become the seed of a new age. Oh, for men with a spirit that waits not on majorities nor settles questions of righteousness by show of hands, but fights on to the very end, when the odds are hopeless, rather than betray the man's soul in him.

"There is no escape by the river,
There is no flight left by the fen;
We are compassed about by the shiver
Of the night of their marching men.
Give a cheer!
For our hearts shall not give way.
Here's to a dark to-morrow
And here's to a brave today!

"The tale of their hosts is countless,
And the tale of ours a score;
But the palm is naught to the dauntless,
And the cause is more and more.
Give a cheer!
We may die, but not give way.
Here's to a silent to-morrow
And here's to a stout to-day!

"God has said, 'Ye shall fail and perish;
But the thrill ye have felt to-night
I shall keep in my heart and cherish
When the worlds have passed in night.'
Give a cheer!
For the soul shall not give way.
Here's to a greater to-morrow
That is born of a great to-day.

"Now shame on the craven truckler
And the puling things that mope!
We've a rapture for our buckler
That outwears the wings of hope.
Give a cheer!
For our joy shall not give way.
Here's in the teeth of to-morrow
To the glory of to-day."

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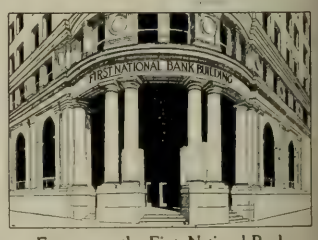

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

The Way of the Transgressor

BY

A. JUDSON

THE first theft Jed ever committed was an infinitesimal triangle out of a pie that was to be the piece de resistance en there was company for dinner. The ry stain on his lips gave him away and y had the laugh on Jed, which always hurt worse than a spanking.

His second theft was that of a silver dime of a till in the tool chest, very likely all re had been in the family cash box for ny a week. There was a certain little red fer in the McCormick herd that came to nk at the ford upon which the heart of Jed l set itself, and he stole this money with view of buying that heifer. It never occurred to him that so little money might not a full equivalent for so little a heifer and, en he had watched his chance, had slipped ay and trudged two miles down the creek McCormick's, only to fail of his negotians and be fetched home at a gallop behind :Cormick, clinging to the saddle for dear lest he bounce off, the laugh was on Jed ain and, this time, the whole neighborhood ned in it. Somehow the enormity of the sin not oppress him as did the enormity of punishment. Being laughed at was such anguish that, for long after, he ran and hid the brush whenever a neighbor came to the m.

Jed's third theft was a Hubbard squash, hich his soul loved when baked, but which bugs had eaten up in the home garden. ing at a neighbor's he spotted one not too for him to carry, watched his chance and pped out of sight carrying the prize in his ns. When Jed's mother next met the ighbor and thanked her for the squash she otested that she had never sent any, and e crime was out. This time Jed was serely talked to and the lesson sufficed for me years, or until he went to town to live d fell into companionship with Herb meroy.

Herb was a year or two older than Jed, fully head taller and ever so much stronger and ore sophisticated. He had a mobile face and s cheeks seemed not to be fastened to the eek bones at all. Anyhow, he could twist s features into any shape he wished. He uld assume the solemnity of the judge on e bench, the innocence of the little maid st home from school, the leering mockery Mephistopheles, with lightning like rapidity, id he could fit the mood to the semblance readily as the semblance to the mood. The oman who bought a monkey that she might udy human nature at close range had no adintage over the mother of Herb Pomeroy.

York was a hundred miles and more from ie nearest steamboat or railway, and the ivil War was raging in the height of its rocity. Everything that could be used a cond time had a commercial value. The ewspapers, received in exchange for The jax, were saleable at the stores for wrapping iper. Bottles, horse shoes, copper bottoms f old boilers and tea-kettles, malleable iron any form, carpet rugs, paper rags, black alnuts in the fall and wild grapes and plums late summer, all were sources of income if ey could be had, and Jed, under Herb Pomoy's tutelage, soon found that they could be ad if they were not nailed down or boxed up.

Jed had wants, or began to have them soon fter reaching York. On the farm he had one that he could not supply himself. If he ot hungry for candy he could boil down some orghum molasses and make some, for his ther made all the sorghum mills in the ountry round about and took a part of his ay, if he ever got any pay at all (which he id not always), in barrels of molasses. But ed found that that was not as licking good as ie brittle and yet sticky horehound bars that runched under his teeth, that he could buy at asterline's if he had the money. Jed wanted pocket knife, a spur and a pistol, fishing ackle, tops and balls, marbles and what not.

Now Jed's father never suspected these rowing wants. He was thankful enough if he ould give his family their daily bread, cover heir nakedness and shield them from the inlemency of the weather. Only once in all he years since he had had a family had he indulged himself with that in which they could ot share. In his early manhood in New ork he had been something of a smoker. alled away to the state capital to attend a convention the desire came upon him to smoke and, yielding to it, he bought a ten cent cigar, lighted it and started out for a walk to beguile his loneliness at being away from his home. Then he thought of that home, of the family on the verge of poverty, and he buying tobacco with his money only to burn it up under his nose. He took his cigar from his mouth, ground it under his heel in the gutter and never again offended against good conscience by indulging himself in that which he could not share with wife and children.

How could such a man suspect or understand the temptations that beset Jed, newly come to a small town, that town the particular creation of the evil one, at a time when every bit of junk was saleable and every dealer was so anxious to secure the commodities of trade that, no matter what suspicions might be entertained, no disagreeable questions were likely to be asked? How could such a man divine the snares set for the feet of Jed, the more especially as Jed had the bland, the innocent, the exemplary Sunday-school-attending Herb Pomeroy for guide, philosopher and friend? He could not, and he did not. He was the last to learn, what everybody else long had known, that Jed was foreordained some day to dangle from some low-hanging limb with his boots on.

Old Sam and Old Porter were rival blacksmiths and maintained rival shops at rival ends of the one street that ran from river to bluff. They were hard put to it for malleable iron and second-hand horse shoes, not worn so thin that new calks could not be welded on for further use. Jed, among other boys of the band, undertook to supply the demand. It was said of the boys of York that if their listening ears, ever on the alert, detected from the footfalls of a passing horse the fact that a shoe was loose they would follow that horse until the shoe came off and make the prize their own, but this was an exaggeration. However, if any shoe did come off any horse it was useless for the owner to seek to find a place in which to secrete the shoe that it might be nailed on again. Jed, or one of his companions, would be sure to recover it for the behoof of Old Porter or Old Sam, and right glad they were to get them. Every such horseshoe was worth to the lucky finder a little, green, ten cent "shinplaster."

What candy, what ice cream, what pistols, spurs, knives, tops and balls did not Jed provide himself! Not all these conquests were wholly contraband, for, for sweeping the office and keeping the outside stairway clean, Jed was to have the old papers. These he earned, sometimes before they had been read, and with their proceeds he accounted for such of his possessions as were obvious and allowable, but seldom had so slight a foundation served for so considerable an accumulation.

When in after years Jed saw hundreds of boys in prison or reform schools with charges of burglary over against their names, and calling to mind the barn windows he had climbed through, the sheds and outbuildings he had ransacked as they had, he thanked his stars that his youth was spent under primitive conditions when reform schools were unheard of and jails were only for horse thieves or murderers.

The boys of Jed's band used to give and take dares to see which could do the bravest and most cunning deeds of petty lawlessness, not infrequently at the suggestion of Herb Pomeroy, although that prudent person was accessory, if at all, only at a safe distance. One of the test "tricks" was taken by Jed, the other by Hank Woodley.

Hard pressed for old iron or horseshoes, both of these lads had done some good turns by stealing from one of the blacksmiths and selling to the other, but it was left for Jed to sell Old Porter his own horseshoes before his own eyes. For prudential reasons Old Porter kept his pile of shoes at the foot of his anvil block so that he might have them under surveillance. He had his suspicions. Jed had accumulated a handful of rejected shoes, rejected because worn too thin at the toes, but he had two or three good ones. The better to carry them he strung them on a wire. Old Porter wore glasses over which he peered at the boys when they came with plunder, but through which he did not see clearly when out of focus. Jed inveigled him to his own pile of shoes to look at his assortment, but, as Old Porter reached out his hand to take them, Jed let go of one end of the wire and the whole assortment slid off onto Old Porter's own pile. Apparently much perturbed, Jed dropped upon hands and knees and gathered the shoes up again, with the difference that, in place of the bad ones, he gathered up merchantable shoes from Old Porter's heap. The shoes were accepted, the shinplasters were counted out and Jed and his cronies feasted on watermelons galore back of the livery barn. His primacy in the gang was undisputed for more than a week, or until Hank Woodley scored his best.

Hank's triumph was with bottles. The leading grocer made vinegar in barrels in a shed back of his store. In the bung of each barrel he thrust an inverted, long necked bottle to keep the dirt out. The day was warm, ice cream at a premium and the gang's treasury flat. Under the office stairs a consultation was held and the knowledge of those bottles was divulged. Jed dared Hank to swipe those bottles from the back of the store and sell them at the front, and Hank was not a lad to reject a dare. He watched his chance to slip into the shed unobserved and passed the bottles one by one through a hole in the wall to Jed waiting in the alley, the bottles were rolled in the dust of the street, placed in a gunny-bag, taken into the front door of the store and sold to their unsuspecting owner for cash, and Jed's primacy was no longer undisputed.

That there was anything wrong in such transactions neither Jed nor his companions ever considered. That there was danger of getting caught, and of getting "strap oil" if caught, they well knew from sad experience, but prosperous petty theft was looked upon by them all as a rare good joke on the victim. They were as unconscious of sin as the linnet that gets the cherries or the hawk that takes a chicken from the barnyard. What was taken in severalty was generally shared in common with entire unselfishness.

And during these two or three bad years Jed's financial credit was of the best. There was not a store in town that would not trust him for any trifle he wanted, for he always paid his debts when he said he would and, although he probably told a hundred lies a day, his word was as good as any man's bond if given in pledge of specific performance. He was shy and not brazen, respectful and never saucy. If his delinquencies were innumerable his lack of consciousness of their sinful quality prevented any deep rutted demoralization of character. So far as Jed ever knew, of all that gang of six or eight, only Hank Woodley developed other than upright citizenship, and as for Herb Pomeroy, he became one of the successful promoters of the rapidly developing west, rich, respected and exemplary, spending a term or two in congress.

But it was not always to be so. There came a time when Jed's consciousness of the sinfulness of sin became poignant and, strangely enough, through the instrumentality of his friend the horsethief, Monroe Scranton.

Monroe was Sid Chapman's wife's brother and he had taken a claim back from the Serpentine in the rolling hills and without very much level land on it. He had built a diminutive cabin which he little occupied, for he worked on the farms around or trafficked in horses in preference to improving his farm. Everybody said that there was no barm in Monroe. He had no bad habits but worked irregularly, spent his money foolishly and

swapped horses too much to ever become fore-handed, had a new horse nearly every time he was "met up with" on the road. Medium height, light hair, blue eyes and perhaps thirty years old, careless and carefree, loving a good joke and a hearty laugh, such was Jed's fast friend, the horsethief.

A great many things came up missing on the Serpentine during the years that Monroe lived there. Cows lost their bells, picket ropes disappeared, axes could not be found and children were spanked for having lost them, whips and harness, monkey wrenches and double-trees, sets of harness and even plows left at the ends of furrows in the fields, mysteriously disappeared. What could the matter be? Not one person in that community of God-fearing men could be suspected.

Monroe used to make frequent trips to "The River" where the larger towns were, always returning with a new horse, sometimes with a new buggy, new harness or something or other for stock in trade and, if one met him on the road, he was certain to be bantered for a swap and, first and last, there was hardly a farmer on the Serpentine who had not had a horse, a mule, a cow or two, a spring wagon or a single buggy from Monroe Scranton, shiftless, good-natured, sunny-tempered Monroe, who was ready to lend a hand for a few days to any farmer needing help, but was little disposed to steady employment with anyone. He confessed to being too big a coward to go to the war and avoided the draft by skipping the country.

Among others he worked for Jed's uncle, who also was a lover of good horses and had had more than one from Monroe. But there was one that he got elsewhere that Monroe greatly admired. She could pace a mile in three minutes, which was fast time in those days, turn around and trot it back again in the same time. This made her the most noted animal in the whole country round about. Monroe tried again and again to trade for her, but Jed's Uncle liked her well enough to keep her himself inasmuch as the joy of throwing dust in other people's eyes on the highroad was to be valued beyond mere lucre in any amount that Monroe could muster.

Monroe went to "The River," and had been gone several days when this mare became missing from Uncle's pasture. She was hard to catch when loose, was disposed to leap low fences and was so well known that, it was thought, no one would dare to steal her. In two or three days Monroe came back from "The River" with a span of new horses. He had made a quick trip. He went to work for Uncle again in the hayfield with his new team. He even rode a day or two in searching for the missing mare, but she could not be found. Monroe grieved over her loss more than Uncle, for he declared he had traded for the new team with full expectation of getting a trade out of Uncle for "Crooked Legged Kate," as the mare was called.

Months went by, perhaps nearly a year, when some stranger in town, talking about horses, boasted of a sorrel mare over in his county that could out-pace and out-trot anything in the country for money. She was a marvel. He was questioned closely and, nothing loath, word was sent by Monroe Scranton to Jed's Uncle telling him where this wonderful mare could be found, and Monroe delivered the message faithfully. The chances were a hundred to one that it was his mare, Monroe declared, and he offered to go after it, but Jed's Uncle concluded to go himself and Jed's father went along to keep him company and help identify the horse, for Jed's father was the squire and knew the law. It was fifty or sixty miles anyhow from the Serpentine. Monroe was to stay at Jed's Uncle's and take care of the stock and help husk the corn while Uncle was gone.

That was when Jed and his cousin had the greatest fun of their lives kicking Monroe Scranton out of bed. They slept three in a bed, Jed being allowed to pass the first night at Uncle's while the men were gone after the missing mare. Jed and his cousin awoke first. It was time to be up. Monroe slept on the front side and was lying asleep perilously near the edge of the bed. Jed and cousin got around with their backs to the wall, put their feet against Monroe, straightened their legs with all their might, both at once, and out Monroe went kerplunk onto the floor. Then followed a pillow fight not likely soon to be forgotten. After breakfast Monroe saddled up his best horse and took Jed home, riding behind him, visited his sister, said good-bye and made off toward town. Nothing more was seen of Monroe for three years.

In a day or two more Jed's father and Uncle returned with the mare. The identification of the mare in advance of seeing her was perfe and, what was more to the point, the identi cation of Monroe Scranton as the person fro whom the luckless possessor had purchase the mare was not less so. His trip to "Th River," notwithstanding its unusual quick ness, had served the double purpose of r heving his employer of a valued horse an himself of all suspicion.

The discovery of the culprit got into th papers and became the talk of the county, an of adjacent counties, too, almost of the stat with the unfortunate result that first one an then another stranger from heaven know where came to the Serpentine to claim horse or a mule, a cow or a wagon, a bugg or a set of harness that had been stolen. Th Serpentine came to be looked upon as veritable repository for stolen property. Me were afraid to start to town with a tear through fear that one or both horses migh be claimed before they got home, and peopl began to say that those men on the Serpentin could not be any better than they ought t be or else they might have suspected that a was not right. Their shamefacedness wa pitiful. Sid Chapman sold out for a song an moved away on his wife's account because th other women on the Serpentine manage somehow or other to "throw up to her" some thing of her brother's fault every time sh met one of them.

Now that the character of Monroe had com out the men folks made a pilgrimage to hi cabin, tore up the floor and tore down th ceiling and, either overhead or underneath they found half the articles that had been los in the community in a half dozen years.

Surmising that Monroe would sooner o later communicate with his sister, whom h dearly loved, and whose saddle pony, a presen from Monroe, was one of the earliest horse retrieved by its owner, who lived half a hun dred miles away, she was told to warn hin that if he ever came back within reach they would hang him to the first tree they coul get him to. He failed to get the word, was ignorant of what had transpired meantime and, being sure that he could fix it up with Uncle if he should be caught, ventured back into the vicinity, to see his sister, but through the blackjack country after three years spent in Colorado. He was seen and recognized, a posse from town started in pursuit and he was overhauled and brought to York two summers after Jed had moved to town and when Jed was in the height of his own reprisals upon portable properties. Monroe was lodged in the county jail.

The county jail was only a little way from Jed's home. It was of stone, had one room a heavily grated door and two little barred windows so high up that Jed could only reach the bars, but by digging his toes in he could climb up and sit precariously on the stone ledge. This he did the first morning after Monroe's arrival. "Hello, Monroe!" he called "Hello, Jed!" was the response and Monroe reached his hand through the bars and patted the boy on his bare head.

"Sorry you're in jail, Monroe," Jed ventured.

"Sorry I am, too, Jed," was the response "but I reckon I deserve it. Do you ever 'hook' anything, Jed?" Monroe demanded to know, stroking Jed's hair affectionately.

"Uh-huh, sometimes," was Jed's confession.

"Watermelons, Jed?"

"Uh-huh, but mostly horse shoes, bottles, paper rags and things that will sell."

"Don't they never catch you at it, Jed?"

"Naw! Not unless some of the other fellers blab."

"Are you thinking of stealing horses by and by, Jed, after you've grown up?"

"Humph-mh," was Jed's reply, "they hang people for horse stealing."

"That's so, Jed," Monroe admitted, leaning heavily against the wall and coming close to Jed so that he could speak in a whisper. "Yes, that's so, Jed, and do you know that they are going to hang me, tonight or tomorrow night, anyhow, before they get through with me."

A lump arose in Jed's throat and he moved as if to get down.

"Don't go yet, Jed, I've got something I want to say to you." Monroe pleaded. "Jed, I'm your friend. Do you remember that morning when you boys kicked me out of bed and we had a pillow fight? Do you remem-

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r when I fired the lime kiln for your father d how we saw little niggers making jack- ives when we peeped in where it was hot- st?"

"Naw! They weren't making jackknives. ey'd have all burnt up."

"Do you remember, Jed, what I told you out hell being like that in there where the e burned until everything was red hot, only at hell was bigger than all the world, and e sky and the stars and a hundred times tter than it was in there where it was the ttest? Do you remember that, Jed?"

"Uh-huh? And you nearly scairt the wits t of me, too."

"Well, Jed, that's where I'm going when ey make me stretch hemp. I suppose I ort I've been bad. I've lived mostly by horse caling. I thought I was dreadful cunnin', n't yer know, and that they'd never catch me it, but I made a mistake in stealing old ooked legged Kate. I might have known at her smart points would give me away, d you see they've got me, but I never killed body, Jed. I swear to that, and that I might t be tempted to, I never carried no gun. I ade up my mind to take my medicine if I er had to without fighting back. You see, d, if I stole a man's horse he could get an- her, but if I took his life it was all up with m, he couldn't get any other, so, honest jun, I never hurt nobody. I haven't any life t my own to answer for."

"What made you come back, Monroe? You new they'd be after you," Jed inquired.

"Because I wanted to see my sister. She was l I had in the world and had been like a other to me and I couldn't hear nothing om her. I don't know now where she moved

"Went to Californy, they say," ventured d.

"Hope she went so far that she'll never hear this," was the response, and Monroe leaned on his arm and his frame shook as the tears ll from his eyes. "I hope she'll never hear this."

By this time Jed was crying, too, and again moved as if to get down from his uneasy rch, but Monroe reached a hand through the rs and caught him by the shoulder. "Don't yet, Jed, there's something more I want to y to you. Don't 'hook' things. Don't do it y more. I began that way when I was a y and I couldn't quit it. I began with atermelons. Nobody thought there was any rm in hooking watermelons if you didn't ar up the vines. From watermelons I went robbing hens' nests, and then to chickens d whatever there was handy, and when I ew up I took anything I could lay my hands , and, finally, horses and mules, and I've stled cattle, too. Here I am, Jed, about to ving from a limb at the end of a rope."

"And you've got such a good father!" Mon- e went on, "but I had a good father, too, ho lived and died never suspecting what I as up to. Likely everybody else knew it but m and he needed to know worse than any- dy. Does your father know, Jed, that you ook' things?"

"No, are you going to tell on me?"

"Not if you will promise me, man to man, nest Iniun, cross your heart in sacred hono', pe to die if you do, that you won't hook ings any more. I stole salt pork out of ther's outside cellar down on the creek, most alf a barrel of it, and perhaps I'm doing some- ing now for him to make it up. Promise e that you won't, Jed, never hook another ing as long as you live. Won't you? You e what it has brought me to."

By this time Jed was dissolved in tears and e promised, crossed his heart and shook hands n it. Monroe drew his face down to the bars nd implanted a kiss upon Jed's forehead and ist then a crowd of officers and men came to ike Monroe to Jed's father's court for a pre- minary examination. Court was held, the rowd was so large, in the largest hall in the own over The Ajax printing office. Jed fol- wed and stowed himself away in a back cor- er where he could see and hear, but out of is father's sight.

The trial was a brief one. Monroe confessed having stolen crooked legged Kate, but de- lared that to be the only horse he had ever tolen and that he had come back to make ood to the the man he had wronged for the harm done. He said he had lived an honest life since then, swinging a sledge and holding a drill in the mines of Colorado, in testimony of which he pointed to his calloused palms. Jed's father questioned him about the other horses brought into the Serpentine neighborhood and traded to the farmers, horses that had since been replevined by their rightful owners. Monroe then knew for the first time that the whole business was out, and he confessed all, telling where each horse asked about came from. There were some who wanted to stop the inquiry there through fear, as Jed's father afterward intimated, that next thing Monroe might be telling where the horses came from that he had traded to them and that they still had. Monroe was bound over and remanded to jail to answer to the district court that would convene a fortnight hence. The sheriff took his prisoner back to the little jail, but the crowd remained. No sooner was the sheriff safely out of hearing than Old Rossmore arose and said: "Court's adjourned, hain't it, Squire?"

Jed's father replied that it was.

"Then you'll be excused, Squire, from further attendance," Old Rossmore went on, "you've done your duty."

"I guess I'll stay," said Jed's father.

"It's at your own risk, then," was the rejoinder, "we kept mum till you did your duty, now we'll do our'n. I'm chairman of this meeting and it is moved and seconded that Monroe Scranton stretch hemp and that he do it tonight."

"Before that question is put," said Jed's father, "I want to be heard. That boy came of good family. There is good stuff in him. He needed to be brought up with a short turn, but not at the end of a rope. That won't help him. Time was when we had no state prison fit to keep criminals in. Now we have. The hanging of Branch and Dixon and the shooting of Langworthy didn't stop horse stealing. Hanging Monroe Scranton won't. There is a civilized way to deal with such culprits and it is time for us to be civilized. Monroe Scranton has confessed. He will do the same when court convenes in two weeks. He can't escape. The court will give him ten years in prison and when he comes out more than likely he will come out to be a decent citizen. Anyhow, that will give him time to prepare his soul to meet his God. I will prefer a charge of murder against any man who lifts a hand to lynch that boy." Turning to Old Rossmore, Jed's father said warningly, "I want to say to you that you are handling a two-edged sword without a hilt and it is just as likely to cut in your direction as any other."

Old Rossmore sprang to his feet and demanded to know what Jed's father meant. He was answered that he meant what he said and that Old Rossmore would do well to go slow.

Elder Harford then took the floor and pleaded for the lawful execution of the law. A few others spoke declaring that if an example was not made of Monroe no man's horse would be safe and that Jed's father might prefer all the charges he wanted to but that no jury would convict anybody of anything, and it might prove mighty unhealthy to edit papers if anything was said or done to prevent the execution of summary justice. After two hours or more of hot blooded discussion, and Elder Harford had offered a most moving prayer, despite all that Old Rossmore could do, the vote was overwhelmingly in favor of letting the law take its course. Jed's father ordered the sheriff to double-guard the jail that night and the crowd went home.

Jed slipped out at the first opportunity and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to take the good news to Monroe: "They ain't going to hang you, Monroe," he called, "they are going to have you sent to state prison instead so that you can come out a better man."

"Who wanted to hang me?" Monroe asked.

"Old Rossmore, the most, and two or three men from the Serpentine—Blackman, Morse and Jennings."

"Yes, they've got horses that hain't been claimed yet, and, as for Old Rossmore, he found a market for nearly half the horses I stole and if the sheriff will inspect the hickory thicket up the gulch back of his corral he'll find new horses there two or three times a week," declared Monroe with bitterness, then added, "They'll do it tonight, Jed, nothing ain't going to stop 'em. If I should live to tell all I know in court they'd lose more'n you think."

Just then the guards came and drove Jed away, but a little later he slipped back with a pie his mother had given him, at his request, to take to Monroe for his supper. The guards drove him away again, but not until Monroe and Jed had exchanged hearty good-nights.

That evening the town was deserted. The men had all driven home. Two guards were on duty at the jail door. Jed's father and the sheriff saw to it that all was well, and they went home and went to bed and the town, the sheriff and Jed's father slept undisturbed.

Next morning Jed bounced out of bed. The sun was just rising brightly and only few were astir, although wreaths of smoke were bursting from many chimneys. Jed was up before his father and, quickly slipping on his trousers, pattered barefooted to the jail. The guards were gone. Jed grasped the bars, dug his toes in where the rough-hewn stones gave opportunity and mounted the window ledge. "Hello, Monroe!" he called. He strained his eyes to see if Monroe was sleeping on the little iron cot in the corner. It was vacant. On the floor, inside upward, a few feet from the wall, lay Monroe's white slouch hat, but where was Monroe? The sunbeams straggled in at the little window opposite striking the floor so far over toward Jed's side as to leave the farther side of the room in shadow, but gradually Jed's eyes adjusted themselves to the murk and he saw stretched out upon the stone floor the sprawling form of a man. His face was as black as that of any negro and, hanging from his throat like a four-in-hand, was perhaps two feet of rope. Jed dropped from his perch and ran home white as a sheet, eyes brimming, dashed into the house and called to his father, "They've hanged Monroe!"

"What, boy!" Jed's father demanded. "You don't mean it! That is Old Rossmore's work, the old scoundrel, trying to cover up his own tracks. There will be more trouble before this is through with." There was, but that is another story, save to say that Old Rossmore left the country between two days and was never seen or heard of after.

The guards were taken unawares, they said, by a crowd of men wearing masks who threw them to the ground, bound their hands and gagged their mouths, forced the door with muffled bars, took Monroe Scranton out and started with him for the timber on the river bank. A wagon appeared, drawn by two blanketed horses, with a goods box in the rear end. From this to stand on a rope was fastened around a far stretching limb and a noose at the other end was slipped around the neck of Monroe, who was compelled to mount the box. When all was ready Monroe was asked if he had anything to say before swinging off. "Drive on," he said, and he kicked the box out from under his own feet while the others were leading the horses away. Not once did he whimper, plead or whine, but he seemed to be the coolest man in the party.

When they had made sure that he was dead they took back to the jail the remains of Monroe Scranton and left them sprawling on the stone floor.

Jed had learned his lesson. For many a day that blackened visage and shred of rope haunted him sleeping and waking.

Walker Hines, railroad authority and expert on rapid transportation, tells a story of an Irishman who traveled with the greatest speed ever recorded. The Irishman was down on his luck and needed a lodging-place. After asking the loan of a bed in several houses in a small western town, he encountered a preacher, who told him: "There's an unoccupied house down the road a little way. You might sleep there. But I am going to warn you that the house is haunted." "No matter," replied the Irishman, "I'm not afraid of ghosts." Soon after dark the preacher dropped in to see how the Irishman was faring and found him preparing to sleep in the house, but a trifle nervous. Three days later he saw coming down the road the weary and dusty figure of the former tenant of the ghost-ridden house. "Why, where have you been?" he inquired kindly. "What have you been doing during the three days since you went into that house?" "All that time," replied the Irishman, "I've been coming back."—Popular Magazine

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Dairy Bureau

Under the laissez faire idea of government there would be no need for a State Dairy Bureau. Each consumer of dairy products would look out for himself and each producer of dairy products would look out for himself. The producer would be free to mix oleomargarine with his butter, to fortify his milk with indigestible preservatives and to be as untidy as his own gorge would stand it for him to be. His customers would have to take their chances in finding out what dairyman is clean and what one is honest, what ones it would be safe to patronize and what ones it would not.

It may be said in passing that no greater crimes have been committed against the well-being of human kind than have been committed by dairymen, partly through selfishness and partly through culpable carelessness and equally culpable ignorance. Babes by the hundred thousands, yes, by the million, have been poisoned to their deaths from this cause, and other thousands and tens of thousands have fallen by typhoid contracted through dairy products, while larcenies beyond computation have been committed in short weight, short measure and excess of water and the use of spurious ingredients. These are hard charges to be preferred but they are true.

Now the safeguarding of society against such delinquencies is paternalism in government against which we hear so much, but of which we are destined to know so much more as civilization advances and human life comes to be more highly valued. The state will have more arms than any windmill, more fingers than any cotton gin, and its arms will reach out, its hands grasp and its fingers will meddle regulatively in so many of the affairs of life as to endanger all freedom of action, all initiative, all self responsibility of the citizen. Where to draw that line betwixt governmental interference and personal freedom the wisest do not yet know.

The California State Dairy Bureau is rather a new arm of state interference in private affairs for the public good, dating only from 1897, and falling very far short of the ultimate needs of the state, for, by and by, California is not unlikely to become the greatest dairy state in the Union and to ship its commodities all over the world. It will then be all the more necessary to see to it that our dairy products are beyond suspicion that the market for them may not be impaired by unscrupulous persons to the hurt of the whole.

At present the bureau consists of three persons who serve without pay, except actual and necessary traveling expenses, and their business is to superintend and be responsible for the activities of certain subordinates such as a secretary and six or seven paid inspectors. The expenditures of the bureau are now limited to $12,500 a year.

Here are some of the things that these agents of the State Dairy Bureau are required to do:

Enforce the general laws preventing the sale of milk or milk products from diseased cows or unsatisfactory dairies or factories for the manufacture of dairy products.

Enforce the laws preventing adulteration of milk and dairy products.

Prevent the use of chemical preservatives, thickening material and coloring matter.

Prevent the use of inaccurate testing apparatus and to test with accuracy testing apparatus in use.

To compel the branding of all cheese made in California as full cream, half skim or wholly skim cheeses.

To register and issue state brands to producers of cheese.

Prevent the manufacture and sale of renovated butter without a license and collect the fees for the same.

Prevent the misbranding of butter with brands of persons other than the real maker of the same.

Prevent the sale of substitutes for butter and cheese unless the purchaser is advised by proper labeling of the exact character of what he is purchasing.

To gather statistics in relation to the dairy industry and disseminate the same.

This would seem to be a fairly liberal array of duties to be performed for a great state at no greater cost than $12,500 a year. Manifestly the service must be seriously inadequate in a state that produces anyhow fifty million pounds of butter and five million pounds of cheese a year. What will that bureau be when the state's present production is multiplied by ten, as it certainly will be in the fullness of time if alfalfa is to do the redemptive work hoped for in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys?

Of course the state's work of dairy inspection is quite a little aided by wnat the several cities do in the same line, although city inspection relates more to the milk supply than to anything else. An important branch of this work is that of educating our dairy population in methods of integrity, cleanliness and efficiency as well as in detecting fraud. Still, there will always be much for a State Dairy Bureau to do if the consuming public is to be safeguarded and a great industry fostered for the common welfare. The State Dairy Bureau has a right to exist.

When a King Travels

The other day King George, Queen Mary and their children took a little trip from London to Balmoral castle, a distance somewhat longer than from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Here is a list of the vehicles, etc., that were deemed essential to move them: Two locomotives (which, it must be admitted, should be enough to move even a king and queen unless they are unusually portly), the queen's private car, Queen Alexandra's private car, two private cars for Princess Mary and her attendants, a private car for the other children and their attendants, four cars for other servants and railroad officials, two baggage cars (for, of course, the royal family must take along something to wear); twelve cars in all. Thus it will be seen that when royalty moves some pomp and circumstance attends it. And, after all, they reached their destination no more safely and securely than does one of the "common people" when he purchases a ticket to his trading town, gets on the train and gets off when he gets there.

"The proudest boast of the old-time robber barons was that they never robbed a poor man." "Those fellows were amateurs at the game," explained the great Captain of Industry, "and didn't understand how much money there was in it."—Puck.

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This Week: "Oakland's Waterfront Crisis"

By Henry C. McPike

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Walter Macarthur

IIS PAPER WILL NOT ADVISE a voter to do what the editor of it would not do if he were in that voter's place. If ved in the Fourth congressional district of California he d vote for Walter Macarthur for congress, despite the fact said editor is a Republican. Democrat though he is, Walter arthur will be found fighting for more things that progres- Republicanism will be fighting for than will his opponent. vill not go with his party when his party goes wrong. He not go against the Republican party when that party goes , and he has as clear a vision of what is right and what is g as any man California has ever honored with the right to esent it in the halls of congress. If the reader of this would v more of this man and what he stands for he is invited to a pen picture of him to be found on an inside page. He ery inch a Man.

What Might Have Been

IEODORE V. HALSEY PROVED a short horse soon whitewashed. No fault is here found with trial or verdict. expected happened. Perhaps, under the rules of the game, ing else could, but if that jury had been free to render such rdict as was in its heart to render it would probably have substantially like this: "We, the jury, find that Halsey the members of the boodle board the sums alleged to have paid; that they were out for stuff; that he could not get what corporation wanted without paying for it and therefore we him not guilty of paying for it." In so finding the jury would represented the average moral sense of the people of San cisco on the subject of grafting, and that is a main reason no convictions can be had. Halsey is guilty, the corpora- he represented is guilty, and the guilt of all is shared with a ic sentiment particeps criminis. Even those who both see know what is right are tired, dead tired, capable of sorrow scarcely of indignation.

Malpractice

LONG AS THERE ARE MEN and women in the world some men will betray and some women will fall and, to r their sin, will yield up their lives on the operating tables portionists. The man who procures the abortion to be per- ed is accessory before the fact and a principal criminal. rtion and boodling have this in common, a miserable concept ie public mind that it is justified by necessity lest a worse g come upon one, viz., the loss of caste by having the cry n infant heard in the house. Better death, murder, better hing than that! That is the attitude of the minds of the y.. It is abominable. This man Thompson appears to have friends. Perhaps he can be punished. That will be some- g.

Do They Read It?

HREE PAGES A DAY for three or four days devoted to Eva Swan! Who reads those pages? Does one in the hundred? ninety-and-nine run their eyes over the scare heads and the ires and, saying, "poor girl," turn over the page to see if odore has said something or to find the baseball news. The lredth morbid being who reads the whole spread probably ows the paper over the back fence or watches his (her) ace to pick up one on the boat where some reader who pays what he reads has thrown it aside. But who could lay claim eing "journalist" if he failed to "play up" such an incident for it is worth?" These gentlemen know as little of journalism as a politician of politics, as little as any one can know without being deprived of his liberty.

Head Up

INJURIES BY AUTOMOBILES have become so uninteresting ingly frequent that journalism, unless in exceptional cases, disposes of them in "stickfuls" instead of half pages with pictures. In a little while they will be relegated to three-line incidents in remote corners. One way to avoid so inconspicuous a taking-off is to cross the street with head up and eye on duty. There are a hundred "close shaves" every day in San Francisco, everyone of them due to crossing one of the thoroughfares in a brown study. When the chauffeur happens to be in the same condition, zip—another soul injected into eternity!

The Reason For It

THE CENSUS REPORTS of Pacific Coast cities have been held up that charges of padding may be investigated. Why should the roster of any city be padded and a carbuncle not? Every city is more or less of an ulcer and the bigger the city the bigger the ulcer. Why yearn for bigness? Because it makes our real estate grow richer while we sleep. Tax the unearned increment out of city and town lots and we shall soon see growth of urban population viewed with alarm by every growing city.

Heney At Denver

WHILE AT DENVER Francis J. Heney was invited to address the legislature. The press dispatchers did not think it worth while to tell us what he said, as they did not some time ago that Judge Lindsay had whipped The Beast to "a frazzle," but we may be sure that he made himself understood, that those members of the legislature of Colorado who stand for Right Things took hold with new courage while the cohorts of greed deprecated this "invasion of an outsider," this "stirrer up of strife." The most effective campaigning ever done in the first district of Minnesota, by the way, was done by Francis J. Heney; and the Tawny scalp of Tawney therefore dangles at his belt.

Going Right Along

HIRAM JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGNING through the state is more like an ovation than anything else. He has captured the imaginations of the people and they flock to see and hear him as they would to see and hear Roosevelt or La Follette. His purpose is to finish his job. He did part of it when he led the fight to redeem the Republican party from Herrin control. He will have done the rest when he shall have led to a successful issue the redemption of the state. Then he will clean his desk and proceed with the job of being governor, with justice to all but with special favors to none. That is the Johnsonian ideal.

Why Wallace Is Wanted

A. J. WALLACE IS WANTED for Lieutenant Governor, not because he is a jolly good fellow who can lean up against a bar and make a crowd roar with a story. That is not his style. He is wanted because he is a careful, calculating, shrewd judge of human nature and will know how to so constitute the state senate committees and how conduct the business of that deliberative body as to get the most and best work out of it in the shortest time. And he'll not round up all the off-color legislative mavericks in the bunch, and pen them by themselves as a committee on public morals!

Why Terminal Rates?

The long and short haul issue in transportation has ever been and ever will be a bone of contention until charging less for a long than for a shorter haul shall have been prohibited. Why need it be permitted at all?

It should be no part of the business of a railroad to fetch freight, where time is not the essence of the service, from New York to San Francisco or from San Francisco to New York. With the completion of the Panama canal not one pound of such freight should be carried by rail and it would not have been so carried in the past had it not been for terminal rates with which to kill, not meet, water transportation. The business of railroads should be to take freight at ports and distribute it to the interior, and to fetch freight from the interior to the ports to be taken to other ports. Any other kind of carrying is abnormal and in contravention of sound public policy. The terminal rate works to the injury of seaport cities as well as to the injury of the interior, which is mulcted with high freights to make up for the low rates given terminal points.

The completion of the Panama canal should work a revolution in transportation. It is time to make ready for that revolution, and the best way to make ready for it is to free our ports and their approaches from being bottled by and for the railroad interests.

The report of Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith, lately filed with the President, shows how effectively this bottling process has been prosecuted. He declares that the keeping open of adequate terminals, whereby ship and car may be brought together, any ship and any car, from any railroad or private owner without saying "by your leave," should be made a condition precedent to the expenditure of government moneys upon harbor channels. There is sound sense in the suggestion, for of what public use is a channel if access cannot be had to it except over private, toll-exacting wharves and terminals?

Whatever criticisms may be visited upon railroads they certainly are little chargeable with not having their eyes open to the main chance. Would it not be a good thing to time the enforcement of the long and short haul provision of the interstate commerce law to meet the opening of the Panama canal? That would make San Francisco an actual, rather than a constructive, seaport, and would make waterways realities rather than dreams.

Why Does Not America Lead?

Why do not the American people lead the world in the science and art of government? We began with a clean slate and a boundless opportunity, but we have done little else than copy from the mother country and the nations of Europe. We have taken some hints from Australia and New Zealand, and we have made some progress ourselves, but we have hung back when we should have gone forward, we have followed when we should have led. Is it because we have done no more than necessity compelled and for the reason that the breadth of our continent and its newness made our necessity less compelling?

If this be the explanation of the humiliating phenomenon, why have we led at all in industry and invention, in high finance and in transportation? There has been no internal pressure of a consuming mass against the power of subsistence, and yet our agriculture has not been laggard. We have subdued the forces of nature after a fashion that has been the admiration of the world. It is only when we come to the art of governing that we are put to shame.

We took our legal system from England, but we have maintained it very much as it was in England when we took it, while England has raised that system to a higher state of efficiency than we hardly dare hope for. We must go to the cities of Europe for light on our municipal problems, to the countries of Europe for old age pensions and employers' liability laws, even for industrial education. We lean on Europe for art and music and, to a humiliating degree, for what is best in literature and philosophy, in science and the highest in education. Is it not about time we were standing alone and doing for ourselves?

Is the explanation to be found in the truth that we have been so absorbed in making dollars that we have neglected the profounder concerns of life? It would seem so, and the harvest of our neglect of these profounder concerns has been almost the debauching of our national character.

Are we, at length, coming to ourselves? Are we passing off the plane of gross materialism to a higher plane of real living and real doing? It begins to look like it and, in that beginning, we can almost see the dawning of that political and sociological renaissance that will give joy to the world. We can do it if we put our hands to it.

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Trouble Ahead

Mexico is going to make trouble for the United States. The American mind should prepare itself to face the inevitable. Every gale that sweeps up from the south brings to our ears news of the perpetration of some new Mexican atrocity against humanity. We shall not always remain as densely ignorant of Mexico, its people and its government as we have been, and, when the truth shall become known, we shall not tolerate such conditions as there obtain.

Of course we know that Mexico is not fit to be a republic and cannot be one until education and immigration shall have transformed the population into something different from what it is. We shall not quarrel with the powers that be in Mexico because the government of Mexico is not of the people of Mexico, but we have a right to demand that such government shall be for the people of Mexico no matter whom it is of. That it is not, has not been and is getting farther and farther away from being. Never was despotism more pitiless, the greed of the rich more insatiate, the rights of man less recognized and justice more perfectly put to shame than in the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz. The one redeeming feature of his regime is that he has preserved order, but it may be doubted if at less cost to life and property than anarchy might have inflicted.

The Philippines did not come to us of our own seeking. We took them because we had to or flunk. We did not establish our sphere of influence over Cuba because we wanted to, but because we must, and that necessity will not stop this side of annexation and government from Washington. A similar necessity is being forced upon us by Mexico. Every effort will be made to keep Mexico incommunicado, but it will not succeed. American interest has been aroused and the truth will c... The Uncle Tom's Cabin of Mexico will yet be written, if it has not already been, and there will be no withstanding the moral indignation of ninety millions of outraged American citizens. Not Latin America and not Europe can hold back that avalanche.

Nor will Europe seek to hold it back. Europe will add its weight to the compelling force that will make intervention between the people of Mexico and their exploiters inevitable. The Diaz dynasty has added to the cupidity of the malefactor of great wealth the pitilessness of the Indian, and the result will be the forcing of the hand of some nation's administration as the hand of McKinley was forced in the case of Cuba. The task of the regeneration of Mexico will be no child's play. We should pray that the cup pass from us, but if it be the will of heaven, nevertheless the will of heaven be done although the United States take upon itself the performance of a duty that may cost thousands of lives and millions of money.

There is trouble ahead, and the American mind should be preparing itself to meet the exigency with determination and power.

Uncle Sam, Ship Owner

American capital can find employment on deep sea carrying by sailing foreign built ships manned by foreign seamen under foreign flags. The spectacle is not one to arouse national pride or beget national enthusiasm for maritime pursuits, but it is preferable to seeing foreign built ships manned by foreign seamen sailing under the American flag. Our present status has the merit of being without pretense, while the other thing would be a national lie.

The rehabilitation of the American marine cannot be except Uncle Sam pay out of the common treasury the perennial deficiencies arising from doing a losing business. That is what ship-subsidy means and the American people hate the word subsidy however employed.

The United States government is successfully operating a line of steamships between Atlantic seaports and Colon. We are asking the United States government to operate a similar line between Seattle and Panama. It ought to do it.

The United States government needs many merchantmen as auxiliaries in the event of war. As part return for subsidies paid it is proposed that aided ships be available for government use in time of war.

Now if the United States government can operate successfully a line of steamers between New York and Colon it can operate another line from New York to Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres; and if it can operate a line between Seattle and Panama it can operate others between Seattle and Valparaiso, San Francisco and Sydney, or wherever they would be operated under subsidy. Why may it therefore Uncle Sam supply himself with such auxiliary steamships as may be needed in the event of war and make them earn their keep meantime, by carrying mails and developing commerce as subsidized ships might do? It could be scarcely less economical, it might be more efficient and it would obviate the tendency to special privilege that is putting the American people out of patience with subsidies of whatever nature.

The idea is worth thinking on.

Now We Know

It is a dull comprehension that cannot now read the political signs of the times. Saratoga settled it. The Republican party has been rejuvenated. Once again it is to be the progressive party of America. Three seve...

nes the Democratic party tried to lead but uld not do it. It was not in it to lead and did not have the man. Mr. Bryan did his st but he had not the vital force and he was ndicapped by traditions that should have ided at Appomattox. It was left to the Lion unter to speak to the people that they go rward. They are on the march. The revution is none the less complete for being oodless. "March on, march on to victory or ath," death to the world's hope of a govnment and social order that shall put man ove property and the rights of man above ere legalities.

Not all Republicans will be able to keep ep with the march of progress. We may be re that most of those burdened with much oil will not. Wall street will not. Morgan d Rockefeller will not. The "interests" nerally will not. The Democratic party ll open its ranks to receive all these. While is doing this, great hosts of Democratic uth and yeomanry will march over into the epublican party to stay. We shall have not ly one new party but two, only the unnking will stay where they are caring for thing but the name. They may as well be ere they are as anywhere.

The Republican party is to be the exponent that newer nationalism which regards the ecutive, in the selection of whom all parpate, as the especial steward of the naonal welfare, rather than the judiciary, which n only interpret and decide, or the legisla-e, which is founded on state and district presentation and is seldom broadly national. his new nationalism will demand that the tion do what only the nation can do, and at the states shall do only what concerns e states alone and not the union.

The Democratic party will stand, as of old, r, "the constitution as it is," and for govnment as it was. Already its leaders are ing chosen with that purpose in mind. hief among these is Judson Harmon of Ohio. sten to him: "Uniformity of laws, when sirable, can be had by concerted state acon. With the passing of Roosevelt the rern to a normal proportion between state d federal government should begin." Could s trend of mind be made clearer?

Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey ranks next Judson Harmon as leader of the safe and ne Democracy of our fathers. He is more ogressive than Harmon, but stands stiffgged with his toes on state lines refusing budge over them.

Ranking third is Judge Gaynor of New ork, a Democrat of the old school, but nest and capable, as are the other two, fine ecimens of American manhood, all of them. t they will cling to the old nationalism, not e new.

The line-up is now plain. The contest in ovember, 1910, will be only a skirmish. It ll decide nothing. The battle will be in ovember, 1912, but the mobilization now go-g on indicates where the lines will be drawn 1912 and what the battle will be about. he prediction of The California Weekly will fulfilled. Theodore Roosevelt returned om Africa to lend a hand to his friend and -worker William Howard Taft, a good man d true, but a round peg in a square hole, a dge in an executive position, a bungling litician made the sport of pastmasters at e game. Theodore Roosevelt will lend a nd to pull him out of the hole into which s standpat associates have betrayed him. enceforth his advisers will be of a different ripe.

This is no "quarrel," as the Chronicle calls It is a revolution. It is the profoundest ovement among the American people since 61. The call of the hour is for every man cut loose from where he is, if he needs to, d go where he belongs unless he chances to be there already. Every voter with courage in his heart to face the future that we may move on to better things should vote the Republican ticket, here and everywhere. Every voter whose knees knock together whenever he thinks of the future, every voter who doubts the ability of the American people to govern themselves and who believes in his heart that we shall be better governed by the railroads and traction companies, the high financiers and the gas works, who believes that wisdom perished with Jefferson and Jackson and was buried with them in their graves —every such voter should ally himself with the reactionary element about to take full possession of the Democratic party of America. As for this paper, it elects to go forward.

Prof. Plehn's Articles

Next to the election of Hiram Johnson and a thoroughly good legislature to support his administration there is no issue before the voters of California so important as the right determination of Amendment No. 1. No part of our state government is more bungingly administered than the department of taxation. It works more injustice than our judicial system with all its shortcomings and it does it automatically. The California Weekly is offering its readers and the press of the state the best analysis of this amendment to be had anywhere. In furnishing the series of short articles now running in these columns Professor Carl C. Plehn is performing, gratuitously, a most important public service. The articles are made short with especial reference to their adaptability to reproduction in the columns of other papers. We are sure that interior journals will confer a favor upon their readers by reproducing these articles. They are welcome to them. Their good influence should be widened as far as possible. The California Weekly has no ax to grind. It has merely a public service to perform. Hence this paragraph calling particular attention, of the interior press especially, to these articles. They have great value.

Oakland's Water Front Fight

The California Weekly confesses to a neglect of the issues growing out of the Oakland water front disposal and pleads in avoidance two things: That its editor despaired of being able, with other pressing cares, to get to the bottom of what has cost so many others so much time and effort to understand; that he has cherished great confidence in a group of Oakland men, known to be sincere champions of the city's rights, who have had the subject immediately in hand.

But of late, perhaps too late, the editor of this paper has become uneasy for the preservation of the rights of Oakland in the disposal of this water front. He is not so sure as he was that the rights of the city are being fully protected. For this reason Mr. Henry C. McPike was invited to present his views of the issue through the columns of this paper. He has done so. The reader will find his article of great interest. What he states he states clearly. Are his contentions sound? If they are then there is need for the Oakland city council going very slow lest great injury to the future development of Oakland result.

And, as a matter of sound principle, no city council should be empowered to alienate interests so important without a vote of all the people. The new charter, being now framed, provides for such a referendum. The council should not act upon the proposed franchise until such referendum can be had and, meantime, every phase of the issue can be threshed out in public and the public, when once informed, can be relied on to vote right. Delay cannot be half as dangerous as haste.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

The accouterment of an infantryman is just so much. He carries a change of clothing, so many rounds of ammunition, so many days rations consisting of just such and such articles, no more no less. Long experience has demonstrated what the average man can carry for an average march, and they are the things that he must carry if he is to do the work assigned him. If he carry less he will not be efficient, if he carry more he will break down under the load.

Now individual soldiers can carry more, and individual soldiers find the prescribed accouterment too heavy, but man by man, in all weathers and on all roads, the weight a man can stand up under, and the things he will need, have been pretty thoroughly proven by experience. All the other thousand things that would be nice must be left behind.

So is it in going through life. Some can carry more, some not so much, but, man by man, woman by woman, up hill and down, there is an average load that we can carry and arrive. If we undertake to do more we shall fail of arriving. The number of those who do not quite arrive is legion. They have overloaded themselves. They have things in their knapsacks that have no business to be there, or else they have left out of them things indispensable in the moment of need. If the soldier is not efficient he is only food for worms. He does not justify his existence. It is the man behind the gun that tells, but it is the discipline, the drill, the equipment, the long marches that have tried him out, that make the man behind the gun the man he is.

So is it with all of us in civil life as well as in military, in domestic as well as in industrial. We are beset on every hand with Things. The temptation to overload is besetting. In no other period of the world's history have there been so many activities, interests, distractions, calling us away from the straight line, inviting us to so overload ourselves as to make it impossible for us to make good when the crucial moment arrives.

Take the stuff that is writ and printed for us to read. "Reading makes a full man," but one cannot read all the time, and who that does not can keep up with current literature alone? When it was said that, "Of making many books there is no end," there was not one book made where now there are thousands. If we read the dailies we can hardly read the current magazines; if we read the current magazines (what splendid productions they are, too) we cannot read the new books that come out; if we read the new books we cannot read the old masterpieces; if we keep up with the development of the modern drama how shall we keep pace with the spirit of human progress moving the hearts of the multitude; if we keep in touch with this how shall we keep in touch with the growth of science, the unfolding of the religious life of the race? Verily, we need a thousand lives to be lived at once if we are to get all out of life that is laying at hand to be taken out.

We can't. We must not try. If we sow ourselves broadcast we shall come up mighty thin in a place to wither away and come to naught. We must drill ourselves in if we would yield any harvest, or, to get back to the simile with which we started, we must accouter ourselves according to our strength, the journey we are to take, the consummation that is expected of us.

The newspaper-man must know a little about almost everything, but cannot know much about anything. The professor, the physician, the lawyer must know all of something but of many things nothing. We must each of us have our serious business in life and our fad, with some time and attention to devote to civil and social life. We must let the rest go. Absolutely we must. The penalty for not cutting out all else is failure to arrive. There are those who say that we shall be reincarnated again and again until we have, each of us, lived all of life. That is the only way it is to be done if all of life is to be lived.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A Metal to Displace Steel

H. B. Weeks, head chemist for Vickers, Sons & Maxim, the well known British firm, has discovered an alloy, named by him duralumin, which, it is believed, will take the place of steel, brass, etc., in the manufactures to a considerable extent. The qualities which recommend the new metal favorably as a substitute for many of the metals now in common use are the following: It is very light, being but slightly heavier than aluminum, and yet it is as strong as steel; stronger than brass, it weighs but one-third as much. It also is less corrodible than steel, and this is a fact to be considered in the construction of machines that are to be much exposed to the air and weather. Its lightness would make it particularly useful in the building of airships of all kinds, and its use in the place of steel in the construction of a warship would decrease the vessel's displacement by several thousand tons. It is apparent that duralumin has come to be of service to the world of men, provided the claims made on its behalf are justifiable.

A Few Yards of Red Tape Unwound

It is probable that red tape pretty nearly attains its acme of red-tape perfection on this mundane sphere in Prussia. Witness a little incident which upset a Berliner's nerves not long ago: On his way to his business he saw a key lying on the sidewalk and, in an unguarded moment, picked it up. Having done so, he offered it to the policeman on the next corner, by whom he was politely informed that he (the finder) would have to take it to the main police station. Now it chanced that the station was five miles distant and the man was in a hurry; so, after due consideration, he took the key back where he found it, and laid it on the sidewalk. Well content, he was hastening away, when the Majesty of the Law, as represented by the policeman, sternly stopped him, and informed him that, having picked the article up, he must take it to the central station or be subject to fine and imprisonment. Is it necessary to say that the maddest man in Berlin then took that key to the station? To be sure, he was entitled to a reward amounting to one-tenth of the value of the article found, but as the article probably was not worth over five or ten cents, this fact did not seem to alleviate his ire very much. When it comes to unwinding red tape, let Prussia take the merited medal. To be sure, we have something of that sort on this side of the great waters, but the noble art here is still in its infancy, comparatively speaking.

The Pure Metal Radium at Last Obtained

Mme. Curie, who, with her husband, first discovered the element radium and announced its remarkable properties, recently reported to the French Academy of Sciences that she had at last succeeded in obtaining pure radium. Prior to that time radium had been developed only in the form of salts. Mme. Curie treated a decigram of bromide of radium by an electrolithic process, and obtained an amalgam from which pure radium was extracted by distillation. The metal is white, adheres strongly to iron, changes to black on exposure to air, burns paper with which it comes in contact, and oxidises in water. This isolation of the wonderful metal from its compounds really is rather of scientific than of practical interest, as it adds nothing to its potency, but, at any rate, it goes a considerable distance toward removing the metal from the realm of mystery to that of accurate knowledge.

A Ring for Divorcees the Latest

Not all the latest fashions come out of Paris, although they are popularly supposed to do so. As an exception, rings for divorcees and for widows are of German invention. The widow's ring, which may be presumed naively to call attention to the fact that she possibly might be considered in the market, consists of a half-covered full moon—it has been fully covered by grief, but is gradually removing the pall and becoming lightsome again, you see. Isn't that a chastely neat idea? The divorcee's ring is, if possible, even more elegantly suggestive, or suggestively elegant. It consists of a plain gold band surrounded by a narrower band of silver or platinum, thus plaintively suggesting that the holy bond of matrimony has been cut in two—but, as everybody knows, either gold or platinum can be gold-plated, and then the yellow surface again would be complete. Isn't that a perfectly beautiful idea? These rings advertising widows and divorcees, and incidentally their Barkis-like willingness, ought to make a tremendous hit.

The Panama Canal Has a Rival

Perhaps the recently opened Tehuantepec railway should be considered an indication that the Panama canal is greatly needed, perhaps it should be regarded as a demonstration that the canal when completed is to have an aggressive and energetic rival, but the facts suggest that it is entitled to consideration of some sort. Already, although the railway has been in operation but a short time, its business has been so great that the Mexican government has contracted with Lord Cowdray, the main promoter of the enterprise, to double its tracks, and the second line of parallel rails soon will be laid. At the present time fifteen steamship companies are running vessels to both the eastern and western termini of the line, where they are afforded all modern facilities for handling cargoes. Two Japanese steamship companies also are negotiating for transportation facilities on the railroad, and a large amount of western Canadian wheat will be forwarded to Europe this year via this route. It appears to be possible that the great canal, when completed, may have a rival of noticeable size.

To Read, Sing and Dance Poetry

In London a society has been organized to popularize poetry, and, in order to do it with eclat and success, an organization known as The Poeticals is to visit various cities of the United Kingdom and demonstrate how beautiful poetry really is. In doing this one member of the organization will recite poetry, another will sing it, and yet another will dance it. Just how poetry should be danced might puzzle some of us, but, anyway, that is what is to be done, and it is presumed that at the end of the demonstration the departing audiences will be enthusiastic concerning the beauties of poetry. Which is all very well, but it appears to overlook the fact that one cannot inject the soul of poetry into the head of a cabbage. In these bubbling times of deification of Big Business the average man who listens to a "demonstration" will shake his head dubiously, say, "I can't see a dollar in it for me," and depart unsatisfied, while his lady, with equal dissatisfaction, will scathingly announce, "There wasn't a word said about the latest styles from Paris." And so will the effort, though most laudable in its intent, fall short of success. Cabbage heads are excellent in their place, but one cannot inoculate them with even germinal conception of the beauty that is in all poetry worthy of the name.

English Monarchs Buried in France

To one not deeply read in history it might seem strange that the bodies of several English monarchs and their consorts found their final rest, not in British soil, but in that of Sunny France. Nevertheless, such is the fact, and Lucien Magne, the French inspector general of historical monuments, recently discovered the tombs containing such skeletons in the abbey of Fontevrault, near Saumur, France. There were found the remains of Henry II and his wife, the wife of King John, and the mouldering bones of Richard the Lion-Hearted, most romantic of all British kings. It appears that a former abbess, Louise of Bourbon, in redecorating the cloisters, long ago closed the entrance to these tombs, and so they have been neither rifled nor in any way injured. It is believed that the remains of all four sovereigns will be reburied near the choir of the abbey, no demand for their return to England having been received thus far.

THE NEEDLE WORK GUILD

The Needle Work Guild was started in London about thirty years ago. Anybody who knows about the work of the guild knows what Lady Wolverton said when she set the ball in motion—she knew some noble ladies in England who had more than they needed and she knew some poor in London who had not enough—so she said, "I would like to build a bridge from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want—and I would like to build it of needle work."

So she set her friends to work—with their own hands, on plain useful garments—which were given out by the societies in London to the needy ones. Her Majesty took it up and it soon spread to the smaller towns where there was also need of such a "bridge."

Then it came to Canada. Mrs. John Wood Stewart—formerly Miss Safford of Santa Barbara—brought the idea to Edgewood, New Jersey, just twenty-five years ago. Now it is firmly established in the United States with three hundred branches. The national secretary—Miss Bender—is the same individual who started as secretary in the little circle which Mrs. Stewart organized in New Jersey so many years ago.

Mrs. E. G. Denniston is president of the San Francisco branch, and is also on the national board of directors. The gift of two garments constitutes membership. A director collects from ten members. A section president receives the reports from directors. Ten section presidents constitute what is known as a "city branch." Any city falling below that record is listed as a "village."

It is easy to see, with such an organization all over the country, what invaluable aid the guild is able to render in case of sudden calamity. The annual reports show what has been done in the cases of Galveston, Baltimore, and our own San Francisco.

For many years San Francisco led in her needle work guild reports of garments next to the home city—Philadelphia.

So when her need came, it was met with energy and zeal by the cities of the United States.

A SAN FRANCISCAN'S CRUISE

A letter from Chester A. Davis, Vice United States Consul at Colombo, Ceylon says: "An interesting arrival in the harbor this morning (August 17) was the two masted American yacht Seafarer. This little vessel which has a gross tonnage of 42, is on a trip around the world and is skippered by her owner, L. A. Norris of San Francisco, who has on board with him his little daughter and a companion, Miss Helen Wylde of Seattle and a crew of nine. Port Said was the last port touched at, and prior to that visits were paid to Malta, Naples, Marseilles, Gibraltar and the Azores.

"The Seafarer left Boston on April 12, Port Said was left on July 27, and therefore as the engine is an auxiliary 35 horsepower motor which takes the boat along at a speed of six knots an hour only, it will be seen that the winds were favorable and that the sailing, so to speak, did most of the work. It was all plain sailing, and though the seas were rough off the island of Socotra the weather was never sufficiently bad to cause anxiety.

"Mr. Norris will stay here only one or two days, as he is anxious to get through to Yokohama in the southwest monsoon after touching at Singapore. He is trying to make a quick passage, as in the northeast monsoon it is impossible to get up the China Sea and across the Pacific. He expects to reach San Francisco in a couple of months or ten weeks and plans to cross the Pacific without calling anywhere, taking four or five weeks to do so. He has stores and provisions sufficient to last for one year."

THE SALMON FLEET IS HOME

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST INDUSTRIES IS IN ALASKA

Money is easy on East street. The salmon et is home. The crop movements may make ney tight in the interior, and even Admis- n Day festival may not have made the iting populace loosen up enough elsewhere San Francisco, but on East street it flows. ows is the right word in the right place, for st street is the waterfront of San Francisco, d three doors out of five on East street open o saloons, and the money flows as the liquid reshments do.

Go along East street any day in midsummer d you will see only straggling groups of lors waiting to "sign and sail again," or sail- s on shore leave, or sailors who don't want rk. Walk along East street tomorrow and u will have to pick your way through a ise throng of humanity; you will see every oon door swinging; you will hear the ver- cular of sailors; you will see the bronzed es and brooding eyes of the sea. The mon fleet is home.

They shipped last March, eight or nine thou- id strong, shipload after shipload of men, and for the North Pacific. One fleet alone ntains thirty ships, three of them steamers, ne of them shipping as many as two hun- d men. In thirty days, forty days, sixty ys, they will be anchored on the Alaskan ast, in Bristol Bay or Shelikof Strait or ok's Inlet. A few days more and they will ve discharged their cargo of sheet tin, the ty or fifty canneries will be opened after winter's silence, bunk houses will be ened, thousands of men will be at work in canneries manufacturing tin cans by the llion to hold the season's catch, and other usands of men will be overhauling the nes and gill-nets and traps, preparing for the when the hordes of salmon shall begin to in."

The salmon has habits that lead him surely destruction. He is a salt water fish that is rn only in fresh water. Scientists differ as details of his career, but roughly these seem be the essential facts in it. For four years m birth he sports and feeds in the salt ter of the Pacific Ocean, probably never aying far from shore, but showing no in- nation to return to his river or lake birth- ce. But in the spring and summer of the rth year the schools are ready to spawn, l at once, by an irresistable impulse the ole number of four-year-olds make for fresh ter with a determination that only death quell. Tradition says that each fish seeks very stream of his birth, but science scoffs this. But it is certain that one species will er only those streams whose sources are in es, because their eggs hatch only in shallow, et water, while other species care not at all at sort of stream they enter only that they st find its source. Many salmon yearly ch the trickling rivulets at the headwaters the Columbia river and of the Sacramento er, others go nearly 2,000 miles up the kon before they stop to spawn. And hav- spawned, they die, leaving their generation be remembered only by the schools of ng salmon that go down the streams the lowing spring, equally guided by instinct vard the sea, and equally determined to get re over shallows and past waterfalls.

t is the progress toward fresh water that is led the "run"; that means death to millions salmon every year; that makes work for usands of sailors and laborers and me- anics; and that annually adds from 200 to million pounds of fish to the world's food pply.

When the run comes there is little rest or ep or time to eat until it ends, for the ivy run usually lasts only two or three eks, and the catch of those few days must rn the interest upon millions of dollars of ested capital besides paying the season's ges of the eager thousands who sail with salmon fleet. Here the "spiller" of a trap hoisted, and forty thousand fish that a mo- nt ago were on their way to distant inland eams are floundering on the deck of a scow. few hours later to be neatly sliced and canned and cooked and ready to receive a label that will attract your eye across the grocer's counter. Yonder a seine is being dragged to shore by means of a winch, and other wriggling thousands are heaped upon the beach to go the same way. And at the mouth of a neighboring stream the gill-net that formed a barrier from shore to shore is being hauled to a landing, where its struggling myriads are disentangled from the linen meshes of the net.

While the big run lasts, everybody—fishermen, packers and all—works day and night. The canneries are distributed along the coast so as to be as near as possible to the places where the fish are caught. Most of the catch is captured within a radius of fifty miles of the packing houses, but in some districts a sail of 150 miles is not considered too great for the precious spoil to be carried.

It may be worth while here to describe the species of salmon and the territorial limits of their production in more detail. On the Atlantic coast of America there is only one species of salmon. But on the Pacific coast of America there are five distinct species. These are as follows, naming them in the order of their merit as foods:

1. **King Salmon,** which is the largest of all the species, averaging thirty pounds in weight and often running higher. Its flesh, when caught at the proper season, is red and juicy and the flavor is the most delicate of all salmon. Though the best grade of salmon, it constitutes not more than ten per cent of the yearly pack, principally because of its relative scarcity. More than half the pack of this species comes from the Columbia river. Like all salmon, it is known by different names in different fishing districts, and is sold by the trade under these names. King salmon and the place of its origin can be identified under the following names: "King salmon," from Alaska; "Spring salmon," from British Columbia; "Tyee," from Puget Sound; "Chinook," from the Columbia river; "Quinnat" or "Chinook" from the outside rivers.

2. **Red Salmon** is by far the most extensively canned of all the species. It is a small fish, ranging in weight from five to eleven pounds. The flesh is firm and a very intense red in color. It ranks below the king salmon only in being a very little less delicate in flavor and in the fact that the meat is somewhat dryer than that of the king. As it constitutes more than half of all the salmon sold in cans it is practically the most popular and most useful of the various species. It is the staple brand of first class salmon. This species, when packed under the name "Red salmon," comes from Alaska; when under the name "Sockeye," from British Columbia or Puget Sound; when under the name "Blueback," from the Columbia river. There is no other source of supply. Seventy per cent of the salmon pack in Alaska is of this species.

3. **Cohoe Salmon** is slightly smaller than the red salmon, but the flesh is paler and the flavor less delicate. The name Cohoe or Medium Red identifies it as Alaskan; simply Cohoe either from Alaska, British Columbia or Puget Sound; and Silversides as from the Columbia river or other rivers.

4. **Pink Salmon** is the smallest species, and is so named only in Alaska. In British Columbia and Puget Sound it goes by the name of Humpback. It is not caught elsewhere. The flesh is too soft to be very palatable.

5. **Dog or Chum Salmon** is known by the same name wherever caught. It is dirty white in color and has a rank flavor.

The principal markets for canned salmon are the United States and Great Britain, but large quantities of the cheaper grades are sold in the Orient, and some part of the better grades in Canada and Australia.

After the runs are over and the goods are all packed and stowed on the vessels, the sail homeward is begun. The "season" of four to six months is mostly consumed in going to the fishing grounds, in preparation for the runs, in cleaning up after the runs and sailing home. The actual period of fishing and canning extends only over a few weeks. The vessels that went up with can metal and supplies come back laden with the canned and cured goods, ready for shipment to dealers immediately after the boats dock in San Francisco.

Californian interest in the salmon trade is especially aroused because of the fact that, after the lumber and oil shipping, the salmon fleet is the largest sea industry of California. Of the eight or nine thousand men who ship with the fleet from San Francisco every spring, probably three thousand are sailors.

California is pre-eminent in this industry. At a glance this seems strange, because the fishing is practically all done in northern waters. But there are several reasons for San Francisco's lead. In the first place, the industry was founded in California. The first salmon cannery on this coast was established on the Sacramento river, opposite the city of Sacramento, by William Hume, G. W. Hume and Andrew S. Hapgood, in 1864. The first considerable canning was undertaken by San Francisco capitalists. The industry first grew to large proportions in San Francisco, which has consequently remained to this day the best market for the necessary labor.

Another reason is this: the bulk of the best salmon are caught and packed off the coast of central Alaska, in the neighborhood of the Alaska Peninsula. A glance at the map will show that the Alaska Peninsula extends so far west from the longitude of San Francisco and Seattle that the sail from San Francisco is not very much longer than the sail from Seattle. And as San Francisco companies first developed the Alaskan fisheries, they have always had an advantage that the small difference in distance in favor of Seattle has not been enough to dislodge them.

The dimensions of the industry may be gathered by the fact that one San Francisco company alone, the Alaska Packers' Association, sends thirty large vessels yearly to Alaska, and thousands of men. Their pack this year exceeded 2,000,000 cases, a case containing 48 one-pound cans. The wholesale price of red salmon is something over $4 a case. So this one company does a gross annual business of $8,000,000 or $9,000,000. It maintains a fleet of 900 small boats at one of its sixteen canneries, and of several hundred each at some of its other canneries. It maintains over 500 miles of telephone lines, and has installed several wireless telegraph stations on the coast for use in its business. And the Alaska Packers, though the largest concern in the salmon industry, and by far the largest outfitting at San Francisco, is not the only Californian company. So it is easy to see that salmon fishing, though practiced very little in California itself, ranks as one of the chief industries of the state.

The salmon fleet is home. The goods have been unloaded and stored in the warehouses. The ships will soon be laid up for the winter in Oakland creek, where their masts will point upward at high tide, and where, at ebb tide, their sides will rest unwieldy on the mud, like elephants at rest. The sailors have left the vessels and are looking about now, some to sign for coastwise cruises, some to work as fishermen on the bay or in the Sacramento river, some to work as longshoremen on the city's docks. They have just received their wages for the whole season's work, $300, $400, some $600. More than a million dollars has been turned loose to them in the last few weeks. That is why the waterfront is crowded. That is why money is easy on East street. Next spring you will see them again, outward bound.

Miss Mabel Boardman of Washington city was the only woman speaker on the regular program at the national conservation congress. Miss Boardman's subject was "Conservation, the Principle of the Red Cross." Women's clubs from almost every state in the union sent representatives. The General Federation of Women's Clubs was represented

WALTER MACARTHUR

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

Go down to East street on the waterfront of San Francisco, turn south from Market street and thread your way through the throng of sailors who crowd the sidewalk—sailors from all the seven seas and from more than the five nations—until you come to a dingy, two-storied building, No. 46 East street. Mount the stairs and turn to the left to a door marked, "Coast Seamen's Journal." Inside that door, at a small, old desk, and looking out the window at his left over the wharves upon the shipping of the harbor, sits a thick-set, powerfully built man, with an aquiline nose, a broad and high forehead, closely cropped, curly hair, and gray, thoughtful eyes. He has sat at that desk for twenty years. It has seen him rise from sailor before the mast to one of the most honored, most widely respected and most influential men in San Francisco. But it has seen no change in his sturdy character nor any added frills because of growth in public respect.

That man is Walter Macarthur.

He is all man. When he rises, you see strength, quiet but tremendous, in every line of his figure. And as you talk with him you see another kind of strength, strength of character, as quiet and as tremendous, in every line of his face and in every word he speaks. Here is one of the most remarkable men in the public life of San Francisco, a man who has fought for the cause of union labor and the betterment of the condition of sailors, sometimes having to fight the unions for their own good, sometimes fighting the employers, but recognized by friend and opponent alike as doing always what he believed to be wise, just and for the greatest good.

Walter Macarthur was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1862, and went to sea as a common sailor in his boyhood. For fifteen years he served as a sailor before the mast in the ships of various nations. He landed on the Pacific Coast more than twenty years ago, and soon attracted the attention of his fellow members of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific by his wise and shrewd articles contributed to the Coast Seamen's Journal. He was soon elected manager of the paper, and later its editor, an office he has occupied ever since.

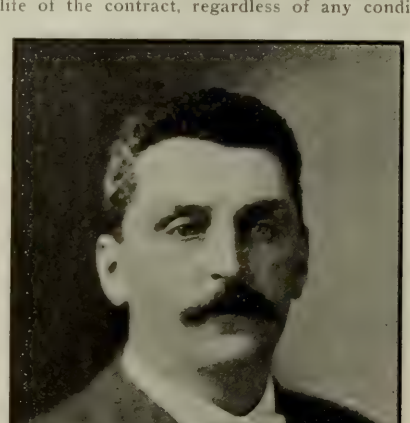
Macarthur rapidly rose in the esteem of the public of San Francisco, his influence extending far beyond the limited field of his regular duties in the cause of the sailors' union. He was frequently called upon to address public meetings when questions affecting the general welfare were discussed, and he unfailingly espoused the cause of justice in such debates, regardless of its popularity or unpopularity with his own friends or the public at the time. His name came to be synonymous with sound and sober thought and high moral courage. In the twenty years of his residence in San Francisco he has been sought out for advice not merely by laboring men but by all classes of citizens and especially by those men in public life who were working for better conditions in politics and government. This is not merely a thoughtless generalization: the list of his public services in this respect would by itself fill the space allotted for this article.

Macarthur also achieved a reputation as a writer on economic subjects. Articles from his pen have been printed by such magazines as Scribner's, the Forum and the Arena. On labor subjects particularly his writings have been widely circulated. Some years ago he wrote an essay on Union Labor that received the first prize in a national competition held under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor. This work, in pamphlet form, has been broadly distributed by the federation. Another pamphlet, "Trade Union Epigrams," has been distributed by the federation.

His life work, of course, has been to improve the condition of life of American seamen. In this cause his achievements rank with the foremost in the world. In 1892, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, after seven years of unavailing effort to accomplish what seamen the world over had been trying in vain to accomplish for centuries, appointed a committee to prepare such amendments to the existing maritime law as would enable them to better their conditions of service in several vital respects. Walter Macarthur was secretary of that committee and did all of the clerical and much of the advisory work in the preparation of those amendments.

Two of the most glaring evils of the then existing maritime law were those that permitted the imprisonment of deserters from vessels and the signing away of wages in advance of their earning. The first of these evils led directly to the unbelievable brutalities that were formerly commonly practiced on sailors by masters of vessels, and the latter was the stronghold of the "crimping" system.

To consider these in order: Under the law as it existed prior to 1895, a sailor was required to sign "articles," otherwise a contract, when he shipped on a vessel. These articles bound him to serve on the vessel during the life of the contract, regardless of any conditions he might find himself facing after he boarded the vessel. The ship might prove to be a death trap, the owner might supply food that was starvation diet, the master might practice any brutality he pleased: the sailor was bound to stay by the boat. The penalty for desertion was three months' imprisonment. The "Maguire Act," which was the bill framed on the basis of the union committee's report, abolished the penalty of imprisonment and provided, instead, that the deserter should only lose whatever pay was due him at the time of desertion. This act practically gave the sailor the same freedom of his body that the law guarantees to other servants. It was bitterly fought by the shipowners, who declared that it put a premium upon desertion and would endanger the lives of passengers. In operation, on the contrary, it has resulted in a steady decrease of desertions. And under the law and in practice the desertions never occur except when the ships are safely docked or are moored in a safe harbor.



MR. WALTER MACARTHUR

The matter of the "advance," as it was called, had equally bad effects before the law was altered. In those days the law permitted a sailor to sign a note for half of his unearned wages when he shipped to sea. In practice, masters of sailors' boarding houses managed to keep the sailors constantly in debt, so that they could ship them at a disadvantage to the sailors and to the advantage of shipowners. This practice, called "crimping," kept a large percentage of the sailors in what amounted to involuntary servitude to pay out of debt. The Maguire Act prohibited the advance and at a sweep closed out the crimping business and made the sailor a free agent.

In the preparation of these amendments which shipowners now concede were salutary for them as well as the seamen, Walter Macarthur had a leading part.

But the work was not finished by the Maguire Act. In the famous "Arago case," known in law books as the case of Robert Robertson vs. Barry Baldwin, the Supreme Court of the United States held that the Maguire Act applied only to vessels engaged in coastwise voyages and did not extend its protection to American seamen who shipped for foreign countries, even though the desertion might take place in an American port. The work that had been brought to a successful issue in the passage of the Maguire Act in 1895 had now to be done all over, and Macarthur again took a leading part in the work, resulting in the passage of the "White Act," which extended some of the benefits to all American seamen.

Mention was made above of the brutalities practiced on American seamen. These were made possible by the binding and unqualified nature of the articles signed by the sailors, and by the further fact that, upon trial for brutal treatment, a ship's master did not have to prove that his treatment of a sailor was justified but only had to prove that he deemed it justified at the time by the necessities of discipline. Under this law masters were repeatedly freed after a trial showing that they had broken sailors' heads or arms with belaying pins, shot sailors off masts, and starved and otherwise maltreated them. American vessels were known on the seas of the whole world as "hell ships."

About twelve years ago this matter was up before congress for consideration, and to help bring the evil to their attention, Macarthur compiled a book, which he entitled "The Red Record," containing the record of a large number of such cases of brutality, authenticated by court records. This book was distributed to the press of America and to the members of congress, and produced a profound impression. It undoubtedly gave essential aid to the movement that resulted in the passage of legislation by congress correcting the evil.

The immediate benefits of these achievements of Macarthur's of course accrued directly to the sailors, but they entitle him to a high place in the regard of the general public as well. A man whose courage and humanitarian instincts lead him to make a brave and victorious fight for the oppressed in any class is a benefactor of the whole people. It is not merely that he was fighting to improve his own condition, for his abilities were such that he could at any time desert the cause of seamen and earn far more with less labor in another calling. It was unselfish and patriotic devotion of the highest type.

Walter Macarthur's record as an arbiter of labor troubles is patent to all citizens of San Francisco. He has been a consistent advocate of conciliation and mediation in labor disputes, and he has repeatedly averted costly labor wars by prudent counsel. At the same time, he has not been afraid to fight where peace meant loss of manhood. When he has fought, he has fought hard, but he has always played fair.

His ideal of citizenship is high. A naturalized citizen of America, he appreciates the value of citizenship more than many who were born to its privileges, because he knows from experience the contrast of rights enjoyed by citizens of other lands. He has always felt and still feels, that the highest honor to which a man can achieve is to earn the recognition of having done the full measure of his duty as an American citizen. He believes that the exercise of the duties of citizenship calls for all of a man's capacity for service and honesty and courage and conscience. He has felt that the seeking for office put an American citizen in the positon of a servant in the house rather than the higher position of sovereign. He has never held office and he has repeatedly refused

(Concluded on Page 720)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Supreme Lightning Change Artist

may talk about the chrysalis that makes
e butterfly,
argue that in nature's realm no change
th this can vie;
may mention, too, the polliwog that
ifts into a frog,
claim that it the limit plays in traveling
:og.;
i these are changes picturesque I here and
w confess,
yet I think I'll mention one that beats
em more or less:
little, gaunt, ungainly girl, nor infant nor
Miss,
makes the queenly lass we love—she
ats the chrysalis.

saw her yesterday—God wot she was a
ght to see,
hair that hung in stringy braids, with
irts unto her knee;
freckles on her turned-up nose and eke
on her face,
not a promise anywhere of anything of
ace.
saw her once again today—a miracle, no
ubt,
straggling, awkward, shapeless form was
rved and rounded out,
freckles gone, the lass a maid to lure you
th her eye,
here I vow the chrysalis was more than
tterfly.

little awkward girls galore, a prophet's
e might see
in your guise is set the germ of perfect-
ss to be,
we, who are not seers at all, do idly pass
:h girl,
l one day she blossoms forth and sets our
arts awhirl,
being of a sovereign grace whom we name
dy Fair,
fain would win for her the race and hold
r in our care.
credit due to chrysalis and polliwog is
:all;
irtists of the lightning change the lasses
it them all.

* * *

The Soft Soap Cang

)w that the battle is one-half fought; now
the earliest skirmish is won; now that the
it of the S. P.'s caught, and we're likely
rottle the son of a gun; now that for right
iave taken our stand, and Greed, the de-
her, is seeking his lair, while a justice
ing no S. P. brand is the very least that
"traffic will bear;" now that these bless-
have come to pass, for the people's voice
a trumpet rang, list to the words of the
spering Class, the warnings you'll hear
the Soft Soap Gang.
mity, amity, soap and dope! Let the
t admit Iniquity's claim. Cover your
nds with our own soft soap, for this is the
you must win the game."
)w Johnson fought like the bravest brave
mity, amity, soap and dope!"—and he
dn't fall down, and he would not cave,
gh the Whisperers urged him to try soft
. And the trumpet today doth no less call
the brave to stand, though the cowards
, than it did when the S. P. owned us all
we only drank when it offered drink. A
e half fought is a battle unwon, so mus-
to shoulders—the bugle rang!—and heed
o whit how the whispers run, nor list to
words of the Soft Soap Gang:
mity, amity, soap and dope! Let the
it admit Iniquity's claim."—Nay, but the
hood is e'er our hope that truckles to
lest it lose the game.

* * *

cms to me sometimes that the mistake
e reel well-meanin' folks make is in tryin'
neasure the size of God's power an' love
the five-foot tapelines they carry in their
ets.

The Opinions of Rufus

Poor an' humble es I am I can't help feelin' grateful to think that I've contributed my mite to the upbuildin' of Chicago university. Me an' Rockefeller an' the rest that use oil did it.

The main diff'rence 'tween a has-been an' a good many of the rest of us consists in the fact that we never were.

The difficulty with which a feller gits hold of popularity is only equalled by the ease with which he lets go of it.

Josh Bings says he s'poses even an automobilist can be a Christian, but he never heered of one offerin' a weary foot-traveler a ride.

Some folks treat their religion 'bout es they would egg-shell china—es if it wus too valu'ble to be used 'cept when there's company.

Most of us treat fame with a kind o' distant respect. Fer instance, we all of us fairly dote on Shakespeare—but I'll bet your volume of his works hasn't been opened fer six months.

Es I understand it, a Browning society is one that is organized fer the sake of makin' Robert's ghost ashamed that it's suspected of his havin' thought such things when he wus writin'.

When I read in a newspaper three columns devoted to tellin' 'bout a thrillin' an' exemplary murder, while a half inch tells 'bout a national session of a Christian Endeavor society, I can't help wonderin' if the world is improvin' es fast es the Apostle Paul anticipated.

Notwithstandin' the fact that a rose by any other name would smell es sweet, I can't help feelin' grateful that no modern scientist got a chance to name it. Prob'ly life would have been too short to pronounce it.

Like es not the honesty that has to consult a civil or criminal code to decide how much stretchin' it 'll stand don't git much credit on the big ledger that's kept Up-Stairs.

* * *

Here's to the Easy Mark

Here's to the Easy Mark! If you repeat the words after me the chances are fair that you will do so with a half humorous, half contemptuous, wholly kindly feeling for the individual whom you pledge, for the world generally likes its Easy Marks, but it does not indorse their conduct very much. You see, an Easy Mark is a man who is born into this world with a great, loving heart, and anybody must see that he is a palpable misfit on a planet where grab is the lauded game.

In my time I have known a considerable number of Easy Marks, and, watching their gyrations from a disinterested standpoint, it has occurred to me sometimes that perhaps, when it comes to the final shuffle, they may occupy pews several rows in advance of those of us who are not so Easy as Marks. A Down and Out approaches an Easy Mark. Sometimes he painfully tries to maintain semblance of respectability, frequently he does not, but, in any event, the Easy Mark listens to his tale of woe and says to himself: "Poor devil! Probably he is lying, but, anyway, it is evident that life's gales beat hard upon him, and if I can give him one ray of sunshine, why shouldn't I do it?" Then he goes down in his jeans.

Foolish? Of course. The men who get rich do not do it by responding to misery's plea, and, as the most of us admit by word or action, the main object in this life is to accumulate dollars. Oh, yes, tremendously foolish, and yet do you know that I cannot get over the impression that some of us are going to see some notorious Easy Marks sitting a long way ahead of us on the marble pews Up-stairs. Probably I am mistaken, but wouldn't you understand, in reading the Good Book, that more approval was given to the Samaritan Easy Mark than to the wise and sagacious Leading Citizens who passed by on the other side? So it seems to me, and so again, in conclusion, I say:

Here's to the Easy Mark!

Murder! Now to It!

A murder, with more than the ordinary amount of ghastly and shameful details, has been revealed. Now let not your massive brains overlook anything, ye managing editors. Get busy, and supremely busy, ye city editors. On the trail, ye reporters, no matter into what blood-sodden mazes it may lead you. Murder has been committed, a tortured and life-deserted body rots into nothingness, and the public fain would sit at its carrion feast. Get busy; columns and pages must reek of slaughter and go blood-red to your readers, for this it is that the dear, great public demands.

But does the public demand it? Does it indeed insist that the smell of gore shall be mixed with the fragrance of its morning coffee or evening tea? Or is it just possible—barely possible, you understand—that the great editors are mistaken, that the people are not so incarnadined in their literary appetite as is presumed in the holy of holies of newspaper offices?

These are important questions, for if the great editors are mistaken they are tremendously blameable for feeding the public on the horrible food of such crime as must have been born of hell's suggestion. If, on the other hand, the people demand such gory meat, the blame may, at any rate, be impartially distributed.

Do the people demand such food? Well, do you, who are one of the people? Do you turn to the blood-soaked columns first of all and dwell on them most lingeringly? If you absolve yourself of guilt in this connection, how about your neighbor who sits next you on the car or boat? Is he poring over the red-dripping columns, or is he not? Who is responsible for this very revel in the details of awful crime which the great editors deem that the public demands?

In some degree the answer seems to be up to you and me. We cannot sway the public, but we can, at any rate, make known our individual distate for that sort of food. And here is one who in this manner is endeavoring to do so.

* * *

A Song for Baby Pattikin

A song for Baby Pattikin,
Who doesn't know what world he's in,
Except, as sagely I surmise,
He reads its lore in mama's eyes;
For mama's eyes are very kind,
  As mama's eyes are unco' blue,
And so none knows what he may find
  Within their deeps to whisper to
My little Baby Pattikin,
My pretty one, my Pattikin.

A song for Baby Pattikin,
Oftimes he makes a shocking din,
With battling arms and waving feet,
And fain am I to beat retreat,
Till mama sings a lullaby
  Of neither lore nor wisdom deep,
Yet, with a peaceful, tranquil sigh,
  Down-sinketh to the realm of sleep
My little Baby Pattikin,
My pretty one, my Pattikin.

A song for Baby Pattikin,
Whose smile's a lure the world to win,
So sweet that I, though sagely wise,
Forget his yester-even cries,
The while his mother to her breast
  Doth hold him when the day is done
And whispers words I half have guessed
  "My little one, my little one!
My little Baby Pattikin,
My pretty one, my Pattikin!"

* * *

Ordinary Test of the Profound

"What did you think of the lecture?"
"I considered it very learned and profound."
"Indeed! What gave you that impression?"
"Why, I noticed that there was at least a third of the words he used that I never had heard before."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Triumph Of Roosevelt The great news of the week was the victory of Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican state convention at Saratoga, New York. In the "Old Guard" The Interests were entrenched. Their overthrow was not less complete in New York than in California. The leadership of Theodore Roosevelt achieved there what the leadership of Hiram Johnson achieved here, a signal and decisive victory. The "Old Guard" do not believe in the ability of the American people to govern themselves. They believe that government by The Interests, through the instrumentality of hired bosses, is the best government. Under that form of government those who are made of the right stuff will be able to get on, those who are not—well, a shrug of the shoulders for them. The enormously rich will not be lacking in charity. Roosevelt and his following believe that the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. They have seen government by the bosses have for its deliberate purpose the misrepresentation of the popular will and they have declared that government shall be representative of the popular will, that if it cannot be so through representative forms it shall be so through direct forms. In the language of the Lion Hunter, "Bossism is the negation of democracy," and, since heaven knows when, neither political party in New York has been free. As for the Republican party in the empire state its shackles were struck from it on Tuesday, September the twenty-seventh, one thousand and nine hundred ten, an epoch-marking day and date. Whether it shall maintain its liberty or sink into peonage remains to be seen. It is for the manhood of York state to say.

The Spirit of The Revolution What the "quarrel" is all about is clearly stated, first, in the address of Theodore Roosevelt in taking the chair as temporary chairman and, second, in the remarks of Elihu Root, the next day, in taking the chair as permanent chairman. Mr. Roosevelt, in part, said this: "We are against corruption in politics; we are against corruption in business, and above all and with all our strength we are against the degrading alliance of crooked business with crooked politics, the alliance that adds strength to the already powerful corrupt boss and to the already powerful head of Big Business, and which makes them in their dual capacity enemies against whom every patriotic man should stand with unwavering firmness. Let no man say that this is an assault upon the honest business man."

This is the way Senator Root stated the case: "Initiative, referendum and recall, direct election of United States senators, direct nominations of candidates, all these are evidences that the people of our country feel that our forms of political organization do not adequately furnish the voters of our political parties means to give effect to their political will."

Because the statements of Roosevelt are true the statements of Root have become true. It is a wrong to the people to force direct legislation upon them. Government should be representative, but if it is not, and Big Business and Bossism will not let it be representative, what else can the people do but submit to their fate or fight to a finish? Thank God we are in for a finish fight.

Ticket and Platform The ticket made by the Republican convention in New York is probably as good as could be made. Henry L. Stimson, the nominee for governor, is representative of the best Republicanism of our time and, as prosecutor of the sugar frauds, he accomplished good results, as good as he could. The humiliation of it is that the real beneficiaries of the crimes committed, the big stockholders, could not be reached and that a sympathetic judge was extremely tender of the scoundrels who were convicted. Stimson was not to blame for that.

The platform, judging from the meagre excerpts which have reached us, is disappointing. What it says is true enough, but what it leaves unsaid is more so. Probably Theodore had to make concessions in order to hold the administration influence with him for what he regards as the main fight—the direct primary. If that fight can be won a new state of things will develop in New York and in the nation. It is probably true that the Payne-Aldrich law is a better tariff law than the Dingley law was, but that it was either a fulfilment of the pledges of the Republican party or the expectations of the American people neither Roosevelt nor Taft will ever convince the public mind, and for the simple reason that it is not so.

There are those who will look upon any concession as treachery. The Watchman is willing to accept the result in New York as the best that could be obtained in the circumstances there existing and make the best of it, trusting the men on the ground. Roosevelt has a great fight ahead of him as it is. The Watchman trusts his judgment in preference to his own but would have liked to see a little more Wisconsin leaven in the New York platform.

Democrats Of New York It is regrettable that this paper must go to press before the results of the Democratic state convention, being held at Rochester, New York, are known, but there are indications that are fairly safe to rely on. Nothing of the newer nationalism for them! Alton B. Parker is to be the temporary chairman of the convention. He is the antithesis of Roosevelt and Rooseveltism. As Roosevelt, as temporary chairman, gave the keynote to the Republican convention, so Judge Parker, as temporary chairman of the Democratic state convention, will "keynote" the Democracy for 1912. It is likely that the Democratic convention will endorse the direct primary idea. It will not dare do anything else, but, for the rest, the makers of the platform will probably content themselves with saying "'taint so" to what Republicans have said. Tammany is the center of power in the convention. It will determine its action. Edward M. Shepard seems to have the inside chance for the nomination. The fitness of things is on his side. He is a big, prudent, safe and sane corporation attorney.

Wisconsin's Platform Has the Right Ring The Wisconsin platform of the Republican party is a pronouncement of the unafraid. It is the voice of the advance guard, that of New York is the voice of the main army. Robert La Follette is and ever has been out on the firing line, doing fine work, but advancing more rapidly than the main body of Republicans possibly can. For this reason he has never had the cordial support or commendation of either Roosevelt or Taft. He is a bit too wild-eyed and long-haired for them, but not for Wisconsin. Wisconsin believes in him and stands by him and is ready to follow where he leads. Its platform demands physical valuation of railroads; federal ownership of Alaskan railroads; initiative, referendum and recall; a graduated income tax; local option in the liquor traffic; national control of natural resources; regulation of working hours of women and children. These things are, or ought to be, all coming. Had the convention in New York stood for them the Republican party would have foredoomed itself to defeat. As it is Theodore Roosevelt will have to throw himself into the New York fight like hunting lions in order to win and, even in Wisconsin, it will be no walk-over for La Follette. He will have to contest every inch of ground. If his health does not break down he'll do it. He is as doughty a David as ever went up against any Goliath and, in going up against the brewing and lumbering interests of his state, he is tackling a much bigger Philistine than did David of old.

Theodore Bell Is Needlessly Nettled At Los Angeles Gifford Pinchot expressed the opinion that the defeat of Hiram Johnson would be a national calamity whereat Theodore Bell flies off the handle and demands to know what business the contest in California is to the nation anyway and what Mr. Pinchot should arrogate to himself and his associates all the honesty of purpose and all the patriotism in the country. Mr. Bell has allowed himself to be needlessly nettled. Gifford Pinchot did not disparage Mr. Bell's question his integrity or sincerity. He merely stated the fact that the defeat of Hiram Johnson in California, like the defeat of La Follette in Wisconsin or the defeat of the Roosevelt movement in New York, or the defeat of the progressive element in the Republican party wherever it has gained the upper hand, would be a national calamity. So it would. On the contrary the defeat of the Cannonized Republicanism in Maine and its humiliation in Vermont—these were nation benefactions. They demonstrate that the old form of Republicanism no longer suits Republicans. Mr. Bell had his chance to lead such a revolt four years ago. He was just a little but only a little, ahead of his time. His victory then would have made the redemption of the Republican party from corporation domination vastly easier than it has been. His victory now would make it vastly more difficult. Of course he is not concerned for the redemption of the Republican party, but the state is, and so is the nation, because it is and is likely to continue to be the dominant party in state and nation. The stars in their course fight not for Theodore Bell. That's the trouble. It is his misfortune, not his fault.

A Questionable Factor Is Being Introduced If reports that come to our ears are to be relied on the issues in the election of state senators and assemblymen are being needlessly confused by over-zealous promoters of the Panama-Pacific exposition. The constitutional amendment authorizing state aid to the exposition very properly empowers the legislature to say upon what conditions the money shall be expended. If the safeguarding of the state's funds be the purpose in view that issue can be left to any legislature likely to be selected. There is no need that candidates be sounded in advance and influence be brought to bear for or against, unless there is some object in view other than that of properly protecting the interests of the state. A very grave danger in this whole affair is that some private or corporate, rather than public, interest be subserved in expending that money, such, for instance, as locating the exposition on Spring Valley or other private grounds rather than upon the now undeveloped portions of Golden Gate park that might be beneficially improved if selected as the exposition site. There was seemingly no desire to require, but only to permit, the use of the park for this purpose. The legislature should see to it that no dollar of state money goes primarily to the benefit of private property, and San Francisco should see to it that she gets a permanent benefit from what must otherwise be of very little permanent value to the city.

Extra-Session Somersault Those who know Governor Gillett best are never surprised when he changes his mind. If he were not to do so they would be astounded. It is said that he said flatfootedly that he would not call an extra session to correct the error in amendment number one. He called it. He declared, it will be remembered, that he would not interfere with the grizzly-gorilla combat in San Francisco. He did interfere with it in a way the fight promoters despised. Would that his change of mind anent the amendment could be as well justified as in relation to the prize fight. The Watchman believes that, on the whole, it will be wise for the state to adopt that amendment

ut this does not blind him to the truth that he Interests, all of them back of Gillett, are ery anxious that the amendment be adopted, nd if this be not the reason for the change f mind in regard to the extra session where hall we look for it? Are the Governor's oft epeated reversals of himself to be accounted or on the ground that his first determinations re those of James N. Gillett, the very admirable man that he is, and that his final conlusions are those of The Interests that secured political preferment for him under bond o do nothing rash? To a man up a tree it ooks that way.

Out of the Frying Pan Plump Into the Fire

There is small likelihood that, were amendment number ne submitted and adopted as it is, the courts ould not hold that the words, "the year endng" should be construed to be in the amendent, inasmuch as their being left out was anifestly the error of some careless clerk. But what will the courts say of the power of n extra session of a legislature to recall an mendment already submitted to the people y a regular session? Can the extra session escind the act of a former session and so ithdraw the amendment as first submitted nd submit a second in its place? Or will it ave to submit both forms, the amendment as stands and the amendment as amended? awyers are guessing at it as hard as they an and, at this writing, it is not perfectly ertain what the legislature will try to do with he conundrum. If it undertakes to do what ome enemy of the amendment believes illegal, and he should proceed to enjoin the ecretary of State against promulgating it, its st condition might be worse than its first. lowever, there is a general concurrence of entiment to the effect that if the amendment s somehow submitted to the people and they o adopt it that will cure all defects in the anner of its submission, but it looks like a ood deal of expense to go to to avoid a technical defect that nearly all lawyers think the ourts would pass over lightly, the more certainly that the courts are likely to look upon ne reforms proposed by it with much favor.

A Tight Cinch On The Amendment As It Is

The advisers of the Governor evidently do not intend to ave the extra session "do things" to that mendment beyond supplying the missing "the ear ending." The Governor's proclamation alls the legislature together in extraordinary ession for the sole purpose of submitting mendment number one to the people in the ords following to wit: etc., etc.; then follows ne amended amendment in corrected form, ne idea being that the text of the amendment e not "monkeyed" with, even to the crossing f a "t" or the dotting of an "i" more or less. ow there is a fine legal question for legal entlemen to moot. Can the Governor limit ne power of the legislature to doing the pecific thing he wants done in the specific ay he wants it done? Or can the legislature o at that amendment de novo and lick it into etter shape before resubmitting it? If it can should, and for at least two reasons. It is utrageous to require a three-fourths vote for ne legislature to change the rate of taxation n any instance at any time. It means minrity rule with a vengeance. It would be a roper safeguard in the interests of stability, nd to prevent eternal tinkering and cinch ills, to require more than a majority vote to hange what the people as a whole have dopted as fair. So far as we may judge from hat has thus far been said this three-fourths lause is the greatest hindrance to the enactent of the amendment. It should be changed o two-thirds and this extra session should ake that change, the gubernatorial "cinch" o the contrary notwithstanding. The second bjection to the amendment as it is, is that the anks brought pressure upon the legislature to educe their rate of taxation from one per ent on their capital stock, surplus and univided profits to six-tenths of one per cent, a oncession that should not have been made nd which the legislature should take this opportunity to restore to the one per cent rate. hat also would help to carry the amendent. The Watchman hopes that the legislature will feel free to deal with that amendment as, after due reflection, it feels that it ought to, notwithstanding any pressure in the proclamation to leave it just as it is.

When Will California Do the Right Thing?

The referendum—and that is what amendments of the constitution piecemeal amount to—will never work satisfactorily until the referring is rightly done. California's system shows how not to do it. Oregon has the better way and one of the first pieces of constructive legislation taken hold of should be to adopt or adapt the Oregon plan. Instead of submitting the amendments just as they stand to the voters on a sheet received with their sample ballots, a few days before election, when it is too late to give the subjects needed study, Oregon prepares a pamphlet in which the amendments and the arguments for and against the adoption of each of them are succinctly set forth by those who are for and those who are opposed to them. This gives the voter an opportunity to inform himself and do it in season. In addition to this system the people of Oregon are forming clubs and hiring speakers to make the circuit of the state to talk to them regarding all the issues upon which they are to pass judgment at the ensuing election. This preparatory work, supplemented by discussions for and against in the press of a state, cannot fail of creating the most intelligent and informed voting constituency conceivable, and if Oregon follows that system with efficiency and zeal, it will come to lead the civic thought of the nation. Of course these advances did not take place in Oregon until that state had freed itself from Herrin domination, and it was too much to expect any such good to come out of California while under that yoke, but, with freedom already in sight, all these good things, and more, will become possible in California also.

The Mix-Up In The Printing

The law requires the Secretary of State to have printed and distributed to the clerks of the several counties, for distribution to the voters, one and one-half times as many copies of all constitutional amendments as there are registered voters in the state. The Secretary of State has estimated the registered vote of the state to be 600,000, which will mean 900,000 copies. The law says that the amendments shall be printed on "a sheet," or in the form of a pamphlet. To get the work done in good season the State Printer started the printing some time before the extra session was called to submit the Panama Exposition amendments and got well along toward the end when a halt was called by reason of the Panama-Pacific additions.

Then the question arose as to whether "a sheet" meant two sheets and legal opinion leaned to the conclusion that the less certainly included the greater inasmuch as it is a poor rule that does not work both ways and it has never been disputed that the greater includes the less easy enough, so the printing was gone ahead with, using a second little sheet with the Panama-Pacific exposition amendments on the second sheet.

Now comes the discovery of the omission in amendment number one with a probable necessity of doing all the printing over again on a single sheet as the law requires. Meantime, the appropriation of $4,000 made by the legislature to cover the cost of printing has been well-nigh exhausted. The joke is on the taxpayer.

The opening day of the exposition brought many street beggars to the city. At the corner of the Federal building sat an old man blind and minus one leg. When the parade was passing a sympathetic lady stopped and gazed at him in pity. Finally she approached him and began asking him questions. She asked him if he were married, how many children he had, where he had worked last, how he had met with the accident that had incapacitated him for work, and a thousand other questions. Finally the unfortunate one became peevish. "Madame," he exclaimed harshly, "you may think this is an information bureau. It is not; it is a collecting agency." —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE TRIAL OF HALSEY

After less than two days of effort, a jury was secured, last Saturday, to try Theodore V. Halsey on a charge of offering a bribe to former Supervisor Max Mamlock to vote for a Home Telephone Company franchise. The jury thus speedily obtained consisted of George C. Smart, Edward Standquist, Julian Brock, Frank Elgin, William H. Mamel, C. Gaetcke, A. V. Franzi, Martin Hanson, Joseph Kuhn, George D. Lucy, Albert Meyer and Isaac Levinger. The defense used seven peremptory challenges, and the state but one.

The trial proper began on Monday morning, and the verdict of acquittal was rendered Wednesday evening, so it will be noticed that less than five days were consumed from the calling of the first prospective juror to the verdict of acquittal. When Francis J. Heney was an active factor in the district attorney's office trials took longer, but they displayed a tendency to terminate in other than verdicts of acquittal.

The main witnesses for the prosecution were former Supervisors Max Mamlock, Charles Boxton, Fred B. Nicholas and Daniel G. Coleman. Mamlock testified that he was offered and received $7,000 in two payments from the defendant, Halsey, to vote for a franchise for the Home Telephone Company. The other witnesses also testified to receiving sums of money from the defendant for the same purpose. Cross-examination endeavored to develop the fact that the money in each case was paid under extortion. No attempt was made by the prosecution to show how the sums of money thus obtained were used, or in any manner to trace it. F. W. Eaton testified that Halsey hired the office in which the money is said to have been paid.

The defendant, Halsey, did not take the witness stand in his own behalf, and consequently did not deny that he offered a bribe, as charged. For the defense, Lieutenant-Governor Warren Porter, State Senator C. M. Belshaw, Judge Hiram Tuttle of Santa Clara county and others testified to the defendant's good reputation. Other witneses testified to the bad reputation for truth and veracity of the main witnesses for the prosecution, and this ended the defense.

At the close of Judge Seawell's charge to the jury the latter retired, and, at the end of twelve ballots, agreed upon a verdict of acquittal. It is reported that the first ballot stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction, but those who believed the defendant guilty gradually came to the conclusion that he was a maligned and innocent man.

Thus it will be seen that this trial moved off swimmingly and terminated in one of those triumphant verdicts of acquittal which were obtained with such difficulty when Mr. Heney was here. Probably congratulations should be extended to Mr. Halsey. It must be a great relief to him to learn from a jury of his peers that he bribed nobody.

PERSONALIA

Oliver Herford's latest is "Con & Co.," a farce adapted from the French. The Herford fancy is now running at the Nazimova theatre, New York.

Mrs. Minnie W. Rutherford of Magazine, Ark., has prepared a bill providing for the admission of women to the bar of Arkansas, and it will be presented at the next session of the state legislature. Mrs. Rutherford is the chairman of the legislative committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and national superintendent of the department of juvenile courts of the Woman's Temperance Union. She is a college graduate and has taken courses in several law schools.

There have been no deficits in the national budget of Mexico since that of 1895-96, a year or two after Limantour became minister of finance. Before then there was no budget without its deficit. For fourteen years past the excess of ordinary revenues over expenditures annually has ranged from $800,000 to $29,000,000. The surplus in 1909 was nearly $5,900,000. The aggregate surpluses since Limantour took charge of Mexico's purse have totalled more than $136,000,000. Of this $61,000,000 has been devoted to public works and the remaining $75,000,000 converted into a cash reserve.

THE TAX REFORM AMENDMENT

By Carl C. Plehn

Article No. 4

In the previous articles it has been shown that the evils of the present system of taxation are sufficiently serious to arouse deep concern. As a local issue tax reform overshadows all others. The following articles will deal with the remedy proposed in the amendment.

If one thing is clear it is that the piling of the state tax on top of the local taxes is the first cause of the tax evils under which we labor. The local system of taxation was especially designed for the division of neighborhood charges among neighbors and is not adapted for the apportionment of other public expenses. Hence it becomes clear that the first step in tax reform is to get rid of the state tax. Then and then only will it be possible to adjust the local charges with a single eye to justice between man and man.

This was discovered forty years ago in Pennsylvania, many years ago in Connecticut, more recently in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Virginia, New Jersey and in other states. New York for example worked for thirty years toward this end, which she has only recently attained. In short, every state that can claim the advancement that our state has achieved has won separation of state from local taxation.

Professor Seligman of Columbia University, in reviewing recently his many years of study of the American system of taxation, said:

"The separation of state and local revenues is therefore a matter of vital importance in the American commonwealths of today, not so much because it forms in itself any solution of the problem, but because it is the indispensable initial step to any substantial progress. The separation of state and local revenues is not a cure, but it alone will make a cure possible. It is from this point of view that we must address ourselves to the problem.

"The problems of taxation in the United States are becoming every year more complex. In order to solve them we must keep in mind the ultimate goal, and be prepared to take the first step. The ultimate goal is the accommodation of fiscal methods to our changed economic conditions. The first step is the separation of state and local revenues."

There is property that is local in character, like real estate, and there is property that is general in character, of which we may take the railroads as an illustration. Local government is nearest to the local property, while the general functions of the state should be supported by the taxation of property general in character.

Separation of state from local taxation along these lines will place the taxation of the large corporations in the hands of the larger governing body of the state and leave the smaller units of property to be taxed locally, for those activities of government by which it most directly and intimately benefits.

The local assessors will no longer be called upon to serve two masters, the state and their own home constituents, whose interests are opposed.

If in addition we can substitute in the administration of the state taxes a mathematical rule in place of the "discretionary judgment" of any officer or boards we shall make an additional gain.

All of these advantages will accrue under the tax reform amendment. In addition to that we shall be rid of the necessity for "equalization," so-called, between the counties, a process that not only arouses bitter hostilities, but in the end aggravates the very evils it was designed to cure.

The succeeding articles will deal with the taxation of the different classes of corporations.

Article No. 5

The first of these articles gave an outline of the amendment; the second and third discussed the evils of the present system; the fourth advanced the reasons for separation of state from local taxation. With this article begins the discussion of the specific measures proposed.

It is hardly necessary to state that if we are going to afford any relief to the over-taxed farmer and the over-taxed owner of a small piece of real estate, we must increase the taxes that somebody else has to pay. In this sense and in several other respects this is a part of a world-wide struggle. The author of these articles has just returned from a year spent in Europe in the study of the tax reform problems that are the great issues in England, Germany and France. As summarized in an address that he presented before the Royal Economic Society in London the essence of the tax reform problem is the same everywhere, no matter how its outer aspects may differ. It is an effort to make the tax system keep pace with the rapid changes in industry and commerce; to reach the new resources that are continually springing up outside the old taxes. Thus in England, where land was freed from taxation a century ago by a compromise, the present problem is to make the landowners pay on the increase in the value of their lands. This is a struggle that threatens to involve the very existence of the House of Lords. In France the effort is to establish a new income tax that shall reach the taxable resources of the bourguoisie. In Germany the problem takes a form not unlike our own. It is to make the large aggregations of wealth pay their share. In each case new taxable resources have grown up outside the old tax system.

With us it is how to make what we call "the corporations" pay more. So long as corporate property that pervades the whole state is taxable in sections by local assessors, each of whom can see no more, perhaps, than a few miles of rails or of wires, and each of whom is more concerned for his own little group of constituents than for any ideal of justice, no rational taxation of corporation property can be expected.

A single example must serve. Until 1880 the railroads were assessed and taxed in each county separately. Their taxes were not very large, and were often determined by compromises with the county authorities. If the company thought that a given county was asking too much it simply refused to pay and the authorities of the county were glad to compromise on any figure that the road would pay. After 1880, under the new constitution, the taxation of the railroads was placed in the hands of a state board. Years of litigation followed, but in the end the state won and established the principle that a railroad could be assessed as a whole and need not be assessed in little twenty mile strips whose value in the eyes of the little local assessors reached a vanishing point just as the rails themselves do when one looks down a straight piece of track. But even after that the state board had no rule to follow except to count the ties, measure the rails, and count the cars and locomotives, and then guess at the rest. But in 1906, at the suggestion of the commission on revenue and taxation, the board adopted the idea that the earnings of the roads were an indication of the value of the property and as a result the assessed value of railroad property has been very nearly doubled. The railroad companies have for four years, now, paid taxes on a plan which approximates that of the amendment. If there had been a flaw in the reasoning by which this result was reached the attorneys for the companies would not have consented to this increase in taxation, and we may rest assured that the $1,250,000 of annual taxes that have gone into the state, the county and the city treasuries from this source would never have been paid.

So much for the railroads; but there is very much more that ought to be had from other classes of corporations. We hope to get that after the adoption of this amendment. Take the state tax off the small property owners and turn over to the big state government the taxation of the big corporations; give the state officer who is to administer the new taxes a simple rule to follow that does not leave any latitude for the exercise of discretionary judgment and we can hope for as good results as have already been temporarily won in the case of the railroads. The state has already shown that it can handle the railroads better than did the little assessors in the counties and cities. By the same sign it can do as well with the others.

"Family all back from the summer trip?" "Yes." "I hear your wife is confined to her room. What does the doctor say?" "We haven't employed a doctor. The laundress promises to have her out in about four days." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

TAFT'S POKER STORY

Here is a story credited to the President by a caller at the Taft cottage at Beverly, says the New York Sun:

A governor of Colorado (of course not the present governor) and a friend were playing euchre. The hands had just been dealt and the governor's friend looked at his and sighed:

"I wish I was playing poker."

"Is that so?" said the governor indifferently, licking the broken wrapper of his cigar. "How much would you bet?"

"I'd bet $100 on this hand," said the friend.

"Well," said the governor yawning, "you must have a good hand." Then squinting at a queen that was lying on the table he added: "I think I might take you on if I had that queen."

"Take it," said the governor's friend, which the governor did and promptly bet $1,000. His friend saw him and dropped four kings. The governor laid down four aces and a lone queen.

"It's your money," said the friend after he had recovered, "but will you tell me what the deuce you wanted of that queen?"

President Taft himself doesn't play poker, but he knows enough about the game to appreciate how largely human nature figures in it, and it was in illustration of this point that he is said to have told the story.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court made and entered in the minutes of said court on the 19th day of August, 1910, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, will, on or after the 12th day of October, 1910, sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street three hundred (300) feet Northeasterly thereon from the Northeasterly line of Eighth Street, running thence Northeasterly along the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly, twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street and point of beginning.

That all bids or offers for said property must be in writing, and will be received by the said administrator at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court in said City and County of San Francisco at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Terms of sale, ten per cent (10 per cent) of the amount bid shall accompany the bid. The balance of the price shall be payable in cash upon confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

Dated the 21st day of September, 1910.

MICHAEL DUGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Ann Dugan, Deceased.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Administrator.

9-23-3t

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OAKLAND'S WATERFRONT CRISIS

THE INGENIOUS BUT NOT INGENUOUS PLEA OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

By HENRY C. McPIKE

There is a matter pending before the Oakland City Council, a matter of vast importance to the city of Oakland, and of deep interest to all the people of the state. The attention that has attracted is by no means commensurate with its far reaching effects and consequences. For more than half a century there has been waged between the legislative bodies of the town and city of Oakland, on one side, and the courts of the state and nation on the other, a controversy which has had for its determination the ownership and control of what is commonly known as the Oakland water front.

The Carpentier Grant

In 1852, when Oakland was incorporated as a little village, situated on the northerly bank of the estuary of San Antonio and far inland from the bay, a far-sighted individual by the name of Horace W. Carpentier, obtained from the shortsighted members of the town council a conveyance of its entire water front; that is to say, of all of the land over which the tide ebbed and flowed, around the entire boundary of the town. The consideration for this grant was the erection of a wharf at the foot of Main street, now Broadway, and a schoolhouse.

Two years later the city of Oakland, the successor of the town of Oakland, was incorporated. It denied the validity of the grant to Carpentier and of all of the proceedings thereafter taken by him to reinforce his title. It instituted a number of suits to invalidate the grant, but never succeeded in obtaining any substantial benefits from any of this litigation having that in a decision by Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme Court a definite line fixing the limits of the grant to Carpentier was made in 1897.

Enter the Southern Pacific

After this decision of Judge Beatty, the Southern Pacific Company of Kentucky, aiming to be the successor in interest of Carpentier, commenced an action against the Western Pacific Railway Company in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the northern district of California, laying claim to that part of the water front lately occupied by the Western Pacific Railway Company for which an ordinance of the City Council had been issued. The case was decided by the Circuit Court in favor of the Southern Pacific Company, enjoining the Western Pacific from proceeding with its occupancy. The case was taken on appeal by the latter company to the Circuit Court of Appeals of the United States, and the decision of the Circuit Court was reversed. It was by the Circuit Court of Appeals decided that the claim of the Southern Pacific Company to any of the lands or water front occupied by the Western Pacific was without any foundation and, moreover, that its own occupancy of the entire premises, lying west of the low tide lines recognized and established by Judge Beatty (that is to say, a large part of the Oakland Mole, with the slips and depot building) was merely at the sufferance of the city of Oakland and of the State of California. The reasoning of Judge Gilbert, who wrote the opinion of the Circuit Court of Appeals, was so cogent and convincing that the Southern Pacific Company abandoned all hope of being able to overcome it by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and on the 19th day of April, 1908, not having in the meantime filed any notice of appeal, the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals became forever final.

S. P. Occupancy Jeopardized

Now, by this decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, the Southern Pacific Company was placed in a very precarious position. All of its property on the mole, and its fine depot, at the end of it, was held and is now held entirely at the mercy of the Oakland City Council. It is true it owns the land lying between high tide and low water mark or ship channel, but beyond that, it has no rights, whatever, that the City Council is bound in any way to regard.

By the constitution of the state, Article 15, Section 2, it is provided that, "No individual, partnership or corporation claiming or possessing the frontage or tidal lands of a harbor, bay, inlet, estuary or other navigable water in this state, shall be permitted to exclude the right of way to such water, whenever it is required for any public purpose, nor to destroy or obstruct the free navigation of such water." Taking this decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, and the above article of the constitution of California, coupled with the fact that the franchise of the Southern Pacific Company (or of its grantors to the Seventh street local line), will expire in about fourteen months, the Southern Pacific Company finds itself in a sad predicament. The Seventh street franchise would be of little value without access to the ferry privileges, and at any moment the railroad company might find itself required to pay rent for the mole and depot or have it declared a nuisance and an obstruction to the free access of the city of Oakland to the navigable waters of the bay. In this condition it filed a petition before the council of the city of Oakland for a franchise granting to it in large measure nearly everything that it thought it possessed up to the time of the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals.

What the S. P. Is Trying to Grab

Instead of appearing before the council in its true condition, that of a mere suppliant for favors, it assumed the position rather of a benefactor. It offered to do nine things which it chose to designate as conditions:

First, it was to pay to the city of Oakland, as rent, for its extensive privileges on the water front, extending along the line of about 2,300 feet of the very choicest part, lying outside of the bulkhead line, the sum of $125 per month—or about as much as the top floor of the old city hall would rent for—for the first twenty-five years of the privilege, and about $250 a month for the remaining twenty-five years. Considering that the company pays about $8,000 a month for 250 feet front at the Ferry building in San Francisco, and $1,300 a month for one freight slip in San Francisco, besides $70,000 a year tolls for freight entered at the same slip, its offers to Oakland are more than laughable.

S. P.'s Second Generous Offer

Second: The railroad company offers to relinquish and convey to Oakland all of its claim and right to Broadway street extended southerly, from First street, to the southern boundary line of the city, and Broadway wharf, within the limits of Broadway extended southerly to the United States pierhead line. A glance at the official map will show that this claim by the railroad company to the ownership of any property or right, at the end of Broadway, is without any foundation in fact. What they claim to own begins beyond the low tide line and extends over land the title to which is in the state, and under the provision of the constitution above referred to their obstructions there constitute a nuisance as against the city of Oakland.

Third: They offer to remove the long wharf, which extends far out towards Goat island, within eight years after the granting of the privilege. This is another gratuity on the part of the railroad, for in eight years time the teredo will remove the wharf for them, and, besides, it is now and has been a structure placed upon lands covered by water over which the railroad company never had any claim or right whatsoever. The state can remove it, at pleasure, and the United States government has already threatened to do so, and it is only in hopes that the federal government might have its hand withdrawn from this structure by a request got up in this way from the City Council that the railroad has any hopes at all of keeping the structure there.

Bulkhead Offer Benefits Only S. P.

Fourth: They offer to apply within six months after the granting of the privilege or ordinance to the Secretary of War for permission to construct a bulkhead of a permanent character running parallel with the line of the mole. They are careful to say nothing about doing anything more than making the application, and whether such privilege will be granted or not will depend, first, upon the condition of mind of the Secretary of War, and upon the manner it may be in which the request shall be lodged. In any event, the building of the bulkhead, with its apron, and the pier filled in behind it, would be of no use to any one save the railroad itself.

Fifth: They offer to keep an open slip or water space three hundred feet wide alongside of the bulkhead and to dredge it to a depth of 30 feet below mean tide line. What possible benefit the city of Oakland could derive from this no one could imagine.

Sixth: They offer to allow the decision rendered by the Circuit Court of Appeals, in March, 1907, to "remain final." That decision has been final since the 19th of April, 1908, and the offers of the railroad company to allow it to remain so cannot be made with any sincerity. They are simply playing upon the credulity of the City Council.

Brooklyn Harbor Line Change

Seventh: They offer to apply or join with the city of Oakland in an application to the Secretary of War to change the location of the harbor line across the northern arm of the estuary that lies between Oakland and Brooklyn. One would imagine from this offer if he did not know the inwardness of it that some kind of a benefit was to be conferred on the people. But far from it. Between the Twelfth street bridge or mole, that crosses between Oakland and Brooklyn, there is a channel of the estuary where the tide ebbs and flows, upon the east side of which there is a strip of about three-quarters of a mile in length which was never included in the original grant to Carpentier and over which the railroad company never had any jurisdiction. This three-quarters of a mile, if dredged out, would form a fine wharfing privilege where all kinds of freight might be delivered and received. The government of the United States would never grant a permit to a private individual or corporation to close access to it, but the war department might grant a request from a municipality, and knowing this, the railroad has cunningly injected into this offer a kind of proposition to become partners with the city of Oakland in making the request to the Secretary of War. The main object of the railroad company in proposing to close up this channel, save only of a narrow aqueduct to furnish Lake Merritt with water, is done for the purpose of avoiding the necessity of putting in drawbridges, and also for the purpose of cutting off that much water competition. Another consideration not to be lost sight of is the fact that right here on that northeastern corner bounded on the south by the main estuary and on the west by the channel of the north arm, would be presented a splendid terminus for another railroad entering the city.

Street Opening and Stratton Patent

Eighth: The railroad company offers to dedicate a street 80 feet wide extending from First and Chestnut streets westerly over the tide lands of the railroad company to what little of the water front may be left to the city between the holdings of the Western Pacific on the south and the Southern Pacific on the north. This offer is really a singular proposition, when it is considered that, without it, the City Council have the power under Article 15, Section 2, of the state con-

stitution to open, not one street, but a dozen, if it so desires, to its water front, regardless of the wishes or without the let or hindrance of the railroad company.

Ninth: The railroad company offers to relinquish and quitclaim unto the city of Oakland all lands held or claimed by it under what is known as the "Stratton Patent."

When it is considered that the title to these lands is very gravely in doubt in the first place, and secondly that the holdings of the railroad company constitute a long triangular piece of less than 2 acres in extent and are occupied almost exclusively by its tracks, its relinquishment to the city is a fitting end of all of the nine conditions which open with a proposition to pay the city $125 a month for the first twenty-five years of its holdings from the city.

Of course, the railroad company will escape many of the vicissitudes of competition and place itself beyond the contingencies consequent upon an ever-shifting appraisement by the City Council of the value of the possessions of the railroad company as the city increases in population and power, by the granting of this franchise, and it is not to be wondered at that it has used its utmost endeavors to try to convince the people of Oakland and the City Council that it has something to offer for the vast privileges and rights that it expects to receive in return, but if the City Council will sit down and analyze this proposed franchise, they will see what a hollow sham all the offers of the railroad company are.

A Cold-Blooded Business Proposition

It is a plain proposition of business, ought to be dealt with in that same spirit of cool calculation which the railroad company itself exercises in all of its business transactions, and if the City Council will show itself alive to this situation and act with only a small part of the business acumen which they individually make use of in their own daily transactions, they will succeed in retaining and realizing for the people all the benefits which the city is entitled to for these great privileges and at the same time do no injustice to the railroad company or anyone else, for the company will be paying value for value received.

When it is considered that the railroad company, stating the case in its most favorable light for it, has been for twenty-one years occupying without let or hindrance the finest piece of water front on the western coast of the American continent that belonged all the while to a municipal corporation, to whom it has never paid a dollar of rent, is it not time that it should be called upon to pay at least a reasonable rent henceforward for what it receives?

We have often wondered why so many girls bait their hooks with piano solos, and why so few of them use fried chicken.—Topeka Capital.

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THE ROMANCE OF BOOKS

A writer in the London Globe has traced out some facts of curious interest in the history of books. He says:

Books play a very important role in the journey from the cradle to the grave—they are by no means the least of the things that tend to make life worth living. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the love of books is a passion that nothing but death can quench. And this attribute was displayed by Mark Twain, whose last moments of consciousness were spent in the endeavor to read one of his favorite passages in his favorite book—Carlyle's "French Revolution." Another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death" was afforded by another humorist. When James Russell Lowell and all his friends knew well that for him the silver cord of life would soon be loosed, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes went out to pay him a last visit at his home at Elmwood. The two brilliant men of letters had always been like brothers, calling each other by their first names. As the doctor entered the room he said, in his usual benignant and breezy way, "Well, James, how are you today?" And Lowell, book in hand, looked up with a bright smile as he answered, "Wendell, I do not know how I am, and I don't care. I am reading Scott's 'Rob Roy.'"

Sometimes the fascination of fiction is shown in other curious ways. For instance, when "Dombey and Son" was being published in serial form the eagerness of the American public to follow the thread of the story could not be satisfied. There were no cables in those days, and news as well as merchandise had to be sent by boat. When Dickens had proceeded so far with the interesting story as to bring little Paul into a condition between life and death the ship that brought the next number, containing the continuation of the narrative, was met as she drew up at the pier by an anxious crowd waiting for tidings of the fate of little Paul. But we need not go across the Atlantic for examples of the intense interest that was taken in the fate of Paul Dombey. In England coaches were intercepted on their way from London to provincial towns, and the booksellers' parcels ransacked for the green-covered monthly number, while passengers from town were eagerly questioned, "What about little Paul?" One recalls, too, a story of a book of the past. The inhabitants of an English village set the church bell a-ringing when, having read with breathless interest some eight or nine volumes of Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," they found that in the tenth or eleventh the heroine was about to be happily married.

And not infrequently the popularity of some books has been so great that the free lending libraries have been besieged by those anxious to purchase copies. Mrs. Burnett's delightful "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a case in point. People almost went crazy over it, and even stern old maids would unbend and dignified young ladies would lose all sense of decorum when they were wanting it. They would wait for hours outside the libraries for the borrowers who were returning the copies, and watch them safely back, so that they could be among the first to take them out again. The vigilance exercised in "spotting" their return was worthy of a better cause, and there were often serious thoughts of calling in the services of the police, for it seemed sometimes as though the clamoring claimants would not stop at physical force if thereby they might obtain the books. A somewhat similar state of things occurred in many places when Hall Caine's "Manxman" was published. In Edinburgh the most extraordinary demand sprang up for it at the libraries. A lady on asking for the book in one of these was delighted when told she could have it if willing to be the eighteenth in turn, for, she said, "I've tried three libraries before and the lowest turn I could get anywhere is the ninetieth!"

There are, however, few phases of the romance of books so interesting as the origins of famous works—as will be apparent from a couple of illustrations. Soon after "Treasure Island" had appeared and attracted public attention to Robert Louis Stevenson two gentlemen were traveling up to London from

(Concluded on Facing Page)

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The author of "Skid Puffer" read "The White Mlant" in The California Weekly of September 16th, criticized it as tautological in wording and obvious plot. Herewith we present his ideas of an improved sion of the story of the vision-haunted mind. We uld be glad to have our readers write us their opinion the relative merits of the two versions. The Editor]

THE DESERT THING

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SKID PUFFER"

(Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.)
[Book rights reserved]

A MORE weird, dissociated horseback ride perhaps no one ever knew. I was dumbly proceeding along a vast desert, which, in the ashen moonlight, seemed altogether horizonless. Whence I came and whither bound I then did not know. There had been no farewells that I could recall and now there were no ends, no bounds, no direction. I felt the rise and fall of my galloping mustang's body, and dreamily heard the beat of its hoofs. Up and wn, rise and fall, I felt the insistent, osciling urge; beat on beat, monotonous, in iseless recurrent rhythm. I oppressedly heard intervalic clatter on the floor of the ends waste. It had been thus in my guideless lloping, hour after hour, without pause, thout slackening, without direction, the full on in heartless radiance casting our long, bbing, beckoning shadows ahead—writhing, reachable shadows—pointing on to the incriminate Beyond.

I leaned low over my pommel in utter ariness, dumbly bewildered, filled half conously with an impending, indefinable opession. I wondered why I was chasing se unreachable, inescapable shades. Wonred why they bobbed up and down so, where y were leading me. Why did they run ay so swiftly? Why was I chasing so fast? ey began to edge slowly into my consciousss as demonish guides.

I was aroused with a newly risen desert nd at my back, icily cold, but rising, falling, e the shadows there. Was it after me? I uddered and urged my mustang to a faster it. But as yet I could not understand.

The full moon's increasing light beat back narrowed circle of the desert glooms, dising still wider, undelimited vistas before d behind, of waste and famine and death. ie far front horizon, duskily limned, rose ostly. I sat up now, brushed my eyes, tried think more clearly, to see more distinctly, t the heartless light melted into the feature- dusk. I strained my vision ahead, awaked to a livelier consciousness, tried to rouse senses to know where I was, to underand the meaning of it all. But only the rved sage, the stunted cactal growths, the unting distances, there the spectral yucca, re the imploratory arms of the saguarro, a yote loping like a dancing feather, the devil ty of the shadows under my mustang's nose, receding specter of the front horizon line.

I did not know where I was in that inlimitable immensity with its emptiness, its inous silences. My mustang was not runng in a level speed, no; gallop, gallop, on d on, the rhythmic beat, the intervalic bobg, the squeak of the saddle leathers, the adily intermittent clink of the lariat rings, d oh how weary, inexpressibly weary I am! end over the pommel, lower, lower, my eyes em impelled to close.

Now I lose sense of the lariat rings, the ueak of the stirrup straps, the stertorous rst of the mustang, the hoof beats are vanng slowly out of my mind. Like a cowy I must have been asleep in the saddle, but a gallop.

I jerked awake; something was following s. I felt it, knew it, but dared not look beind—not yet. It was a presence, something ove and swooning along silently, menacing- behind. The horse was running through avier sand, the hoof beats were gone, the ence was supreme. We seemed to be inging through the air with the jarless mo- n of a great ship in a becalmed sea. I ouched over my saddle, tense-eared, listeng for a bark, a howl, the confused ravening nger cries of the desert pack. Nothing, thing but the felt, far-off presence slowly ining on me.

My exhausted body began to stiffen, my rves sang with suspense and deadly fear. y mustang threw his ears backward as if his ier sense had heard the silent swim of the thing behind. I bent lower on my animal's neck, the air roared past my ears, and I shot erect, aghast at the sight of fresh blood on my hands. My God! Where had I been? What had I done? I had to grasp my pommel with both hands to keep from reeling off my animal. Now I knew I was awake and not insane, but this suspense would drive me mad.

I crouched lower still and began to twist my head backward, around, over my shoulder—a little further, yet still a little more; directly one eye caught a glance of—my God! I did not know what. It was a devil thing. It had mightily flaring blood streaked wings and in their center at its front were two huge, bulging, phosphorescent balls of molten greenish-red fire.

Screeching I bellied my mustang's neck, stiffened with horror and closed my eyes. My animal, experienced in savage warfare on the plains, felt my cover and raged with the last ounce of power of his body in flight. I bent upward, clutched my hands in his mane and kicked my spurs again and again in his throbbing flanks.

I do not know how long I clung and clutched there, expecting every moment to see the reflection of the thing's eyes on the sands about me and to feel the beginning clutch in my ribs. Oh! that prolonged agony of suspense, waiting—waiting—for that desert thing.

Fear and the hope of escape were the only emotions in my mind. But even they, somehow, cleared my brain. I knew this devil thing of the waste could not be an ignis fatuus, a moonlight mirage, a will o' the wisp in the dry, thirst-filled desert. But it was a fact in my consciousness just as sure as that I was alive; just as insistent, as inescapable as those demon figures under my mustang's nose.

I knew in every fiber of my being that it was getting closer all the time. I despairingly began to search for the reflection of its eyes, on my horse's neck, on the bushes swimming behind, on the sands below racing with me in endless course. I strained to hear the tense tremor of its wings, and I am ashamed to write that twice I thought I heard the champing of teeth like those of a fighting boar.

Suddenly I saw directly ahead something that looked like a long, low red lake, that fused into the impenetrable darkness of the mountains beyond. Then I recall that I mumbled exultingly, screamed with a sibilant shriek on my animal's sweaty neck. I was so senseless with horror that I scarcely knew what I did but there was a concept in my throbbing head that this was somehow like another red sea that overwhelmed another savage pursuing host two thousand years ago.

At once, almost, my mustang plunged into a long flat of red alkali dust that rose stormily in crimson clouds and enveloped me. Exulting under my breath, but still half paralyzed with dread and suspense, I rode on and on, now and then sensclessly spurring my laboring animal and beating it ragingly with my fists.

I reached the edge of the flat and rode out on the hard ground, whirled around and saw the desert thing intermittently, here, there, dipping, crossing, circling around like a great desert eagle for its dropped prey, hunting for its escape. And as the moon shone on the edges and rims and up-rolling clouds, the thing seemed to be hunting in a raging sea of blood.

I felt almost safe in the blackness on the shadow side of the low mountains and, as I clattered along the trail of their western side, I felt that I had escaped those shadows before, the thing itself behind, but the spirit rings and squeakings and beat beats were most accursedly loud. All at once, I saw that the road forked and the right one, I dimly discerned, extended through a short but climbing mountain pass. Soon I and the [illegible] the mountain between me and the red lake. Up, up rose the highway, the mountain trail. I passed out almost at the crest and the sun came bursting into my face. It was morning and the cattle on a thousand swells, valleys and long plains were biting at the grass. Ground sparrows were chittering in the sage and tree choyas, and there were a thousand invigorating odors of the resurrections of early spring. The transition from darkness to light made me feel as if I had been suddenly flung out of hell into paradise.

I stood up in my stirrups and yelled; fired my revolver in the soft air; patted my mustang's streaming neck and scraped the foam and blood from its still throbbing flanks.

Ahead of me a mile away I saw familiar range sheds and barns; great cattle corrals, and the desert windmills, gayly turning in the soft morning air. I sat awry in my saddle to rest myself, and my emotions were so exaltant, I waved my hands to cattle that had stopped browsing to stare. I knew those cattle as well as I did my animal. How glad I was, foolishly glad to be with them once more.

As my tired pony pitty-patted on the hard range road, I tried to think, to understand. My mind even yet, when I reflected, was in a whirl. I turned my head carelessly back on the road I had come. I instantly congealed with terror. Here came the Desert Thing, paler, pop-eyed, hungry looking, humming with the speed of its flight. It was more subdued, as if tired and almost exhausted but—coming. I hope my Maker will never allow me to go through the agony of that last mile again. I can not at all describe it. All that I knew, till I came to the horse trough, was that I clung to the saddle pommel screaming, and so weak I almost toppled out of my saddle. Just as I reached the watering trough my loyal mustang reeled, plunged headlong and the blood streaming from a burst artery, it fell tumblingly to the earth. I flew on. I lit, tumbled, rolled and slashed up against the bunkhouse, my feet high up among the morning glory vines. There I lay stunned, half killed.

* * * * * * * * *

Now I hear voices about me; what is that familiar tone saying?

"Bob, Bob! Get up. Got to finish the round-up to-day. Here! I am the doctor. Take this. Bob! Bo-ob! Get up. Good lord what a time them boys must 'a' had last night. They must 'a' drank a bar'l."

("The Romance of Books"—Concluded)

Norfolk. One of them was reading "Treasure Island." Presently, having finished the book, he dropped it into his traveling bag, remarking, "Well, I think I could myself write a better child's story than that." The other, who, by the way, was his brother, urged him to try. Six weeks afterward the former handed to the latter a complete tale in manuscript. It was "King Solomon's Mines," the first novel that made a reputation for Mr. Rider Haggard. It was Mr. Henry James who suggested to the late George du Maurier that he should write novels. The artist-novelist once described the episode which was to make him as famous with the pen as he was with the brush. "It was one day while we were walking on Hampstead Heath. We were talking about story writing, and I said to him, 'If I were a writer, it seems to me that I should have no difficulty about plots. I have in my head now plots for fifty stories. I'm always working them out for my own amusement.' 'Well,' he said, 'it seems to me that you are a very fortunate person. I wish you'd tell me one of those plots.' Then I told him the story of 'Trilby.'"

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SHEAR WIT

"If I buy you a seat in the Stock Exchange will you agree to go to work?" "I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the Senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Californian of little understanding speaks of the impertinence of New York shopgirls. One does not speak of the "impertinence" of the "saleslades." "Imperiousness" is the term.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"See here, Mr. Huggins," said the irate landlady to one of the boarders, "you have been flirting with my daughter, and last night I saw you kiss her. Now, I want to know just what your intentions are?" "My intentions, Mrs. Hasher," answered the young man, "are never to do it again."—Chicago News.

Fred, age 3, had been a naughty boy, and his mother had punished him. He felt very much hurt and complained to his auntie about his mamma's spanking him. Auntie said, "It is not you that mamma spanks, but a little devil inside of you who makes you do naughty things." After sitting very still for five minutes he said: "It beats all how it hurts me when that devil gets spanked."—The Delineator.

Cards received here this morning announce the marriage yesterday of Chester Hill Waters of this city to Marie Lehman of Des Moines. The intelligence came as quite a surprise to the many friends of the young man here, who were unaware that he was contemplating anything of this character. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Waters of Ringwood and was a very bright young man.—Clinton (Iowa) Advertiser.

They had argued long and furiously over the question, "Can a man marry his widow's niece!" and the highly talented lawyer in the corner had waxed eloquent over the marriage laws of every state in the union, every country in the world, civilized and uncivilized, and had cited the affinity tables of every church, and even the legislation of Lycurgus down to that of Brigham Young, when a young man quietly announced his intense desire to be informed where the deuce a man was when his wife was a widow? Then the discussion closed down, and fourteen excited controversialists ordered ice water.—New York Times.

On board an ocean liner were a lady and gentleman, accompanied by their young hopeful, aged 6, and as is usually the case the parents were very sick while little Willie was the wellest thing on board. One day the parents were lying in their steamer chairs hoping that they would die, and little Willie was playing about the deck. Willie did something of which his mother did not approve, so she said to her husband: "John, please speak to Willie." The husband with the little strength left in his wasted form, looked at his son and heir and feebly muttered, "How'dy do, Willie."—Lyceumite.

Here is a story which Secretary of War Dickinson, who is from the south and a student of the negro, tells of how a colored man planned to save money when his brother died. The darky went to the station agent in his little town, which was about fifty miles from Memphis, Tenn., and asked solemnly: "Boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse from hyuh to Memphis?" The agent told him. "Well, boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse on a round trip from hyuh to Memphis?" This information was also given, but the agent added: "I never heard of carrying a corpse on a round trip." "Well, boss, you see, it's dis way," explained the darky; "dis hyuh corpse is my bruvver, an' we got a lot of kin folks up in Memphis. All dem kin folks would come down hyuh to look at de corpse, an' dey would des eat me outen house an' home. I thought I'd save money by fetchin' dis corpse up dar an' lettin' 'em take a look at him. Den I could brung him back and bury him quiet and peaceful."—Popular Magazine.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and hence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 385 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broadway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plainitffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5960.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

NOTICE OF MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

A meeting of the stockholders of the YUBA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY of Arizona will be held at the office of the company, Room 207, Balboa Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Saturday, the first day of October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing directors and such other business as may come before the meeting.

It is proposed at such meeting to amend the articles of incorporation of the company to provide that 300,000 shares of its capital stock shall be preferred stock, under such terms and conditions as may be determined at the meeting.

In order to comply with the law of Arizona, the annual meeting of the stockholders of this corporation will be held at the office of the company in the rooms of E. J. Bennitt, 16 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Arizona, on the 7th day of October, 1910, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering, ratifying and confirming the action taken at the said meeting of October first.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Secretary.

9-16-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG,
GEORGE KNOX,
Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor. Market street, near Third.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office.	Residence.
88 Montgomery St.	1297 McAllister St.
Phone Kearny 4491	Phone Park 4190

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Board of Agriculture

If government were limited to protecting people in their rights, and then letting them have it out among themselves as best they may, there would be no State Board of Agriculture. Perhaps the loss might not be great in this instance, but there would be a loss. Such an institution has its warrant in the general welfare idea as applied to government and that idea is capable of doubling, quadrupling and then doubling and quadrupling again and again, the activities of government. The ultimatum, if we shall attain to it, will be a regulated, prearranged socialistic civilization in which the individual is swallowed up and lost in the shuffle as he is now in China and Japan. But there is no need that we shall reach the ultimatum, that we shall follow any idea to its consummation. We must not. We must go so far as it is prudent to go and there stop. Beware of the logical conclusion. It is the jumping off place.

When California was admitted to the Union it was commonly believed to have little agricultural value. It was so different from agriculture in other states that men were slow to grasp its possibilities. But it was not long before the urgent demand, in the mines, for fruits, vegetables and cereals set many to work tilling the soil and with no little success. The common welfare demanded agricultural development and legislation responded to the demand. In those days, there being so little property in the state to be taxed, funds for supporting the state were chiefly obtained by a system of licenses similar to those now imposed in cities and towns. The first aid to agriculture in California consisted in exempting from license taxes agricultural labor and the sale of agricultural products.

That was in 1852 and, that year, the State Agricultural Society was formed. Two years later it was incorporated by a special act of the legislature, and an appropriation of $5,000 a year for four years was made to aid agriculture in California. Fairs were held and prizes were offered, such as $500 for the first hundred bags of sugar made from sorghum or from cane, $3,000 for the first 100 bales of cotton, $1,000 for the first thousand bales of hops, $2,000 for the first ten bales of raw silk. This old State Agricultural Society was a voluntary organization, electing its own officers and it lasted until 1880, doing some very splendid work for the state, better it is commonly believed than has been done since.

But under the new constitution, adopted in 1879, the state was forbidden to grant money to any corporation for any purpose not specifically provided for in the constitution itself. So the old State Agricultural Society lost its voluntary character and became a state institution, its fourteen directors being appointed by the governor of the state, frequently by way of political recognition, instead of being elected by the volunteer members of the society. The old organization preserved its perpetuity by being known as the State Agricultural Society, but its directors, appointed by the governor, constitute the State Board of Agriculture, empowered to receive and expend appropriations of state moneys for advancing the agricultural interests of the state.

In some states it is no part of the business of the State Board of Agriculture to hold fairs. In California it is small part of its business to do anything else. It makes a bluff at collecting statistics, but they are inadequate. It holds a state fair annually at Sacramento, and state fairs are good. Their bane and their blessing is horse-racing. People like to see horses go. They always did, always will. Races draw the crowds, the crowds furnish the gate receipts, the gate receipts pay the premiums for agricultural exhibits. How to secure the blessing without the bane is the problem. The reader and the writer of this may thank their stars that they do not have to solve it. Racing without gambling is entertaining and not harmful, with gambling it is demoralizing and tends to swallow up the fair and monopolize its interest.

California needs to have its agriculture fostered, to have its agricultural resources conserved, its range of commodities broadened, its youth trained to love the soil, to preserve it, enrich it, hand it down to their successors better than they found it, for people must be fed until the end of time or there cannot be people. They will starve in California as in India and China.

California needs an agricultural department on lines similar to those of the Department of Agriculture of the United States which has expended more than a hundred million dollars of public money to advance the agricultural welfare of the nation. If California had such a department embracing all the activities now divided up among the State Board of Agriculture, the Horticultural Commissioner, State Veterinarian, Dairy Bureau, and some of the functions performed by the California College of Agriculture, order could be brought out of chaos and, by co-operation with the department at Washington, greater good could be gained with, perhaps, no greater cost than under our present uncoordinated system of public expenditure for the benefit of the farmer, the fruit grower and the stockman.

("Walter Macarthur"—Concluded)

offers of assistance to achieve office and the urging of those who believed that he was needed. He has entered the present race for congress with the feeling that he may possibly be able to demonstrate by his campaign that the public contempt of the office seeker is unjustified, and that a man can prove that office can be achieved by methods above reproach.

As to his politics, Macarthur has always been identified with the progressive element of the Democratic party in San Francisco. As national affairs now shape themselves, in the present division of congress on the line of progressivism as against standpatism, Walter Macarthur unmistakably and inevitably belongs with the progressive group. He has not been afraid to be unpopular in the past, and he would not fear it now. But it happens that he represents the progressive sentiment of the day in an ideal form. It so happens, also, that the Republicans of the Fourth Congressional District of California have nominated the incumbent, Julius Kahn, a Cannonite and standpatter of the most pronounced type. On that issue Walter Macarthur is the logical man for the fourth district. His kind of Democracy is infinitely nearer to progressive Republicanism than the Kahn kind of Republicanism. It is on that issue that the nation is now fighting the battle of the century. Walter Macarthur is with the right side. That side is victorious all over the union. It ought to be in the Fourth Congressional District of California.

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16th and SAN PABLO STREETS, OAKLAND

This Week: "What Did the Primary Prove"?

By A. B. Nye

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: OCTOBER 7 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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Farmers' Week

GINNING NEXT MONDAY, at the State Farm at Davis, school week will be devoted to showing the farmers of rnia how to prevent a California peasantry as an irremedia- heritance for their children's children if not for their own en. The man who knows how will be a landed proprietor. nan who does not, well, he'll take his place where he be- in the ranks of those who, like the crofters, are incapable king their condition either better or worse. We are bent, en, for as outrageous a system of rack-renting landlordism country as the world has known, and the issue on trial at is as to whether the children of the farmers of this gen- n are to be landlords or tenants.

Robert M. La Follette

E JOHN THE BAPTIST of our progressive Republican- m, Robert M. La Follette, has been subjected to the sur- knife to save his life. It will mean much to his country er or not the patient survives a perfectly successful opera- They don't always. No doughtier David ever went up t any Goliath and, if he has not in fact cut off the head giant of privilege, he has walloped him soundly more than Here is hoping that he may live to repeat the chastise- Four years ago Senator La Follette craved fifteen years of life that he might finish the task of helping to restore government to state and country. Never did a more us cause nerve the arm of a more valiant partisan!

A Business Proposition

A RAILROAD TO CHARGE $2.50 for switching a car freight on or off a private spur-track makes a nice little p in addition to regular revenues. It is supposed that the erce of San Francisco alone is mulcted to the extent of 00 a year in that way. But that is only a fraction of the m. It has been surmised rather than estimated, perhaps, every car of freight in the United States so switched were ed accordingly, the added net revenue to the railroads be something like $300,000,000 a year, which, capitalized er cent, would increase the market value of railroad stocks 000,000,000. Never dismiss a corporation pick-up from the without first translating it into terms of stock quotation, is at the ticker end of every such transaction that its real cance becomes apparent.

A Question of Conscience

S BEING DECLARED that whoever voted at a primary ction thereby impliedly obligated himself to accept the re- of that primary as a finality and to vote the ticket nom- without a scratch. It is not so. Any candidate that ts his name to a primary election impliedly obligates him- abide the result, but not so the voter. He is as free after nary as before, and good conscience requires him to make cket straight by scratching it until it is as straight as it e made with the material offered him by all the tickets in eld. No voter will bolt the ticket of his party for a trivial n, but only a trivial voter will refuse to bolt it when he good reason. The day of preprimary pledges, which le the wrists of honest men while dishonest shuck their uffs, has gone by, let us hope, never to return.

Where To Stick the Peg

ARTFUL AGITATORS ARE STRIVING to set the nation by the ears over the century-old issue of states' rights. Our national good sense should save us from its being permitted. The call is not for dogmatism but for common sense. All can see that certain functions must be performed by the central government because they concern all the states in the Union, and it is as easy to perceive that other functions can best be performed by each state because each state alone is concerned. When any concrete case comes up the American people will be able to stick that particular peg exactly where it ought to go unless confused by dogmatic attempts to lay down as law that which is not law. Let us not permit our minds to be muddled regarding real issues by suffering false issues to be raised.

Reciprocity With Canada

NEGOTIATIONS ARE SOON TO OPEN between Washington and Ottawa relative to reciprocal tariff relations between the United States and Canada, and the President is said to be liberally minded toward the establishment of such relations. That is good, but the President will have a very active bourbonism on both sides of the line to contend with before the point is gained. Free trade between these two countries, with regard to the products of both countries, would prove an inestimable blessing to both the high contracting parties. And, what is even more to the ultimate purpose, would mightily make for both countries becoming one country. Never should the concept of an ocean-bound republic be absent from the American mind, be that mind at Dawson or the Big Ditch.

Reno Hard Hit

THE NEW YORK COURT that decided that divorces granted in Reno are good only in Reno hit Reno's most profitable industry below the belt. It goes without saying that the divorce that one cannot get at home ought not to be good at home, but what of the divorcees who married and went off triumphantly with the other man or woman as soon as Reno had snipped the cord that bound them? Won't there be a jolly time taking the tangles out of American marital relations if the precedent established by the New York court is followed by courts in all the other states? Why shouldn't it? It seems founded in common sense, and is not law the perfection of common sense?

Why Not National?

WHY SHOULD NOT OFFENSES such as those growing out of the boughten election of Senator Lorimer, be taken cognizance of by the Department of Justice and the United States courts instead of by the courts and district attorneys in the counties where the offenses chanced to be committed? The good of the country demands that offenses against the country be confined to no jurisdictions smaller than the country. The senate committee has power to serve subpoenas anywhere, but has no power other than to report guilt if found. Nor has the senate any power other than to expel. What justice demands in such cases is that the guilty be expelled, put in prison and made to pound rock for a term at least equal to that for which he was corruptly elected to make laws. Those Illinois miscreants are fairly laughing in their sleeves.

The Power of a Moral Sense

The power there is in a public moral sense is being splendidly exemplified in the revolution that is taking place in the government of San Francisco, for, unless it be a bluff of unrivaled audacity, what is taking place amounts to a revolution. Take a look at it. In it will be found both food for thought and reason for taking courage. The power there is in a community moral sense is being vindicated before our eyes.

Here was a mayor, and a working majority of supervisors and other city officers, elected, not as pretended, to represent that element in our municipal life that toils and moils for a living, but that element that is parasitic, that lives and thrives on the excesses and follies of men and women; that element of criminality that fetches together in a common fraternity the grafter and the gambler, those who would bring justice to naught and those who would live in unbridled license.

The ideal that the members of this city government had in mind was "gay Paree," not the Paris of parks and boulevards, of public edifices having nobility of design, not the Paris of culture and refinement, of literature and art, of science and learning, but the Paris of jewelers' shops and luxurious cafes, of bedizened women and profligate men, the Paris of a reckless night life and days of disturbed dreams, the vortex of a commonwealth, yes, even of a republic. In furtherance of this design the "lid" was taken off seething vice, and a Chief of Police was selected who was expected to see nothing and hear nothing that would interfere with the city's unbridled gaiety. The story of the extension of the tenderloin, the opening of innumerable clubs, of the loosening of all that ought to have been chained and the chaining of all that ought to have been loosened, is too familiar to all to require recounting. San Francisco, for the first time since before the fire, became a wide-open town.

Then came the driving out of the prize fight gang. All honor to Governor Gillett, and no honor to Mayor McCarthy, for that! It was an act more notable for its swift and righteous morality than for its prudent and formal legality, but we can afford to let that pass. It served!

Then followed a moral awakening among the people. They had been hopeless of any good thing. The driving of the sluggers to Reno put new heart into those who stand for Right Things. The name of McCarthy became anathema in the mouths of men, the city government was made to feel the scorn of all right thinking people. That government bent before the storm. The Chief of Police, selected, as he himself declared, with the expectation that he would be blind, was forced out of office, as he complained, because he did not see. The enlarged tenderloin was ordered closed, the lid was shut down and a man was appointed Chief of Police upon whom the community can rely to be blind to no unclean thing, a man with a heart of oak and a civic morality well-nigh Puritanical. The ordinance designed for bringing back the slot machines was strangled by its own creators and cast out as unclean.

Has this our city government therefore been brought under conviction for sin? Not by any manner of means. The McCarthy of October, 1910, is the same McCarthy that in October, 1909, was promising, openly and undisguisedly promising, to make San Francisco the "Paris of America" with all the license that commonly goes with a seaport city. The supervisors who then "personally favored" a wide-open city "personally favor" such a city now, but, as they themselves confess, the decency they are manifesting is a surrender of personal preferences to the demands of a moral sense on the part of the people of San Francisco.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

This the city government is better able to obey than to appreciate.

What the power of a moral purpose is to a man the strength of a public moral sense is to a city. There is no iniquity so brazen, no turpitude so shameless, as not to quail before it. What San Francisco now needs is to move up higher and demand more, for instance, the driving of all saloons out of the residence districts. If decency knew its own strength it would not be balked of its desires.

It was too much to expect that the Mayor would complete the laudable work undertaken without exposing the ears of the animal he so much resembles at least once. He must pay his respects to the administration of former Mayor Taylor by declaring that he fell heir, January 8, to intolerable conditions that principally owed their origin to a resolution of the Board of Police Commissioners passed March 21, following. This outbreak is to be accepted as indicative of the character of the real McCarthy when not restrained by the power of a public moral sense.

The Harvest of Hate

Every cause fought for develops fanaticism. Fanaticism is insanity and it often takes that form of insanity known as homicidal mania. Whoever blew up the Times office at Los Angeles was a homicidal fanatic.

No one not blinded by prejudice or passion will charge the striking unions in Los Angeles with responsibility for the atrocity, and yet no one not blinded by prejudice or passion can deny that if there had been no strike there would have been no explosion. The attempted destruction of the home of Zehandelaar, evidently by the same persons and with the same kind of explosives used at the home of General Otis, sufficiently disproves the inference that Mexican revolutionists were the perpetrators of the outrage.

Fanaticism, in the mind of the fanatic, not only removes the stigma of assassination from the taking of life but exalts it to the highest act of patriotism. Witness the hundreds of thousands buried alive or burned at the stake in defense of religion, for the extirpation of witchcraft, believing they were doing God's service. There are scores of labor unionists who would put a fly out of the window without injury who would nevertheless kill a "scab" as they would kill a dog that had attacked and torn one of their children, believing that they were conferring upon the cause of brotherhood an inestimable blessing. And they would give their own lives as readily as they would sacrifice the lives of others. It is a terrible thing, this homicidal fanaticism. It has made the world a shambles times without number.

It is the offspring of tyranny and hate. It cannot be repressed. It cannot be stamped out. Where the most repressive measures are adopted there terrorism thrives best. The blood of the martyrs is the seed, not alone of the church, but of the guild, the revolution, the "cause," whatever its nature.

Dynamite is destined to play a dangerous part in the social controversies of all countries. It is easily obtained, easily transported, hidden, placed and exploded, and it leaves few traces. Were it not that most criminals are blunderers, detection would be impossible. That twenty-one innocent lives were lost in the Times building does not argue against the atrocity being the act of labor union fanatics. They would find little difficulty in convincing themselves that whoever upheld the arch enemy of labor, by working for him, deserved to share his fate. Neither reason nor compassion places limits upon atrocities of which a homicidal fanaticism is capable.

But it cannot, must not, be that any cause can be advanced through terrorism. If concessions, denied to other methods of propagandism, were yielded to terrorism such tragedies as that of the destruction of the Los Angeles Times would become as common as railroad accidents if not as accidents by automobile. If there be a yielding to that sort of persuasion all will be lost. Its ineffectiveness must be its most convincing dissuasion. The truculent determination of General Otis to fight on as he has been fighting, blindly and relentlessly, becomes by this atrocity a redeeming virtue rather than a vice. Once concede the convincing quality of the dynamite argument, and there will, where passions have been aroused, be an end to all other tribunals for the adjusting of differences.

And yet General Otis has but reaped the harvest of the hate-crop he has been sowing for twenty years. A courageous man and a doughty fighter, he has chosen to fight the right as often as the wrong, to blister and bludgeon whoever aroused his animosities, and his animosities were as quick and as irrational as the acts of any fanatic. He has lived under the dispensation of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and the sympathy now felt for him is that felt for a poor old man who has earned the hatred of the many and the love of the few. Of course this does not palliate the inhuman tragedy. It merely accounts for it.

What, then, is the remedy for such atrocities? Society cannot hold together if they become frequent. There is but one remedy and that is justice, justice so even-handed, so palpably fair, the deal so square that the rancor of injustice can find no lodging place in any human heart. Even then there will be an occasional Guiteau or Czolgosz! The maxim of social order must be, "nothing to terrorism, but everything to reason and right." The fault of General Otis has been that he has been no more willing to make concession to reason and to right than to terrorism, but let him stand firm now. It were an unspeakable evil to have the issue turn out as it did when the San Francisco grafters inspired and hired the use of dynamite on their behalf, for, in that case, terrorism attained its object. It drove beyond the jurisdiction of the court a most material witness against them. Did the success of that enterprise nerve the arms of those who blew up the Times building?

Promotion for Judge Coffey

Without disparagement to the many good qualities of Judge Thomas J. Lennon, an honest gentleman and a just and able judge, this paper has, after mature deliberation, reached the conclusion that Judge James V. Coffey has richly earned, and should receive, promotion to the appellate bench. The thought was for a time entertained that Judge Coffey might owe it as a further duty to the well-being of San Francisco to remain where he is to dispose

he probate business of the city and county h that integrity and steadfastness that has racterized his twenty-eight years of service the bench; but the first district court of cals needs strengthening. As now consti-d it has not the full confidence of the pub- It needs re-enforcement. It especially ds added to its personnel a man unafraid criticism, stanch and steadfast, widely own to be strong. It is the misfortune of ge Lennon that he has not had opportunity become a household personification of judi- strength. Fortune has given Judge Coffey t opportunity and he has made the most of His accession to that bench will strengthen s perhaps the accession of no other man ld. Our courts need the utmost that can lone for them toward reassuring the public d regarding them and, for this reason if for other, The California Weekly commends ge James V. Coffey to the favorable con-ration of its readers.

The Revolution in Portugal

onditions in Spain and Portugal are similar both have been living with a half smoth-l volcano under them. That recent events be understood a few blunt truths must be ed.

he kings of both countries are peurilities have little or no hold on the affections or ginations of their people. They have vir-ly abdicated all functions of government in interests of rather strong prime ministers. re is a profound conviction among the toil-masses that the toilers do not get a fair rn for their toil and that the reasons they not are three: That they are supporting an and luxurious royalty, that the Catholic ers are securing advantages that work a dship upon the commonalty, and that spe- privilege underlies all things.

What is known in these two countries as rchism is prevalent among the people. It ot anarchism as we conceive it. Rather is going with philosophical anarchists, al-ugh not of them, as the best method of pro-ing against the existing order, as, in Ger-ny, hundreds of thousands of Germans, not ialists, vote with the Socialists as the best ilable method of protesting against a social er founded on privilege. This anarchism not in the main terroristic, but it is pro-ndly in earnest and inclined to revolution.

he expulsion of the Catholic orders from nce caused many of them to take refuge in in and Portugal, where the church ob-ed for them valuable concessions and im-nities from taxation that bear hard upon the ustries of the people, both in unequal com-tion and in taxation, a taxation that, from cause or another, keeps the people poor. se are the fundamental causes of the out-ak in Portugal and the unrest in Spain.

is of interest, too, to us to know that of the ideals most cherished by these archists" is a desire for such a public school tem as we have in America, and especially se features of our public school system that race free technical and agricultural instruc-. In short, the whole movement is a part that world movement for the rise of the mon man that is shaping our "newer na-alism," our "Human Republicanism," as am Johnson expresses it. Being self re-ined and Germanic in our ancestry we pro-d by orderly methods. Being Latin in gin and not inured to self-restraint our Por-uese and Spanish brothers, fighting a sim- battle against "the interests," disorders re result, while here nothing more dan-ous occurs than a warmness in the collar. ve will but put ourselves in their places we ll have much sympathy for the ambitions hopes of our brethren across the water. ough their methods are not such as we can mend.

Passing of the Indian

Lugubrious lucubrations are being indulged because the census shows that the Indian is passing from the earth. What of it? All who are born into the world must die out of it, whether white or black, red or yellow, and to fail of being born is not an injury likely to cause intensity of suffering to the person most vitally concerned, the person not born. He can stand it.

The negro in America is going the same road as the Indian, albeit a little slower. The generations born since the war are hardly maintaining their own numbers. They are dying off or fading out. If not yet absolutely, at least relatively as to the whites, the blacks in America are petering out. It may be doubted if a better solution of the color problem could be devised.

But what of the Yankee, too? By all signs and portents he is traveling the same road traveled by the Indian and the Negro. He it was who made the mold in which the typical American was cast, shaped his institutions, conceived his ideals, made his history, but, even in New England itself, the child born today is as likely to have a flannel mouth as a blue belly, to have the swart skin of Latin or Greek as the light hair or blue eyes of the Saxon.

And while the quarter of a million of Indians and the ten or twelve millions of negroes are dying out what countless millions of whites will terminate their strains from precisely the same cause—inability to withstand the press and stress of those fitter to survive. Race suicide at the top and poverty, squalor and crime at the bottom, are drawing no color lines. Even the Jew with his wonderful struggle to preserve his racial integrity approximates to Slav in Slavonia, to Arab in Arabia, to the Moor in Morocco, to the Saxon in England, to the Frank in France, to the Muscovite in Russia. Whether or not we were all of one flesh in the beginning that we shall be at the ending, at least in America, is demonstrable. What the product will be God knows, we do not.

Southern Pacific Oil Lands

The declaration of Gifford Pinchot, that the United States government should at once proceed to recover the ownership of the oil lands within the grants to the Southern Pacific Company, carried joy to many and indignation to others. The many said in their hearts, "Why, yes, recover them if they can be recovered. The Southern Pacific Company has no friends. By its conduct toward the people it has denied itself benefit of clergy."

Those not in sympathy with that view say, in their hearts, and very probably by word of mouth also: "There they go again, those anarchists! That shows that the people have no sense of justice, that they would deprive anyone whom they dislike of all rights in property or in life itself if they had the power. The Southern Pacific Company got these lands in good faith and the fact that oil has since been discovered under them should not cause title thereto to be unsettled."

Neither side has the advantage of the other. Both are voicing first impressions and not settled convictions. The first would retrieve the lands, whether or no, and the second, whether or no, would not disturb the Southern Pacific in their possession. Both are wrong.

The issue is: What did the original grant contemplate? Was it nominated in that grant that mineral lands should be excluded? The terms of the grant should be lived up to whether they work to the benefit of one side or other and emotion should have no part in the discussion for or against. Let justice be done according to law, but let the subject be looked into that justice may be done

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

With the doctrinal value [illegible] department has no concern. That is for theologians, but as a fact in history [illegible] perhaps no other feature of that [illegible] tragedy has had a deeper significance through all the centuries since than the appeal to The Father to forgive, "for they know not what they do."

But was that a real good reason why that blood-hungry mob should have been forgiven? Is not knowing what one does a good reason for doing wrong, for doing the monstrous thing? Were those Jews so easily excusable for plotting the death of The Christ? He was giving the old order a thorough shaking. They held the mistaken opinion that the shaking would work injury to humanity. Had the doctrine of culpable negligence no place in the moral philosophy of that time? It has now and needs a more rigorous application than it receives.

In reinvestigating the great financial agencies at work in Wall street Mr Lincoln Steffens finds that the players of the game of high finance have no vision of, or concern for, the ultimate social consequences of their acts. They see chances to make money according to the rules of the game of money-making and they avail themselves of all such opportunities without stopping to consider consequences to country or to humanity. They "know not what they do." What is worse, they care not to know. It does not occur to them that they should make it their business to know. Like a man in a well, those men of Wall street have a narrow horizon which they have no innate desire to broaden. Is their offense against human society one to be lightly and inconsiderately forgiven? The Man on the cross, spear thrust in his side, spikes driven through feet and hands, brow bleeding from the pricks of the crown of thorns, he could forgive his tormentors and go out of life bearing no malice in his heart, but was it not the business of those who wrought that inhuman injury to know what they did?

The purpose is not to quarrel with the tragedy on Calvary, but to bring nearer home the doctrine of responsibility for what we do, the obligation that is upon each of us to look where we step that we may not tread upon the toes or the skirts of others, to study our philosophies of life and see where they tend.

A hunter goes into the brush, sees something, he does not know what, and, at a venture, blazes away at it. It is another hunter who falls writhing in the agony of death. Sorrow for the dead is lost in sorrow for the "poor fellow" who shot him. He knew not what he did. But why didn't he know? He had better lose all the deer in the world, going to his grave without ever having killed one of the beautiful creatures than to have fired one shot at a chance of killing a man.

A man gets drunk and, when in a drunken frenzy, commits a horrible crime. "Poor fellow! He didn't mean to. He knew not what he did. He was drunk." We all see many cases of this kind that not knowing is no excuse, that it is the business of everyone to stay sober so that he may know, that he may keep his wits about him.

But how many of us search our own hearts to know the inspiring motives that lie within, to know if those motives be worthy? How many of us prearrange our courses in life with reference to their effect upon those about us? How many give heed to know if what they want very much to do is going to be worth doing? If we do not concern ourselves to know is it because we fancy that ignorance is an abundant justification? Ignorance of the law is no excuse for law-breaking. The civil law puts us upon inquiry that we may know. The moral law cannot do less. We may be forgiven our fault, but except we have done our best to know what we do, our fault cannot be justified.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

What We Pay Our Parsons

If you have a pain below the solar plexus, for which your simple but practical old grandmother would have applied an enthusiastic mustard plaster, you send for a physician, who diagnoses the ailment as appendicitis, cuts you open and removes that internal excrescence which, as so many doctors regretfully admit, proves that Nature is but a bungling craftsman, after all. Then, if you are strictly honest, you pay him a few hundred dollars for his services, and reflect on how much he has benefited you. But suppose it is your soul that is diseased and afflicted with such pain as demands treatment, what do you do then? Why, you and a few dozens or hundreds of other men "chip in" together, hire a spiritual physician by the year, and, for an entire year's unremitting service, pay him perhaps as much as you paid the physical doctor for a single operation. This is the estimate that we set on the proportionate values of the souls and bodies of us, and we should know something about the kind of souls we carry and what they are worth. The average parson in the United States of America receives a salary of $663 a year, $55.25 a month, with prices of food, clothing and all things still ballooning! Let us fervently trust, brethren, that the treasure he lays up in Heaven will in the end compensate for genteel starvation here below. The Unitarian, whose religion is denied to be religion by the more orthodox, treats his clergyman best of all, paying him an average annual salary of $1,653, but Congregationalists and Lutherans also pay their average parsons more than a hundred dollars a month. From these figures the annual salaries shade down until they reach low and lowest water mark in the average of $121 paid by the Separate Baptists and $111 paid by the Congregational Methodists. Is it too much to say that the whole situation suggests that either our souls are of slight value or we underestimate them? In any event, may the Lord help the parsons, for man is none too willing.

Messina Still Lies in Ruins

It now is nearly two years since the city of Messina was practically annihilated by an earthquake. Very shortly after the catastrophe the question was generally asked, Will the city ever be rebuilt? and Italy replied, It undoubtedly will, and that right speedily. But, notwithstanding the assurance of the reply, twenty-two months have gone, the city yet lies in its first ruins, and practically nothing tending to its rehabilitation has been done. A correspondent of the New York Times describes its present appearance as follows: "The city, as it appears on approaching it by sea, looks just as it did after the disaster—the screen of brick and masonry, behind which there is nothing but destruction; the perilous waterfront, the clouds of dust. Pedestrians have to pick their way among the ruins, and many streets are still impassible." It must be admitted that that is not a picture of a city rebuilt or rebuilding, and there is little hope for Messina's future in it. In rows on rows of wooden huts perhaps 100,000 people exist, but these are described by the correspondent as "for the most part human vultures." Perhaps the first promises concerning Messina will be realized, but the prospect does not look good.

Small Pay for Good Work

Blessed is he who expects little, for he will get it. This is a business age in a commercial world, and he who trusts to free will offerings is likely to go hungry. In Switzerland, away up on the summit of Simplon mountain, 6,170 feet above the sea level, is a hospice maintained by the good monks of St. Augustine for the shelter and comfort of travelers. The fathers give food and lodging to all who ask it, and they ask nothing for their kind services save such sums as their guests may choose to give. It transpires that if the travelers are appreciative of this service their appreciation does not take the guise of coin to a noticeable degree. To illustrate, during a recent week the hospice was crowded throughout the entire seven days, all beds were occupied, many were compelled to sleep in the corridors, much food was eaten, the monks were overworked, and the sum total of compensation, or gratuities, found in the gift-box at the end of the week was—nine cents! It seems a pity that the good monks did not feed the souls rather than the bodies of those guests, for if they had it is evident that they would have had both an easy and inexpensive time of it. Not much of a business enterprise, it will be observed, but it is possible that the fathers will receive their pay in such unseen coin as will pass without question in a far country of which we know not.

Why the Hebrews Write Backwards

Now comes Dr. Erlenmeyer, a German sage, with a unique explanation of why the Hebrews—and, for that matter, all Semitic peoples—write from right to left on the page, instead of from left to right, as most other peoples do. The explanation is simple, very simple, provided the postulate on which it is based is within the facts. Briefly, the doctor maintains that all of the ancient Hebrews were left-handed, and hence it was as natural for them to write from right to left as it is for right-handed people to write from left to right. He founds his theory of the universal Hebraic left-handedness on a number of passages in the Talmud in which special instructions are given in order to assure the use of certain phylacteries with the right hand. Also, various passages in the Old Testament are pointed out as evidence to the same effect; such a one, for example, as Genesis records when it tells how Jacob laid his left hand on the head of Joseph's son to bless him. The doctor's theory is interesting, but the skeptically-inclined might hold that the proofs he offers to support it are a trifle tenuous.

Increasing Millions for Pensions

It requires a long, long time to pay the fiddler who furnishes the music for the awful dance of war. It is, too, a double price that he asks; first, that which is written in blood, wounds and human agony; second, that which is expressed in dollars. Consider, for a moment, the pension phase of this second price only. In 1865, just after the close of the civil war, there were 85,986 pensioners in the United States. Forty-four years later, or in 1909, the number of such pensioners had increased to 946,194. The original number had multiplied itself by more than eleven, an increase of over 1,000 per cent, which is not slow progress for 44 years. A portion of the pensioners are an inheritance from the Spanish-American war, but the proportion is slight. But the foregoing figures fail to tell the worst of the story. In 1865 the total paid for pensions was $8,525,153.11; for the fiscal year 1908-09 the total was $161,973,703.77. That is, the amount paid out had multiplied itself by nineteen, an increase of 1,800 per cent. The average amount paid to each pensioner increased 80 per cent in the 44 years. At present each average head of a family of five is paying nine dollars annually for pensions. The American people are not likely to begrudge pensions to the defenders of their country, but they cannot well fail to realize, in view of such facts, that the price of war is high and is a long time in being paid.

A Classification of Americans

The Circle magazine has classified the people of the United States to its own satisfaction, having first established a test to determine who are, and who are not, of pure American lineage. It does so about as follows: In the first place, as the original white comers to this country were English, with side strains of Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French and Scandinavian, the Circle decides that an American of today of unmixed blood must be of one of these strains and of an unbroken descent from before the revolutionary war. This, it will be granted, is a sufficiently stringent test, and having laid it down, the Circle proceeds to classify us, as follows: Natives of unmixed descent, 1/10; negroes, 1/10; natives of foreign parentage, 1/10; natives of naturalized parentage, 6/10; aliens, 1/10. So it appears that in an average party of ten only one man, or woman, would be the real American article, the rest would be more or less distant approaches to it. Still, in one respect the classification is a relief: We were beginning to fear that most Americans might be Southern Europeans, and it appears probable that such is not the case.

In the Matter of Red Tape, Again

Speaking of official red tape, as wound and unwound in Germany—which this department did last week—a recent instance of it perhaps might be considered too good to be passed without mention. A certain Dr. Koelpin, who was a professor in the University of Bonn, was killed in a railway accident last December. Now the provincial authorities have sent a bill to the widow in which two dollars is demanded as compensation for cleaning the blood stains from the railway premises where the accident took place. At the same time they informed Frau Koelpin that if she did not pay she would be officially proceeded against. The story may sound too improbable to be true, but it is a part of official German records. When it comes to red tape—blood-red tape, one might say—Germany may be regarded as both an example and a warning unto the civilized world.

SHEAR WIT

"Don't be unscrupulous in a small way, son." "All right, dad." "There's a big difference between watering milk and stocks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And when you patronize the Imperial soda fountain with your girl, remember you are killing two birds with one stone.—Hammond (La.) Exchange.

"Now, Willie, give me a sentence using the word dozen," said a Yonkers teacher. "Bobbie dozen like school." "Dear me, no! Bobby, correct him." "I dozen Willie don't."—Yonkers Statesman.

First citizen—How did you happen to build a house 'way out there on the old swamp road? Second citizen—That will be a magnificently paved boulevard before my house is finished. One of the city officials owns a lot there."—New York Weekly.

Mr. and Mrs. Nonefrus (as Mr. and Mrs. Fullhouse and their six little ones pass)—Poor, unfortunate pair of people! What a life they must lead! Mr. and Mrs. Fullhouse (as Mr. and Mrs. Nonefrus and their pug dog pass)—Poor, lonely couple! Don't you pity them?—Newark News.

"The county fair management used to take pride in showin' the finest pumpkins an' sweet potatoes an' such that could be raised." "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "But we've got way past that. What we're after now is the smartest aviators an' the most surprisin' orators."—Washington Star.

A friend dropped in on an old lady who was frying a bit of bacon. "Grand bacon, that," said the friend, sniffing affably. "Grand bacon? Well, I guess it is grand bacon," said the old lady, turning the slices in the pan. "An' it's none o' yer murdered stuff, nuther. That pig died a natural death."—Lippincott's.

Alan had played the entire day with Little Brother without an impatient word. After saying his customary prayer that night, his mother suggested that he add: "I thank God I was not impatient with Little Brother today." This he did with much fervency; after which he remarked that there were some other things he would like to thank God for, and forthwith he closed his eyes and said: "I thank God I offered my candy to Father before taking any myself. I thank God I offered my candy to Mother before taking any myself. I thank God I offered my candy to Little Brother before taking any myself. And I thank God there was some left."—Lippincott's.

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF "PURPOSE" IN LITERATURE

What is the mighty change that came over ıe spirit and tone of English literature after ıe Elizabethan bards and dramatists lay ılent in their graves? No reader of our olden books has failed to notice the differnce in style and thought and music that seprates our modern writings from the old.

The writer asks the question that he may ive his idea of the answer. Chaucer, Shakesare, Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson—ese great writers had no thought in writing ut to give beautiful expression to noble ideas nd grand emotions. They wrote to please—) please themselves and to please the acute nd eager taste of a world newborn to intelctual joys. To see the world of men and omen, of glowing color and pulsating life, of nfeigned laughter and deep tragedy, to live nd feel and then to write from the heart of ese sights and emotions and experiences, ese were the sole aims of them.

And what did they produce? The greatest ody of literature produced by any age, the weetest songs, the most authentic dramas, the ost human, soul-searching analyses of life. Vhy? Because, we think, they wrote of that nly which a man may fully know, his own ·actions to the stress of life, its beauties, sorows, joys, disappointments, hopes. They othed these experiences in human forms and ıe result was dramas, as infinite in variety of ood and characters as the soul of a full-looded man is infinite in variety. They othed these emotions in lyric verse, and rote sonnets that strike the heart of things oday as intimately as they did three hundred ears ago.

Look, on the contrary, at the modern point f view of authorship. With the growth of uritanism in England, the souls of her writers ere troubled. Duty became the god of the orld, conscience the omnipresent guide of ıe soul. The moral element in life was magified until it became the ultimate interest of fe. Literature reflected this national experince. No longer did our authors ask, Is it eautiful, or, Is it true, but, Is it right? Litrature, from being a beautiful art, became a eapon of morality. Tracts succeeded sonets. Satire succeded drama.

This moral impulse in literature has persted to this day in English literature and it as spread abroad to other literatures. Take ıe Victorian novelists: George Eliot was a reacher hiding behind a novelist's skirts; 'hackeray satirized the immoralities—in the roadest sense of the word—of society; Dickens cried out passionately against the rongs inflicted on the poor; Meredith beated the sentimentality that, he believed, amned the prevailing social order. All these riters had a moral purpose as vigorous as eir literary instinct was strong. Carlyle undered against tyranny; Tennyson pleaded weetly for a reconciliation of science and religion and the surcease of war.

Spreading abroad, the moral idea took firm old. Hugo rained the volcanic lava of his xcoriating genius upon the economic wrongs at produce the social evil and the injustices f law; Tolstoy forsook art for propaganda; bsen applied the methods of the surgical oprating room to literature in the cause of oral disinfection of society.

Coming to our own time and country, what o we find? Plays whose motive is the social vil, corrupt politics. Novels with the same otives. And what is the result? Sordid ictures of grewsome conditions, gloomy outnes of sadly hopeless society, exposures of ocial festers, a display of the excrement of ociety, an unbelievable stench, an intolerable og. Gone is the sweet reasonableness of the ld dramatists and poets, gone is the fair perpective of their view of life, its broad foundaion of common sense reinforced by hope. Our modern literature has done much as the icroscope has done, it has magnified the erms of evils that healthy-bodied people asily overcome until they look like huge and nenacing monsters, capable of world-wide destruction. If literature be a fair interpretation of life, and if modern literature be good literature, the world is a worthless hell and the sooner we have done with it the better.

We think better of the world. We say it, though it make us think worse of our writers. Frankly, we think they do not know their business, in its greater aspects. We think that literature has been betrayed into the hands of little men who see the big world with nearsighted eyes, little men who, to cure great evils, have made too much of its injustices and too little of its beauties, its recompenses, its glories and its joys. They have shared the mania of the age, to heal society and reform their neighbors ere they know and heal themselves.

Is it any wonder that, as a relief from this debauch of murky literature, our age should be accursed with the most marvelous array of so-called "light literature," the most inane and futile mass of trash, slang, foam, sentiment, and sickly-sweet romance that ever made rubbish of fair white paper or appalled the hearts of discerning readers while it offends both their intelligence and their taste? From one excess we fly to another, as banal and absurd.

These things are not literature, nor even of it. Wrongs there are in life: use them. Sentiment there is in life: use it. Slang is a part of the growth of language: use it. But preserve a balance, a sense of proportion. For every victim of wrong, nature provides solace and recompense in her own peculiar way. Suffering produces its own alleviating anesthetic. Some joy illumines every life. There is glory as well as gloom; there is health as well as sickness; there is sweetness as well as bitterness in the world. God give us a deliverance from the propagandists abroad in novelists's clothing, from the preachers in the theatre, from the moralists in verse. Give us again a race that hath music in its soul, that sees the color and light of life, that penetrates the human heart, that writes to express the life of humanity and not to adorn a pamphleteering tract. God give us an end to "realism," "psychology," "problem" plays and novels, and the rest of the unspeakable barnacles that cluster on the keel of our ship of song. Give us again great minds, great hearts, eyes that see and ears that hear beyond the murky area and the clattering wheels. Another Shakespeare is long overdue. Hear our devout and passionate prayer.

CALIFORNIAN POET'S CORNER

At Berkeley

These lines by Miss Irene Hardy are the tribute of a pupil and friend to Prof. Edward Rowland Sill, so much loved as poet and teacher.

This place will love one poet first and best.
Whoever comes hereafter. Not a stone
That lies along the hillward path alone
Where he has trod, but there his eye would rest
As on a friend, should he return in quest
Through haunts remembered; nothing he has known
And praised but still would choose him as its own
Interpreter and best beloved guest.
Some souls there were who thought the bramble vine
That twitched his sleeve to offer fruit or flower
Had more than blessedness enough; while they
Found no good words to speak their debt or shrine
Their love in; some recorded the one hour
They heard his voice as life's own natal day.

Wise hearts have conned his wisdom, line on line,
And fools have left their thrones and learned to pray:
And those who loved him most love most his way
Of still withdrawal—love, and make no sign.

"THE BLUE BIRD"

The following account of "The Blue Bird," by Maurice Maeterlinck, was given by the New York Sun the day preceding its first American production at the New Theatre New York.

The New Theatre will open its second season tomorrow evening with Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," a "fairy play about children for grownups." The keynote is found in the expression "the blue bird for happiness." The presentation will be made in two parts and ten scenes by a specially recruited company, and the drama will be repeated every week-day afternoon until the regular repertoire organization begins its engagement on November 7. The drama has been given abroad, but has never been seen in America. Its success lay in its philosophy, for while the play delights the young its deeper meaning appeals to adults. In his philosophy the Belgian poet shows that although happiness, as typified by the blue bird of Lorraine folklore, may be captured, it cannot be retained for all time by those fortunate enough to secure it. Throughout the play will run incidental music drawn largely from the works of Debussy, and dances called for by the action will be executed. These numbers have been arranged by Miss Caroline Crawford of the faculty of Columbia University and will include the dances of the hours, mist maidens, perfumes, dews, will o' the wisps, loaves of bread, fire, water and glow worms. The story of the play follows: Tyltyl and Mytyl, the son and daughter of a poor woodchopper, are tucked into their truckle beds on Christmas eve to await a morrow which Santa Claus will not bless. After the parents retire the children go to the window and are watching the holiday festivities in their rich neighbor's home when Fairy Berylune, a witchlike old woman, enters and demands that the children provide her with "grass that sings" or a "bird that is blue." She is particularly anxious to obtain the latter, as its capture will bring happiness to mankind and health to a sickly small girl of her acquaintance. Tyltyl and Mytyl express their willingness to hunt for the bird, and the fairy sets upon the head of Tyltyl a magic cap, in the center of which is a wonderful diamond. With the turning of this diamond the souls of Fire, Water, Milk, Bread, the Cat, the Dog, and even the trees, come forth and speak; the Past and Future unfold themselves and many wonderful and entrancing transformations take place. Still they have caught and retained no blue bird, and the children return through the Christmas tree forest to the cottage to find that it is very much as it was before Fairy Berylune gave them the wonderful diamond, and tired and sleepy they nestle in their truckle beds. In the morning when a neighbor, who very much resembles the fairy, comes and begs for a blue bird that her child may be made well, Tyltyl and Mytyl are very much astonished to find that their turtledove in a cage by the window is blue, and has been all the time. They willingly give it, but although the child recovers the bird thereafter escapes. Maeterlinck is too good a philosopher to allow men to retain happiness after obtaining it.

The cast includes Ethel Brandon, Louise Closser Hale, Jacob Wendell, Jr., Margaret Wycherly, Eleanor Moretti, Gladys Hulette, Irene Brown, Robert E. Homans, Reginald Barlow and Gwendolyn Valentine.

CARLYLE AND HUXLEY

Carlyle hated Darwinism, which he described as the "gorilla damnification of humanity." Leonard Huxley, in his life of his father, recalls an incident that happened shortly before Carlyle's death. "My father," he writes, "saw him walking slowly and alone down the opposite side of the street and, touched by his solitary appearance, crossed over and spoke to him. The old man looked at him, and merely remarking, 'You're Huxley, aren't you—the man that says we are all descendants from the monkeys?' went on his way."

JUDGE JAMES V. COFFEY

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

Say "probate court" to anybody in San Francisco who ever inherited any property, and the same picture will instantly flash to the mind of that person as appears to the mind of every other. That picture is of a little figure of a man with rosy cheeks and white hair, who sits on the bench all day long, busily writing while attorneys drone and wrangle and pose and question, the judge apparently oblivious and absorbed in his writing until suddenly he raises his head, the shrewd eyes twinkle and the rosy cheeks expand into a smile and a crackling witticism issues from his lips, at once thrusting home to the point in issue at the moment and spreading a grin of appreciation all around the bar and courtroom.

This man on the bench is Judge James V. Coffey. He has sat there for twenty-eight years, passing upon estates in probate. The estates that he has settled in that time amount in value to more than $500,000,000. The title to practically every parcel of real estate in the city and county of San Francisco depends upon a decision rendered by Judge Coffey at one time or another. Judge Coffey's probate decisions make five volumes; they are known all over the civilized world, and they are quoted as authority in every court of America.

We have tried to resist it, but in vain: the pun is inevitable because it is good—San Francisco has the Coffey habit. Apparently it is incurable. Judge Coffey was elected to fill out an unexpired term on the superior court bench of San Francisco in 1882; he was elected to a full term in 1883, and he has been re-elected ever since as regularly as the elections came around. He was first elected as a Democrat. In 1906 he was nominated by all the parties—Democratic, Republican, Union Labor and Independence League—and elected unanimously. And never since he first mounted the bench has he done any sort of politics, sought any nomination or done any campaigning to attain election, not even to having a card printed or asking any man to vote for him.

Why, then, has he been kept continuously in his office for twenty-eight years? The answer is as much a compliment to the voters of San Francisco as it is to Judge Coffey. It is because here is a judge who is honest, just, able and industrious. And everybody knows it and the public has had intelligence enough to appreciate it.

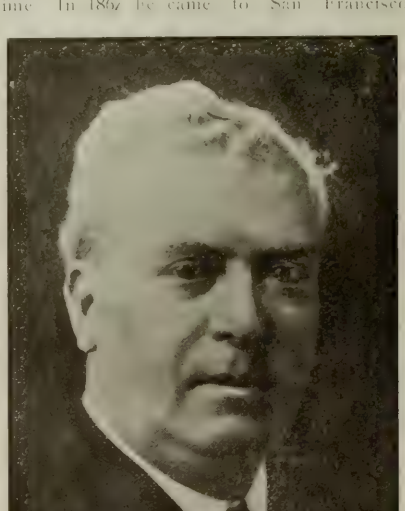
The four adjectives used above deserve to be amplified in Judge Coffey's case. To his integrity every man who knows him at all pays tribute. The probate court offers to a judge any number of chances to be swayed by self-interest, political influence, friendship and the like. Judge Coffey has heeded none of these. Of the $500,000,000 that have passed through his court, every heir got every cent that the administration of the law made it possible for him to receive. As the entire bar of San Francisco will bear witness, he has held down the attorney's fees to a just but moderate level. He has always kept in mind the principle that the probate law is designed to transmit the testator's net estate to his heirs as expeditiously and economically as possible, consonant with security of title.

Of his fairness, no one ever raised a question. He is a just judge, as even his opponents freely admit. His ability is attested by the fact that he has hardly ever been reversed on appeal, though all the great will contests have been decided by him; by the testimony of the bar, and by the high regard in which his decisions are held in other states.

His industry is almost unbelievable. The writing that he does on the bench is really a complete record of the case, in longhand—notes so copious and exact as to be the wonder of the bar. Those who know his habits say that for twenty-five years he has risen at seven and worked without cessation until one or two the next morning, every day, year in and year out. His lunch hour is ten minutes long. He has found the truth that the law is a jealous mistress, for he has never married. The law occupies all his time.

That last statement is essentially true, but should be modified to this extent: Judge Coffey has found time in his life to be an omniverous reader; his knowledge of general literature, of history and of economics is amazing. And it is not merely bookish knowledge, but an equipment for life, informing and coloring the whole trend of his thoughts. And he has found time also to be a very human person. His sense of humor is very keen, it lights the course of his life constantly, and has earned him a wide reputation for ready and penetrating wit. Since 1893 he has been president of the California Historical Society.

Judge Coffey was born in New York City, Dec. 14, 1846, and received his early education in Bridgeport, Conn. Then for a number of years he was employed in a law office in New York. Coming west in 1862, he located in Virginia City, Nevada, where he was a clerk in the famous firm of Carson & White. He also served in the district attorney's office for some time. In 1867 he came to San Francisco,



JUDGE JAMES V. COFFEY

where he was employed for two years in the office of Casserly & Barnes. During all these years in law offices he was reading law, and in 1869 he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of California.

Now come several important phases of his life that are not generally known to the younger generations in California. During the first years of his practice, Judge Coffey was also a leading editorial writer on the old San Francisco Examiner. His editorials were remarkable for their basis of profound study and for their brilliantly forceful English. They exercised a great influence in molding public sentiment in those days. In the six years of his connection with the Examiner, Judge Coffey made many valiant fights for public rights and against political corruption and corporation domination.

At this time he was also active in politics as a Democrat. In 1875 he was elected to the assembly of the state legislature and was chosen chairman of the San Francisco delegation. In this position he passed on practically all the legislation introduced and became a great power in state affairs. It is now almost forgotten that Judge Coffey procured the passage of the first law ever enacted in California that provided for civil service in public employment, the present civil service regulation of the police and fire departments in this state being due to his work. He was also the author of the famous gas bill which gave th Board of Supervisors the right to regulate ga rates and to compel the maintenance of th quality of gas. At that time gas cost consum ers $3.75 a thousand feet, and there was n legal regulation. The present relatively lo gas rate—$1 a thousand—and relatively hig quality are due directly to Judge Coffey's worl And the principle of state regulation, now ge erally applied to public service corporation was introduced into California law by Judg Coffey, and from his bill incorporated almo verbatim into the present state constitution.

He served another term in the legislature 1877-79. There he made a brilliant reputatio as a public speaker and public-spirited legisla tor. A speech delivered by him in 1878 in th legislature reads as if it might have been de livered yesterday by Hiram Johnson in hi campaign for the reform of state politics. I is worth while to quote the first paragraphs:

"The rapidly increasing power and influenc of corporations has for years been a subjec of solicitude to the thoughtful.

"Particularly have those great lines of rai road, formed by consolidation or combinatio excited the apprehensions of the patriot, wh looks to a provision of defense for the liberti and purity of governments in the future.

"The experience of the country has im pressed the lesson that competition may b robbed of its prerogative, while monopoly—th evil genius of trade—seizes hold of the peopl and plunders their pockets.

"The railroad era in this country has hardl dawned. We see nothing of enterprise in thi department in comparison with what we sha see. And now in the infancy of this great sy tem let the people look to it that they ar not mastered or corrupted by its ambitiou power.

"Already it has conspired to control th legislature and the courts, and even congres has bowed to its mandates; while the dicta tion of a President of the United States is i no wise out of the range of its possibilitie Such a power, having at its command suc vast influences for controlling the action c men, and such extended abilities for persona purchase and legislative corruption, rises be fore our eyes this day as the overtowerin danger of the times. By the simple proces of fixing the rates of travel and transportatio a whole state and people, out of whose swea and toil these great lines were constructed may be made hewers of wood and drawers c water for distant wealthy centers, while court and legislatures may be so manipulated as t perpetuate the wrong."

In 1879, Judge Coffey was the chairman c the Democratic county convention of Sa Francisco county. In that same year he wa nominated by the unanimous vote of the Demo cratic state convention for attorney-genera but declined the nomination. In 1882 h mounted the bench, where he has ever sinc remained.

From that moment he put politics behin him. This does not mean, however, that h became a recluse, dead to the spirit of the time Quite the reverse. He has kept abreast of th day. Time after time his advice to the legis lature has resulted in the reform of existin laws. His public addresses and writings hav been an inspiration to progress. For instance a few weeks ago he wrote an article for th Sacramento Bee, on "Probate Proceedings an Reform," from which a few quotations wi show him keenly alive to the present and wis in his suggestions. For example:

"The law, however, in its spirit is beneficen and not vindictive. The Author of the law while an Exponent of justice, is an Exempla of mercy, and designs rectification and not re venge. So we are reminded of our infirmitie that we may seek a remedy. **This simply sug gests that as one day follows another, w should endeavor to profit by our experience** We cannot stand still. Stagnation is extinc tion."

The black letters are ours. The statemen appeals to us as beautifully wise and to th point of the times. Again:

"Legislation is a progressive science, and n part of our scheme of government is or shoul be exempt or immune from the universal la of progress."

"A final word, be it remembered by th

(Concluded on Page 735)

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

She Never Bothers Mommer

(The following has all the swing and verve a popular song. All it needs is some notes nd bars—do not misunderstand the type of ır to which reference is made—judiciously elected from the soul-stirring ballads of the ay.)

was in an Eastern valley where the gentlest zephyrs come
hat first I kissed my Laura Lee, and that was going some.
er eyes were blue, her hair was gold as sunsets of the West—
hen first we met 'twas raven, but peroxide did the rest.
held her little hand in mine, and this to her I said:
My perfect, faultless angel, won't you tell me when we'll wed?"
Not perfect," then she did reply, "my toes I often stub,
ut I never bother mommer when she rastles with the tub."

Chorus:

When her ma is at the tub
She always lets her scrub,
or she says she loves the rhythm of the garments as they rub,
And her dainty hands are white
As the fingers of a sprite,
o she never bothers mommer when she rastles with a tub.

ince then the years have drifted by, and she and me are wed;
fer hair that once was gold or black is now of gray instead,
nd we have a daughter charming as her mother used to be,
nd my gas bills climb up higher when Augustus visits she.
he can play on the piannah till the ghost of Vogner squirms;
he's authority on culchah and the latest styles of germs,
nd Augustus says she's perfect and he'd like to be her hub,
But she never bothers mommer when she rastles with the tub.

Chorus:

When her ma is at the tub
Tinkle, tinkle clashty-dub!
Tis my Mabylannye playing for her dear prospective hub,
And the sparkle of her ring
'Gainst the keys is quite the thing,
So she never bothers mommer when she rastles with a tub.

* * *

Tackled Too Big a Job

"You knew Blinkum, the inventor, did you ıot?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's dead."

"What was the matter?"

"He invented all sorts of wireless things, as ;ou know, and he felt so much encouraged hat at last he tried his hand on a wireless ›olitician. Poor fellow! The disappointment killed him."

* * *

I've Noticed That—

The rooster cackles louder than the hen, but ne doesn't lay the egg.

The chap that blows his own horn sometimes succeeds only in demonstrating that it's an uncommonly poor instrument.

The man who waits for Opportunity to knock at his door is likely to get left, inasmuch as she has so many engagements that she may easily overlook some of us.

Haste doesn't always capture prosperity. For instance, did you ever know a man to get rich by "rushing the growler?"

A penny saved is a penny earned, but you can't save it until after you have earned it.

The Opinions of Rufus

When I look at some women I dunno es I blame 'em fer wantin' to wear big hats that 'll cover their faces es much es possible.

Josh Bings says he'll bet that if women wus made sech shape that they needed to wear hobble skirts they'd be 'shamed of theirselves.

If the full facts wus known I shouldn't be s'prised if we'd learn that Adam told Eve he'd love her allers if she'd sneak over the fence an' git an apple.

I know some fellers that would trade their immortal souls fer a few dollars—an' git the best of the bargain.

"Friendship is a sacred trust." But it's 'bout the only trust I know of that prob'ly would be described that way.

They's a time an' a place fer everything, es the man that wus afflicted with corns said when he left the dancin' party.

Seems to me sometimes that the main art in trainin' a child is to teach it to do what we didn't an' not to do what we did.

If most of us could do things es well es we can tell how they ought to be done I reckon that civilizashun would move right along.

Energy alone ain't a sufficient recommendation. Fer es that's concerned, hain't you noticed that fleas are energetic?

Ever noticed that when some feller does somethin' you can't do you kind o' take an interest in pickin' flaws in it?

Es Mayor McCarthy hasn't observed, takin' the lid off in San Francisco is a good deal like takin' it off a kittle of bilin' codfish; it can't be done without exposin' the smell.

If all folks that do foolish things had to go to homes fer the feeble-minded, I can't guess who'd support 'em.

* * *

The Ants on the Heap

I suppose, Horatio, that the ants on their heap vary in temperament and characteristics much as we humans do. There are those that take themselves very seriously, and wonder how Creation got along before they arrived, and there are others that view themselves with such levity that they cannot escape an impression that Creation might have wobbled along in some way even if they had been delayed.

Watch the serious chap. He drags the wing of a beetle over smooth ground and rough. With herculean efforts he carries the wing as far as an obstacle which he vainly essays to surmount, never once thinking that he might go around the obstacle. At last he gives it up, drags the wing back where he found it, drops it, wipes his hands and mops his perspiring brow, and says to himself, "Gee! What would Creation have done if I had not been here to attend to this job this morning?" The trivial-minded ant does a similar thing, but he views it all as a joke, and himself as not improbably the best part of the joke.

Whether or not ants are thus divided, Horatio, you may safely bet your nice, new automobile that men are. There are those of us who view ourselves seriously—oh, so seriously! We have been placed here, we are certain, to discover and elucidate the Wherefore of the Why and the Whichness of the What. To be sure, we never do discover and elucidate, but we are none the less confident that that is the beetle's wing which we have been providentially delegated to carry to the boneyard. So, solemnly and profoundly, we struggle with it, until at last we leave it precisely where we found it, and move on to that unseen realm where, perchance, we at last shall comprehend the Wherefore of the Why, the Eternal Mystery.

But we who are trivial, we need not consider ourselves wholly a joke in order to realize that we are very small, so small that perhaps the ants on their heap do not weigh much less in the infinite scale of Creation than do we in our earth-bound ways. Be serious if you please, but you are an extremely tiny unit in the immeasurable sum total.

A Gentlemen's Receipt

A Philadelphian whose father has been in the banking business says there is no reason why a gentleman should not dress well on $6,000 a year.—As reported.

Here's the receipt,
If you would be
A gentleman
Of some degree
Don't mind the mob,
Nor heed its tricks,
But dress yourself
On thousands six.

The hoi polloi,
As Our Set know,
Is rude and vul—
Gar, crude and low;
Upon the proof
Attention fix:
They do not dress
On thousands six.

But we, whose pas
The plunks have caught
Can dress like gen—
Tlemen had ought,
And with the mob
We do not mix—
They haven't got
The thousands six.

* * *

Gentle Woman's Gentleness

It is with unfeigned delight that I pay my tribute to woman's gentleness, to the spiritual placidity which expresses itself in her every action, to the shrinking modesty which causes her to hide her light under a bushel hat, to the—

I was interrupted when I had gotten that far with my little panegyric, and I made the almost fatal mistake of going to a store for something that I needed. Too late I discovered that I had entered the store on a bargain day. I strove to escape, but unleashed femininity, sweeping on like a tidal wave, rushed me toward the vortex of the trouble. Alas! my efforts were in vain. My throat was sawed by the edges of hats, the owners of which were somewhere in the distance; hatpins stabbed my face; sweeping skirts and short skirts, liberal skirts and hobble skirts, surrounded and engulfed me. Protesting and madly striving to escape, on and on I was swept.

The doctor says that my two broken ribs, my dislocated arm and wrenched shoulder will recover, and that I will be all right after a time—unless there are internal injuries, of which he cannot be sure at present. In the meantime gentle women are tenderly caring for me in their gentle way, and I entertain no doubt that eventually I will recuperate.

But, as I lie here, I am filled with poignant anguish by the thought that I am not well enough to complete my tribute to woman's gentleness, modesty and placidity. I really entertain no doubt that it would have been as beautiful as deserved, and it seems a pity that it could not have been finished before misfortune overtook me.

* * *

His Voice Puts the Rest to Shame

He sometimes drives an auto,
But he does not use the horn.
And if he were an engineer
The whistle he would scorn;
He would not use the megaphone
That aural anguish breeds.
He is yell-leader of his class—
His voice is all he needs.

* * *

Early Led Astray

"Is he fond of poetry?"

"On the contrary, he despises it."

"Lacks the poetical temperament, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't know. He may have had it once, but when he was quite young he heard a local elocutionist recite 'Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight,' and he never got over it.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Sventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and thence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of J Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 485 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broadway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5990.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim,	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

NOTICE OF MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

A meeting of the stockholders of the YUBA CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING COMPANY of Arizona will be held at the office of the company, Room 207, Balboa Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Saturday, the first day of October, 1910, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing directors and such other business as may come before the meeting.

It is proposed at such meeting to amend the articles of incorporation of the company to provide that 300,000 shares of its capital stock shall be preferred stock, under such terms and conditions as may be determined at the meeting.

In order to comply with the law of Arizona, the annual meeting of the stockholders of this corporation will be held at the office of the company in the rooms of E. J. Bennitt, 16 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Arizona, on the 7th day of October, 1910, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering, ratifying and confirming the action taken at the said meeting of October first.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM C. WALLACE, Secretary.

9-16-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG,
GEORGE KNOX,
Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TITLES RESTORED

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JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office, 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence. 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4590

SAN FRANCISCO

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

rect Primaries New York State When this department was closed last week Theodore Roosevelt had n a significant victory in the Empire state, l the Democrats were just getting together Rochester to take advantage of any situan that the Republicans might have created. ey afterward nominated John .\. Dix for vernor and put up a full state ticket. With personnel of either ticket we in Californ- have little to do. The Democratic party ewed with alarm" or "emphatically conned" most that was in the platform of the publicans, but declared unequivocally for ect primaries in that state. They rather stripped the Republicans in that particular the Republican platform committed the te and party to direct primaries, absolutely. y so far as the legislature and the control the party machinery are concerned, leaving to the legislators whom the people select, l to the party managers whom they elect to ry the primary idea as far as they think t. This makes it fairly evident that there l be an advance toward direct primaries in w York. The world moves and New York keeping up with the procession.

osevelt Murphy That the Democratic convention in New York was controlled by Tammany and bossed by Charles Murphy was frankly admitted, and yet not hout much consultation and bargain-counter kstering with Democrats up state and vn state. The retort is, what did Murphy in the Democratic convention that Roose- t did not do in the Republican? On the e of it honors are even. Under the surface difference was broad and deep. Murphy's ıpaign was based on patronage and a divi- n of the spoils. Roosevelt's campaign was ɔired by a vital principle and was based on ıoral enthusiasm for the public good. Both sonalities dominated, that of Murphy be- se he had back of him Tammany, the most fect organization of political spoilsmen the ·ld has ever known; that of Roosevelt be- se he had back of him the most potent ral enthusiasm among the people in recent es. Roosevelt led, Murphy drove. Few ı will vote the Democratic ticket because of rts burning for the common welfare. Few ı will vote the Republican ticket whose rts do not so burn. The issue will trans- d party lines and we shall witness a battle al betwixt the power of a political machine, nforced by unlimited millions, and the 'er of a great moral enthusiasm re-enforced the most potent personality of our time. t fight will repay watching.

at If Roosevelt uld Fail To Win? Many are saying that if Roosevelt fails of electing the Republi- ticket in New York it will be the last of . The spell will have been broken, the 'm spoiled and he will be done for. Yes? - that the wisdom that Robert Bruce ned of the spider? Was that the lesson Grant learned in the Wilderness. If this er of the newer nationalism should go up nst the most perfect political organization uman history, re-enforced by the countless ions of Wall street and the inertia of the mon man, whose battle he is fighting, and for once must he fail for always? Victory ıportant, but not all important. Roosevelt ıot be disposed of by defeating him nor by killing him. If he is defeated it will be to "up and at 'em" again. If he is killed ·oul will go marching on animating Amer- manhood to higher and nobler things gen- on after generation. There is no estimat- the power of a moral enthusiasm. But he ds a fighting chance to win. As intimated week as probable, the platform was evi- ly dictated by the Taft interest as a con- n precedent to re-enforcement by the ad- stration influence. It was a hard bargain rive and may make victory harder to ·ve than it ought to be; but it was prob- necessary to the winning of the first battle and to prevent a rupture between the former president and the present. It was not what the platform said that was untrue. It was what it left unsaid that made it only half true. That which was left unsaid in the platform will be said plainly enough from the platform and the handicap is not likely to prove fatal. Out of the conflict are likely to be evolved the issues of 1912.

We Have Had One Free Legislature As The Watchman gave warning last week, the Governor and his advisors attempted to run a bluff on the legislature and so prevent its doing anything to amendment number one, except to supply the missing words, "the year ending," and then go home. The bluff nearly worked. A select committee of lawyers reported on Monday a resolution affirming that the legislature had no power to do otherwise than to obey the governor to the letter and the resolution was adopted by both houses. But the judiciary committee of the assembly rested uneasily that night. The chains galled it. It got together early Tuesday morning, raised the standard of revolt, de-

clared that the legislature had full power to amend that amendment to its heart's content and the whole assembly rallied around the standard. The senate followed the assembly's example and at last California had a free and untrammelled legislature. There was only this one iron in the fire. No member had any other bills that anybody could hold up or that the governor could refuse to sign, and it seemed so good to be free that the legislature made the most of its opportunity. After the "fall of the bastile" the Governor and the lawyers, who laid men with burdens, laughed it off, admitted that it was a card or cob bastile at best, that the legislators were good fellows and it was all right anyhow. And then they went at the amendment hammer and tongs.

Assemblyman Preston Led a Winning Fight Assemblyman John W. Preston of Ukiah, a Democrat by inheritance, but an insurgent Republican by instinct and inclination, and a member who made, according to Hichborn's test, a perfectly clean record during the regular session of 1909, and can be counted on to so continue, led the fight for freedom and won it. It was a go-as-you-please contest with no partyism in it. What was done was mainly to restore the one per cent rate of taxing banks, that was in the amendment as submitted to the legislature by the tax commission, and to restore also the two-thirds instead of the three-fourths vote necessary to change the rate of taxation in any instance. The second issue is debateable, the first hardly. What the people have ordained by amending their organic law is not lightly to be changed by a legislature, and the tax commission originally intended that the rates should be changed only by another constitutional amendment. Of course changes may go up or down. The corporations will wish to change downward and it will be easier for them to get a two-thirds vote than a three-fourths, but, per contra, the corporations will resist changes upward, and it will be harder for them to secure a one-third than a one-fourth vote to prevent an upward change. So the issue is not far from being as broad as long, with the weight of reasonableness inclining toward the two-thirds rule. The amendment to re-imburse, until 1918, out of the common fund, all counties that suffer loss by not taxing railroads was adopted to help the amendment through before the people. Doubtless some concession should be made. Doubtless that was too much of a concession to make, but the objection should not prove fatal to the amendment.

First Attention Ever Received The consideration given amendment number one by the legislature at the extra session just closed was the first that the legislature, as such, has ever really given to that amendment. For six years the subject has been left in the hands either of the taxation commission or the legislative committees having the subject in charge. The rest of the legislators have gone about the business that was nearer home. The corporations worked upon the committees and brought so much pressure to bear upon them that injurious concessions were made, especially to the banks. The banks, having paid so little tax in the past, naturally feel outraged at a proposal to make them pay on a parity with other forms of property. The amendment, if it goes into effect as it is, will add about a half million a year to the taxation upon the banks of California. It will leave the savings banks a shade better off than they are now, somewhat overtaxed, but it will bring the commercial and national banks to a parity with them and with other forms of taxation. This is the belief of those who have given the subject careful study. Certainly no one wishes to work a hardship upon the banking interests, but the spirit of our time requires a square deal from all as well as toward all and special privileges and exemptions to none. Some fear that the antagonism of the banks to the amendment as it stands will work against its adoption, but, on the other hand, it is almost certain that the special concession to the banks would, after the discussion on the floor of assembly and senate, have turned the public against adopting it until made right. It has been strengthened with the people though weakened with the banks by the change effected.

Mr. Kent's Campaign Mr. William Kent has set out upon his campaign of the second district for election to congress. On the eve of starting he has taken his constituents into his confidence and told them just what they may expect him to do if elected. In another column will be found his "Statement to Voters." It is characteristic of the man, for he is one of the frankest and sincerest of men. His mind is clear and his conscience not less so; and yet he is no "silk-stocking." He can be diplomatic when necessity requires it of him. He can be tactful where there is need that he shall be. He is capable of making a sneak on his quarry, if that be the way to get it, rather than stalk it in the open and so lose it altogether, but he is not a man to sacrifice any essential principle to a time-serving policy and he is thoroughly unafraid. He will join forces with the supporters of other good measures in order to gain friends for the support of his own, but he will not log-roll with the supporters of bad measures to gain support for his own. He is not that kind of a man. Voters in the second

district will be interested to know that Francis J. Heney will campaign with Mr. Kent through at least a portion of his district. They will be treated to some very straight talk. There will be something to warm the hearts and arouse the enthusiasms of all who hear them. That Mr. Kent's campaign will terminate successfully no one can doubt. The important thing is that he shall come to know his district and that his district shall know him as thoroughly. That they will get along famously together is inevitable.

As It Looks To the Man on the Mountain Up in the mountains of Madera county, where men live apart and wrestle with big trees and rocky lands to make their livings, a farmer who thinks for himself, as most of them do, was heard this week to say: "This precinct usually casts about 50 Republican and 100 Democratic votes, for a lot of us came from Arkansas and never voted any ticket but the Democratic. Four years ago twenty of our Republicans voted for Bell, there was nothing else for them to do, you see. This time Johnson will get the full Republican vote and anyhow twenty of the Democrats will vote for him, too. They have never seen Johnson, but they have come to believe in him and, you know, Johnson can get bigger reform results than Bell can the way things are in this state, for the legislature can't help being Republican. I wouldn't be surprised if forty Democrats in our precinct voted for Johnson for this reason." There is no reason in the nature of things why sentiment in that particular community should differ from sentiment in other communities throughout the state. However the cities may go, the interior of the state will go overwhelmingly for Johnson. In the cities there is an element that loves not Bell, but hates Johnson heartily for the aggressive campaign he has made. It is not quite just to Bell to say that the defeat of Johnson would be a Southern Pacific victory. The most the Southern Pacific would gain would be a deadlock between a Democratic governor and a Republican legislature, but it would be mighty satisfying all the same to Herrin and Herrinism and it would be a severe blow to progressive Republicanism the country over. Therefore the defeat of Johnson must not happen. Even the Democrats of California cannot afford to have it happen.

Lieutenant Governorship Is the Strategic Point While the friends of Hiram Johnson should keep their powder dry and help on his campaign on the theory that nothing must be left to chance, nevertheless his chances of election seem to be as good as a sure thing. But that is not true with A. J. Wallace. The lieutenant governor is of strategic value to the interests. The interests of the interests would be subserved by having a Democratic governor and a Republican legislature, but there is no possibility of having the legislature other than Republican. If every Democratic candidate having the ghost of a show were elected the legislature would still be Republican, and the chance of electing a Democratic governor is exceedingly small. Therefore the only card left for the allied "interests" to play is in "balling up" the legislature by securing the presiding officers of the two houses. If they can elect a Democrat to preside over a Republican legislature, a Democrat who will be "reasonable," they will have gained a point of great strategic value, and there are reasons for fearing that Timothy Spellacy is such a man. Down under the surface there is a strong current setting toward Spellacy and it owes its origin to the same sort of influence that secured senatorial endorsement from so many districts for Spalding, a man wholly unknown to California and whose fitness for the senatorial office is not known to a hundred voters in the state. A. J. Wallace is no gladhander, but he is true all the way through and it stands all good citizens in hand to rally to his support. To suffer him to fail of being elected would be mighty bad politics.

Johnson's Human Republicanism That Hiram Johnson is no politician every politician knows. He is too plain spoken. On the contrary Mr. Bell contrives with admirable tact to hold to his position of four years ago without driving away from him any who might be inclined to come to him through not being able to keep step with Mr. Johnson. But, to offset this tactful advantage of Mr. Bell's, Mr. Johnson's utterances are wonderfully stirring. Here is a sample that is worth pondering:

"It is human republicanism that I am preaching in the State of California now. It is a republicanism that demands that the government shall control the interests and not the interests control the government. It is a republicanism that exalts the human being above the mere dollar. It is a republicanism that demands, in fact, a government of the people.

"Rather than be swerved one bit from the line upon which I began this fight six months ago I'd lose the governorship of the State of California and every vote in San Diego county. I began this battle with the one great end in view of kicking out of the government of the state William F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific railroad and in the fulfillment of that end there shall be neither vacillation, hesitation, concession nor compromise.

"The country is for the man who is now speaking to you because it knows he is going to do just exactly what he says he is going to do; because it is afraid of the conservatism along these lines which has been so suddenly developed by my opponent. I am talking to you plainly because I believe everybody is entitled to know just what I am going to do. No lure of office nor reaching out after votes can change me one whit in the object I have set out to accomplish. What we set out to do within the Republican party has been accomplished. The same result is going to be accomplished within the government of California."

Very impolitic but very much to the point.

William Kent's Campaign Next Monday, October 10th, William Kent will address the Asiatic Exclusion League of Sacramento. On Tuesday, the 11th, he will commence a campaign of the Sacramento Valley, accompanied by Francis J. Heney. They will speak as follows, in each case (except where otherwise noted) at 8 in the evening: Wheatland, October 11; Marysville, 12th; Sutter City, 13th; Oroville, 14th; Chico, 15th; Orland, 17th (noon) and Willows, 17th (evening); Colusa, 18th, and Woodland, 19th.

WM. KENT'S STATEMENT TO VOTERS

Since the beginning of the primary campaign in which I received the nomination for congress, the Progressive portion of the Republican party has become the dominant factor in that party.

We are no longer insurgents but are regular Republicans, pledged to further those measures that tend to abolish special privilege, and to permit a more equal sharing of our country's opportunities.

I do not believe that our people are much interested in partisan politics or in the spoils of office, but that rather they wish to elect men willing and able to carry out the mandates so clearly given from end to end of the nation. Any man fighting alone in the public interest is comparatively powerless, but an army of men working with the enthusiasm of a great cause, and possessing the public confidence must be efficient in that cause.

It is my belief that in the future as in the past our people can best rely upon a progressive Republican party to accomplish the legislation needed and so unequivocally demanded, wherever public opinion could be expressed at the polls. The nation has given a rousing vote of confidence to the progressive leaders and to the progressive policies, and will without doubt continue that endorsement at the November elections.

The composite platform of Progressive Republicanism upon which the great leaders stand, and in the carrying out of which many new men will join, contains the following planks:

1. The abolition of domination of congress by the speaker.

2. A downward revision of the tariff as a result of exhaustive investigation and detailed reports, by an intelligent and disinterested board of expert men, who recognize neithe special interests, nor sectionalism, but rathe the welfare of the nation as a whole.

3. The control of common carriers and th regulation of rates to be charged, based o justice alike to patrons and to investors, thing impossible without physical valuation.

4. The control in the public interest of th

(Continued on Page 735)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporaten. Location of pri cipal place of business, San Francisco, California. L cation of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Townsh 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of t Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of Octob A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.0 per share was levied upon the capital stock of t above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold c on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at t office of the said corporation on the ground floor first floor of the building known and designated as N 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of S Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall rema unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at pub auction, and, unless payment is made before, will sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay t delinquent assessment, together with costs of advert ing and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Compa a corporation.

Location of office: 219 Sansome Street, San Fr cisco, California.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, ceased.

No. 9481. Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance an order of the said Superior Court made and ente in the minutes of said court on the 19th day of Aug 1910, the undersigned, administrator of the estate Ann Dugan, deceased, will, on or after the 24th day October, 1910, sell at private sale to the highest bid for cash and subject to confirmation of said Super Court, all the right, title and interest of said estate and to the following described real estate situated in City and County of San Francisco, State of Californ and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southeasterly line Natoma Street three hundred (300) feet Northeaste thereon from the Northeasterly line of Eighth Stre running thence Northeasterly along the Southeaste line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence right angles Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; the at right angles Southwesterly, twenty-five (25) feet, thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (feet to the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street point of beginning.

That all bids or offers for said property must be writing, and will be received by the said administra at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spre els Building, southwest corner of Market and T Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, St of California, or may be filed in the office of the Cl of said court in said City and County of San Franci at any time after the first publication of this notice before the making of said sale. Terms of sale, ten cent (10 per cent) of the amount bid shall accomp the bid. The balance of the price shall be payable cash upon confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

Dated the 21st day of September, 1910.

MICHAEL DUGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Dugan, Deceased.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Administrator.

10-t

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WHAT DID THE PRIMARY PROVE?

ITS ADVANTAGES AND DEFECTS AND SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT

By A. B. NYE

Possibly the meaning of the late primary ll be made clearer when the general elec- n takes place, but the official canvass of the te has been completed, and it seems a good ne to sum up results.

For one thing, it has been proven that the ople are sufficiently interested in the choice party candidates to turn out and vote for em when they can do so direct, and not in- ectly through delegate conventions. Strange it may seem, this was not believed by a jority of the politicians. Last spring some them thought that not to exceed 80,000 tes would be cast for Republican candidates r governor, others said 100,000, and 120,000 is considered an outside estimate. That y person receiving as many as 40,000 votes uld be nominated for the office was deemed fairly safe assumption, and on it one well own aspirant based his hopes and his plan campaign.

Primary Vote Unexpectedly Large

But on the 16th of August there were cast Republican candidates for governor more an 215,000 votes. The winner received the ffrages of more than 100,000 electors, and hough the second in order among the can- lates was something over 40,000 votes be- nd, he had the support of 55,000 voters, or re than the number supposed to be re- ired to nominate.

The total vote cast for governor, on all kets, was less by 100,000 than the total vote the last presidential year, but it was only 000 less than the total vote at the state elec- n in 1906. It must be remembered, too, that hough 47,000 primary votes were cast for eodore Bell as the Democratic candidate governor, there was no contest over that mination, nor any over other nominations the Democratic ticket, so that a full turn- t at the polls by that party was not to be pected. The five Republicans running for vernor received in the aggregate a thousand d more votes than President Taft obtained California in 1908, and about 90,000 more an the Republican nominee for governor s given in 1906.

People Will Vote If Interested

All of this demonstrates interest - a deep in- est—in the primary election on the part at st of the Republicans. Thousands of mocrats gave evidence of their concern in different manner, when they registered and ted as Republicans. Beyond a doubt most those who did this were impelled by a de- e to take part in the decision of an issue. ey saw that there was no real primary ction issue in their own party, and they uld not refrain from taking a hand in the e which was raging on the Republican side. at the foregoing is the correct explanation a much controverted phenomenon is ap- rent from this, that the few counties in ich the Democrats have remained dominant recent years, and in which there were ac- e fights in that party over local nomina- ns, did not show the same strong drift to Republican side in the primary.

It may be regarded as proven, then, that majority of electors will vote at primaries ien they can feel sure that they are assist- g to decide issues which they believe to be portant. Because they so generally refused vote when they could decide issues only in- ectly, and most often uncertainly, it had be- me an aphorism with politicians that the ople would not vote at all at primaries, and nce the responsibility came directly home themselves for bad conditions in govern- nt.

Delegate Conventions Useful Until Perverted

At a time in the history of this country ien there was a more universal interest in litics, and especially a more continuous in- est, the delegate convention plan of making minations worked well, and when it works ll it has manifest advantages over the di- rect primary. But under present conditions, as they are found in a large part of this and other states, a majority of voters will not make a success of government through round- about methods or long-drawn-out processes; the procedure must be direct and expeditious if there is to be an intelligent participation, or, for that matter, any participation at all, by the greater number of voters. This is the reason why the direct primary, which is a very old idea, is only now taking root and spreading from state to state. Like most things else, it comes when it is needed and not before. Its coming is due to the decay of the convention system, and nowhere was it more decayed than it was in California. Representative government has been the American kind of government for three centuries, and it is not going to be given up before there is a reason for it. Economy of effort is a political as well as an economic law, and so long as the people believed they could secure desired results with less effort through nominating conventions than in any other way they adhered to that plan. They could safely do so as long as delegates truly represented those who voted for them; but it was different when too many of them became mere dummies for adverse influences to play upon. It necessarily makes a difference whether the delegates choose the candidates or whether the candidates choose the delegates. But when both are dictated by the representatives of "the invisible empire" it is time to start some sort of revolution.

The Failure of Machine Methods

Not less striking than the large vote cast at the primary was the tenacity with which electors insisted on voting their convictions when they had them. Here, again, the judgment of the skilled politicians had gone astray. They started in with about their usual degree of confidence in the outcome. They entertained no serious doubt that their familiar methods, a little altered to suit the times, would prove as effective as ever. The machine was still to be dominant because it was the machine. All of the arts were tried, but they failed so far as the voters had clear ideas concerning what they wanted. Popular preferences, which were expected to melt away before the "pressure" and the "pull" of politics joined to big business, insisted on asserting themselves. The vote on governor was one of the best reflections of the popular mind we have ever had in California.

If most of the other results were less conclusive, and if some of them were unsatisfactory, the reason is not far to seek. The governorship was the one office regarding which there was sufficient discussion to enable every voter to arrive at some kind of conviction as to what ought to be done. By election day he knew his own mind, and there was little chance that as to that office his vote would depend on solicitation or influence. As to candidates for other state offices a good many voters evidently had convictions, and quite as evidently others had none. It was not to be expected that the majority could have fixed opinions as to many of those offices, in view of the lack of discussion about them.

Wild Voting Where Voters Were Uninformed

It is useless to expect miracles of the voters. They cannot vote discriminatingly on candidates whom they do not know and about whom nobody stands ready to tell them. It may be regarded as almost wonderful that with no more preparatory discussion concerning the greater number of offices in the list the voters of California did so well. And yet there was a lot of wild voting, showing the lack of acquaintance with candidates and the consequent inability to detect any issue save a personal contest for the honors or emoluments of office. Under such conditions it cannot be said that the ordinary kind of political "work" failed, because the evidences of its success in some instances are only too plainly visible. The existence of a large unattached vote naturally creates the chance for the political worker. If A has no positive opinion regarding whom he shall vote to nominate, and if B does have such an opinion, in five cases out of six A will vote as B suggests or requests. This fact of human nature is the basis of a large part of all the politics done under any system.

Absence of Discussion a Menace

The lack of sufficient informing discussion was the great drawback to the primary, and in some of its aspects was rather alarming. To considerable extent the argument for the direct primary as a substitute for the convention involved the assumption that discussion of the merits of candidates would precede the voting, and the assumption seemed reasonable. It was understood that the candidates would be obliged to make a primary campaign, and presumably a long one, before the day of the election. It had long been one of the objections to the old arrangement that under it there was seldom opportunity to weigh the merits of aspirants to office until after the conventions put them up, when the enlightenment furnished by discussion ceased to be of the highest value because the ordinary voter would put up with an inferior candidate in preference to voting against his party. But with the direct primary, so it was argued, the order would be reversed, the effective discussion would precede the nomination, the pro and con in each instance would be fully presented, and the voter could go to the polls fully prepared to vote intelligently at a time when he could do so without feeling that his independence would embarrass his party.

City Dailies Failed To Inform

Happy will it be if this proves to be the case in future primaries, but it was so to far too small an extent on the first trial. On the part of the press the country newspapers made the best record, for some of them had opinions, and expressed them freely, in regard to the candidates for most of the offices; but in the metropolis the voters found comparatively little help extended to them in the columns of the great dailies. I am speaking now more with reference to the legislative, the district and the less important state candidates than with reference to the aspirants to the governorship, for, as before stated, the debate concerning governor was fairly adequate, though certain rather important journals refused to open their columns to editorial discussion of the governorship for fear of embarrassing themselves or their party. This is a consequence of primary campaigning which might well put a curb on the acrimony of newspaper debate, and yet it is apparent that unless candidates can be discussed, and that rather freely, in the party papers before they are voted on, the usefulness of the primary as a selective process will be seriously diminished.

Secondary Offices Neglected

This was made very clear when it came to nominations for offices of secondary, but still considerable importance. Of course the popular interest in these would, under any circumstances, be less; but there are thousands of voters who when the time comes would like to know for whom they ought to vote for railroad commissioner, member of the board of equalization, senator and assemblyman, and it must be said that such voters received the minimum of assistance from the great daily papers. Nor was there any adequate substitute offered, at least in the larger cities, for such lack of newspaper publicity.

Too Many Elective Officers for Choice by Direct Primary

We need not go farther than this point in considering the merits of the direct primary to recognize that while it is ideal in the opportunity it offers for voters to register their intelligent opinions its practical value will depend on

how many intelligent opinions they have to register. In other words, it is rather what goes with the primary election than the election itself which counts. The primary is an excellent means to an end, if it can be properly used, but it is not an end in itself—in which respect it resembles the Australian ballot and all of the other desirable additions to our electoral system which have been made in recent years. The convention system, before it was so perverted that it ceased to be a part of government by public opinion, had this merit, that under it the selection of candidates was usually made by those who knew most about them, or, in other words, the men who were interested in politics and kept themselves informed. With the direct primary the selection of candidates will oftentimes be made by thousands of voters who know nothing about them, unless the educational campaign which precedes it is adequate to accomplish its purpose.

Two Favorable Results of Primary

The two favorable facts concerning the primary which our experience has demonstrated are, first, that the people are interested, and, second, that a majority of them will vote for the right candidates if they know who they are. But in some way the facts must be laid before the voters, and that is a task of almost herculean proportions even when the number of offices to be filled is reasonable, and it is an impossibility when the number of elective officers is beyond reason.

Must Reduce Number of Elected Officers

It follows, then, that there are two things which must be done; the number of officers to be elected must be reduced—a conclusion which has been reached, it was recently stated, by even such a primary reformer as Mr. U'Ren of Oregon—and the program for the campaign of education must be expanded.

Which Officers Should Be Appointed

It would not be too radical if most of the state officers, including the railroad commissioners and members of the board of equalization, should be made appointive. To ask four hundred thousand voters to choose the clerk of the Supreme Court or the superintendent of the state printing office is no more reasonable than it would be to have them elect the chief wharfinger in San Francisco or the head gardener on the state capitol grounds.

In the counties, also, it would be an improvement to have most of the officers appointed, provided the form of our county government could be first changed somewhat. Appointments of county officers by boards of supervisors, when made to fill vacancies, are nearly always vicious because made on the basis of some kind of trade. Appointment is an executive, not legislative, function, and before it will be safe to have appointed county officers it will be necessary to have executive heads of our county governments. (This consideration is one which the promoters of commission governments for cities, in their enthusiasm, have overlooked, with consequences to be learned later.) At any rate, the direct primary plan in the selection of county officers at least in the rural districts, promises to work better than in the choice of some other officers, because a majority of the electors who are to vote for county candidates have some opportunity to become acquainted with them. It is practicable for the county candidates to meet the voters personally, but it is not practicable for a majority of state candidates to do this, or to make a "literature" campaign which will reach all of the voters, except at a cost which is prohibitive.

Facilitating the Pre-Primary Campaign

In what way the pre-primary campaign of education can best be conducted is a question not solved as yet in any state, but there must be some kind of co-operation between the voters and the candidates. The latter cannot do it all, and they will not do it in the way to give the voters most enlightenment. Some sort of non-partisan voters' league, to ascertain and print the facts concerning all candidates, could accomplish a good deal in the right direction, and the work could be extended if independent citizens would organize clubs and invite the candidates to come before them to explain their beliefs and to be "heckled" in the English style.

Direct Primary Useless Without Vigilance

In this last suggestion, I feel confident, is the germ of practical results if it can only be developed. But of one thing citizens may rest assured, and that is that only in the event that they exert themselves along intelligent lines can continued good results be expected from the primary. To relapse into supine confidence that the battle of reform is won through the adoption of the direct primary and that nothing further is needed, would be fatal.

This is only another way of saying that some form of organized effort is necessary to develop the best effects of the primary. Co-operation has always been necessary to good government, and why should any one assume that under the direct primary the necessity will cease and pure individualism will be all sufficient? Most of the best results of the late primary are due to co-operation coupled with a sort of renaissance of the political conscience which has been going on in California for three or four years past. In this organized movement the Lincoln-Roosevelt League took the lead, and, in the main, did the work well. But that league was called into existence by conditions which have already changed and which are likely to be quite swept away in the next two years. It appears to be the judgment of the leaders of the league that it will not be continued, and this makes more clearly apparent the need for something to take its place, and meet the demands of the situation which will exist two or four years from this time.

PERSONALIA

Governor Hughes of New York has received word that his son, Charles E., Jr., is one of the six men selected as editors of the Harvard Law Review.

Henry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, has been decorated with the insignia of an officer of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

"Nobody's Widow," Avery Hopwood's new play, in which David Belasco will present Blanche Bates this season, was placed in rehearsal at the Belasco theatre recently.

Denman Thompson, the dean of American actors, is now acting in the twenty-fifth year of his appearance in "The Old Homestead" at the City theatre, New York. Mr. Thompson is about to celebrate his seventy-seventh birthday.

Bert Leslie, a low comedian who plays tramp parts in Bowery theatres in New York, is said to be the author of most of the slang expressions current these days. He manufactures it fresh every week or two to keep his parts from growing stale.

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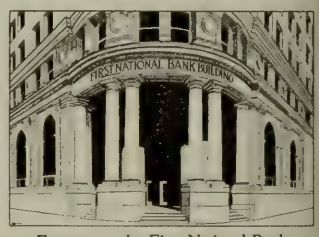

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

SOME TRAVAILS OF REGENERATION

BY

A. JUDSON

THE news that the horsethief had been lynched was all over town before breakfast, and soon men, women and ldren swarmed the jail yard as though re had been a fire. Some said that it was od enough for him, others that it was me and a disgrace. The sheriff appeared the scene in a towering rage and a great ry, at which many laughed outright. Be- e the forenoon was half gone all the de- ls of the execution were in the mouths of yet all denied being there and all denied nplicity with the tragedy.

The face of Jed's father was serious. He k much blame upon himself for not having nself watched the jail, but others said it was good thing for him that he wasn't on hand there might have been two men for break- t that morning instead of one. As for Jed was ashen and his knees trembled so that could scarcely stand, yet he was eager to and hear all that was going on and so ked with the crowd and listened.

"What are yer 'fraid of?" demanded Hank odley, "Yer look like a ghost."

"I ain't 'fraid of nothin', what'r you? You k like a ghost yerself."

"I don't nuther. Yer all wiggly ye'r so id."

"I don't care if I am," was the reply. "I you wouldn't like it ter have one of your nds treated that way."

"Oh, ho! Do you hear that, fellers?" cried nk Woodley. "Jed says the horsethief was friend. You bet I'd never let on if he was ne. Horsethieves ain't respecterble, horse- eves ain't."

ust then Jed's old doctor, whose plum es had lately been stripped, and who had n listening to the jibes and jeers of Jed's id, broke in with, "Humph! if you boys n't watch out you'll land just where that rsethief landed, the last one of you. Noth- can be left loose out of sight ten minutes hout one of you making off with it down ne alley. I haven't had any plum crop to ak of in three seasons. You don't even it for 'em to get ripe. That's the way horse aling begins; that shapeless black thing y're fetching out now, that's the way it ls and if you boys don't watch out you'll die with your boots on, too. You'd better scared, the last one of you, if you'll listen me. Humph! humph!"

The old doctor's harangue, in a voice loud d gruff, had attracted quite a group around discomfited urchins. Some said it was te, what the doctor said, every word of it d, for their part, they did not see what rents were thinking of, letting their boys run ld the way they did. Even Elder Harford, o could leap a fence without touching hand foot to it, and had many friends among the ys, even he had to say that he hoped it uld be a lesson to all of them.

It wasn't real comfortable for Jed or his nd just then, and so they sidled out of the owd, one by one, as soon as they could. et's go and see where they hung him," sug- sted Frank Russ as the men started off up wn with Monroe's body in a spring wagon hold an inquest, "I know about where it s. I heard one of the men tell." So off ey went across the river to a great spreading ttonwood deep in the shadows and so near Sandy that one could hear the water gur- over its roots under which the river had shed.

As the boys approached the spot they ad- nced on tiptoe, as quietly as though they re on a foraging expedition. It was no uble to find the place. A far-spreading mb, dipping toward the ground, left an ample iveway under it and between the trunk of e tree and the river. It was perhaps a dozen et above the ground. The approaches had en overgrown with elders and sunflowers d these the team had crushed down. rough them the boys picked their way and on stood under the big, low-hanging limb. ere, sure enough, was the remnant of the pe left hanging after Monroe Scranton had en cut down, perhaps two or three feet of it. ar after year it hung there. For aught the iter knows some shreds of it may be hang- there yet, five and forty years after the gedy, a warning to successive generations youths to beware of "hooking" things.

The boys looked up at it with chins fallen. They spoke seldom and in whispers. If the leaves rustled or a twig fell they were startled and cold shivers chased one another up and down their spines. The gurgle of the river under the roots of the tree added to the gruesomeness of the situation. "Sh—sh! What was that?" asked Frank Russ under his breath. "I heard something kind of whisper like this. h-h-h!" exhaling as prolongedly as possible.

"Maybe it's his ha'nt," suggested Hank Woodley. "They say that ghosts live in trees, especially where they can hear the water gurgle like filling a jug the way it does here. Let's git out of this."

They got. They ran, half a dozen of them, down the river bank to where the cornfield reached to the river. There they dropped in the warm sand in the shadow of a giant oak.

"Gee, aint it hot!" ejaculated Jed. "Wish we had a watermelon."

"There's a patch out there in the cornfield a ways," observed Hank Woodley. "Wilbur Harper said there was, but I promised not to lead anyone to it because he let me keep his ball bat over Saturday and Sunday."

"I ain't never goin' to hook no more watermelons, nor nuthin' else," declared Jed. "Promised him I wouldn't, cross my heart, hope to die."

"Who's him?" demanded two or three at once.

"Oh, him, him they hanged last night."

"A promise to a horsethief don't count," declared Hank Woodley. "They ain't nobody."

"I don't care, he's better'n you ever was," retorted Jed, "'nd he began by stealing watermelons, too. He told me all about it and made me promise not to hook things any more and I ain't agoin' to neither," and then, little by little, Jed told the boys the whole story.

"Huh! 'taint no sin to swipe watermelons if you don't tear up the vines. Everybody says 'taint. I'll bet Jed's father stole more'n a hundred and my father did I know 'cause I've heard him say so," affirmed Frank Russ. "Don't be a baby."

"I'll tell you how we'll fix it," ventured Herb Pomeroy. "Hank Woodley can't hook none 'cause he promised Wilbur Harper he wouldn't lead anybody to the patch. He can only tell where it is, and Jed can't because he's swore off. I can't 'cause my father leads class meeting in Elder Harford's church, and he'd take the hide off me if he ever found it out, but there ain't nothing to hinder Frank Russ and Fred Stevens slippin' in there 'n fetching us out a couple. Everybody is in town now and nobody ain't on the watch."

That seemed reasonable enough to all except Jed, who didn't feel right sure, but it was getting pretty hot and his throat had that parched, burning sensation that always manifested itself whenever he thought of anything as being licking good and he put up no protest.

The boys were not gone long and the melons did go to the right spot sure enough. Jed's throat felt better as soon as he had thrust a chunk of the core of a melon into it. Then he remembered that the office hadn't been swept, that the inquest would probably be all over and he wanted to know what they were going to do with the remains of his friend. One man had said that they ought to be buried in somebody's hog lot, and Jed wondered if they would do that just because Monroe had stolen horses as well as watermelons.

In a little time Jed and his companions had pattered back across the footbridge to town. The inquest had been held, a rough board box made and the corpse dumped into it, and the crowd was on the point of starting to the cemetery, with Elder Harford and Jed's father in the first carriage, the coroner in the press wagon and people in teams and on foot following after. When they got to the little village of the dead on the hill, overlooking the two beautiful valleys, they drove to a rocky swale off in one corner, where a grave had been dug, and lowered the remains into the ground with due solemnity.

Jed's father and Elder Harford stood with heads uncovered, with the rest of the party crowding around anyhow. Elder Harford offered prayer and then "struck up." "Just as I am without one plea," after which he made a short, earnest talk to the crowd, saying, to Jed's confusion and astonishment, that he had reason to believe that the man who lay dead at their feet had died penitent and, what was more, he had sought during his last hours to lead away from the path he had trod an erring boy, a boy who had erred as he had erred, a boy who, like many others in York, had started, all unwittingly, to travel the selfsame road that this horsethief had traveled and who must come to a similar end if they did not repent their evil ways, cease to do evil and learn to do well. It stood fathers in hand, he said, to look after their boys as they had not done. Furthermore, he ventured to hope that the misguided men who had ventured to take the law into their own hands would find grace in the sight of their God and work meet for repentance such as deceased had found.

That evening when the cow had been milked and it began to grow dusk, Jed slipped off by himself to the little cemetery, climbed over the wall and squatted at the foot of the grave of the dead horsethief. He thought of what must have been the agony of that death, of how good natured and jovial Monroe had always been, how easy it might be to begin by stealing horse shoes and end, as Monroe had declared, by stealing horses. Again he crossed his heart and renewed his pledges not to "hook" things any more. His throat ached, the tears came and so occupied was he that he did not notice the approach of a tall figure along the wall until the wall had been overleaped and Elder Harford stood by his side.

Jed bounded to his feet as if to run away, but Elder Harford, who was kindness itself, reached out a hand and asked Jed to stay, took him by the arm and led him to a rocky ledge and sat down.

"He was your friend, Jed?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you had a talk with him yesterday?"

"Uh-huh."

"And he warned you not to do as he had done?"

"Uh-huh. How'd you find that out?"

"Oh! I have ways of finding out things, but are you going to try to keep your promise, Jed?"

"Uh-huh."

"How did you come to 'hook' things, Jed? Your father never did such a thing in all his life."

"All the boys do."

"Not Herbert Pomeroy, I am sure."

"No, but he puts the other boys up to it and helps to eat whatever we get. He did today I'll bet he's the one that told you!"

"What did he do today?"

"He'll lick me if I tell on him."

"But I'll not tell him that I know." Then Jed told of the watermelon foraging in the benefit of which Herb and Jed had shared without stealing anything themselves.

"Did that seem right to you, Jed?"

"Maybe not, but it was only just watermelons."

Then followed a good, long, kindly talk, during which Jed unbosomed himself as to the whole situation and in which the enormity of such offenses was set forth in plain terms. Before Jed knew what was coming, the tall Elder had crumpled down upon the grass beside him and, holding fast to Jed, prayed for the boys of York, prayed that the tragedy of this dying thief, like the one who died upon the cross might not prove in vain and, what puzzled Jed the most, the good Elder asked God to forgive him for not understanding the

boys of York better and being more to them. He prayed that he might be an humble instrument in God's hand to win the boys of York from their erring ways and fetch them back to the straight and narrow path.

Rising, these two friends walked homeward hand in hand as the stars came out. Elder Harford changed the subject. He talked of the beauty of the valley and how the terraced hills had been made under the ocean ages and ages ago; how great rivers, running from bluff to bluff, had chiseled out the valley and rounded the hills, cutting a new terrace each time the water receded into a new channel, wearing away the rocks and making the fertile lands where people could sometime make homes; that the end and purpose of it all was that men and women might be blessed with sons and daughters to grow into manhood and womanhood ever and always growing more and more into the likeness of their God and His Christ.

It had been a notable day for Jed and a notable day for the town. Jed had opened his own heart and the heart of the town to Elder Harford, who now knew as never before the sources of juvenile delinquency, what the blacksmiths were doing to encourage thefts of iron; the merchants to encourage thefts of bottles and paper rags; the tinsmiths, thefts of copper bottoms to boilers and tea kettles, and the good elder made it his duty, without telling how or why he knew, to make these men understand what they were encouraging and to make them promise to join with him in putting a stop to it.

Then he went to the fathers and mothers of the boys, among others to Jed's own, astonishing them all beyond measure with what he knew, but helping them to inaugurate a general round-up of the lads, and to find something for idle hands to do. The Civil War was just then over and Elder Harford helped to drill the military companies the boys had formed. He took them on excursions to the woods, taught them how to swim, how to make and fly kites, how to make and use bows and arrows and he put baseball on a regulation basis.

As for Jed—well, the printing office had need for him. Betwixt father and mother, more watchful of him than ever before in their lives, and Elder Harford, he had little time to himself for the rest of that summer and until school was in full swing again in September.

No caged bird ever beat harder at the bars than did Jed at the restraints imposed. His father was more firm with him, and his mother more watchful, than ever before in his life. They seemed to Jed to have conspired against his having any fun at all. His father gave him an ever-increasing stint of so much type to set, after which he could play for a little while.

Meantime his head ached, his eyes watered, he set the blackest proof ever known in that office and he believed himself to be downright sick; but what a miracle was wrought in recovery of health the moment the stint was somehow completed. He mounted the stair rail at its head in the last stages of invalidism, but by the time he had glided with the swiftness of light to the sidewalk below he was never better, thank you, and was ready for a swim, a ball game, to play Indian, march with his military company or do whatever the other fellows were doing.

The military spirit ran high and every lad was eager to dress in soldier clothes. There was one way to do it. Soldiers were always passing back and forth between "The River" and the Indian country to the west. They camped on the Indigo and took a swim, making the opportunity the occasion for casting aside their old clothes and donning new. Many of these soldiers were "galvanized Rebs," as they were called, confederate prisoners who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Union and had been sent west to keep the Cheyennes and Sioux pacified, so far as bullets might have a pacific effect upon them.

These cast-off clothes were eagerly pounced upon by the boys of York. They were, for prudential reasons, carried home on sticks, put into a pot or washboiler, a fire kindled underneath out of doors, and they were boiled and boiled and boiled. Then they were dried on the line and ripped into pieces, patched together and made into suits for the boys. How proud they were when a company of a dozen or twenty could be formed in line, all dressed in blue! And the boy who had found a cast-off officer's suit, well, his title to the command could not be questioned.

Jed's understanding of the war had gradually clarified. During the last year or two of it he had kept pace with events as well as the best of them. He rarely failed of meeting the stage at the station when it came in, to hear the latest and to get his father's copy of the latest daily published at a river town and run with it to the office, scanning the headlines on the way. He had read the "Pioneer Boy" and had learned to love "Father Abraham," even more than his own father or Elder Harford.

When news came of the surrender of Lee, Jed forgot all about not "hooking" things, and rustled goods boxes for the bonfire on "Old Flat Top" bluff, with the best and worst of them. When "Sheeney Louie" detected Jed and another boy throwing his boxes over the back fence and pursued them into the street calling them thieves and miscreants, the men drove him back into his house, tore down his fence and carried off and burned fence, boxes and all. Next day, Louie, who was really patriotic but stingy, gave Jed a new soldier cap as a peace offering, and all was well.

But what of the night when the news of the assassination of Lincoln came! The stage was late, for the weather was rainy and the roads bad, and Jed was at home at supper. The one-armed city marshal, who was always at the station when the stage came in, hastened to apprise Jed's father of the awful tragedy. The forkful of food Jed had lifted toward his mouth never reached it. He sank back into his chair, faint and sick. He hurried from the table out into the night. It seemed to him that all was lost, that the war would never cease, that everything must end, that the sun could never shine again or the stars look down upon such a world.

He hastened to the office, where his father was going, to the stage station and the stores to hear or read the particulars of the tragedy. Women were crying, men were wiping tears from their eyes and vowing vengeance. Jed's mother declared that if the war were renewed, and there were not men enough to win the victory, the women would take up arms, and that she knew that she could learn to shoot as well as anybody.

Never had Jed seen his father so aroused. For the first time in his life he spoke (from the office steps) with bitterness of the men of the South, declaring that perhaps God himself had ordained the removal of Lincoln when his great task was done through a fear that his great goodness of heart might make him too lenient toward the traitors to their country. In after months Jed's father reversed that opinion and suffered great unpopularity by declaring that the policy of Lincoln, to bind up the nation's wounds with malice toward none and charity for all, was wisest and best. He regretted the excess of statement into which stress of feeling had betrayed him.

So wore away what, in the family history of Jed, came to be known as, "that bad summer," and school took up, with a new teacher. The pupils were all examined to find out what they knew and where they belonged and, as for Jed's class, it got stuck, as it had done the year before, and did the year after and the year after that, at fractions. Year after year the class began at fractions and ended over in percentage somewhere. No one of the class ever lived to finish the arithmetic, but they graduated and went their several ways without it.

Jed tried hard to keep his promises to the dead horsethief and to Elder Harford. The former he had promised not to "hook" anything any more and, to the latter, he had added the promise not to lie or to swear or fight. He had been foolish enough to announce his policy and his former chums were not slow to take advantage of it. He walked pigeon-toed, for reasons formerly explained. They made fun of him for that, but it mollified him little that their raillery enabled him to break himself of the habit. Because he would not "hook things" and would not fight they called him a "Nanny" and a "Sissy" and shunned him. He was tabooed. He found himself left out of the ball games, nobody chose him when they played "clap in and clap out," or "the needle's eye," and he had to herd with "Honus" or Corydon, whose families were socially off-color and taboo, too. He stood it the best he could from the boys, but when Kate Hayner called him a sissy and ran her tongue out at him he lost all sense of propriety, punched her in the stomach, pulled her hair and broke her comb, which his father had to pay for. This was the unluckiest incident of all, because after that they charged him with being a girl-lighter who didn't dare to fight boys.

As the term advanced the boys became more and more rough with him as they found it increasingly safe to impose upon him. Once they threw him to the ground, made him the bottom of a "nigger pile" and so hurt his crippled arm as to make it bleed profusely, whereat his teacher, with the view of moving the boys to compassion, made him undress his arm and show his wound to the whole school. That was the final humiliation beyond which nothing could go. He remained away from school every chance he got after that, became morose at home, sullen at school and as unhappy as child well could be.

Still he clung to his promises not to hook things, not to lie or to swear and not to fight. He went at it systematically. Upon leaving home in the morning he renewed his vows, to himself, not to do any of these things until school took up. When school took up he searched himself to find if he had kept the faith. At recess he obligated himself anew and, after recess, he recounted to himself all the things that he had done to see if he had kept the faith. This self examination was exactingly repeated at noon, at afternoon recess and at night. Often he fell, always he tried again, but, because he failed, he was ashamed to meet Elder Harford face to face and contrived as much as possible to keep out of his way. It made him kind of sneaking. In spite of his love for the Elder he cherished resentment toward him for all he had endured. So wore away the cruel weeks of the fall.

It happened at a ball game of the grown-ups Thanksgiving afternoon. Hank Woodley had been especially aggressive. Immunity from consequences made him so. He was so that day. He told something on Jed that made all the others point the finger of scorn at him and set up the cry in concert, "Nanny, Nanny, Nanny!" meantime pushing him this way and pushing him that. Jed finally lost all sense of obligation and, with as big an imprecation as he knew how to hurl, which he screamed at the top of his voice, he flew at Hank Woodley tooth and claw. He scratched and kicked and struck, threw the boy down and jumped on top of him, struck him in the face, pulled handfuls of hair out of his head and chugged his head up and down on the hard ground. Hank yelled with terror and pain. Jed had set his teeth into Hank's arm and was grinding at his flesh like a demon when a strong hand wrenched him loose, dragged him to his feet and fairly threw him into a buggy and drove with him out of the crowd, which now embraced ball players and all.

It was Elder Harford. Jed's own wounded arm was bleeding profusely. The blood had saturated his sleeve and ran from his finger tips. "Jed, Jed, what do you mean by such actions?" Elder Harford demanded sternly as he drove toward Jed's home.

"I just couldn't stand it no longer," declared Jed between sobs.

"What had Hank done to you?"

"He told on me."

"What had you done that he could tell on you?"

"Asked his forgiveness."

"What had you asked his forgiveness for?"

"For fighting him."

"What did you fight him for?"

"For pestering Link." (Link was the diminutive son of Edom, son of Ham.)

"What did he do to Link?"

"Oh, he threw him down, tore his clothes, called him 'nigger, nigger, nigger,' ran off with his hat and wouldn't give it to him again, so I pitched into him."

"Then you asked his pardon afterward?"

"Yes, 'cause I had told you I wouldn't fight, but I did."

"And he told the boys that you had asked his pardon and they jeered at you and called you Nanny?"

Uh-huh, and I sailed into him again just way I could. I'd just as hef have killed as not. I'll bet you couldn't stand it to picked on that way every day and all the e, and called a coward and a sissy and my and everything when you 'aint afraid one of 'em. I'll just bet you couldn't, and on't. I'll do the other things I said I ld, but I'll fight those fellers to a finish ry time they give me any of their lip, I 't care what you say, or papa or mamma anybody," and Jed stood upright in the gy, looking the Elder squarely in the eye though he would as soon fight him as any- y.

Sit down, child," the good Elder said. "I afraid you have had great provocation, at provocation. I did not know that boys ld be such little beasts. I think more than ly I should have done as you did under h circumstances. It may be wrong, I don't w. I shall take it to God in my prayers ight. It seems sometimes as though the ster asked more of us, almost, than flesh blood can bear. They'll probably let you ne from now on. If they do not, well, 't be the aggressor, but don't submit to in- nity. I wouldn't and neither would your ner. It isn't right for us to ask more of than we should exact of ourselves."

ly that time they had reached Jed's own e and Jed's mother advanced to meet them. plight told plainly enough what had hap- ed. Can Jed never forget those great, ned, surprised eyes that looked him ough and through when he was detected some delinquency? Certainly not in this ld; it may be in the next, but not here.

Don't scold him," said the Elder. "He did his father or I would have done under ilar circumstances. I think that somehow and I will yet solve this problem of youth- delinquency. I am afraid that I had for- ten what it is like to be a boy, but Jed is ching me. I am learning more of him than of me. But, Jed, child, don't hate. What- r you do, don't hate. That lust to kill— God, boy, smother that; that is awful. ht if you must to protect yourself, but not kill, only to punish; not to kill, never to ."

s Jed passed through the gate, listening to words of the Elder, he looked back and into a face that he never forgot. It was a e expressive of sympathy, of doubt, of un- tainty, of profound concern. Instead of rising to suffer all things in meekness, and turn the other cheek to be smitten also, as Master had commanded, he had advised resenting of an indignity, fighting to hold 's own, only not to kill, merely not to kill. had drawn the line at that. Had he, refore, also denied his Lord? It was all t in his face. Jed's mother understood. Jed it was only an unforgettable look.

("Judge James V. Coffey"—Concluded)

iciary, that whatever amendments may be de, the code establishes the law of this te, respecting the subjects to which it re- s, and its provisions and all proceedings fer it are to be liberally construed with a w to effect its objects and to promote jus- e. This is the guiding star for the courts. polar principle—liberal construction and promotion of justice."

These are not the rhetoric of the hustings r the light words of the careless speaker. ey are the wisdom of mature age, for- lated out of a lifetime of rich experience l seasoned judgment. They are backed by record of forty years of unremitting service the public in one capacity or another, and an earned reputation for impregnable in- rity.

udge Coffey's present reputation is based on his probate work. But his years of gen- l practice, in all branches of the law, should t be forgotten in an estimate of his capacity a lawyer. Neither should be forgotten the perience he has had in the trial of great will ntests, where a thorough knowledge of pro- lure and the rules of evidence were re- ired, as well as knowledge of the probate v.

f the judgment of San Francisco, legal and alike, is to be believed, Judge Coffey is one the ablest, most upright and most genuinely eful men in public life today.

("Wm. Kent's Statement"—Concluded)

great corporations doing an interstate business. In this matter, it must be frankly recognized that combinations are inevitable, that competition can no longer be trusted to remedy overcharge. Capital can no more be forced to competitively fight capital than men can by law be forced into personal encounters with their neighbors. Control is the only remedy.

5. The purging of the national temple of the political power of those great special interests that have impudently legislated against the public welfare.

6. The spread of the merit system of public employment, especially in the postal service, to the end that that great department of the government, may be cleared of partisan politics, and that public servants may no longer be used as cogs in any political machine.

The installation of a national parcels post as a relief from the extortions of the express companies and as a means of making the department a paying business.

The curtailment of the franking privilege, and the abolition of that privilege as used in political campaigns.

7. The enactment of laws that shall carry into effect the conservation policies, both as affecting the natural resources of the nation and also our human resources, to the end that there shall be a more equal sharing of the bounties of nature, and that human life may be lived more safely, more broadly and more happily, and that the waste of life now incident to many occupations employing men, women and children may be reduced to a minimum.

8. The revision of our immigration laws to the exclusion of all undesirable immigrants and all who cannot be assimilated into our democracy. We must exclude Asiatics or forfeit the future of the Pacific Coast as a home of democratic opportunity.

9. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people and the extension where possible of the principles of direct legislation.

10. The graduated income tax.

The development of waterways.

These are among the national policies for which I have always stood, and for which I shall always stand.

As concerns this district, I shall, if elected, study carefully and in detail the needs of the various sections, and shall do all in my power to obtain such federal aid as may fairly come to the district; in which effort I shall not be handicapped by a congress or by a speaker hostile to progress, or demanding in return my allegiance to reactionary measures.

I shall not bind myself in caucus against this platform, nor against my conscience.

I shall not recognize partisanship where partisanship runs counter to the public welfare.

I shall diligently attend to the public business and shall consider myself a public servant and not a part of a political machine.

I hope to represent all the people of the second district regardless of their party affiliations and furthermore to be free from sectional prejudice as befits one who represents the nation.

(Signed) WILLIAM KENT.

Kentfield, October 3, 1910.

THE TAX-REFORM AMENDMENT

By Carl C. Plehn

Article No. 6

The first of these articles gave an outline of the amendment; the second and third discussed the evils of the present system; the fourth advanced the reasons for separation of state from local taxation; the fifth presented the reasons why the larger corporations should be taxed by the higher authority, the state. This one will discuss the advantages of the gross earnings taxes.

Each of the taxes proposed for each of the different classes of corporations is a more just and a more efficient tax for that class of corporations than the ad valorem tax now in force.

Gross earnings taxes are better for the public than ad valorem taxes: (1) because they are simpler and easier to administer, they cannot be evaded, and can be enforced without the exercise of judicial discretion by any officer; (2) because they increase more steadily and more rapidly than do the property taxes. This rapidity of increase is strikingly illustrated by the experience of Illinois. The Illinois Central railroad, by a contract in its charter, pays the state a percentage of its gross earnings, in lieu of all other taxes. All other railroads in the state pay on their property. The taxes of the Illinois Central increase by fifty per cent every decade. Those of the other roads by twenty-five per cent in each decade. Minnesota also shows a similar rate of increase of railroad taxes under the gross earnings plan, the taxes doubling each decade. Similar results are to be found in the history of these taxes in Wisconsin. We have already seen what a partial application of this rule does in California. That was shown in the last article, a jump from $1,300,000 to $2,200,000 in five years. As a matter of fact, the gross earnings will increase more rapidly than the investment.

Gross earnings taxes are better and fairer to the companies also as well as of advantage to the public. In its report of 1906 the state tax commission said:

> Railroad officials, as a rule, are strongly in favor of the gross earnings tax. Their chief reasons are its simplicity, the ease of administration, and, above all, the fact that it always enters in the same proportion into their accounts, so that its effect upon their business is always uniform. It is natural for railroad officials to look upon taxes as an expense incident to business done. If a road does more business this year than last, it buys more coal, pays more wages, and, under the plan, would pay more taxes. Entering in this manner into their accounts, it is not a disturbing item or a matter calling requiring explanations, as would an increase in taxation in face of a decrease in business. Furthermore, the tax varies from year to year in direct proportion to the fund out of which it must be paid. The tax is, therefore, always in proportion to the road's ability to pay.
>
> That the railroads themselves favor this plan is no evidence that it is one adverse to the public interest. Simplicity, ease, and cheapness of administration, and certainty of returns, are advantages to the government as well as to the taxpayer. Steadiness of growth in revenue is another advantage. The revenue derived from a gross earnings tax will grow with the growth of the community, and will in the long run keep pace therewith. In this respect it affords a decided advantage over the property tax. The assessment of property tends to become stationary or to advance at a constantly decreasing rate. Only some radical change in the law or in the administration thereof can counteract this tendency.

Then there is the difficulty of apportioning these taxes. At present the assessed valuation is apportioned among the counties on a mileage basis and taxed by the counties as they please. That sparsely populated rural districts should levy tolls on passing commerce sufficient to enable them to meet all their local expenses is too rankly unjust to be tolerated. The proceeds of the taxes on the great agencies of commerce belong by right to the people of the state as a whole.

What has been said as to the steam railroads applies equally to street railroads. Even an assessor of great ability and unusual experience can only guess approximately at the value of these complex properties. In the great power companies we have a new development that has grown up since the tax system was adopted and entirely outside of it. Had these existed in 1880 when the assessment of the railroads was turned over to a state board the power companies, that string their lines through many counties would have gone under the control of that board. The county assessors cannot, by scanning a few miles of poles and wires, arrive at any conception of the value of the property as part of a great system.

The express companies have for a long time served as the stock illustration of the absurdity of a property tax on a great going concern. In the famous "Ohio Express Company cases" the Supreme Court of the United States points out the absurdity of "taxing a business that earned $275,446 in a single year on the basis of $23,400 worth of horses, wagons and safes."

Why should a car company that sends hundreds of cars into the state in the fall of the year be taxed only on the one or two or no cars that are here on the first Monday in March? Why should the Pullman Company, that ever recalcitrant operator of "moving hotels," be allowed to defy the sovereign people of this state and refuse to pay any taxes at all?

Dr. Stanton Coit, of London, distinguished for his writings on ethical subjects, will lecture at the Auditorium, corner of Page and Fillmore streets, next Friday evening, October 14th. His subject will be, "Religion and the National Idealism of America."

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Lunacy Commission

Section 2136 of the Political Code of California declares that there shall continue to be a State Commission in Lunacy to consist of five members, to wit: the General Superintendent of the State Hospitals, the Secretary of the State Board of Health and the three members of the State Board of Examiners. The State Board of Examiners, it will be remembered, consists of the Governor, the Secretary of State and the Attorney General, all three of whom have all the business they can attend to in their own departments and, unless they neglect their regular work, they can not have more than a speaking acquaintance with the highly important department of the care of the insane of the state.

The truth of this became so manifest that the law was early so amended as to provide substitutes for these officers in the persons of, first, the Secretary of the State Board of Examiners, who takes the place of the Governor when the Governor is not present, which is most of the time, but, alas for the system! the Secretary of the State Board of Examiners has all that he can do to attend to the duties of his own office, and as outside man for the Governor, so that the commission is little strengthened by his addition to the Lunacy Commission. Second, the Assistant Attorney General or Deputy Attorney General is authorized to take the place of his chief on the board, but the same holds true with regard to him. He has too much to do to fit himself to discharge with intelligence and competent knowledge the duties of so important a board. In brief, there is just one man on that commission whose special knowledge of the work in hand fits him for the duties of that commission and that is the General Superintendent of State Hospitals. All the other members are practically dead timber.

Worse than being dead timber, the ex-officio members of the State Lunacy Commission subdivide the responsibility that should rest on the General Superintendent and they make it more difficult for him to do what he ought to do with the business in his hands. In practice, if he wishes to do, or permit to have done, any particular thing he must round up these ex-officio members, explain the matter to them, make them understand the need for it if he can, get their consent and then share the responsibility with them for whatever was done or not done. It is exactly how not to have the duties of an executive office efficiently, expeditiously and responsibly performed. If the people of the state can find a man big enough to be governor he can find a man big enough to be General Superintendent of all the hospital business of the state, the governor being responsible for him and he being responsible to the governor. The need is to wipe this Lunacy Commission off the state books and place its duties in the hands of a State Commissioner in Lunacy, or a State Department of Defectives and Insane.

But then, as often pointed out in this department, that is a form of reform that needs to go like a rip-saw right through our whole system of state government, and the sooner the better.

The powers of the commission are, in brief, to appoint the necessary officers and attaches, including someone to expert books (which should be done by the State Examiner); to fix the salaries of the officers and attaches of the several hospitals (which should be done by the Governor and his cabinet or heads of department sitting in council); to determine and provide for the needs of the several hospitals and advise the legislature accordingly.

The duties of the commission are, to take charge of the execution of the laws relating to incompetent persons; visit and examine into all the affairs of all the hospitals, public or private, having insane or incompetent persons in charge; to prescribe needful rules and regulations for operating the several hospitals and see to it that they are observed; to keep records of all persons committed to the state hospitals, with full particulars in each case; to transfer patients from one institution to another as the good of the hospital service may require; to report biennially to the Governor all important facts relating to the hospital service; to investigate all cases where there are reasons for suspecting that persons are wrongfully restrained under commitment for being insane or otherwise incompetent; to aid in the collection of sums due the state from the property or family of persons committed to state hospitals; to look after all state properties connected with the state hospital service; to furnish the legislature with estimates of the probable revenues needed by each of the hospitals for the ensuing biennial period, the improvements required and all other information for the guidance of the legislature in legislating on behalf of the state hospital service.

The care of the incompetent and insane is becoming a great burden in California and demands more attention than it has received either from public or legislature. Little is ever done by a legislature for the betterment of any public service in advance of public demand, and the public has not been well enough informed about this service to be in a condition to make intelligent demands upon the legislature.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

We would especially mention the Century Path, a weekly illustrated, which is a work of art as to its typography and illustrations, while the subject matter is of the highest order, which deals with the problems of the day from a Theosophical standpoint; also the Theosophical Manuals, written with a view of meeting the interest of inquirers; a Point Loma edition of "The Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, written especially for students; "Studies in Occultism," also by the same writer, and "Echoes from the Orient," by William P. Judge, successor to Madame Blavatsky. To one who is interested in the ancient Wisdom Religion these books will be of the deepest interest.

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By Franklin Hichborn

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Theodore Hit It

HEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT WROTE to Meyer Lissner that, "Failure to elect Stimson in New York and on in California would be a blow to good citizenship," he ot mean to be understood as affirming that either Dix or would stand for bad citizenship, but only that the failure ke complete the partial victory of good Republicanism over epublicanism in both states would prove a set-back to good olicanism all over the nation, and good Republicanism is citizenship. It would. He hit it.

Vote For Two

T NO VOTER FORGET that he is to vote for two candiates for the supreme court. If any voter have a partiality ther Sloss or Bledsoe or Melvin let him vote for his man ie of the vacancies, but, as he loves fair play and believes in ding true merit, courage, and a robust, manly character, n be sure to cast one vote for Judge William P. Lawlor, the Francisco judge before whom the protesting San Francisco rs were tried without prejudice to their rights, and yet an unswerving regard for the rights of The People. He d himself a rock of faith and courage. He should be reered when the voter goes into his booth to face his ballot is God.

The Saloons After Wallace

BERT J. WALLACE is a terrible sort of fellow to be in olitics. He goes to church and he does not go to saloons! lo not know whether Timothy Spellacy goes to church or ut he does go to saloons, and this much is pretty thoroughly d: the saloon vote is going **for** Spellacy and **after** Wallace. e is a difference. Every Republican who ranks the saloon the church will vote for Spellacy. Every Democrat who the church above the saloon should vote for Wallace. That ight the wrong to Wallace and give Spellacy no better than ue.

Gospel of Minimum Wage

ANCE IS BEING HELD in the grip of a general strike and ie power of the French army has been called upon to break grip. The cause of the trouble is the demand of railroad ers that there shall be a minimum wage of a dollar a day. gospel of the minimum wage is spreading. The time is ig when any contract made to work for less than a minimum will be both void and punishable. When that time does shop girls will not have to piece out their incomes by living me or in harlotry, and common labor will not have to choose een helotism and vagabondage. At last the wages issue has ed below the poverty line. Hitherto the lift has been from op rather than from the bottom rung of the industrial ladder. he poor, the very poor, have had little done for them. The paid workers have done the most striking.

Ferrer

THE HOUR THIS IS WRITTEN it appears that Spain nay pass the anniversary of the execution of Ferrer without olution, or even a serious disturbance, thanks in part to the ous action of Premier Canalejas and "Butcher" Weyler and, rt, to the indifferent esteem in which even the anarchists of held Ferrer. He was a man of ability, but of no moral character, and Spaniards care nothing for him, but only for his execution, which was both an outrage and a political blunder. If Spain were of one mind it would speedily be a republic, but there are as many Spains as provinces in Spain with more to hold them apart than to bring them together. Not even the god of battles can make a Republic out of that.

Put It To a Vote

AT MARYSVILLE, FRANCIS J. HENEY, in speaking on behalf of the candidacy of William Kent, said: "I do not believe that you want your representative in congress to trade off some great principle of human liberty in this country in order to get a postoffice building for Marysville." There isn't a politician of the old guard who would not give Mr. Heney odds on the postoffice side of that issue and, so far as this paper knows, Mr. William Kent is the only candidate for congress who has dared to stake his candidacy on the human liberty side. We shall know how Marysville stands on that issue when the votes are counted. Having faith in The People, this paper is betting on Kent.

The Savings of the People

AT THE BANKERS' CONVENTION at Los Angeles William R. Creer, of Cleveland, declared that the increased cost of living had made serious inroads upon the savings of the people deposited in savings institutions; that, following the panic of 1907, the cost of living had increased while wages had decreased, and that unless there could be a speedy readjustment of differences between wages and living our savings depositories will soon confront serious problems. That is a test that there is no getting away from. It was indignantly denied by the Cannon-Aldrich combination that the Republican party had ever promised to so reduce the tariff as to reduce the cost of living. It "better had."

The Purity Congress

SUCCESS TO THE PURITY CONGRESS in session in this city. It has to deal with humanity's primal and most potential curse. The easiest way to deal with the problem is to resolve, as did the W. C. T. U. of Berkeley, that there shall be "no compromise with evil," and then repair to safeguarded homes full of satisfaction with self and indignation at those who would try to control what cannot be prevented. But that leaves the evil about where it was found and neither lessens the red plague nor safeguards the home. Frankly, The California Weekly is not wise enough to know what should be done, but it would suggest that a museum of the horrors of the licentious life, through which to take male and female adolescence in the company of a competent teacher, together with an insistent demand for a living wage for working women, might be attempted with advantage. Else the gospel according to Bernard Shaw, that the "Best thing a poor girl can do under existing industrial and social conditions is to be good to some man who can afford to be good to her, in wedlock if she can, but outside of it if she must," will make more converts than the W. C. T. U. and Purity Congress combined. A mere refusal to compromise with evil never yet saved a human body from profanation or a soul from hell, but it is as easy as rolling off a log. The way of Paul was better in that he made himself, "all things to all men that he might by all means save some."

Islais Creek

Our leading article this week deals with the proposal to vote $1,000,000 in state bonds, the same being a mortgage upon the harbor revenues of San Francisco, for the purchase of submerged lands in the heart of San Francisco to be used, in the process of time, for wharfing purposes. The bonds should be voted and the land acquired.

Ninety per cent of the harbor approaches of this nation are owned by the railroads, and the greater part of what remains is owned by private persons or corporations. Whoever owns the approaches to a world's highway, to all purposes owns that highway, and it ought not to be privately owned. Every pound of freight going in or out is subjected to a tax for the benefit of the wharf owners. It is by such processes as these that the earnings of the many are diverted into the pockets of the few. It is against public policy. It should be opposed at every point at every opportunity. Islais creek is one point and affords one opportunity. Make the most of it.

This is not saying that the state should or should not own and control wharfing privileges, or that the port cities should or should not, or that the national government should or should not. These are issues that need to be taken up and settled, but their settlement does not require the postponing of the Islais creek issue to a later date. That should be settled now and settled right, and no such issue can be settled right that is not settled in favor of some form of public ownership of access to deep water.

San Francisco has a direct and palpable interest in securing for the benefit of its trade public control over this important interior basin. It means much to the commerce of San Francisco to have it have unvexed access to landing and loading facilities, to the bringing of ship and car together free of the pleasure of any private interest and without being mulcted by usurious tolls. No city can be commercially great with its commerce in chains.

But the interest of the state of California is greater. A great share of the commerce of the state must go in and out through the Golden Gate and, in part, in and out of Islais channel. Can the state afford to relinquish all its interests to the city of San Francisco, trusting to its far-seeing and enlightened self-interest to guard the freedom of the commerce of the commonwealth? Perhaps so. That is a matter to be determined.

What of the nation? The shipping that goes in and out through the Golden Gate, or that shall pass in or out of Islais channel, is of immediate concern to the commerce of the whole nation. Can the nation afford to leave its larger, and therefore paramount, interest in the wharfing facilities requisite for the nation wholly to either city or state?

These are issues that need to be wrought into a definite national, state and municipal policy, but the Islais creek project cannot wait for their threshing out, and there is no need that it should. It is sufficient to affirm that access to the world's highway must be under some form of public, and never under any form of private control. Stick a peg there, and then vote for the bonds.

Justice Sloss On Justice

On Saturday of last week Justice M. C. Sloss addressed the City Club of Los Angeles on "Reform of the Criminal Law." The address was instructive, and indicates what the legislature, by and with the advice and consent of the appellate courts (without which nothing can be done), chiefly ought to undertake to do.

But first let us take a fall out of the Judge while we may. He declared, what no judge ever loses an opportunity to declare, that "The duty of the judge is to declare, not to make, the law." That is a fiction solemnly promenading the corridors of time hand in hand with John Doe and Richard Roe, but it is not now and never was wholly true. It is true only in theory. In practice whoever declares the law makes the better part of it. No trained lawyer will pretend to know what a statute means no matter what it says, until it has been put through the judicial transformer and has been "declared," by which time the maker of the statute will, very likely, be unable to recognize it. The courts remake all the law that is made, and very little of it would be serviceable unless remade. Statute law should be crystalized judicial decision, but, somehow, the process has been reversed and law, real law, is now a judicially transformed statute. The older method was better. It is only with practice that that ancient fib can be judicially pronounced without involuntarily winking the other eye.

But that is aside from the important suggestions made by Mr. Justice Sloss. As he views the issue of the better administration of criminal justice in this state the appellate court should have the power to review the facts as well as the law, touching those points upon which the case may hinge, in order to ascertain if, where errors have been committed by the trial courts, those errors did in truth work a substantial injury to the constitutional rights of the accused. This is the English system. It works well there and should work well here.

Judge Sloss thinks that the state should have the same right to a change of venue that the accused has. The truth of this was so forced upon the public mind during the trial of the graft cases as to leave small room for question. Another reform suggested is the permitting of a verdict, in all except capital or life imprisonment cases, by three-fourths rather than a unanimous vote of the jury. The public mind is ready for that, too. Another suggestion is that the constitutional right of the accused to decline to testify against himself should be so far modified as to permit the jury to treat as evidence the fact that he does not testify on his own behalf when if he had testified his testimony must have tended to establish his innocence if really innocent. Public sentiment has long since taken this view. Whoever refuses to testify should do so at his peril.

With the abrogation of the strict rule now obtaining in California relative to the refusal of the accused to testify, Justice Sloss thinks there should go the prohibition of receiving all confessions obtained by "third degree" methods. We would not go so far as that, but would seek to prohibit and punish the application of "third degree" methods when once our criminal jurisprudence has been so transformed as to make the conviction of the guilty probable without their application.

There were other sound suggestions in Justice Sloss's address. The important consideration is, however, how to make them effect. Our penal statutes are now and have been framed by legislators who have no deep sight into the establishment of justice as a problem of government, but, rather, by the a part of whose function in life is to save fri prison those who should be in prison. T lawyers elected to the legislature, left to the selves, will never adequately reform our ci or criminal procedures.

But if a commission could be constitut composed of one or two legislator lawye one or two legislators from unprofessio walks of life, Judge W. P. Lawlor and Just M. C. Sloss, sitting together five hours a d five days in the week for three weeks, th would evolve a criminal code that would sound, flexible, just to the accused and to state and efficient to the end in view—the tablishment of justice. Why cannot such commission be constituted the second or thi legislative day of the forthcoming session, w instructions to report by the time the sessi is half over?

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They Will Get What They Want

It is the duty of bankers to be conservati and it is the duty of conservatives to hold fi to that of the past which has proven its rig to live, but it is no part of the duty of co servatism to resist progress. That is Bo bonism, and Bourbonism is suicide in the fi degree. The temptation of bankers towa Bourbonism is constant. Reference is h made to bankers, real bankers, not speculato and promoters of the Morse, Bartnet, Dalz Brown stripe, who open banks that they m come into possession of other peoples' mon to gamble with. Not more than half to tw thirds of the bankers of this country are r bankers. Some go so far as to say that Am ica has no bankers, but, allowing that tw thirds are bankers, the other third are wil catters and should have their financial hea chopped off.

Now the bankers of California are bei looked to to defeat amendment number o In New York state the bankers are beit looked to to defeat what they are pleased call Rooseveltism by turning the state over the Democrats. Reports from Washingt have it that the great banking interests a financing Bourbonism wherever it can found. They are making a mistake, the sam kind of a mistake that the bull made when tried to butt the on-coming express train o the track.

And it is a pleasure to note that Benjam Ide Wheeler had the courage to warn the ban ers of America, lately assembled at Los A geles, against making this mistake, althoug the language he used was far more chaste, le blunt but fully as expressive as ours. H admonished his hearers to know the Americ people, to know them East and West, Nor and South, and he declared that whoever com to know them will come to trust them and place faith in their essential right-mindedne and will not be pessimistic regarding th future.

President Wheeler than proceeded to i form his banker hearers that the American pe ple are going to get what they want and th they are coming to know, if not exactly wh they do want, at least what they do not wa and do not propose to put up with. Amon the things that they do not want and will n tolerate are, an ill-adjusted and unjust tari the burning up of the country's resources u der forced draft, government by consolidate wealth and the conferring of the elective fra chise upon the American dollar.

He assured the American bankers that th American people "will get what they want which, in a phrase, is the "plain and accurat expression of the popular will." "Propert rights are not menaced, the pillars of the sta are not undermined. It will only be when th

overnment does not express the people's will, id the people come to believe that they can- ot make it express it, that real peril will ise."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler has been accused of adying. If he were a toady there would have en a place to manifest the spirit of a toady. he temptation would have been irresistible. it there was not a suggestion of toadyism in hat he did say. He is not guilty. On the con- ary, he spoke the things that the assembled ankers of America most needed to hear. heodore Roosevelt could scarcely have done tter, and it is to be hoped that the bankers ill take it to heart. The American people ill "get what they want," and what they want a square deal.

Moral Prophylaxis

This paper is not one to make a protest ainst prudery an excuse for prurience, and t it will be plain spoken. The issue raised a recent address by Judge William H. aste, of Alameda county, relative to physi- l examinations as prerequisites to marriage, worthy of thoughtful consideration by all vers of their race. Let us open the discus- on by restating a few perfectly obvious but mmonly tabooed propositions, to wit: "Male d female made he them;" the purpose of arriage is progeny; copulation is incident ereto; whoever is venereally diseased is un- to procreate; the sexual sins of the fathers e visited, first, upon their wives and then on their children to the third and fourth neration, by which time their strain will cer- inly have run out, as it is more than ely to do with the first or second. The way carnality is death.

The American Society of Sanitary and Moral ophylaxis asserts that one-eighth of all hu- an diseases are venereal in their origin; that xty per cent of the men of this country be- me infected by some one of these diseases some time in their lives; that seventy-five r cent of all the special surgical operations rformed on women have a venereal origin, at fifty per cent of those once infected be- me irremediably sterile and very many of em are condemned to life-long invalidism; at seventy to eighty per cent of the ophthal- ia (inflammation) that blots out the eyes of fants is attributable to this cause and that enty per cent of all blindness is due to gon- occus infection; that practically all these in- ctions upon innocent humanity result from e infection of virtuous wives by husbands ho have been licentious before marriage, ore than half before their twenty-fifth year. philitic infection is transmitted directly to fspring, killing sixty to eighty per cent be- re birth or soon after; even the one out of ery four or five that makes shift to live is nerally subjected to degenerative changes at tend to make life miserable if not a burden society.

This is the problem that moral prophylaxis esents to thoughtful minds for consideration. it one to be ignored because it is not nice? ou who have innocent daughters that you ish to see happily settled in life, daughters hom you have warded from all that is un- ean, can you afford to ignore a risk so seri- is? You who have sons whom you hope to e to see become the fathers of your grand- ildren and to perpetuate your strain to re- ote generations, can you afford to keep from em as a sealed book a knowledge of the con- quences which may follow their lapse from at which is clean?

The writer of this does not know that the gures given above are scientifically accurate, that they are not examples of that over- atement which characterizes the denuncia- ons of reformers with a single idea, but this does know from what he has seen in the stitutional life of this country: the licentious life is nature's premier curse upon mankind. Whether or not Judge Waste's suggestion of a physical examination, at least of men, as a prerequisite to marriage, is the wisest preventive measure that may be taken, it is a subject that needs to be dealt with at least to the extent of making the truth known. There is no longer any need that men should sin in ignorance of the consequences likely to befall those whom they best love in all the world.

Ships and Battleships

A conference of delegates from Pacific Coast states is to be held in San Francisco next month for the double purpose of bringing a part of the American navy to this coast to remain and to influence a ship-subsidy plan for the encouragement of an American merchant marine.

Let us be entirely frank about these issues. There is no enemy in sight on either shore. The Atlantic coast wishes to retain, and the Pacific to secure, the presence of battleships primarily because of their purchasing and not their defensive power. Battleships are liberal spenders. To avoid being whipped in detail in the event of war the sea power of the nation should be so massed as to crush in detail the fleets of its enemy wherever found. Therefore pull Dick, pull other fellow, for the battleships, but for all or none. After the Panama canal shall have been completed the American fleet may be divided with more safety.

An American merchant marine cannot be sustained in free competition with the rest of the world. That has been tried and has failed. To so subsidize American vessels as to carry half of America's outgoing and incoming trade, and still maintain American standards of wages for seafaring men, American built ships and an American standard of return for the employment of American capital, would endanger, if it did not result in, the bankruptcy of the country.

Therefore, the most that any ship-subsidy advocate cares to declare for is the subsidizing of a few strategic lines in the hope that some good may result to American trade and for the encouragement of the American marine and, at the same time, have available a certain number of auxuliary vessels for use, upon which the American government shall have claim in the event of war.

Rather than embark in an enterprise so doubtful in principle and policy this paper suggests that the United States government build and establish these strategic, tentative American steamship lines and operate them on such a basis as it may be able to, making them earn all they can, to be applied on their cost of construction and operation, thus having them ready in the event of war with trained men aboard upon an instant's notice.

Respectfully submitted for further consideration by the Pacific Coast Conference.

How the Fires Occurred

Much anxiety has been felt as to why the great conflagrations in the timbered regions of Montana and Idaho were permitted to occur despite the governmental system of forest control. Elsewhere in this paper will be found a most interesting and satisfactory explanation, the first we have seen in print. Our brethren of the press will confer a public favor by reproducing that article or giving their readers its substance in other form.

The bitter experience Minnesota has just gone through, albeit not on forest reserve lands, emphasizes the necessity for taking heed elsewhere. The governor of that state declared that enough was lost in the fire of the past week to have paid for forest protection for the whole state for fifteen years. That is inexcusable waste. California also is guilty.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Mountain climbing is a passion. It is dangerous. It is the thrill of danger, the thirst for overcoming obstacles that give it its zest, but what's the use? In Switzerland there is a woman watching the face of a glacier day by day in the expectation that, in a little while, its receding wall will uncover a band of roped-together corpses swallowed up forty years ago. For what purpose? Oh, that they might get to the top of a mountain that no one else had ever climbed? Perhaps being talked about in the papers may have been another motive. If that be the only purpose, Dr. Cook's device for getting talked about without having endured the risks of climbing Mount McKinley rather shines by comparison.

It all depends on what is at the top. The discovery of the north pole cost millions of money and hundreds of lives. After Peary got there he found that there was nothing there, but it is important to the world to know that there is nothing there. The effort, the risks, the losses, were not in vain, for the sum of the world's knowledge of the world has been increased, but, unless some fact of importance remains to be solved, every subsequent expedition to the north pole will be squandered effort, fool-hardy risk and a wasting of life and substance.

It all depends on what is at the top. If life be risked to climb a mountain side that has been climbed a hundred times before where is the gain and where the justification? The instinct to climb is inherent. It is a good instinct. It can be devoted to that which is praiseworthy, but the risking of life "just to be doing," that is not praiseworthy. It is to be condemned.

This jewel we call life, how incomparably precious it is! Think of the cost of motherhood, of the years of care in childhood, of the long years of preparation for some work in life, of our place in the lives and affections of others, of the niche we might usefully fill? Is all to be sacrificed on the alter of a whim? Is all to be risked at the suggestion of an unreasoning impulse?

So far as we know this is the only time we shall live the life we now have. We may go on living under other conditions otherwhere when this life ends, but the likelihood is that this is our only chance to live this life. That makes life precious, the most precious thing in the world except the well-being of the race. For that well-being we may be called upon to yield up life, but for nothing short of that. For the well-being of the race countless hosts have yielded up life and counted it a joy to do it, but to do it for any purpose short of the highest good is to hold in mean esteem the most priceless gift the God of all the universe had to bestow. What shall the soul say to its maker when the demand is to know why the tenanted body was taken up the precipitous side of a mountain only to fall into a crevasse, to go hurtling from crag to crag until it lands shapeless and inert on a pile of jagged rocks? Will, "Oh! just to be doing," suffice to mollify majestic wrath?

It all depends on what is at the top. If it be to add to the sum of the world's knowledge of the world, to find the way for a needed railroad, to study the stars above the mists, to learn of the nature of a rarified atmosphere, to do any one of a score of things that the world needs to have done, well and good; but if the purpose be a vainglorious pride, a hunger to be "played up" in the press, or even merely to satisfy a misdirected but perfectly proper instinct, in such cases such risks as every mountain climber takes with the only material body he will ever get are censurable. It is making common that which is holy, holding at a mean value the priceless gift of heaven. And so it is with whatever places life in jeopardy, whether it be aviating, auto-racing, shooting whirlpools, or what not. To do such things merely that a gaping crowd may say "ah-ah-ah-ah!," to make a thrill of sensation course along so many spinal cords, is monstrous. It all depends on what is at the top!

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Records Made by the Wireless

A year ago last summer the United States battleship Tennessee picked up a wireless message from San Francisco when on the Pacific at a distance of 4580 miles from this city. At that time this was the best record which had been made in the transmission of a message without wires, but the record did not stand long, for in November of that year the steamship Korea received a message from the San Francisco station at a distance of 4720 miles over the Pacific. Only ten or eleven months have gone since then, and again the record is raised, this time by the receipt of messages at Buenos Ayres from Clifden, Ireland, and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, each of these places being about 5,600 miles from Buenos Ayres. How long this record will stand no one knows, of course, but, brief as its existence is likely to be, it is something all but incomprehensible that the sound of the human voice has reached thus far. Think of it! Fifty-six hundred miles, or nearly one-fourth of the distance around the earth at the equator! Man's puny voice, which under ordinary circumstances can make itself heard no farther than the length of a few city blocks, reaches out over tremendous spaces when given wings by his intellect! And this by unseen agencies the potentiality of which was as unknown to us but a few decades ago as it was to our ancestors, the men of the caves! The world of men is moving, and it is moving so rapidly that we, who have our little part in its shifting scenes, but imperfectly realize how stupendous is the miracle of intellect on which we look.

Why His Nobs Will Not Visit Us

The German crown prince will leave Berlin for a visit to the Orient next month. He would much like to continue his tour to the United States, but, alas! he feels that he cannot. It appears, too, that ours is the fault, and so be ours the bitter expiation of pulling along without him. Following are the shameful circumstances which caused the blow to fall: Long years ago the crown prince's uncle, Prince Henry of Prussia, visited this country, as American devotees of codfish will happily recall. At that time Prince Henry was treated with the utmost kindness and cordiality, as he gratefully admits, but he also was "subjected to well-meant familiarities which go against the grain of even the most democratic of princes," as an European correspondent scathingly states the case. Do you see—do you realize—the awful mistake that we made? In our crude, American way we took it for granted that a prince is just a man, like the rest of us. We did not appreciate that he is hedged about by a diviner atmosphere than we inhale, and as likely as not some lantern-jawed clodhopper addressed him as "Hey, Henry!" instead of as "Revered, triply-adored and aluminum-plated Son of a Royal Accident, hail, all hail!" For this we deserve what we are going to get. The slant-eyed and pig-tailed Mongolians will reverently gaze upon the Princely Presence and wonder how it happened, while we will not gaze a gaze—no, not one! Well, we may as well take our medicine. We ordered it.

The Kinetophone Soon Will Be Here

The kinetophone, Thomas A. Edison's latest invention, is nearly perfected, and it will not be long until it will be granted to all of us to look upon and appreciate the wonder of it—for a price. The last clause is volunteered, for it is a practical certainty that this invention eventually will be the feature of all moving picture shows. In the kinetophone Mr. Edison has combined the automatic movements of the photograph and the phonograph. The result is a moving picture in which the characters apparently speak, as would the actors in a real drama. Moreover, the accompanying sound will be heard with every movement. For instance, if an actor should drop a vessel, its crash upon the floor directly will be heard. There seems to be no limit to the public's capacity for enjoying moving pictures, but when they also talk that enjoyment certainly will be greatly increased. At present the invention is not quite perfected, but it is announced that it is so nearly so that it will be in use within a few weeks.

Lloyd-George on Universal Peace

An interview with Mr. Lloyd-George, the British chancellor of the exchequer, is worthy of more attention than has been given to it on this side of the water. We quote from it:

"We cannot disarm in the midst of an armed camp. Any remedy must be international, and we are not merely willing but eagerly anxious for an international agreement by which we could arrest this headlong race to destruction. But when we have piped to other nations they would not dance to our music. Nay, they have even misconstrued our invitation to cover an insidious design to balk their legitimate desire for self-protection or as an intimation that the pace was getting too hot for us and that they had only to keep on to see us drop out of the race. This naturally makes us chary of making new overtures for any international agreement on the subject of armaments. And until such an arrangement is arrived at we have no option but to go on sadly but with unflinching resolution to maintain the comparative preponderance of naval strength which for a hundred years has been recognized by friend and foe alike as the irreducible minimum of our national security."

Regretfully, as we should, but surely, as we must, we are compelled to recognize the force of Lloyd-George's argument. Universal peace is greatly to be desired, but it must remain an unattainable dream until all nations together are wholly ready to lay down their swords and beat them into plowshares.

When Middle Names Were Not

The man who rejoices in the name of Augustus Adolphus Maurice Lorenzo Fitzjames Fitzallyn Jones-Smythe—not to mention his feminine mate—will be pained, and perhaps surprised, to learn that not long ago, as runs the history of nations, even one middle name was forbidden by law. One given name and one family name was considered sufficient then. Coke says, "A man cannot have two names of baptism," and Coke was considered remarkably good authority in his day. But a century and a half ago middle names were extremely uncommon, and even a century ago they still were rare. Note the fact that but three of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence had middle names, and this proportion probably would fairly represent the average among the men of that time. The first five Presidents of the United States had only one given name each. It is comparatively recently that we have taken to giving our children anywhere from two to four Christian names apiece.

Unfortunate Results of Civilization

We are so accustomed to look gratefully upon the beneficial results of civilization that we are inclined to forget those evils which really are of minor comparative importance. Yet that there are such evils cannot be denied. For example, there are diseases and accidents which are peculiar to civilization. The British Medical Journal enumerates some of these, and here is the list which it gives: Poisoning caused by the fumes of acetylene; dyspepsia and heart failure due to the use of aniline dyes; the caisson disease which is peculiar to workers beneath water levels; telegraphers' cramp which results from the use of the Morse key; the numerous affections due to inhaling the dust of factories; electrocution. Most of these diseases are confined to the workers in certain lines of labor, and hence cannot be considered general in their nature, but the sum total of the injury they work to humanity is far from slight, and this injury, in every instance, is of a nature of which the uncivilized know nothing; they are the diseases and hur of civilization which are far more than co pensated by multifold blessings.

The High Heel Once More Attacked

The high-heeled shoe which madame co siders an essential part of her ethereal beau has been attacked by anatomists often enou in the past, but it is never too late to take critical shot at it. The latest expert mark man thus to identify himself with the foes self-beautifying (?) womankind is Dr. v Koranyi, of Budapest. He says that ma statistics compiled by him have convinced hi that the wearing of high heels causes an i crease in the lumbar curve (which may a count for the wearing of such heels by wo en), and this entails a displacement of t kidney, even if that organ otherwise were a retiring disposition. So here again is t testimony of an expert; but will our siste wear any less high heels on that accoun Well, hardly! The kind who read of D Koranyi's views are not those who wear hig heels.

PIE

Ray McIntyre King

Three times three hundred and sixty-fiv pies each year—that was the number m mother baked. We had one pie for dinne one for supper, and the third one for breal fast next morning, provided my father didn surreptitiously finish it and his book at mi night. He was one generation come out England where the pies are pastry covere meat and gravy affairs and a far call from ou delectable native product. If he had been o American extraction, say of the 4th, or 6th, o 7th power—I mean generation—only pur mathematics can determine how many mor than one thousand and ninety-five pies h might have consumed annually. As it was, n naturalization reformer can say that he did nc adopt and appreciate fully our greatest an most uniquely American institution—Pie.

That was in Kansas and all our neighbor ate pies. They did it from principle, becaus they were from Lucy-Larcom-and-Whittier inspired ancestry, come out of pie-eating Ne England to build the "homestead of the free' but my father liked pie, not because of tradi tion, nor association, nor abolition sentimen but just because—it was Pie!

As I said, all our neighbors, all the town in fact, the whole state of Kansas, ate pie. i those days. Perhaps they still do. Perhap that is why Kansas is still so sound and sen sible. What do you make pies of? was th absorbing theme at all feminine gat'erings The woman with an answer to that questio had the floor. Fruit was scarce and it was public benefaction when Mrs. Vince Brow discovered that stewed green tomatoes fla vored with lemon make boss pie-filling. I extremity, the housewife could always fal back on vinegar pie, which, if you please, i very good—better than no pie.

Which demonstrates that, after all, the fill ing doesn't count, provided you make it thi enough. It is the crust that makes or mar the pie. Any old thing for the filling, but th crust—the crust! Beware how ye handle Let no unholy, non-Puritan fingers meddle i that part of the pie! It takes the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of the Amer ican Revolution to make a pie crust that melt in the mouth, a dainty flake of paste that dis solves ere the tongue senses its weight.

A German hausfrau, an immigrant, told m with tears of chagrin of her tragic attempt pie making. She studied the situation both i cook books and American kitchens. Finall she made a pie, but it wasn't pie and neve would be pie in that family before her grand daughter's time.

Yes sir! Like a number of other good and had things the pie is of New England origin "On the bleak New England shore," with fres meat scarce, the resourceful cook began t substitute wild berries and fruits for the mea of the Old England pie of savory memory When in seasons of festivity, she essayed a meat pie, it became by gradual process o economic reduction, a mince pie, a frugal mix ture of meat and fruit. The harsh climatic and harsher social conditions of New Englan

(Concluded on Page 742)

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

writer in a recent issue of the Atlantic nthly very aptly called attention to the t that science is playing strange havoc with ideals of education, threatening to oblit- te classical studies from the curricula of schools and colleges. He called attention to the fact that, while science is useful while it informs us as to the things of the rld, it touches the spirit of man not at all. at if a man would know anything about his l, if he would seek to make it expand and w, he must certainly return to the Scrip- es of the Jews and the tragedies of the eks and to the later poets and dramatists ose work is founded on these.

ncidentally this writer touched in passing a matter of vital concern to literature. He nted out that modern science is inventing ew language, a wierd hybrid tongue, to all e its devotees a meaningless jargon, and that dern writers more and more are coming to nk in terms of this new language and at- ipting to interpret life in those terms. It upon this phase of his article that we wish dwell.

This phenomenon recalls the saying of us, "Render unto Caesar the things that Caesar's, and unto God the things that are d's." This is the axiom that too many dern writers are trying to override. They attempting to express the things of the rit, the poetry of the soul, in the terms of entative scientific jargon. As well attempt express them in the terms of algebra or of ometry. As well attempt to interpret the ng of Songs into logarithms, or Romeo's ostrophe to Juliet into a chemical formula. e two matters simply do not mix. They be- ig to different categories. Science pre- nes to assert that the other category is gligible. The human heart protests. Our dern Meredith may write a million novels declare that emotion is a snare and senti- nt a false guide and that reason is the only np to guide us, but they cannot demolish iotion and sentiment nor, we fear, adequate- define reason.

In this column last week the present writer oke of the moralizing and reforming spirit at had crept into English letters, muddying e clear stream of its inspiration. He should d here the scientific spirit that has more re- ntly been added to the polluting mass. We ad only yesterday, in the Chautauquan (how mirably the name suggests its pale dilution "culture") an advertisement of a "novel," rsooth, that purports to explain the "law of genics" in the course of its pleasing narra- ve. Let us have next a "novel" on the fourth mension, written in the terminology of lculus.

The emotional life exists, the realm of sen- tion is impregnable. The mystery of life unts us, and science throws no light upon it. hen we have unearthed all ancient ruins, ve analyzed the outmost star, have reduced atter to its lowest chemical terms, when ery "fact" of Nature is known and tabulated, e shall know no more of that mystery than e babe that croons from its cradle. We all then still have with us the wonderful iracle of love, we shall still know "doubt, sitation and pain," the human heart will still spire to God and the spirit brood upon the ystery of the infinite. The source of life will ill be an unsolved riddle, the end of life an penetrable veil. We shall still need those sources of fortitude, hope and faith. We all still crave the alleviating balm of love.

What has science to do with these? Noth- g. They are the province of the poet, of the inter, of the sculptor, of the dramatist, of e religious devotee. And they are their only rovince. Science does not speak their lan- uage, does not pursue their ends. And it is fallacy of an hour by which writers are de- ceived, to suppose that literature can adapt the nguage and the functions of material science o the expression of the broodings of the eart.

PERSONALIA

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's "Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship," his last published work, will be issued in book form this fall. The book is based on the articles which appeared in the Century in 1909; and will have a number of full-page illustrations from photographs.

Helen Keller's poem, "The Song of the Stone Wall," will be published by the Century company in October, in a charming volume, every page decorated with a border, and with eight full-page reproductions from photographs of the author and the stone wall.

The Century company is making Robert Hichens' description of "The Holy Land" into a book, with many full-page pictures in the colors of the paintings by Jules Guerin, and with forty full-page half-tone reproductions of carefully chosen photographs. The volume will be issued in late October.

Robert Barr, best known as the author of "Cardillac," published last year, and "Tekla," a romance issued some years ago, has returned to the scene of his early success for a novel which he will issue this fall through Frederick A. Stokes company. "The Sword Maker" is laid in the Rhine region of Germany at the time of the great robber barons and, as in "Tekla," Mr. Barr has made it a story of action rather than description.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be the first production of the regular repertoire company at the New theatre in New York. The production, with Edith Wynee Matthison, in the cast, will be made November 7.

Margaret Anglin's new comedy, in which she will appear under the management of the Liebler firm, is by a woman with the pseudonym of George Egerton. The comedy is called "The Backsliders," and will come to production on Christmas day.

TOLSTOY AND LITERATURE

"I hate literature," said Tolstoy recently. "Why do people write? Why does everybody write? Only a select few, the very giants of intellect alone, should be permitted to write, and then they should write the truth.

"Art in literature? There is no such thing. It is only a question of money and talent. For the sake of these two authors write and artists work.

"Money is the poison of literature. Everybody wants to make a living by writing. They prostitute themselves and barter their souls away."

Californian Poets' Corner

LITTLE SOLDIER

By Grace Hibbard

I hold my little soldier's hat
With fond, caressing hand;
I smooth the nodding feather out,
And then the twisted band.

He ever was a "soldier boy,"
A "Captain" in his play;
The pretty toy—his fallen sword—
I cannot hide away.

Defying Time—the enemy—
That heals the wounded heart,
His tiny cannon aimless stands
From other toys apart.

Outside, upon the lilac bush,
His plaything flag I see;
A storm has dimmed its colors bright,
As life is dimmed for me.

SHAW'S WORKS BY THE POUND

English authors have been stirred up by a discussion of the question What is the proper length of a novel? They resent the implied suggestion that their work should be measured with a yardstick. George Bernard Shaw humorously disposes of his share in the discussion with assurances that his future works will be offered for sale by the pound. He says:

"In my opinion fiction should be sold by the pound, as blue books are. I attribute a good deal of the steadiness of my own market to the fact that I have always thoroughly understood that people have to lay in a household store of reading, just as they have to lay in a household store of tea or cheese, and that they expect four-and-sixpence worth of it to last a certain time.

"I should like to take this opportunity of informing my customers that my next volume will contain three complete plays and three prefaces comparable to royal commission reports on subjects of universal interest. It will keep an average man of business in active reading for a fortnight and will last the family fully a month, and it will bear reading over again once every eighteen months for life.

"This estimate does not include reading in bed, but it will be found under rather than over the mark with fair reading. You save money by buying my books. Books are like boots; it only they are readable and fit comfortably, those which last longest are the best. Mr. Heinemann was the first publisher to grasp this fact, though it had long been familiar to every man of moderate means with a houseful of daughters all clamoring for something to read. Hence the 100,000 word novel."

THE MOURNFULLEST OF BALLADS

Mrs. Rose Fique, of Flatbush, L. I., recently wrote to the editor of the New York Sun the following letter, enclosing the correct words of a famous old English humorous ballad: Having read so many incorrect copies of that famous and humorously tragic old ballad of the maid and her lover in The Sun, thought I would send you the correct version, sung to the tune of "Vilikins and His Dinah," another very old English ballad, and sung by the late Johnny Toole, the English comedian. Many a time have I amused the little folks by singing this quaint old song:

A long time to come ago, I reccomember it well,
In a beautiful damsel a village did dwell.
Alone with her parients, she lived all serene,
And her age it was red and her hair was nineteen.

Now this maid had a lover who close by did dwell,
A bandy backed rustic, humped legged as well;
Said he, fly with me by the light of yon star,
For you are the eye of my apple, you are.

But this dutiful maiden said gently be wise.
My father would scratch out my nails with his eyes.
If you love me you'll go right away from this place,
Sobbed the maid, as she buried her hands in her face.

Now, as she refused him, he seized the poor maid,
And silently opened the knife of his blade.
If you don't fly with me and become my dear wife,
I'm resolved with my throat, that I will cut your knife.

Her father came by just then, it appears,
And saw his dear daughter with eyes in her tears.
He raised her fair form and her pale lips he kissed,
Then he rushed with his nose on that murderer's fist.

Now when that murderer saw what he did,
He strangled himself on a saucepan lid.
To commit susantide, his way he did wend,
And this is the tale of a very sad end.

MEMORIES OF '49

RECALLED BY ONE OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS IN THE GOLD RUSH

Away up on the top floor of the Lumbermen's building, at 110 California street, sits a keen-eyed man who has turned 83 years of age—and looks only 65 of them—who gazes out the window over the San Francisco of today and recalls with minute precision the San Francisco of sixty-one years ago, streets, stores, men and institutions. This is Mr. William H. Pratt, one of the port wardens of San Francisco.

On December 22, 1848, Mr. Pratt boarded the steamer Orus in New York, bound for the Isthmus of Panama, on his way to California. News of the discovery of gold had just reached the East, and the first pioneers of the gold rush were making their way westward. The Orus was a little side-wheel steamer, built for travel in the quiet waters of Long Island Sound and East River, and totally unfit for travel on the high seas. But every available water craft was impressed for the Panama service that winter, and the Orus was outfitted for a cruise to the Chagres river on the east coast of Panama. Sixty-eight men bought tickets at $100 apiece for the voyage on her. But when sailing day came and the men inspected the little tub, all but fourteen refused to hazard their lives in her. Mr. Pratt was one of the fourteen.

Anyone who knows the Atlantic coast knows what Cape Hatteras is in winter, a dangerous coast, subject to violent storms. The Orus encountered one of the worst of these, and had to put back into Norfolk to pump out and repair leaks. Another attempt was made to round the cape. Mr. Pratt was called out of bed very early that morning, to join all hands at the pumps. A terrific sea was running and the wind was blowing a gale. Every moment the passengers expected the boat would go down. In a moment's lull one of them called to the captain:

"Do you think we'll ever make it?"

And that old sea-dog's grim reply was:

"We'll make hell or Charleston by six o'clock."

They made Charleston, fortunately. From there they sailed to Nassau, in the Bahamas, and thence across the Caribbean to the coast of Panama. So little was known in those days of that coast that the captain of the Orus actually sailed by the mouth of the Chagres River three times before he identified it as the place he was headed for. At length the landing was made; fortunately the steamer from Panama for San Francisco was in port on the other side of the Isthmus and Mr. Pratt caught it. This steamer, the old California, had accommodations for thirty-five first class and fifty steerage passengers, but she made that run with 650 passengers, safely reaching the Golden Gate on the last day of February, 1849, the first steamer that ever entered the bay of San Francisco. Mr. Pratt is one of the four surviving passengers of that list of 650 that came on the California on her first trip.

The San Francisco that Mr. Pratt entered exists now only in the recollection of a few old men and in the pages of history. The town clustered about Portsmouth Square, where there were two adobe buildings—the town hall and another—and a few stores. The waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street at the foot of Clay, and to Sansome at the foot of Sacramento, and to the base of Telegraph Hill to the north. There were no dwellings as far south as California street.

Mr. Pratt and a friend pitched a tent at a point about where Second street now is, between Mission and Howard. This was then waterfront, a little cove in the beach. The present site of the Palace Hotel and of the Call building was a high hill of sand.

Mr. Pratt consulted returned miners and found advocates of two gold fields. Some claimed that the "Stanislaus mines," in Tuolumne and neighboring counties were the richer prospects, but the majority opinion favored Coloma, on the south fork of the American river, in El Dorado county. Mr. Pratt and his partner decided to try the Coloma country and bought passage on a boat to Sutter's Fort, paying $50 for the trip and boarding themselves. They sailed from San Francisco on a rainy, rough day early in March. The bay was so rough that nearly all the passengers were seasick, and the captain was forced to seek shelter from the wind by anchoring overnight near Point Richmond. The next day the journey was resumed, and the following morning the party woke up to find themselves stranded high and dry in Suisun bay. In all, the trip to the present site of Sacramento consumed nine and a half days. It now takes twelve hours. The fare was $50, half of the amount Mr. Pratt had paid from New York to Panama, and more than sufficient now for a fare to Kansas City. Sacramento, by the way, did not then exist. Its site was called Embarcado, and consisted of a small cluster of tents.

Mr. Pratt and his companion made their way over to Sutter's Fort. There Mr. Pratt unpacked a trunk containing knickknacks he had purchased in New York for $50. These he displayed and quickly sold for $450. The miners who bought them were mainly from Oregon, and had never seen the pretty little odds and ends of manufacture, and found them more attractive than the gold dust they had panned.

The money realized from the sale of trinkets staked Mr. Pratt into the gold country. He had brought with him a small kit of tools and the metal part of a gold rocker, but miners at the fort told him he would require a gold pan and a shovel. These he purchased at the store near the fort, paying $16 for each. Then he contracted with an ox-driver to carry his trunk and supplies to Coloma, and he and his partner walked. They made the trip in about ten days.

When he reached Coloma, Mr. Pratt proceeded to put together the parts of his gold rocker. Lumber was needed for this purpose, and fortunately an old sawmill was in operation nearby. Here he paid $6 for one plank, which he used to make his rocker. As soon as he had finished it a miner offered him twelve ounces of gold for it, but he refused to sell. The next day he and his partner staked out a claim and went to work, cleaning up $8.

In the hope of finding better diggings, he soon packed over the divide to the Middle Fork of the American, and followed that toward its source, mining as he went, until he reached Spanish Bar. His luck was reasonably good, but he decided that merchandise was a more stable asset, so he took the money he had made mining and returned to New York, reaching there Christmas day, 1850, two years and two days after he had left it. He bought a large assortment of goods and took passage again for the isthmus in the spring of '51.

Now he encountered bad luck. The trip to the isthmus was very slow, he had to wait two months in Panama for a later boat than he had expected to take, and the boat he did get at last, the Sarah Sands, was extremely slow. He took pneumonia on the voyage, and was not able to land in San Francisco until several weeks after the ship had anchored. In the meantime, however, he had employed a clerk, who landed his merchandise and opened a store on the point of land between Clay and Sacramento streets. When Mr. Pratt recovered from his illness he took charge of the store and was soon on the highroad to fortune.

Then, one morning, as he and his clerk left their boarding place after breakfast and started down to open the store, the cry of "Fire!" was heard, and in a few moments a roaring fire was sweeping the whole city. This was in June, the month of high winds, and the frame structures in the path of the flames were swept away in a few hours. Mr. Pratt's loss was almost complete.

After the fire he was able to borrow $1,000, on good security, but the interest he had to pay was ten per cent a month. In spite of this extortionate rate he was soon able to pay out of debt and have a prosperous business. He established stores and boarding houses in various parts of the state, and acquired a moderate fortune.

During this period he had occasion to be in the Mameluke Hill district, and worked a claim there. This was one of the most extraordinary gold fields in the state. The gold was found in lumps and threads of pure metal, ranging in value from 50 cents to hundreds of dollars apiece. The only place it was found was in a curious red soil, to be found only in the narrow ravines that ran down the side of the main ridge of Mameluke Hill. The gold was never found on the small ridges that separated these ravines, nor very far above the gully beds, but usually only in a narrow strip of soil, from two to six feet wide. Sometimes it was uncovered at a depth of two feet, sometimes at a depth of fifty, but nearly always just above the bed rock. Here it would be uncovered in beautiful patterns of threads of gold, a foot or two long, lying like golden lace in designs that varied from circles to intricate arabesques. Today the Mameluke Hill country is settled by farmers and the old diggings are no longer worked, but not so very long ago a farmer, ploughing in red dirt, turned up a pocket from which he took $3,000 in gold.

The civil war found Mr. Pratt in the northern counties of California, face to face with the Indian war. He joined the volunteer battalion that was organized to subdue the redmen, and for two years campaigned against them. After the Indian war was over and the Indians were rounded up on a reservation, Mr. Pratt returned to his business career. But two years later the government agent in charge of the reservation was murdered and Mr. Pratt was offered the cheerful position as his successor. In spite of the danger of the post and the chances of following the former agent into oblivion, Mr. Pratt accepted and administered the position for two years. His later career was full of vicissitudes and interesting events, but they are not germane to the subject of the Days of Gold.

("Pie"—Concluded)

have thus set their mark indubitably on the American pie. The fat-bellied meat pies of Old England, when transplanted to the inhospitable shores of the New World, became thinner and thinner and flatter and flatter till today we have it a thin depressed disk of pastry encasing something—fruit, mince meat, custard, or whatnot culinary hybrid. That, sir, is the evolution of our great American Pie, and it ought to be a matter of national pride, sir, that we can trace its history back to the very foundations of our other free institutions!

I was about to remark (before I soared) that no process of elimination, substitution, reduction, or miserliness, has ever destroyed the toothsomeness of the crust. No matter what the change in size and content, the crust has improved in texture in direct ratio.

Pie has enriched philology and added to the common stock of our expressive American tongue. Take the word "pie-faced." When a rural belle hurls that epithet at her rival she has uttered the uttermost unapprobative word in our vocabulary. "Public pie," "pie counter," political terms meaning "To the victors belong the spoils." "Pie biter," a gourmand, an epicure, having its origin in those pie-eating contests, which, together with sack, tub and potato races, and greased pole climbing enlivened the Fourth of July celebrations of the last century. Thus, sir, is pie indissolubly linked with Patriotism.

That tragic line of demarcation, the Mason and Dixon, separated the pies of the South eternally from the pies of the North. The Aunt Dinahs, who cooked by inspiration and not by rule nor recipe, made a pie that for richness and amplitude might well symbolize the generous hospitality of the Old South. They called it a "cobbler," and it attained its perihelion in the "peach cobbler" of antibellum days. **That** was a pie with depth and breadth and four corners where the peach caramel oozed up over the fluffy crust. You ate it with clotted cream—one, two, three helpings—and it was nectar and ambrosia, fit food for the very Gods!

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

He Is a Dreamer

s a dreamer. Though his eyes
dimly, yet in part they see
e grace divine, the harmony,
Hand hath set 'neath star-gemmed skies;
tides eterne that ebb and flow—
is a dreamer; let him go.

a dreamer. Sometimes he
th fancy that a voice he hears,
voice unheard by mortal ears,
h whispers: "I am leading thee;
angels note thine earthly lot."—
is a dreamer; heed him not.

s a dreamer. Lo, the call
voices ringing through the night:
owe'er it seem, all shall be right,
love, dear love, doth lead us all.
runs creation's changeless creed."—
is a dreamer; do not heed.

s a dreamer. Though the gold
at somewhat buys he e'er doth miss,
knows that it is more than this
nd of love in love to hold;
walks content while love is nigh—
is a dreamer; pass him by.

s a dreamer. Thou, my God,
ough I must walk a lowly way
ep hidden from the light of day,
full content, my path I'll plod
hile dreams from Thee do bless my lot—
m a dreamer; heed me not.

* * *

The Automobile and Life

ke an automobile, for example.
is your automobile, for the financier
n you visited admitted that the mortgage
our house and lot would be all right, and
preferred to pay for it in that way rather
by monthly installments which would be
st as large as your salary. Yes, the auto-
ile is yours, and you and Laura will take
first ride in it. Ah, such a ride as it will
You will go speeding away into the cool,
n reaches of the beautiful country places.
lowing kine, chewing the contemplative
will look placidly upon you as you whirl
them; the frisky lambs will skip as you
them by; the sagacious hens will try to
nto the next county; gentle zephyrs will
your city-fevered brow and soothe you.
it will be great!
last you and Laura (or it is Laura and
in many families) start. You see the
s, the lambs, the hens, everything as per
dule, and the zephyrs fan you, as adver-
l. Then, at 15 or 20 miles out, something
ens to the geewhiz, or the thingumbob,
omething or other, and you get out to fix
vhile Laura stands around and tells you
to do it, as women do. Alas! notwith-
ding Laura's directions, it will not fix, for
are new at the business, and lack expert
wledge. Finally, after you have worn out
clothing, your temper, and your vocabu-
, you give it up, and hire a farmer to take
ra and you into town and to drag the auto
iat evening. It is tough, but there is noth-
else to do.
nd such is the world in which we live, son.
start out in the morning, and all life is our
automobile. It is **our** automobile, mark
, and we propose to do as we like with it.
will run it as far as we please at such gait
ve please, and we will have the bulliest kind
bully time, as one of our ex-Presidents
ld remark. So we start out, about the
est young thing that ever came down the
, and all goes swimmingly until—presto!
g!—something breaks, and, after much
ted effort, we conclude to walk for a while.
world's great automobile is ours, but it
aires an expert to run it without breakage,
the truth is pounded home to us that we
not experts.
f you wish to run the big automobile suc-
sfully, son, you must learn how. You can't
it on youthful confidence alone, though
t is a good thing to have.

The Opinions of Rufus

Seems to me that our errors ought to be the same es seed that's sown to spring up in a crop of tender sympathy fer others that err.

Jest es a solemn warnin', son, you'd better take notice that the hoss that always hangs back is the one that gits the heft of the whippin'.

Some folks' religion reminds me of Deacon Starkweather's clock. He said he'd figgered it out that the blamed thing could be relied on to run jest 'bout one day in the week.

If you ain't wise make a solemn pretense that you are, an' the chances are that most people never 'll find out the diff'rence.

Science sometimes teaches us too much. F'rinstance, 'bout all the comfort they wus in havin' boils wus taken 'way when the doctors announced there wus nothin' in the theery that they prevent a run o' fever.

If some 'rangement could be made fer washin' a feller's reputashun es easy es he can his hands 'twould be quite a relief to some of us.

Truth's like the north star—a guide unto our feet. Trouble is lots of us don't know how to find it.

An' again it's like the north star: It's there even if we don't find it.

I never could understand why the man or woman that thinks the least so frequently has the most to say 'bout it.

The best part of quite a number of men I know is their wives.

Variety's the spice of life, but if you try to make a hull meal on spice you're likely to git dyspepsy.

I don't approve of lots of Satan's habits, but I can't help acknowledgin' that he must be energetic.

Josh Bings says every man ought to remember that a four-flush that's played right is better than a full hand that's played wrong.

I don't believe a knave is so dangerous es a dratted fool. You can figger easier on the proceedin's of the first.

* * *

Wanted: A Place

(As sadly announced by ex-King Manuel)

Wanted: A place, a position, in fact,
By an heir to a kingly line.
Though his spirit is dwarfed, and his thinker is cracked,
Yet his right as a monarch's divine.
Wanted: A throne that is not out of date,
And a scepter unscratched by the mob,
(With a room close at hand for an ardent soul-mate)
By a king who is out of a job.

Wanted: Some sense that is tested and tried,
Or receipt for insuring a crop
Of brains where they're needed, the caput inside,
Instead of a crown on its top.
Wanted: Nepenthe for ending the woe
That's told in a howl and a sob,
(And a ticket to go where affinities go)
By a king who is out of a job.

For sale (in event that no job is at hand):
A throne that is slightly shopworn,
Some fires that the hand of rebellion has fanned,
And a scepter of jewelry shorn.
For sale: Divine Right, somewhat fractured and marred,
Having been tossed about by the mob,
(Reserving a soul-mate in vaudeville starred)
By a king who is out of a job.

* * *

Application of the Rule

Her mother—Why are you crying, Ellen?

Young wife—Jo-John said we must ma-make the best of everything.

"Well, that was nice. I don't see why you should feel sad."

"Ye-es, but after he sch-said it he went fishing and used the bi-biscuits I made fo-fo-for sinkers."

The Shekel-Grabbing Clan

The fundamental doctrine of the Shekel-Grabbing Clan
Is, The number of his dollars is the measure of a man;
And the members always whisper, by a brother's death bereft,
"Isn't this a sad occasion!—Can you tell me what he left?"
For, though they're "leading citizens,"—so papers say, at least—
They always leave their treasure where they're mentioned as "deceased."
Though a member's mind is wobbly, and his soul is but a bluff,
Says the Clan, "'Tis not important if his 'roll' is big enough."

The mottoes of the members of the Shekel-Grabbing Clan:
"The man first makes the Dollars, then the Dollars make the man!"
"Let not your hearing be too keen to note the sob of woe,
Lest in your foolish tenderness you let your ducats go;"
"Please don't condemn the Jews who bowed unto the Golden Calf!"
"If you cannot seize a dollar, do not fail to grab a half."
"If you opine such mottoes prove their natures callous, tough,
It really does not matter if their "rolls" are big enough.

I haste to pay my tribute to the Shekel-Grabbing Clan;
And if I do, what do I more than nearly every man?
For they are "leading citizens," as all of us agree,
And the Law is pleased to aid them with a technicality;
They orate on state occasions, though their minds be like a blank—
Why should we ask for intellect? They've money in the bank!
Oh, yes, they're "leading citizens," and all that kind of guff,
And the proof cannot be doubted, for their "rolls" are big enough.

* * *

Thoughtful Man on Carrying Water

"I notice," said the Thoughtful Man, "that a certain part of the state press is heroically supporting the candidacy of Judge Lawlor on principle and the candidacy of Judge Melvin just for luck, and although considerably warped and strained in doing so, the papers do not hesitate on that account. 'Tis fine, 'tis noble! and it is man's privilege to indorse both St. John and Beelzebub. You will find this golden truth stated on page 69 of 'Simple Rules for Carrying Water on Both Shoulders, or, How to Love Them Both,' which was compiled by Abraham Ruef, Doctor of Laws, in spare moments that he found when too sick to be in jail.

"When Big Interest was all but paralyzed in San Francisco, and it was widely feared that Justice would interfere with buying franchises from poor and willing supervisors, Judge Lawlor, as is well known, attempted to maintain the exploded theory that Justice should be for every man regardless of his wealth, and, side by side with him in advocating this pernicious dogma, was Francis J. Heney, whose name I blush to mention, having owned a few supervisors myself in my time. Then it was, at this time of Boodle's need, that the noble Melvin, out of respect for himself and his good right hand, which had been manicured, refused to shake hands with Heney.

"And they are supporting both of them! I suppose that they confess after doing the one or the other; and it is fervently trusted that the father confessor exudes grace enough to see them safely through the campaign. And some of these papers claim that they are standing on principle! They are—with one foot. As for the other foot—but don't you think it is best not to inquire too closely?"

"Probably," said I. "There is such a thing as a foot being too muddy for inspection."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

It Is Time the Voter Made Out His Ticket What The Watchman will not do himself he will not advise any other voter to do with reference to the ticket he shall vote and, per contra, what The Watchman expects to do himself he has no hesitancy in advising other voters to do. It is time for us to make up our tickets as we expect to vote them and get the matter off our minds or, at least, get the matter so well settled as to make it unnecessary to reopen the case unless on the discovery of new evidence. With this purpose in view, and the reader's consent, The Watchman will hit the high places in the two main tickets that we may all of us find "where we are at."

Johnson or Bell, Which and Why? California is fortunate in having two such fine men up to select from. Had the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau been managing, as formerly, neither Johnson nor Bell could have been nominated and the choice would have been between two evils and not between two such good men.

Nevertheless, there is a difference. Epitomized that difference is this: Theodore Bell has splendid, honorable, praiseworthy ambitions for himself, Hiram Johnson for his state: Bell is splendidly politic, considerate and tactful, Johnson is rash in relation to his antagonisms and says at every meeting things that make the hair of old politicians stand on end. Bell knows without being told that there is only one place in the world where he can get the votes necessary to make him governor and that is from the ranks of "organization" Republicans, whom Johnson so signally defeated at the primaries, and nothing can force Mr. Bell to biff these "standpat" Republicans in the eye or smite them on the other cheek. If he gets elected he will remember those by whom he was elected, not to do anything dishonorable, but to make things as easy for them as he consistently can. Mr. Johnson is helping Mr. Bell to get and hold that element in the Republican party by standing, after the nomination, for exactly what he stood for before the primary election and, if he wins in the election, it will be with the aid of progressive Democratic votes. In spite of himself, Theodore Bell is the conservative candidate in this campaign. By logic of the situation, by temperament, by choice, by a splendid enthusiasm for his state, Hiram Johnson is the progressive candidate. Not since Starr King has California witnessed such a campaign as he is making and, not since Starr King's time, has there been such need for just such a man to perform just such a service. Fine men, Bell and Johnson, honorable to the state that produced them, but Hiram Johnson is, nevertheless, the man of the hour, the man who maintains a similar relation to this commonwealth that Theodore Roosevelt does to the nation, a man who forgets self in his zeal for his cause. The Watchman expects to vote for Hiram Johnson unless some act of God or the public enemy stands betwixt him and the polls on election day and, without the smallest qualm of conscience, he unhesitatingly advises all other voters to go and do likewise.

Wallace or Spellacy Timothy Spellacy is a jolly good fellow, popular, genial, companionable, financially honest. He is a politician and will use all the arts of politics to gain his election. In connection with his candidacy is a deep undertone that is disquieting. Every man in the state to whom word can be "passed down the line" will vote for Tim Spellacy for lieutenant governor. If elected he will have the making up of the senate committees and whoever makes up those committees can make trouble for both a Republican legislature and a Republican governor. A Republican legislature is mathematically inevitable and a Republican governor is almost as certain. Then why Tim Spellacy? There is no good reason except that he wants the office, and that the interests that are antagonistic to Hiram Johnson's election, and will be to his administration, want Spellacy elected. That is reason enough why he should not be.

Albert J. Wallace is not a "good fellow" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He is neither a good politician nor a good mixer and glad-hander; but he is a solid, honest, sound, painstaking and sagacious gentleman who, by dint of patient and persistent effort, has become well-to-do, ready upon his feet, clear of head and strong of mind, resolute to do what is right and to resist what is wrong. If there be any reason, save one, why anyone who votes for Bell should not vote for Spellacy The Watchman does not know it. That one reason is that the saloons are for Spellacy and whoever is against the saloons should be against Spellacy. If there be any reason why anyone who intends to vote for Johnson should not vote for Wallace, The Watchman does not know that either. On the contrary, there is every conceivable reason why the election of Johnson should be made good by the election of A. J. Wallace to the second office.

Two Places to Fill On the Supreme Bench The people of California are distrustful of their supreme court. The fear is that three of the seven justices are not wholly unmindful at critical junctures of the political powers that made them justices, and that one or two of the others may be afflicted with such an overweening regard for the forms of the law as to blind them to the more important claims of justice. The reconstruction of the court is not easy, inasmuch as only two places are filled each four years. The people have an opportunity to fill two such places this year and will have no other for four years more. This is not to be complained of, but is a fact to be considered in making out our judicial tickets.

There is in this state one man, and only one, who has a claim upon the voters of the state for judicial preferment. Incompetency to fill the high office of supreme court justice is the only excuse which the voters of this state could, under any possible condition, plead with any fairness at all in justification for not voting for him, and that justification does not exist. On the contrary the competency of this man cannot seriously be questioned. Reference is here made to William P. Lawlor. If any public official ever earned preferment at the hands of any people this man has earned it at the hands of the people of California. He has proven himself capable of a sustained moral purpose. He has endured, in the hope and for the purpose of establishing justice, justice that looks to the man and his offense and to neither his wealth nor his political power, all the contumely and reproach that can be heaped upon a servant of the people and he has endured it without wavering and without complaining. He is able, he is honest, he is learned in the law and he is as brave and as steadfast as it is given to men to be. Whomever else any elector may vote for he should vote for W. P. Lawlor to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of California.

But there are two places to be filled. Having voted for Judge Lawlor to fill one The Watchman expects to vote for Justice M. C. Sloss to fill the other. His original preferment was not through Southern Pacific political influence. He was an appointee of former Governor Pardee. He is able, honest, a close student of the law and an industrious worker on the bench.

The election of Judge Melvin would be a mistake. He owes all the judicial or other preferment he has ever received to politics and his elevation to the place where he sits to "organization" politics. He has the reputation of being as much of a politician as judge.

Of Judge Bledsoe The Watchman knows comparatively little, but if the sectional voting at the primary election is any indication of how the voting will go at the general election he has small chance of being elected. He lacks a state reputation and without a state reputation he cannot be elected. The Watchman knows nothing against him. If his friends will vote for Judge Lawlor for one place and for Judge Bledsoe for the other it is not likel that any serious harm will be done, as Lawlo and Sloss will be elected just the same. It i in the air that they are to be.

Jordan or Bayley Either Frank C. Jordan or S. S Bayley will be elected Secretar of State on the 8th of November Which shall it be? There is no chance fo dodging. The Watchman is a Republican He does not believe in bolting a party nomina tion without good cause. In the case o Frank Jordan there is good cause. He is no a fit man to be put into that office. He wa probably the unfittest man voted for upon any ticket for any office at the August primary election. If elected it will be the duty of the legislature to legislate out of the office of Sec retary of State every function that can be leg islated out of it, and to restrict the rest within the narrowest limits. He will make a mess of that office if he gets into it if these things are not done. The California Weekly cannot and will not advise any man to cast a vote for Frank C. Jordan for Secretary of State. He was nominated by less than 29 per cent of the votes cast for Republican candidates for that office. The direct primary law should be so amended as to make the nomination of any candidate by so small a minority impossible if it takes a second election to do it. The vote he received about represents the percentage in the Republican voting constituency that is unfit to vote at all.

Opposed to Mr. Jordan the Democrats have nominated Mr. S. S. Bayley of Berkeley. He knows little about public business and nothing at all about politics. He is a well-to-do farmer and cattle-buyer who was put on the ticket by the Democratic powers that be in the expectation that he would "come through" with something to help along the campaign, and he consented to allow his name to be used out of sheer good nature and not any more because he wants an office than because President Taft wants an airship. But what was at the beginning a mere good natured permission to allow his name to be used to fill a gap in the ticket of his party has, by the nomination of Frank Jordan by the Republicans, become a patriotic duty. He must, if he can, Democrat though he is, save the Republican party of California from the humiliation of having made an egregious blunder and the State of California from having a wholly unfit Secretary of State. He must do all he can to be elected.

S. S. Bayley is honest. He knows men. If elected he will know how to select assistants capable of handling the work of that office even if he can not handle it himself. He is a man of sound judgment, of blameless life, and his strong common sense will save him and the state from harm. Vote for him. Everybody vote for him. Frank Jordan should receive fewer votes at the general election than he received at the primary.

Pemberton or U. S. Webb The Watchman does not know much about J. E. Pemberton, Democratic nominee for Attorney General, but he knows a good deal about U. S. Webb, knows so much that he does not need to go farther in order to cast an intelligent vote. General Webb has made good. His earlier political affiliations were with the "organization" element in the Republican party, but there came a time when the manhood in the man compelled him to refuse to walk any longer in that company. He stood out and stood up and made such a record for independence and the square deal as commends him to all who wish to cast their votes for a tried, rather than an untried, candidate. The Watchman will vote for U. S. Webb for Attorney General and conscientiously advises others to do the same.

Kingsbury Or Nolan The situation of The Watchman in relation to the office of Surveyor General is similar to that of Attorney General. He knows little of Nolan, but a good deal about Kingsbury. William Stephen Kingsbury was also an "organization" Republican and never has been any-

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

ing else, but he made his office a battle-ound for Right Things and won. Had such man been in that office thirty years ago, and en kept there ever since, the California easury would have been millions of dollars cher and the state would have been less af-cted with Bensons and Hydes. Mr. Kings-ıry earned re-nomination and re-election and he Watchman will vote for him. To cast out e one man who has made a right record in e office would be state folly. The reader ıould see to it that Mr. Kingsbury gets his ote.

Where Party Lines ay Be Followed There are candidacies in relation to which party lines may properly be llowed. There may be instanced such cases those of clerk of the supreme court and ıperintendent of public instruction. The 'atchman knows no reason why Republicans ıould not vote for B. Grant Taylor for clerk Democrats for Howard A. Blanchard, and ere certainly is no reason why any Repub-can should not vote for Mr. Taylor. He is ntirely capable, honest and industrious. He ill make good.

Nor is there any reason why any Republi-n, anxious for the well-being of our splendid lucational system, should not vote for Mr. dward Hyatt for Superintendent of Public ıstruction. He is a very capable and intel-gent educator, whose influence over the hools of the state has been exceptionally ood. He should receive every Republican ote, and will receive the votes of many Demo-ats who know him and like him. This office ıould be filled as non-partisanly as judicial ositions, but where there is no reason for ratching a ticket, a ticket should not be ratched even in a judicial contest. Mr. yatt very well deserves to be re-elected and oubtless will be.

V. R. Williams upper S. Malone A short time since a group of candidates for state offices were talking to-ether, with a few others, and someone asked ho the Democratic candidate for state treas-rer is and only one out of fourteen persons resent knew. It is a fact not necessary to be nown. It is all sufficient to know that William .. Williams is running, and he is. He is state easurer now and a better one California never ad. He is clear-headed, quick-witted, honest, ttentive, and he is as courageous, morally and olitically, as any man in public life in this ate. Notwithstanding his early espousal of ıe Lincoln-Roosevelt cause and steadfast ad-ocacy of it no "organization" Republican ıred to contest his nomination and it is a ourageous Democrat who will seriously con-st his election. There is not a stronger man n the Republican ticket.

hannon or avenscroft The State Printing office is a big business plant. Its purpose is to do the state's printing and the ate has a great deal of printing to be done. here is no reason in the nature of things why ıe state's printing should cost the state more or each article printed than the printing of ny merchant or professional man costs him in ıe open market. In fact, it should cost less, or there is no deterioration of plant to figure ff and be covered in the prices charged, no ıterest on borrowed capital, no taxes, no in-rest on the investment, no bad debts, no ex-ense of drumming up trade. And yet the ate's printing costs it from one-half more to wice as much as other persons pay in the open ıarket, and that this is so is largely due to a ıck of business acumen and backbone on the art of the State Printer. Mr. W. W. Shannon as held the office for nearly eight years and e has not remedied this condition. He has ot made good. He is the Republican nominee or re-election, by virtue of having received bout thirty per cent of the total vote cast for ll Republican candidates for that office. He hould not be re-elected. It is not good busi-ess sense to try him again.

The Democratic candidate is Mr. D. W. avenscroft, a gentleman who has made a suc-ess of his own business, a man of much in-elligence and high personal character, and the uggestion of The Watchman is that the peo-ple of California give him a trial. They must choose between these two men. To choose Mr. Shannon is to be resigned to four years more of the same lack of good management, to place it mildly, that California has endured in the state printing office. To elect Mr. Ravenscroft is to take a chance, the only chance there is, to improve conditions in that very important office. Printing books and letter heads, envelopes and biennial reports, is business, not politics, and why not treat the issue from a business standpoint?

The Unfitness Of William Kent Mr. I. G. Zumwalt, Democratic candidate for congress from the second district, is thoroughly convinced that Mr. William Kent, the Republican candidate, is wholly unfit to represent that district in congress, and for the following reasons, to wit, that is to say, viz.: First, by reason of having been born to affluence Mr. Kent is unconsciously unable to appreciate and sympathize with the poor man and his struggles, whereas Mr. Zumwalt, having been born poor and remained poor, knows all about it. Second, because Mr.

Kent, having interests in other states, cannot be wholly loyal to district number two as his ownest own. Third, Mr. Kent, having lived in other states, and not always in this state, cannot know his district as well as Mr. Zumwalt who has lived all his life in his own district and, we surmise, in his own township in that district. Mr. Zumwalt must be an interesting personality. His horizon must be coextensive with his hat brim. He belongs to a provincial type that better befits village school director than member of the American congress.

Mr. Kent knows more of poverty, of the struggle upward of the common man, than Mr. Zumwalt ever dreamed of in his philosophy, for the reason that Mr. Kent has made a study of the subject, and a man may learn more by studying a problem for even a year than by going mooning around staring at it for thirty-nine. Mr. Kent has probably relieved more poverty than Mr. Zumwalt ever saw and has seen more poor people than Mr. Zumwalt ever saw of all kinds, rich, poor and well-to-do, including jackrabbits and Indians not taxed.

Mr. Kent will not only represent the second district of California in the congress of the United States, but he will represent the congress of the United States in the second district of California, which Mr. Zumwalt would not be able to do. In other words, a representative in congress is something more than the representative of a congressional district. If he is fit to be there he becomes a part of the government of the United States, must legislate for all parts of it and for all concerns with which it comes into contact with the world. This Mr. Kent is fit to do for he knows the United States and the world, while Mr. Zumwalt is too evidently a provincial of narrow mind and myopic vision. Finally, it would not be surprising if Mr. Kent already knew more of the second district and its needs than Mr. Zumwalt knows now or ever will know. Time is not of the essence of that knowledge, but keenness of observation, power of imagination and the possession of a trained mind. Mr. Kent is a keen, trained and comprehending observer and before he takes his seat in congress in December 1911 he will be able to impart startling information to Mr. Zumwalt regarding the needs of his own precinct. Evidently Mr. Zumwalt has never been out of his state and hardly out of his shell.

Alton Parker Broken Loose The Mexicanization of the United States is a bugaboo that will be hard ridden for the next few weeks, and particularly in New York. Alton B. Parker is the latest relay to mount the saddle. He prophesies that Theodore Roosevelt will renounce the presidency, but will not mean it; that he will declare that he will not be a candidate to succeed Taft with the express purpose of being such candidate. In other words, he will take his place as chief Ananias of his own Ananias club. Judge Parker is still sore from the drubbing he got six years ago and his mind is askew rather than biased. It is probable that Theodore Roosevelt will soon announce his intention not again to be a candidate for president, but if he does he will mean it and live up to it. He stood pat once before when the winking of an eye would have given him the nomination. The two-term tradition is a good one to hold to, but not through fear of the Mexicanization of the United States. That could not be done without Mexicanizing the people of the United States and that would take a thousand retrogressive years to accomplish. As leader of the Republican party of America, Theodore Roosevelt can do a greater work than as president and The Watchman is beginning to think that it is no part of the duty of a president to attempt to be such leader while president. Afterward, if he have the right stuff in him, a president may make himself very useful in the capacity of leader of his party. Our present president has not made a success of party leadership. Our former president has. Therefore, let him lead.

Confessions Of Everhart Councilman Everhart of Oakland has created a sensation. He has declared that the public service corporations have been paying the election expenses of councilmen, including his own, and that it is against sound public policy for them to do it, which it is. There are two motives which actuate public service corporations to pay the election expenses of candidates. One is to beat a candidate who might try to cinch them, the other is to secure the election of a candidate who may help such corporation to cinch the public. The relation of a public service corporation to a modern city is one of great delicacy and difficulty. The Water company, the Traction company, yes, even the Gas company, that serve the east bay cities are in the hands of men as clean and as honorable as ever engage in public service enterprises. If these companies, or any of them, find it to their advantage to expend hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars to elect certain councilmen, and defeat others, what are we to expect in San Francisco where the ownership is of a more doubtful character? The Watchman ventures to hope that the confession of Councilman Everhart will bring out all the facts, who paid the money to elect and why. For such a condition publicity is the best remedy.

Charley Curry Coming Through Mr. Charles F. Curry is a man of great intelligence. He can read the signs of the times as easily as the phases of the moon and it is a quick man on his feet who can "beat him to it," as they expressively express it out on the street in language which The Watchman dare not use through fear of shocking proper persons by exhibiting a lack of dignity. But Mr. Curry is entirely sincere when, in an authorized interview addressed to his own supporters, he says: "In asking those who wished to see me the nominee for governor to vote for Johnson, I do so because he

fought a fair fight for the prize, because he stands absolutely pledged to free California from dangerous and unhealthy influences and because his career demonstrates absolutely his ability to conduct the high affairs of state."

No one more certainly knows the nature and power of "those dangerous and unhealthy influences" which have afflicted California in years past than Mr. Curry, for he has been a part of them. Like many another who has been a part and beneficiary of those influences, Mr. Curry has known of their dangerous quality, but has lacked the resolution to go up against them and fight them to a finish. That work was left for Mr. Johnson, and that Mr. Curry has come over to the Johnson side of that issue is a fact important to California, important to Mr. Johnson's candidacy and not unimportant to Mr. Curry. To deny to him influence is to ignore the 55,390 votes cast for him in the August primary. His accession to the cause of party freedom is heartily to be welcomed.

Nor does Mr. Curry stand alone in this. Mr. McLachlan recently expressed his long existing sympathy with the Lincoln-Roosevelt movement to free the state from corporation control, but, unfortunately, lacked the courage to come out and take a hand in the fight. Indeed, all Republicans will share Mr. Curry's view. Herrinites will not, but they were always few and despicable. It is immaterial for whom they vote or whether they vote at all or not, but every true Republican, whether he was for Johnson or against him in the primaries, is, in his heart, heartily glad that the power of the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau over the Republican party has been broken. The defection from Johnson will not be of Republican votes, but of Herrinites. Let them go their way prepared for the Devil and his angels. By that token shall ye know them.

New York's Platform The Watchman has received a first class dressing down for venturing to become jubilant over the victory of the Roosevelt element in the Republican party in New York, the point being made that the platform adopted by the Republicans of New York is essentially "stand-pat," that Roosevelt has "fallen down" and is playing into the hands of the "Morgan oligarchs" and that, "It is La Follette and not Roosevelt, whom all honest, earnest, sincere, aggressive progressives in the Republican party recognize and acknowledge as the true, the real and the rightful leader in the cause of progressive reform within the party, and if The California Weekly would be honest and fair with its readers it would admit as much." It is matter for regret that the writer of the communication is of such perennial, copious, caloric quality as to make his communications unavailable for publication, but the issue he raises deserves some consideration.

The New York Republican platform was a disappointment to progressive Republicans throughout the country for the reason that what is progressive in New York would be retrogressive in Kansas or Wisconsin. The platform was not of Mr. Roosevelt's making. It is not as pronounced as he would have made it. He had better sense than to think that he could, single handed, whip the whole Republican state convention "to a frazzle." He was quite content to whip the "old guard" and secure Republican endorsements for the direct primary. He is a man, not a god, although a godlike man, and we have no right to expect from him the impossible. The crux of the New York contest was not the platform, but the organization. The slow-coaches got the Republican platform, but the progressives got the organization. In the Democratic party in New York, per contra, the progressive element got the platform and Tammany Hall got the organization. Which would our critic rather have? Senator La Follette is out on the skirmish line of progress, a splendid fighter always on the alert. Col. Roosevelt is leading the main body of the progressive army, camping each night where La Follette broke camp in the morning. La Follette is to Roosevelt what Phil Sheridan was to Grant. Splendid men, both of them. To doubt the loyalty of either now is what it was in '64 or 65 to doubt the loyalty of Grant or Sheridan. And there were doubters then.

THE TAX-REFORM AMENDMENT
By Carl C. Plehn
Article No. 7

The first of these articles gave an outline of the amendment; the second and third discussed the evils of the present system; the fourth advanced the reasons for separation of state from local taxation; the fifth presented the reasons why the larger corporations should be taxed by the higher authority, the State; the sixth discussed the advantages of the gross earnings tax. This one will set forth the effect of the amendment on the taxation of real estate.

Many years ago when the writer of these articles was beginning his study of the tax system of this state, it was his custom whenever possible to go into the field with the assessors when they were making the roll. On one such occasion an incident occurred which stands out clear in memory. The assessor arrived at the ranch of a poor young Italian. The farm was rented, so there was no assessment to be made on the land in the name of this taxpayer; but there was a small amount of personal property to be assessed. So the assessor began his inquiries: how many work horses? how many wagons, plows, harrows, rakes, small tools? is there a buggy? how many harnesses? how many cattle? hogs? chickens? ducks? has the wife a sewing machine? how many rooms in the house are furnished? any watches? etc., etc. When the inquisition was over, the farmer's wife broke into tears to learn that there was an assessment of some $800, and that the tax amounting to $17.00 or $18.00 had to be paid at once, because it was on personal property unsecured by real estate. They had to beg for time to raise the money. It was easy to see in a case like this that the farmer gets the worst of it in matters of taxation and as easy to see why. His acres lie out in the bright sunshine and cannot be hid and the rest of his property is all tangible and visible. For years the farmers have been "kicking" about this, but their "kicks" will have no more effect than their grumblings about the weather so long as the old system is retained.

Under the new system, however, they will get considerable relief and the remedy for the remaining inequalities will lie practically in their own hands. If we select any of the counties that are given over mainly to agriculture or to horticulture we can see how the new plan will afford this relief. We may take Santa Clara, because it is large and rich and not like some of the poorer counties burdened by an inordinately high tax rate. In 1909, the total assessment of the county was $72,002,490 (only 9 per cent of this, by the way, was personal property), of this $3,990,504 was property that would be withdrawn from county taxation by the amendment. The people in this county would have saved the state tax on $68,011,986 or $247,563.62 less $52,490, which was all that the corporations paid into the county funds, leaving a clear gain of $194,973.59. Stated in another way the people of this county could have raised all the money they did raise for local purpose with a tax rate 28.6 cents lower than they paid in that year. When we consider that this was the saving in a year when the state tax rate was the lowest on record up to that time and remember that the state tax rate is normally 50 cents, it is clear that both for the present and in the long run the amendment will afford the relief to which the farmers are entitled. Taking the thirty-four counties that are mainly agricultural, we find that the saving is at the average of 20 cents per hundred dollars of assessed valuation.

City real estate will not fare quite so well, but it gets a very substantial relief. The reason for this is that the cities, although they share in the gain to the counties, have to make good for the withdrawal of city taxes on the corporations. Taking the three great city counties, Alameda, Los Angeles and San Francisco, we find that the saving in the cities is about 17 cents in tax rate. This may be assumed to represent about the average in the different cities and the amount by which the cities are overtaxed at the present time.

It appears then that one of the main purposes of the amendment will be accomplished.

Objections Answered

To the Editor of The California Weekly:

Dear Sir: The other day a farmer wrote to the editor of the Pacific Rural Press asking why, under Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 1, the rates on the gross earnings of the corporations were not uniform. Why, he asked, should the express companies pay only two per cent when the railroads paid four? The editor sent the letter to me with a request for a reply to the "objection." I answered that the point raised was no "objection" at all, but that on the contrary the letter called

(Continued on Page Opposite)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporaton. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.02) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold coin on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. F. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at the office of the said corporation on the ground floor or first floor of the building known and designated as No. 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company, a corporation.

Location of office: 219 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of ANN DUGAN, deceased.

No. 9481. Dept. No. 10.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court made and entered in the minutes of said court on the 19th day of August, 1910, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Ann Dugan, deceased, will, on or after the 24th day of October, 1910, sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash and subject to confirmation of said Superior Court, all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the following described real estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street three hundred (300) feet Northeasterly thereon from the Northeasterly line of Eighth Street, running thence Northeasterly along the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly, twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet to the Southeasterly line of Natoma Street and point of beginning.

That all bids or offers for said property must be in writing, and will be received by the said administrator at the office of W. H. Payson, Room 1700 Claus Spreckels Building, southwest corner of Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court in said City and County of San Francisco at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Terms of sale, ten per cent (10 per cent) of the amount bid shall accompany the bid. The balance of the price shall be payable in cash upon confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

Dated the 21st day of September, 1910.

MICHAEL DUGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Ann Dugan, Deceased.

W. H. PAYSON, Attorney for Administrator.

10-7-2t

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SHALL ISLAIS BASIN BE FREE?

THE FUTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO INVOLVED IN BOND ISSUE

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN

t the general election in November the ple of California will decide whether the ciple of conservation is to be applied to Francisco harbor. One of the most im- ant—and, considering its far-reaching sequences, perhaps the most important— stions to be submitted to them is the horization of the issue of $1,000,000 harbor ds to create a fund for the purchase of y-three blocks of submerged land at the th of Islais Channel. This property is re- ed for harbor purposes.

Location of Channel

lais Channel opens into India Basin, the t important inlet in San Francisco nty. It is situated in the southern dis- of the city. Running back from it is largest piece of level land on the penin- With the rapid development in the hern part of the city, this land is fast oming the center of the city's population. th of it, in Visitation Valley, west of it in Excelsior district and at many other its, thousands of citizens have within five s built their homes. To the south and t there is now a dense population.

our great railroads, three of them trans- tinental, will eventually have terminals in e proximity to the inlet. The Western ific, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific unquestionably preparing to handle much heir freight from this point. The Ocean re Railroad, which will eventually tap the coast region to the south and which is completed nearly to Santa Cruz, will also a terminal in the vicinity of the basin.

one who are in touch with conditions in Francisco doubt but that eventually the rict in the vicinity of India Basin will be center of great commercial and industrial vity.

Inside the Sea-Wall

he entire 63 blocks lie within the line of the Francisco sea wall. They are at present rivate hands. Much of the land is thirty under water and the largest ships and mers are even now anchored there. In r words, these blocks, in private hands, vide without dredging safe anchorage for largest ships. All admit that it is impracticable to fill in the entire sixty-three blocks. ess the state acquire this property, there- , this safe anchoring ground will continue rivate hands.

Would Pay No Tolls

he San Francisco water front is owned by State of California. The tolls which ship- pays here are collected by the State and the benefit of the People of the State. But State can not collect shipping tolls from ate property. We have practical illustra- of this in the fact that on the southern of the bay where the sea wall has not yet n constructed, private interests have es- ished wharves on private land and the state nable to collect from the shipping that ses over them one dollar toll for the up- o of the harbor or for the benefit of the e.

pplying this practical illustration to the 63 ks which the state would acquire for har- purposes, if the property be left in private ds, private interests will to a certainty es- ish thereon private docks.

s has been said, four great railroads will ntually have terminals in the vicinity of the n. At this point, more than at any other San Francisco bay, ship and rail meet under most advantageous conditions. Here it be cheaper to transfer freight from ship rain and from train to ship, than at any r point in San Francisco harbor.

he question before the people of California, ed upon to vote bonds to acquire this im- tant arm of the bay, is whether the State rivate interests are to enjoy the large efit of water front development in this dis- t. The question before the electors of California is whether the inland harbor at the mouth of Islais Channel is to be under state control, the regular harbor tolls going to the state for harbor maintenance, or whether this harbor is to be given over to private ownership and private control, where the tolls will be paid in private hands, and established, not on the basis of harbor maintenance, but on the monopoly basis of all the traffic will bear.

A vote for the India Basin act, therefore, is a vote for the conservation to the people of the State of California of this inland harbor. A vote against the act is a vote for private interests, which, with the basin safely in their possession, will eventually be able to levy almost unlimited tolls upon the shipping of this port.

Supporters and Opponents

The supporters of the project include the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants Association and Merchants Exchange and all the principal commercial and promotion bodies of the city.

The opponents are private interests only, principally warehousemen, draymen and the large lumber concerns, all of whom will profit, or imagine they will profit, if the district is left open to private exploitation.

Rapid Development in Shipping

Even now the available docks of the harbor are congested with the port's increased shipping. Mr. George Renner, at the head of one of the largest draying establishments in San Francisco, told the writer this week that his teams have been obliged to wait for as much as thirty-six hours before securing accommodations on the wharves. It must be borne in mind that the increase of the shipping of the port is constantly upward.

For the fiscal year 1908-09, 6,325,078 tons of shipping passed over the wharves of San Francisco. For the fiscal year of 1909-10, the volume of this traffic had increased to 6,866,148 tons, an increase of 8½ per cent in one year.

The revenues of the state, of course, increase in the same proportion. For the year 1900-01, the port revenues from San Francisco shipping were $772,989.03. For the fiscal year of 1909-10, these revenues had increased to $1,637,949.19.

In voting upon the act, the people of California are given opportunity to decide whether private interests are to cut largely into the revenues of the state from its San Francisco harbor.

Will Not Be Taxed

Another point which can not be too strongly insisted upon, is that not one dollar of state tax, either in payment of interest or principal on the bonds, necessary for the purchase of this property, will be paid by the taxpayers of this state. The act provides that both interest and principal shall be paid out of the revenues of San Francisco harbor. The bonds are to run for seventy-four years. If the basin be permitted to fall into the hands of private interests, these interests will in these seventy-four years collect in monopoly tolls, which they will put into their own pockets, many, many times the million dollars that will be raised from the sale of these bonds.

Influence of the Canal

The increase in San Francisco's shipping, as noted above, has come in the ordinary development of Pacific Coast business. In 1915, the Panama canal is to be opened. This means an increase in Pacific Coast business which few care to estimate. At a bound, Pacific Coast ports will take the highest place among the most important in the world. The 8½ per cent increase in San Francisco's shipping, which looks so well, will in comparison be insignificant beside the showing of the years immediately following the canal's opening. Every foot of the San Francisco water front practically available for shipping purposes will be required.

The facilities on India Basin, where ship and rail meet, will be the most important of the new development.

Is the state or are private interests to reap the benefit?

Part of Canal Work

The development of this inland harbor is, broadly speaking, part of the great scheme of Pacific Coast development, of which the construction of the Panama canal forms the central feature. California's part in the work is to provide facilities for the increased commerce which the opening of the canal will bring.

The best engineers of the county recognize this.

John T. Flynn, harbor engineer for San Diego harbor, stated at a banquet given by the San Francisco Commonwealth Club:

"If there be any reason for not developing Islais Basin harbor, that same reason can be advanced against the construction of the Panama canal."

Every shipper who appreciates what the opening of the canal is to mean for the Pacific Coast, recognizes the justice of Engineer Flynn's statement.

There is no question at all about the basin being developed. Even now private interests, with holdings there, are taking steps toward this development in hopes that the people of California may be misled into voting the project down. There will be an inland harbor at Islais Basin.

Shall it be a private harbor, owned by private interests, maintained for the advantage of private interests and to the detriment of the State of California?

Or shall it be part of the state harbor and a source of advantage and profit for the whole people?

This the people of California will decide on November 8th.

("Tax-Reform Amendment"—Continued)

attention to one of the strongest and best features of the new system; the one thing to be depended upon to make it endure, because based on the eternal principles of right and equity. This letter with the accompanying article asked for called forth from the editor the response: "It is rather exceptional that a man who starts out to be a kicker dislodges so much joy." The whole episode illustrates the way in which the opponents of the measure are trying to "fool the public" by raising false issues. A copy of the article follows.

Yours truly,
CARL C. PLEHN.

The question has been raised as to why, under the tax reform amendment the rates charged on the gross earnings of the different classes of corporations are not the same for all. Why, that is, railroads are to pay four per cent, power companies four per cent, telephone companies and telegraph companies three and a half per cent, car companies three per cent and express companies two per cent? Why not all four per cent or all two per cent? It is said that some people voted against the old amendment because they thought that this was unequal. As a matter of fact the rates have to be ununiform in order to be **equal in proportion to the property used** by the different classes of corporations. It is easy enough to see that the express companies use very much less property than do the railroads. So little do they use that the total taxes that they pay under the present system of taxation is only $15,000, while at two per cent of their gross receipts they will pay over $90,000.

The matter is really very simple. The aim is to make the companies pay, as nearly as may be, the **same amount in proportion to their property** by whatever method the taxes may be determined, as **other property holders pay.**

The value of property is determined by its

(Concluded on Page 750)

WHAT SATAN THINKS OF THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY

"The California Weekly, of which A. J. Pillsbury is editor and Chester H. Rowell is associate editor, is in sore financial straits if we are to judge from a lugubrious letter sent out to the stockholders by Mr. Pillsbury. It seems that the California Weekly has not found "uplifting" a financial success. It has not been popular with advertisers—that is, the kind of uplifting practiced by Pillsbury, Rowell et al. has not invited the support of San Francisco business men. Which is not surprising, seeing that the California Weekly's chief mission has been to publish San Francisco to the world as a sink-hole of corruption and its leading merchants and bankers as a gang of pirates.

"Without giving the reasons for the paper's success, Pillsbury tells the stockholders that: "The managers of the California Weekly have not been able to secure enough advertising patronage to make the paper self-sustaining. The capital provided (mainly by Rudolph Spreckels) for a two years' experimental venture is being used up. Unless replenished the publication of the paper will be discontinued by the end of the year."

"What will Editor Pillsbury do then, poor thing? But why does not Rudolph Spreckels support his newspaper bantling instead of having his editorial tout send out begging letters to the persons who were buncoed into subscribing for the paper? Has he abandoned the uplift?

"But Editor Pillsbury has a fine humor for a purveyor of green goods. After telling the subscribers that the California Weekly has been published at a loss ever since it started, he says: "The California Weekly is not likely to ever prove a great money-maker." Then he asks them to buy stock in a losing concern which he candidly admits is never likely to be a paying investment.

"But money paid for the stock will be well spent. It will, in the first place, support A. J. Pillsbury, and in the next it will pay for weekly incense burned at the shrines of Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan. They are rich enough, it is true, to pay for their own touting and for the maintenance of their own literary flunkies, but if the public can be deluded into putting up the money there will be an added zest to their self-advertised virtue. So drop in a dime when Pillsbury passes the hat. Pity the sorrows of a poor sycophant who has to beg from strangers the sustenance denied him by ungrateful patrons. The California Weekly may die, but Pillsbury must live. Don't compel him to prey upon church poor-boxes."—Oakland Tribune, Oct. 10, 1910.

If by any mischance The California Weekly had gained the good opinion of such papers as the Oakland Tribune and the San Francisco Post-Globe, its staff would know that their paper had fallen from grace and was no longer fit to enter the homes of reputable persons. It may be observed also that for the better part of a year Mr. Chester H. Rowell has not been in any way connected with The California Weekly, his work for his own paper and for the redemption of the Republican party from corporation domination having absorbed all his time, his energies and very much of his earnings. Also no shareholder has or ever has had to exceed $500 invested in The California Weekly.

A White Man's View

"Whoever else may or may not read it, every editor in California ought to read his California Weekly every week. It takes a man who is trying to do a thing himself to recognize how much better it can be done, when he is confronted with it done just right. The good writing, the sound information, the sane, clear, matured views on the public affairs of California, as they appear each week in the California Weekly, ought to be and doubtless are the envy of every newspaper man who is vainly striving to reach the same standard. Certainly that is the feeling they arouse in the Republican office. Such a weekly paper, even if it circulated nowhere but in the newspaper offices, would be rendering an invaluable service of leadership to California. Actually, of course, its circulation ought to be limited only by the number of thoughtful readers there are in California. Such a newspaper should be supported by public-spirited citizens everywhere, as an institution filling one of the real needs of the times."—Fresno Republican, Oct. 9, 1910.

Per contra, when The California Weekly receives such words of commendation as the foregoing, from such papers as the Fresno Republican and such men as Chester H. Rowell, its staff knows that their effort has been worth while and that they need make no apologies for their own existence or for the paper they have made.

King Menelek, who died recently, is seriously ill.—Columbus Journal.

"You admit stealing the chickens, then?" "Yas sir, I does." "What was your method of procedure in the matter?" The eyes of the old "coon" bulged out as he said: "Wha' dat you done sez, Jedge?" "I ask how you stole the chickens?" "Well, Jedge, now honest, it wouldn't do no good to explain to yo,' 'cause it takes years of practice."—Philadelphia Times.

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THE CASE OF SAM CHICKEN-HAWK

BY

F. FRENCH STROTHER

AS the hands of the clock in the courtroom marked the hour of ten, the door from the judge's chamber opened, and a all, white-haired man stepped out and lked rapidly to the bench. As he entered e courtroom the lawyers inside the bar rose. ie judge paused for a moment, standing be- id the bench, bowed to the lawyers and ickly seated himself, the lawyers more leis- ely and with some confusion dropping into eir chairs. Silence fell upon the courtroom, the judge spoke to the clerk:

"Call the case of the People vs. Sam Chick- hawk."

The clerk rose and read the information in rapid, singsong voice. Out of the intricate d repetitious phraseology of the complaint— nich was yet sonorous and rhythmical and ggestive of the dignity and solemnity of the casion—the auditors gathered that the great ople of the state of California charged Sam nickenhawk, Indian, with murder in the first gree, in that he did unlawfully, wilfully, de- berately, and with malice aforethought, kill human being, one Jim Murdock, half-breed, e said homicide being by means of a pistol rifle bullet and by lying in wait.

As the clerk read, all eyes in the room were rned toward the prisoner, who sat straight bright and motionless. His dark skin was in vid contrast with the white faces of the hers in the room. He was clad in a rough oolen shirt and overalls and heavy shoes. ut the greatest contrast offered by him as he t there was by his countenance. The face the Chinese is inscrutable to Caucasians, it it is inscrutability born of fear and of a nilosophy of passive acceptance of fate. But ie face of an Indian is inscrutable from pride. e is unafraid.

Something of this disdainful pride of cour- ge showed in the attitude and expression of am Chickenhawk. His case was a not un- sual one. His squaw had been ailing, he had nt for the medicine man of his tribe and ie medicine man had failed to heal her. As ie medicine man is infallible when he wants be, obviously in this case he had used witch- aft purposely to destroy Sam's squaw. The gic was inevitable. In this case it was linched by a physical peculiarity of the medi- ine man; he was cross-eyed; hence he had an vil eye and had lowered it upon Sam's pride. o, as the tribal law had bid him do, Sam had ain in wait for the medicine man on the lonely orth Fork road and had shot him dead, with- ut benefit of clergy. And then the white an's law had stepped in and said that the ndian's law was bad; a white man with a rifle ad visited Sam's rancheria and told Sam to ome along with him, and though Sam could ot speak two dozen words of English he did nderstand the rifle and the crooked forefinger, nd had stolidly ridden down from the moun- ains to the plains and walked into the county ail.

There he stayed for several weeks, thorough- y enjoying the ample food and the tobacco he jailors gave him. Then one day a strange white man came and crooked his forefinger t Sam again, and the jail doors were unlocked nd Sam walked a few paces in the open air o a big white building, surmounted by a high lome, and up two flights of stairs to the big oom where he now sat. The white man who valked by him had no rifle, but a glance re- ealed to Sam a familiar bulge at the back of is coat, and he made no move to escape.

Sam followed the events of the courtroom with deep interest, though his face betrayed no ign. He was interested in the difference be- ween the clothes worn by these neat people n the room and the rough wear of the moun- ain folk. The white collars especially cap- ured his attention. But at last the faces caught and held him. The pallid skin, the restless eyes, the thin, cold lips, fascinated his magination. He had no basis of knowledge o tell him why these people looked as they lid, but instinctively he felt the menace of heir racial difference and the greatness of heir power. But he felt these things with no sense of terror. Rather they added to his pride in his own unshakable spirit, free and calm in the midst of danger.

As the clerk began to read, Sam realized hat this had to do with himself. He did not know what the words meant, but the turning of all eyes in his direction made him conscious that he was the center of this scene. The lit- tle white-haired man above him was the chief, these white faced men who sat about him were the council. He had done something that of- fended white man's law, and all this shifting drama of men rising, speaking, questioning and answering was to effect him somehow. The words were meaningless, but the panto- mime was clear.

And yet Sam felt no sense of wrongdoing His own conscience was clear. Back of his conduct he had the immemorial usage of his tribe, the wisdom of his fathers, the sanction of tribal law. These things were not of writ- ten record, he could not lay his finger upon printed characters and say that here he had warrant for his act. But they were of other record, the inscription, upon the soul, of gen- erations of custom, the outgrowth of natural law, the indelible imprint of experience and the accumulated acquiescence of the ages. He had slain the medicine man, not as an act of revenge, but as an act of retributive justice, obeying a mandate of tribal usage that amounted in effect to exactly the same thing as that force of legislative enactment which gave jurisdiction to the white man's court and its equal power to slay, not for revenge but for retributive justice.

In brief, Sam felt himself in the power of a tribunal. That tribunal was of alien race and speech. Its source of law was different. That was what he felt most keenly, that the white man's law was different, not at all that it was better. He felt these things, rather than thought them.

But Sam did not fully sense the width of the gulf that lay between his law and the white man's law. He could not know that the tribunal before which he stood had its own inheritance of immemorial usage; that it ran back to three remote and distinct racial ex- periences; that it echoed the moral impulse of the Jews, that it reflected the history of Moses and Sinai, of Solomon and David, of John and Jesus; that this fragment of a vast working system of law for a great race bore the imprint of the legions of Rome, of the wisdom of Justinian and Caesar, that the elo- quence of Cicero vibrated in it; that this court contained reminiscences of the cold and hag- gard North, where the Saxons fought and died, that it recalled the battle of Hastings, the inscriptions of Domesday Book, the pre- cious Latin of Magna Charta, the revolution under Cromwell; that its right to sit in judg- ment was predicated on the struggles of the pilgrim fathers, on the revolution under Washington, that it was colored by the dec- laration of independence and the bill of rights —in short, that the brain, the blood, the strug- gles, sufferings, aspirations and wisdom of three races, all were summed up in it, so far as one vessel could contain such a staggering load of even the distilled essence of experi- ence.

Such was the contrast offered by the ob- scure case of the People vs. Sam Chicken- hawk. Alien races and alien experiences, the heritage of a victorious horde of humanity confronting the heritage of a dwindling horde of humanity, the one made flesh in a hand- ful of white-faced, thin lipped, and restless- eyed men, the other made flesh in a dark- skinned, impassive prisoner, brought together by the fortuitous arrangements of Fate, sep- arated in space by a few intervening feet, sep- arated in spirit by a mysterious and impene- trable veil of variation of mind and race and custom and religion and speech.

The veil of speech was soon rent. After the clerk had ceased reading, the judge spoke, one lawyer rose and bowed. He, in turn, spoke to a man who sat beside him, and this man, to Sam's great surprise, spoke to him in his own dialect. A long parley ensued. At length the interpreter shook his head and spoke to the judge.

"May it please your honor, there is no equivalent in the prisoner's tongue for the word 'guilty.' I cannot possibly make him understand the distinction between the ques- tion, 'Do you plead guilty' and the question, 'Did you kill deceased.'"

The lawyer who had risen and bowed again rose.

"If your honor please, as I have just now been appointed to defend the accused, and have had no opportunity to investigate his case, may I reserve the right to plead not guilty for him, and in the meantime ask the interpreter to put the direct question to my client?"

"Certainly," replied the judge.

The lawyer turned to the interpreter.

"Ask him," he said, "if he did kill this Jim Murdock."

The interpreter repeated the question to Sam in a few monosyllabic grunts. The an- swer came as swift as a lightning stroke. With a flashing movement, Sam's hands went to his hips and up, and the wrists snapped level with his eyes.

"Yes, me shoot."

The case was closed. Before the finality of that gesture and that phrase the pomp of jury trials, the inscribed circumlocutions of pro- cedure, the tedious dignity of orderly process became the emptiest investiture of absurdity. The laughter that crackled around the room was the tribute of frailer nerves than Sam's to the tension of the moment, so suddenly re- lieved. The white haired man upon the bench rapped sharply on his desk, the lawyer who had bowed mumbled about "the mercy of the court," the clerk wrote strange characters in a book, which the judge signed, and the white man with the bulging hip pocket crooked his forefinger again at Sam, who rose and fol- lowed him with conscious pride. As they walked past the lawyers' table Sam paused and spoke to the interpreter, who replied by holding up the five fingers of his right hand. He opened and shut them four times and spoke monosyllables to Sam. And Sam Chick- enhawk summed up the cosmic comedy and tragedy of the scene, laid emphasis upon the blindness of the veil that hung between him and his judges, concentrated the racial strug- gle and the racial pride and the racial con- tempt in one simple act. He smiled.

As We View Men

A reformer—One who realizes that we need to be reformed, and acts accordingly.

An odious interloper—One who realizes that we need to be reformed, and acts accordingly.

An excellent citizen—One who realizes that we need to be reformed, and acts accordingly.

A pestiferous meddler—One who realizes that we need to be reformed, and acts accord- ingly.

So I might continue, Leonidas, but what's the use? Have I not made clear enough the point that what you consider a man depends upon your point of view?

If you believe in saving the boys and girls, young men and young women, older men and older women, from the lures of a double ten- derloin, you consider the man who works to that end a reformer; if, on the contrary, you are financially or immorally interested in red- light attractions, you consider such a man an odious interloper.

If you hold that there should be one brand of justice for rich and poor you will consider a Heney, who gave about all but life, and nearly gave his life, for the administration of such justice, a most excellent citizen; but if you are of those who insist that Big Interests should be permitted to buy success, even at the price of bonds, you will consider him a pestiferous meddler.

Don't you see, Leonidas, that it is yourself, far more than the man whom you are discuss- ing, whom you "size up" when you give your opinion of him? You cannot escape it, nor can the rest of us. In appraising or denounc- ing others, we inevitably announce the class in which we belong.

("Tax-Reform Amendment"—Concluded)

net income. Thus a farm that yields net $10 per acre is worth at least $100 per acre. But one that yields only $5.00 per acre is worth only half as much. The same is true of corporate property; if the risk is the same a stock that pays six per cent in dividends is worth twice as much as one that pays only three per cent.

The new taxes are to be in proportion to the gross earnings, because it has been found that these taxes are simpler and easier to administer than any others. The problem, therefore, was to find what per cent of the gross earnings would be equal to one per cent on the true value of the property. One per cent of the true value of the property (not, of course, of the assessed value, which is anywhere from twenty-five to eighty per cent of the true value) is very close to the average taxes paid by property throughout the state. To solve this problem we have first to ascertain what proportion of the gross receipts are net. It is a fact that in each of the different lines of corporate industry there is a fairly definite ratio of net to gross earnings. Thus in the case of the railroads, about one-third of all their receipts are net, while in the case of express companies only about one-sixth is net. So if four per cent is a fair rate on the railroads then two per cent would be fair for the express companies. The same thing can be illustrated by two farms; one yields, let us say, $50.00 per acre, of which $10.00 is clear profit. The farm is worth $100.00 per acre (or more), and the tax should be $1.00 per acre, or two per cent of the gross receipts. Another also yields $50.00 per acre, but only $5.00 clear. The latter is worth, say, $50.00 per acre and the tax at one per cent should be 50 cents per acre, and that is only one per cent of the gross receipts.

Three-fourths of the report of the tax commission for 1906 was devoted to the study of the data upon which the rates are based. Copies of this report, as well as of the new report, can be had on application to the secretary of the state tax commission, 2308 Warring street, Berkeley, Cal.

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If any one finds the recipe hard to follow let him console himself with the results. The new system may not be perfect, but it is infinitely better than the old one. Under the old system the best that we could do was to make the railroads pay $1,300,000 per annum, under the new, they will pay $2,200,000. At the other extreme are the express companies, which now pay on their horses, wagons and safes about $15,000 per annum, while two per cent on their gross receipts amounts to $90,000. In the aggregate the amendment increases the taxes of all the corporations by over $4,000,000. Not one of them is "cinched," and not one of them can evade the new taxes.

A pudding as good as this in the eating must have been made from a good recipe.

JUST JOKES

An old gentleman, who was in the habit of bestowing fatherly affection upon the young ladies who visited his daughter, answered a ring at his door about dusk one evening, and recognizing, as he thought, in the dim light one of his daughter's young friends, he picked her up in his arms, being in jocular mood, and was bearing her through the hall, when the astonished burden ejaculated: "Fo' Gawd, Mars' Tom, is yo' gwine to c'y de ole nigger clean back to de kitchen?'"—New York Sun.

In Zanesville, Ohio, they tell of a young widow, who, in consulting a tombstone maker with reference to a monument for her late husband, ended the discussion with: "Now, Mr. Jones, all I want to say is, 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place." "Very well, ma'am," said the stonecutter. When the tombstone was put up the widow discovered, to her amazement, that upon it were inscribed these words: "'To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place.'"

Former Hearers All Pleased

I cannot sing the old songs now,
But, oh, it makes me mad
To have my friends, when I refuse,
Look jubilant and glad.

LAST SUMMER'S FOREST FIRES

By COERT DUBOIS,

Associate District Forester

As early as last May the forest officers in western Montana and northern Idaho realized that this was going to be an exceptionally dry and dangerous season for fires. The summer started in exactly like the season of 1889 when large areas of timberland now included in the national forests of this region were burned over. The predictions were more than verified. All through June and July the drouth continued and the rangers were kept on the jump. By the middle of August they had put out over 3,000 small fires and had 90 large ones, covering 500 acres or more each, practically under control.

The greatest hindrance in this work was the lack of trails by which the fires could be reached quickly. On August 19 a fire on the headwaters of the St. Joe River had covered between one and two thousand acres. Five crews, totaling about 400 men, were at work on it and had thrown a fire line almost completely around it. Another fire had been burning for a week to the southwest of this one and a large crew of men were working their way to it, being forced to cut a trail every foot of the way through dense timber and underbrush in order to move their supplies. These two fires typify the conditions that had to be met, and were met, by the forest officers. Fires which could be reached were brought under control quickly and efficiently; those in the back country remote from any means of communication had to burn unrestrained until fire-fighting crews could work their way into them cutting trails as they went. If conditions had remained normal all fires on the Cabinet, Pend d'Oreille, Kootenai, Coeur d'Alene and Lolo national forests would have been brought under control in a very short time by the 1,500 or 2,000 men then in the field.

But conditions did not remain normal. On the afternoon of August 20 a hurricane started which could no more be foreseen or provided against than the San Francisco earthquake and fire. The force of this wind can scarcely be imagined. It uprooted standing trees before the fire reached them; rangers on patrol could not stay in the saddle in the face of it. It blew fire from smouldering stumps and logs inside the lines of the controlled fires and started new ones by the hundreds. It caused the fires which had not yet been reached by fire-fighting crews to jump to the tops and travel with amazing rapidity. Sheets of flame swept through the crowns of trees, jumping canyons like that of the St. Joe River—not by blowing burning brands across, but by the flames actually leaping hundreds of yards and igniting the crowns of the trees on the far side. In twenty-four hours the scattered fires had united and made a solid burn along the Idaho-Montana divide between 125 and 150 miles long.

Ranger Hahn, who with his crew was missing for so long a time, was cutting his way into a fire on the St. Joe River just before the hurricane started. He had posted a lookout on a high hill with instructions to warn the crew at the first sign of danger. On the afternoon of the 20th, this lookout came crashing down through the brush shouting, "Get out, boys, she's a-coming!" With perfect coolness the ranger collected his crew, moved them down to the river and onto a small island in the middle of it. He even got all of his pack animals and supplies across and made camp. She came. A roaring wall of flame driven by the hurricane went by on each side of the river but the men were so far out of harm's way that one even tried to photograph the fire with a kodak. One of the men described the noise of that passage as being "like a freight train a mile long going over a covered bridge, and you under it."

When the hurricane started, the forest officers, realizing the danger, abandoned the fight and bent their efforts to getting their crews out safely. Remarkable coolness and a keen realization of their responsibility were shown by these men. Ranger Pulaski, a descendant of the Revolutionary hero, showed particular heroism, bringing out the bulk of his men in safety although he, himself, was so badly burned that he is still in the hospital and may lose the sight of one eye.

Over half the loss of life (which was greatly exaggerated) was caused by the failure of t crews to obey orders. One crew of 66 men work on a fire north of Avery were order to come out with all possible speed. A me senger was sent to notify each man perso ally. Thirty-seven of this crew obeyed orde and reached Avery safely, while the oth twenty-nine decided to stay where they wer saying that there was no danger and th the ranger was unduly exercised. Out of th crew who refused to obey orders, twenty-fo bodies have been recovered and five are mis ing. The death roll from these fires is und 100. The bodies of 73 temporary employe of the forest service have been found. Fiftee are missing. Eight people not connected wit the service are known to have been kille Three forest officers and about fifteen hire fire fighters are in the hospital from injurie received on the fighting line. The Nationa Red Cross is taking care of the injured an the bodies of the identified are being sent t their homes and the unidentified dead burie at permanent ranger stations in the forest with a contribution fund raised by forest off cers all over the United States.

It is probable that more than 2,000,000 acre were burned over last summer in norther Idaho and western Montana. Over ninety pe cent of this damage resulted from the cyclon of August 20 and 21. It would be interesting perhaps, to hear what the district forester a Missoula has to say in regard to the fire sit uation in this district, since he was in direc charge of all fire fighting work done by th forest service.

"Without exception," says District Foreste Greeley, "the destructive fires in this distric were crown fires carried through the tops o the trees by the violent winds and feeding onl secondarily upon whatever inflammable ma terial there was on the ground. Even prior t the cyclone, the only serious factor we had t contend with was the frequency of compara tively high winds which carried the fire up int the crowns and made it extremely difficult t control them. The ground fires were not diffi cult to control. In substantiation of this simply point out the fact prior to the hurri cane of August 20, over 90 fires of large pro portions were put under control and over 3,00 small fires were put out by individual patrol men or small crews. Our whole experience this summer showed conclusively that, in a season of such an exceptional character as t drought and winds, the use of fire in the woods under any conditions is exceedingly dangerous Every lumberman familiar with the situation will agree with me that the only good fire is a dead fire and that the only sane protective policy to follow is to keep fire out of the woods altogether, except in burning slashings on small areas in the proper season and under a strong guard of men. All the ground burnings in the world will not protect a dense stand of timber from crown fires under the force of high winds, and the larger the ter ritory burned over for protection purposes leaving smouldering fires in old logs at many points, the greater the danger that high winds when they do occur will create destructive crown fires."

This is pretty strong talk. It is a clear convincing statement (by the one man in the country best qualified to know) that the accumulation of inflammable material on the ground resultant on keeping fires out of the forests was not the cause of the catastrophe Further than that, this man whose experience in directing fire fighting work cannot now be questioned, states point blank that the only policy to follow is to keep fire out of the woods altogether save in exceptional cases.

In the north where they occurred, the forests are much more dense and the danger of crown fires ten times greater than in California. In fact, in the mature yellow pine, sugar pine and douglas fir forests of the Sierra and Coast ranges, it may be said that the risk of crown fires is practically nil except in small areas of young timber. And ground fires can be controlled. Now if these two things are so —that crown fires occur only as often as cyclones do and that ground fires can be controlled—the application of the theory of "light burnings," with eminent danger of the fire spreading and unavoidable damage to young growth, would seem to be of very doubtful wisdom.

We would especially mention the Century Path, a weekly illustrated, which is a work of art as to its typography and illustrations, while the subject matter is of the highest order, which deals with the problems of the day from a Theosophical standpoint; also the Theosophical Manuals, written with a view of meeting the interest of inquirers; a Point Loma edition of "The Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, written especially for students; "Studies in Occultism," also by the same writer, and "Echoes from the Orient," by William P. Judge, successor to Madame Blavatsky. To one who is interested in the ancient Wisdom Religion these books will be of the deepest interest.

All of the above are the product of the Aryan Theosophical Press at Point Loma, and it will easily be conceded that their work will compare with any in artistic finish and accuracy.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in nd for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, he real property herein described or any part thereof, lefendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of he above entitled Court and City and County, within hree months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) eet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Seventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and thence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of J Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 485 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broadway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco, in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M. on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5999.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim,	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG,
GEORGE KNOX,

Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER TORRENS ACT, complete for $35 by search, fee and guarantee. Title Guarantee & Trust Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, fourth floor, Market street, near Third.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office.	Residence.
86 Montgomery St.	1297 McAllister St
Phone Kearny 4491	Phone Park 4899

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Hospital Management

Years ago as the writer of this was going through the State Hospital for the Insane at Napa, and was on the point of passing out of one of the wards, a motherly old lady, a patient, with much feeling, said to him: "Never cease to thank God, night and morning, as long as you live, that you are in possession of your right mind." Not all of those who are not appreciate that they are not, but relatively fewer who are in their right minds ever think to be thankful that they are, and yet there is no other calamity that can befall a human being comparable to that of insanity. It were a hundred times better to be dead and, sometime, when the world shall have come to putting aside sentimentalism in dealing with scientific problems, it is not impossible that the chronic insane may be put to death, painlessly and tenderly but inevitably.

Meantime, the state must care for its insane. Individuals cannot, and the burden of care is one that all should share. California possesses five great hospital plants, costing millions of dollars, and they are all filled to overflowing. The hospital population of the five institutions aggregate nearly 7,000, not to speak of the feeble minded, who number 850 more. Each one of these hospitals is directly managed by a superintendent, a medical staff, a steward and a large number of minor officers and attendants.

The power and authority in each hospital inferentially vests in a board of five managers appointed by the Governor to serve four years, the terms of no more than two members of each board of five expiring in any one year. This board has power to elect a superintendent and a treasurer, and to remove the same for cause stated in writing after hearing had. On the face of it this is all the direct appointing power the board has, although all the appointees of the superintendent, who is the executive officer of the institution, must be made with the advice and consent of the board of managers. Where the power actually rests is, in each institution, a question of dominance of the personalities who make up the board, the superintendent and, sometimes, the steward. The master spirit, wherever he may be, is either likely to rule or to make it exceedingly difficult to overrule such personage. If, as the law of fitness requires, the superintendent is the dominant power, his burden is made more onerous than it ought to be by having to manage a board of managers in addition to managing the institution given into his charge.

Back of the board of managers sits the governor of the state by virtue of his appointive power, and his power of removal, for adequate cause after hearing, of the adequacy of which he is judge and jury. Few boards relish going up against the Governor, and a militant, headstrong Governor is likely to have his will registered, if he has a will to register, about as he wants it. Ordinarily, governors prefer to take the direction of least resistance and interfere with the management of boards of managers as little as possible.

A serious difficulty with the whole system is that full responsibility is nowhere certainly and adequately fixed. The board of managers is hampered by the need for the approval, at every step, of the State Lunacy Commission; the superintendent is hampered by both his board of managers and the lunacy commission; the General Superintendent comes in for a share of the hampering as well as for a share of being hampered. There are checks and balances enough in the system to more than suffice for the legislative, executive and judicial departments of national government.

But a still graver difficulty is the patronage feature that permeates our State Hospital system from top to bottom. The lunacy commission, the members of the board of managers, the governor and most of the legislators, either "put in" or try to put into these institutions their political friends. The boards of managers are commonly made up of politicians given their places on the boards of management either in recognition of political favors received or in expectation of their being performed in the future. The whole system rests on a basis inconsistent with sound principles of government.

However, the worst feature of all, perhaps, is that interest in each institution is localized. All of them were located, in the first place, not with so much reference to where they ought to be for the best service to the state, but in order to "get things," by log rolling methods, for each such community. These are all state institutions to be handled with reference to what is best for the state and local interest should have nothing to do with them.

The whole system needs overhauling. The local boards should be abolished and a state department substituted, as suggested last week, thus putting the power where the responsibility is. Such a system would be able to treat the state hospital problem as one problem and a great number of small taxeaters and petty political personalities could be dispensed with.

The claims which these unfortunates have upon the state is akin to that claim which the child has upon the parent, it is a claim for care the most humane, and sympathy the most keen. To make the wards of the state in any sense the victims of the exigencies of politics or subjects for "pork barrel" methods is to prove false to that paternalism inseparable from the care of such wards.

When Ethel Weeps

When Ethel weeps each crystal tear
Is as a sorrow-laden sphere,
A rounded orb of quenchless woe.
And, oh, the anguish-burdened flow
Doth know no pause.
Yet ask me not why she doth weep.
To solve that question I've lost sleep.
"Wherefore these weeps?" oft question I.
And then she maketh sad reply:
"Why—well—because!"

The Latest Test

"He is generally recognized as a leading citizen."

"Yes? What was the nature of the charge embodied in the indictment?"

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: Two Constitutional Amendments

By George E. Crothers and Carl C. Plehn

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: OCTOBER 21 :'10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

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No. 48.

No More Fines For Smuggling

TED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE HAND of New York as announced that his brother judges, Holt and Hough, greed with him to impose no more fines upon rich smug- who fetch through the port of New York contraband goods ntent to defraud the revenues. Let no globe trotter rejoice announcement. The court will try the virtues of good, erms of imprisonment instead of fines. That is different, ferent that the pity is that the honorable judges had not their heads together earlier. May all other courts profit example.

Wonder How He Feels About It Now!

IEN AT THE ZENITH of his glory David Bennett Hill of New York declared that he would rather have behind ie saloons of the empire state than all the churches ten times Wonder how he feels about that now! He died yesterday ng.

A Question of Law

E RUEF WAS RELEASED ON BAIL because confine- nent in jail was proving injurious to his health. So far as goes confinement in a palace would prove injurious to the of any one. But why should Ruef be liberated and not hers? Had the appellate court withheld its hand Judge or would have determined the issue yesterday. Now the late court will determine it. The point of law is: If one release a prisoner on bail may another judge restore him stody? Are the orders of a court like the laws of the Medes Persians? This paper is averse to seeing Abe Ruef made apegoat for the whole grafting gang, but it is equally averse ing him liberated from prison, pending appeal, when others same predicament have not the same privilege. The deci- of the appellate tribunal will be awaited with great interest.

Give Us Younger Men

HU ROOT IS BEING TALKED OF for Chief Justice of he Supreme Court of the United States. He is a great r and a big-brained man. He is in his sixty-sixth year and be counted on for five to ten years of splendid service on bench, but how shall we be rid of him when his dotage s? Aye, there's the rub! A supreme bench of doddering ds living on reputations made in their prime is a menace to ation. Therefore, pending the enactment of a statute that make retirement from the bench on full pay permissible at ty and compulsory at seventy-five, give us younger appoin- o that exalted office, Mr. President.

Gillett at the Johnson Lunch

ERE ARE THOSE WHO AFFECT to believe that because overnor Gillett attended the Johnson lunch and spoke kindly r. Johnson's candidacy, in order to be consistent, Mr. John- hould have thrown the governor out neck and heels. Non- ! There is probably no man in all California who feels more y the degradation of Southern Pacific domination of Repub- politics than James N. Gillett. There has not been a day he took the Santa Cruz nomination that he has not felt the t of it and has not known in his heart that he bought his rment at a greater price than any man can afford to pay. Republican that he is, he no doubt rejoices to see the dawn- f a better day. Had he been less of a man than he is he would have sulked, like George Knight, or stewed himself in his own bitterness, like W. F. Herrin. It was good for the Governor to be there. It was good for Mr. Johnson to welcome him.

Julia Ward Howe

SHE COULD NOT LIVE ALWAY, but she made out to for ninety-one beneficent years, and now at last her "eyes have seen the glory," of which she sang while millions joined in the chorus. A great life and a fruitful almost to the end! Compare it with the life of David Bennett Hill, for instance! The homage of a nation shows what is worth while and what is not. Why should anyone ever be in doubt?

Let Us Hope It Is Not So

FROM PRESS REPORTS it would appear that Professor Woodworth, of the State University, entertains some sort of belief that nature may be working to evolve a naturally sterile womanhood to be workers in the hive of industry, side by side with their brothers, while their prolific sisters mother the race. Let us hope that no such thing will come to pass. Such women would be abnormal and awful, worse kickers than mules. Celibacy is abnormality. Better polygamy, almost, than that. If nature has not gone crazy she will proceed to evolve a condition imperative to make every man a husband, every woman a wife. In fact, little else is needful to that end than to have all men get aboard the "water wagon." That would just about solve the celibacy problem now and forever.

Not So

THE PRO-GRAFT PRESS, or at least a part of it, would make Judge Lawlor out to be a patron of slugging and a sport of low degree. It is not so. Judge Lawlor never saw but two prize fights in his life, and they grew out of a rivalry between the Olympic club, to which he belonged, and another. He has not, since he went on the bench, seen so much as a sparring match between amateurs just for fun, but he has taken an interest in athletics and in that fellowship with manly men which atones as far as may be for not having a home of his own. But then, with the higher-up press, it is "anything to beat Lawlor," so what is the odds what is said or who says it?

Keep Your Eye On New York

LET US NOT BECOME so engrossed with our own affairs as to be unmindful of the great battle for clean politics now waging in New York state, with Theodore Roosevelt and his associates on the one side arrayed against Tammany Hall and Wall street on the other. The conservative press is sceptical of the success of the Lion Hunter. Tammany and Wall street are supposed to have no terrors for Yorkers, but of that we shall know more after the election. It is entirely possible that the newer nationalism may receive a setback, but it cannot be defeated. If beaten in New York it will be taken to the country and won there, after which, if not before, New York will come into line. Tammany is fighting, Wall street is fighting, and why in the name of justice and fair play should it be improper for Theodore Roosevelt to take up the gauge of battle they thro down? There are none so hard to suit as those whose sympathies are with the other fellow, and that seems to be the case with the so-called conservative press of the East, as particularly exemplified in the New York Evening Post and Springfield Republican

Are Bankers Bad Losers?

Certain San Francisco bankers are protesting against the adoption of Amendment Number One, now that the legislature has advanced the banking rate of taxation from six-tenths of one per cent to one per cent.

Their plaint is that the "excessive rate" will tend to cause the banks to distribute their surplus and undivided profits (in order to evade a part of the tax) and so lessen loanable capital; that this will advance interest rates; that it will tend to introduce Eastern methods of banking, which are more conservative than those obtaining in California.

If these objections were all well taken they would not justify opposition to the adoption of Amendment Number One, but they are not. From July 1908 to July 1909 the banks of California, as a whole, earned a net income on capital, surplus and undivided profits of 9.83 per cent. A tax of one-tenth of the net earnings of capital is not burdensome, nor unjust, and is a less tax than the average property in California will pay. The writer of this has two houses rented across the bay. The tax on one is 17 per cent of the gross income and on the other 19 per cent, and he has no reason to suppose that his property either rents lower or is taxed higher than other Oakland residence property will average.

The tax of one per cent on capital, surplus and undivided profits of banks obtains in Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. Does that tax there cause the banks to lessen their loanable capital by distributing their surplus and undivided profits? The percentage of surplus and undivided profits of the national banks of California to their capital stock is 66.5. In New York state, exclusive of reserve cities, it is 88. In New York City it is 123.5 In Pennsylvania it is 126. In Connecticut, 77.6. In all of these states the percentage of surplus and undivided profits to capital stock in national banks is greater than in California, notwithstanding that in those states banks pay one per cent in taxes, whereas in California they have been paying very much less than one per cent, in fact, as a whole, less than one-half of one per cent.

Will the banks pass the four-tenths of one per cent in excess of, to use an expression hallowed by Southern Pacific memories, what they were "minded to pay" on to the borrowers? Very likely they will if they can, but are they not now charging what the traffic will bear? If they are will it bear more after the tax is increased than before? But suppose they do, what will it amount to to the borrower?

The four-tenths per cent added at Sacramento will add $599,000 to the tax burden of the banks of California. Their entire resources, capital, surplus, undivided profits, deposits and all loanable assets amount to $952,859,000, of which the $599,000 would be .000629 of one per cent, or if a man borrowed $1,000 for a year he might have to pay about .63 cents more for his money if he stood his full share of the brunt of that tax. Does not this objection appear to be a trifle childish?

As to introducing more conservative Eastern banking methods as a result of this tax, that should make votes for the amendment rather than against. At a time when we of California were reduced to the use of clearing house certificates, and every day was made a holiday for months for the protection of the banks against indignant depositors, in Iowa there was not a clearing house certificate issued or a depositor denied his cash on demand. The surplus and undivided profits, and a considerable share of the deposits in the banks of Iowa, were not sustaining stock speculations in Wall Street, New York, but were at home, where they should be, doing a conservative banking business. The threatened adoption of such a banking policy in California will be among the least of our anxieties.

THE STAFF
A. J. PILLSBURY.....Editor and Manager
A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

The California Weekly is printed by Donaldson & Moir, 330 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

If the bankers of California possessed any sense of humor they would first indulge in a hearty laugh at a good joke on themselves and then turn in and work for the success of the amendment with a will. For, be it known, the calling of the late extra session of the legislature, all framed up, as was thought, so that the legislators could not depart from the work as laid out for them, was all the work of the now protesting bankers. They wanted the amendment, with its six-tenths per cent bank tax feature, made the irrevocable law of the state, but the legislators got off the reservation and went on the warpath, boosted the bank tax four-tenths more and reduced the three-fourths vote to two-thirds. Wherefore the same bankers sulk in their tents whetting their knives against the amendment as a whole. The joke is on the protesting banks. They should enjoy it with the rest of us. They are proving bad losers.

The Rights and Wrongs of Riches

One who walks no more with The California Weekly because he likes not its spirit declares his own convictions substantially as follows:

"I am in thorough accord with any movement that attempts to better present conditions, but I do not think that unmerciful and unending criticism is the way to do it.

"During a man's life what he has is his own to do with as he pleases and if he choose to keep it until he dies, and then leave it for his executors to carry out his benevolent intentions, there is no just ground for criticism of his actions.

"Every man should first make ample provision for his family, bequests made at their expense should be nullified by law. After these things are done he should make charitable bequests in large measure.

"Income taxes should be so graduated as to render impossible the extremely large fortunes which are a menace at any time, but one, ten or twenty millions in the hands of any man do not constitute such a menace."

The issues involved in the foregoing, which are here restated in the interests of brevity, but fairly we think, are vital to our time, perhaps to all time. As a man, a nation or a civilization thinks, so is it. Therefore it must think clearly and right or go wrong. Does our correspondent think clearly and right?

Criticism is a perpetual Day of Judgment. From Isaiah to Jesus, from Jeremiah to Theodore Roosevelt, the actions of men have been forced to endure the test of measurements of their acts by standards which the wise and good have set up. Such criticisms have been incessant and uncompromising. No Garrison, no Philips, no Bryan and no Roosevelt was ever more drastic and unsparing in criticism than was the Savior of Men and his "woe unto you" has come on through nineteen centuries gathering in volume and power day by day, shaking thrones and overturning civilizations, never so potently at work as now. Criticism may be senseless, criticism may be unjust, but criticism there must be, criticism that spares not the lash until mercy is cried for and penitence is professed in tears, else the wrong-headed world will never be turned right. The standards of right are absolute and eternal, and it is the lot of man to be judged by them hourly, daily, all through life ending with the Day of Judgment which no man may escape. In kindness or in wrath criticism must never sleep. It is ever on guard and must be or all cannot be well with the world.

The only thing that any man has that is his own to do with as he will is his own soul, and the Devil may get that if he doesn't watch out. All else he possesses subject to the common welfare. His wife, his children may be taken from him, his own liberty, his property may be taxed out of existence. Ownership is trusteeship. If a man may do what he likes with his own it is because human experience has demonstrated the general wisdom of such a policy, but there is in that largeness of liberty no exemption from criticism. There are legalities that are moral monstrosities, yet, on the whole, it has hitherto been thought better to suffer the monstrosities to exist than to disturb the legalities. Initiative, ambition to acquire—it is wise to give them ample room even at the risk of developing greed, but the right of criticism to dog their every step, to hold up before them the eternal verities that they may be measured by them at every turn, that is the condition upon which all liberties are to be permitted.

A desire to make provision for the family is inspiration for enterprise. Take it away and stagnation will result, but it is no absolute right. Society must exert an over-lordship over it. What right has any son or daughter to live a life of frivolous idleness and lavish display merely because the father was a money-maker? The idle rich are the parents of anarchy. They spawn envy, jealousy and hate. No man has a right to endow frivolity and idleness. Therefore the entailment of estates is to be fought, also their being confided to trust management. The next great reform needed, perhaps, is to compel the closing of estates within five years and the absolute division to those of age, to hold if the heirs can, to squander if they will, but to get back into the common fund as soon as the fortune may, unhampered by entailments, trusteeships or incorporation.

It is not the size of the fortune that is dangerous. There would be no more sense in limiting the size of a man's fortune by law than in limiting his chest measure, the strength of his arm, the horse-power he shall put into an engine or electric motor. Let every man have according to his strength to handle. There was never yet a man too big or too strong, too rich or too skilled in finance. The world needs big men. What we need to limit is the ways in which fortunes may be acquired to right ways. It is because the Carnegies and Rockefellers, Morgans and Harrimans are robbers that society needs to limit their unlawful activities and punish them if it can. They are financial freebooters, as were the Huntingtons, Crockers, Stanfords and their kind. They took to themselves by financial force and political fraud the earnings of the many and the heritage of the multitude. With fair dealing no man can become dangerously rich. Without it every man is a social menace, be he big or little. It is not great wealth that we should fight, but great wrong, chiefly in the form of special privilege.

Income taxes are right because some part of the common cost of government should be paid according to ability, but inheritance taxes

e better because no man has more than a 'e interest in anything. The right to be- ieath is only a privilege to be limited as the ›mmon welfare may require or taken away together if, sometime, that shall be found isest and best, though it is not likely that ›ciety will ever wish to go so far as that.

The doctrine of trusteeship, of accountabil- y for stewardship, of subjection to criticism, ›plies from every nickel fed into a slot ma- ine to every hundred millions invested in l, in railroads, in manufactories of steel and on. No man is master of anything except s own soul, and the Devil may get that if e don't watch out.

Oakland's Waterfront Again

Elsewhere in this issue of The California Weekly Mr. B. H. Pendleton, of Oakland's ty council, replies to Mr. McPike's article in ur issue of September 30. What he has to ıy in defense of the proposed franchise grant important, but not wholly conclusive.

Our big railroads must find harbor facilities pon this bay. Neither state nor city nor ational government stands ready to equip the arbors with all the facilities required. There- ›re the railroads must be permitted, and en- ›uraged, to equip themselves with such har- ›or facilities as their business warrants. The ttitude toward these corporations should be heral, just and far-seeing, but that does not nply that they should be accorded all that ney may demand.

It was announced weeks ago that the nego- ations between Oakland and the Southern 'acific Company had been concluded in a way ltogether satisfactory to Oakland, and yet, ince that announcement, many modifications f the terms of the franchise have been made ı the public interest, two very important nes, as will be seen from Mr. Pendleton's ommunication, no longer ago than on Mon- ay of this week. Is it not possible that, with urther scrutiny, something more may be ound that should be written into that docu- ıent before everlastingly too late? The ıore it is hammered at the nearer right it will ›ecome.

On the west side of the bay tolls are fixed ›y the state because the state owns the wharfing privileges. Why should not the tolls ›n the east side of the bay be fixed by the ity of Oakland for parity of reason? In no ›ther way can all forms of discrimination be ertainly prevented.

It is stipulated in the franchise that, at the nd of fifty years, the mole is to be ceded to he city in fee and the superstructures at a aluation then to be fixed. Why at any val- ıation at all? Every fifty year franchise to a ›ublic service corporation presumes that the ıse will, in fifty years, pay a good rate of in- erest on the investment all through that ›eriod, and repay the original investment, whereupon the entire property should revert :o the city without any payment whatever.

Finally, no fifty year franchise involving is- sues of such vast importance to the future of ı city should be granted without a vote of the people of such city, and it is not at all un- likely that, by the time the franchise can be submitted, after the adoption of the new char- ter, some other good things can be hammered into it. There should be no great haste. Oak- land is not likely to lose the Southern Pacific and the Southern Pacific is not likely to lose interest in having a franchise to operate its pier. No danger attends upon this delay.

Amendment Number Eleven

This amendment, to be voted on at the com- ing election, has received less consideration in the press of the state than it deserves. At the request of The California Weekly Mr. George E. Crothers, who has given great at tention to tax laws and principles, offers, else- where in this paper, a clear exposition of the proposed amendment which we commend to our brethren of the press as worthy of being passed on to the readers of their own papers.

It probably is true that no laws restricting freedom of contract in relation to the borrow- ing and lending of money ever had any effect other than to make borrowing more difficult and costly, and yet that does not afford suffi- cient reason for giving the lender all the points in the law and the borrower none.

The "New Constitution" provided not only that the mortgage interest in lands should be separately taxed, but that any contract to have that interest taxed otherwise should be void. It is alleged in the "boost" sent out from the office of the Secretary of State with copies of the amendment, that this provision of the constitution commonly resulted in ad- ding tremendously to the lender's profits and to the borrower's injury, and yet it was always the lender who proposed to change the law and always the borrower who voted against the change. Finally, in 1906, the right of bor- rower and lender to contract as to which should pay the tax on the mortgage interest was conceded by constitutional amendment, submitted again at the instance of the lender, not the borrower.

But that did not satisfy the benevolent im- pulses of the lender. He is still fearful that he may be making too much money off the lending of his capital and he wishes still further to relieve the borrower from burden by exempting mortgage interests from all taxa- tion. It is probable, as Mr. Crothers shows, that the amendment will not do what is ex- pected of it. If it should do it it ought not. It is everlastingly true that the mortgage in- terest in property is a property interest and, as such, should be taxed in the county, city and town where the land itself is situated. Now that there is entire freedom to agree as to who shall pay that tax, whether it shall be deducted from the interest charged or added to it, it would seem that a satisfactory basis had been reached.

It is true that if mortgage interests were exempt from taxation separate mortgage rec- ords would not have to be kept either by lenders or borrowers, banks or county assess- ors, but it may be doubted if the saving in clerical work will justify the abandonment of a sound principle of taxation, viz: that the mortgage interest is a solvent credit, is prop- erty and should bear its share of taxation the same as the equity of the mortgagor. There is a lurking suspicion that the benevolence of the lender may have been overestimated. Adown the ages he was not wont to be so kind.

Vote against amendment eleven, first, be- cause it will not accomplish what it under- takes to and, second, it would not be in ac- cordance with sound policy if it did.

What To Do With the Money

It is probable that the constitutional amend- ments in aid of the Panama-Pacific exposition will carry and that congress will recognize San Francisco as **The Place** to hold the one national exposition. While we are awaiting the fruition of these hopes we may well dis- cuss what to do with the money when we get it. Elsewhere in this paper Mr. Elmer Ells- worth Carey discusses the feasibility of creat- ing, in Golden Gate park, a permanent amuse- ment city as a result of the fair. His sugge- tions will repay consideration. Other sugge- tions of a rational character will find welcome in the columns of this paper. The legislative authorization to hold the fair in Golden Gate park was not mandatory. Efforts will be made to locate the exposition on private grounds for private advantage. That must not be permitted if it can be prevented, and the way to prevent it is to devise a better way and fight for its adoption.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

For a matter of thirty years a certain man has worked, more or less, on Sundays. In thirty years there are 1,560 Sundays, exactly sixty working months, or five full years of time gained, giving his thirty prime years of maturity the value of thirty-five. Allowing for nothing in the way of lack of efficiency, because of being constantly overworked, he is five years ahead of where he would have been had he refrained from Sunday work.

But he is ten years older than he should be at his age. That puts a different face on the proposition. Instead of having gained five years by working Sundays he has lost five, and he has probably lost no little beside through lack of that rest of mind or body which he should have had.

It was not greed of gain that prompted this Sunday work. When he began work for him- self he was not fully prepared for his task and had to work overtime and Sundays to make up for lack of adequate preparation when he should have made it. That used up all the Sundays there were during his first five years of independent effort. In point of time this was 260 days, equivalent to 13 school months or, practically, a year and a half of school- ing, but it is probable that half a year in a school teaching just the things he needed to know, at just the time when he would have learned the most easily, would have given him a full equivalent for all that he taught him- self in those 260 Sundays.

After that there came to be a good deal of public work to do, and as this certain man had all that he could do all the week, he got into the habit of laying aside this free, public work to be done on Sunday. There wasn't any other time and he had to be obdurate and say, "no," or shave, look over the morning paper a few minutes, yawn and go at it. There is just such a job now pending. This certain man has had fewer vacations than he should have had even if he had all his Sun- days thrown in beside, but he has not had them thrown in and, after thirty years of Sunday working, he does not quite see how all Sunday work can be dispensed with. How can it? The penalty is easy to see, for people take him to be years older than he is and, by a hundred tests, he feels the creeping paralysis of the years that he should not feel for years to come.

The history of Sunday is peculiar. It has a lunar origin, savants tells us, and among the Arabs, who set it down as an unlucky day, it was taboo. Any work done on that day was likely not to turn out fortunately. It was akin to planting corn or potatoes in the wrong time of the moon. What began, so students of the institution tell us, as a super- stitious custom soon came to have a religious sanction and, when the Hebrews adopted the custom and found it good, they gave to it their customary sanction of "Thou shalt not." Among all the institutions of men there is none of greater value to the individual or the race than the making of the Sabbath day a day of rest from the ordinary vocations of life, for the refreshment of the mind and the spirit. This certain man knows this, has known it all along and, to his knowledge, he has not in his thirty years of Sunday labor devoted so much as a single Sunday to earn- ing or making money, but rather to catching up the loose ends that had been let drop dur ing the week, to getting a little start on the work of the week following or to performing some unrequitable service for the public.

That it does not pay is, as we have seen, mathematically demonstrable. If the model years of life are heaped fuller of achievemen than they otherwise would be, which also may be doubted, the end of the thread is inevit- ably snipped off the shorter for it. How shall any of the world's busy people (who perforce must do what the unbusy leave undone), how shall they "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" Must the thunders of Si- roar ever in their ears to make it possible for them to say, "No?" It would seem as

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Increase From One Grain of Wheat

An English woman named Gentry, who lives in an Essex village, recently conducted an enlightening experiment concerning the multiplying capacity of a single grain of wheat. In March, 1909, she planted the grain on a bit of soil about a yard square and only a half-inch in depth to the granite sub-soil. In about three weeks a half dozen sprouts developed from this grain. Sprouts thus appearing were covered with earth again and again, until, by fall, the entire little plot was covered by the grass of wheat. This was allowed to rest throughout the winter, and the crop which resulted from it was harvested this summer. The result was 85 stalks of wheat, 20 bearing ears of large size, 50 of medium size, and 15 which were imperfectly developed. The entire number of grains was 2,800, averaging about medium quality. That is, in two seasons this single grain of wheat, under fairly favoring circumstances, had multiplied itself by 2,800; a rather striking example of readiness, on the part of the vegetable kingdom, to multiply and replenish the earth.

The Relentless Pharaoh Untombed

Exodus XIV, 27-28, says: "And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them: there remained not so much as one of them." Let it be noted that the quotation nowhere says that Pharaoh was with his host, or that he was drowned. It is well to heed this fact, for otherwise those who had formed the unjustifiable impression that this Pharaoh was drowned with his host might be shocked to learn that his body recently was found in its tomb in the Valley of the Royal Tombs, Egypt. All authorities are agreed that the Pharaoh whose troops pursued the Israelites, was Seti-Mer-en-Phtah, more usually known as Menephtah, and this is the ruler whose mummy has recently been discovered and is now in the Cairo museum. The body was so well preserved that it was evident that Menephtah had died a natural death. The royal remains were discovered by a Frenchman named Lovet. It appears, then, that the modern rule probably applied in the olden time: Royalty and influential leaders were not likely to be found on the danger line; that was the place for clay less fine and blood less blue

Training After-Dinner Speakers

A club recently organized in London not only should be encouraged there but should serve as a precedent in establishing similar clubs in many places. It is known as the Public Speaking Club of Great Britain, and its raison d'etre is the training of after-dinner speakers. Everybody knows, and has suffered under, the variety of speaker the club has in mind—the variety that bores, and bores, and bores, and never strikes anything. In the first place, it proposes to make its pupil speak in the dark, lights gradually being turned on; secondly, he must speak in concert with others, who gradually will leave him to "go it alone;" thirdly, a bell will be rung whenever he begins to bore. This seems like heroic treatment, but sooner or later the club will ascertain that it will not avail in that large proportion of instances in which the real difficulty with the speaker is that he has nothing to say. In the final analysis that is what ails most after-dinner speakers, and nothing will cure their ailment. Still, if the club preserves a few grains of wheat out of some bushels of chaff it will do a good work

Should Flying Over Cities Be Prohibited?

At a recent meeting of the Aero Club of France, which was held in Paris, a question was discussed which, as aviation progresses, is likely to become of great public importance eventually, viz: Should flying over cities be prohibited? Ninety-one aviators were present, and of these 64 were in favor of prohibition of such riding on the ground that it is dangerous to the inhabitants. Two were absolutely opposed to such prohibition, and 25 were in favor of permitting aviators to fly over cities provided they fly high enough to permit them to glide beyond the city in the event that the motor cease to work. Summing up, it will be seen that more than 70 per cent of these professional aviators are entirely opposed to permitting flying over cities, over 27 per cent favor it only under restrictions tending to public safety, and but a little more than two per cent favor it without restriction. This being the feeling among experts, there appears to be little room for doubt concerning what law relating to this matter the public must have when aviation has become a commonplace achievement: Flying over cities must be absolutely prohibited.

When Capital Won Out

In the prolonged strife between Capital and Labor Capital "won out," the other day, in the village of St. Pierre d'Oleron, France. It came to pass in this way: The washerwomen went on strike, and sent the town crier abroad with the announcement that henceforth their charge for labor would be thirty cents and meals per day. Straightway the women of the town responded that they would pay this higher wage only on condition that a day run from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., that no linen be brought to patrons' houses to be washed, and that coffee be not included with meals. The washerwomen replied—through the crier again—that they now had raised the price to 35 cents and meals, adding, "Those who wish to keep clean will employ us at that price; those who do not wish to are begged to do their own washing." Then the town crier took a vacation, while the women of the village bent above their own wash-tubs. The washerwomen were left without a vocation, and it required but a few days of that condition before the crier again was sent out. "Ladies," he cried, "the washerwomen of St. Pierre have decided after reflection to continue day work on the old terms, 20 cents a day, with meals and coffee." The battle had been fought, and lost. And yet, if one pauses to reflect, 30 cents a day would not seem like a serious overcharge in our land of the free and home of the brave, even with meals and coffee included.

The Blue Rose Here at Last

For a long time floricultural experts have been endeavoring to evolve a blue rose, but their efforts heretofore have been in vain. They did, indeed, sometimes grow a rose which was more or less blue, but unfortunately it did not retain its color, or, if it did, its scions did not. Now, however, one Alfred Smith, of Downley, England, has raised the long anticipated blue rose, and his experiments with it lead him, and other floriculturists, to believe that its color is "fast." Already he has received orders for it from countries so far apart as California, New York, the Netherlands and South Africa. Mr. Smith's bushes have bloomed most satisfactorily during the season just closed, and the budding operations appear to have been attended with success.

Monarchs Who Are Linguists

Speak not in wholesale derogation of kings; look not down upon them with too universal scorn merely because you happen to be an American citizen. Whatever their gross defects, and whatever your advantage as a citizen of a republic over them, it is probable that they have you "beaten several blocks" as a linguist. For instance, how would you like to compete at a talkfest with Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who talks German, French, Hungarian, Czech, Polish, Servian, Croatian, Ruthenian, Dalmatian, Rumanian, Italian and Hebrew, besides speaking English and Latin less perfectly? Of course, he is only a monarch, but the advantage would be his at the fest. Then there is the Kaiser, who speaks German, English, French, Latin, Polish and Russian; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is at home in Bulgarian, English, French, German and Russian. In a general way, it may be said that nearly every European monarch speaks somewhere from three to fifteen languages. Democratic scorn for kings should be guardedly expressed; they can return it in so many varieties of speech as to make just one variety seem ineffective and futile.

Governmental Aid For Salvation Army

The Salvation Army, which is instant in season and out of season in all good works, in recent years has devoted some attention to importing girls into Canada for domestic service. So useful has this work proven that last year the Canadian legislature donated $20,000 to the army to assist in the enterprise, and so good have been the results that it is expected that this year a further $25,000 will be voted for the same purpose. The army maintains a home for the girl immigrants until they have been successfully and satisfactorily placed at service.

IMPROVED METHODS IN EXPOSITION BUILDING

By Elmer Ellsworth Carey

If we are to have an international exposition to commemorate the opening of the big ditch, why not depart from stereotyped methods and build the fair city according to progressive ideas? Usually millions are spent in building driveways, scenic effects, electric fountains, etc., and after the close of the exposition very little remains of permanent utility. The Panama Exposition will doubtless be located in Golden Gate Park, the logical place for such a creation; why not plan the exposition city and so construct it that all the scenic gardening, all the boulevards, irrigation and lighting systems, the fountains, statues, archways, the 750-foot grand central steel tower, the main building, the art building and all the state and government buildings—why not plan to have all these improvements and structures remain as a permanent show place?

The great objection to the ordinary exposition is that it is too large, too diffuse with monotonous repetitions; at St. Louis gigantic proportions were desired, and the exposition was top heavy. A better plan is to build fewer buildings but to make part of them permanent structures; the plans should be so drawn that the temporary structures could be removed at the close of the fair and replaced by lawns and gardens while the remaining improvements would harmonize and form a valuable addition to Golden Gate Park. An amusement city would result which, being under municipal control, would be free from objectionable features, and Golden Gate Park would have no equal as a pleasure ground. If this plan is carried out, San Francisco will fall heir to permanent and beautiful park improvements that could not be duplicated for $5,000,000; there would be a new park created; it would contain playgrounds, gymnasiums, museums, art galleries, aviation grounds, industrial displays, foreign and state exhibits, underground aquariums, zoological and botanical gardens, an emergency hospital, rest rooms, lakes, post-office, amusement devices by the score, band stands, theatres, and over all would gracefully stand the immense circular and spiral steel tower, nearly 1 000 feet high, which would contain searchlights, wireless station, a marine observatory, a weather station, and which would be one of the wonders of the age. A $5,000,000 improvement in Golden Gate Park is not to be waved lightly aside; such an improvement would add millions of dollars to the value of adjacent real estate. Our beautiful park would become a perpetual exposition which would draw thousands of visitors from the west, and add largely to our week-end visitors from nearby cities.

(Concluded on Page 764)

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

Hudson Maxim's "Science of Poetry"

It was scarcely to have been anticipated that the inventor of smokeless powder and various of the appurtenances of war would write a book, and a large book, on "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language." Withal, he has done it interestingly and, if not always profoundly, with so evident belief in himself and his conclusions that one will be inclined to read twice before differing with him.

"Poetry," says Mr. Maxim, "is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope," and this, he contends, is the best definition of poetry ever given. Such contention may not strike the reader as characterized by humility, but the author-inventor at no time pauses to bow before the shrine of humility. If he feels so disposed, there is no name so sacred in literature that he hesitates to take a fall out of its bearer. It really is both interesting and amusing to note how the great names of literature are pierced by his lance. There is none so rich in public honor that he nevertheless does him reverence. By example, he shows us how Milton should have improved his epics, he criticizes Shakespeare, he leaves Herbert Spencer but a shadowy guise of philosophy, and so he goes through a long and notable list.

But let no one make the mistake of presuming that the book is not interesting and entertaining, however its instructiveness may be viewed. Indeed, it probably is the more interesting because it is erratic. Withal, Mr. Maxim demonstrates that he writes a fair quality of verse himself, and in his list of great lines are many that really are great. The book repays reading, whether the reader be greatly benefited or not.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London. $2.50 net.

"Pathway to Western Literature"

A little book which should be decidedly useful in the public schools of California and other Pacific coast states is "Pathway to Western Literature." It is a compilation in prose and verse, by Nettie S. Gaines, of some of the best work of distinctively western writers, and the choice of selections has been made with excellent judgment. Some of the selections are known to practically everybody who reads; others, although less known, perhaps are not less creditable samples of the work done by western writers. There is a brief introduction by George Wharton James, the well known litterateur. As has been suggested, the book should be both useful and valuable in the work of our public schools.

"The Devil's Rebellion"

"The Devil's Rebellion, and the Reason Why," of which Chas. F. May is the author, is a unique book. It is so extremely unique that a fairly wide course of reading has given this reviewer knowledge of no other book that is at all like it. It is partly allegorical and partly argumentative, partly prose and partly verse, but through this wealth of variety the author vigorously maintains his tenets, which are:

This earth is the "nursery of the universe;"

The center of the earth is the literal fire-and-brimstone hell;

Part of Satan's rebellious host already is confined in this hell;

Satan himself and another part of his evil soldiery still are at large and setting snares for the unwary feet of the children of men:

In the end he, all of his host and a large percentage of men, women and children will be bound in the hell within this earth.

With liberal scriptural quotations and much energetic purpose, the author insists upon the justification of his views, and apparently it is at the penalty of finding the center of the earth that one differs with him.

This is but a brief review, but it is hoped that it has made clear the fact that the book is very unusual.

M. L. & I. Co., May building, Lakeport, Cal. $1.25.

ABOUT PEOPLE

Stewart Edward White, the author, and his wife sailed recently from New York on the White Star liner Celtic. They go to spend a year in Equatorial Africa. Mrs. White has accompanied her novelist husband into wilds of the Sierra Mountains where it is said no other white woman has been, and she said she felt qualified to share his hardships and dangers in the wilds of Africa. Mr. White said his chief purpose was to study a race there which, he says, is not of the negro family, but corresponds to the American Indian. Before starting on their journey into the interior of the country Mr. and Mrs. White will be joined by John B. Martin of Santa Barbara and R. B. Barnhart of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Madame Olive Fremstad, who will open the New York opera season with Gluck's "Armide," is a good cook, and prepares many of her own meals as a relief from hotel fare.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet who writes mainly in French, has received the offer of a seat in the French Academy, the highest honor in the gift of the French people. Maeterlinck is now torn between patriotism and ambition. To accept the seat he must renounce his Belgian citizenship and become a subject of France. He has, not yet decided what to do.

"There is just one rule for successful playwriting," says W. Somerset Maugham, author of "Smith," "Mrs. Dot" and many other comedies. "That is to keep on trying. And I am giving my own recipe."

Gabriele d'Annunzio proposes, it is said, writing a play with mermaids, tritons and fishes swimming the waters of the sea. Among the characters will be lobsters, star fish, octopi, whales and crabs. D'Annunzio got his idea, it is said, from Gordon Craig's theories and inventions for stage lighting and effects.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has just returned from a journey of 20,000 miles in the interests of the Canadian government. Her trip took her to the edge of the Arctic ocean at a point where a white woman had never before been seen by the natives.

Californian Poets' Corner

YUMA

By Charles H. Phelps

Weary, weary, desolate,
Sand-swept, parched and cursed of fate;
Burning, but how passionless!
Barren, bald and pitiless!

Through all ages baleful moons
Glared upon thy whited dunes

And malignant, wrathful suns
Fiercely drank thy streamless runs

So that nature's only tune
Is the blare of the simoon
Piercing burnt unweeping skies
With its awful monodies.

Not a flower lifts its head
Where the emigrant lies dead.

Not a living creature calls
Where the Gila monster crawls,
Hot and hideous as the sun
To the dead man's skeleton

But the desert and the dead,
And the hot hell overhead,
And the blazing, seething air,
And the dread mirage are there.

OF MECHANICAL AIDS TO WRITING

The English novelist, W. J. Locke, recently told an American interviewer that he never used a typewriter nor employed a stenographer. The statement seems to have caused some mild surprise. Mr. Locke's explanation is so illuminating that it is worthy thoughtful attention. He said that, as he considers 500 words a good hour's work, and as he can easily write them down in fifteen minutes, he feels no need of time-saving or labor-saving devices. The pen is sufficient.

In other words, literature is a product of thought, and men do not think with machines or arms or legs. Blind Milton, dependent upon an ignorant amanuensis, produced a vast bulk of writings without touching pen to paper. He felt this to be a handicap, as indeed it was, and the effect is plainly visible in his writings, for after his loss of sight they assume the grandiose style of a forum declaimer and lose much of the lithe grace and easy movement of his earlier songs.

Mechanical contrivances really are a hindrance to good writing. They interpose an added barrier between the writer's thought and its commission to paper, which is a genuine affliction to a man whose nervous organization is so sensitive as that of a good writer. The noise of a typewriter, for example, is an irritation, disturbing the tranquil stream of his idea. And, further, its intricate mechanism is a half-sentient something, out of touch with the writer's spirit, as troublesome to him as the presence in the room of an offensive stranger. Its very precision, too, is a bar to its usefulness. Poetry and prose both have their rhythm, and rhythm has its relation to mathematics, but not to the mathematical and mechanical precision of machinery. The writer feeds upon suggestions, variety, mutabilities, flashes of beauty, change, all qualities of Nature unmarked by the hand of man. A typewriter suggests other things, the shop, the noise of industry, the dust and sweat of prosaic commerce.

And then, as Mr. Locke says, there is no need for time-saving devices in the art of writing. Man's thought travels fast, but orderly thought, in such form as a writer can use, moves slowly to organized expression, much more slowly than even an indifferent penman writes. Some may object and cite the improvisatory nature of some writing, but genuine improvisation is rare, is always extremely brief, and is then only the sudden expression of an idea slowly crystallized by long previous thought. The good writer constantly surprises himself by writing better than he expected, because his best thought sometimes operates unconsciously and flowers in spontaneous and brilliant beauty. And just as often he is surprised to find that his consciously ordered thoughts fall dead upon the paper, perfect in form but lifeless as dead clay.

It is a curious fact, worthy study, that the multiplication of mechanical aids to writing has multiplied the number of men who write readable matter, but has not at all multiplied the number of writers whose works live. The answer is not far to seek. Literature is a product of great thoughts, great emotions, and a mastery of language. Machinery has no relation to these things except as means of distribution. They substitute the multiple press for the hand press, but they do not help create great books. Their haste is an aid to the publisher, but they have already led many writers to attempt feats of execution that are incompatible with good writing, and have deluded the public into a strange belief that [illegible] books can be printed faster and cheaper [illegible] manuscripts typewritten or dictated [illegible] being written by hand, genius can [illegible] swifter pace and produce good work [illegible] the speed of the machine.

William Dean Howells, who has been traveling in England and Scotland some [illegible] at work on a new book, "Imaginary Interviews."

A PLEA FOR ENJOYMENT

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

How many people do you know who ever take a long walk simply because they enjoy it? I know any number who religiously trudge so many miles a week, but they do it from a grim sense of duty, because it is "healthful," because it will "make them fit" for next week's work. I know others who sometimes do it because it is "the thing"—a fashion. But I know mighty few that ever irresponsibly say, "By George, I feel like taking a long walk today. Let's be off!"

No, indeed. Most of us insist upon attaching a value to every act of life. We refuse to do anything that will not bring us returns—either in money, in health, or in the satisfaction of having done good to somebody. My plea is for enjoyment because it is enjoyment, pleasure for pleasure's own sweet sake. You may protest that this is a waste of time. As you will, so be it. A waste of time, a plunge into irresponsibility, a consumption of time without purpose, a vacuous employment.

Accepting all these body blows, I yet plead for some few intervals of life in which we may escape the grim angel Duty, may elude the haunting nightmare of Conscience. As a nation, almost as a race, we have forgotten how to enjoy. The man who can employ his annual vacation of two weeks to obtain pure enjoyment is growing rarer. He is well-nigh extinct. He feels, instead, the urgent need of rebuilding worn-out tissue, of repairing his nervous organization—he wants to do something with his time which will do him some good. So he adopts for his vacation a regimen that is as calculated as a doctor's prescription, and, metaphorically speaking, fevcrishly proceeds to angle so many hours a day, with a rod in one hand and a thermometer in the other, taking fish off the hook one minute and the next seeing if his temperature is normal—seeing if the vacation is doing him good and, if good, whether enough good to be worth the investment of time and money expended in taking the vacation.

Now, I admit, this gentleman is doing a laudable thing, it may be even a necessary thing, but he is the victim of a fallacy in conceiving it as enjoyment. It is not: it is open-air work, or therapeutic work, but it is not joy. But, I hear you protest, what is the use of mere joy? My dear fellow, the answer is—the use of joy is joy. I know you can't understand it: I can see your bewildered countenance: I can hear you grumble again, what's the use? Well, if you must have it, there is no use—just joy. I refuse to translate that gossamer tissue into your sordid language of gain, even if you count the gain in health, nay, even if you count it in souls. I am for some unadulterated joy—not too much, there's tummy-aches and headaches and wantonness in that—but some, I demand some. Some joy unmixed with hope of reward, some joy without counting the cost.

Well, I hear you rejoin, since you must have the darned stuff, define it, show us a sample, give us a taste, tell us what you are talking about. We can understand the joy of a dollar saved or a dollar earned; we can understand the joy of increased knowledge or gain in the ability to appreciate music or art; we know the joy of returning strength and vitality; we even sense the joy of self-sacrifice, of doing good to others. But just joy—nonsense!

Not so soon, my dear fellow. You can't stump me there. I don't pretend I can define it, but illustrate it I can. Only yesterday I read of a man in Paris who did what the man who wrote him up thought was a very fond thing: It seems an old banker had died, and among his effects were found cabinets containing thousands on thousands of—what d'ye suppose? Cigar bands. Yes, sir, neatly arranged, classified, sub-classified, housed under glass, cherished like relics. His heirs looked at those cabinets and thought exactly what you think: "Crazy," and "what are they worth?"

Well, the old man wasn't there any more to defend himself on the lunacy charge, so I'll have to do that. As to what they were worth, the heirs soon found out—$2.50 the auctioneer got. But the crazy part is what interests me, and what illustrates—understand, I say "illustrates," not "comprehends"—my idea of joy. The dear old banker wasn't crazy at all. He knew how to make money; he did make money; he made it right up to his death—and, God knows, if a man who can make money isn't sane, who'll get the credit for sense anywhere in this age? That's conclusive, or all modern logic must fall. So the old man was sane.

But why, then, did he go on, year after year, gathering these absurd cigar bands, and wasting his time and his eyesight sorting them over, arranging them, buying cabinets to store them? My dear fellow, the answer is easy, but I know it will stun you: **He enjoyed it!**

But, you protest, the thing is so palpably absurd, so silly, so wasteful, so **useless.** Exactly, my dear fellow, you hit it exactly. It **was** silly, absurd, wasteful, and it **was** useless. But those adjectives are like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la—they have nothing to do with the case. I don't care what adjectives you apply to the old banker's actions, you may shovel the whole dictionary on them if you like. What I said was—and to that, and that only, I stick—he **enjoyed it.** Leave me the word "enjoy" and you and your Webster go hang. Leave me and my banker alone. I assert that he may collect cigar bands till Gabriel's trump and be saner and richer in experience than you, who cannot understand, because you cannot see any "use" in it. And I insist that I may miss a chance to make millions for the sake of cutting out paper dolls, if I like—which I don't, by the way—and still have something that you never had and never will have.

Now don't misconstrue me. I do not urge you, my grave San Francisco banker, nor you, my weighty Los Angeles judge, to cut out paper dolls. But I would urge upon you that sometime you forget that there is a standard of values in the world, that at odd moments you forget that there is such a thing as money, time, fitness of things, and then yield yourself up wholly, unconsciously, joyously to something that will return you nothing but itself, expressible only as joy.

I recall two incidents that will illustrate, in another way, my meaning. One day, as I walked down the street in a country town, I saw a small boy roosting high on a fence-post, gazing off into space. Though I passed directly across his line of vision, his eyes did not move. He was in a brown study. And I knew by the light in his eyes and the whimsical smile on his face that that urchin was dreaming of something wonderfully, absorbingly attractive, something that shut out every other thought from his mind and all motion from his body, something that filled him with foolish but unspeakable joy. That was years ago, but the thought of that boy's face haunts me yet. I would give more than I can afford to know what he was thinking about. Why? Because it might be of some use? Impossible! No, because I have envied him to this day that futile but transcendent bit of enjoyment.

The other incident will show you the other side. I met a group of children gathering flowers in a country field. With them ambled a benignant lady. On questioning her I learned that she had brought them out from school for this frolic. How charming, I exclaimed, how I would have enjoyed such an unexpected vacation when I was a tad in school. "Sh!" she replied, "it's not a vacation. This is a nature-study class. When we gather at school tomorrow I will tell them the meaning and use of all these flowers we are gathering." I shuddered and went away. Poor children, I thought, how sad. God be with you, little ones, in your enjoyment, and cloy not this day, for tomorrow, forsooth, teacher is going to tell you that this was not a vacation at all, not a riotous carefree largess of happiness, with no aim to seek but unexpected joy, but rather she will undeceive you, will shatter this iridescent dream of unearned pleasure by telling you that you were on a scientific expedition, that the day had a "purpose," that the flowers have "uses," and that your poor little minds and bodies have had some "good" done to them. Now isn't that pitiably sad?

I should like to have seen the expression on Shakespeare's face when some Elizabethan bluestocking asked him what his "purpose" was in writing "Romeo and Juliet." I should like to have been out of reach of Michael Angelo's mallet when a Chautauquan lecturer asked him what was the "use" of carving his David or his Moses. I should have enjoyed beyond expression hearing Eugene Field swear when somebody asked him, when they found him making mud pies with the street gamins and forgetful of his wedding hour, if he thought mud baths were "good" for him.

So again I plead for enjoyment without thought of use or purpose or gain, enjoyment shiftless, if you please, idle, indolent, reckless of consequences. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his later years, nightly and devoutly prayed that he might retain this capacity. And a San Franciscan, Bruce Porter, has cried out in verse for this gift of incorruptible and deathless youth, in his lines:

"Still to be sure of the dawn,
Still to be glad for the sea,
Still to know fire of the blood—
God keep these gifts in me.

"Then I shall vanquish the dark,
Then I shall breast the redoubt,
Then I shall glory the Lord,
And go down to the grave with a shout."

PERSONALIA

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the secretary of agriculture, who is to sing at the Republican mass-meetings in Iowa, where her father is to speak, is a pupil of Jean de Reszke. Miss Wilson is a painter and a writer as well as a coloratura soprano.

Far into the wilderness of western Labrador, where no white man is known to have trod before, Prof. Raymond McFarland, of Middlebury College, has traveled in a canoe along rivers and lakes and on foot through forests and over mountains during the last two months. On part of his journey he was accompanied by Profs. Thomas C. Brown and Phelps N. Sweet, also of Middlebury College.

Miss Frances A. Keller, who has been appointed chief investigator in the New York state labor department, has made an extensive study of criminology and is well informed in law. She will receive a salary of $2,500, all of which she intends to give to the department to pay for further development of the bureau. She was a member of Gov. Hughes's special immigration commission, appointed in 1908, and the report she made on the conclusion of that service had considerable influence.

The report is abroad that former president Castro, of Venezuela, is following the present revolutionary movement in his country from the security of a little inn in Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, hoping for a turn of fortune auspicious for his return to power in Venezuela.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, one of the most enthusiastic of Chicago's woman suffragists, recently caused disappointment among her friends in the movement by refusing to accept the nomination for state senator from the sixth senatorial district. She said she would refuse any political honor other than re-election as justice of the peace in Evanston. The argument upon which she based her refusal of the nomination was that a woman with four children must keep her place in her home, which she would not be able to do as a senatorial nominee.

The popularity of Premier Laurier of Canada is again attested by the fact that the magnificent hotel now being erected in Ottawa by the Grand Trunk Railway, at a cost of a million and a half dollars, is to be called Chateau Laurier.

On his recent visit to the United States the Sultan of Sulu presented to President Taft an ivory-handled creese, or sword, which he prized as an heirloom dating back many generations.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Pauper and His Brother

m! Give me room! My grief is my own;
hy should you scan it with curious eye?
the pauper who tramps and the king on
his throne,
ach has place by his loved when they die.
ly a hobo!" You said it—I heard.
ut distinctions are naught at the gate of a
tomb.
why should I start at the scorn in a word?
too, am a pauper, yet—Room! Give me
room!

was my brother. A dubious pair?
oubtless; no doubt! Still, my brother
was he,
l one mother for us has whispered her
prayer—
h, long, long ago—as we knelt by her
knee.
e no heed to my tears. A pauper's they
are.
pauper's? A hobo's!—You said it, you
know.—
l what is his wound, or what is his scar,
hat you should take note of the signs of
his woe?

ink if our mother had lived—But she died,
nd we two were left in our half-babyhood
cope with the world, which a stronger had
tried,
o fall if we must, or to stand if we could.
l what if we fell? There was no one to
heed,
nd no one to care; that is, none of you
om hearts of affection have taught to suc-
ceed.
Ve lifted each other—'twas all we could do.

d of course we went wrong. Suppose that
your child,
he babe that you kissed as he sat on your
knee,
d no one to lead him from ways that are
wild,
o pilot to guide o'er life's uncharted sea—
you start at the thought, and you whisper,
"No, no!"
here's a prayer in your heart for your
loved in the throng.
t my brother and I, in the morning's first
glow,
With wee feet that stumbled, went forth—
and went wrong.

ne other cared for us, but love thus denied
rom others we gave to each other in truth.
ll often we stumbled, but still side by side
We walked through the days of our des-
olate youth.
id then came the war. The bright southern
sky
Was lurid, and riven by lightnings of death,
id "Hate" was the watchword, and "Kill"
was the cry,
And the winds bore the clamor of hell on
their breath.

ien we drifted southward along with the
rest;
Just drifted, not knowing what better to do,
ll I halted a time, with a hole in my breast,
And I judge I'd have died, but Jim pulled
me through.
ien later—Antietam—his turn came to Jim,
I carried him, wounded, down red lanes of
death;
bore him to safety and looked after him.
Till he turned to the land where the living
draw breath.

hen, after the war—what matters it now,
With Jim lying there, not heeding my pain?
hat we meant for the best to the end I will
vow,
But someway we missed, and again, and
again.
nd then we lost heart. 'Tis an often told
tale;
We struck the down grade that is oiled by
mankind
For the crippled and halting who strive but
to fail—
But why should I talk when there's no one
to mind?

"Only a hobo!" You said it—I heard.
But, Jimmy, old boy, you lacked but a show.
I have looked in your heart, and it started and
stirred
To the hopes and the dreams that the
luckier know;
And perhaps, oh, perhaps, somewhere o'er
the stars
There is One by whom failure to blessing is
wed,
Who knows how we beat 'gainst life's fetters
and bars—
And now, give me place, give me space,
with my dead.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus

Some folks never seem to reelize that the main diff'rence 'tween most men an' horses is that you can drive horses easier'n you can lead 'em.

Ever notice that you can read a hist'ry right erlong without once hearin' a thing 'bout any man that did nothin but git rich?

Josh Bings says he wishes that every man that docks a horse's tail had to be baldheaded plum through every fly season.

Appearances ain't everything. Sometimes the homeliest signature on a check can draw the most money out of a bank.

Words can wear out a repytashun, an' middlin' often do, but they ain't a case on record where they've put a single scratch on character.

Seein' es there must be consider'ble pressure of business 'round the Narrer Gate, I can't help hopin' that when the hobble-skirt brigade gits there Saint Peter won't ask 'em to hurry up.

Somethin' more'n words is needed fer poetry. It don't make throwin' things at the midnight cat that chants on the back fence any more poetical if you describe it 'es strivin' fer the unattainable.

"Waste not, want not,"—unless you don't happen to have gethered anything to waste.

I never see a man make much money by jest settin' 'round an' wishin' he had it.

'Tain't so certain that a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. Wouldn't you prefer a turkey buzzard in the bush?

Bring up a child in the way he should go, an' he will be all right—unless, perhaps, he's too much like his pa an' ma.

* * *

The Patrickcalhoun and the Low Person

A certain Patrickcalhoun which had been engaged in developing Big Business by the Bribery Process, and was caught at it, necessitating the expenditure of Divers Ducats to purchase a bandage for the eyes of Majestic Law, delivered a Few Brief Remarks at a meeting of Sterling Sympathizers. It developed that his subject was The Odious Muckraker.

"Need I say," it Fewly and Briefly Remarked, "that I loathe, abhor the Despicable Muckraker? My very soul with strong disgust is stirred whenever I recall how he interferes with Big Business and its essential Boodling Operations. He is the bane of—"

"What do you understand by a Muckraker?" inquired one of the Loathsome Proletariat, who, unknown to the Elect, had climbed up to the window and was looking in.

For a moment the Patrickcalhoun hesitated, as if loath to answer one of the Common Mob, then, with evident disgust, it replied:

"A Muckraker, it should be unnecessary to say, is a Low Writer who tells the Obnoxious Truth without using any Whitewash on the job."

What farther he said was lost in the Roar of Applause with which his definition was greeted.

"The Warm Tides of the Pacific"

Why do we of California, who have almost all of blessing and charm that kindly Mother Nature bestows upon her children—why do we, when we advertise our glories abroad, not content ourselves with enumeration of the bounties which actually are ours, so frequently adding a few picturesque touches to which we are not entitled? Is it not enough to possess attractions and advantages which set us apart as supremely blessed among earth's habitants? Must we also purloin a few?

The foregoing questions have been suggested by a promotion article which mentions, among other Californian lures, "the warm tides of the Pacific." Think of it! The w-w-w-warm t-t-t-tides of the P-p-p-pacific!

I recall with easily subdued pleasure the first time I ever came in contact with the warm tides of the Pacific. We had come through hot and dusty New Mexico and Arizona and over the still hotter and more dusty Mojave desert, and, arriving at Coronado Beach, which then was but a vague promise of its present self, we looked with pleasureable anticipation upon the blue waves which broke in ripples before our feet. Spurred on by the inspiring thought of the joy awaiting me, I donned my bathing-suit and plunged into "the warm tides of the Pacific."

I plunged out again. Cold! My teeth chatter yet when I think of that first immersion in the warm tides of the Pacific. My friends rubbed me down and got me to a fire as soon as possible, but it was a close call.

The tides of the Pacific along the Californian coast are not warm; they are cold, as the Japan current is cold wherever it touches; they are colder than the tides along our eastern coast, and those are not superheated. We may as well, or better, be honest about it. We have wealth-producing soil, marvelous climate, unsurpassed scenery, rare natural riches, but warm tides are not numbered among our blessings. Let's look the fact in the face, and admit it. We need no banner of false pretenses; let's pull it down.

* * *

I Have Noticed That—

We may regret the foolish or bad thing we have done, but there is no way of doing it over again.

A bright chap does not necessarily have a cinch on the world's prizes. There are several other bright fellows in the competition.

"Money makes the mare go," but sometimes the poor old creature drags a hearse.

When we become well acquainted with some men that have very little money we find out that they are about the richest people in the community.

Some people hardly ever fall, because they don't get high enough to do so.

When we attempt to go from preaching brotherly love to acting it we sometimes find that we have a long distance to travel.

We may consider that Capital or Labor is abused, as we please, but it is not Labor that owns a yacht or a summer home at the seaside.

Our sympathy for our neighbor in his sickness lacks a few degrees of being as warm as we feel that his should be for us when we are ill.

We can fool our wives some of the time, but the man who goes on the theory that he can fool his all of the time is likely to get left.

* * *

Add This to Your Other Weaux

A sweet little girl had two beaux
Who often embraced her and squeaux
Said she: "I'm not bold,
For the weather is cold,
And without my two beaux I'd be freaux

* * *

Enough Said

Oh, ask him not that he lay bare
His morals' sad condition!
Investigation we may spare—
He is a politician.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Unkindly Fate's Severest Blow It was a hard blow which unkindly fate dealt a progressive Republicanism when, on Saturday last, the physician in charge, with stethoscope at his patient's chest counting the heartbeats, counted Jonathan Dolliver out. He was too young a man to be called to his rest, being only in his fifty-third year. He was precocious, graduating from the West Virginia university at seventeen and admitted to the bar at twenty years of age. He spent twelve years in the House of Representatives from Iowa and has been nearly ten years in the United States senate. He was perhaps the strongest man in the insurgent Republican ranks at the capital of the nation, always sane, clear headed, soundly rather than radically progressive, able and willing to strike hard blows for a free party and a free country. His death is a severe blow to the cause of progress within the Republican party, but, while it may stagger it, it will not stop it. Nothing can.

The Cat Is Out The Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, it lay low and say little, but it is not asleep. It is taking a hand in this campaign. Week before last there was a quiet conference of railroad machine men from all over the state, so quiet that they slipped into town and out again without letting the newspaper boys hear of it, but immediately thereafter word was passed out that, "It is Bell." The reason why is that "Johnson is too radical." "We are afraid of him." Within a few days thereafter George A. Knight who, a few weeks ago was reported as turning the cold shoulder upon the whole Southern Pacific Political Bureau, came out against Johnson. The unspeakable Post-Globe, of San Francisco, espoused the Bell cause and the Oakland Tribune began to show signs of defection. The Watchman does not hold Mr. Bell responsible for this renewal of hostilities against Mr. Johnson by Mr. Herrin and his associates. It is a perfectly natural thing for Mr. Herrin to do. He would be less than human if he did not resent being made the pivot of the campaign. Nevertheless he is the pivot and if he manages to secure the defeat of Johnson and the election of Bell he will have a hold on Mr. Bell that he will find it extremely difficult wholly to shake off. No man ever understood politics better than the late and unlamented Thomas C. Platt and he declared it impossible for any man to resist the forces that put him in office. Mr. Bell cannot.

Johnson's Radicalism "Hiram Johnson is too radical." "We are afraid of him," is the word passed out to all whom the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company hope to influence to vote for Theodore Bell. In what does that radicalism consist? In what particular is Theodore Bell less radical? Mr. Bell has affirmed at every address that he will do the railroads no injustice. Mr. Johnson has merely said that he does not have to worry about that; that the Southern Pacific is abundantly able to look out for its own interests, and that what he is most concerned for is to secure justice for the shippers and the people. That is the fight. The burden of Mr. Johnson's promise to the people is that he "will kick Mr. W. F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Company out of the government of California as they have been kicked out of the Republican party in California." No doubt that seems to Mr. Herrin to be a very radical proceeding, but will Mr. Bell's treatment of Mr. Herrin be any less radical? Will Mr. Bell be content to kick Mr. Herrin part way out of the government of California? Will he merely invite him out? Will he usher him out gently and with decorum or will he permit him to stay in on promise of good behavior? Will he treat Mr. Herrin in a ladylike manner, or will he be aggressive and declare unto him that Southern Pacific manipulation and domination will not be tolerated? After all does not Mr. Johnson's radicalism consist mainly in telling explicitly what he will do in relation to Southern Pacific domination in language that everybody can understand? Mr. Johnson's explicitness would not ill become Mr. Bell.

Recriminations Are Regrettable The Watchman regards it as unfortunate that anything in the nature of a "scrap" should take place between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Bell. They are both good men, both sincere men, both opposed to allowing Mr. Herrin and the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company any longer to rule this state. The rank and file of the followers of Mr. Bell are sincerely opposed and, in the Republican party of California, only those who have stood to gain something from the Herrin regime have wanted to see that regime continue. The ninety-and-nine Republicans out of the hundred heaved great sighs of relief when they saw their party emancipated, and the ninety and nine Democrats out of the hundred would have done the same under similar circumstances.

But as the hundredth man in the Republican party was willing to wear the Herrin collar and do the Herrin bidding for a chance at the fleshpots of the Southern Pacific Pharaoh, so the hundredth Democrat is equally willing to put on what the Republican thralls have cast off to the same end. Four years ago Mr. Bell's only chance of election lay in being radically anti-Herrin. This year his only chance lies in getting such Republican votes as Mr. Herrin can throw to him in revenge for Johnson's whipping him out of the Republican party. The position of the Democracy is not only trying to Mr. Bell, but trying to those of his followers who see a chance to get at the fleshpots from which savory smells already reach their olfactories. The situation is perfectly natural and politically inevitable and there is little reason to doubt that the voting public sees it and understands it perfectly. They will not vote with Mr. Herrin even for a candidate who, personally, challenges their good opinion.

The Bettor Bluffer We have reached that stage of the pending election when the voice of the bettor is heard in the land. He is generally a bluffer and, whether he is or not, he does not know anything about how any election is going that anyone else may not know. Besides, he is merely betting how it will go, not how it should go. The honest man wants to know how he ought to vote. The bettor-bluffer cannot tell him and whoever can give the voter no light on that subject were better to keep his light under a bushel. He does not count.

William Kent On The Parcels Post Mr. William Kent is another one of those impractical fellows who, while running for office, goes around saying things that no politic politician could be induced to say. For instance, he is advocating the parcels post idea to which local merchants are very generally, and very mistakenly, opposed. Here are a few figures not without interest in that connection. Number of rural routes in the United States, 40,000; monthly income per wagon, $14.92; monthly cost per wagon, $72.16; average load per wagon, 25 pounds; average load per express wagon, one and one-half tons. Now just let those rural delivery routes do a parcels post business and they will soon be able, not only to earn their own way, and remove an enormous postal deficit, but perform a most acceptable service to the patrons of the routes and stimulate local trade. Mr. Kent is on the right track and has the courage to stay there right through the campaign.

Are You Quite Fair, Mr. Theodore Bell? At Marysville Wednesday night Theodore Bell said: "With Mr. Johnson's admissions before the people of the state any claim for credit for the work that he did on behalf of the graft prosecutions is disposed of. He simply gave his professional services in exchange for a fee as any other attorney would have done." Was that quite fair, Mr. Bell? Mr. Johnson gave a year of the prosecutions for a fee, a work that, however, involved giving up other business that was worth much more to him. Then he retired from the case to look after his private practice. Up to that time Mr. Bell's statement was true. But many months went by after Francis J. Heney was shot. He was then in the middle of the Ruef case. Hiram Johnson and Matthew I. Sullivan took up the case where Mr. Heney dropped it and prosecuted it to a final determination without any compensation whatever. For that Mr. Johnson is entitled to much credit, although he has not claimed any. He has, however, earned by that act the hatred of the whole pro-graft fraternity. Because of that patriotic service that entire fraternity is marshaled on the side of Theodore Bell, not that they love Bell, for his own standing on the graft issue was commendable, but because they hate Johnson the more. Is Mr. Bell quite fair in denying to Mr. Johnson all credit for disinterested service because he was paid for a part of that service? In his cooler moments we are very sure that Mr. Bell will regret an attitude so palpably unfair and ungenerous.

What Would Theo. Bell Have Done In His Place? Mr. Bell has taken Mr. Johnson severely to task for having gotten J. Dalzell Brown off too easy for his part in wrecking the California Safe Deposit Company. Dalzell Brown got off far too easy. Eighteen years, rather than eighteen months, in prison for his crimes would better fit the needs of his case, but what, would Mr. Bell have done had he, instead of Mr. Johnson, been retained for the defense of J. Dalzell Brown? Would he have done the best or the worst that he could for his client? Would he have gotten him off with eighteen months of imprisonment if he could or would he have insisted upon making it longer? To ask these questions is to answer them. Mr. Bell would have done all the things he lawfully could in aid of his client and that is all that Mr. Johnson did. The result was unfortunate, but the responsibility for that result rests with the prosecution and the court, not with the attorney for the defense, so long as the attorney for the defense packed no juries, made way with no witnesses, sought for no delays on frivolous pretexts and was guilty of no unprofessional conduct, and neither Mr. Bell nor his friends dare make any such accusations. This whole controversy between the two candidates is extremely regretable. So far as Mr. Bell is concerned it is not only regretable but unsound and unfair.

The Fight Is On Old Graft Lines It will be many years before the shadow of San Francisco's great disgrace will pass from it. Perhaps it was too much to expect that the pending contest could be fought to a conclusion upon other than the old graft lines, and yet it should have been. Mr Johnson fought the grafters as hard as he knew how and Mr. Bell was never favorable to them. Nevertheless, the contest, during its last weeks, is shaping around to old anti and pro graft lines. There are few, if any, who wished to see the grafters convicted and punished who are not supporting Johnson heartily. Per contra, nearly all of those who were on the side of the grafters have lined up on the side of Bell and the Democratic ticket. The Democratic management is doing nothing for the candidacy of Judge W. P. Lawlor, the sterling jurist before whom the grafters were tried and who resolutely resisted their efforts to break down the law and drag justice in the mire, but that committee is doing everything it can to aid the candidacy of Judge Bledsoe. The Sun, established to aid the cause of Democracy in California, has scarcely learned of the candidacy of Judge Lawlor. The Cal-

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

un press is violently attacking Johnson and owlor, and even Mr. Bell himself has been trayed into saying harsh things of the Lin-ln-Roosevelt and Republican insurgent ovement which is and was anti-graft. The outhern Pacific Political Bureau was actively the side of the protection of the grafters d it is actively at work in support of Bell. l this may be more Mr. Bell's misfortune an his fault, but fact it is and one to be ll considered before voting.

here Democrats eserve To Win While the triumph of the Democratic party in California would prove a national calamity, in that it would be a repulse a progressive Republicanism, in New Jersy the case stands exactly the other way. here the progressive Republicans were beaten the primaries by the machine, as bad a machine as California ever had. Then the Democrats took up the fight that the progressives st and nominated for governor Woodrow ilson, a progressive conservative, a clean an on a good platform, and progressive Republicans should, and probably will, vote for m. Democratic success in New Jersey will ean a triumph for a progressive Republican-n just as certainly as Democratic success in alifornia will mean a triumph for Republican action and stand-patism.

In Massachusetts the Democrats had another chance to vindicate the spirit of progress, but they turned their opportunity into free-for-all fist fight for control of the state nvention by the Boston toughs, and made mess of the whole business.

OAKLAND'S WATERFRONT

By B. H. Pendleton

An article appeared in a recent issue of The alifornia Weekly, entitled "Oakland's Water-ont Crisis," by Mr. Henry C. McPike. This rticle is an able presentation from the view-oint of those opposed to the granting of the anchise to the Southern Pacific Company, hich comes up for final passage in the city ouncil in a few days. The article, however, thoroughly partisan and an ex-parte statement. It does not pretend to present but one spect of the question. In order that your eaders may understand the point of view of member of the city council, I would request ou to give publicity to the following statement.

Mr. McPike, in giving a list of the advantages to be derived by the city of Oakland, eglected the most important concession insted upon by the council, viz: the reversion f the entire Southern Pacific mole to the city f Oakland at the expiration of the term of he franchise, without which concession the anchise would not have been considered. Ir. McPike made no mention of the very aluable interchange switching privileges on he mole accorded the Oakland industries.

Rental Comparison Unfair

He compared the rental of $125 per month hich it is proposed to exact for the wharfing-ut privilege to the rental of $8,000 per month hich is paid by the Southern Pacific Company for the use of the Ferry building in San rancisco, a manifestly unfair comparison hen it is considered that, in San Francisco, he railroad company has the use of an expensive terminal building in immediate juxtaposition to a large city, whereas on the other ide of the bay they are required at their own xpense to erect structures on a mole which hey themselves were obliged to build at an xpenditure of many millions of dollars; a omparison that is more unfair when it is considered that the city makes no claim to any of he land in question but only to the privilege f wharfing-out.

Mr. McPike maintains that the wharf at the oot of Broadway which the Southern Pacific roposes to turn over to the city is not in truth heir property. The fact is that the property as been in litigation for fourteen years with he Southern Pacific in possession. This settlement ends litigation, with Oakland in possession.

Mr. McPike states that it is another gratuity on the part of the railroad to remove Long Wharf. The city insisted on it not as a gratuity but as a necessity to gain free access to the 6,600 feet of water front which the city controls between the Key Route and the Southern Pacific moles.

Mr. McPike characterizes the opening of a street one-half mile long and eighty feet wide through the yards of the Southern Pacific Company as a "singular" proposition. We hope it will be considered by others as a wise provision to give access to the city's holdings. As a side light upon the care with which all of the provisions of this franchise have been worked out, the railroad company was required to reduce the number of its tracks crossing the proposed street from thirteen now in use to five.

Mr. McPike's ideas of the Broadway harbor line change have been taken under careful advisement, but, as this is purely an engineering matter, we have been guided by our engineers.

The Stratton Patent

It would be interesting to know the sources of Mr. McPike's information which leads him to state that the holdings of the railroad company under the Stratton patent are less than two acres in extent. The facts are that the railroad company possess 17½ acres of land in the Stratton patent and that they propose to turn over to the city a tract of land between Seventh and First streets lying west of Fifth avenue, to the waterway of some 7½ acres in extent.

In advocating the passage of this ordinance to print I offered the following exposition of the case:

Present Control of Waterfront

The western waterfront, measured along the bulkhead line, is approximately 11,000 feet in length divided as follows: on the north, the Key with 1,000 feet; then a strip 6,600 feet between the Key and the mole controlled by the city; then the proposed 2,200 feet to the Southern Pacific Company; then 1,085 feet controlled by the city and lastly the Western Pacific with 1,300 feet. Not only has the city the two waterfront reservations aggregating 7,685 feet, but it has provided ready access thereto by opening three streets to the key basin and a roadway 80 feet wide to the 1,085 foot strip of waterfront lying between the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific moles. Furthermore, in order to enable any competing railroad to obtain access to the waterfront a provision was made that it might have right-of-way along and over the 80 foot street. To grant the proposed franchise to the Southern Pacific of a fifth of the waterfront is not granting a monopoly; on the contrary, not to grant it is manifestly a discrimination in favor of the Western Pacific and the Key.

The city has no claim and makes no claim of title in fee to a foot of land on the western waterfront. All the land lying shoreward from the low tide line in the territory adjoining the proposed franchise has been confirmed to the Southern Pacific by decision of the State Supreme Court. Oakland's vital and living interest in the matter is that under the decision of the United States courts it does possess the wharfing-out privileges from the low tide line.

A Mandatory Vote

Some two years ago a charter amendment was proposed to the people permitting the city council to grant to the Southern Pacific Company a franchise for fifty years in the territory defined "without discrimination" as to the other corporations. This amendment was carried and, as a referendum, should be interpreted as mandatory rather than permissive. The resolution to grant the franchise was introduced some two months ago and has been given most careful consideration by the council committees since that time. The first act of the committee was to insert in the franchise a reversion clause under the terms of which the mole, docks, etc., became the absolute property of Oakland at the termination of the franchise. Inasmuch as the Southern Pacific will probably have expended three or four million dollars on this property which it is proposed to turn over to the city it very naturally objected. The clause was, however, inserted and the Southern Pacific has acquiesced.

It was further stipulated that the superstructures on the mole, such as depot, [illegible] houses, etc. should become the property of the city at the expiration of the lease and upon payment by the city to the Southern Pacific of a sum to be fixed by appraisers.

Pursuant to suggestions from the council bodies four amendments were incorporated, one concerning the character of construction of the mole, the second, concerning a modification of the plans so as to permit of a depth of 30 feet at low tide alongside of the mole and wharf, the third, better facilities for crossing the railroad tracks in the Stratton grant; the fourth, of great moment to Oakland industries, the right accorded them of switching privileges on the Southern Pacific mole.

The passage of this ordinance brings with it the recognition by the Southern Pacific Company of Oakland's full and complete wharfing-out rights. If this franchise is granted to the Southern Pacific Company it is giving them the right to use and improve a portion, only, of the waterfront, reserving to the city, with rights of approach, a frontage three times larger that may be used by the municipality or leased to other competing corporations.

The city government in its dealings with the Southern Pacific has at all times stood first and foremost for the interests of the Oakland of today and of tomorrow, but it has also striven to be just to the rights of the Southern Pacific, realizing that a city can neither be developed without capital nor without a just government which regards the fundamental rights of all interests that make for its upbuilding.

An amendment was proposed and passed to print by the Oakland city council on Monday evening which is of importance in two material points.

First—It prevents discrimination by the Southern Pacific Company against Oakland in favor of San Francisco, a discrimination which has heretofore existed.

Secondly—It prevents discrimination by the Southern Pacific Company, in giving preferential rates to and from their own dock on all merchandise to and from interior points. We deem this latter feature of great importance as, if this franchise had been adopted without this amendment it would have resulted in the anomalous position of the city of Oakland building expensive municipal docks for local business alone, while at the same time granting unrestricted wharfing privileges to the Southern Pacific Company, permitting a monopoly by the Southern Pacific Company of all through business.

During Mrs. Fiske's engagement of one month at the Grand opera house, Chicago, beginning tomorrow evening, she will add two new plays to her repertoire. For the third week of the engagement J. M. Synge's one-act Irish play, "The Shadow of the Glen," will be used in conjunction with a new comedy by Harry James Smith. In the comedy Mrs. Fiske will appear. She will not be in the Synge play.

Miss Mary C. Aldrich is the manager of a construction company in Indianapolis and employs about 100 men during the paving season. She reports that all the men with whom she comes in contact in her business, city officials, material men, contractors, property owners and her own employes, are always courteous and polite. She thinks that if they make any difference between her and men occupying positions similar to hers it is in her favor.

Mrs. Perry Starkweather has four women assistants in her work as assistant labor commissioner of Minnesota. Mrs. Starkweather is the only woman in the country holding such an office and Minnesota is the only state in the union that has a department for women and children in its bureau of labor. This department is a sort of clearing house for all matters pertaining to women and children, industry and school. At present special attention is being given to the home conditions.

MARSHALL BLACK

A STATE SENATOR WHO HAS MADE GOOD

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN

At Sacramento, during the last session of the legislature, it was well said of Senator Marshall Black, of Santa Clara county, that, although he was weighed down with "appropriation bills," he managed to keep himself free from entangling alliances with the machine element.

The "appropriation bill" proposition is, by the way, about the heaviest handicap that can be put upon a member of the legislature who would serve his state rather than the "interests" which have heretofore dominated the California legislature.

By a curious custom, members of the legislature are held responsible for bills making appropriations for the maintenance and upkeep of the state institutions within their districts. The constituents at home expect—nay, demand—that these appropriations be sufficient. The machine element, by control of committees, has been able to control such appropriations.

Thus the member with appropriation bills has been forced into supporting machine measures, or else see his appropriation bills "cut all to pieces" by machine-controlled committees.

The average member has heretofore preferred to make his peace with the machine, rather than lose appropriations and face the wrath of his constituents.

Senator Black is generously blessed—or cursed—with state institutions. In his county are located the San Jose State Normal School and the Agnew State Hospital for the Insane These institutions require large biennial appropriations. Then again, in 1906, came the great earthquake which played havoc with the buildings of both institutions. To repair the damage, appropriations totaling upwards of $1,000,000 were required. As a matter of fact, Del Norte and San Diego counties were as much interested in the rehabilitation of the two institutions as Santa Clara county. But the appropriation bills were charged to Senator Black and his colleagues from Santa Clara.

A less tactful man would have found himself held fast in the clutch of the machine. But not so Black. His record for 1907, when his extraordinary appropriation bills were pending, shows him smashing the machine at every point where a smash counted for something.

Of the eighteen test votes taken in the senate that session, Black is recorded as voting fourteen times against machine policies, once absent, and as voting three times for machine policies. Only four senators, Bell, Caminetti, Boynton and Mattos, that session, made a better record than he.

The test votes as set forth in legislative tables which have been prepared from the Senate Journal of 1907, are based on actual contests between the machine and anti-machine forces of senate and assembly, when some vital issue was under consideration. It would be vain to call a unanimous vote a test vote, or a vote where the members did not know what they were voting upon, or a vote where some motion involving no vital principle was disposed of. The test vote disposes, one way or the other, of a question that means something and over which there has been sharp division between the machine and the anti-machine members.

On such votes, at the session of 1907, Marshall Black stood fifth in the list of the forty members of the senate. This 1907 table of senate votes has never been published as a whole, although the writer has given parts of it what publicity he could. Of Senator Black's record, as set forth in the 1907 table, it is enough to say that he voted to give the electors of this state opportunity to cast a state-wide vote to express their choice for United States senator; that he voted for the Stetson direct primary bill, for the resolutions to force publicity of sales of jute bags made at San Quentin prison, for the initiative and referendum, for the anti-prize fight bill, for the constitutional amendment to limit the amount paid legislative attaches. Senator Black voted against the notorious change of venue bill, and, at the final vote, against the equally notorious "four-track" bill, a measure well calculated to tighten the grip of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company upon the state.

The three "bad votes" against Black's record at the session of 1907 were reduced to two when he voted against the so-called four-track bill. On an early roll call, he is reported as voting for that bill, which is recorded against him. But at the final vote, the one which counted, he voted against the bill.

One of the two remaining "bad votes" was against the so-called "jury verdicts" bill, a measure, by the way, which in 1909, Black supported, voted for and helped to pass. The third vote against him—and the only serious mistake for the session—was his vote against the reciprocal demurrage bill. However, at the session of 1909, Black was found on the side of the advocates of this measure.

SENATOR MARSHALL BLACK

Black's record for 1909 was even better than his record for 1907.

Of the sixteen test votes taken in the senate at the session of 1909, Senator Black is recorded as voting eleven times against machine policies, once for machine policies, and as four times absent.

Senator Black's absent marks are accounted for by his serious illness which took him from Sacramento during the closing days of the session. Up to the time that he had to take to his bed, Senator Black answered to every roll call where a test issue was involved and with one exception, answered on the right side.

The one "bad vote" recorded against Senator Black was on the measure which provided that the "party circle" should be eliminated from the election ballot. Senator Black voted against this bill when it was first considered in the senate But when the measure came up on a motion to reconsider, Senator Black corrected his mistake and went on record for it. Senator Black, therefore, on the sixteen test votes by which the members of the state senate of 1909 have been measured, has a practically clear record.

Senator Black voted against the machine's amendments intended by the machine to make the direct primary bill ineffective, he voted for the Walker-Otis anti-race track gambling bill, for the effective Stetson railroad regulation bill, for the initiative amendment, for the local option bill and for the Stanford bill.

Curiously enough, Black's votes for these two last named and most meritorious measures, are responsible for the principal opposition toward his re-election.

The "liquor interests," be it understood, keep tab on members of legislative bodies who vote for local option, black-list them, and labor viciously—with liberal expenditures of money—to brush them from public life. The "liquor interests" are opposed to Senator Black's re-election.

But Black's support of the Stanford bill gave them even greater offense than did his vote on the local option measure.

The Stanford bill prohibits the sale of intoxicants within a mile and a half of a university. It was aimed at the low groggeries at Menlo Park, in which many a Stanford student has taken his first plunge downward. The "Liquor Interests" as represented by the Royal Arch and kindred bodies, maintained a lobby at Sacramento to defeat the measure.

Senator Black was the author of the bill, he worked for it, fought for it and compelled its passage. It is now the law of the state. The "liquor interests" have not forgotten. With their political following of tenderloin, parasite and saloon bum, the "liquor interests" are out to defeat Senator Black.

At the primaries, Black was defeated in the San Jose tenderloin precincts overwhelmingly. But the orchardists and farmers of the country districts understood the situation, and gave him a five to one vote, overcoming the tenderloin.

And the solid reputable element of Santa Clara county orchard and farm homes that nominated him, will re-elect Senator Black to the legislature, where he has served his district and his state faithfully and ably.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporation. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.02) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold coin on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. F. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at the office of the said corporation on the ground floor or first floor of the building known and designated as No. 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company, a corporation.

Location of office: 219 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

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TWO CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

TO BE VOTED ON AT THE NEXT ELECTION, NOVEMBER 8TH

By GEORGE E. CROTHERS and CARL C. PLEHN

AMENDMENT NO. 11

By George E. Crothers

ie good intentions of the authors and ad-
tes of Senate Constitutional Amendment
nber Eleven are the only things in its
r. It is not only needless and inconsistent
the spirit of the constitution, but subject
erious abuses and questions of construc-

our constitution stands today the parties
mortgage or deed of trust are perfectly
to determine by a clause therein which
hem shall pay the mortgage tax. No one
ever found any serious fault with this con-
n of affairs. It is claimed, however, that
law is now open to certain ambiguities
h have existed since the repeal of section
of the constitution, which declared void
contract that required the mortgagor to
the mortgage tax. It is also suggested
its ablest advocate that the proposed
ndment will save the work involved in
ing separate assessment rolls showing the
tgage interests and the "bothersome ele-
t of pro-rating delinquent or unpaid mort-
taxes" in the cases of transfers of real
perty.

fact, Senate Constitutional Amendment
nber Eleven adds nothing to the substan-
rights or privileges of either party to a
tgage or deed of trust, and deprives them
he convenient means of exercising a priv-
e they now possess which may be of con-
rable value in certain cases where it may
of special importance to one or the other
y to know in advance the exact amount
is income or obligation.

declares "that a mortgage, deed of trust,
ract or other obligation by which a debt
ecured when land is pledged as security for
payment thereof, together with the money
esented by such debt, shall not be consid-
l property subject to taxation." What does
mean? Why exempt the money repre-
ed by such debt, and how far is it to be
owed before it becomes "property subject
taxation?" The main purpose of the
ndment is to exempt the debt secured by
mortgage, etc., from taxation, but the pro-
ed amendment fails to do this and depends
n a strained construction for its accom-
hment.

he supreme court has held, notwithstand-
the language of section four, which it is
posed to repeal, that a mortgage, as such,
ot property subject to taxation, but that the
essment should be made of the debt which
mortgage was given to secure. What will
the effect of the repeal of section four,
ch, among other important provisions, con-
s the following: "A mortgage, deed of
t, contract or other obligation by which a
t is secured, shall, for the purposes of
essment and taxation, be deemed and
ted as an interest in the property affected
reby?"

his will leave debts secured by real prop-
upon exactly the same basis as those se-
ed by personal property. As the supreme
rt has held, and the proposed amendment
lares, these mortgages will not be deemed
perty subject to taxation, but the credits
ured thereby will become taxable as sol-
t credits. Surely the supreme court will
strain a point to exempt debts secured in
ole or part by a real property mortgage
le similar debts secured by personal prop-
mortgages remain taxable. Exemptions
m taxation are never accomplished by in-
nce or strained construction. The repeal
section four will leave all solvent credits,
ether unsecured or secured by real or per-
al property upon the same basis—all sub-
to taxation. Had the proposed amend-
nt of section one exempted the debts or
dits secured by the mortgages, deeds of
st, etc., instead of the **money represented**
reby, the purpose of the proposed amend-
nt would have been clear. Had section one been left unchanged and section four been changed but slightly this purpose could have been accomplished in an unobjectionable manner.

The fundamental principle upon which the whole system of taxation in California has been based is clearly expressed in the first section of the article of the constitution upon revenue and taxation. This section, which stands for the "antiquated" system of equal and universal ad valorem taxation, as against special exemptions and special taxes for designated property owners, has remained unchanged in the constitutions of California since its organization. Lest the spirit of the constitution as expressed in this section should be violated the legislature is expressly enjoined from passing any local or special laws exempting property from taxation. It is now proposed to amend section one by the insertion of a parenthetic clause which is open to interpretations and abuses not contemplated by its author or advocates and inconsistent with the principle of general and equal taxation of all property. Following is a copy of the section with the proposed amendment in black letter:

Section 1. All property in the State except as otherwise in this constitution provided, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as provided by law, or as hereinafter provided. The word "property," as used in this article and section, is hereby declared to include moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things, real, personal and mixed, capable of private ownership **(provided, that a mortgage, deed of trust, contract or other obligation by which a debt is secured when land is pledged as security for the payment thereof, together with the money represented by such debt, shall not be considered property subject to taxation)**; and further provided, that property used for free public libraries and free museums, growing crops, property used exclusively for public schools, and such as may belong to the United States, this State, or to any county or municipal corporation within this State shall be exempt from taxation. The legislature may provide, except in the case of credits secured by mortgage or trust deed, for a deduction from credits of debts due to bona fide residents of this State.

Assuming that the proposed amendment will accomplish the purposes of its advocates, it will do more. It will enable the owner of any solvent credit, however large or however long its term, to have it exempted from taxation by taking a mortgage to secure it on a piece of property of but nominal value. The solvent credit may be the note or bond of an individual or corporation of great financial strength and the piece of property involved may be of no substantial value. Any large loan or debenture bond otherwise taxable as a solvent credit can be rendered non-taxable by this subterfuge. No limitations as to relative amounts or values are contained in the amendment, nor do the advocates of this amendment question the possibility of such evasions. Their answer is that solvent credits should not be taxed under any conditions. If so, why not exempt them expressly?

THE TAX-REFORM AMENDMENT

By Carl C. Plehn

Article No. 8

The first of these articles gave an outline of the amendment; the second and third discussed the evils of the present system; the fourth advanced some reasons for the separation of state from local taxation; the fifth presented the reasons why the larger corporations should be taxed by the higher authority, the state; the sixth discussed the advantages of the gross earnings tax; the seventh set forth the effects of the amendment on the taxation of real estate. This one takes up some of the so-called objections that have been raised.

In matters relating to taxation the voters are naturally inclined to be ultra conservative. Hence when the opponents of any new scheme of taxation raise objections they make a very strong appeal to the timidity of the voters. It is quite natural to think that although the frying pan may be hot, the fire is probably hotter. If the plan which is under consideration were an untried experiment we might hesitate to adopt it, no matter how strong the theoretical and practical arguments in its favor might be. But plans of tax reform based on the same principles have been worked out in other states, in many of them, and have proven so uniformly successful that we need have little fear of the results in our own case.

The objectors fall into five groups.

First, there are those whose taxes will be raised. They have no case because the amendment does not require them to pay more than is just and equitable, and they are now paying too little.

Second, there are some who favor the principle, but object to some minor feature. Among these are some who want the taxes on the corporations made even higher than is proposed. If they are sincerely in favor of the principles they should support the amendment now and work for its betterment, if it be found to need betterment, later.

Third, there are those who favor some new theory of taxation or of government, or who want to see the tax system used for some purpose other than the mere raising of the revenues for the support of government. The amendment rests on the theory of taxation that has been in vogue in this country for over two centuries and which has come to be known the world over as "the American system"; namely, that taxes should be **equal in proportion to property.** Theories as to an income tax, or as to the expropriation of special privileges fall outside the field of taxation for revenue purposes. Such questions as whether the taxing power should not be used to curb the growth of private fortunes, or for the control of corporate power should be set forth by themselves and not as a rider to a revenue bill.

Fourth, there are a number of politicians and office holders who fear that their emoluments of office may be unfavorably affected by the change. These have been particularly active in giving out misleading statements in regard to the reform plan.

Lastly, there are a not inconsiderable number of persons who are misinformed as to the actual provisions of the amendment and who object to things that are not there at all.

Among the current misconceptions are:

(1) That the real estate of banks, insurance companies and the non-operative property of public service corporations will be withdrawn from local taxation. The exact reverse is the case. All the real estate of banks and insurance companies will be taxed locally as now. As to the other corporations the amendment withdraws only such property as is used exclusively in the operation of their business as public service corporations.

(2) That the withdrawal of the operative property of public service corporations means a reduction in local revenues. This overlooks the fact that by saving of the state tax the taxpayers save far more than they lose by the withdrawal of the above mentioned classes of property. In other words, there will be just as much money as ever for local purposes, but the aggregate tax rate will be much lower.

(3) That it is a hardship to ask the cities and counties to protect corporate property when the taxes thereon go to the state. This overlooks the important fact that the state already does and will hereafter relieve the local governments of expenses purely local in character that run to about $7,000,000 per annum. Out of the taxes on the corporations the state will continue to take care of the schools, the prisons, the asylums, orphans and half orphans, and many other things that are of direct interest to every locality, and there will be no state tax on property in general. It makes no difference arithmetically whether the state takes one-third of the taxes on all property, or all the taxes on one-third of the property. But it does make a difference as to the possibility of equitably distributing the burden of taxation and equitably distributing the proceeds thereof, which plan be adopted.

(4) That the amendment favors the corporations either by reducing their taxes or by "fixing" them in the constitution, while other taxes are left to increase. It has already been shown in the preceding articles that the

amendment will increase the aggregate taxes of each of the different classes of corporations. If here and there a corporation be found whose taxes will be reduced it is safe to assume that that corporation is now paying too much. Nor can the rates be called "fixed" when they can be changed by a two-thirds vote in the legislature. Moreover, gross earnings taxes have a way of increasing more rapidly than a property ad valorem tax can be made to increase.

(5) There is the persistent misstatement that if an ad valorem tax be necessary to make good a deficit the corporations would not be called upon to pay it. The fact is that the amendment provides just the opposite, it is share and share alike for all. With this goes the false statement that the corporations will not be called upon to pay their share of local bonded indebtedness.

(6) That the administration of the new taxes will be in the hands of the state board of equalization and that this board has always been subservient to the railroads. If that board is so subservient to the railroads, by what accident was it that they have raised the taxes of the railroads seventy-five per cent in the last three years alone? But aside from that the amendment does not make the state board of equalization the administrative board for these taxes, except for the banks. In this case all they have to do is to record the amount of the capital, a fact that is also recorded by the superintendent of banks, and is always known to all the public. Moreover, whatever board or officer is given the administration of these taxes by the legislature will have no discretionary powers to exercise. Just as in the case of the banks they will simply apply a mathematical rule.

In short, the objections, so-called, are based on vague and untenable theories, or on selfish interest, or on misstatements and misunderstandings as to the provision of the law. In the last days before the election, two years ago, the state was flooded with circulars bristling with false statistics and misstatement. Most of these circulars were anonymous, but the resulting confusion added, as it was intended to, to the vote against the reform. Probably the same tactics will be pursued this time. Let each voter read the amendment for himself.

("Exposition Building"—Concluded)

If we are willing to sacrifice a few acres of plaster shacks and some conservatism we can have a few artistic and permanent buildings, and there is no reason why all the improvements aside from the various temporary buildings could not remain to beautify and adorn the park. Many of the states and foreign countries will spend from $5,000 to $25,000 in erecting special buildings; why not contribute a part of this cost, providing **permanent** buildings are erected? Each state building would become a permanent exhibit of the state in question. It would be a museum, an art gallery, an industrial exhibit, a state headquarters, etc. In the same way the various foreign buildings would add greatly to the permanent exhibition, and each of these buildings would serve as a permanent industrial exposition and commercial display. The California building should contain permanent exhibits from the various counties, and should be one of the most artistic structures in the grounds.

A few objections may be urged against this proposed permanent fair city; it will require some original thought; it will reduce the acreage of lath and plaster buildings; such an amusement city will draw too many people from the downtown theatres, cafes and saloons; it will cost something to maintain the permanent features as outlined. But there will not be so much danger of fire, and while the exposition will not cover so many acres as the St. Louis exposition, it will be far more pleasing and artistic, and I am sure that the gate receipts would not be reduced by one penny if the progressive plan were carried out as indicated. The advantages to San Francisco will more than counterbalance all the disadvantages which may be urged against permanent features.

In a short article it is only possible to mention briefly some of the more important features of the proposed plan. A little thought will disclose many points of interest that can be adduced in favor of the suggestions herein made. In preparing the plans one building should be constructed so that it could be used as a permanent mammoth convention building, to be given free of charge to any national organization desiring to use it; if San Francisco is to become a convention city, a modern convention hall is necessary.

In fine, since San Francisco is to invest at least $10,000,000 in the proposed fair, why not plan to receive some lasting benefit? To spend $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 on a passing entertainment, a holiday pageant as it were, is a very serious and even questionable undertaking; many thinkers consider that such an expenditure is financially, ethically and morally a mistake; some would use the term "financial folly." But if we can save permanent and artistic improvements to the value of several million dollars from the scrap pile we can point to a new era in the history of big expositions. Paris reserved the Eiffel tower from the junk pile when the curtain fell on her big show; let us remember this and do better.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

SOME POIGNANT EXPERIENCES

BY

A. JUDSON

JED soon conquered peace and reinstatement in the good favor of his fellows. He had only to show that he would not be imposed upon to remove the tendency to impose upon him, and, after a few strenuous days, cordial relations were restored, but during those days whoever said "Nanny" or "sissy" to him got a fist bang in mouth or eye without preliminary declaration of war or other formality. Perhaps the teacher had been forewarned by the Elder, anyhow tales of what Jed had done reached deaf ears and, by the end of the first week, tranquility reigned.

So wore away fall, winter and early spring, when school became tiresome and again Jed began to hunt excuses for staying out of school. He heard of an opportunity to drive a breaking team of oxen to tear up the prairie sod out in the country and he teased and teased father and mother to let him take the job. He was to have a pony to ride after the cattle in the mornings, and whenever he wanted to while not at work hawing and geeing the three-yoked team. He looked upon the offer as that of a picnic lasting all summer, and having in mind Jed's "bad summer" of a year before, and thinking that there would be no mischief for him to get into out in the windy bottoms, his parents let him go.

What an experience that was! In the team was a wild Texas steer that bellowed and bucked at and tried to gore everyone who came near him and who, for the safety of all concerned, had to be kept yoked to a stout old yoke bull day and night, year in and year out. Of course Jed could not resist the temptation to set him off at every opportunity, which did not in the least facilitate his domestication. Then there were the "swing" steers who lost themselves in the brush as often as they got out of sight, causing Jed to get scolded for a late start in the morning and, what was more to his dislike, causing his employer to rout him out in the morning while it was hardly daylight that he might round up his cattle for the day's work.

All day long then, except for an hour or so at noon, it was trudge, trudge, trudge through the rapidly growing grass beside the oxen, cracking the whip and admonishing the oxen to "get up," while they strained and tugged in their yokes at the thickly tangled sod; and nearly every day interest was intensified by a more or less narrow escape from treading upon and being bitten by some wriggling, rattling "sauger" coiled in the grass.

As Jed and his employer "bached" the food was more abundant than delectable, yet never without the sauce of appetite. Notwithstanding the toilsomeness of the life, the storms of wind and rain, the taciturnity of his employer, who had less of patience even than of worldly goods, there was not a moment when Jed would willingly have given up the job to go back to school. He had discovered what few grown-ups come to realize that mental work is the hardest work, that brain fag is the tiredest fag and that the weary brain rests more slowly than any other part of a weary body. In forsaking the schoolroom for the prairie, the school book for the long lash, the hours of study for the all-day trudge, trudge, trudge by the side of his ox team, Jed was merely taking the direction of least resistance. Go into any reform school and call for volunteers to lay aside their books to go out and dig trenches in the mud for laying sewer pipe and half the boys in the class room will throw down their books with a slam. It is only when learning becomes a passion that the drudgery of it can be endured by an untrained mind, and the mind of Jed was, as yet, as untrained as that of a colt on the range.

So passed the spring and early summer, the oxen straining in their yokes, Jed trudging through the tall grass, geeing and hawing and swinging his whip, the sod ripping after them like the tearing of new muslin, while his querulous employer held to the plow handles and mentally chalked up the dollars earned as the virgin acres were transformed from grazing land into broken prairie.

Then came the dog days! The corn fields had been "laid-by," richly green and full of promise, when out of the southwest there came a puff of wind dry and fetid as though it might have come from the throat of some ravening beast. The mercury went to a hundred-ten in the shade and held there for days. The rustle in the corn and grass changed to a rattle. The heat throbbed, Jed trudged and the oxen exuded dry sweat. It was not in flesh and blood to stand it long, but there was another "land" to finish before the turf should change to sundried brick, the prairie to pavement. Every "round" meant dimes, every day meant dollars, and dollars meant to Jed's employer another heifer turned loose on the range to increase the nucleus of a herd farther west where wife and babies were holding down a claim, so there was no mercy to be shown oxen, boy or man.

Every day had been like every other day for more than a week, but there came a day that was different. Night came to Jed that day while the sun was yet not half way down the western slope and, when morning came to him, as he thought, it was night and he was at his own home, in a wet pack, with broken ice applied to head and spine and that wild, untameable Texas steer, that had been bellowing in his ears, was transformed, while Jed looked at him, into the gruff old doctor sitting by his bedside with father and mother bending over him with strained, anxious faces. "They can't skunk you, can they, boy?" the old doctor demanded, half laughing, "although they came rather nearer it this time than when they tried to feed you to the rattlesnake or to the gray wolf."

For the rest of that summer Jed lounged about, saying little and taking little notice of what transpired. There was some "peripheral difficulty," the doctor explained, "which Jed will probably outgrow," but it may be doubted if he ever did, quite, for sunstroke has no power to facilitate cerebration or give tenacity to the memory. Fortunately for his ratings at school that winter there was a new teacher, a return of the chronic inability on the part of Jed's class to solve the riddles in fractions and so the work he went over was as familiar to Jed as the road between school and home, and equally devoid of interest.

How it came about no one quite knew, but somehow or other that fall and winter there was a mighty outpouring of The Spirit upon the people of York and vicinity. It had not come through any traveling evangelist. There was no corresponding wave sweeping over the state. There were no magnetic personalities in the community to account for it. Some thought that the oft repeated, stentorian imploration of old Judge Piper, "Oh, Lord, come down and 'rewive' thy work in this thy great moral 'winnard'," had at last made itself heard at the throne of Jehovah. Anyhow, the community became profoundly concerned for the salvation of souls. Night after night the mourners' benches were filled by men and women who first knelt with heads bowed in tears and then groveled on the floor groaning in despair. From out of the number now and again someone would spring to the feet with shining face, waving the hands for joy and singing at the top of the voice, "I am saved, I am saved, saved by the blood of the Lamb," whereat hallelujahs would be sung and those who had "come through" before would fall into line and file by extending the hand of fellowship with pacans of praise.

Old men and women affirmed that never before in their lives had they witnessed such an outpouring of the spirit upon any people. Sometimes the very profligality of the return for effort expended made some of the workers impatient of delay and Brother Barnard would break out with, "Well, go to hell if you want to; Brother Cook and I cannot waste our time with a lot of hardened sinners while there are so many calling to us who really want to be saved." Then Old Father Cook would pour oil upon the ruffled feelings of the unfirmed, pleading with them to watch for the faintest whisper of the still, small voice and to heed as they valued their own souls lest they commit the unpardonable sin of barring the door of their hearts against the Holy Spirit when it passed that way and knocked to be admitted, for, often, Old Father Cook declared, there was only the gentlest tapping, tapping at the door of the soul, such a tapping as a refined lady might make with delicate fingers at the door of her friend. The idea was a pet with Father Cook and he discoursed upon it often and eloquently, which made no little impression upon the mind of Jed.

Yet Jed sat through all this preaching and exhorting, testifying and praying, for many weeks unmoved. He arose for prayers with the rest rather than suffer himself to be counted with the goats, but, although he listened for that still, small voice, he failed to hear so much as a whisper. He saw others leap to their feet in ecstacies while he sat unmoved. He felt of himself as one may feel his own pulse, to see if perchance he might detect some symptom of ecstatic feeling, but he found no intimation of anything of the kind. Sometimes the humor of incidents that took place during these revival meetings so appealed to him that it was with difficulty that he refrained from laughing outright, which he knew would be utterly reprehensible and certain to make him a target for reproach; but the revival was the talk, and almost the occupation, of the town and Jed continued to attend the services with regularity.

The experience meetings were the most interesting and convincing of all, Jed thought. What was said seemed to come so straight from the heart and was told so simply that the sincerity of those who "stood up" and "spoke for Jesus" could not be doubted, and yet those testimonies meant little to Jed. He sat through them all unmoved and unconcerned, except that his unresponsive condition of soul exactly corresponded to that of those who had committed the unpardonable sin, as frequently and graphically depicted by Father Cook, white of hair, serene of countenance, rapidly nearing his four score years and tremendously anxious to snatch a few more souls from the burning before he, himself, should be called home.

Gradually the conviction forced itself home to the mind of Jed that he had, somewhere, somehow, he knew not when, committed the unpardonable sin. Perhaps he might have done it when he was asleep, for had not Father Cook told of many who had awakened out of sound sleep to find themselves face to face with a consciousness of their lost condition but for the "free grace of a dying Savior's boundless love" already welling up in their hearts? Perhaps the Holy Spirit might have knocked at the door of Jed's heart during "that bad summer" and, not being admitted, had gone on by the soul of Jed forever! The more Jed pondered over the mystery the more miserable he became. A sense of loneliness oppressed him and, instead of love for God and his Christ, there came into his heart only fear, fear of a roaring, crackling hell that should blaze around him forever and ever, such a hell as the horse-thief, Monroe Scranton, had told him of, a hell that was hotter than the furnace under the limekiln and wider than the earth and the sky. Timid by nature, fear developed into something akin to terror, terror of death, of life, of everything, even of the darkness of the night, of the loneliness of the woods that he had always loved, of the river brink where he had liked to lie and listen to the lappings of the eddying waters as they flowed.

At this juncture there came into Jed's spiritual vision sweet-faced, sharp-nosed, white-eyed Ida. His initial acquaintance with her had not been propitious. He had tossed a ball to her, she missed it and it hit her on the nose and made it bleed profusely. By way of palliation for his offense he passed her little presents, but they were returned the next morning with a, "Mamma says no" after

which Jed was more than ever certain that he was in outer darkness.

Ida was about Jed's own age, but whereas she was in those days a bud of sweet promise Jed distinctly was not. He was awkward, strident of voice, as uncouth as a morbid self-consciousness could make him, and he had among mammas a bad reputation not yet lived down; but that did not hinder Jed from worshipping afar or from "showing off" in Ida's presence as often as opportunity offered, and he contrived to keep her in view much of the time. Sometimes she was gracious, more often aggressively oblivious and, occasionally, repulsively partial to some of the other fellows. At all times she was self-poised, modest and obviously a saint. She led the singing in the children's meetings and her talks in their experience meetings were beautiful Her joy in her salvation was as spontaneous as the bubbling of a spring.

When at last Ida's mildly obdurate father "went forward" she sprang from her seat and followed him, threw her arms about his neck and wept convulsive tears of joy upon his bosom. Jed sat where he saw it all. What was that tugging at his own heartstrings, then? The fervor of the audience was tense. A sudden impulse seized Jed to go forward, too. He went, snuggled in and knelt at the mercy seat next to Ida and her father. Through her tears she smiled at him and reached out a hand which Jed took. She squeezed his hand just a little. There were prayers and rejoicings for Jed, for at last his father's family had been broken into. For Jed there was tranquility of spirit. He had made his election sure.

In those days, in York, there was no fear of evil consequences from having the Bible in the public schools. It was always there. What is more, the revival broke into the schools and there was no more zealous toiler than Beecher Pierce, the principal. He held seasons of prayer and heard testimony for Christ in school hours. Sometimes a whole period between noon and recess, or recess and four o'clock, would be given over to prayer, song and exhortation. He called upon different ones to lead in prayer. One day he called upon Jed, who bravely did his best, but got the big words he had heard used at the meetings so tangled up that if the Lord understood the purport of what Jed said he had the advantage of Jed, but Jed got through with it somehow, his face aflame from blushing.

A week after Ida had passed in her name for church membership Jed had passed in his, and the Sunday after she was baptized in the rapid waters of the Indigo, Jed was buried beneath the same wave. Ugh! but wasn't it cold! It was March and a chill wind blew. Was it any wonder that Ida gave a little squeak as she went under or that Jed came up puffing like a porpoise?

All his doubts and misgivings Jed now put aside. He was safe in the arms of the church and the thing to do was to live up to the part, outside, if not always in kindliness at home. If Ida now and again placed her hand upon his shoulder as he sat at his desk, or ran her fingers nimbly through his hair, there was thrill and ecstacy and new birth enough for him in that, and he threw himself into the revival with a fourteen-year-old enthusiasm. Perhaps it was the possession of an exceptional imagination, perhaps a frankness that made him always much of an open book, perhaps a prenatal suggestion springing from a clergy ancestry. Anyhow, his tongue was loosened, and people said, "a born preacher," and helped and encouraged him on. The missionary spirit was in him and the first thing he did was to lay siege to the jail.

Now a new jail had been built in York, the farthest west that was any stronger than a box car, and to it were committed for safe keeping pending trial as fine a selection of horsethieves and murderers from as many as five counties as ever decorated a telegraph pole, a railroad bridge or a spreading cottonwood by the river's brim. When Jed went forth to find sinners he went where sinners were to be found. The prisoners were hungry for things to read and Jed carried them magazines and papers from the printing office, tracts from the church and half an hour or more each day he read to Big Ike, who could not read, and as many of the others as cared to listen, from the new testament and the old. The kindly jailer admitted Jed to the jail corridor while the men were locked in their cells until, one day, he came blunderingly upon a dashing "trusty" hugging the jailer's wife in a blind corner of the jail corridor, after which Jed was mysteriously ruled out of the jail and had to carry on his propaganda from an uneasy perch on the stone window ledge outside, high from the ground and in momentary danger of slipping off. As the season advanced, Jed carried his prisoner friends flowers from the home garden, peddled peaches about town until he had sold enough to pay for the basket and then took the rest as a much appreciated good-will offering to his friends behind the bars.

Was Jed to be blamed if he over-estimated the good results of his efforts? Certain it is that he was signally successful. These prisoners were about the easiest lot to be induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and to avow their faith in the redemptive power of the blood of a crucified Savior, that ever missionary came across. And, what was more, they were all unfortunate men, misguided and faulty, as Jed himself had been, but wholly innocent of the grave charges written into their commitment papers. Of the truth of this Jed became entirely convinced, but, somehow, as they were taken one by one to their respective counties to be tried, one at least was hanged, some were sent to the state prison, one or two were returned to the jail for a further probationary period, one was hanged by a mob on the way home, one was shot and killed while trying to escape from the custody of the sheriff who had him in charge. The sole one of all Jed's converts who was acquitted and turned free had a place found for him with an honest farmer down in the Sandy bottom, where he tarried half a year and then ran away with the wife of the farmer and her two children, with the aid of a light spring wagon and span of bay mares. The farmer got back his mares and children, but that was the last seen of Jed's convert or the farmer's wife.

Notwithstanding the poverty of this experience the missionary spirit in the bosom of Jed in no wise abated. When, in the experience meetings which intermittently continued through the fall and winter following, Jed rose to tell of the work he had done for the Lord he could tell of the night school he had organized among the negroes, just then flocking up from the South, where he was teaching them to read and cipher and was trying hard to make clear to old Edom, what was not at all clear to himself, the mysteries of Revelation, the mind of Edom running more to the marvels of prophecy and eschatology than to practical Christian ethics. Before spring Marcus Alexander was tried and sent to state prison for trying to kill his near-white wife for failure to repulse the advances of white men, and Jed's only true blue, colored Christian convert, Joe Pack, eager to do right and eager to learn, went out as cook for a haying crew working on a government contract, was surprised by the Cheyennes, killed, scalped and burnt to a cinder in his own campfire. When Jed's own hog disappeared from its pen, and he had hunted three days for it in vain, finally chancing to look over the high rim of Black John's pen and there finding it, he was greeted with: "Is dat you' hog, chile? How do you reckon dat hog ebber climbed dat fence into my pen?" Jed had to confess that he reckoned it never did and that Black John would do well to load it into his wagon and fetch it home as quickly as he could, which he did. So ended Jed's missionary work among the blacks.

Jed next turned his attention to the demon rum and joined a temperance lodge. He was the youngest member of the lodge and deeply in earnest in trying to fetch into it those who most needed its sustaining influence. Much was his surprise the morning after to be greeted on the street by one of the most ne'er-do-wells in all York with, "Earnest labor brings success, Jed"—the password solemnly given him the night before to be guarded with jealous care. He reported the fact to the next meeting and was both applauded and laughed at for his zeal for the preservation of fraternal secrets. Pretty much all the young folks of both sexes in York belonged to this lodge and, with much billing and cooing in corners, they paired off for good time if not always for life, leaving Je and a few others to burn themselves up wit their zeal for temperance if they chose.

Now in York lived one Charley Arma with as little harm in him as anyone coul have who had been brought up to treat whe he had the money, and to turn not away whe invited by another to "take something." Je cultivated his acquaintance. He was a bit ou of the social swim, was not much invited any where; in fact, from boyhood, for no ver good reason, had been passed by on the othe side. He felt it, felt that he did not wholly deserve being socially ostracised for doing only what so many others did, and Jed le him to believe that the way into good socie led through the lodge. With many doubt and misgivings, he finally permitted Jed t propose his name for membership. "H ain't nice, don't you know," Jed heard whis pered around, which prompted him to mak an impassioned plea for his friend from th floor of the lodge. He set forth the palpabl truth that the lost were those the lodge was especially sent to save, and was warmly applauded for his speech, but Charley was hand somely blackballed just the same. No judge ever more keenly dreaded to pronounce sen tence upon a condemned criminal than Je to convey the result of that ballot to Charley in outer darkness, but he might have saved himself even that bitterness. The "good joke on Jed" was told over every bar in town that very night, and that night, too, Charley heard of it, went on one more glorious drunk, packed his valise and left the home of his childhood never to return.

When the eyes of Jed were opened he found it accounted smart to come to the lodge with a flask of whisky in the pocket, to be passed around in the anteroom. When the pairing off had been about completed the lodge died down and was not resurrected until there was another batch of young people who needed pairing. Not a few of those who trifled with their solemn obligations, in recompense for their perfidy, quaffed afterwards of the hemlock.

But the soul of Jed had meantime sickened. Nothing that he had done had proven worth while. The converts in York of a year-and-a-half before had about all back-slidden; his own zeal had burnt itself out; the call of the wild rang in his ears much as it had done "that bad summer"; the "bud of rich promise," had removed with her family to a distant city, not for ten years to cross Jed's path again, and then only for a blissful instant within the sheltering folds of a convenient portiere, "for auld lang syne," she said, and then passed out into the world's cut and shuffle to be lost to Jed for ever and aye.

The period of questioning had come and, in the lone watches of it, Jed had to confess to himself that, in very truth, he had not, to his knowledge, felt so much as the flutter of a wing of the Heavenly Dove against the cage bars of his soul; that what he had experienced was the ecstacy of love for thin-nosed, sweet-faced, white-eyed Ida, and that that love had been the love of a calf. Thence followed those hazards of that illiberal and unknowing radicalism, commonly called infidelity, through which many a questioning, truant-souled Thomas must walk, sometimes far down into the valley and shadow of fear and fog, which experiences may sometime form the burden of another chapter in the "Recollections of Jed."

It was at a Fourth of July meeting in the little city. The mayor, William Smith, rose, and at dignified length read the Declaration of Independence. There was a pause; then from one of the mayor's old schoolmates came the loud whisper: "Bill never writ that. He ain't smart enough."

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, is it?" "Yes, sir," responded the other passenger. "Meet with an accident?" "No, broke it while I was trying to pat myself on the back." "Great Scott! What for?" "For minding my own business." "I see. Never could happen to me, could it?" "No." "And if it did I wouldn't be blame fool enough to tell it." Then there was silence in the car.—Chicago Tribune.

A Scottish parson remarkable for the simple orce of his pulpit style was enlarging one Sunday upon the text, "Except ye repend ye shall all likewise perish." "Yes, my friends, irged he with solemn earnestness, "unless ye repent ye shall all surely perish," dettly placing his left forefinger on the wing of a bluebottle fly that had just alighted upon the reading desk while the parson's right hand was uplifted, "just as surely as, my friends, I flatten this poor fly." But before the threatened blow descended the fly got away, whereupon the minister further "improved the occasion" with ready wit, exclaiming, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"—Scraps.

"They quarrel dreadfully, I'm told." "Yes; I think she would sue for a divorce but for the fact that he has nearly enough tobacco coupons to get a piano."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Seventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and thence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of J Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 485 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broadway distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plainitffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
967-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 3997.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG,
GEORGE KNOX,

Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor Market street, near Third.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office, 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence, 1207 McAllister St Phone Park 4890

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Board of Forestry

California was the best forested state in the Union and it may be doubtful if any part of the world of equal area excelled it. The heritage was and is priceless. But it has been consumed under forced draft. From 1899 to 1904 the cutting of timber increased at the rate of 83.7 per cent over the preceding 5-year period, and there has probably been no diminution in the rate since then. Very few of the areas cut over are in process of reforestation. Most are laid waste to grow up in chaparral. The headwaters of our streams are involved and the destruction of the forestation of the drainage areas results in the destruction of the valleys, the rivers and the bays. The region "Beyond Jordan," once rich, populous with some of the most wonderful cities of the world and living in the glory of Greek culture, for hundreds of years has been a wilderness, all owing to the destruction of the forests. Shall the fate of "Beyond Jordan" be the fate of California? That is the problem, and this lesson in citizenship has to do with the meeting of that problem.

Years ago the California Water and Forest Association took up the subject in earnest and fought hard. It procured from the Forest Service of the United States government the drafting of a model forestry law and sent it to the legislature to be enacted. Then arose opposition. The Southern Pacific Company was against it, and that company was powerful in the legislature. Still, a few devoted friends fought on. They permitted the cutting out of first one feature of the measure, to meet the objections of one opponent, and then another feature to meet the objections of another, finally holding to an irreducible minimum that would serve for little more than to commit the state to a forestry policy of some sort—to at least a beginning, but they would not have secured that had not Governor George C. Pardee come to the rescue with executive influence. That helped, and a beginning was made.

This beginning consisted in creating the State Board of Forestry consisting, in the main, of those three over-worked officials constituting, in part, at once the state board of examiners, the state lunacy commission and the state board of forestry, viz: the governor, secretary of state and attorney general, to whom were added a state forester. It is a clumsy arrangement and one that ought not to exist. Only the state forester knows anything of forestry, and it is a state department of forestry, with a state forester at its head, that the state needs. The three officials above mentioned are clogs on the wheels of progress and should be eliminated, except that the governor should be responsible for the state forester and the state forester should be responsible to the governor and help to make up his cabinet or council.

The forestry office of California now consists of a state forester with a salary of $3,000, a deputy forester with a salary of $1,800, an assistant forester in receipt of $1,600, and a stenographer-clerk whose salary is $1,200. This is the force that has more or less control over some 34,000,000 acres of forested, or once forested, lands in this state. Out of this immense area, fortunately for California, the forestry service of the United States has reserved and controls 28,968,510 acres, but, scattered through it are many private holdings not under federal authority, so that there is more or less of co-operative work, as there should be, between state and nation in controlling the forests of California.

The two enemies to the forests of California are the wood-butchery of avaricious lumbermen and fires. The state forester and his associates have been lessening the destructiveness of the first enemy not a little by education, by persuasion, by teaching better methods of lumbering and by insisting upon leaving seed trees, also by aiding and encouraging private owners in the protection of their forests from fires.

But nothing at all adequate can be reached along either of these lines until California announces the doctrine that private ownership of forests is subject to the well-being of the whole people, that the owner's right to cut timber must be subject to the public's right to have a new forest take the place of the old, to have the watersheds of the streams protected from sudden and injurious denudation and subjected to fire patrol, and to have the destruction of the "slashings" left after the timber has been cut, rigidly enforced. The doctrine must be established that all private property is owned subject to the common welfare, and then the state must have a forestry department big enough and strong enough to see to it that the public welfare does come first.

So much law as we now have permits co-operation, not only between federal and state governments, but between state and county. The state forester appoints all the federal forest rangers as fire wardens, which gives them both federal and state authority, and then appoints such other wardens as counties and private owners may pay for, so that, in all, there are some 650 fire wardens in the state. These fire wardens have the powers of peace officers to arrest persons whom they have reason to believe are guilty of violations of the laws against fires and to warn out fire fighters when property is in danger.

In short, California has made a good beginning with a forest-protection policy and with the induction into office of a free and progressive state government, California can soon be placed in a position to protect, not alone the common rights of all living in the state, and those who are to live hereafter, but the highest interests of the forest owners themselves.

Mrs. M. Wheelhouse of Weser, Idaho, controls a small railway, an electric plant, a fruit farm, a factory and several stores. The thriving condition of all her projects has proved her to be a good business woman. In addition to attending to these enterprises she looks after a family of several children and is said to have more influence with the women voters in her state than any other person.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "A Water-Front Exposition"

By George E. Burlingame

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: OCTOBER 28 : '10 : FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

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Alas! Peary

'AS IT NOT ENOUGH to gird at Peary for exposing the pretenses of faker Cook, and to question that he, himself, ed his farthest north any farther north than 89.6, without dig- out of the must and dust of three centuries records to show the pole was discovered in 1630? If there be services so t that they can be paid for only with ingratitude the polar arches of Commander Peary must be set down as one of them.

Scalding Tears

OTHING SINCE THE WEEPING of Twain at the tomb of Adam, and of Marse Henry at the graves of Ananias and phira, has equalled in pathos the scalding tears shed by the editor of the Argonaut over the discomfiture of La Follette Bristow, Cummins and Norris, because of the return of the Hunter in the nick of time to grab up the glory of insur- cy and make off with it. Was it not more in the nature of the ing of Blucher at the strategic moment to make the Waterloo Cannonism the more complete? And if those for whom the onaut feels so strongly are not heard to complain why should who cares for neither La Follette nor Bristow, Cummins nor ris, Roosevelt nor a progressive Republicanism, permit him- to be made miserable by that which so little concerns him?

Are They Not Asking Too Much?

IERE HAS BEEN SOMETHING of a tempest in certain theological circles, in the disputations of which The Cali- ia Weekly is little concerned, over, among other things, the ty of the fish story in which Jonah is reputed to have figured. hout going into the merits of the discussion, if it have merits, quite fair to ask of us moderns more than was asked of the le? All that was asked of him was to swallow Jonah with nission to spew him out again in three days, whereas we are vely required to swallow both Jonah and the whale and keep n down.

Presto, Veto, Change!

OSTMASTER GENERAL HITCHCOCK is reported to have reduced the annual postal deficiency from $17,000,000 to a lit- nore than $6,000,000 while increasing salaries, extending rural tes, employing more labor, and without either impairing the tal service or diminishing the compensation to the railroads. w did he do it? By what magic? Was it by practicing black Inquisitive Americanism will not be satisfied with less than ll explanation of the where and the how.

Doing His Best

OHN D. ROCKEFELLER is not giving his money away as fast as it is coming in, but he is doubtless doing his best. ely he has added nearly $3,000,000 to the fund devoted to lical research work, that fund now totaling $8,240,000. It is e too much, and there is no state in the union or country in world that should not be doing medical research work on its n hook. Doubtless the time will come when all states and coun- s will set aside a fund for that use. We honor Rockefeller for ding the way, and yet we cannot forget how he made his ney, and is still making it. The Standard Oil is still selling ow cost to kill off rivalry and taxing the losses up to com- nities that cannot help themselves. That isn't playing fair.

Journalism As It Is

IT COMES TO US, one remove from the principal, and yet not so incontrovertibly that it would not be libelous to use it with particularity, that persons interested in defeating the Islais Creek bond proposition approached the responsible head of a San Francisco morning paper to learn if the influence of that paper might be had to defeat the proposal. It could not, but for a consideration of five thousand dollars the paper would agree to say nothing for two months, after which it would pursue such a course as sound policy might dictate. Is there not some way to make the doing or proposing to do such a thing a felony? Infamous it certainly was.

The Chronicle's Get-Together Talk

THE KIND OF HELP the San Francisco Chronicle is giving the Republican ticket is the sort that the copperheads gave to the cause of the union back in the sixties. It votes the war a failure and calls upon the victors to surrender to the vanquished in the interests of harmony. The rivalry for disreputability raging between the organs of De Young and Calhoun, the Chronicle and the Post-Globe, is getting to be downright exciting.

Nine Thousand Failures

IT IS NOT THE ONE who fails who is a failure, unless he permits himself to be counted out. Thomas A. Edison has scored nine thousand failures at a cost of two and a half million dollars in making a storage battery that will meet the requirements of a street car service, but he now feels that he has scored a success. Grit like that deserves a crown, even though a multitude of other sins might have to be covered by a mantle of charity, which, however, may not be the case with Edison.

Those Moral Platitudes

FAULT IS FOUND with Theodore Roosevelt because he revamps for repeated use those moral precepts that were ages old before he was born, instead of adding anything to the world's new store of knowledge. In the language of one who has seen more than ninety years of life in this world, "Democracy is impossible with any people that has not a moral sense," and not for nineteen hundred years has the world had a man who has so revived and vitalized the moral sense of a forgetful humanity as has this same "preacher of platitudes," Theodore Roosevelt. And what a fight he is now making in New York for just the things that Hiram Johnson is fighting for in California and with precisely the same influences marshaled against him behind the mask of an unobjectionable but pliant personality!

Charles Reynolds Brown

THE LOSS TO CALIFORNIA of Rev. Charles Reynolds Brown, pastor of the First Congregational church, Oakland, will prove serious. His place in the intellectual and religious life of the state will not be easy to fill, but he had better be lost to California than lost to the world, and California's loss will be the world's gain if, as possible, he shall devote his remaining years to the cause of peace through arbitration. One who fancies that ministers are lazy fellows who live without work would change his mind if, like Dr. Brown, he were called upon to bear for fourteen years the sorrows and delinquencies of a church membership now exceeding 2,000 and a floating congregation of as many more. God be with him wherever duty calls!

Who Began It?

Everybody laments the personal turn that the election contest in this state has taken. The question, "Who began it?" is being asked on every hand. This paper has attempted to trace the matter to its unhappy source. To fix the responsibility for the beginning of the trouble necessitates a review from the start. Once begun, the keeping of it up is as easily accounted for as the sweeping of the mountains by a forest fire after being kindled. There does not seem to be any good place to stop it.

The two party conventions were held at practically the same time and both parties, in their platforms, declared for practically the same things. The campaign then promised to be one in which The Interests would be able to take no interest, and reactionaries would be left to sulk in their tents with no one to comfort them or heed their existence.

Theodore Bell's only legitimate chance to be elected governor of California this time was lost when Hiram Johnson won the Republican nomination. Had Curry or Anderson or Stanton won in that fight Theodore Bell could have taken up the fight where he left it four years ago with a fighting chance to win. Four years ago he drew thousands of free Republicans to his standard. This year, fighting the old fight as he fought before, in opposition to any of the candidates except Johnson, free Republicans would have flocked to his standard by tens of thousands.

But Hiram Johnson was overwhelmingly nominated. Then Mr. Bell's only chance to be elected lay in attracting to his standard the element of the Republican party that had fought Johnson in the primaries. This could not be done fighting on the lines of four years ago. Therefore Mr. Bell modulated his tone. Radical before, he was now conservative. Knowing that the criticism of Johnson would be that he is dangerously radical (which he is not) Mr. Bell became safe and sane in his utterances and placed emphasis on his own moderation. Everybody who heard or read what he said knows that this is true. He unsaid nothing that he had said, took back nothing, compromised himself in no overt way, but the Bell of 1910 was not the Bell of 1906. The tone was different. He had not the old ring. This moved Hiram Johnson to say that "No sane man will lie awake nights devising methods by which Mr. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Company can get a square deal in the government of this state, because, as always in the past, they will take a square deal and more without any of our valuable assistance; and when I observe our Democratic friends expending all their energies in telling the people of the State of California how square a deal they are going to give Mr. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Company I grow just a wee bit suspicious of their hope of accomplishment and of their design in this government should they, unfortunately, in November next, be successful."

That was not much to say. It was what thousands of others were thinking, but it sufficed to uncork the vials of Democratic wrath and to precipitate that campaign of abuse of Johnson that has drawn to the Bell standard about all the disreputable elements in the political life of this state. It was "good politics" to do exactly as the Democratic management has done, but it was mighty poor political morals. Mr. Bell should have hewed to the line exactly as he did four years ago. His tone should have been as rich and as strong in 1910 as it was in 1906, but his desire to win to his own standard, "those who differ from Mr. Johnson," modulated his tone and swerved him from the right line.

What the result of the new alignment will be no man can foreknow, but certain it is that about every untoward element in our political life is now openly arrayed on the side of Bell, whereas there should have been no room for that element to choose between the parties or the men. Mr. Bell is a trained politician who weighs what he says and has a care for what he does. Mr. Johnson is no politician at all, but he is a fighter for what he believes to be right, a fighter who thrusts rather than parries, one who neither asks for nor gives quarter. The lure of victory has proven too much for the California Democracy. No dog Tray was ever in worse company.

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The Robeson Taylor View

Whatever former Mayor Taylor has to say is to be listened to with respect and with as much patience as one may be able to muster, but when he places the great contest that is now convulsing the nation on party lines he taxes the patience of every student of public affairs.

It is true that the Republican party of this state and nation has, in large measure and at critical times, been dominated by special interests, but it is equally true that at crucial times The Interests have been able to command and receive all Democratic help needed. There are certain underlying tendencies that differentiate political parties. There are men who are temperamental Republicans and others who are temperamental Democrats, but on moral issues, on the issues of subserviency to oligarchical tendencies, party lines are not and cannot be drawn.

Furthermore, The Interests will not stay out of any political party if put out. They will insinuate themselves into any party that promises to be useful to them. Set apart by themselves they would be powerless. Their cohorts would be relatively as few as Grant's coyotes after they were counted.

To insist that no political party can purify itself is to preach the gospel of hopelessness. Every political party must purify itself and its work of self purification must go on within itself, as it is now going on in the Republican party of California and of New York, and in the Democratic party of New Jersey and Georgia. It must go on as constantly as the work of self purification goes on in the human body. There must be sleepless vigilance or disease and death will enter in.

The deplorable condition in India, for instance, is not due, as commonly supposed, to over-population, but to inherent rottenness in the lives and institutions of the people, and the only hope of India lies in its self-purification. It is so with political America. A rottenness has pervaded its political life and party lines have not proven effective for barring it out. In California and New York the Republican party is purifying itself and the Democratic party, in both states, appears to have thrown open its doors to receive the corruption which the Republican party casts out. In New Jersey, at least, the situation is reversed, and the Democratic party is purifying itself with the door of the Republican party open to receive the Satans that the Democratic party casts out.

When the campaign opened in this state it opened under the most fortunate imaginable conditions. The heads of both tickets were clean men and the weaknesses in one ticket were generally countervailed by respectability in the ticket of the other party. Woe to California that the fight did not proceed on the lines upon which it started out! To the Democratic management, if not to the head of the ticket, the chance for success led it into commiserating with, and extending hospitality to, the common enemy of all mankind and persistent effort has been made to cause it to appear that what is in fact a revolution in the Republican party is nothing more than an insurrection, a mere factional quarrel. The pending issue is not an issue of party. It is an issue of men and of country and the whole nation is awaiting the result in California with as breathless an interest as awaited the issue in '61. With all due respect to Edward Robeson Taylor, veneration for his years and honor for the splendor of his public services, what he says ain't so.

Our Foreign Trade

Our foreign trade is regaining its senses. Importations were held back pending the passing of the new tariff bill in anticipation of substantial reductions, but as soon as the bill became a law that obstruction gave way and imports surged in. More than that, the depression of 1907 had spent its force and the globe trotters and European shoppers loosened their purse strings and imported millions upon millions of dollars' worth of fineries that during the hard times they had been doing without. This thing has been going on for more than a year and we are still importing more than prudence warrants, but our high prices at home had prevented exportations and the balance of trade was, for some months, against us. Now prices at home have somewhat subsided and exports are going forward at such a rate as to turn the European balance of trade in our favor more than $50,000,000 per month. We at all times need a heavy balance of trade in our favor in dealing with Europe because we are a great borrower of European money and Europe is the great American pleasure ground where the greater part of our joy money is expended. These are a heavy drain upon the productive energies of the American people, but we can afford to borrow and to buy if we can produce and sell. This we are now doing and trade conditions are righting up, at least so far as dealings with Europe are concerned.

A Water Front Exposition

Just so surely as the Panama-Pacific exposition is organized on lines similar to the expositions that have gone before will the whole proposal fail to interest the people. Any traveler would prefer to take ship and go through the canal itself, turn about and go through it again and go home, than to attend any such exposition whether held in San Francisco or New Orleans. Expositions, as expositions go, have palled on the palate of the world.

But San Francisco has an opportunity to afford something new under the sun and at the same time to derive a permanent advantage from having expended its money and put forth its exertion. Attention is called, therefore, to our leading article for the week that deals with this subject. Without undertaking to pass upon the feasibility of all its suggestions, we feel certain that the attentive reader will find in it great possibilities, something to kindle the imagination and inspire hope.

The fear is in many minds that special influence will somehow, in the holding of this fair, misdirect the common effort to private advantage. Once assured that the public will

get the benefit, as the public will bear the expense, the enterprise will be taken hold of with such enthusiasm as will make the Panama-Pacific exposition second in achievement only to the completion of the great canal itself. Read our leading article on a Water Front Exposition, sleep on it, and dream of it and then make sure that the idea be not thrown aside except for good cause shown, some better cause, for instance, than advantaging some private real estate speculation.

Organization Plus Mobilization

At the state convention of the Federation of Labor, lately held at Los Angeles, discussion was had relative to the organization of migratory unskilled labor. Such labor needs to be organized and it needs to be mobilized. Here is an opportunity for organized labor to perform a service of great value to labor and to California.

There is need, insistent need at certain times and places, for much help that at other times is not needed at all. There is at the same time, but not at the same places, much unemployed labor, much labor that is migratory in a vagrant way largely because it does not know where it is needed. Unionism needs to undertake to supply as well as to regulate the labor market. Too often it has confined itself to regulating without supplying, to the distress of industry and the injury of labor itself.

It would be possible to so organize and mobilize available labor as to be able to throw whole regiments of busy workers into the cherry-picking orchards, the apricot, the peach, the prune, into the raisin vineyards, the beet fields and the orange and lemon districts. It would be necessary to so organize as to be able to contract for supplying one hundred laborers or five hundred, as the Japanese and Chinese do, but so co-operatively as to prevent at once the padrone system of south of Italy and the coolie system of the orient, yet secure a reasonable wage for the untrained worker and at the same time develop him into a trained worker.

There are large possibilities in this idea. Labor does not flow from where it is idle to where it is needed automatically and expeditiously, the more especially that kind of labor commonly classed as unskilled. Private, individual contracting in that class of cases is an exasperation to the employer and unsatisfactory to the employe. Collective bargaining there fits the need as nowhere else and affords an opportunity to demonstrate the advantages of it in other fields.

Besides, the whole labor ladder can never be lifted from the rungs nearest the top. If it would be lifted into its fitting place power must be applied to the bottom rung. Migratory, unskilled labor is on that rung. These suggestions are commended to the special committee having this service in charge. Let that committee not only so organize migratory labor as to make it well paid, but so mobilize it as to supply needs that are now sought to be supplied by importations of coolies and peons and undesirables from the south of Italy and east of Europe. There is here a field not only of great strategic but of industrial advantage.

What Next?

The very mild declaration of Hiram Johnson that he had grown "just a wee bit suspicious of the hope of accomplishment and design" of those who expended their energies in telling the people of California how square a deal they were going to give the Southern Pacific Company, has been made the pretext for heaping upon him as vile slanders as ever were hurled against candidate. The latest was brought forward in the form of guarded but insinuating questions as to whether or not Mr. Johnson did, as attorney for Dalzell Brown, receive as his fee $55,000 in the stock of the Western Pacific Company, the property of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. It should be plain enough to anyone that if it can be shown that any shares of that stock, or of any other, were stolen from the Safe Deposit Company the property of that company can be recovered from whoever has it, but Mr. Johnson meets the charge by declaring that he never received or held a single share of such stock of such company in his life, and that the whole story is a lie out of whole cloth. But somebody will hear of the accusation who will not hear of the denial and that was the purpose of it. Of course Mr. Bell is not responsible for this outrage! It was one of those acts of those miserable friends of his of whom he is at once heartily ashamed and thankful for their aid. What next? The character of the fight being made against Mr. Johnson is proof of the want of characters of the militant portion of his opposition. There is not an untoward influence in the state that is not arrayed against Johnson. That alone should persuade right minded persons how to vote.

The Plaint of the Clearing Houses

The clearing houses of San Francisco and Los Angeles have joined hands against amendment number one because of the increase of the tax rate from six-tenths of one per cent to one full per cent, and they allege for reason that it will be a large increase in bank taxation. So it will. That is what it is for. In the language of the tax commission, under our laws as they now stand, "The national banks are really not taxable at all. What they do pay is a gift of free will. The state commercial banks can easily evade taxation almost entirely, and probably two-thirds of what they pay is a free gift, while the whole amount (paid) is insignificant. The savings banks on the other hand are 'soaked' to the full extent of the law." It was to prevent just that condition that the legislature amended the amendment in accordance with the original views of the commission after it had given years of study to the proposition.

The clearing houses declare that if this amendment is adopted it will be equivalent to a tax of 8.50 per cent of gross earnings of the banks, 19.18 per cent of net earnings, or 32.89 per cent of dividends or 47 per cent of excess earnings reserved for losses, undivided profits and surplus. Those figures do look big.

But by their own confession the banks were willing to be taxed six-tenths of one per cent, which also would have amounted to 5.1 per cent of gross earnings, 11.51 per cent of net earnings, 19.43 per cent of dividends or 28.2 per cent of excess earnings reserved for losses, undivided profits and surplus. Taken by themselves those figures also look "mighty skeery," and yet the banks were "minded to pay" that much.

Look out for the banks, they are fooling you! The increase in the taxation of the banks of California, as their capital, undivided profits and surplus now stand, will be exactly $599,000, no more and no less and, to earn it they had, according to the latest figures obtainable, resources amounting to $952,859,000 and if, as they threaten to do, they pass all the increase to the borrower to be paid it will cost him less than one dollar per year on each thousand dollars he borrows.

The truth is that the banks of California have been shirking their share of the common burden of taxation. They have been paying less than one-half of one per cent on what they are worth, while others have been paying twice to three times as much. Moreover, if the people have got to pay this $599,000, they may as well pay it in added interest as in added taxes, for if the banks do not pay it other property must. Vote for Amendment Number One. Don't let the "poor banks" fool you.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"I have drifted on into a dreary middle age, poverty stricken and friendless, and I view with alarm the prospect of a dependent old age. I never was fitted to cope with this workaday world." So he wrote and then quaffed that which took him out of a world to which he was unfitted, and into one he knew not of. Life has no pathos exceeding this.

Where was the fault? The Socialist will be quick to affirm that it is in our unregulated social system, and straightway his inventive genius sees in the clouds of a more or less foggy mentality such an organized social system as shall perforce put such an one into a niche carved out for him where he shall earn his keep through the performance of some task suited to his strength and capacities, at once free from worry and free from the galling sense of being dependent, also free from responsibility for self-direction, free from opportunity to develop that splendid initiative and courage without which men are children all their days.

"I never was fitted to cope with this workaday world." There, in a single sentence, is the whole lamentable story. But who, at the beginning, is so fitted? At the beginning we are all of us seven to ten-pound lumps of fat and pliable gristle, with power only to suck and to wail as prenatal suggestion, or discomfort under the swaddling band, may prompt us. It is our business in life to fit ourselves for life and, inasmuch as this is a workaday world, it is our business, and the business of those who fetch us into this life, the business of the public, to conspire to fit us into just such a world. Is society, are parents, doing quite all that needs to be done to help to fit the unfit "to cope with this workaday world?"

"I have drifted into a dreary middle age." In following up this tragedy to unravel it here is another clew, very important. Why was he without chart and without compass drifting in a world that has the Christian religion and the life lines of thousands of men who have navigated life's waters successfully? What shall we say of one who puts to sea thus unprovided? What right has such an one to expect anything but shipwreck and disaster? True it is that, with the best appliances for steering that the world knows of, wrecks do occur. They cannot all be avoided. Some of those who go down to the sea in ships, and some who embark on the bosom of life's river, must and will perish, but to set forth wholly unprepared is to make destruction sure.

Set our courses as best we may, adverse winds and currents, yes, economic pressure, too, like the pressure upon the crust of the earth that causes the strata to slip and the earth to quake, will crowd us aside from the right way. Things happen. There is good fortune and ill, commonly called luck, that modify all results and sometimes fetch crushing defeat, and yet, making allowance for all variations from the true course we have mapped out, it is still as true as can be that the only way is to map out a course and follow it. We may drift for a holiday, if there be no rapids below, but to drift on into middle life is to make sure of the rapids and to deserve them.

Every wreck has its lesson which a painstaking investigation may put to good account in preventing other wrecks. The wreck of this victim of suicide enforces these conclusions: The child cannot be trusted to set its course; the youth must be persuaded, aided, lent a hand; the man, having been so prepared to be a man, must make his chart, steer his course and upon no account must he drift into or through middle age. He may fail, anyhow, but if he drifts he is sure to face the alternative of death, either by his own hand or some other how, or a dependent old age. And it is right and proper that it should be so! To have it otherwise would be to gather figs from thistles.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Continuous Supply of Radium Assured

It is announced that the work of securing radium from the pitchblende mines in Cornwall, Englind, is proceeding so satisfactorily that a lack of sufficient supply of the precious substance need not be anticipated. Already it is being obtained at the rate of more than a half-gram per month, which is as much as has heretofore been secured in a year, and preparations have been made for the production of a gram a month. This is good news, for now that the world has learned the value of radium it would not like to do without it; and yet it is amazing how little of the metal suffices. To illustrate, it is to be produced, in sufficiency, at the rate of a gram a month. Does the reader realize that, at that rate, it would require more than thirty-one years of constant mining to produce a pound troy of the substance? Babes would have become middle-aged men, and middle-aged men would have grown old, while this lone pound of radium was being secured for the use of the world. Looked at from this point of view the result seems insignificant, but viewed in the light of capacity to benefit the world of men this single pound becomes vastly important. Multum in parvo—the phrase was born before radium was dreamed of in the philosophy of the world's Horatio, but never was it so applicable to aught else.

Health Certificates for Brides

Switzerland, which is well to the front in answering questions that have to do with the betterment of mankind, apparently is about to take a step which will be regarded with interest by thoughtful people everywhere. Acting upon the suggestion of the Swiss society of public utility for women, it is considered likely that the government will enact a law providing that prospective brides be required to present a physician's certificate of health to their fiances in advance of a wedding, so that the man who marries a girl must do so with his eyes open to her physical condition. Next year, if the plans are carried into effect, all young women, married or otherwise, must submit to such an examination. Which is all very well, perhaps, but why confine this antinuptial proceeding to the women? Has the experience of the world taught that they alone bear the ills to which flesh is heir and hand them down to their children? As a matter of fact, are not men the more likely to be afflicted with the most loathsome of diseases? The Swiss plan seems subject to the objection that it is too much like the handle of a pitcher—entirely on one side. To be sure, Swiss men are examined when they go into the army, but there is time for much to happen between then and marriage. With the invidious distinction between sexes removed, this Swiss scheme should work well.

Consumption of Alcohol in France

Fifty years ago the consumption of alcoholic liquors in France averaged little more than two quarts per citizen annually; at the present time the consumption is nearly sixteen quarts. The French people drink about eight times as much alcoholic liquor as they did a half-century ago. During the same time the Scandinavian peoples, who have been recognized as hard drinkers, have decreased their consumption by about one-half, or from two gallons to one gallon annually. Today the bad preeminence in this line belongs to the French. Their capital city has more than five times as many saloons as London, although much smaller. Those who are acquainted with the facts attribute this increase in drinking largely to the fact that absinth is the principal drink, and each glass of absinth is a demand for another. The growth of the absinth habit is demonstrated by statistics. In 1884 the amount of this liquor consumed in France was 1,300,000 gallons; since 1905 the annual consumption has averaged about 780,000,000 gallons. In twenty-one years the amount drank multiplied itself by 600. Such figures almost suggest the inebriation of an entire nation, but so many Frenchmen have remained sober that strenuous efforts are being made to secure a better condition of affairs by helpful and judicious legislation.

Be Careful How You Wash Your Hands

In the good old days before man, under the wise tutelage of the doctors, began his ceaseless struggle against bacteria, our worthy grandparents thought they had done a good and effective thing when they had carefully washed their hands with soap and water. We, who are wiser and more microbe-haunted than they, if we have kept abreast with the discoveries of science, know better. We know, what our grandsires never once dreamed, that soap and water thus applied really is injurious instead of beneficial, inasmuch as it softens the skin and gives a swarm of microbes a chance to enter through the pores and begin housekeeping. This unforeseen discovery, which should put soap and water out of business, was made by Dr. Schomburg, a surgeon on the general staff of the German army, and its merit has received official recognition. What, then, are we to do, do you ask? Are we to permit our hands to go unwashed and uncleansed? Not at all. Buy alcohol, and wash with that, and it will remove bacteria. It may prove a trifle expensive, but what is expense when compared with microbes and other bugs? Use alcohol for cleansing purposes. That is, use it until the doctors tell us that it is injurious, and when they do they probably will suggest something else that can be purchased, as they generally do.

Another Non-Fatal European Duel

Another European duel has been fought without serious consequences, but with intense satisfaction to honah. The parties to the affair were Herr Joachim von Bethmenn-Hollweg of Runowo (of whom it is difficult to believe that he would smell as sweet by any other name) and Count Heinrich von der Goltz. The circumstances leading to the duel are not publicly recorded, but they were so grave that it was agreed that the parties should continue firing at each other until one of them had satisfied his honor by incapacitating the other. With this understanding, the bullets of the honor-stricken ones began to make long, smooth holes through the atmosphere, the seconds having first secluded themselves behind a stone barn which they had previously assured themselves was at hand. The first interchange of shots was futile; on the second a ball from Bethmann-Holweg's pistol struck a tree, ricochetted and hit the count on a belt-buckle or something of the sort. Then arose an interesting question in duelling morals. The man with the double-jointed name was not wounded, he was not hurt except in his feelings—was honah satisfied? After due and grave consideration, it was decided that honah was satisfied, or if it were not it should be ashamed of itself. So the doughty foemen honked rapidly away to a place of which they knew, where foamy nectar was dispensed. Thus ended another tragedy unmarred by gore, and honah quotations in the market appear to have been unaffected.

The Azure Blood of Eton College

Perhaps the duty we mortals owe ourselves to see to it that we are born of the right kind of parents to insure us a soft snap in life is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than at Eton college, England, which is attended by the sons of families of rank and wealth. In this school there are at the present time two princes, viz: George of Teck and a son of the king of Siam, and sixteen peers or heirs of peerages, including three sons of dukes, one of a marquis, and twelve sons of earls. Two of these children yet may sit on thrones, while the other sixteen, who were only less judicious in the selection of their parents, will inherit 53 titles of peerage, an average of about three and one-third titles apiece. Moreover, the latter will inherit 42 castles or manors and 680,000 acres of land, an average of 42,500 acres apiece, which should necessitate their getting up in the morning rather early if they are to farm successfully. All because they selected their parents with great care, and for no better reason. What a howling farce it all is! Yet we solemnly accept it as the will of the gods or something akin thereto.

Uncle Sam Pays the Fiddler

Just now Uncle Sam, like the rest of us, is engaged in paying the fiddler. Stating the case in another way, he is paying his share of those increased costs of living which hit some of us so hard. To be sure, what he pays out goes first through our pocketbooks, but he is paying it out. An example of this truth is found in army expenses. Last year the cost of a soldier's ration was placed at 19.65 cents. For the current fiscal year the appropriation was made on a basis of 20.7 cents per ration, and the estimate for next year places the cost of a ration at 23 cents. Here is an increase of about 16½ per cent in two years. In about twelve years at this rate the cost of food would be doubled, and other expenses of living keep pace with it. It is admitted that the price of food may go so high that the 23-cent estimate will not cover the cost of a ration, but it is believed and hoped that it will not, and to such a hope no one who desires to continue to live will breathe a nay.

Lady Stout, wife of Sir Robert Stout, chief justice of New Zealand, says that the infant death rate is lower in her country than in any other place in the world except Victoria. According to her statistics 214 babies die before they are one year old out of every 1,000 born in Hungary; in Germany, 190; in France, 149; in England and Wales, 174; in Scotland, 125; in New Zealand, 77; in Victoria, 70. Lady Stout also says that before the granting of equal franchise to the women of New Zealand and Victoria the birth rate was very low. For the first few years after the decline continued, then the birth rate took an upward turn, which has continued ever since until now it is higher than that of England and Wales. These are, in Lady Stout's opinion, two strong arguments in favor of equal franchise.

Mrs. John Curran of St. Louis, president of the Woman's Missouri Development Association, is working hard to have the 12,000,000 acres of untilled fertile land in her state brought into cultivation. One of the means by which she hopes to accomplish this is by having agriculture, at least the rudiments, taught in the public schools. The association is offering prizes to school children under 16 for the best essay on "Missouri and Her Resources."

According to investigations made by Miss Mary Van Kleck, one woman out of every four in New York is a wage earner, and only 47 per cent of this army of workers receive more than $6 a week. Miss Van Kleck is the secretary of the woman's committee of the Russel Sage Foundation.

Miss Sheila O'Neill recently showed and explained in London a model of a tandem monoplane which she has just completed. This exhibition was given under the auspices of the Woman's Aerial League of London. Miss O'Neill is the only woman allowed to drive a motor car in the Irish reliability motor trials. She has won many prizes in motoring, has patented several inventions and is at present perfecting a new splash device for motors. She went out as a nurse during the Boer war, and holds medals from both the king and queen of England.

Mrs. F. W. Gerard, chairman of the forestry committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has worked in behalf of forestry for more than twenty years. The other members of the committee are Mrs. Mary Maury, who has prepared a handbook on the trees of Kentucky; Mrs. A. B. Avery, who has secured the passage of a resolution by the Louisiana Yellow Pine Association for such regulation of cutting timber as will comply with the conditions of supply and demand; Mrs. F. H. Tucker, who has written outline studies of conservation, and Mrs. Lowell White, who helped to save the big trees of California from destruction.

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

ONE HAPPY ENDING

Mrs. Humphry Ward's reason for giving a happy ending to "Lady Rose's Daughter" instead of following the tragic facts of Mlle. de Lespinasse's life, from which the plot is avowedly taken, appears in the introduction to the new edition of her works announced by Houghton Mifflin company. "At the bottom of my mind," she says, "was the conviction that Julie would in truth have destroyed herself, what ever Delafield might do. But this conviction was met by another equally clear—that I no longer had the nervous energy wherewith to do it. The thought of Julie, ruined and dying, of the wrestling with feeling and realization which lay before me if I was to bring home to myself first, and to my readers afterward, a tale at all akin to that which appears in the letters of Julie de Lespinasse—presented itself to me, as the thought of another rock-face to climb might present itself to one already worn out in a wrestle with the mountains. I simply felt that it could not be done. The very thought of it haunted and terrified me. Deliberately, imagination turned to softer and easier things, and though I confess now that Delafield's interposition on the Paris journey, and all the later scenes of the book, involve, in truth, a forcing of the subject, a certain treachery to the artistic conscience, yet the relief and pleasure they gave me at the moment are not to be described."

FRENCH PLAYS FALSE TO LIFE

"Every one knows that it is in France that the family has reached its apotheosis," says an Englishwoman in the Lady's Pictorial, "that marriage nine times out of ten is a reasonably happy and safe adventure to undertake, and yet all French drama and most French novels depict a curious society, in which all the characters of an attractive age are engaged in breaking the Seventh Commandment.

"Now French society—one of the best organized and cohesive in the world—could not endure for a year if such a state of things really existed. As a matter of fact these unlawful intrigues are no more typical of French family life than of English family life; indeed, I should imagine rather less so.

"The young French wife is observed, chaperoned, surrounded by mothers-in-law, aunts and cousins, who watch all her doings with lynxlike assiduity and she has to account for her time to a whole circle of affectionate but experienced women of the world. In summer and autumn they fill their villas and chateaux with relatives, and not with friends, so that the chances of monsieur or madame being able to indulge in a love affair or even the mildest 'flirt' are exceedingly remote.

"To the chateau come the sons or daughters-in-law and their children, uncles, aunts, grandmothers and cousins from the most distant provinces, but rarely does the French host or hostess have a succession of 'house parties' such as we are accustomed to in England. The young wife must sit in the drawing room of an afternoon and of an evening, surrounded by her husband's female relatives, assiduously doing fancy work, making clothes for the poor of the village or embroidering a new altar cloth or a robe for the Madonna in the little parish church.

"She is the woman in Europe who is least able to live her own life, to go about without malicious comment or to see masculine friends with any sort of cordial intimacy. Then again there is the tie of her religion—the necessity of confessing all her misdoings—to make her adhere to the narrow path of duty."

For the origin of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" the forthcoming publication of the eleventh edition of which, by the University of Cambridge (not the Times this time) is exciting so much interest we must go back to the year 1771, when the modest forerunner of the now celebrated work was issued in weekly numbers, which when completed filled only three small quarto volumes.

Californian Poets' Corner

MAGDALENE
By Lyman R. Goodman

They left her dark hair floating wild,
With finger-tips they touched her lips.
And laid no flowers upon her breast,
But only sighed and said, "Poor child!
Perhaps 'tis best!"

I knew no sin, for I was young;
I only heard the night-air stirred,
While spirit music rose and fell
Upon my ears, and voices sung,
"Sweet Christ, 'tis well!"

A BALLAD OF LOVE
By Clarence T. Urmy

I.

O sweet the buds and the silver dew
And the blush of the dawning day,
And O, if the skies were always blue,
And if it were always May!
The heart is the fairest bud of all,
And love is its silver dew,
Alas! for the years, the pain of years,
And the dreams that come not true.

II.

O sweet the buds and the silver dew,
And the blush of the dawning day,
And O, if the skies were always blue,
And if it were always May!
O, sad the wind and the dusty path,
Alas! for the birds grown dumb,
For hearts that wait at the harbor-gate,
For the ships which never come!

III.

O, sweet the buds and the silver dew,
And the blush of the dawning day,
And O, if the skies were always blue,
And if it were always May!
Alas! for roses that turn to dust,
For dew that changes to gall,
For hearts that break for love's dear sake—
Alas! for the end of it all!

REALITY
By Chas. S. Greene

Shut in by walls of brick and stone, all day
I work and worry, like the crowd, for gold,
Till only that which can be bought and sold
Is real,—higher things but fancy's play.
Yet when the quiet evening shades of gray
Dim earth and sea, ah then, no more controlled
By sordid cares, I cut the bonds that hold
To toil and strife, and on the peaceful bay
Am borne content. And when my eyes I turn
Back to the town, it fades before my sight,
All vague and ghostly in its smoky pall;
While over it in sunset glory burn
The high, the beautiful, in living light,
The true realities, enfolding all.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
By Charles Keeler

Here, where the gentle hand of God, outspread
In benediction, has bestowed such blue
And purple mist upon the bay, such view
Of ocean far through golden portals led,
Or, in the gloaming, such a royal red,
Sweeping the tide and spreading high its hue
Like banners of Cathay flung wide, there grew
A consecrated pile to learning wed.
O may the stones here reared make mute appeal
With their dumb eloquence for beauty's dower,
And may they be the center, whence shall steal
A presence through the land, a might, a power
Shaping the West to ends more fair and strong,
Finding expression meet in toil and song.

BESSIE ABOTT, "YSOBEL"

Bessie Abott, who will create the title role in Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," is one of the most interesting of American prima donnas. The New York Times says of her:

Miss Abott made her debut at the Opera in Paris in 1901 in the role of Juliet. She sang there for two years, and her other parts included the bird in "Siegfried" and Gilda in "Rigoletto." She sang with Jean de Reszke during his final Paris appearances. In 1903 she went to the Opera Comique, where she made her debut in "Lame." She was also heard there as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" and in "Traviata."

It was here that Heinrich Conried heard her and determined to engage her for the Metropolitan Opera House. The story of that engagement has never appeared in print before.

Mr. Conried sent for Miss Abott and after he had talked with her a while he offered her a contract to sing here. After considering the contract for some time, she decided to refuse it.

"I am too young, Mr. Conried," she said. "I haven't had enough experience yet. Let me wait two more years before I sing in New York."

Mr. Conried was obdurate.

"Come now or not at all," he said. "I control the operatic situation in America, and if you do not come with me now you can never come."

At that time, it should be explained, Mr. Hammerstein's opera house did not exist. Miss Abott came to the Metropolitan, therefore, and then it began to be a question why Mr. Conried had wanted her so badly. The singer made her debut in "La Boheme." She had never sung the part of Mimi before, and she had never sung Italian before. Yet she had just a week to learn the part in. She was naturally very nervous. Her further appearances during that season were made under similar circumstances. Once Mme. Sembrich fell ill and she was asked to sing the title role of "Marta" at the shortest possible notice. Many weeks she did not sing at all. After two years—her contract was for five years—Miss Abott rebelled.

Her quarrel with Conried was one of the picturesque features of the end of the season of 1907. Miss Abott refused to sing at the Metropolitan any longer and started a suit. Mr. Conried spoke harshly to those who mentioned the matter to him. The following season, however, Mr. Conried's last as director of the Metropolitan, found the affair settled. Miss Abott returned and sang Gilda, Filina in "Mignon," and "Marta." Her appearances on these occasions were made under the best possible auspices.

Since then Miss Abott has sung in concert at Lisbon and at Monte Carlo. She created the title role of the one-act opera "Naristhe" at Monte Carlo. She has sung Marguerite and she knows the leading parts of the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "Lucia." She is still a young woman. Mascagni has had her voice, which is a lyric soprano, constantly in mind while he has been composing "Ysobel," and he has been careful not to make the music too great a strain. It is intended that she shall appear in it five times a week during the season.

Giorgi and Gaudensi are the two Italian tenors who will alternate in the leading tenor part. Rovescalli of the Scala, in Milan, is painting the scenery, and the costumes, armor and properties are being made by Carramba, the designer and costumer of the same theatre. The opera, of course, will be sung in Italian and the company, with the exception of Miss Abott and certain members of the chorus, will be essentially Italian.

Miss Abott has taken an especial interest in the matter of the chorus herself. She is desirous that the girls shall not only be able to sing well but that they shall be young and beautiful.

IS ROOSEVELT A MYTH?

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

The editor warned me before I began to write this article that there must not be one particle of information in it. Please remember this.

I have discovered that Theodore Roosevelt is a myth. Like the farmer who sized up the hippopotamus. I have carefully studied this prodigious phenomenon, and "there ain't no sech animal."

I will admit, if you please, that there is somewhere a something in human form, weighing over 200 pounds and having familiar eyes and teeth, this something being called Theodore Roosevelt. I will admit that this something is an entity, a physical organism, that it speaks; even, perhaps that it has a soul. In brief, it is a man. But there is nothing startling in that. I am a man myself. But print my name in the headlines and nobody gets excited. Print Theodore Roosevelt in the headlines, and the world is agape. Print my name in the papers, and the few who read it at all may say, "A nobody. Apparently he is a writer." Print Theodore Roosevelt's name in the paper and everybody, reading, sees a vision bulking as vast as the genie that came out of the brass bottle the poor fisherman opened.

Now that comparison illustrates my point exactly. When Theodore Roosevelt was a student in Harvard he was, let us say, five feet six inches high and two feet broad, flesh and blood, hide and hair. When Theodore Roosevelt came back from Africa he was five thousand feet high, six blocks wide, wore a halo that dimmed the luster of Aurora Borealis, breathed thunder and spouted lightning, and the gnashing of his teeth was heard around the world.

I submit that both those descriptions are essentially accurate. And yet, obviously, there is a lie out somewhere. The second does not describe a man, it describes a prodigy. And this materialistic and scientific age has marked the stocks of prodigies down to zero. Hence my deduction is logically inevitable, and so I reiterate my premise, Theodore Roosevelt is a myth. There is no such animal.

Why, the man is impossible. For example, I once sat in an office in New York and overheard a Wall street broker and the treasurer of a great railroad system talk about Roosevelt. They called him uncomplimentary names, plain, hard, one-syllabled Anglo-Saxon epithets. That was intelligible, and I said to myself, "He **could** be those things. I don't think he **is**, but he **could** be." But then they enlarged on the subject and soon soared out of my range. They described him as horned and hoofed and cloven-tailed, more powerful than Colossus, more cunning than Machiavelli, more infernally evil than Mephistopholes, more destructive than holocaust. I left their presence with a picture of T. Roosevelt in my mind comparable only to a sentient and devastating tornado, with a face reflecting Inferno and works reflecting Death on a White Horse.

Then I came West again and heard Roosevelt described. Men spoke of him as a good fighter, an able statesman, an honest man. Intelligible, possible. But the admiring host went on and expanded as the hating host had done. Another prodigy was the result: a godlike being, possessed of all knowledge, all wisdom, all the virtues, invincible and invulnerable, gigantic, hurtling on to emancipate a nation, a race, a world.

Now these two views of Roosevelt are at the poles of all views, they are the ends of the spectrum. In between them you may find every conceivable opinion and estimate of him. Every man ascribes to him a different set of vices and virtues, every man places him in a different category. Now that means that he has at least one vice or one virtue for every inhabitant of America. Divide them evenly, for the purposes of argument, and you have a man with forty million vices and forty million virtues, or eighty million distinct characteristics. Don't you see that that argument simply destroys itself? There cannot be such a man. Therefore there is no such man. Therefore Roosevelt is a myth.

In fact, Roosevelt is merely a case of national and universal auto-hypnosis. By a process partly of spontaneous generation and partly of infection, the minds of America have unanimously agreed upon two words, **Theodore** and **Roosevelt**, to stand as a sort of incarnated algebraic formula representative of the unknown quantity in public affairs. He is the **x** around which they arrange all their disputations. Everybody uses him as "the case in point." Mrs. Bellamy Storer worked the problem out that **x-liar.** Wall street worked it out that **x-anathema.** Jacob Riis says **x-saint.** Several million voters decided that **x-political savior.** And all the while they were all talking about a myth, which has no more real existence than Aladdin's wonderful lamp. They were all talking about their imaginary and self-conceived **x,** whereas the reality is only a short, fat man who is remarkable chiefly because he is energetic as well as fat.

I find this myth really very puzzling. I sit in a gathering of people, real flesh and blood people, and one man mounts the platform and talks about the tariff and direct legislation and all that sort of thing, and all these people continue to listen attentively and remain to all appearances sane and cheerful. Then, suddenly, the man on the platform emits two words, Theodore and Roosevelt, and that audience is instantly transformed into a lunatic asylum. They yell and clap their hands and stamp their feet. Some even mount chairs and throw their hats away. Why? Don't ask me. They wouldn't cheer an algebraic formula that way, and yet that is all those two words mean. Nor would they cheer Aladdin's lamp that way. Yet they cheer a myth to the echo, wherever that is.

It is certainly odd about these myths—for Theodore Roosevelt is only the most conspicuous example at the moment, and additionally curious because the avatar of the myth happens to be living at the time of his apotheosis. But there are several of these hoary frauds that have deluded the public down the centuries. Take Mahomet, for example. A comely youth who married a rich widow. But for thirteen hundred years some hundreds of millions of people have thought of him not as a corporeal being, with earthly attributes, but of him only as a vision, a law, a prophecy. And today some two hundred million people voluntarily and absolutely abstain from the use of alcohol and from the collection of usury because somebody's great-great-great grandfather heard it from his great-great-great grandfather that his great-great-great grandfather had had an intimation that this incarnated mirage had intimated that these things were distasteful to the Author of the Universe.

And there is Shakespeare. What a colossal myth is here! Clever, clever man! Acute enough in life to know how more prodigious is a myth than is a man, he destroyed nearly every evidence of his living walk and then, when he descended under the concealing earth, shut off pursuit of his reality by that fearful curse which to this day has stayed the most adventurous and sacrilegious hand:

"Good friend, for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

And what do we have? The memory of a man? Indeed, no. The reflection, now roseate, now sombre, of a light that flashed once across the heavens, a glittering comet of intellect and poetry, the repository of every emotion and the transmuting retort of every idea, a meteor, an annus mirabilis, a prodigy. Say Shakespeare, and the word does not connote a beef-eating, ale-drinking man: it connotes a bedazzlement of the ages. Plainly, we have here nothing real—we have a myth.

Only one man—or a group under the inspiration of one man—has ever attempted to puncture this world-embracing delusion. And Ignatius Donnelly made the mistake of leading simply from one delusion to another delusion, from one prodigy to a greater and more inconceivable prodigy. Suppose, metaphorically speaking, that Donnelly had braved the curse on Shakespeare's grave, had played the ghoul in the interests of science, had unearthed the mouldering casket, wrenched off its lid, and exposed the face of Francis Bacon, grinning still in the enjoyment of his age-long hoax, what then? Why, he would have given birth to a myth beside which the Shakespeare myth would pale to puny insignificance. Add the titanic proportions ascribed to Shakespeare to the gigantic proportions ascribed to Bacon, and you would stagger the human mind, you would have what Hugo ascribed to Napoleon: the universe mounting to one man's brain. Peace! forbear! Leave to us those myths that we have learned to grasp. Weigh us not down with visions too mighty to be borne. We can contain our Caesars, Mahomets, Bacons—myths by inheritance. Even the mob can generate its myth—Roosevelt, myth by our own creation. But pile not Ossa upon Pelion. For as our backs break our minds may conceive a doubt: we may remember not only that we are such stuff as dreams are made on, but, as well, that our little lives are rounded with a sleep.

SHEAR WIT

"The bride was young and beautiful," says a Virginia paper, "her chestnut hair being in ringlets about her marble brain." How would you like to marry a girl with a marble brain? —Toledo Bee.

Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a long, tedious and uninteresting trial and was listening apparently with great attention to a very long winded speech from a learned counsel. After a while he made a pencil memorandum, folded it and sent it by the usher to the Queen's counsel in question, who unfolding the paper found these words: "Patience competition. Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention, Job."—Argument.

"All the summer long you were growling about hard times, but how does the world look now?" "Ah, me!" he groaned. "There's no hope in it. We air now afflicted with more prosperity than we kin git away with!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Having to explain the statement that the sun never sets on the British empire, a youthful essayist wrote as follows: "The sun sets in the west. Now the British empire lies in the north, south and east."—Strand.

Emperor—I do not care to hear your proposition, sir. Everything that is submitted must first be put through the prime minister. Subject—Nothing would please me better. I wanted to show you the new bayonet which I have invented for army use.—Judge.

Willie—How vain you are, Ethel. Looking at yourself in the glass. Ethel—Vain! Me vain! Why, I don't think myself half so good-looking as I really am.—Syracuse Herald.

Little Willie—Oh, Uncle George, did you bring your horn? Uncle George—My horn? Why, I have no horn. Little Willie—Then I wonder what papa meant when he said you were off on a toot last week?—Philadelphia Record.

Here are a few of the best Sunday school "howlers" which the Manchester Guardian has selected from a Sunday school examiner's note book: "Eve sinned out of curiosity more than liking for that particular fruit." "The Semitic races were the half breeds, from semi, half." "The Sanhedrin was composed of seventy men of reclining years and great learning."

Mrs. Myles—Is she bringing up her daughters properly? Mrs. Styles—Oh, yes; they're all hobbled!"—Yonkers Statesmen.

Mrs. Gordon Green is a licensed pilot on the Mississippi. She is the wife of the owner of a line of steamers and began her study of the river twenty years ago, and finally took charge of a steamer plying between Cincinnati and St. Louis.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Case of Josh Simmons

osh Simmons would set on a grocery cheer
\n' argue our country is all out o' gear,
\n' he'd tell how our gover'ment orto be run
f things they was did es they orto be done.
W'y, look," he would say, "at the poor an'
the rich!
'he diff'rence is shockin'; there shouldn't be
sich;"
\n' he'd vow that he reckoned some day he
would rise,
\n' then what he'd do, it would be a supprise;
\n' he'd tell what to do to git riches an' pelf—
3ut somehow he never did nothin' himself.

osh Simmons, he felt our condition, he did,
\n' his grief fer the gover'ment couldn't be
hid,
\n' the tears frum his eyes, they would fall
like a rain
Vhen he said, "That our leaders is traitors is
plain;
3ut sometime," he added, "I'm goin' to show
Them faithless mis-leaders how things orto
go."
Then he'd borry a pipe of terbacker of me,
An' the style that he did it was pleasant ter
see),
\n' urge that all rascals be laid on the shelf—
3ut somehow he never did nothin' himself.

osh Simmons we 'lowed wus the cleverest
cuss
Chat ever made clear our condition to us,
\n' sometimes when he wus a-talkin' we'd say,
We'll hurt the dern rascals if you'll show the
way;"
\n' then he'd remark in the dolefulest style,
'Though I'd like fer to lead you, yet, not to
beguile,
Nor to lead you astray, though my intent is
prime,
'm sorry to say that I ain't got the time.
Have you got a chew, Ab?) Lay the rogues
on the shelf."
3ut somehow he never did nothin' himself.

* * *

Conscience, the Alarm Clock

Did it ever occur to you, Cleomenes, that he conscience is the alarm-clock of man's spir-tual nature? Calculated to arouse and startle iim, to urge him to play his part well in the trenuous business of living, to—but you see iow happy is the simile, do you not?

And, of course, you know all about man's elation to the alarm-clock. It is like this: Recently you have been getting to your work ate, and you realize that you must cease lallying with Morpheus earlier. Well, an larm-clock will yank you out of the land of lreams; in fact, that is its business in life. Accordingly you purchase a nice, new clock vith a warranted alarm.

The first morning you are pained to note hat it works almost too well. If there had been a dynamite explosion in your room at alf past five it would not have been noisier or more repulsively obtrusive than was that clock. Gabriel's trumpet probably will not waken you so suddenly, and it did almost everything that is noisy and unreasonable except to swear at you. As you remark to your scared wife, you wish you had bought a clock which was less emphatic.

The second morning it is so much better hat it doesn't turn any of your hairs gray with fright. The third morning it gives you out a reasonable start. The fourth morning t barely succeeds in getting you out of bed. A week now has passed, Cleomenes, and that larm-clock has lost all its influence with you. It is almost as powerless to disturb you as is he name of a political party to affect the av-erage voter of today.

Right there is where the alarm-clock and the conscience again are alike. Neglect their warnings, fail to pay immediate attention to them, and they soon cease to have any effect upon you; you fail to feel their ablest efforts.

And that, my boy, is what ails many men and women whom you have met or will meet.

The Opinions of Rufus

I want you to notice, Elnathan, that the only thing 'bout an automobile that's extry dangerous is the fool that drives it.

I wouldn't object to wimmen-haters so much if 'twan't fer the fact that so many of 'em 'parently go into the business of gittin' up fashions fer the clothes of our wives an' sisters.

In the minds of most men is a beautiful faith that they'd have made a glitterin' success of 'most any callin' 'cept the one they chose.

Lots of times I've caught fellers writin' poetry when they'd have been a blame sight more useful if they'd been sawin' wood.

It's a good deal easier to evolve brilliant thoughts by readin' 'em in books than it is by settin' down an' diggin' in your gray matter fer 'em.

Josh Bings says it's a mighty distressin' thought that a feller can do things in a minute that he can't undo in a hull lifetime, an' I reckon Josh is right.

I calc'late that if the poet that said, "Sing though the cup be bitter," had heered me sing he'd a-offered some other suggestion.

If some men wan't married I don't know es there would be much of anything 'bout 'em to recommend.

Some people's lives is like some books: They're considerable attractive—after they've been carefully 'nough expurgated.

'Tain't much of a philosopher that hain't observed that middlin' often the hardest part 'bout doin' a thing is the thinkin' 'bout it beforehand.

I've noticed that the fellers that allow they would do a heap of good with their money if they was rich mighty seldom are the kind that are rich.

* * *

What Could You Expect of Men?

We men are a queer, wobbly lot. Looking within our own souls, let's admit it at once. We drink whisky—at least, some of us do—when we have none too much sense while sober; we support boodlers and grafters, knowing them to be such, when in our heart of hearts we realize that much of that sort of thing will wreck our country and spell ruin for our children; we—but you well know what we do, so why continue?

But what could you expect. Are we not the sons of our mothers, and are not our mothers, being women, the abiect slaves of fashion-makers? Slaves, I said, and slaves is the right word, for never did black man under southern sun respond more certainly to an overseer's lash than do our women to the nod of Queen Fashion. They are going into the hobble skirt today, and the surprising result is that they generally look as if they had been whittled down or wish that they might be. One month ago they vowed that they would not be caught dead in a hobble skirt; now men see them and snicker every day.

They wouldn't wear bustles; and they did, whether they needed them or not. They **never** would wear balloon sleeves; and directly the whole brigade of them looked like incipient angels, of a suspicious character. They wear short skirts or long, waists under their arms or waists at their knees; they have hips or they never have heard of hips; they wear hair plastered to their heads, and they wear it in towering masses composed of selections from the heads of all the children of earth; they manufacture and unmanufacture themselves—all at the behest of Dame Fashion. They do this largely without regard to cost or personal appearance, and all they do or buy today must be thrown away within three or six months, for so Fashion wills.

What could you expect of men, I say. Are we not the sons of women who make and unmake themselves, build and rebuild, beautify and uglify, all at the behest of a shadowy something which lacks even a throne for its power? Foolish? Of course we are, but think of our lineage!

'Tis Thus the Prize Is Gained

Before earth's sweetest song was writ
Some poet-heart had throbbed to it,
Had throbbed and yearned until it heard
The music mated to the word,
And, bowing low, reached out to seize
One note from Nature's symphonies.

Ere man God's whitest truth proclaimed
Some soul, where midnight candles flamed,
Had strongly striven, greatly yearned,
And crying, "I am blind!" had turned
To face doubt's wall of black despair—
And found God's message written there.

Ere life's divinest deed was done,
And Calvary's cruel height was won,
Was heard the Doer's tearful plea,
Deep hid in dark Gethsemane:
"Let this cup pass!"—Oh, precious tears,
To wash the stains from all the years.

So it has been, will be again;
The good we prize is bought by pain,
And some the crown of thorns must wear
That others smiles of peace may wear.
Man's savior still he crucifies,
But, lo! the message never dies.

* * *

The Candidate's Tribute To His Rival

"I pause at this time," said the political candidate to his audience, "to pay a deserved tribute to my distinguished opponent. He is a man of superior intellect, except for those gross deficiencies which everybody notices; of highest moral character, when there is nobody around to compare him with; of great purity of purpose, although his friends deprecate that he doesn't show it oftener; of loftiest patriotism, which would insure his refusing to accept boodle if anybody were looking; a candidate for whom all men would be delighted to vote, if they could do so rationally.

"Nobody could appreciate my rival's sterling qualities, thus briefly set forth, more than I do, and I regret only that they are so difficult to find; yet if one only had time and a microscope they might repay investigation.

"After this brief and merited digression, my fond hearers, we now will return to our discussion of the notable difference between a Demopublican who votes for an Aldrich-Payne tariff and a Republocrat who votes the other way."

* * *

Some Political Maxims

The loudest campaign orator doesn't necessarily catch the most votes.

If the tenderloin had no vote some of our ablest politicians would go out of business.

If there were less men who voted for their party right or wrong, the party wrong would be a less frequent phenomenon than it now is.

There is no man who loves his party so undeviatingly as the man who wants an office.

The objection to personal recriminations in politics is that you may not be able to say meaner things about the opposing candidate than he does about you.

Vote for a party because you deem its principles best at this time, but not because your grandfather voted for it. Perhaps the old gentleman is no more dead than are the party policies he upheld.

Abraham Lincoln was a great and good man, but probably he would be surprised to learn that some consider Nelson B. Aldrich a representative Republican.

There may be bad men on good tickets: It is recorded that Satan once was a resident of Heaven.

Even if Alameda voters can't manipulate a voting machine successfully, they ought to be gratified to feel that somebody is making money out of their mistakes.

We may not know where Hiram Johnson was four years ago, but we know that four, six and eight months ago he was lifting his voice against Southern Pacific dominance of California, when elsewhere all was silence.

One good vote offsets only one bad one, but that is sufficient to warrant polling it.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

In the Final Throes Of The Quadrennial Agony The campaign is drawing to a close. "Watchman, how goes the battle?" As well as can be expected, thank you, so far as the battlefield may be seen through the dust and the smoke, and the lines are growing plainer day by day. All men who look no farther than to the party ensign have done their rallying, and the Republican rallying ground is the fuller of the two. There is no question about that, but if Mr. Bell were to attract to his standard all the Republican conservatives, all the pro-graft element, all the saloon vote, all who cannot get a promise out of Johnson or his associates for either political preferment or immunity from removal in the event of his election, and at the same time hold to his own standard all Democrats of progressive tendencies and all Herrinites of whatever persuasion—if these should all rally to the support of Bell he might possibly gain the election. That is his only chance and that is not a very good chance, because there is no human likelihood that he will succeed in attracting all these unhomogeneous elements to his standard. It will take them all to win, for the reason that the Lord so loved Republicans that he made more of them, especially in California, than of any and all other kinds. The situation looks good to The Watchman.

What The Watchman Is Particularly Proud Of One of the most splendid features of this entire campaign, from the standpoint of The Watchman, is the high plane upon which the new Republican committee has conducted it. Instead of going to great corporations for great contributions no corporation has been permitted as a corporation or as an "interest" to contribute to it at all; contributions from any source whatever have been limited to $1,000, and not one dollar has been received into the party treasury that either expressed or implied any restriction upon the action of the party or the executive office in the event of Mr. Johnson's election. Many dignified gentlemen have proffered aid upon condition, but they were all plainly told that any aid given must be absolutely without condition other than that its expenditure must be for legitimate and lawful uses of the committee. Against all such advances Mr. Meyer Lissner and Mr. Uhl and their associates have proven "Rocks of Chickamauga," immovable, hurling back every line hurled against them. And, too, the people themselves have been appealed to for funds for the first time in the memory of men and that appeal has not been in vain. How unlike all this is to what has been the custom during the last thirty or forty years only those who have known what the past has been like can fully appreciate. While it took James N. Gillett two full years of his administration to redeem pre-election pledges before he could begin to be politically decent, Hiram Johnson will go into office, if elected, without one pledge given either by himself or by any person in authority in his campaign committee, not given to the people of California as a whole. This, of itself, is sufficient to make The Watchman proud of the new Republicanism.

Bell Cannot Say As Much The Watchman absolves Mr. Bell from having personally committed himself to any interest, but he cannot with truth say as much of the committee that is supporting his candidacy. There are unmistakable indications that whatever goes to that mill is grist. Even though those who come bearing gifts be Greeks their gifts are accepted and their conditions met. This is because that, outside of those Democrats who follow the Democratic banner whoever carries it and wherever it goes, accessions to the Bell ranks are mainly from the spoils fraternity, and Mr. Bell himself has, in his speeches, at least temporized with that element. In speaking of the old Herrin machine Republicans he has taken pains to assure the public that they are all admirable gentlemen whom Mr. Johnson has affronted merely because they dared to differ in opinion from Mr. Johnson. Was, then, the issue of the emancipation of the Republican party from corporation control a mere difference of opinion? That issue was "bond or free," "Herrinism or Republicanism," a "free California or California a political dependency of the Southern Pacific Company." Those who stood for the old order did so either because they did not understand and appreciate the issue, because they smelt the fleshpots of Herrin or because, distrusting the ability of the Men of California to govern their state, they have felt that government by railroad was safer and better. This is no difference of opinion. It is a difference in constitution, spirit, loyalty to liberty and to the state. Mr. Bell has conceded, temporized and compromised until his position before the public is no longer unequivocal, no longer entirely free, and there are following in his train all of those untoward elements that tend to make self-respecting manhood apologetic for, if not ashamed of its species. With much that is good, he has all the bad elements in our political life marshaled under his banner.

Progressive Or Conservative Frankly, there is a perfectly legitimate line of cleavage in the Republican party of this country, that between progressive and conservative. Mr. Bell is bidding for the support of conservative Republicans on the alleged ground that the progressive Republicans have stolen his thunder and are standing for the things that he stands for. Conservative Republicans ought to be able to resist that temptation to desert their party without putting forth great effort.

Mr. Bell is also trying to beguile the Taft Republicans into voting with him rather than with the Roosevelt wing of the Republican party. Frankly, the element in the Republican party that is in control in California is more with Roosevelt than with Taft, unless Taft is also now with Roosevelt, which recent events indicate that he is; but Mr. Bell will not say from the platform that he stands more with Taft than with Roosevelt. If he were to do so progressive Democrats would desert him in a body.

While the sincerity of Bell is not to be questioned, the logic of his sore needs is deflecting him from his true course more and more every day. He has shown that he yields to pressure. He has become conservative, wonderfully conservative, and as such has small claim upon the progressive element in his own party and, if there are more Roosevelt than Taft admirers in the Republican party of California, so are there more Roosevelt than Parker, Harmon or Bailey Democrats. Mr. Bell is being all things to all men to little purpose.

What Will They Do With the Money? Report has it that a big corruption fund is being raised by the "interests" in the interest of Bell. Just how much truth there is in the report The Watchman will not undertake to say. Certain it is that a large fund could be raised, if it has not already been raised, to defeat Mr. Johnson just for the reason that Mr. Johnson has made himself odious to rascality by fighting it to the prison doors, but what can they do with the money?

California is not Rhode Island and it is not Delaware. Voters cannot be bought here at $2 per head. The most that can be done with corruption money is to pass it "down the line," into the pockets of macquereaux and tenderloin barkeepers, but Bell will get the greater part of that vote anyhow and why waste good money on bad eggs?

There are a few newspapers that might be bought, but most of these are in the Bell camp already or else are doing practically nothing for Johnson and the Republican ticket.

If any such fund is being raised it is under false pretenses. It is much easier to raise such a fund than to expend it effectively. Little is to be feared from it. Such a fund was raised and expended during the primary election, but all to no purpose. The man upon whose candidacy it was chiefly expended was third in the race and has not been heard of since. Money has its limitation even in politics.

Where The Watchman Bolts the Ticket This paper has been taken severely to task by standpat papers for bolting the Republican ticket at all "inasmuch as it is the official organ of the Lincoln-Roosevelt wing of the Republican party," which it is not and never was, although it fought as hard as it could for the things that that wing of the Republican party stands for. Its one obligation is to observe entire good faith with its readers.

Frank Jordan: No patriotic man cognizant of the career of Frank Jordan can conscientiously vote for him for Secretary of State He is a marvelous glad hand artist, but he is irresponsible and wholly unfit for an office that ranks, in importance, next to that of governor. His was a nomination not fit to be made and his election would prove a blow to the direct primary; a discredit to the Republican party and a danger to the state. Every Republican who loves party or state or anything but the glad hand should vote for the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State.

For eight years, nearly, Mr. W. W. Shannon has had charge of the state printing office and has failed to put it upon business principles and to do public printing at a reasonable cost. It is time to try some other man, and this paper favors giving Mr. Ravenscroft, the Democratic candidate, that chance.

In the Fourth congressional district this paper advises voters to support Walter Macarthur, not so much because it distrusts Julius Kahn, although he is on the wrong side of most public questions, but because of a recognition of the splendid manhood and abilities, integrity of character and independence of mind, of the Democratic candidate.

As The Watchman views it this is about all the bolting that Republicans have any call to do, except as to the judiciary in which the issue of party has no right to figure at all. There are other weak places in the ticket, but the Democratic ticket cannot strengthen them materially. It will strengthen the appellate bench not a little to elevate James V. Coffey to it, and whoever may be elected to a place on the supreme bench, William P. Lawlor should be elected to one of them. He has proven his steadfastness a thousand times during the last four years when a weaker man would have been as putty in the hands of the tremendous interests banded together to break down the law and drag justice in the mire. Remember that William P. Lawlor was the man whom the higher-ups could not swerve from the line of judicial duty. Vote for him for one of the two vacant places on the supreme bench.

Temerity Of William Kent The same forces that are fighting Hiram Johnson are fighting just as hard to defeat William Kent for congress in the second district and for a similar reason. Mr. Kent had the temerity to take Francis J. Heney with him right into the enemy's country, for, it must not be forgotten, the Southern Pacific Company claims Sacramento for its own. Our advices are that all possible pressure is being brought to bear to throw the controllable vote of Sacramento to the Democratic candidate. There are other powerful interests in the Sacramento valley to whom Mr. Heney is a red flag of anarchy. They have felt the weight of his hand. They are reported to be out with scalping knives for Kent. Mr. Kent is a national figure. His defeat would be a calamity only second to that of Johnson, but he will not be defeated. His opponent can be given all the vote in that district that hates Heney or loves Herrin and still leave him with a comfortable majority, but Mr. Kent's majority should be made embarrassingly large. There is, how-

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

ever, this difference between Kent and Johnson: Mr. Kent knows the political game and can play it according to the rules, but he won't. He takes risks with his eyes open and jaws shut because his desire to be frank with the people of his district exceeds his desire to be elected. Mr. Johnson does not know the rules of the political game, does not care to and fights for what is right because that is the only thing he knows how to do. They are both **Right Men** and the nation is watching California to see what she does with them.

Kahn and The Fair A point insistently made for Julius Kahn is that if San Francisco wants the Panama-Pacific exposition it must return Mr. Kahn to congress. It may be observed that when congress reconvenes in December it will have seen a great light and will be in a correspondingly different frame of mind as to sources of influence. And, anyhow, the whole subject of the Panama exposition will have been disposed of before the fourth of next March when Mr. Kahn's present term will expire. There is ever so little in the exposition argument in favor of Kahn.

Another Message From Roosevelt The letter received this week by Judge Curtis Lindley from Theodore Roosevelt, and given to the public on Wednesday, makes it perfectly clear that the concern for the result in California is national. Roosevelt, William Allen White and Senator Cummins all say so and it is so. Leaving Mr. Bell, his personality and what he stands for entirely out of consideration, as properly may be done, still it is true as Colonel Roosevelt states that, "The result of the election in California is of national concern, not only because of what Mr. Johnson is, but for what he stands for. His nomination represented a signal triumph for Popular Rights, and it represented a signal recognition of popular duties. His election means the most effective possible blow against the domination of the special interests in politics, and his defeat will be hailed with joy by every man who believes in perpetuating in this country the rule of that combination of crooked politics and of crooked finance which is above all else dangerous to the future of this republic." This, of course, is true not because of Bell, but because of that element in our political life that is fighting with Bell for the defeat of Johnson and that New Republicanism for which he stands, a part of the New Nationalism for which Roosevelt is splendidly fighting. The friends of Roosevelt are the friends of Johnson in whatever political party they may be found.

Consider The Overturning Theodore Bell has said that, in the event of his election, he will constitute a majority of all boards and commissions of Democrats, but leave on them a minority of Republicans to the end that needless removals need not be made. The idea is a good one, but what will the Democratic majority in each such board or commission think of the idea with a hungry party piling upon their backs eager to get their feet in the trough? There is no more heinous sin than to make the defenseless wards of a state the victims of partisan politics. Four years ago The Watchman, although he detested the action of the Santa Cruz convention, and admired the fight that Bell was making, nevertheless could not bring himself to vote to overturn the institutions of the state by making a change of party. He voted for Gillett, clinging to the hope that, when elected, he would prove himself the free man that he declared himself to be and that he evidently was when he served in the state senate. Alas for that! He could not get away from the powers that made him governor, but at least he did not make the wards of the state greatly the victims of partisan hatred for Pardee and his appointees. He sinned grievously at Folsom and in some other instances, but in the main the helpless wards were not made the victims of putting out persons who had learned how in order to find places for persons who know nothing except that they want a job. This is a consideration that should appeal to voters strongly. Bell is more well-meaning than resolute, more kindly than courageous, and he will not be able to resist the pressure of the place hunters of his party.

Amendment Number One Just a few words on the constitutional amendments: Constitutional amendment number one should be voted for, not because it is perfect and not because its results can be fully foreknown, but because it is reasonably certain of doing what its friends expect of it and because it is based on sound principles: the separation of state from local taxation and taxation in proportion to ability to pay rather than in proportion to property values without relation to productive values. If faulty it can now be easily amended in obedience to an insistent and reasonable public demand whereas, under the two-thirds rule, it cannot be injuriously amended to suit special interests in opposition to public desires. A few bankers will fight the amendment on the general issue of "tight money" and "increased interest," but, as shown in this paper last week, there is nothing to their contention, for, if the whole increase of tax rate on banks, from six-tenths to one per cent, were transferred bodily to the borrower it would not cost him over a dollar on the thousand per year. As to local taxation on real estate the people would be given home rule with the result, this paper ventures to hope, that, finally, improvements will be exempt from taxation and a part of the increment that is earned by all may be taken for the benefit of all rather than continue to mulct enterprise by taxing the man who makes improvements to the advantage of his neighbor who only speculates. Vote for Amendment Number One.

The Bankers' Way Of Reaching the People The bankers who are opposing Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 1 have introduced a new method into politics. They evidently want to disprove the idea of the editor of The California Weekly that they have no sense of humor for the new method is worthy of a place in Alice in Wonderland, if anything so prosaic as taxes ever entered Alice's mind.

The new method is this. They have employed an advertising agent to write up and circulate literature against the amendment. The poor fellow who has the contract is in a terrible quandary. In the first place his whole habit of mind is to "boost" and now he is required to "knock." A psychologist once wore eyeglasses that turned everything upside down, but after a few days he found himself quite at home in his upside down world. Perhaps the same thing will happen to the advertising agent's mind and after this ordeal is over he will be writing "ads" like these: "Udontneeda Biscuit," "Good morning! I hope you have not used Pear's soap," "Throw Postum to the dogs. There's no reason."

In the second place he knows nothing about the amendment and less even about taxation in general or about California taxation in particular. That bothers him less, for when he gets a new ware to advertise he usually goes to the factory to find out about it. So in this case force of habit carried him to the commission to learn about the amendment. Unfortunately the commission is ill supplied with objections, knowing none that are valid. So with the kindest intentions in the world to be helpful, the commission finds itself in the same position a manufacturer would be in if called upon to supply reasons why people should not use his wares.

There is a pleasing naivete about the whole proceeding.

San Diego Harbor Bonds It is proposed that bonds be issued in the sum of $1,500,000 for the construction of a sea wall, piers, a belt line of railroad and other improvements at San Diego harbor. All the harbor facilities there are now at San Diego are in private hands and a great part of this expenditure would result in private advantage, and yet the harbor needs the expenditure. It is proposed that a state wharf be constructed to compete with the private wharves already in service, which is not in accordance with sound policy. The state should own all or none, or at least have control of wharfing charges over all, or else the city of San Diego should have full control in lieu of the state. This is a problem that must somehow be worked out to a reasonable basis and the sooner the better. It is proposed that the interest on these bonds be met from the harbor revenues, but there are no harbor revenues to speak of and what there are are consumed by local salaries. From October 1st, 1906, until September 30, 1908, the total receipts at San Diego harbor were $10,370.05, and the disbursements, in salaries, office rent, etc., amounted to $9,954.90, leaving a balance possible to be applied to interest on bonds of $415.15, which would not go far. To be sure the state bonds, if voted, are not to be sold until the San Diego Harbor Commission is of the opinion that the harbor dues will meet the obligation, but the obligation, if the bonds are sold, will be a valid one against the state whether so met or not. However, these improvements should be made as rapidly as business justifies their making and, if good faith is kept with the state, the state will not suffer injury through the voting of the bonds. Their voting will merely give the San Diego harbor board a credit to draw against as improvements are warranted and needed. Bad faith is the only risk. The Watchman will take that risk in his voting.

Gillett's Good Roads California needs good roads and the state should help to build them, but the Gillett good-roads proposition before the people should be entitled, "A Bonus to Joy Riding by Automobile," for that is the inspiration of the whole eighteen million dollar expenditure. It should be voted down for the following reasons:

The state should not build, but should help build, good roads. The only roads the state should build outright are through the mountains where there is no one to help build them. Elsewhere the state, the county and the neighborhood should join in building roads, share and share alike or something like it.

The roads that are wanted for economic reasons mainly lead from the farms to the nearest railway station, not trunk lines up one side of the state and down the middle. They need to be built where the hauling is to be done.

We do not yet know how to build roads as fast as the automobiles can unbuild them. Years should be devoted to experimentation on sample miles of road under all sorts of conditions, and a credit of half a million dollars to carry on that kind of work would fit present requirements.

The state engineering department, as now equipped, is unfit to undertake this job and the proposed amendment places the whole responsibility practically in the hands of that department, a department that has scarcely erected a single state building within the appropriation made for it.

It is stipulated in the amendment that San Francisco city and county shall pay no part of this tax because no part of the state roads will be built in such city and county, and yet the automobile trade, for whose benefit the proposition is being pushed, is mainly centered in San Francisco. There are other counties in which not a mile of these roads will be built. Why are they not also exempt? There is no more reason why San Francisco should be exempt from this road burden than why Los Angeles or Oakland, Berkeley or San Jose, should be exempt.

The proposal as it is will work an injustice to such counties as Los Angeles and San Joaquin that have already voted bonds to build roads.

The Watchman is a believer in good roads and in the state helping to build them, but under a more intelligent, just and well ordered plan than that proposed by Governor Gillett to the people of California. California needs a Department of Highways with a skilled engineer at its head to work out a plan of cooperative endeavor with counties and communities whereby the problem of road building may first be solved. Vote against Assembly Bill 990, and vote hard.

The Fair Amendments While this paper does not believe that San Francisco wants the Panama-Pacific exposition half as badly as it thinks it does, it thinks that it wants it and that is almost the same as though it really wanted it. Ten years from now everybody will be able to see that some other course would have been wiser. Nevertheless, that is the business of San Francisco and San Francisco should be permitted to do exactly what it thinks that it wants to do and the state should be governed, so far as Amendment Thirty-three is concerned, by San Francisco's desires. So far as Senate Amendment Fifty-two is concerned, the one that permits the state to contribute $5,000,000 to the enterprise—the state can richly afford to do that. So far as the policy of San Francisco's end of the financing is concerned there is room for two opinions, but not so with the state. The holding of such a fair will be worth many times $5,000,000 to California. Vote yes on both of those counts.

Amendment No. Eleven This amendment is to abolish the taxation of mortgages altogether. It is not necessary and not sound. Lenders and borrowers now have freedom of contract to determine which of them shall pay the taxes and that is going far enough. The mortgage interest is a property interest and should be assessed as such. Moreover, by the unskillful drawing of this amendment it is likely that it would be of no effect and, if so, its attempted application would produce only confusion and dissatisfaction. Vote against Amendment Eleven.

Amendment Thirty-six This amendment, if adopted, will enable judges to call in a judge from another county to help them if they get behind-hand with their dockets while they go ahead in their own court with their regular work. That is, another department may be added from time to time as needed by using some of the judges from other counties who are not busy. This is a common sense proposition and will incur little or no extra cost and may facilitate the administration of justice. It is also proposed that, where judicial work cannot be advanced in this way, a judge pro tempore (for the time being) may be selected by litigants themselves by agreement. Such a judge, so selected, will have all the powers of a judge in that particular case, but no other. The device has worked well in other states and probably will in California. This amendment should be supported.

Amendment No. Thirty-eight This amendment is designed to make the division of counties more difficult. It provides that the creation of a new county shall not reduce the population of the old county below 20,000 and that the new county itself must have at least 8,000. The figures, as the constitution now stands, are 8,000 and 5,000 instead of 20,000 and 8,000, as in this amendment proposed. With the increase in electric and other transportation, and the growth of the automobile traffic, the need for new counties will grow less and less from year to year. The limitations fixed in this amendment are preferable to those in the constitution as it now stands. Vote for it.

Amendment No. Forty-four This amendment proposes to classify cities and towns with reference to the banking business, the purpose being to require banks in large towns to have large capital and permitting banks with small capital only in small towns. Every large town is little more than a collection of small towns with little trade centers in each district. Each such trade center has a grocery, a branch postoffice, a general store, shoe shop, etc., about what would be found in a small town and, although within the corporate limits of a larger city, each one has a separate name such as North Berkeley, or South Berkeley, Fruitvale or Richmond. Now the manifest purpose of this amendment is to prevent such local centers having a bank. No doubt swarms of little banks would be harder for the state banking department to watch than a few big institutions, and yet the big institutions might have branches at these local trading centers if public convenience requires. The Watchman has no very strong convictions as to this amendment, but is loth to limit enterprise needlessly. If a small bank can be watched in a small town a small bank can also be watched in a small subdivision of a large town, and The Watchman is inclined, on general principles, to vote no on this amendment.

Amendment Fourteen This amendment preserves the right of the citizen to fish, at lawful times, from any public lands or lands sold by the state. As with the older countries of Europe, so with us, we are shutting the common people away from participation in the bounties and pleasures of nature and confining them all to the favors of that privilege which the possession of money brings. We should like this amendment better if it went further and prevented the prohibition of fishing in the public streams from any banks, public or private, stipulating only that damage inflicted on property fished from should be paid for. The idea of the crime of "poaching" is repugnant to The Watchman's sensibilities. He will vote "yes" on amendment fourteen.

Those Harbor Improvements The measure before the people authorizing the State Harbor Commission to issue $9,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor facilities for San Francisco should carry. These bonds will be sold in such lots as are required from time to time to meet the cost of improvements as required and are a lien upon the harbor revenues and are not likely to be a tax upon property in any other way than upon commerce. It were probably better to have the state relinquish the harbor control to San Francisco, but in that case the funds for harbor development would have to be raised in the same way, except that the city would vote them instead of the state, but the bonds would still be a lien upon the harbor charges and not upon the property. The Watchman will vote for these bonds.

The India Basin Act This measure proposes that $1,000,000 be voted in bonds, also a lien upon the harbor revenues, for the purchase of sixty-three blocks of water-covered land in San Francisco harbor to be retrieved from private control and returned to

(Concluded on Page 782)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporaton. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.02) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold coin on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. F. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at the office of the said corporation on the ground floor or first floor of the building known and designated as No. 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company,
a corporation.

Location of office: 219 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

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A WATER-FRONT EXPOSITION

A DISCUSSION OF SENATOR NEWLANDS' ORIGINAL AND STRIKING PLAN

By GEORGE E. BURLINGAME

Senator Francis G. Newlands is the author an idea which, for originality and uncon-ntionality, for length, breadth and general oldness of design is fitted to declare that ere is, at least in the conception of exposi-on making, something strikingly new under ie sun.

Senator Newlands' idea is more than a de-arture from the beaten track, it is a straight it across lots, a sweeping defiance to string nces and keep-off-the-grass signs. He has iven to the San Francisco bay community a onception for the Panama-Pacific exposition iat outruns by a dozen laps the best that the World's-Fair" fraternity have heretofore ap-roached in accomplishment.

Quoting from a talk before the members of ie San Francisco chapter of the American In-.itute of Architects at a recent meeting, a re-ime of which appears in the September issue f the "Architect and Engineer of California":

Senator Newlands' Plan

"Would it not be well," he said, "to con-ider, with the aid of competent experts, the dvisability of a water-front exposition, em-racing the development of the water side of ast street from Telegraph hill to Rincon hill, ncluding those hills, and if necessary, lands djacent thereto and possibly Yerba Buena sland, in such a way as to promote the utili-arian purposes of commerce and at the same ime permanently secure attractiveness of ap-earance?

A Waterfront Esplanade

"In forming a conception of such a develop-nent," Mr. Newlands continued, "it will be ecessary to blot out of mind the ugliness of he present waterfront and imagine it, in con-ection with Telegraph and Rincon hills, ransformed by the genius of the best archi-ects and engineers, in such a way as to com-ine utility with beauty. The space between he two hills is a little over a mile. On this pace buildings resembling the Ferry building ould be put up, connected with each other by n elevated esplanade on the water side, for he use of automobiles, carriages and pedes-rians, forming the approach to the second tory of these buildings, which would be used or exposition purposes, the ground floor be-ng utilized for the present commercial pur-oses. This esplanade could cross East street t Telegraph and Rincon hills, and on por-ions of these hills, which would be purchased r condemned, there could be an extensive de-elopment, representing the best work of ar-hitects and engineers and artists, in the form f exposition buildings, terraces, waterfalls, lectric fountains and statuary. The esplan-de would be one of the most effective things n the city, affording convenient views of the ncomparable scenery of the bay, islands, cean and mountains, and also of the great ommercial activities of shipping and com-nerce at the wharves.

Railroad Termini at Goat Island

"If the railroad companies could co-operate with the exposition company the probable re-ult would be the erection of a beautiful ter-minal passenger station by the Southern Pa-cific Railroad company opposite the ferry, the approach to which from Third and Townsend, t is said, the railroad company has already secured. Then, in addition, with the consent of the federal government, arrangements could probably be made with the railroads and the government for a combined development on Yerba Buena island, which would embrace the existing naval training school, any proposed fortifications, the partial leveling of the island at the expense of the railroads and the con-struction of a beautiful terminal passenger sta-tion, and an extensive development for exposi-tion. * * * * The crossing, then, on the ferry would not take more than three or four minutes, and the development of the water front and of Yerba Buena island would make a water scene of almost Venetian beauty."

In the conception of an exposition, of all the elements that enter in for consideration the first is the visitor.

From the standpoint of the visitor, an ex-position is, in its broader meaning, first of all an educational undertaking. It is an effort at uplift, toward a clearer visioned and a broader humanity. Its success depends upon the in-structive good one can take away with him. It is one thing to have an exposition inter-esting, it is another to have it interestingly instructive. It is one thing to be handsomely entertained, it is quite another to find enter-tainment that holds a deeper meaning than the passing show. You may take a piece of Chinese carving and observe it for an hour, following its lines over and under, wondering at the intricacy of its design and the skill and labor of its execution. But though you take away with you a vivid remembrance of the carving in all its details you have only a re-membrance. Now go out and walk for an hour along the beach when the moon is full and the surf is pounding and white flecks of foam jump up and scurry across your path. Then go home and go to bed. Though you have seen only the silvery surf and heard its mon-otonous hammering and felt only the wind of heaven blowing on your face the blood is leap-ing through your veins and you are a new man with a new grip, a bigger vision, a stronger purpose and an increased capacity to face the future.

Now this is incidental but it has a point, a point that is practical and applicable to the case in hand. We have something worth while to exhibit and something worth while to see and go home and think about. Is it worth while to show advantageously what we have or must we manufacture something out of the genius of our minds and display it out in the back yard?

The Bay San Francisco's Distinctive Feature

That distinctive feature of which we alone, of all the world, can boast is San Francisco bay. This is the excuse for San Francisco, it is the explanation of the community. Its pro-portions are magnificent, its islands and inlets, its shores bordered with hills that catch the light and gather the shadows and suggest the valleys and forests beyond—this bay, as a thing of impressive beauty is our first and greatest show place.

But the bay is more than a thing of great natural beauty, it is a harbor. It signifies trade. It represents commercial capacity. With its one hundred miles of waterfront, its possible four hundred and seventy miles of berth room—sufficient to handle twenty times the present commerce of London and to ac-commodate a population of fifty millions of people—this bay stands for investment oppor-tunity and net returns on dollars.

Adjunct to the bay and of equal interest to the visitor are its ships and shipping. To one there is a poem in every mast, a romance in every weather-beaten hulk. To another every craft, from scow to steamer, signifies a link in the chain that binds the world together in commercial fraternity.

An Exhibit of Commerce

The bay, its shores and its shipping, its craft and its commerce, are the best we have to show at any time. But at this time, if there is any significance in this exposition, if it is to be the dedication of the greatest oceanic commercial undertaking in the greatest of all commercial ages, then double interest and sig-nificance lends itself to the bay and its ac-tivities.

We can do no better than stop right here and think over the meaning of this exposition and whether its meaning should be empha-sized. Of all the great multitudes of people who have attended any exposition of recent years the percentage of those who take away with them a clear idea of its specific meaning (if, indeed, it has had any) is negligible Now this is not as it should be. An exposition should have a clear and unmistakable signifi-cance. Our failing is that we assume that this is the last chance for the world to see and that, therefore, all things must be crowded upon its vision. This is an error not only from the standpoint of the good the visitor gets out of the fair but also from the stand-point of his enjoyment of it.

We are moving in the direction of good sense in many things. We no longer [illegible] our houses with a separate ornament for each square foot of exposed surface, and it is no longer good taste to pile our mantles and stein shelves with bric-a-brac, or to fill up our yards and gardens with every kind of shrub, tree, flower and vine. We carry a single harmony of decoration and furnishing through our en-tire house, and we find in it restfulness and comfort that are not to be had in distracting heterogeneity. We would not expect a man to take a full college course in a week and come away with a clear idea of any single truth propounded. We would certainly not turn loose upon him a dozen professors all shout-ing their formulas at once in artistic pande-monium and expect him to assimilate a very wide range of fundamental facts. With our expositions, however, we set our visitors down in the midst of detail, some of which fairly shrieks for attention, and the result follows naturally that their first impression is of a gor-geous confusion. This impression is promptly followed by brain fatigue, then nervous col-lapse and then the intense desire to go some-where quick and rest and recuperate.

There should be a single dominating feat-ure to this exposition, the feeling of its char-acter should cling to a man everywhere he goes. And whether he is here for an hour or for a month he should go away with the in-delible impress of its meaning upon his mind. In holding the exposition upon her waterfront San Francisco achieves in one master stroke this character and meaning which she must otherwise secure imperfectly, if at all, only with effort and sacrifice.

More Funds Available

Mr. Newlands points out that for the ex-ecution of a waterfront exposition far more funds would be available than for any other plan. The Harbor Commission's issue of $9,-000,000 of bonds (which is to be submitted for approval at the coming election) is one item. And it may be assumed without unreasonable exaggeration that this plan would secure twice the support of any other plan, especially if we count the substantial improvements that this plan will inspire in the immediate neighbor-hood. It is quite probable, as Mr. Newlands asserts, that the Southern Pacific would be led to put up a magnificent terminal station oppo-site the ferry. This, with the other expendi-tures that would be induced along the west side of East street, would add a very material sum to the aggregate that would go to make up the exposition.

There is no question that, from the stand-point of the results that large expenditure makes possible, this plan is clearly superior, and this if we leave out the millions repre-sented by shipping and craft that will enter quite as essentially into the plan as buildings and improvements.

And it cannot be gainsaid that the ships and shipping will take the place in interest of ex-hibits that otherwise must be provided at great outlay. In fact, it is hard to think of how much money it would take to substitute for these a feature of equal interest. The oppor-tunity to observe the goings and comings, the takings and bringings, the cranes, hoists, trucks, the bags, boxes, crates, up to the shout-ings that make up the daily activities of a great commercial metropolis; the opportunity to view the entire teeming, hurrying, busy, vital, world-moving machinery that grinds out each day its generous quota of economic history, not shown by a mere photograph or model, nor by a moving picture imitation nor even by a high class vaudeville reproduction, but by

the fire-and melting-pot, hammer and tongs reality whose products are actually on their way to the final completed structure that goes to make up your own world and your own most intimate interests in it—this opportunity is not to be compared with what human genius and limited expenditure might be able to substitute, certainly it is not to be compared to the stereotyped, exaggerated, unnatural exhibits typical of expositions.

Permanent Improvement of Waterfront

But the question does not stop there. Whatever we may think or whatever we may do we have the waterfront to consider, and we must consider it whether we like it or not. Like a scar on the face, we cannot hide it if we are to be seen at all. It is the first thing that greets the visitor on his arrival by way of the canal, it is the last to which he bids goodbye on his return overland. Are we willing that those two phychological moments that enter so largely into the estimate of us in the eyes of the world—the first and the last impressions—shall come from the present waterfront?

We who are familiar with the waterfront take it as a matter of course, as we do any other familiar monstrous physical deformity. We have long since ceased to "endure," we have passed through the stage of "pity" and have entered upon complacent, self-satisfied "embrace" with apparently little regret. It would do us good, however, to look again with a new vision and see the picture the waterfront does make to the unfamiliar eye. Ragged, unkempt, dirty, primitive, ephemeral, ugly—something, surely, will have to be done to the front yard.

Contrast this condition with what a waterfront exposition makes possible—an imposing facade of substantial, ornate structures girded with a spacious boulevard arrayed in tropic splendor in the daytime and with a myriad of reflecting lights at night, flanked with parks sloping toward the bay, so as to display grounds and buildings, terraces and waterfalls. Contrast the impression one condition must bring and leave with the impression the other will bring and leave, and you have a suggestion of the opportunity that is hammering away on the sleepy gates of the city.

Exhibiting the Reconstructed City

Now of second importance and interest to the world must stand the reconstructed city. The spectacular achievement of this phoenix of the Golden Gate is the first thing the name "San Francisco" suggests to the world. To fail to give proper prominence to the risen city is to take the world to the back of the grand stand and invite it to peek through a knot hole at the side show.

A waterfront exposition is a down-town exposition. It is through the business thoroughfares that the traffic will be led, it is by the established business houses that the crowds will be cared for. This will not only please our visitors, it will protect them from the irresponsible riff-raff of hangers-on, the parasites and bunco element that commonly infest the out-districts of expositions.

These things, the bay and the new city are the unique, the exclusive attractions that San Francisco can offer. Other things are incidental. Let these be placed at their best, arrayed and embellished and emphasized and no exhibition heretofore undertaken will compare in real magnificence and emphatic universal interest with such an exposition.

More Convenient For Visitors

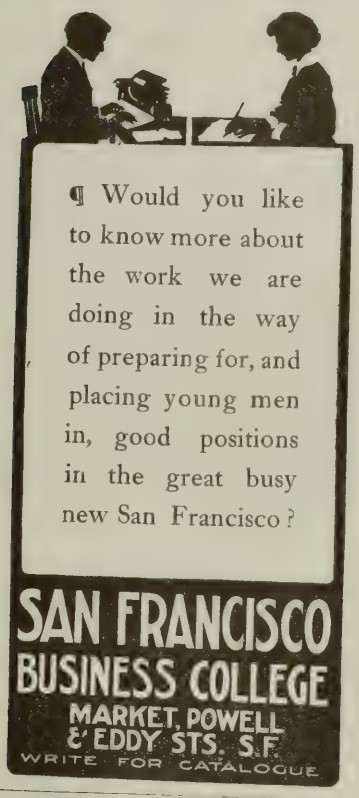
It is not, however, wholly a question of what he will see that interests the visitor. The question of how he will be taken care of is also of serious interest. Convenience and comfort and reasonable charges enter quite as fully into his enjoyment as the merit of the display. There is, perhaps, hardly a person who has visited the great fairs of the past who does not hold a more vivid recollection of the overtaxed street-cars, the pushing, crowding and stifling of their coming and going, of poor hotel service and high expenses, than of any other feature of the exposition. We can almost entirely avoid this. We can permit our visitors to take away with them only pleasant memories. From the waterfront the entire resources of the bay community are placed at the disposal of our guests. It is impossible to conceive of a more perfect arrangement for handling the crowds comfortably and without friction than this.

No element could lend greater certainty of the financial success of the undertaking than the assurance to the world that the transportation difficulties so common to expositions had been eliminated and that ample accommodations were available to provide the best of service and to keep the cost down to normal.

Permanent Advantage to City

The good that will accrue to the city and the entire bay community from a central, down-town, waterfront exposition whose expenditures and developments are largely permanent are so obvious that attention need hardly be called to them. We have no right to feel that a building that is to be looked at may serve no other purpose and must, thereupon, be promptly torn down. Permanent contact with the beautiful is not too exquisite

(Continued on Page 782)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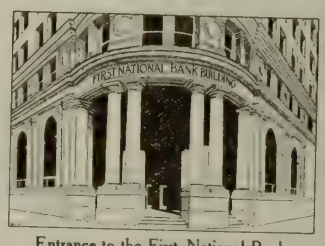

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A PERSON OF NO CONSEQUENCE

BY

E. FRENCH STROTHER

MR. BREEF looked out of the window beside his desk in Nassau street and stared abstractedly at the towering kyscrapers across that very narrow thoroughare which runs from City Hall Park to Wall treet. It was rare indeed that Mr. Breef alowed himself the luxury of abstraction, he vas a very busy man in his humble way, and ie felt, with unusual keenness, the prickings of onscience that beset the faithful laborer who vishes to feel worthy of his hire.

And Mr. Breef was a hired man. He was a aw clerk for the old and honored firm of Capp, Calf & Coke—the "three C's," they vere called in "the street"—and he had been law clerk or an amanuensis or a messenger or them almost since he could first remem-)er. He had "gone with the firm" as a lad, nd he had been loyal to the firm, and the irm had graciously recognized this loyalty as he years rolled by, recognized it by testing t with added and greater responsibilities and)y additions, in much smaller ratio and very nuch more gradually, to his salary.

But of this inequality between the increment)f duties and the increment of reward, Mr. Breef had not complained to the firm. In fact, Mr. Breef felt, very acutely and very humbly, his own deficiencies. He had made one me-norable failure during his connection with the irm. That failure was on the occasion of his irst—and last—appearance in court as the rep-resentative of Capp, Calf & Coke. On that occasion he had risen to address the court, had blushed, stammered, feebly mumbled an ncoherent speech, and sat down, completely liscomfited and the object of the cheerful mirth of the entire room. The attorney for the opposing side, a practical and polished barrister, had made good use of Mr. Breef's discomfiture, had mimicked it to the life in his reply and had added some pertinent and timely satire on the obvious abilities of counsel for the plaintiff. The result was a verdict that lost the case, Capp, Calf & Coke lost a handsome fee and a good client, and Mr. Breef retired again to the welcome obscurity of "inside work," never again to emerge.

And today, when Mr. Breef indulged in his luxury of a few moments of abstraction, he found it not so much of a luxury as a hazy and reminiscent pain. He recalled, with startling clearness and acute discomfort, the details of that memorable courtroom fiasco. He felt, quite properly, the ignominy of it, and, for the thousandth time in his career, felt the justice of the decision of the firm to keep him in a place where he could do no damage and be obscurely useful.

But Mr. Breef really did himself an injustice. He had not that rough and ready egotism that saves its possessor endless pain and innumerable heartaches, that carelessly overlooks its own deficiencies and so leaves itself confident and resilient to face new adventures for new gains. Such a nature, had Mr. Breef possessed it, would have reminded him of his very great services to the firm, of that demurrer, for instance, in the Hay will case, which Capp himself declared had solved a hopeless riddle and had saved the firm's reputation and made the firm a great fee. Such a nature would have reminded him of his record of thirty years in the office, unbroken by a day of absence or by a serious blunder save the unforgettable court episode.

But, as we have said, Mr. Breef did not possess this fortunate nature, and in consequence he looked upon his life, in his moment of abstraction, much as he looked upon the thronging narrow canyon of a street outside, darkened by a heavy shadow nearly all day, lightened by the gleam of the sun only for a brief few minutes in the twenty-four hours, overtowered and made insignificant by the heights that stretched above.

As Mr. Breef ran his hands through his hair, ruminating, he noticed that it was growing thin. He had noticed the same thing in his glass several times of late, but today it touched him with a new and more melancholy sadness. He was growing old. Growing old and with little to look back upon, so he reflected, with the pride of achievement.

The street, too, which he looked out upon, gave him a chill at the heart. Here by this window he had sat for thirty years, and in those years few things had remained as stable as he. Old faces had gone, new ones had replaced them, and these, in turn, had been replaced by others. The restaurant he had frequented for twenty years, and to which he had become attached, as old bachelors do who have a particular chair at a particular table waited on by a particular waiter—this restaurant was gone these ten years, and new owners, new waiters, new faces were seen in its successor.

The buildings, too, had changed. The old, dingy, four-storied brick affairs, with their creaking staircases, had given way to monstrous towers of steel and stone, stretching toward heaven and shutting heaven's light and air out of the structure in which he sat. The shadows that fell across the narrow alley of a street outside fell also across the spirit of Mr. Breef, as he gazed across Nassau.

Suddenly Mr. Breef pulled himself together and broke his revery. Tut! tut! Here is work to do, and Breef day-dreaming! It won't do. He turned to the pile of papers before him. But as he turned he felt a sharp pain in his chest, and a dull aching at his temples. Ill? Nonsense. Had not Breef a record of thirty years unbroken by illness? A touch of liver, soon to be forgotten. He attacked the pile of papers in his usual methodical way.

But as the afternoon wore on, the pains increased. They interfered sadly with his work. At three o'clock he left his desk and walked into the room where sat Mr. Capp, the great Capp, senior member of the firm. He steadied himself by holding the top of Mr. Capp's desk as he stood, waiting for the firm to look up. At length Mr. Capp glanced up and spoke:

"Well, Mr. Breef, what is it?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Mr. Breef said, uneasily, "but I am ill. I'm afraid I'm very ill, Mr. Capp. And if you say so, I will go early today and see a doctor."

Mr. Capp frowned his most imposing courtroom frown.

"Um-m," he replied. "That's bad, Mr. Breef, very bad. You know we are late on that matter of the Howard estate, and I had hoped, sir, I had hoped—"

"I know," replied Breef, "and I would have had it ready by five. But I really believe, sir—"

What Mr. Breef really believed will never be known. What Mr. Breef did was to crumple into a very undignified heap on the floor beside Mr. Capp's desk, and it was ten minutes later that he returned to his senses sufficiently to recognize where he was, and by that time he had forgotten what he had started to say he believed. And ten minutes later, Mr. Breef was in a cab, which the office boy called, on his way to his lodgings, after receiving a parting blessing from Mr. Capp, who had said:

"Get well as soon as you can, Mr. Breef. That Howard matter, you know."

No one had offered to go in the cab to see that he got safely home, excepting the young man who assisted him at his desk, and Mr. Capp had shaken his head and whispered to him:

"I shall need you at once, Mr. Jones. At once."

So Mr. Breef took his first cab ride in years under distressing conditions of mind and of body, and with little to while away the tedium of it. For the way was a long one. It lay far north to Harlem. Oddly enough, no one from Capp, Calf & Coke would have known where to direct the driver had Mr. Breef's senses not come back to him. Nobody in the firm's office had ever visited his lodgings, and Mr. Breef was so regular that they had never occasion even to look at memorandums of his address. So Mr. Breef rode home, retching and swinging and decidedly dizzy, over a route no one could have followed without searching for records not known to the office of Capp, Calf & Coke.

When Mr. Breef had been duly bundled off Mr. Capp called Mr. Jones in and after laying out the course of investigation in the matter of Howard, commissioned Mr. Jones to follow it quickly to its conclusion. And Mr. Jones had hesitated as he left Mr. Capp's office and remarked, with some effort:

"I hope Mr. Breef's illness wont be serious. He is such a valuable man, and so loyal."

And Mr. Capp had laid down his pen and laughed shortly and replied:

"Lord, Lord, Mr. Jones, don't worry. Breef will take care of himself. Valuable? Loyal? Certainly, Mr. Jones, else why is he paid? Useful, in his way, is Mr. Breef, certainly. But a person of no consequence. Thirty years, and a law clerk. I hope better of **you**, Mr. Jones."

And Mr. Jones had gone to his desk with an odd sensation that wasn't exactly like ice to his spine, nor exactly like fire to his brain, but reminded him a little of both. He followed the matter of Howard rapidly to its close, and was complimented by Mr. Capp, and returned to his desk. Here he paused and looked over at Mr. Breef's desk. It lay in unwonted confusion. Without knowing why, Mr. Jones stepped across and proceeded to arrange it in order, stowing the papers into their accustomed neat piles and drawing down the roll top.

As he laid some papers away his eye caught the name of J. Breef, written in script across the bottom of one sheet. After it was an address, a number on 120th street. Unconsciously Mr. Jones caught that number and fixed it in his mind. He never forgot it, as one sometimes does not forget the most trivial of things.

Three days later Mr. Capp called in Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones," he began, "I cannot understand Mr. Breef. He has been absent for three days, and has not sent us word. This is very unusual, I may say, reprehensible. We are busy and Mr. Breef is needed here. Kindly make inquiries, and send word that he must return to the office at once, Mr. Jones, at once."

And Mr. Jones, without thinking why, put on his hat and started uptown himself to make his inquiries in person. He soon found the address he had read after Mr. Breef's name, and on the door of the apartment he found Mr. Breef's card. And within the apartment he found Mr. Breef, lying comfortably in bed, with his hands folded primly across his breast and his eyes carefully closed, humbly and unmistakably dead. And beside Mr. Breef's bed he found a poor preacher from a neighboring church, and a shabby little old doctor, and the strangest assortment of other people he had ever seen together. There were several children, and some old men and women a number of degrees more shabby than the little old doctor, and a little yellow cur of a dog that tried weakly to mount the bedside and lick the hands primly folded on Mr. Breef's breast. And in the eyes of all were tears of unmistakably genuine grief, and from more than one throat Mr. Jones heard undoubtedly heartfelt sobs. And from the lips of the preacher and doctor Mr. Jones heard whispered stories of years spent in labors of love, of quiet charity bestowed, of sickness visited, of sorrows shared, by that person of no particular consequence, J. Breef, law clerk.

I am not at liberty to say what Mr. Jones handed the preacher, nor what it was that he said. But I may relate a curious circumstance that followed Mr. Jones's return to the office of Capp, Calf & Coke. After entering the presence of the great Mr. Capp, and explaining briefly that Mr. Breef would not return to the office for the very good reason that Mr. Breef was dead, and after hearing Mr. Capp's murmured, "Dear! dear! Too bad! And we are so busy," Mr. Jones was surprised to hear the great Mr. Capp address him as follows:

"Well, we must do something to bridge the rift. You know, Mr. Jones, we expect a good deal of **you**, and as a beginning I shall ask you

to take Mr. Breef's desk, at Mr. Breef's salary, and master that work. As for the future, we shall see, Mr. Jones, what we shall see."

And Mr. Capp, in turn, was extremely surprised, for Mr. Jones, after looking thoughtfully at the floor for full half a minute, looked at him with an odd, half abashed look on his face, and replied:

"Thank you, Mr. Capp, but I'm afraid I can't do it. I have about decided to make a change. And if it's convenient, I'd like to resign my connection today, because tomorrow I want to attend the funeral of a man I knew, a—a person of no particular consequence."

And Mr. Capp never did imagine why so promising a fellow as Jones should leave the old and honored firm of Capp, Calf & Coke to go with the little firm of Coach & Slow. It never even occurred to him to wonder what funeral Mr. Jones was going to attend, though he did think it odd that Mr. Jones gave that as a reason for leaving the office.

("A Waterfront Exposition"—Continued)

to bear! Nor may we regard it a breach of hospitality to spend money in the entertainment of our guests in such a way that it will serve in the entertainment of future guests and in our own permanent uplift. We are duty bound to make the most of every dollar contributed. The ultimate good of the community is of first and most serious consideration. The point is not merely to get people here, take what they have and hurry them away blindfolded. What we want to do is to interest the world in our resources, we want them to stay here, invest their money here, and help us to develop the untouched, unparalleled resources that lie at our hands, and we must work to that end.

We must look upon this exposition as something more than a fiesta, a side show, an opportunity for the world to spend some of its pleasure seeking cash among us. We must look upon it as a renaissance to a broader and fuller acquittal, during the years to follow, of our obligations. Let us frankly acknowledge our deficiencies. We know our docks are primitive, we know our shipping is badly handled, we know that we are divided and that between us and the achievements that are possible there stand jealousy and disunity and the lack of a clear-cut purpose and persistence and vigor of action. Let us acknowledge these things and get into step. The time is past when sectional jealousies and dog-in-the-manger policies can be permitted to dominate, when half-hearted support, not because we do not profit much but because the other fellow profits more, can be tolerated. The future of the entire community demands that all men, all interests and all sections should enlist their enthusiastic boost to a common enterprise. We are at heart one community, with one ambition and purpose, to give San Francisco bay the heritage that is hers by nature, commercial supremacy of the west. Any activity that will promote this in the main is a contribution to the entire community. The fair offers a chance to get every shoulder to the same side of the wheel for once and there is no location that could inspire a uniform lift with all the enthusiasm of selfish interest so perfectly as the waterfront. Down-town San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, the Marin county towns, every one must see its best interests served by holding the fair here.

A Beautiful Waterfront

No one can doubt or deny the inspiration and life the holding of the exposition on the waterfront would be to the waterfront itself between now and 1915. The permanent good for warehousing, free-marketing, exposition and other purposes the buildings would serve after the fair is over. That it would lead to early installation of modern methods and economy at the docks is most likely. The permanent development of private holdings along the west side of East street that it would bring about would make this section a worthy entrance way for the great commercial city of the future and be a substantial contribution to the permanent prosperity of the city. To the business section of San Francisco it would mean that the exposition crowds are placed at the very heart of the city. The established restaurant and hotel service gets the custom of the crowds, the legitimate and established business houses secure the trade, and the profits of the trade accrue to the permanent upgrowth of the city instead of being spirited away by nomadic speculators. To the east and north shores it means ready access and the opportunity to reap some of the going benefits of the undertaking, and it may lead to the long cherished shortening of the ferry trip.

As to the future of the esplanade, a permanent waterfront boulevard will be not only a feature of incomparable educational value to the people of the bay community, but it will be a most attractive feature for sight seeking visitors during future years. It will be not only the means to the promotion of local interest and pride in the waterfront but it must constantly lend impetus to new and increasing investment of outside capital. What greater appeal could there be to a man with money to invest than to observe from such a vantage point the substantial and almost unlimited waterfront facilities, the enormous resources of San Francisco as a port and its promise for the future.

No Waste in Temporary Structures

The absurd, the pitiful spectacle of expending millions and millions in money and labor, in art, architecture and genius over a period of years for the sake of the temporary, superficial gratification of an unobserving, diversion-seeking people for a few hours or a few days at most, and then of painfully and with much more labor and genius eliminating every trace of it all, is the most unthinkable thing of modern, hard-headed common sense.

Here, moreover, is a fact that is food for additional consideration. Francis B. Loomis is authority for the statement that an understanding has been reached among foreign nations that they will not exhibit in non-fireproof buildings. This means that wood and staff are no longer available for such structures.

Are we to be guilty of the fanaticism of erecting class "A" buildings where they must be torn down after six months use?

We stand, if not at the turning point in our destiny, at least at the cross roads, and the judgment we display at this time will determine very largely whether we shall go ahead by the long route or by the short one, whether we shall assist or hinder the future we are born to.

The casual observer finds it quite impossible to grasp at first blush any radical breaking away from the accepted plan of things, and it is hardly fair to expect that a large idea, however obviously right and however clearly superior, will be accepted without something of the old dogmatic struggle against swerving the breadth of a hair from the established, conventional, time-honored order.

An Exposition Distinctively San Franciscan

In the eyes of the world, the Panama-Pacific exposition, if held at San Francisco, will stand for one thing: It will be representative of the enterprise, the breadth of vision, and the practical fitness of the western people to live up to the duties and responsibilities that rest upon them. A midway plaisance, a mystic maze, temporary architecture, landscape gardening with a fence around it, stereotyped exhibits and an hour a-hang of a strap—these things are characterless, they can be produced anywhere.

It is San Francisco the rebuilt city, the commercial metropolis, that the world will come to see, and San Francisco's waterfront, this more than all her other possessions must be the inspiration of her visitors. If she allows this to remain primitive, antiquated, unappreciated and undeveloped, she cannot hope that the world will take away a feeling of her fitness in her stewardship.

A waterfront exposition is feasible architecturally and structurally. The best architects and engineers of San Francisco have so declared it. Sufficient space is available for it, as much floor space as was used for Chicago's mammoth fair. The time is ample for its accomplishment—indeed, we who have seen a whole city rise out of its ashes in less time than there is for this, should not be dismayed at this undertaking.

If we do this thing we will set a new ideal, we will fix a new mark in exposition making. We will put the expositions of the future out of the realm of spendthrift speculation and give to them a broader, higher, worthier meaning.

Are we big enough to do it?

PERSONALIA

Miss Italia Garibaldi, granddaughter of Gen Garibaldi, the famous Italian liberator, an principal of the home school of the woman' foreign missionary society in Rome, is in thi country. She came over on a steamship o the Italian navigation company, the same com pany that gave the use of two ships to he grandfather when he sailed in 1860 fron Genoa to Marsala, Sicily, with the famou "thousand volunteers." In her school ar about 70 girls. Many are being trained a nurses. Miss Garibaldi, who herself is a grad uate nurse, says of her pupils: "Our girls di some fine work at the time of the Messin earthquake."

Miss Rose Moriarity of Elyria, O., is, at 26 deputy city auditor, deputy city treasurer deputy clerk of the council, clerk of the boar of control, clerk to the director of publi safety, and clerk to the director of public ser vice. During the seven years she has been connected with the government of this city of 18,000 it has spent approximately $4,000,00 for pavements, bridges, sewer and water sys tems. Every bit of legislation authorizing these improvements has been drawn by Miss Mo riarity, and all of the money from bond issue has passed through her hands.

Mrs. Mary Powell, 70, of Philadelphia walked recently from Manitou to the top o Pike's peak and back. She made a leisurely trip to the summit before dark and returned by moonlight.

Miss Annie Murphy has been made a ward superintendent in Chicago. She has been de tailed by Mr. Cochrane, superintendent o streets, to lead the department's baby-saving crusade. An extremely practical set of rules which she has formulated is to be printed in Polish, Lithuanian and English, and displayed in conspicuous places throughout the "back of the yards district." It is believed the appli cation of these rules will go far toward de creasing infant mortality in the section under Miss Murphy's charge.

Miss Ina Shepard is secretary of the clearing-house association in Birmingham, Ala. She handles the clearings of eight banks, amounting to between $12,000,000 and $15,000,000 a month. She has held the position five years. Besides, she is a good horsewoman and sings in church choirs and concerts.

Mrs. Williamina Fleming of the observatory staff of Harvard university has just discovered a new star in the constellation of Sagittarius.

Queen Victoria of Spain has just had bestowed on her the honor of the Cross of Public Benevolence by a unanimous vote of the Spanish Council of Ministers because of the relief she gave to the soldiers wounded at Melilla and also to the widows and orphans of soldiers.

("Political Table Talk"—Concluded)

public control, from which it never should have been separated. It is not a scheme to "sell something to the state." On the contrary, the people who are fighting the measures are the very ones who own the property and do not wish to sell it. They know that it is infinitely more valuable to keep. There should be no such thing as private harbors in competition with public harbors. Within the sea wall, and this basin is all behind the sea wall, from five to seven miles of wharfage could be created over which the state would have no jurisdiction and the commerce of which would make no contribution to the general harbor purposes of San Francisco. This would cause the state to lose in harbor tolls many times the cost of the land. All the bonds run for seventy-four years and the creation of a sinking fund does not begin for sixteen years. The revenues of the harbor will take care of these expenditures without calling upon the state treasury for anything. A part of these lands will be filled in and used for warehouses. If the state owns them the state will control access to the docks. If private corporations fill in and own these lands there will be no public regulation of warehouse charges. Docks are and should be under public control and likewise the warehouses that make the docks useful. Vote "yes" on this amendment.

A former New York newsboy made a success as a tenor singer at the Alhambra theatre in the program of the National Sunday League concert. The singer, B. Nevada Landino, sang the tenor aria from "Rigoletto" with delicacy and operatic feeling.

Miss Ellen Terry arrived in New York on October 26. In this, her ninth tour of this country since 1883, when she came for the first time with Sir Henry Irving, she will give a series of Shakespearean entertainments, or acted discourses. The titles and the scope of these discourses as now planned are as follows: "The Heroines of Shakespeare—Triumphant," "The Heroines of Shakespeare—Pathetic," "The Letters of Shakespeare" and "The Children of Shakespeare." Her addresses will be accompanied by illustrative acting, and she will wear Elizabethan costume.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22818.

FLORENCE E. BEMIS, a widow, formerly FLORENCE E. DORSEY, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Florence E. Bemis, a widow, formerly Florence E. Dorsey, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point jn the Northerly line of Carl Street distant thereon One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet Easterly from the point formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Stanyan Street with the Northerly line of Carl Street; running thence Easterly along the said line of Carl Street Fifty (50 feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly Fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet Six (6) inches to the Northerly line of Carl Street and the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for plaintiff, 1102 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 1.

Action No. 22819.

KATIE B. CHILDS, a femme sole, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Katie B. Childs, a femme sole, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northeasterly line of Twenty-sixth Avenue with the Northwesterly line of J Street, running thence Northwesterly along the said line of Twenty-sixth Avenue Seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southeasterly Seventy-five (75) feet to J Street, and thence Southwesterly along the Northwesterly line of J Street One Hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Said lot or parcel of land being known and designated as Lot Number Sixteen (16) in Block Number 485 upon a certain map entitled "Plan of the Property of the Bay View Homestead Association," surveyed August 1871, Wm. P. Humphreys, City and County Surveyor, which map was filed in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 19th day of June, 1872, in Map Book C.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 30th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(SEAL) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff.

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

H. L. BREED, Attorney for Plaintiff, 204 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Cal.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 8.

Action No. 22696

E. J. MONTGOMERY and MARGARET F. MONTGOMERY, his wife, Plaintiffs,

vs.

ALL PERSONS claiming any interest in or lien upon the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of E. J. Montgomery and Margaret F. Montgomery, his wife, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the northerly line of Broad way distant thereon seventy (70) feet westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Broadway with the westerly line of Hyde Street, and running thence westerly along said line of Broadway twenty-two (22) feet; thence at a right angle northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches; thence at a right angle easterly twenty-two (22) feet, and thence at a right angle southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches to the point of beginning.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plainitffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit:

That their title to said real property, and to every part thereof, be established and quieted and that all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said real property and in and to every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, or whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description, be ascertained and determined by the judgment in this action and that it be adjudged and decreed that the plaintiffs are the owners in common in fee simple of the said real property, and of every part thereof, and that each of the plaintiffs is owner in fee simple absolute of an undivided one-half of the said real property, and of every part thereof, subject to no conditions, liens, encumbrances or claims of any kind, character, or description, and for such other relief as the Court may deem meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1910.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
The City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation.	San Francisco, California.

LEO C. TUCK, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Balboa Building, San Francisco.

8-26-10t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M. on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.

9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff,

vs.

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5990.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH CHASE PHILLIPS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of J. S. Hutchinson, Rooms 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

WALTER Y. KELLOGG.
GEORGE KNOX.

Executors of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Chase Phillips, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 21, 1910.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Attorney for Executors, 710-714 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor Market street, near Third.

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SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The State Board of Health

Under a strictly let-alone policy of government there would hardly be a department of public health. Each person would be suffered to look after his own health and that of his own family or take the consequences. But, unhappily, one cannot preserve his own health or that of his family if his shiftless neighbor makes his home a breeding ground for pestilence. Therefore co-operative effort for the preservation of the public health becomes compulsory, and nation, states and cities, towns and counties, all have agencies, more or less efficient, for preserving the public health.

The state board of health in California consists of seven physicians of repute, or political influence as the case may be, serving without other compensation than their legitimate expenses when engaged in the performance of their official duties, a secretary of the state board, who is also a member of said board and who, unlike his associates, gives all his time to his office and receives a salary of $3,600 per year therefor; an attorney, a clerk, a statistician and a deputy statistician, director of the state hygienic laboratory, at Berkeley, and an assistant; a director of the state pure food and drug laboratory, also at Berkeley, and an assistant. Added to these all the city, town and county health officers of the state are, by law, constituted agents of the state board of health and required both to supply information to it and execute regulations issuing from it relating to the health of their respective communities, at least so far as contagious and infectious diseases are concerned.

Still, the work of the state board of health, especially on the health side of it, is more co-operative than compulsory, persuasive than mandatory, and it regards its educational work as more important than its executive. The executive officer is the secretary and upon his character and efficiency, more than all else, depends the value of the state board of health to the state. The secretary owes his office to the election of the state board, of which he is a member, but inasmuch as the governor appoints all the members of the board, with the approval of the senate, he generally contrives to determine who the secretary shall be, as well as to direct the bestowal of the rest of the political patronage of the department, which is considerable. The attorney is appointed directly by the governor. The regular salary list of the department of public health totals $17,900 a year.

So far as the direct preservation of the public health is concerned the state board of health does what it can to encourage and assist local boards to do their duty, taking their places if they prove incompetent in times of great need; imposing quarantine regulations when epidemics break out, conducting examinations into the sources of mortality and publishing such information as may teach the general public how to keep well and how to prevent the spread of maladies.

Then, too, it has in its hands the enforcement of the pure food and pure drug act and maintains a hygienic laboratory at Berkeley for discovering the nature of certain diseases, making examinations of blood, sputum, etc., aiding the medical profession in all the useful ways it can. Its reports and bulletins are widely circulated and generally commented on or quoted from by the press of the state.

Then there is the department of vital statistics, a most useful arm of the service. It is important to the comomnwealth to have records made and preserved of all births, marriages and deaths that take place in the state, when people die and what they die of. To this end the law requires, under considerable penalties, all births, marriages and deaths to be reported to the county recorders and by the county recorders (or health officers in some instances) to the State Board of Health. Just how promptly and adequately these reports are made the writer of this does not know, but, anyway, the state is no longer sailing in the dark as to the vital truths of its life and health as it did in former years.

But in this department of public service, as in practically all others, there is a loss of efficiency as a result of a too great diffusion of responsibility. The "board" idea permeates it all, instead of the single executive officer at the head of his department, responsible to the people through the governor and responsible for his subordinates.

Then, too, local boards of health are inefficient because they have to deal with the delinquencies and carelessness of their neighbors, often with those of their own clients and patrons. It is seldom that they can be induced to exert authority even when there is great need for it. Again, one community kills rats to the end that the plague may be eradicated and the next community refuses to be concerned for the public health and permits rats to thrive. As one family may jeopardize the health of another, so one community may endanger the health of the whole commonwealth. The need would, therefore, seem to require a state department of health, instead of a state board, with a responsible executive at its head and, under him, agents and officers acting with plenary authority to compel the enforcement of sanitary measures where the public good requires them. It was by such methods, and not by common consent, that the cholera was driven from Manila and the yellow fever from Havana. There are times when communities, as well as individuals, need to be brought up with a short turn and when the public health is endangered is just such a time.

After the 'lection is over,
And all of the speeches are speeched;
After the voters are sober,
And the end of the trouble is reached,
We'll all get a rest from orations
By candidates far better dumb,
From bonfires and bands and ovations,
And, faith! it will be Kingdom Come.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

FOR RENT—Ten-roomed house on Kingston avenue, Piedmont (rear Linda); rent forty dollars per month. Real Estate Co., 4054 Piedmont avenue, rear Key Route Depot.
10-28-2t

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This Week: "The California State Library"

By Milton J. Ferguson

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: NOVEMBER 4 :'10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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Our Last Say

ANOTHER WEEK and there will be surcease from politics, except to sum up the results of the carnage. God bless our ative land! We can fight to a finish, shake hands and be friends. we could not free government would be impossible and the ght in America would be as in Russia, between autocracy and rrorism, and would endure forever. If much of The California Veekly be devoted to politics this week it is because it is our last ay before the voting. We think that very much depends upon ie result, no less in truth than the freedom of California from rporation domination.

The Case of Bell

CALIFORNIA IS A REPUBLICAN STATE. If Theodore Bell be elected governor it must be by tens of thousands of epublican votes. What manner of Republicans are they who ill vote for Bell? Manifestly, those who hate Johnson. Why any Republicans hate Johnson? Those only hate Johnson ho love Ruef and Calhoun and owe allegiance to William F. errin. If that ilk throw the election to Bell will they have any olitical claim upon Bell after election? They will. It cannot e otherwise. It is not in human nature to be. Therefore we ust look to Johnson and not to Bell to make California free.

The Case of Johnson

F HIRAM W. JOHNSON IS ELECTED governor of California next Tuesday it will be by the votes of all Republicans ho stand for Roosevelt and his policies, and of all Democrats ho stand for the same things in their party, Democrats who ould help to make California free. If elected will those who ve Johnson their suffrages have a claim upon him to fulfil his edges and strive in all ways to redeem his native state? Sure! othing could be more certain. It is not in human nature to be herwise. Again, therefore, we must look to Johnson and not Bell to make California a free and independent state, no longer political dependency of the Southern Pacific Company. Bell uld not do this if he would, for he is neither big enough nor rong enough. Hiram W. Johnson is, can and will.

An Upright Judge

CALIFORNIA should congratulate itself upon the fact that it will have the opportunity to vote for William P. Lawlor for stice of its Supreme Court. Lawlor was the judge before whom be Ruef was being tried when Francis J. Heney was shot down. e has been the target for the bitterest hatred on the part of iminal and powerful interests. He has emerged from it all with impaired judicial vision, serene and unperturbed.—Collier's Veekly.

William Kent

F ALL RICH MEN STOOD shoulder to shoulder for the financial aggrandizement of their class they could beggar the orld. In our age they are the power-holding class. The only ope for the rest of us is to divide that power-holding class and, us re-enforced, wage war for equal rights for all. William ent, by virtue of his wealth, belongs to the power-holding class. n the issue of human rights he has espoused the cause of the mmon man. With much persuading he consented to go to ngress to there fight for those rights. Is he going? That deends on the voters of the second congressional district. He deerves to receive every vote in that district. He is honest, able and clean, and he is on our side, the side of the square deal for the common man.

William P. Lawlor

THIS IS THE WILLIAM P. LAWLOR who, as judge of the superior court in San Francisco, sat at the trials of nearly all of the grafters, especially in the case of The People against Patrick Calhoun. Because he would not, in hearing those cases, deviate one hair's breadth from the right judicial line, and would not dismiss the cases when the grafters had fixed things to their liking with that purpose in view, the powers of darkness are trying to defeat Judge Lawlor for the supreme bench. If The People of California, without regard to party, are not dead to gratitude they will manifest that gratitude by making his election sure. He is as fit as deserving. There are two justices to be voted for. Make sure that Judge Lawlor gets one of your votes.

The Iago of the Campaign

THE IAGO OF THE CAMPAIGN, the man who by innuendo and artfully contrived suspicion would create distrust of Hiram Johnson, had to be imported from Indiana. No resident of California would pursue the tactics he has pursued and hope to live the deep damnation down. It may be doubted if Hooppole Township, Posey county, ever produced a more artful "Hoosier" than Frank E. Hering. He makes no charges that would make him actionable for libel or slander, but contents himself with asking damaging questions, the mere asking of which tends to create suspicion in the public mind. These questions have the intent, purpose and effect of uttering downright, damaging falsehoods. Not a thing suggested has a color of verity. Lies all of them although under a cloak of questionings. They have their origin with the Father of Lies who, at the eleventh hour, has come to the rescue of Bell's campaign.

Welcome Heney

HAVING RESTED from his three years of unrequited service in the cause of justice in this city, Francis J. Heney threw himself into the fight for free government in Minnesota and Wisconsin, came back to California to lend his voice in aid of William Kent, then went south and upheld the cause of a progressive Republicanism throughout the interior of California, doing splendid service for Right Things wherever he went. When he returns to his San Francisco home, the true Men of San Francisco should tender him such a reception as will testify to the state some measure of that love, that esteem, that appreciation of his unselfish services which all his right-minded fellow citizens cherish for him. He is with us once again.

The Defeat of Roosevelt

WALL STREET AND THE POWERS of political darkness in the empire state, placing their faith in the irresistible power of Tammany Hall, re-enforced by unlimited expenditure, have joined in celebrating the "crushing defeat of Roosevelt" in advance of the occasion. Their purpose is to do what the lions of Africa left undone, after which, high jinks. Without money, without political patronage, with the President a mere interested spectator, this our David is making the fight of his life against the "Morganheimed" interests, and here is hoping that he may win, but whether he wins or not he cannot be crushed. No man with the American people behind him can be, and this backing he has to call on when he needs it.

The San Mateo Graft Case

The exact facts in the San Mateo county graft cases are not before the public in definite, absolute form, but lest the public mind be clouded by hearing more of the hold-up idea than of the grafting a few fundamental truths should be accepted as axiomatic, by which to test the facts as they come out.

A selling firm or corporation that allows supervisors a personal commission, or rake-off, on anything sold to a county is grafting, and merits the destruction of its business through having earned the contempt of all mankind. Such a firm has forfeited the right to public patronage and should perish of universal boycott.

Being held up does not consist in the mere necessity of allowing a rake-off as a condition precedent to selling a bill of goods. It is not indispensable that such goods be sold. The cry of "held up," to cover the iniquity of such a transaction is doing the baby act to avoid well merited punishment. Let no one be deceived by that cry.

The grafting supervisors deserve state prison and the grafting firm that was a party, if the facts show that there has been such graft, deserves to keep the supervisors company in prison.

Finally, if it be true, as the superior judge of San Mateo county is reported to have declared it to be, that no jury in that county will convict grafters of grafting, no matter what the evidence, then is that county become inherently rotten, prepared for the devil and his angels.

Let everybody watch the progress of these suits in San Mateo county. If we are rotten to the core let us know it. If our civilization is a hollow mockery let us know that. If we cannot muster the courage to be decent, and to punish indecency, let us at least be brave enough to face our condition unwhimperingly. Whatever we do let us not add to our dishonesty the cowardliness of the sneak.

The term "we" is used advisedly, for, save and except that the government of San Mateo county has for years been under the patronage of a coterie of San Francisco higher-ups, there is no reason to suppose that the people of San Mateo county are either better or worse than the people of Alameda or Santa Clara counties, Fresno or Yuba. We are all members one of another in this California of ours and the miserable moral standard which the graft trials in San Francisco disclosed blights the commonwealth from Shasta to San Diego. When we come to see ourselves as we are we shall begin to make ourselves as we ought to be, and not before.

But this paper is not ready to concede that a jury cannot be found in San Mateo county that will find those guilty of graft who are guilty of graft if the rules of the legal game will permit them to find verdicts in accordance with the facts. The trouble has been with the rules of the legal game rather than with the people, although there is fault enough, God Almighty knows, with our Californian standards of right and wrong. They are damnably inadequate to our civic salvation.

Rise of the House of Morgan

John Moody, George Kibbe Turner and McClure's Magazine have rendered the American public a distinct service in preparing and publishing a straightforward, unadorned history of the rise of the House of Morgan. This history should be read by every thoughtful citizen of the United States. There is no muck-raking in it.

In brief, George Peabody, a merchant, early in the last century established in London an agency for purchasing British goods to be imported into the United States and, as an incident thereto, developed a banking business, and this banking business developed into a store for the sale to European investors of American securities. Justin Morgan succeeded Peabody and J. Pierpont Morgan succeeded his father, Justin.

In the course of his business activities, Pierpont Morgan sold many millions of dollars' worth of American railroad and other industrial securities to European investors. American railroad and industrial promoters were essentially robbers and would as soon swindle the European investor as the American patron. In defense of his European and other investing clients Pierpont Morgan was forced into the fight for control of American corporations, first, to prevent them from swindling his clients and, second, to prevent their ruining each other with cutthroat competition and the needless duplication of existing plants. The promoters were headed toward universal bankruptcy, and J. Pierpont Morgan, more than anyone else, but with the co-operation of the Rothschild and other Jewish interests, headed them off and brought order out of chaos. So far the course of the House of Morgan was entirely honorable, eminently sound and the services rendered were not only nationally, but internationally, important.

But the House of Morgan works wholly in the interests of the investor. It is the business of the consumer and the producer to look to their own interests. The House of Morgan will not look to their interests for them. What was undertaken for protection has been prosecuted for aggrandizement. The House of Morgan and its affiliations now constitute the most stupendous aggregation of active capital the world has ever known.

There is a point in every industry that will yield the investor the largest possible returns. That point is the full value of the service or what the traffic will bear. To go beyond that point is to induce diminishing returns, to discourage enterprise, impoverish the purchasing power of the people, to starve if not to kill the goose that lays golden eggs. As attorney and general manager for the investors of Europe and America the purpose of the House of Morgan is to put the financial and transportation industry of this continent where the investor will be yielded the largest possible returns for the use of his money.

Is this right, is it just, is it for the highest interests of the nation? Is the investor the only party in this industrial republic whose interests we are bound by our laws, our courts and our public sentiment to respect? That is what The Interests are striving for, and the meaning of the strife is that if those interests are successful—even wisely, prudently, self-restrainedly, and not rapaciously, successful, the net results of all the toiling and moiling of the American people will go to the investing class. All the rest of us will strive for our board and clothes and such a standard of living as we will refuse to go without without upsetting everything by precipitating universal anarchy.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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The only defense against domination by a financial oligarchy of Morgans, Rothschilds and their associates lies in developing an industrial democracy. In short, it is the centuries-old fight of the common man against the uncommon man, the mass struggling against the powerful few who strive to hold them down. The investor must have his share, but his share is not what the traffic will bear. It is what is necessary to keep the wheels of industry turning, together with that increment which will provide for increase of population and a steady elevation of the standard of living. The non-investor must have such a "saving wage" or salary as shall finally make the worker also the investor.

The Crippen Trial

Elsewhere in this paper will be found an account, taken from the New York Sun's correspondence from London, of the trial of Dr. Crippen in England. That account has created no little interest in the East and should be especially interesting in California where the failure of our existing system of establishng justice, especially where wealth and influence resist conviction, is notorious.

The jury was selected in eight minutes, only three of the panel were challenged, and they because of their looks, which were not prepossessing. The lord chief justice of England presided, as if the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, or Chief Justice Beatty of the supreme court of California, should step down from the upper bench to try the Thompson case here in San Francisco.

The insignia of the office and of the court was most impressive. It was august. The robes, the regalia, savored of the pomp and splendor of royalty. Justice in England is, in its origin, not the justice of the People of England, but the justice of the King of England, divinely commissioned to dispense justice. Within plain sight of the culprit and the jury, the witnesses and the spectators, rested the black cap which the lord chief justice, vicegerent of the king, was to put on if called upon to pronounce the death penalty. Instead of being umpire of a sparring match, as our American judges are, the judge tried the Crippen case with the assistance of counsel. The responsibility to God and king was his, not that of jury or counsel, prosecution or defense.

So far as efficiency and expedition was concerned nothing in the Crippen case was left to be desired. It was all over but the hanging in four and a half days and the hanging was expedited a week to suit the convenience of the sheriff.

But is the English system as certain to do justice as it is to dispatch business? Doubtless Crippen is guilty. Doubtless most persons charged with crime are guilty, but doubtless there are some who are charged with crime who are not guilty of its commission. Does the English system protect the innocent with the same certainty that it convicts the guilty?

It would seem that, somewhere between our absurd system of trying every juror as a preliminary step to trying a criminal, and the English system of shaking out a jury much as one might shake dice out of a box there ought to be some rational method of selecting a jury that would eliminate the blockheads and leave only men of sound judgment on the panel.

And it would seem that, somewhere betwixt our system of reducing the judge to a mere umpire of a forensic scrapping match and the English system of reducing counsel to something little better than serving men, while exalting the judge to the position of vicar of Almighty God, there should be a rational relationship between bench and bar that would make the administration of justice less of a farce than with us and less of a relic of a

by-gone, kingly prerogative than it is in England.

The purpose of a judicial system is to establish justice. By no other test can any system be judged. While we must confess our American system a farce and a failure, whenever the accused has money and influence to employ in his defense, and consequently a disgrace to our civilization, it does not follow that the English system may not be open to the charge of being more expeditious than just, more merciless than concerned that only the guilty shall suffer.

The State Library

Our "backbone" article for the week, on the California State Library, is neither sensational nor dramatic. Those who read that they may be amused or thrilled will find it devoid of interest, but those who wish to know of one of the great and growing institutions of the state will find this article a mine of information. The state library is an institution in which this state has reason to take pride. The weight of the influence upon the lives of the people of California of their state library may become incalculable. Why? Because the management got into the hands of a man who rose to the requirements of his position although, in doing so, he rose above the level of his own life, above the standards of those who got him his job. Having climbed up by as raw political methods as were ever employed in getting office, being Southern Pacific political manager for Sacramento, he pulled the ladder up after him and took the whole library, trustees and all, out of politics and has since kept the institution free of patronage and partisanship. While he lives and pursues his present library policy State Librarian Gillis should upon no account be disturbed. In the light of the political and executive regeneration of this important state institution our leading article for the week should be thoughtfully read, and it should be carefully preserved for the added reason that the library can be made useful to the reader when he knows how to use it. This paper is thankful for the able article.

Free Street or Free Speech

Fresno has been enjoying no end of trouble with the Weary Willies of the I. W. W., who have been suffering all things in defense of the right of freedom of speech while the city of Fresno has suffered equally for the right of free streets. The right to freedom of speech does not carry with it the right to speak anywhere and at any time. Streets are for traffic, for the coming and going of people, not for assemblage; but every city should have a place for free assemblage, if not indoors then out, where men with ideas in their heads may go to be heard and others may go to hear. Whatever city has not provided such a place should be indulgent of the use of certain by-streets for purposes of assemblage until proper provision shall have been made. The I. W. W. have a right to be heard and the more freely they are heard the fewer will there be of them and the less dangerous will they become. The spirit that animates that order appears to be dangerous, but much less dangerous unconfined than corked up. A free forum for all sorts and conditions of agitators is as good a safety valve to insure against explosion as any community may devise.

In Sober Truth

The direct primary law, as it is, is inadequate to insure the nomination of best men to be party candidates for office. The worse element in our political life, by banding together and holding together, although a minority of not to exceed thirty per cent of the whole, can, where the better element is divided, procure nominations for unfit men. The better element may, through adverse experience, learn better than to face the worse in a divided condition, and so work a remedy through public sentiment but, if experience does not teach that lesson, then California must follow the example of Wisconsin and require a majority to nominate and the holding of a second contest between the two highest candidates in order that a majority may rule. Else the system of preferential voting must be made a part of the direct primary law. The Republicans, through this course, made some nominations not fit to be made. The Democrats, eschewing the primary system, and fixing up a ticket in the Argonaut Hotel by private dicker, in some instances, did the better.

The ticket that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League submitted to party voters, largely by the same methods as those employed by the Democrats, was beyond criticism. The league candidates that went down to defeat at the primary election, through a division of the more decent element in the party, were far and away better men than those who triumphed over them. Nomination by a minority is not good. A remedy for it must be found. It will add to the cost of holding elections, but nothing else is so costly as unfit men in office.

The Narrow Horizon

It required a century for this nation to outgrow its precinct patriotism, and the most serious danger that still confronts it is that of the narrow horizon, especially of the business men of the nation. The House of Morgan, as explained elsewhere, views all national problems from the standpoint of the investor, as though he were the only party in interest, but that house is not alone in that view. Others are similarly sinning against commonwealth and nation.

This is especially true with regard to the adoption of amendment number one. The bankers say of it: "Why, this will make us pay more taxes than we have been paying. Therefore it is clearly impossible. Those who favor the adoption of that amendment are not our friends."

A Southern California newspaper figures out, mistakenly as we believe, that the city in question would lose something more than it would gain by the amendment. Therefore everyone is advised to vote it down.

This is bourbonism come to life at an inopportune time. The true issue is: What is best for California? What is most just for all its people and all its interests? Any mind that cannot rise to that height to view the issue is fitter for the seventeenth century than for the twentieth.

That principle of action applied to government resolves government into a system wherein might is made right, not right made mighty for the well-being of men. It makes congress and legislatures arenas wherein all interests enter into conflicts, not of ideas, but of strength; not of forces making for justice, but of powers contending for the mastery.

Amendment number one will work some injustice and some hardship, at least temporarily, but it will begin to right a wrong of centuries, a wrong that has heaped upon the homeowner a burden of government that should have been widely and justly distributed. In the light of experience changes will, without doubt, have to be made in the schedule, but under the amendment as it stands such changes can be made without difficulty. If experience proves, what it is not likely to, that the banks are wronged their wrong will be righted, but for the banks to oppose the whole scheme because they, for the first time, feel a pinch of taxation that home-owners feel all the time, is narrow, ungenerous and thoroughly bourbonistic.

The voters who allow the banks to influence them against that widely beneficent measure are not wise. They suffer themselves to be led by men of narrow vision.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

A salutation of the ancient Hebrews was "Peace be with you," or "Peace be unto this house," and when The Christ informed his disciples of his going away, and desired to leave them his choicest gift he said, "My peace I give unto you." When Paul wished to send his most tender greetings to the Philippians he began it with, "Grace to you and peace from God our Father." God's choicest blessing to the world is peace.

We may not have peace for the world, at least not yet. The mind can scarcely conceive of what the world would have been like all through its history if that history had been devoid of Knight-errantry, of the glory won by men-at-arms, if there had been no literature of prowess and valor, of endurance and steadfastness in the prosecuting and defending of sieges, if the songs of Homer had been of peace and not of war. The literature of Bacchus could better have been left out, and yet one can hardly conceive what the world's literature would have been like if poets had not sung of the vintage.

Men, great, thoughtful men, have dared to say that if war had been left out of the world's scheme of things there would have been little left to teach mankind the splendid virtues of fortitude and resignation, of fidelity to duty to the expenditure of the last drop of blood from the flowing veins and spurting arteries, that but for war the world would become "bemired in materialism," as it well-nigh has become now, but how deeper in the mire of materialism could any civilization go than that of England and Germany has gone when, through fear that piping times of peace may depress their industries, great corporations engaged in constructing battleships, ordnance and other appliances or munitions of war, deliberately employ the services of a prostituted press to revive the fear of wars between these two peoples and so encourage them to load themselves more heavily with debt that more of their treasure may be thrown into the activities of preparation for a war that nobody, except those who make war their trade, and who do not themselves go to war, would look upon as anything except the most intolerable calamity? Diabolism has nothing more horrible to do than this.

But the purpose of this lesson was not so much to speak of the peace of the world, which is a large subject, a much larger subject it is to be feared than the thirty-eight members of the American Peace Society resident in the whole bay district of California will be able to deal with adequately, as to speak of that peace of mind which many a perturbed spirit may conquer for himself if he go about it in the right way. It is worth fighting for, peace is, the more especially as the fighting has mainly to be done with one's own self.

There are those who seek peace by withdrawing from the world of bustle and strife of contention and turmoil, washing their hands of it altogether. It is not to be had that way. A peace so obtained is like enough to be destroyed by self accusation for having shirked a man's part or a man's gift.

The peace which the individual may conquer and keep comes of having fought the good fight for it, having fought as hard as ever he could, leaving no stone unturned that he can do undone. Having done all this the rest may be peacefully left to the overruling powers that transcend our understanding. Having done one's best, the very structure tumble and battlements fall about him, may see order resolve itself into chaos and civilization go headlong toward barbarism almost without a qualm. The kismet of the Mohammedan and the "Thy will be done" of the Christian have scarcely more of contentment in them than the "I did my damndest," of our modern Amerigan pagan when, doing "his damndest" means that he has done "its best." That way lies peace, the hope of the ages, which it may require other ages to bring to the world, but which each person may gain for himself when he will.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Earth's Terrae Incognitae

A few weeks ago, in this department, an announcement was made that the interior of Newfoundland was about to be explored for the first time. It seemed almost impossible that right here at our doors, as it were, is such a piece of terra incognita, yet thus stands the fact. More than that, impossible as it may seem to us, who dwell on densely populated portions of our world's surface, much of this earth still is absolutely unknown to civilized men. For example, in Alaska are unexplored, unmapped and unknown lands equal to fully six times the area of New York state. Again, three New Englands might be set down in completely untracked portions of the valley of the Amazon, and other parts of South America are equally unknown. Much of Africa barely is becoming known to other than savage mankind, and considerable parts of it yet "sit in darkness." In a lesser degree the same remarks apply to Asia. Coming nearer home—clear home, in fact—there are rivers in New Mexico and Texas whose sources are absolutely unknown. Much of northern Australia still is uncharted, as is a large part of New Guinea. In brief, there is but one large division of the earth's surface which is entirely explored, and that is Europe. Man has settled the earth in spots, and a considerable portion of it still is awaiting his coming.

The Father of the Automobile

In the city of Cannstatt, Germany, is a monument to Gottlieb Daimler, who justly may be considered, although the world generally is not aware of the fact, the father of the motorcycle and the automobile, and, indeed, of the motor-boat as well. It was in making a miniature motor for a child's toy that Daimler first conceived the idea of finding a means for igniting the charge in the cylinder without introducing a flame into the combustion chamber. The idea having been conceived, Daimler and a fellow workman named Maybach by many experiments at last brought it to such perfection that at last they succeeded in devising a motor capable of impelling a small vehicle, such as a bicycle. Lacking confidence in two wheels, however, they placed it on four, and thus it was run with some success. This was in 1885. Later Daimler applied his motor to small boats, and again with considerable success. From such a start the idea of the automobile naturally and inevitably grew, and to it Daimler devoted his time and attention, at length constructing an automobile which was much like the modern vehicle. Removing to Paris, he sold his rights to a French firm which still is engaged in the manufacture of automobiles. More than any other one man by far, the automobile is his invention, and he is entitled to much more credit than the world yet has given to him.

The Growth of the Cities

Census reports now have been published giving the population of all cities in the United States containing 100,000 or more inhabitants except San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and Memphis. The reports also give the population of about 150 cities of from 25,000 to 100,000 inhabitants apiece. Concerning the figures thus given a census bulletin has the following to say: "With the data for both groups of cities approaching completeness, it is noticeable that the smaller cities, as a group, seem to have maintained during the decade 1900 to 1910 a rate of growth considerably above that maintained by the larger cities, the rate for the aggregate population of the smaller cities being 39.3 per cent and that for the larger 30.1. There was no such contrast in the decade 1890 to 1900, during which the increase of the smaller cities in the aggregate was 33.2 per cent and the larger 32.1 per cent."

What Sports Cost Great Britain

After announcing that its figures do not include those pertaining to "theaters, music halls, holidays and alcohol," the Glasgow Evening News carefully estimates the cost of sports annually to the people of Great Britain at $225,000,000. The sum includes the cost of racing, hunting, fishing, yachting, and a considerable list of similar recreations. In a sense, too, this is money well expended, for something other than work is required if Jack is to be something other than a dull boy. Yet when one remembers that Britain's pauper list constantly grows, and, particularly, that it has grown with extreme rapidity in recent years, it may not be amiss to consider what this sum would do for those who hobnob with hunger. To state it briefly, it would much more than annihilate Britain's pauper problem. It would give $400 apiece annually—which doubtless would be more than a majority of the paupers ever knew—to 562,500 poor people. This number tremendously exceeds the entire crop of poverty-stricken ones over there. This fact is mentioned merely to show what men might do if they felt like doing it; but of course we need, must and will have our sports, and if men, women and children go hungry—well, it is unfortunate, but it is so extremely difficult to do anything about it.

Oliver Lodge Holds Death Not Final

Perhaps Sir Oliver Lodge's opinion in such a matter is no better than that of John Doe; perhaps he can shoot no straighter to the mark in the darkness than can the veriest clodhopper who stands amidst the mists and makes his forlorn guess at the answer to the eternal riddle; yet, coming close on the heels of Thomas A. Edison's expressed belief that "death ends all," it is somewhat consolatory to learn that Sir Oliver does not agree with him. Distinctly, he does not thus agree. In a recent address he used the following language: "The death of the body does not convey any assurance of the soul's death. Every physical analogy is against such a superficial notion in nature. We never see things beginning or coming to an end. Change is what we see, not origin or termination. Death is a change indeed—a sort of emigration, a wrenching away of the old familiar scenes, a solemn, portentous fact. But it is not annihilation. No thoughtful person can believe that he is destined to drop head foremost into vacant nothing and cease to be." With Sir Oliver let us take our stand. If life is not the tragedy of farces and the farce of tragedies, death does not end all.

The Prevalence of the Automobile

The registrar of automobiles of the state of Ohio recently reported the number of automobiles owned in eight states of the union. Here are the figures he gives: Ohio, 31,051; Pennsylvania, 30,506; Massachusetts, 28,272; New York, 60,000; New Jersey, 25,520; Illinois, 21,081; Michigan, 16,812, and Indiana, 10,110. This is a total of 223,352 of these machines owned and licensed in these eight states, and, remembering that the automobile had not arrived twenty years ago, the number seems remarkably large. Still, considered from another point of view, it is evident that several of us are not riding in automobiles as yet. In the eight states enumerated above about 31,000,000 people dwell. There is, then, one automobile (frequently representing a mortgage) to every 139 inhabitants. Perhaps the average automobile may carry three passengers. It appears, consequently, that 45 people walk (unless some automobiling friend is kind to them, which is rarely the case) for every one that rides and honks. Such figures come almost as a surprise. Judging by the number of times most of us have felt that we barely escaped being run over, we had formed an impression that a majority of mankind had taken to automobiling and suffered in some degree from insanity in doing so. The impression is erroneous; a majority of us still are walking, and can vote the chauffeurs into regarding our lives whenever we choose to.

Dance to Cure Feeble-Mindedness

If the reader chances to be feeble-minded—which undoubtedly is an impossible presumption; else why should he be reading this?—but if he does chance to be feeble-minded, it should be a great relief to him to learn that dancing is what he needs to better his condition. First let him dance, and then watch his intellect brighten. It is one Dr. Farries, the superintendent of an English asylum for the weak of mind, who has made and announces this discovery. Although cricket and football have proved complete failures in dealing with the mentally incompetent, he says that "dancing awakens slumbering intelligence and brings intellectual life and proper understanding to minds previously vicious or merely vacant." He also added that "nothing gives them manly thoughts more quickly." The suggestion is good, probably indicating, as it does, why so many people are devoted to dancing: Doubtless they recognize their own lack, and desire to improve their intellects, a desire to be encouraged. Let it be understood that if a tone of levity pervades this paragraph, it is not very justifiable. Quite probably Dr. Farries' suggestion is based upon wise observation of helpful fact.

Portugal, the Land of Cheapness

Portugal, the latest republic, perhaps gives its citizens as cheap living as any civilized—or should we say semi-civilized?—country in the world. In Lisbon, for example, one may purchase a good meal, neatly served and including wine, for six cents. There, too, is about the best and cheapest fish market in the world, and the prices of fruits and grains are almost proportionately low. In fact, nearly everything is sold at prices at which we of America might marvel. Of course, however, there is a fly in the ointment, and it consists in the fact that the price of labor is as low as those of most other things. To illustrate, factory girls there are paid twelve cents a day, seventy-two cents a week. Such a wage carries a starvation sound on this side of the big water, but it is said that the girls live very comfortably on it over there. And as the size of a wage is measured not so much by the number of its units as by what it will buy, perhaps these new-born Portuguese republicans are not so desperately poor after all.

George Moore has just completed a dramatization of "Esther Waters," his most popular novel, in three acts, in collaboration with S. L. Robinson, a young Irish playwright. A leading German actress of the Berlin theatres, whose name Mr. Moore will not reveal at present, has long wanted to play the character of Esther Waters. The piece will be offered to a London manager very soon.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporaton. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.02) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold coin on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. F. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at the office of the said corporation on the ground floor or first floor of the building known and designated as No. 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company, a corporation.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF THE LITERAL MIND

A precise scholar once proposed to amend the Duke's speech in "As You Like It," where he declares that

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

to make it read:

"Finds tongues in trees, stones in the running brook,
Sermons in books, and good in everything."

This precise scholar must assuredly be a contemporary of William Dean Howells and Henry James. Perhaps he is still alive, in spite of the heinous sin we have quoted above. His spirit, at least, is very much abroad in the land of imaginative writing. No longer is "the play the thing." The thing is the historical accuracy of the hose worn by the heroine, the literal accuracy of the Elizabethan speech as delivered by the hero, the correctness of the cut of the leading juvenile's trousers or the "verisimilitude" of the soubrette's attitudes to the attitudes of young ladies of the particular "period" in question. What the writer of today needs is not the imaginative mind but the photographic mind. We have no use for mere fancy in literature, we want facts. No more are we content to gaze at Shakespeare hurtling through a chaos of ideas, emotions and words to write upon the splendid skies an immortal constellation of imagery. We must have little men who climb little stairs, whom we can see mount step by step, placing a flickering candle light upon the table in the upstairs hall. For shame, Shakespeare, that you wrote

"See how the heavens are all inlaid with patines of bright gold."

Behold how you have erred. In the first place, do you not know, venerable and discredited bombastes, that it is a physical impossibility to 'inlay" the heaven with anything? Furthermore, do you not know that there is not gold enough in all the world to inlay "all" the heavens? Still further, know you not that "patines" is an obsolete word, not understood by the gallery gods, and hence taboo? And, lastly, do you not know that "bright" gold is out of style and only "dull" or "Pompeiian" gold is recherche?

Tut, tut! See how much better Howells could do this thing. Something like this, we may surmise:

"If you will lean back upon this bank—which I observe is at just the right angle to make an agreeable rest for the purpose—and adjust your dark—may I say black—lynx furpiece from the Hudson bay region a little closer to your neck, and then if you will look upward at the sky—or whatever we should call that vast, unknown space of ether overhead (I say "ether," but of course we do not know what it really is)—you will see a number of bright points of light, called stars, which gleam or glitter in a pleasant fashion—" and, so on.

True, true, dear Howells, quite correct. And we wish we had stayed in the house and had not this crick in our necks. Frankly, dear Howells, you bore us to death. Shakespeare was not exact, but he had a wondrous winning way with him. Perhaps, perhaps—treason, we know, but we will take a chance—perhaps Shakespeare was right. Maybe, after all, it is more Artful to say things the way they **ought** to be, whether they really are that way, than to say them the way they really, literally **are.** And another "perhaps." Perhaps the way things **look** to us in quite cold blood is **not** the way they really **are.** Perhaps the way things looked to the eye of Shakespeare, in fine frenzy rolling, is, after all, more truthfully their likeness. Else were it strange that Shakespeare's plays, for all their inaccuracy and violent daring of phrase, yet leave a sense of marvelous verisimilitude to life. We leave them and find the world not strange, but more familiar. We leave them and find men not more inexplicable, but more explicable. How comes this if he be the false and wandering star?

Perhaps, perhaps—we will not say it.

John Stevenson, the author of the recently published book, "The Hermit of Capri," who is in real life Judge Tarkington, father of Booth Tarkington, was married last month to Miss Linda H. Schultz, a director in the public schools of Indianapolis, his home city. The author and jurist is in his seventy-ninth year. An extended honeymoon trip took the couple as far as Maine and New York.

Californian Poets' Corner

THE YEARS

By F. M. Shearer

There is no more pitiful story in the literary history of California than that of the life and tragedy of Flora Macdonald Shearer, the young Scotch woman, talented and unfortunate, who was known for several years as a teacher in the San Francisco schools, but who became mentally deranged and died in one of the State hospitals. Her poems have been collected in a volume which contain verses of real merit.

The fleeting years, the flying years,
How much they take away!—
Life's early joys, its smiles and tears,
Youth's beautiful, brief day.

The bitter years, the barren years,
A dolorous array;
Hope, like a dim mirage, appears
Upon their desert gray.

The fatal years, the final years,
Remorseless, they sweep on;
We hail Death's shadow as it nears,
Impatient to be gone.

MENDOCINO

By L. H. Shuey

Of all the writers of California none displays a greater love for the mountains and the forests which are the glory of the state than Mrs. Lillian H. Shuey, the author of this poem.

A vast cathedral by the western sea,
Whose spires God set in majesty on high,
Peak after peak of forests to the sky,
Blended in one vast roof of greenery,
The nave, a river broadening to the sea;
The aisles, deep canyons of eternal build;
The transepts, valleys with God's splendor filled;
The shrines, white waterfalls in leaf-laced drapery.

The choir stands westward by the sounding shore;
The cliffs like beetling pipes set high in air,
Roll from the beach the thunders crashing there;
The high wind voices chord the breakers' roar;
And wondrous harmonies of praise and prayer
Swell to the forest altars evermore.

THE SUMMER OF THE GODS

By George Sterling

Methought in dream I saw Ulysses bold—
Lured by strange music to the hidden West—
Pass onward on that memorable quest
Of islands where the demigods of old
Beyond the portals of Elysium hold
The twilight and the threnodies of rest.
Great gleamed the sunset upon ocean's breast
And all those urgent oars cast up its gold.

Hushed are the voices of the mystic dales
And lost the days whose dawn and eve of yore
Held yet a mystery whose kindly veils
Fell as a radiance on sea and shore,
Whose eastward moons and suns departing bore
A glory unto far, intrepid sails.

OF THE IMAGINATIVE MIND

In opposition to the gentle satire of the first column of this page it is fair to put down the record of some hopeful signs in the recent development of our public taste, or rather in recent discoveries made in catering to the public taste. It is well to note, right here, the helpless condition of the public in matters of books and plays. A great figure in letters, like William Dean Howells, makes a reputation within the craft of writers as the embodiment of success achieved through following a certain theory of writing. He becomes a leader, writers heed his advice and follow his dictum of taste. The public gets what is written. It does not write, it has to read what writers write and publishers publish, if it would read current literature at all. In passing, we may say that this is a great stimulant to the publication of the old loved classics.

With dramatic literature the case is much the same. Authors and managers have a trusting faith in "what the public wants." A farce is a success, and for a couple of years farces only are written and produced. A comic opera is a success, and the stage is deluged with dreary imitations.

For a long time now the literalists, or "realists" as they call themselves, have dominated American literature. But we see a ray of hope. The New Theatre, New York, opened its season a couple of weeks ago with Maurice Macterlinck's "Bluebird." Now this is a play that would have been called, a few years ago, by the derisive epithets of "highbrow" or "mystical." The story is purely imaginary, the characters are fantastic or impossible, the scene is Noman's land, the action is subordinated to the idea, the idea is presented largely by symbolism, there is even the crowning heresy of poetry in the play. But, wonder of wonders, the critic of a sophisticated New York newspaper, in his review of the first-night performance, declares that the sophisticated New York first-night audience "had no difficulty in following the symbolism of the piece," and actually seemed to enjoy the performance!

Here is hope indeed. Only we would have stressed the statement rather differently. We would have taken for granted, what is the truth, that people are not different in New York from people in Elizabethan London, that people of course can follow symbolism (aren't they cradled on fairy tales?), that people enjoy good poetry, and then we would have emphasized the revolutionary fact that at the culmination of the literal-minded cult's hold upon writers a man should have ventured to write fantasy, and at this day of literal-minded managers such a play could have got itself produced.

We trust the Bluebird has broken the way for more freedom in play-writing. What this age hungers for is a return to the imagination, for freedom from the shackles of Meredith, Ibsen, Howells, James, and for the birth of a literature in the spirit, at least, of Shakespeare, however hopeless we may be of matching his quality.

The literal-minded will, too, have performed a useful service that will abide after their books are ashes. The romanticism of "The Hunchback" and "Virginius" was an offense to gods and men. It outraged every sense of verity and of taste. It was not merely that such characters and such events never were on land or sea: it was that anybody of taste would pray fervently that they might never be. Shakespeare's romanticism, at its boldest and most improbable, was at least alluring, violated no canons of god taste. If literal-mindedness does no more than bring literature, not down to common earth, but in harmony with earthly aspirations for the semblance of the truth, it will have served us well. Alone and of itself, it is abhorent. It leads us to despair. But as a corrective of false views of life, as a guide to vaulting Pegasus, it may do good.

MAN, THE UNREASONING ANIMAL

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

Is man a reasoning animal? Assuredly not. The notion that he is is one of the most ancient and ineradicable of all fallacies. Let us admit that some men have been reasoning animals, a very few men, but that man as a race is a reasoning animal—absurd!

This fallacy is intimately bound up these days with another, equally nonsensical. This modern and tributary fallacy—or, rather, corollary fallacy—is the silly belief that this is the most strenuous age in all the world's history. We gravely assert, and sincerely believe, that we are the most hurried and the hardest worked of the generations of men. We habitually speak of the "high tension" at which we labor; we quote with much gusto and thoughtless concurrence the phrase, "the strenuous life;" we speak of our "ninety-to-the-minute gait."

And the very next minute we disprove what we have just said. Being in a hurry to go a mile, we board a street car, and in absolute comfort and without any effort, traverse that mile in five minutes. Think of our forefathers, in like predicament. They would have run that mile, made it in fifteen minutes, would have been out of breath and sore for a week. Look all about you, and see what a rocking chair world of ease we live in. Look at the farmer riding his plow. Look at the merchant adding his figures with a machine. Look at the elevator displacing stairs, look at the telegraph displacing the courier, look at the telephone displacing the messenger boy. All about us is dispatch without loss of energy, labor completed without effort. Fie on our illusions: life is a snap.

Understand me, I speak by comparison with the past. I realize that the will is softened by inglorious ease. I know that in my depleted condition of will force it requires as much effort for me to rise at seven as it did for my grandfather to rise at four. The ratio of courage to achievement is an immutable quantity, and will be the same when mere thought can move the world as it was when the whole body sweat to capture a breakfast.

But now enters the element that affects our proposition about man as a reasoning animal. The thing the modern man has which man never had before is time. Modern life has so multiplied the individual power of production that the necessities of life—food, clothing, shelter—are turned out with vastly less labor per individual than ever before in the history of the race. The result has been that a relatively small proportion of mankind can now produce and distribute the necessities of the race. That leaves a large percentage of mankind to pursue other ends. In other words, the world has store against the future, and man has time, now and then, to pause and think. This has never been true of the race before.

And time—leisure—is the indespensable of reason. In primeval days man had no time to reason. He heard a rustle in the grass behind him, his nerves shot to his brain the one word, "death!" and he leaped and ran. Experience, you say, taught him that, and experience, if you please, is a crude sort of reason. Yes, but very crude. The sort of reason that drives man, to escape one error, into something else, anything else, certainly something new and unknown—that is, into another error. To lead from error to error, that is all experience does, except man have reason to guide him.

I have just said that man never before had had time to reason. That is true as I meant it—that is, of man as a race, as a whole. The few apparent exceptions merely prove the rule. I heard you murmur, "But the Greeks," when I said it. True, the Greeks. And who, pray, were the Greeks? Fifteen thousand aristocrats who had solved the problem of obtaining leisure. They solved it by successful coercion of a hundred thousand slaves, who sweat and felt, but never reasoned, under the fifteen thousand aristocrats, all that the fifteen thousand might have time—leisure—to use reason. A brief interval of reason by a fragment of the human race, quickly ended.

And yet look at the glory of that little group, that little era. See what man can do when he has time to reason together. See how a blinding, dazzling light still glows from Athens, dust these 2,000 years. These silk-skinned athletes, resting in the shade, granted a little respite from the world of toil, evolved the age of reason, gave birth to the mathematics, to logic, to the drama, to sculpture, to painting, to architecture, to philosophy. Upon the fruit of that brief period, when a pititful fraction of the race really had time to reason, feeds today all modern science, all modern art, all modern philosophy. We cannot think without paying tribute to Athens; we cannot build without studying her buildings; we cannot read without watching the radiance of her light. Aristotle made Bacon possible, and Bacon made all modern science possible. Every skyscraper that we build, every engine we contrive, goes back and bows to Euclid.

So the Greeks only prove the rule. They had the time, but they were not mankind, they were a fragment set up on a false base of economic and political foundation. They had to go. And with them went back into the dark night of ignorance and mere sensation the whole human race.

A while ago I heard you add, "And the Renaissance." True again. As if by spontaneous generation the womb of the race was filled and suddenly gave birth to the splendid galaxy that adorned the world. But whom, pray, do you mean when you say the Renaissance? Petrarch, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Shakespeare, Bacon—men of letters, men of art, students of philosophy. The answer is merely that once again man had an age of leisure, time to reason. The church had developed a leisure class, its monks, who had time to copy old manuscripts and retain knowledge. A few Italian merchant princes became political princes and developed a taste for adornment. They had the money and with it bought leisure for genius. That genius was touched and stimulated by a revival of learning in the other leisure class—the monks—and went back at once to the source of the monks' learning, the Greeks, and learned how to reason.

In England, in an age of unexampled national prosperity, and under the leisure-purveying patronage of the crown, Shakespeare and Bacon caught belated echoes of the Renaissance and brought reason to its highest modern flower.

But in Italy the source of leisure was, again, on a false economic and political base, and gave way. When the patron princes fell, leisure for even genius vanished, and darkness fell again upon mankind.

But in the world men, using the light of reason left behind, fought for sound political foundations and a reasoned economic base. Nations grew from petty states, life became valuable instead of cheap, commerce was made secure. Then the nineteenth century took hold of science. The heritage of Greece and Italy and Bacon fell to Darwin, to Huxley, to Pasteur, to Helmholz, to all the great names of fifty years ago and less. Industry profited by science. Manufacture became easy, distribution easy. Democracy took hold of nations and raised the level of man, of men in the mass. Today we can spare millions of men from the business of getting the world's meals to the business of thinking the world's thoughts. We have used these spare millions mainly to think thoughts that will make easier the task of the getting of the other millions' meals. But at least, man now has time to think, to reason, to pause before he acts, to do things upon reasonable bases instead of upon the impulses of the moment and under the instant stress of self-preservation. An age of leisure has dawned, an age of reason.

And so is it nonsense to talk of our strenuous age and of our hurried gait. We are taking things easier than ever was dreamed possible. And so is it nonsense to talk of man being a reasoning animal. Man has only just begun to be a reasoning animal, the vista of opportunity for him to reason has just opened, we begin to see that the day is coming when man—not a few men—will have time to be a reasoning animal.

How many reasonable animals do you know? How many of the acts of your life are based on reason rather than emotion or sensation or tradition or habit or accident? Mighty few. How many farmers till their fields the way father did, and how many go to the Berkeley experiment station to find out the way their grandsons will? How many housekeepers cook the sort of biscuits mother used to bake, and how many go to a scientific teacher and learn why mother raised a family of dyspeptics? How many people carry a potato in their hip pockets to ward off rheumatism when the doctor around the corner knows that rheumatism is a germ disease that has no more relation to Ireland's staple food than it has to the San Francisco fire? How many people play the races and the slot machine when the next door high school teacher of mathematics knows perfectly well that it is just as impossible to make a fortune out of those devices as it is to lift yourself over the fence by your own boot straps? How many merchants and manufacturers try to charge all the traffic will bear and pay their help less than a living wage, when any student of economics can tell them that they are burning the candle at both ends and are going to get their hands burnt, if not here then in the hereafter?

If man is a reasoning animal, why does Rockefeller have half a billion dollars while half a million people in New York city hang forever on the hunger line? If this age of reason is in full glow instead of just beginning to dawn on the horizon, why are there five hundred Christian creeds and about the same number of simon-pure Christians in the world? If reason sits by every hearthstone, why is justice hard to find?

If reason is in use by everyone, it follows that truth has been found. If truth has been found, why is there revolution in Portugal, why does a king sit on a tottering throne in Spain, why does a Czar tremble in his palace and a peasant in his hut, why does a United States divide into two political camps and fight a quadrennial battle for the possession of power?

Reason! Reason, indeed! We are still in the swaddling band of new-born hope of being some day reasonable. We have moiled and sweat through the ages to keep the wolf from the door, we have stolen a day a week to shout our disputatious creeds for the salvation of our souls, we have dodged and run and fought to keep our spirits from a violent severance from our bodies, but we have, as mankind, never had time to reason. Emotion has been our guide—fear. Fear of death, fear of the devil, fear of God, fear of one another, fear of our shadows. O. Henry touched a universal chord the other day when, dying, he said to the physician, "Turn up the lights, I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The race has only just stopped running away from things, and has not yet wholly got its breath. And, remember, the words were, "**Come**, let us reason together," not, "Let us reason as we run."

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577 Market St. San Francisco

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Ma's Hobble Skirt

When ma firs' got her hobble skirt
An' wore it home for us to see,
"What is this thing in which you're girt?"
My Uncle Henry says, says he,
An' pa he heaved a hefty sigh,
For 'twas a shock, I guess, to pa,
But wors' of all was baby's cry—
You see, he didn't know his ma.

Then me an' Tommy we both laffed
Till ma says, "Tie your mouths in crape!"
But pa says, 'Helen, are you daft?
Where did you git that turnip shape?"
We had more fun 'an I can tell,
Except that 'twas a blow for pa,
But baby looked an' give a yell—
You see, he didn't know his ma.

Then ma she says, "Hush, darlin', hush!
It is your ma, my ownty own";
But pa he says, "Oh, worl' of mush!
Is this here sprung from seed I've sown?"
Then me an' Tommy snickered 'gain,
An' Uncle Henry says, "Har-ha!"
But baby yelled to show his pain—
You see, he didn't know his ma.

My Uncle Henry says he thinks
That we'll be broken in at last;
He says pa's taperin' off on drinks,
Which shows that he's recoverin' fast;
An' Sister Susie says, "I guess
I want one like—"No more!" says pa;
But baby's cryin' less an' less—
You see, he's gittin' used to ma.

* * *

Luella's Party

Luella gave a party the other day. Luella is my daughter, and those who were present ranged from eleven to sixteen years in age. Also, I was present, like a lobster in a school of minnows. The children played and disported themselves, and I tried to play and disport myself, but I must have presented somewhat of the appearance of an elephant dancing a minuet. They shrieked and laughed, and I tried to shriek and laugh with them, but I couldn't see much that seemed to me to warrant shrieks and laughter, and I fear that my bass mingled with their merry childish treble much like a few notes from the Miserere in a song of praise.

My crotchety masculine friend and my gray-haired feminine friend, what is it that has come over us in the last thirty, forty or fifty years, that we have lost the soul of laughter out of our lives? Why is it that little things amuse us no more? How is it that our little ones find food for merriment in the very places where we sigh? Wherefore are they glad for that in which we find no gladness? "Of such is the Kingdom"; is it, then, because in the creeping years that have gone we have wandered away from the Kingdom?

Answer these questions as you will, my sedate friend; and, after you have answered them, what would you give to go back over the rearward track which you have traversed, and can traverse no more, to the time when little things brought gladness unto you, and laughter was the native music of your soul? Ah, you need not tell me what you would give, though it be the best that life now lends you, for I, too, have traversed the track and too largely have forgotten to laugh at the little things, and I know.

Ah, we are world-worn and pessimistic old growlers. Let's go back and again learn how to laugh, with equal abandon in any case, at much or little or nothing. What do you say? Shall it be so?

* * *

The Queer Political Game

Tubbs—There's one queer thing about the political game of running for office.

Nubbs—What's that?

"It's the only game of which I know in which a man would feel justified in drawing to his hand if he held nothing better than nine spot high without a pair."

The Opinions of Rufus

I've 'most concluded I won't jedge a man by what he did till I find out 'bout how sorry he is fer it.

On the great Judgment Day I reckon the best some of us can do will be to stand up an' say we're ready to take what's comin' to us.

Josh Bings says he wouldn't be so pessimistic 'bout men if he hadn't noticed women so much.

Faith may make you hull, but sometimes a doctor's medicine is middlin' useful in keepin' you so.

Es 'tween marryin' a angel or a mere woman, Ezry, I b'lieve I'd take my chances on marryin' the woman. She'd be less likely, I reckon, to find out 'bout you.

They's some women that I don't know a single thing 'gainst—'cept the men they married, o' course.

Laff, an' the world laffs with you—that is, unless the part of the world that's present happens to be English.

If folks had to have reel thoughts 'fore they could talk this would be a middlin' mum world.

Sometimes seems to me that if my neighbor could regerlate my morals an' I could regerlate his our show fer heaven would be a good deal better'n it is.

Josh Bings says when he sees a pretty woman dressed all in white it allers makes him feel repentant that he's a sinner.

Eli Pennick brought up his boys never to tell a lie. An' then he let 'em go a-fishin'!

Poor old Ab Sutton become a leadin' citizen last week. His uncle left him nigh a million dollars.

Stayin' with a thing is what wins. A dewdrop's es pretty es a diamond, but it don't fetch es much in the market 'cause it don't last es long.

* * *

He Reports No More

He was a very new and very ardent young reporter who had been reared among good influences and expected to make a Great Editor some day, so when he went to the city editor his face was beaming with happy anticipation.

"If we handle it carefully," he said, "I believe that I have got a scoop on all the other papers," for already he had heard that a scoop was the summum bonum of a reporter's existence.

"So?" said the city editor, for he was case-hardened, and had learned not to expect too much of young reporters.

"You bet I have!"

"Startling murder in your neighborhood?" the city editor inquired, with mild interest.

"No, but—"

"Elopement in high society, with special thrills in it?"

"No, nothing like that, but—"

"Woman traded her good name for a place in a chauffeur's automobile?"

"No, it's nothing of that sort, but—"

"Well, what is it then?"

"Why, the secretary of our Y. M. C. A., who is a friend of mine, has received word that the international body is going to offer prizes in an oratorical contest to be world-wide and to attract—"

"Nothing doing," the city editor interrupted him. "This paper isn't any Pink Pills for Pale People. What we want is news. When you get an interesting murder that the people enjoy reading about come in again. Until then you may consider yourself fired."

So another Great Editor was nipped in the bud.

* * *

She Wept Bequets

A Southern girl fond of bouquets
Said, "Alas! for the blossom dequets."
When they asked why she cried
She only replied,
In Southern vernacular, "'Quets."

A Fable for Right Now

For a long time the mighty S. P. fish had swam about in the Public Pond and had waxed fat on any and all smaller fish that chanced to appeal to their appetite.

And it came to pass that in a certain season there was an epidemic of New Nationalism, which was due to an Insurgent Wave, which latter was due to the fact that the smaller fish objected to being swallowed, and when the mighty S. P. fish looked about them for something to eat, lo, there were naught to be found save Johnson fish and Bell fish.

Thereupon did the mighty S. P. fish call a secret convention, and the Herrin fish, which was made its chairman, addressed the convention as follows:

"Behold," he said, "we are up against it, and nothing is left unto us except to make a choice. It is true," he added, "that we held the Bell fish distasteful four years ago, and it cannot be doubted that it does not pleasantly appeal to our palates. But look at the Johnson fish!" he added, with a superb burst of oratory. "Its spines of protest against our tyranny and its fins of faith in the self-redeeming power of the people are so large that we cannot possibly get them down our gullets. Under the circumstances, it is evident that this is a case of take the Bell fish, distasteful though it may be, or go hungry. Need I say more?"

The Herrin fish did not need to say more, for immediately a motion was made, seconded and carried that they live on the Bell fish, and also that an effort be made to cast the Johnson fish out of the Public Pond.

Moral (as the Herrin fish suggested): Better a fish that is distasteful than one that absolutely cannot be swallowed.

* * *

He Knew It All Except—

He could name all the flowers in Latin so long
That I haven't the space to name one in this song;
He knew how the great constellations were placed,
And the stars in their courses he easily traced;
The rocks told a tale which to him was revealed,
And naught scientific from him was concealed;
He'd describe how the atoms and molecules clash—
But he wasn't worth a whoop in the scrabble for cash.

With doctors profound he would hem and would haw,
And he had a firm grasp on the Ultimate Law;
The High Criticism he hoisted some higher,
And he handled sans gloves theological fire;
All marvels and wonders he certainly knew.
For he even could tell what our Teddy would do;
He could follow man's course to its ultimate ash—
But he wasn't worth a whoop in the scrabble for cash.

He died and was buried, at public expense,
And the crowd at his funeral wasn't immense;
And the thing that I've wondered runs something like this:
Is he counted as wise in the Country of Bliss?
Does he all the wonders eternal explain
To angels who feel their own learning is vain?
What matter? What matter? Here's comfort to spare:
No scrabble for shekels will trouble him there.

* * *

A Wise Man's Precaution

"Hold on, old man."

"Can't. I'm in a hurry."

"What's the rush?"

"Got to go to my lawyer's to have my will prepared."

"That will hold over till tomorrow."

"No, it won't. I'm going to take a joy ride this evening."

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Think of the Strain of It The public needs to be a bit charitable toward its leading candidates of whatever political party. The strain they are under is extreme and if they now and again lose their tempers, or return answers not calculated to turn away wrath think of what you, gentle reader, even if you tried ever so hard to be gentle, what you would do if you had been on the rack for weeks and months, if your nerves had been strung to concert pitch and never let down. Our political campaigns in a great state like California, make tremendous demands upon the nerves and vitalities of men.

With Theodore Bell the strain, great as it has been, has been comparatively light. The Democratic party ticket was mainly nominated at the Argonaut Hotel in San Francisco. The Bell end of it was ratified at a selected convention at Los Angeles. No Democrat had to make a primary fight for nomination. The Bell program was well greased and swallowed whole.

Not so in the case of Hiram Johnson. He made, at the primary election, the most stupendous personal campaign ever made in any state, merely as a preliminary to the campaign just closing. For five straight months he did nothing else than to take his message to the people of California. With a fortnight or so of rest he had to up and at 'em again, fighting, not alone his opponent, no mean adversary by any means, but the kennel of Hades itself, the higher-ups and the lower-downs, day after day and night after night, facing all kinds of people, facing down all kinds of calumnies, trying to look pleasant when he is fighting mad through and through—well, if the reader (who probably cannot pursue the elusive collar button to its lair without using strong language) will put himself in Johnson's place when he hears of Johnson having lost his temper, he will be able to make allowances. The wonder is that the man is alive. If he were not a wonder he would not be.

A Suggestion Of the Whine The canvass of Bell and Spellacy has, under the pressure of the contest and the strain, developed into a semi-whining plea for votes because they are orphans and won't have any place to go if they do not go to Sacramento. Bell tells of the hard trials he had coming up from poverty, and of the sacrifices he has made in the interests of his ambition to lead a public life. Spellacy frankly begs the people to give Theodore and himself a chance, "please good people take pity on us and let us in," is the substance if not the exact text of his refrain. The lack of dignity and grit is as significant in their case as the lack of tenderness and tact is in the case of Johnson, and it is forty times more inglorious. Bell is a good fellow. Spellacy is a good fellow. They are neither of them oak-hearted nor second growth hickory. They are soft woods and, however good their intentions, will not be able to withstand the strain of political and financial pressure while in office, if they succeed in getting into office. That is why the interests are on their side. The interests know of what kind of timber they are made.

Square-Jawed Hiram Johnson Death and destruction to that stick of timber, human or unhuman, that is all right up to the point when the supreme test of efficiency comes to be applied to it and then breaks down under the strain and leaves you all of a heap. The well-meaning weak man is such a stick of timber.

But if the voter will take a good look at the Johnson jaw as it thrusts out at him from button or billboard, or from wherever else the Johnson visage is portrayed, he is a poor judge of character if he does not know that the owner of the Johnson jaw is no weakling. He may be a little hard to manage. He may be a bit self-willed and headstrong. Nettled, he may turn upon one and half eat 'em alive, but he will stay put. What he says he will do if he lives. The spirit of old Andrew Jackson is in him. And with all proper respect for the mild-mannered Theodore Bell, and for the pussy-footed Tim Spellacy, Hiram W. Johnson, as governor, will do more for California than a regiment of such men. He is the Man of the Hour.

Alleged Agreement To Bolt the Ticket In order to win the "organization" Republican voters to his standard, Theodore Bell has declared that certain Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican leaders stated to him that, in the event of the nomination of any Republican except Johnson, they would support Bell if nominated, in proof of which what certain members of the Good Government organization of Los Angeles had said is introduced in evidence.

If such assurances were given Bell they were given and received in confidence and his violation of that confidence is such a breach of faith as proclaims him a moral weakling.

But the Good Government organization of Los Angeles was and is not at all the same thing as the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of California, although many members of the league were also members of the Good Government organization, which also contained Democrats, as well as Republicans of "organization" affiliations, men who were for good government first and party afterward.

That is the stand of E. T. Earl, of the Los Angeles Express, and of E. A. Dickson, his political employe and associate. Likely enough these gentlemen are convictable of placing good government above party and of trying to get the Democrats to put up a clean ticket so that clean men would have a chance to vote for clean men if the Republicans should, unhappily, nominate unclean men for office. Men have been guilty of worse offenses than that and have nevertheless found peace for their souls.

Finally, it was a matter that nobody needed to tell anybody, for everybody of sense knew without being told, that, in the event of the triumph of Herrinism in the Republican primary, tens of thousands of free Republicans would have cast their votes for Bell. Nothing could have prevented it except the manifestation, on the part of Bell himself, of that susceptibility to the lure of office which has so militated against him in this campaign.

This admission will not drive Republicans from Johnson. It may drive away a few Herrinites, but all Republicans, leal and true Republicans, whether "organization" or Lincoln-Roosevelt, rejoice in the fact that the party is at last free. And for every Herrinite Republican driven to Bell from this cause a score of free Democrats will be attracted to Johnson.

No matter what Republican leaders might or might not promise to do if Johnson were defeated at the primaries they could not have stopped the tide of free men toward Bell. Only Bell could have done that and, judging by the sort of campaign he has made against Johnson, it is not unlikely that Bell's own conduct would have stemmed that tide abundantly. He is not of the stern stuff that either heroes or martyrs are made of, well-meaning and likeable though he is.

But, as a matter of fact, the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement held no conferences with Theodore Bell and promised him nothing.

The Watchman's State Ticket The Watchman's standard of advice for others in voting is what he would do were he in the voter's place. Judged by that standard his state ticket is as follows:

Governor—Hiram W. Johnson.
Lieutenant-Governor—Albert J. Wallace.
Justice of Supreme Court—William P. Lawlor.
Justice of Supreme Court—M. C. Sloss.
Secretary of State—S. S. Bayley.
Controller—A. B. Nye.
Treasurer—W. R. Williams.
Attorney-General—U. S. Webb.
Surveyor-General—William S. Kingsbury.
Clerk of Supreme Court—B. Grant Taylor.
Superintendent of State Printing—D. W. Ravenscroft.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Edward Hyatt.

The Watchman's District Ticket The Watchman cannot vote all over the state. The law won't let him, but if he were permited to vote by proxy in all the subdivisions of the state he would vote about so:

For members of congress—Englebright, Kent, Knowland, Macarthur, Hayes, Needham, Stephens and Smith. He would choke a little on Englebright, but swallow him as the best thing to be done under the circumstances. The Republicans of that district should bring out a bigger and better man next time.

With reference to the State Board of Equalization, a very important arm of government, frankly, The Watchman knows no especial reasons why either Democrats or Republicans should bolt their tickets.

All things considered, The Watchman is inclined to sustain the Republican nominees for the railroad commission. Of Alexander Gordon and John M. Eshleman there can be no question. The source of Mr. Loveland's original appointment was objectionable. If he had not been known to be acceptable to the railroad interests he would not have been selected, but with Gordon and Eshleman on the board with him he will be powerless to show the railroad interests any unwarranted favors even if so disposed, and he does know something of rate-making. The knowledge he has acquired will be of advantage to his associates. Besides, The Watchman is not sure that justice would not require that one member of the board be representative of the transportation view of the transportation question. Heretofore the railroad interests have had either two out of three or the whole three. That plan did not work well. What is wanted is absolute justice between shipper and carrier, consumer and producer. Of Barclay Henley, The Watchman thinks highly, and if there were not to be one lawyer on the board (Mr. Eshleman) he would certainly support Mr. Henley's candidacy.

The Watchman's Appellate Ticket The Watchman's preference for presiding judge for the first District Court of Appeals is Judge James V. Coffey, of San Francisco, the Democratic candidate, and this without the smallest disrespect for the Republican candidate, Judge Lennon, who is a man of high character, but Judge Coffey will give to that court a strength and confidence in the public mind that almost no other judge

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

an, and that court is in great need of being o strengthened.

In the second appellate district The Watchman would vote for Victor E. Shaw, for the full term because he has made good, and for Judge Conrey of Los Angeles in preference to Judge James, for the unexpired term, more because of the political influences behind the two men, respectively, than for any other reason.

In the third district Judge Burnett has made good and should be re-elected.

Bell Betrayed Into Downright Falsehood In his Dreamland Rink speech Theodore Bell declared that the "Republican insurgents in this state have been arrogant and bigoted," that they proceeded upon the "unwarranted and purely gratuitous and unfounded assumption that unless a man belonged to the so-called insurgent movement of this state he is not a decent man—he not only ought to be kicked out of the Republican party, but he ought to be ostracized from decent society in the state of California."

In so declaring Mr. Bell allowed the lure of office to betray him into absolute falsehood. The only persons who were so denounced by any person who had a right to speak in the name of Republican insurgency were William F. Herrin and the willing tools employed by him in betraying the Republican party into the hands of special interests, and nothing was said as to the private characters even of these men. It was only their public and political relations that were criticised.

Mr. Bell's sympathies should have been, and until he found that the triumph of Johnson at the primaries involved his own defeat at the general election, they were with the insurgent cause. Then he became wonderfully sympathetic with "organization" Republicanism and distrustful of the Republicanism of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

There never was a manlier campaign conducted in this or any other state than that made by Hiram W. Johnson and his associates for a free California and a free Republican party. They were indignant rather than arrogant; profoundly in earnest rather than bigoted. A more splendid triumph of righteousness than theirs neither this state nor this country has witnessed in a generation. There is good stuff in Theodore Bell, and when this campaign shall have ended, and the smart of his defeat shall have ceased to sting, no one will be more ashamed than he of the friends he has made in the last two months or more sorrowful for those he has lost.

Theodore Bell At Dreamland The Watchman affirms, in this final issue before the election, that Theodore A. Bell is a clean-minded, well-intentioned young man of excellent abilities and honorable ambitions, but he is not strong. He has not that toughness of moral, mental or physical fibre that is required to carry on to completion the splendid work of freeing California from corporation domination which he so finely espoused four years ago. He bends before the storm. He yields to pressure. The lure of office deflects from his true course. His weakness is a fatal objection to his candidacy.

By all outward signs and symptoms Theodore Bell should be in hearty sympathy with that newer nationalism that is shaking the nation to its foundations. He should be a Roosevelt Democrat, but he is not. His need for attracting "organization" Republicans to his support has betrayed him into denouncing the Republican insurgent movement in California, which is only a part of the national movement, in unmeasured terms and to ally himself definitely with the standpat element in both the Republican party and his own. If he go into office it will be with that element behind him, beholden to it, and he will be representative of it. He has not the strength to resist hard pressure.

No one needs to be told that if Johnson had been defeated in the primary campaign Bell would have made a very different campaign from what he has. Not one word of censure of Republican insurgency, of Johnson, or Lissner or Rowell, would have escaped his lips. On the contrary, he would have honeyed and treacled and paid court to them and he would have adjured all Roosevelt Republicans to flock to his standard as they loved liberty and wished to see California free. Theodore Bell trims his sails to suit the political winds that do blow. He breasts no storm that he can avoid. No man is stronger than the weakest spot in him and Mr. Bell's weak spot is his love for political preferment. "Though he speak with the tongue of men and of angels," and have not strength of will, robustness of courage, a rock-ribbed power to resist political pressure, he is a "tinkling cymbal" and won't do at such a time as this when the manhood of America is aroused as never before to fight for political freedom and to resist corporation domination. If Theodore Bell have any claim upon a reactionary Republicanism he certainly has none upon a progressive Democracy.

The Truth About Kent The San Francisco Sun, of last Wednesday, contained an attack on William Kent, based on an affidavit sworn to by one F. H. Collier. The substance of Collier's affidavit is this: "that there are now employed on said property [Kent's ranch home in Marin county] and have been for two years past, a number of Chinese laborers, usually as many as seven; that all the farming operations on said property are performed by said Chinese laborers."

The facts are these: Mr. Kent, owing to the well-known inability of country residents to keep white domestic servants at any price, has been compelled to hire a Chinese cook. He pays this cook $75 a month and keep, which is the topnotch price paid white domestic servants, so that this Chinaman does not compete with any white labor. He is simply willing to work where white servants refuse to work. Furthermore, Mr. Kent absolutely never employed any Oriental labor in any capacity until the exclusion act made it certain that no additional Chinese would be allowed to compete with white labor. Mr. Kent has never, at any time—on principle—employed a Japanese, because no such exclusion act operates against Japanese.

On the Kent ranch are two other Chinese, employed not by Kent but by his mother, to do menial tasks unacceptable to white labor. The statement that the farm work on the Kent ranch is done by Chinese is a falsehood. The foreman is William Jones, an American. His chief assistant is Robert Cunningham, a Scotchman. Several other Americans and two or three Italians make up the farm crew.

This Collier affidavit is of a piece with the anonymous activities of the "Zumwalt Non-Partisan Club of the Second Congressional District," which is issuing a circular containing such falsehoods as that Kent has spent practically all his life in Chicago, that Kent does not understand or sympathize with laboring men, that Kent spent $50,000 to obtain the Republican nomination, and similar nonsense, disproved by Kent's records.

Hiram Johnson's Client Brown Theodore Bell has stated that Hiram Johnson left the graft prosecution to undertake the defense of Dalzell Brown. This statement is not true. Hiram Johnson publicly announced his severance from the graft prosecution on October 28, 1907, at which time it was not known that Dalzell Brown had committed any crime. Dalzell Brown was not indicted until December 20, 1907, and Hiram Johnson did not take his case until several days thereafter. Johnson's first appearance in court in behalf of Brown was on January 2, 1908. Hiram Johnson was not connected with the graft prosecution at any time during his connection with the Brown case.

Frank E. Hering, Bell's imported orator, has asserted, mainly by innuendo in the form of questions, that Hiram Johnson received a fee of $55,000 from Dalzell Brown, wholly or in part in the form of stocks of the Western Pacific railroad that were properly a part of the assets of the California Safe Deposit company. This also is untrue. Johnson received a fee of far less than $55,000, and no part of it consisted of Western Pacific stock.

Propositions and Constitutional Amendments

[illegible] State and local taxation, and providing for the taxation of public service [illegible] fit of the State.	Yes	X
	No	
[illegible] land is pledged as security for the payment thereof, together with the [illegible] shall be [illegible]	Yes	
	No	X
Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 36—Relating to Judges of the Superior Court.	Yes	X
	No	
Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 38—Relating to the formation of new counties, and altering the boundary lines of existing counties.	Yes	X
	No	
Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 44—Providing for the classification by the legislature of cities and towns by population for the purpose of regulating the business of banking.	Yes	
	No	X
Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 52—Relating to how money may be appropriated and drawn from the State treasury, and providing for the raising of $5,000,000 to be used in establishing, maintaining, and supporting in the City and County of San Francisco the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.	Yes	X
	No	
Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 14—Relating to the right of the people to fish.	Yes	X
	No	
Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 33—Authorizing the City and County of San Francisco to amend its charter in aid of Panama-Pacific International Exposition.	Yes	X
	No	

"For the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Act of 1909." "This act provides for the improvement of San Francisco Harbor and for the payment of all costs thereof out of San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund."	X
"Against the San Francisco Harbor Improvement Act of 1909." "This Act provides for the improvement of San Francisco Harbor and for the payment of all costs thereof out of San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund."	
"For the State Highway Act"	
"Against the State Highway Act"	X
"For the India Basin Act." "This Act provides for the acquisition of a tidal basin in the Bay of San Francisco for harbor purposes, and for the payment of all costs thereof out of the 'San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund.'"	X
"Against the India Basin Act." "This Act provides for the acquisition of a tidal basin in the Bay of San Francisco for harbor purposes, and for the payment of all costs thereof out of the 'San Francisco Harbor Improvement Fund.'"	
"For the San Diego Sewer Act"	X
"Against the San Diego Sewer Act"	

THE CRIPPEN TRIAL---A MODEL

AN EXAMPLE OF BRITISH JUSTICE, SWIFT BUT DIGNIFIED

The Crippen case, in London, gave a vivid illustration of the English method of administering the criminal law. The best account of the legal side of this trial we have seen is in a recent issue of the New York Sun. We reproduce it here for the study and comparison of our readers. It will repay a careful reading. Says the Sun of October 23:

Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, is the most impressive and dignified figure on the British bench. Robed in ermine and scarlet and attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs wearing their official robes and gold chains of office, he is the personification of judicial strength, of which the black and gold scabbarded sword is the emblem. Beneath him sat the black gowned, white wigged clerk, and in the well of the court between him and the prisoner's dock, where Crippen's dapper, insignificant figure was dwarfed by the burly forms of three warders, sat gowned and wigged counsellors at a large table, at which the instructing solicitors with books and papers were also seated.

Three loud knocks behind the Judge's seat warned the court of the Chief Justice's entrance, preceded by a mace bearer and accompanied by the officials already mentioned. The Judge and the standing court exchange bows, and forthwith the trial begins. Twelve men file into the jury box and are sworn one by one to see justice between "Our Sovereign Lord the King" and the prisoner. Three jurors, and this is very exceptional, are rejected by the prisoner's counsel. It is done by an almost inaudible word. The men's personal appearance was sufficient explanation of their rejection. Three others are brought in, and within eight minutes of the Judge's entrance the jury is empanelled, the prisoner is arraigned and the clerk reads the indictment to Crippen, who pleads not guilty.

"Mr. Muir," says the Judge, and the leading counsel for the Crown stands up and begins his statement of the case for the prosecution in calm, passionless language, without a gesture, without the slightest attempt at rhetoric, with no trace of feeling against the prisoner, frequently even pointing out facts which may tell in the prisoner's favor. In eighty minutes counsel gave a lucid masterpiece of narrative, throughout which he confined himself to the admitted facts of the long story of the relations between Crippen and his wife and his mistress.

Once only in the four and a half days did counsel protest at anything that happened. This was done by counsel for the defense, who objected to the introduction of a Crown witness after the case for the Crown had been closed. The Judge said: "I will admit the evidence so far as it is justified by the prosecuting counsel's opening statement."

Counsel for the defense remained standing a moment in further protest.

"I will take care of you, Mr. Tobin," said the Judge. Counsel bowed and took his seat.

The incident occupied hardly a minute.

Not a single witness was examined or cross-examined by counsel on either side without the Judge's intervention, sometimes requesting counsel to make his question clearer, sometimes helping the witness to couch his answer; always making every effort to save time. It mattered nothing whether it was a Crown or defense witness, when counsel had finished with him or her the Judge would say: "Now I want to ask a few questions." Then in three or four lucid questions he would elicit in plain, concise form what counsel would take twenty minutes and innumerable questions to get out. Then the Judge would ask a few questions, always straight to the point, which counsel had overlooked or did not desire put.

A good example of the manner in which Lord Alverstone took the case into his own hands was his dealing with the medical witnesses for the defense. The identification of the mutilated remains, apart from the fragments of garments buried with them and from mere inference, depended upon whether a mark on a piece of flesh was the scar of an operation or merely a mark caused by folding and pressure when beneath the bricks of the cellar floor. The medical experts for the Crown brought overwhelming evidence to prove the mark was a scar, and it was known that Belle Elmore had such a scar, the result of an operation.

The medical witness for the defense gave a directly opposite opinion. After both counsel had finished with him the Judge took him in hand, pressed him and shook his evidence. Then, expressing regret that the witness had absented himself from the court when the Crown witnesses gave their evidence, he called one of the latter into the witness box and made him demonstrate on a piece of skin and flesh his grounds for declaring the mark must be a scar. This done the Judge said to the witness for the defense, "Now, after hearing and seeing Mr. Pepper's reasons for declaring the mark must be a scar resulting from such an operation, is not your opinion modified? Do you not think it may be a scar?"

The witness adhered to his own opinion, but when he left the witness box there was no doubt that his evidence had been robbed of all value in the jury's eyes.

Earlier in the case, when numerous exhibits of the dead woman's jewelry were produced for identification by witnesses, the Judge examined all and selected a few for the jury to inspect, dismissing the rest as of commonplace, ordinary appearance and thus of no value for purposes of identification, so that it would only be a waste of time for the jury to examine them.

Again, when counsel for the defense outlined the story of Crippen's arrangement with the quartermaster to hide him on board the steamer Montrose, after the first sentence the Judge interposed, asking: "Do you produce the quartermaster?"

"No, my Lord," counsel responded.

The Judge nodded, and the weak story, evidently shortened, fell ineffective from counsel's lips. So it was throughout the trial; the Judge would pull up counsel when, after receiving an answer from a witness, they worked around to the same question.

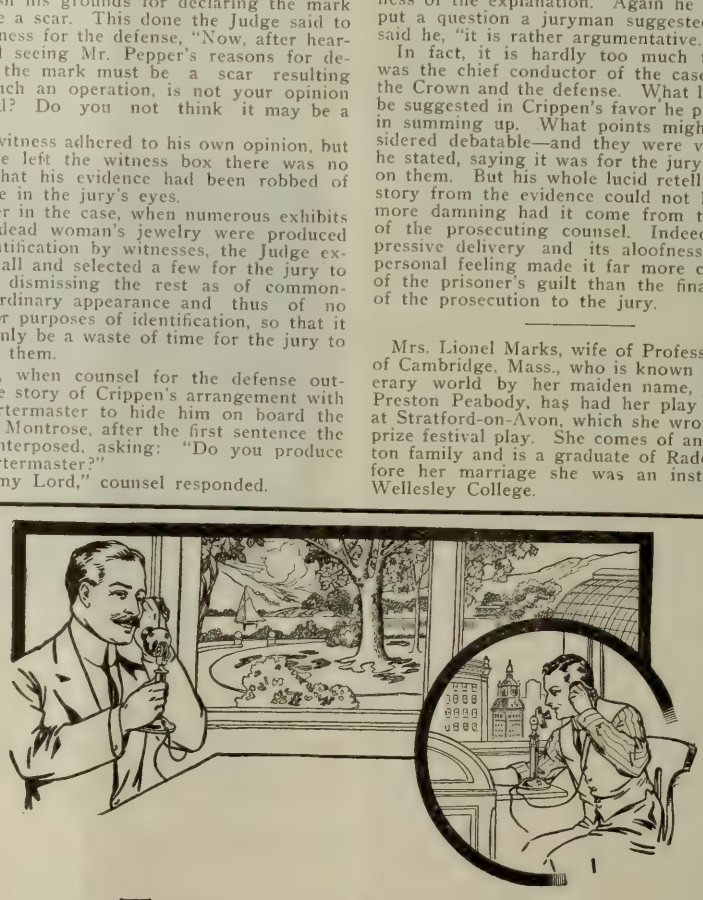
"He has answered you," Lord Alverstone would say, "and you must take his answer."

Frequently he would interpose, telling counsel: "It is now time to establish this point," or to press another point as being important. It was the Judge's questions that made Crippen contradict himself on an important question, the date of the purchase and who purchased, whether himself or his wife, the incriminating suit of pajamas, part of which was found with the remains.

Twice the Judge intervened in behalf of Crippen, once when the prosecution was pressing him as to what he meant by the word "it" when he said to Inspector Dew of Quebec: "It is only fair to say I told Miss Le Neve nothing about it." Crippen said he had meant he had told her nothing of his series of lying letters and telegrams. The Judge made counsel accept the answer, but in summing up he drew attention to the weakness of the explanation. Again he refused to put a question a juryman suggested because, said he, "it is rather argumentative."

In fact, it is hardly too much to say he was the chief conductor of the case both for the Crown and the defense. What little could be suggested in Crippen's favor he pointed out in summing up. What points might be considered debatable—and they were very few—he stated, saying it was for the jury to decide on them. But his whole lucid retelling of the story from the evidence could not have been more damning had it come from the mouth of the prosecuting counsel. Indeed, its impressive delivery and its aloofness from all personal feeling made it far more convincing of the prisoner's guilt than the final address of the prosecution to the jury.

Mrs. Lionel Marks, wife of Professor Marks of Cambridge, Mass., who is known in the literary world by her maiden name, Josephine Preston Peabody, has had her play produced at Stratford-on-Avon, which she wrote for the prize festival play. She comes of an old Boston family and is a graduate of Radcliffe. Before her marriage she was an instructor in Wellesley College.



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THE CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY AND PRESENT USES

By MILTON J. FERGUSON, Assistant State Librarian

The California State Library is an institu-on having more than 150,000 volumes; its w collection is one of the best in the west-n part of the United States; its general rary is rich in Californiana, history, art, ciology and other lines; it is headed by a an who actually knows the library business, d under whose direction a staff of more an thirty persons works with business-like rectness.

Origin

On January 24, 1850, the legislature passed law providing for the establishment of a ate library, of which the secretary of state as made ex-officio librarian. The law left is officer largely to his own devices in the anagement of the library; its only specific rection to him covered the subject of dis-ibution of official state documents. Later the same session, April 9th, another act fining the duties of the state librarian and escribing rules for the management of the ate library was passed. State officials, alone, ere eligible to borrow books.

The Fund

But alas for the early development of the rary, the legislature forgot one essential— money was turned into its treasury. So e backbone of the collection, for a time at ast, was the one hundred volumes given the ate by John C. Fremont, who, on January 9th, received a vote of thanks from the sen-e for his generosity. In those days, these ne hundred books on law, medicine, travel nd a few government documents formed a retty respectable library. It was during the ird session of the legislature, in 1852, that ne library fund was created, by requiring ch officer, civil or military, commissioned y the governor, to pay five dollars to the ecretary of state for that purpose. The con-oller was likewise directed, in making set-ement with the members of the legislature, hold out five dollars from the pay of each, nd to credit the library with the total. From 853 until 1901 all fees collected by the secre-ry of state became a part of the state library nd. In the latter year the law governing ees collected by the secretary of state was mended and the amount thereby greatly in-reased; so the library was given a definite um of $2,500 per month. Since 1901 this al-owance has been increased gradually until at he present time it amounts to $5,000; and onsidering the work being done by the insti-ution is decidedly inadequate.

The Trustees

In 1852 the first library board, consisting f five members, all of whom were state offi-ials, was provided for. The legislature of 861 decided that three of the members should e elected by it, on joint ballot. Until 1899 he legislature retained the immediate ap-ointing authority; and as a consequence the ibrary was periodically thrown into the olitical arena. In 1899 better advice pre-ailed; and the trustees became appointees of he governor. The boards have almost in-ariably been composed of men who desired he best results from the institution in their are; their error, if such it might be called, vas one of method. Library system is a new hing; so it was not until the administration of the present librarian that far reaching plans were formed for the library, aside from the law departments, and consistently carried out.

The New Administration

From April 1, 1899, dates the new order of things. The newly appointed librarian, like his predecessors, came into office frankly as a political appointee. He was a business man trained in the art of getting results, a vigorous thinker and straightforward in his methods. The biennial report made within a few months of his taking office shows clearly that he was beginning to see larger things as a possibility for the state library. The business methods of his office were speedily made to conform to well recognized principles of accountancy. Reports of the work done in his institution and of his recommendations looking toward its betterment, together with a tabulated statement of expenses, were regularly made to the board of trustees. Persons desiring an easy reserved seat in the library, and a place on the pay roll were asked what their qualifications were for such a business as library work. Regular hours were insisted upon; and a time clock, the only one in the capitol, was installed. By the time the new man was well in the saddle he ceased to be merely a political appointee and began with an admirable fund of strength and energy to serve the people of the state through their state library. At first things naturally moved slowly; but the wheels were started and they have never stopped.

The Departments at Present

In 1903 the librarian made a trip east, visiting some score or more of the large state and public libraries. He had been told that New York, for example, was doing a wonderful work in sending small collections of good books to the people who lived in hamlet and village and country district, far removed from the privileges of a town library. He saw what the east was doing in the matter of making books of use to the people and came home determined to put the institution in the very forefront of the most progressive libraries. When he went into office he found a law department and a general department of the library; henceforth new divisions of work and duties began to be made until now there are well defined departments as follows: the law department, the reference department, the California department, the documents department, the order and accessions department, the catalogue department, the legislative and municipal reference department and the extension department.

Law Department

Naturally legislators busy making and unmaking laws would first of all desire access to a collection of law books. Consequently the early laws on the state library directed that books on law, political economy and history be procured. In 1855 a select committee on the state library was appointed by the legislature with the purpose of recommending some plan to supplement the very inadequate and incomplete collection of books. William B. Olds, owner of the San Francisco Law Library, offered to sell his library of American, English, French and Spanish law books numbering upwards of 3,500 volumes, and, in accordance with the recommendation of the committee the legislature of 1855 voted the sum of $17,250 for that purpose. This purchase at once put the state law collection at the head of similar libraries in the west.

Even well-equipped attorneys could not hope or even desire to own such an array of legal literature as the law department of the state library now possesses. Packed on the shelves in the room that was once the supreme court chamber will be found more than 40,000 volumes. The books of William B. Olds' San Francisco Law Library are lost in the crowd of later acquisitions, though volumes still bearing the little label of this first law library daily turn up among the books pulled from the shelves by the lawyer tracing his case back to time-honored sources. The lawyer with a difficult and important case is drawn to the law department of the state library for such things as British reports in complete sets; colonial reports from all the widely scattered countries which Englishmen dominate; full sets of our own national and state reports and laws, far antedating the foundation of the union; old Spanish and French law tomes, invaluable to the student of legal history; long files of law journals; everything good in the way of texts; and the priceless collection, in more than 4,000 volumes, of the transcripts and briefs filed in our own state supreme and appellate courts. These books are now sent over the state on the request of lawyers and others who are vouched for by a superior or higher judge, or a state official.

The Reference Department

The state library makes no attempt to compete with the public libraries. Its object is to supplement those collections. It does not buy fiction except such as is written by California authors and then as accessions to its collection of Californiana. Consequently the requests which come to the reference department for books and information are not for the latest best seller.

Books Lent

The person living in a town having a public library which cannot furnish the books needed by him, may get through his library anything in the state library collections. The request should come through the public library. The person who does not have access to a library may, by making a small surety deposit of five dollars, have books shipped to him direct. This, of course, has the disadvantage that the borrower must pay the transportation both ways. To be sure Wells, Fargo express company gives the borrower the half merchandise rate on the return shipment, but even then the expense of transportation keeps many scattered residents of the state from borrowing from the state library. The county library plan which will be explained later will remedy this fault.

Some of the most satisfactory service of the reference department is that done with study clubs, debating societies and granges throughout the state; composed of individuals with purposes of serious study and self improvement. Many sets of books sent to these organizations are, in reality, little libraries covering historical, artistic, economical, agricultural and domestic subjects and are often illustrated with stereoscopic views. These loans are made on request of the president, secretary or librarian of the organization and the cost of transportation is paid by the state library.

Much of the work of the reference department is carried on by correspondence, as information is furnished to any inquirer.

California Department

For years before the present librarian came into office, a more or less systematic effort was made to get hold of the books treating of California and the books written by Californians. Early in his first term the present librarian made a new department of the library and placed in charge a member of his staff who gathered together not only California books, but pamphlets, manuscripts, letters, newspapers, broadsides fugitive pieces, election ballots, etc., biographical information and photographs of pioneers and early settlers, artists, musicians and writers. The merest scrap of matter printed or manuscript which would be of value to the student or historian of the state's political, social or economic history was and is eagerly sought for and preserved.

Newspaper Files and Index

Special emphasis is naturally laid upon the collecting of files of newspapers representative of each section of the state. As far back as 1865 the legislature appropriated $2,500 for the purchase of eight volumes of early newspapers, among which is the unique complete volume one of the "Californian," the first paper published in the state. Long files of these newspapers, numbering now about 6,000 volumes, with their day by day reports of the happenings, plans and ambitions of the commonwealth, are invaluable to the historian, the lawyer tracing estates and family matters

and often to cities like San Francisco in 1906, whose records were completely destroyed.

The newspaper is a difficult book to use unless the reader has a very clear recollection of dates and happenings. To know a thing took place within a year or two is not enough; for often weeks of searching would be necessary before the record wanted would be found. Soon after he came into office, Mr. Gillis set one of his assistants to work indexing representative papers. This index now covers the years 1846-1889 and 1902-1905, with a total of more than 186,000 cards. Work on the gap from 1889-1902 is being pushed. No other library in the United States has attempted the task of newspaper indexing on such a large scale; but it is safe to say that no other one piece of work done by the state library has been of greater value, or has brought people to the library from a greater distance to get what was unobtainable elsewhere.

Material on California Pioneers, Authors, Etc.

The biographical material collected on uniform blanks furnished by the library, filled out by or for pioneers, authors, artists, musicians and others, is also a part of the collection of Californiana which is greatly used by students. The collections include photographs of most of them and many reproductions of the works of the California artists and original scores of the works of musicians.

As an example of service that the state library can be to the writer on our political and economic history take these instances: the library's collection of election ballots arranged chronologically presents; in a nutshell, the development of election machinery from frontier freedom in ballot juggling to the present day Australian system. Again the library has a large number of account books, ranging in size from sweat-stained pocket day books to folio ledgers, and beginning in the 30's and running into the 50's; forming a rich mine of first-hand information on trade, commodities and values.

Information on any subject connected with Californiana will be furnished by this department to any inquirer.

Documents Department

Everyone acknowledges that some of the best material on almost all subjects is issued by the federal and state governments. The state library receives all the publications of the United States government, many from other nations and from other states of the United States. In the documents department careful arrangement is made of these files, and with the indexes to them, they are available so that the valuable material in them is ready to be used there for reference purposes.

California State Publications

The problem of the economical and successful distribution of federal publications has not been solved. It is generally conceded that there should be some distributing officer, but up to the present the departments issuing the publications have not all agreed to place this distribution entirely in the hands of the superintendent of documents at Washington. So it is also in the distribution of state documents. No successful plan of distribution has been agreed upon. The present law should be amended by the next legislature.

Order, Accessions and Catalogue Departments

In the order and accessions department, detailed information is kept about all books ordered and all books received. There are now 151,878 accessions, exclusive of the 1,497 books for the blind and the 14,200 volumes in the traveling libraries, records of these last two being kept in the extension department.

In the catalogue department records are made on cards sufficient to make available all the important material in the book, so that when these cards are filed with the others in the card catalogue, the book can be readily found either by the public or by the librarian in charge.

Legislative and Municipal Reference Department

Some of the later work of the library is that of furnishing the legislators and state officials with the most reliable information on all subjects connected with their offices. Current economic questions are followed day by day and clippings from newspapers, magazines, books and pamphlets bearing thereon are made and arranged convenient to the hand of the legislator or state officer. All such information is non-partisan. Researches along lines of what other states and nations are doing on any subject are undertaken and the results of such work presented to the official, who is thereby enabled to devote his own time and energies to tasks which cannot be delegated.

The importance of the municipality in the state has led to the collection of a vast deal of information on the various systems of city government. The library, consequently, is prepared and willing to give any city struggling with a new charter, or amendments to an old one, the fullest information on what has been done by municipalities both in America and abroad.

The material, although often collected for some particular purpose first, is always available for any inquirer and will, if he calls, be given him to use at once; or, if he writes to the department, information requested and material needed will be sent to him promptly. The student who wishes to borrow can either deposit five dollars, get the signature of a state officer, or that of the librarian of any local library in which he is registered.

Extension Department

In order that, according to newer practice, the book might be brought to the reader, instead of requiring the reader to come to the book, the librarian organized in 1903 what is called the extension department. Its activities followed several different lines and to insure economy and dispatch the department was made up of three divisions. The first immediately began the work of sending out collections of fifty volumes made up of history, biography, fiction, literature and a few scientific and juvenile works. The popularity of the new undertaking was immediate; it was the first chance that the family far from library or bookstore had had to get reading matter. At first a small charge was made to help cover express charges; a little later even that was abated. When one considers that in California at the present time there are only 120 towns having public libraries, while there are 487 communities which are now borrowing these traveling libraries, he will realize something of the development of this plan to furnish the bookless with good books. In the past two years 1325 traveling libraries have gone out; and the circulation of books totals almost 125,000 volumes. It is safe to say that more people have learned of the state library and been benefited by it through the traveling libraries in the past seven years than heard of it during the preceding quarter century.

Books for the Blind

Another class of people whom the librarian thought to reach through a division of his newly organized extension department was the blind. Heretofore no systematic plan had developed to supply them with reading matter. The United States government, in order to encourage the sending of books to blind readers, carries the big volumes through the mails free. The state library found these readers eager for books; and is now supplying them with books and music in five styles of embossed types. Three hundred and sixty-six blind persons in this state are now using without cost the collection of 1,497 volumes. And during the past year these 366 persons, including, of course, a large percent of children and of old persons, averaged more than ten volumes each. Furthermore, the library is diligent in gathering information and samples of writing appliances, games and maps especially adapted to the use of the blind.

Any blind person who wishes to use the books simply sends in his request and blanks for making his requests are furnished if he merely sends to the department his name and address.

County Free Library System

The county free library system, in a few words, is the business man's method for supplying all the people of a county with the books needed, at the most economical outlay. Heretofore two schemes had been tried by the librarian and both were found wanting. The traveling libraries while a success in some re spects were fixed collections of fifty book sent out for a term of three months from center so far distant from the reader that hi individual needs could not be met. On th other hand, the small town library when onc organized was financially weak and did no reach any one living beyond the town limit. The county system breaking the state up, po tentially at least, into fifty-eight natural sub divisions, made it possible to avoid the draw backs referred to in both of the above men tioned plans. On a very small tax levy, the county could raise a sufficient sum to carry on the work of the library adequately. An with a central library, presumably in the county seat, deposit stations or branches in hamlets, school-houses, cross-roads stores and farmers' houses, and frequent exchanges of books to meet special requests, every individual in the county from the school child to the

(Continued on Page 799)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

DIE WANDERLUST

BY

A. JUDSON

ED'S world never got to be as big and as broad as it deserved, but then it began very small. It was confined to a bend in creek, almost a loop, comprising a deep, cid pond above the ford; then the ford, k bottomed all the way across; then the aract, by far the most wonderful spot in l's world, and, after that, the great boulder-ed bluff across the toes of which the creek l cut a rushing way down into the woods. at bluff bounded Jed's world on the north, highest possible hill, Jed thought, for the s that grew at its base hardly reached half y up its side and the very sky came down l rested on its summit, along and across ich ran a trail that the Pawnees made. metimes Jed saw a whole band of them file on their ponies, coming out of the prairies l vanishing into the woods.

But ever and always there was something ling to Jed from beyond where the sky and earth, the sky and the treetops, came to-ther, saying to him, "Come over and see at is here." He dimly knew that the earth s bigger than the bend in the creek for, now l again, people came from somewhere and nt away again, and they must naturally ve some place to go to. Jed was never able remember a time when he was not yearn-g to go, oh! just anywhere at all, so that he ght see what lay beyond.

Once he was taken to York and then, for the st time, learned that there was a stream, ross which he was taken in a boat, much gger and broader than the Serpentine. That s a most memorable expedition which took day, and it whetted Jed's interest in the tside world more than ever, so that he soon gan to make excursions on his own hook, ich to the perturbation of his parents, who mplained that they did not know how in the orld they were ever going to break Jed of e habit of running off. Jed wasn't running . He was only trying to discover what lay yond where the sky came down, but some-w or other he was unable to make others preciate the importance of his knowing such ings at his time of life.

After he had learned to hold on in the sad-e and to guide either old Kate or old Jennie, s horizon rapidly widened. Once he rode to e top of Mount Maria and there saw stretch-g out before him the wide bottom of the ndy and the blackjack hills beyond. It was great vision; something akin to the emotions ich rose in the breast of Balboa when he scovered the Pacific, or of De Soto when he scovered the Mississippi, filled the bosom of d with a sense of triumph. After that he osecuted his discoveries in all directions til he came to know every path and by-path the whole region of the Serpentine.

Then he removed with his father's family to ork and the horizon of Jed was again en-rged. There the hills were farther away, ere were real rivers instead of a little creek, id in those rivers there were islands. All of ese had to be explored. Parting the ranges hills were deep, dark ravines containing wpaw and plum patches and ledges of rock opping out. It was not a great while until d had threaded every one of these "gulches," they would have been called farther west. om end to end, had stood on the pinnacle of ierson's Peak, the highest point in two coun-es, but still the sky and the earth came to-ther out there somewhere and the voice kept lling, calling to come out beyond the rim of d's world to see what might be there. No ne who has not been a boy with an instinct broaden his outlook, and has not forgotten, n understand or sympathize with the insist-nt urgency of that call.

By and by fortune favored Jed with an op-rtunity to visit The Fort where many sol-ers were stationed. He went with a teamster eighbor who suffered for companionship of ny sort on his way and who promised to re-rn Jed safe and sound after two nights of mping out. The wagon broke down at the ossing of the Catamount, the teamster swore rribly and went off after another wagon, aving Jed to watch the load for lonesome ours and hours, but he came at last; there ere fried onions for supper and the wide pen sky to sleep under for a first time. It as glorious!

At The Fort, where they spent a second night, the soldiers took a fancy to Jed and he was taken to the barracks to eat with more than a hundred men, who piled his plate so high that he could scarcely see over it or make any impression on it. His waistband pinched so hard that he had to unbutton the first button of his trousers to afford relief but, alas! he forgot to button it up again and the soldiers fairly howled with delight when they discovered what he had done.

After supper he followed out to the parade ground, where an officer came along, drew his sword and fanned the air all around Jed with it like flashing lightnings. If Jed had lifted a hand it must surely have been cut off, he thought, but he stood like an image and came off unscathed. Jed returned home feeling that, at last, he had caught a glimpse of a real outside world.

But Die Wanderlust grew on what it fed on. The wider Jed's excursions were the wider he wished to make them. Printers who straggled along and worked now and again in his father's office told him of the wonderful cities they had seen, the big rivers they had crossed, the mountains they had climbed and Jed could scarcely contain himself for that inward yearning to see something of the outside world.

He heard of a man who had a cattle ranch over on the head of the McDowell, nearly twenty miles away, who was going to Texas after a band of cattle and wanted a boy to go along and drive his team. Jed could hardly sleep that night for thinking of the opportunity. It was early fall and Jed had already supplied himself with his winter boots, but had worn them hardly a day. After breakfast he put on his boots and, taking a warm coat from the chamber where he slept, slipped out the back way, leaving just a note on his bed saying: "Gone to Texas. Will be back soon." He was half right, anyhow. If he wasn't really gone to Texas, he was back soon all right enough, but it was not a joyous homecoming. He trudged all day on a bee-line over the hills to avoid the highway where he might meet too many people and reached the stock-ranch almost too tired to put one foot in front of the other and with his feet so sore that he could scarcely step on them at all. No, the cattle man did not want a boy to go to Texas, at least not a runaway boy too little to bridle a horse or put a harness on and who looked as if about ready to drop dead in his tracks.

Jed was fed and put to bed, where he slept like a log until the sun was high, but when he went to put his boots on again he couldn't. Great white blisters adorned his heels. The stockman took him in his buggy across the hills to the high road and there set him down, boots in hand, to await a chance to ride to town with some passing team, but none came into view and he trudged along in his stocking feet half the way home before he got a chance to ride, and then it was with his own father who, after a day and a night of searching, had at last gotten an inkling of where Jed had started for and was driving in haste to catch up with him.

It was a very sober, serious talk which Jed had with his father on the way home. Jed protested that he was tired of York, that he had seen everything there over and over again and he wanted to see what there was outside. Jed's father, with a sterner emphasis, protested that he, himself, and not Jed, was responsible for Jed's future until he should grow to be a man; that the direction Jed was taking seemed toward vagabondage, hunger and [illegible] criminality and [illegible] and inglorious life, that unless Jed remained contentedly at home and went to school he would be dressed in girl's clothes, locked in his chamber every night and taken to and from school by the constable; but on the other hand, if he were a good boy and went to school and did his best his father would take Jed with him on some of his surveying trips so that he could learn to know his own county if nothing more. The prospect was not very alluring, but Jed jumped at it and felt it a great hardship if, no matter what the weather, he was not permitted to drop his school work and go on a surveying expedition with his father.

Often he went and served as flagman, his duties requiring that he run at the top of his speed, up hill and down, through the brush and the tall grass until he got as far away as he could go and still see his father at the instrument, who would motion to him to move to right or left until he got on the right line, when both hands were thrown up by his father and there Jed must stand like a monument, with his tall staff planted between his feet, until his father and the chainmen came up. It was a laborious job, but it was a joy to Jed, for he saw new valleys and hills, new creeks and woods, almost every trip.

Jed's father must have had some inkling of what was in the mind of Jed, for he took the boy with him many times when he should have been in school. Had he felt "Die Wanderlust" surging in his own blood some time in his life? But he was right about its leading to vagrancy and to crime, as the testimony of every prison and reform school will readily prove. It prompts the first false step that leads to a wasted life, but it is a lust to be controlled, not smothered, and if parents find it manifesting itself in a child they will do well to direct it into wholesome channels rather than to try to drive it out by dusting the jacket that contains the boy.

Jed thought that he knew all that there was to be known of the hills and gulches about York, but when, in after years, he conceived a passing passion for studying the geology of that district he found those very hills and gulches a wonderland. He had seen only the topography of the country, beautiful, it is true, but there was more real knowledge to be gained, under the tutelage of his old professor, from a shovel full of earth than Jed had learned in all his explorations. It is Die Wanderlust, as often as anything else, that leads to vagabondage and crime, and yet it is no more evil than appetite or desire and needs training, not obliteration. No more fortunate thing occurred in the life of Jed than the reasonable opportunities afforded him for satisfying his wanderlust.

One of these opportunities came to him the very next summer when he was allowed to go with a freighter to "The River" for goods. What though the weather was bad and the roads worse; what though the wagons got stuck in the mud and the freighter had to double teams, swear and scold; what though the rain came down in torrents and a little river ran under the wagon adown the rut wherein Jed lay, coursing along his spine and wetting him to the marrow; what though crawly things got into his hair and into his clothes so that, when he got home, he had to be stripped and scrubbed and "anguintumed" before he could be permitted to come into the house? There was something doing every minute and it was glorious to be alive.

Jed had to know the name of every stream, of every cross-roads, where all the roads went that branched off, and he listened with rapt attention to the teamster's tales of fights and horse trades, getting stuck and pulling others out of trouble, of the life of the freighter ahead of the railroad. At "The River" there were wonders upon wonders opened before Jed's inquiring eyes, none of them quite to be compared with the swan-like steamboats coming into or shoving off from the cobblestone levee, belching huge columns of black smoke and uttering such stupendous, almost gutteral whistles as nearly shook the earth. The lure of those steamboats! It was a decade before Jed got that out of his head.

On the way home Jed caught his first

glimpse of a railroad. It was coming up the valley of the Sandy at a rate of something like half a mile a day. The team drew up by a watering trough and, while the teamster was taking a "nip" at a nearby grocery, Jed ran over to the track and stood by the side of a puffing locomotive. Presently an Indian, bare legged and blanketed, ambled down the road, dismounted and, leaning against a fence post, looked at the great piece of machinery with visage as set as though carved in stone. At last he gave vent to the single ejaculation, "Wa!" remounted his pony and rode away, but he left Jed with a new word added to his vocabulary that he nearly wore out, or wore other people out with, before he had done with it. No traveler on the continent of Europe ever got more in proportion to his size out of his trip abroad than Jed out of that trip by wagon to "The River," but the lure of the steamboat! That was the one fateful incident of the expedition.

The vision of those swan-like steamboats swimming gracefully on the bosom of the Missouri scarcely left the mind of Jed sleeping or waking. He wanted to be a pilot and be up in that little house on the tipmost top where he could see out over the broad valleys each side of the stream, or he wanted to be the captain to stand out on the roof and give crisp quick orders to the hustling men casting off lines or taking them aboard. In his day dreams, and Jed dreamed more in daytime than by night (which is another story), he saw his own line of steamers plowing the waters of the Sandy and the Indigo, navigable, alas, only for catfish not exceeding a hundred pounds weight, saw the smoke from their tall stacks through the treetops curling away toward the horizon and heard their resonant whistles warning the whole town out to come down to the levee and see them come in. Jed dreamed steamboat and talked steamboat and made up his mind that the life of the steamboat man was the life for him. Three months as "mud-clerk" on a Mississippi steamboat, years after, worked an effective cure, but it required that to do it.

Jed talked steamboat to Hank Woodley all that summer, fall and winter, and Hank concluded that the steamboat life was the life for him, too. They planned to "strike out" for it as soon as navigation opened the very next spring. That they might not go away empty pocketed they took small contracts to saw wood after school and Saturdays all winter. They did janitor work for churches and swept the school-house, salted their gains, kept their counsel and talked steamboat to each other only when they were alone. At last the ice went out of the rivers, the papers said that the boats were running again and it was time for Hank and Jed to be off if they were going, and they were going.

They must take their best suits, shirts, collars and stockings, but to be seen dressed up would provoke comment, so they packed their best suits in Hank's father's big valise, hid it under the hay in his father's barn and, as soon as it was dark, slipped out of sight down the railroad track toward Blackjack, not as unseen, however, as they supposed. They had six or seven dollars each in their pockets, dared not be seen getting aboard train at home, so walked seven miles to Blackjack, intending to get aboard the midnight train at that point, buy tickets to the next station, get off there, swing on in front of the blind baggage and ride as far as ever they could before discovery in the morning. Their plan was to apply for work as dishwashers and pot-wrestlers on a steamboat and, at least, make one trip as far as New Orleans to see how they liked steamboating. If they did not like it they were coming home. If they did they were not going to be heard of until they could return either as captains or pilots, but as to which should be captain and which the pilot, they nearly came to blows before they reached a decision. Finally Jed, for the sake of harmony, conceded the captaincy to Hank, consoling himself for the loss of prestige with the satisfaction of knowing that the pilot house gave the better chance to see the country than the deck, the office or even the roof.

It was a long, tiresome trudge down the track through the woods to Blackjack, but the boys got there more than an hour before train time, as hungry as young wolves. They went straight to the little hotel, keeping open for the train, and ordered ham and eggs. Perhaps they whispered too much together and too loudly. Perhaps the good old, motherly landlady wasn't a fool. Anyhow her suspicions were aroused and she questioned the boys in a quiet, unobtrusive way as to where they were from and where they were going.

Now Hank Woodley was a liar. He couldn't tell the truth if he wanted to and just then the boys did not want to have the truth told, so it seemed that Hank's abilities of prevarication should stand in good stead if ever dishonesty were to prove the better policy, so Jed suffered Hank to do the talking. He insisted that they were brothers, Jim and Joe Smith, by name, that they had been on a visit to their uncle over on the Serpentine, who had put them across the river in a boat, and they were going to their home at Kansas City. Questioned about the Serpentine, of which Hank knew nothing while the landlady knew everything, despite Jed's whispered promptings, Hank made a mess of the whole business and what was a suspicion in her mind became a certainty.

While the boys were eating the landlady slipped out the back way and, by the time they had finished their late supper, and had that comfortable feeling inside, the town constable slipped in the front way. He fell into conversation with the boys and Hank, who had forgotten the lies he had first told, undertook to repeat them with such manifest divergence from the first narration that the good landlady, listening outside, laughed outright. The constable went out nonchalantly, seeming to be little interested, and when the boys reached the depot he was pacing the platform. He watched them buy their tickets to the next station and, when the train thundered in, he reached for the big valise saying, "It is rather heavy for you and I'll help you on with it." Nice man, that constable, the boys thought, for he led them into the car, found a seat for them, shook hands, said good-by and, just as the train started and the conductor entered the door, he said: "There the rascals are. Turn them over to Jim, who'll jug 'em 'till morning when the up train can take 'em home to their mammas."

It was so. As the train neared the next station a brakeman came along and, seizing hold of the big valise, said, "Come on, you kids. There's a friend looking for you at the station. I expect he'll be right glad to see you." Sure enough there was, in the person of the city marshal of that town, who had been routed out of bed just to meet and greet those two boys.

"Hello! Jed," he called as soon as he had laid hold of the valise. "Hello! Hank. Which is Jed and which is Hank? Ah! so you are Hank. They say that as a liar you are a wonder and that Jed blushes scarlet every time you lie. We've had such a nice talk over the wires about you that I feel that I know you quite well. Now I tell you what I'll do with you kids. You can fork over your cash to be held in trust by the station agent, together with this valise, and you can hang around the station here until the up train comes along, when he'll put you aboard it and hand you over to the conductor, or I'll lock you up in the 'calaboose' until it is train time and put you aboard myself. Which shall it be?"

The lads concluded that they preferred the waiting room of the depot to a nest in the "calaboose" and, exacting from Jed his parole of honor to stay by and be ready to go back when the train went, saying that a parole from Hank would not be worth the trouble of taking it, the marshal returned to his own home and broken rest. The night grew chill, the stove in the waiting room had no fire in it and the boys stamped around and kicked their heels together as best they could until the train came, received back their cash, less the price of their tickets home, were turned over to the conductor and, in the gray dawn of the Sabbath morning, were met at the depot in York by the grim, taciturn father of Hank. Jed shivered with cold, Hank with the sad certainty of the retribution which would be meted out when he should reach the seclusion of his father's barn, for he knew what the voiceless greeting of the grizzled captain boded.

As the tugging lads, with the great valise between them, reached Jed's father's gate a halt was made long enough to suffer Jed to dump his best suit and sundries out upon the lawn and then the captain resumed his march erect and commanding, with his prisoner struggling with the valise that now swung against his legs at every step. No one being astir at his own home Jed stood under the shadow of the budding black locust and watched the procession of Captain Woodley and Hank across the open square, first to the door of the Woodley home, where the valise was deposited, and then to the door of the Woodley barn, from whence there speedily issued sounds of the thwacks of the carriage polestrap and the howls of Hank that awakened the neighborhood and gave notice to Jed's drowsy father that the wanderers had returned. The skulking out of town the night before had been noted and reported, but not until the wayfarers had been apprehended and reported safe in custody had Jed's father retired. Being not at all well, and very anxious the captain had insisted on his going home and to bed.

Jed's father arose and, slipping on his trousers, came down and let Jed in, arms filled with that precious best suit and etceteras. Then instead of whipping Jed, as Hank's father had done to him, Jed's father took the boy in his arms, drew him to his side, sank into a chair and cried, "My son, my only son," he said, "a year ago I promised your dying mother to do the best I could for her little brood that she must leave behind. Her dread was not of the grave, but of leaving you. I have done my best to keep a home for you, and God knows I have had no other thought but for the welfare of my family of motherless children, and now you must run away and leave us all to roam up and down the earth a vagabond and, in all likelihood, a criminal. It is too much. My God, it is more than I can bear," and he bowed his head upon his arm across the back of the chair and sobbed so that his frame shook.

Getting the mastery of himself, he rose and taking Jed by the shoulders said: "I shall not whip you as the captain has whipped Hank, although you deserve it as richly as he, but this I will do. If you run away again I'll follow you to the ends of the earth. If it costs me every dollar's worth of property I have in the world I'll follow you and I will keep you under my control until you are twenty-one. If I cannot keep you subject to my control I will find an institution for the care and custody of incorrigible youths and I'll keep you there until you are twenty-one. God helping me, if I do nothing else in life, I'll prevent your growing up a vagabond and a criminal. You shall not have your own way until you are old enough and wise enough to have it. Mark my words! Now take your things and go to your room."

Jed could have stood the whipping that Hank got, and could have resisted it to become the vagabond, or little better, that Hank became, but his father's tears and sobs and his stern resolve—before these Jed weakened and "Die Wanderlust" froze out of his blood then and there.

That morning Jed, much protesting that he had had no sleep, attended church with the family. The news of his escapade had gotten there before him and, at least so it seemed to him, every eye was upon him. The minister when he rose to open the services looked straight at Jed, Jed was sure of it. The hymn given out began with something about weary, wandering feet, and Jed's eldest sister cast a sly glance in his direction and snickered, and the minister said: "We will read for our Scripture lesson this morning from the Gospel according to Luke, the fifteenth chapter and beginning with the eleventh verse, "A certain man had two sons," and Jed knew that he was in for it. The sermon on the Prodigal Son was, the good brothers and sisters testified to each other as they passed through the vestibule, "powerful and so much needed." Whether others forgot it or not Jed did not. He sat through it with visage blazing, and it did seem so good to get out into the air again so that the fresh, moist, southeast breeze, presaging rain, could blow into his face. Through it all his father sat with a determined look in his face, resolute to control himself if he could and yet, from out the corners of his eye, Jed

etected now and again the glisten of a tear. Not for more than half a year, Jed afterward affirmed with an emphasis more remarkable for strength than for delicacy, was he able to poke his head inside of a church door that the minister did not hurl the Prodigal Son at him in some form or other, and from that time on, he hated that prodigal and wished that he had starved to death and never been heard of after. His sympathies were, and remained, with the elder brother.

As for Hank, after being soundly thrashed, he was locked in his chamber and fed on bread and water until it was just time to reach the school without being tardy Monday morning. No sooner had he taken his seat than he crawled this on his slate and slipped it over to Jed: "If ever you say steamboat to me again I'll kill you dead."

("The State Library"—Continued)

armer, tradesman, mechanic, housewife and professional man would really have the service which a library should give him.

In advocating such a plan the state librarian intends that his institution shall enter upon an epoch of increased usefulness. Though its inflexible traveling libraries would be withdrawn it would become the head of the library system of the state supplying each individual through his county library, free of all transportation charges, with the books and information not readily obtainable nearer home. Relieved of the expense of furnishing miscellaneous reading to the country districts the state library would not only be able to pay transportation on all shipments to individual and county library, but it would also be able to specialize along lines of greatest usefulness to all the people. At present the state library is under such a great expense in sending out the traveling libraries that it cannot undertake paying transportation on books lent to libraries and individuals in counties that have not established the county system. With the county and state libraries working in harmony and covering the whole field we could truthfully say that California has a library system, in the same sense that she has a school system.

The 1909 session of the legislature passed a county library law, which has been adopted, to date, and in a modified form, by nine counties, namely, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, San Joaquin, Fresno, Madera, Merced, Tulare, Yolo and Alameda, which appropriated for his work sums ranging from $4,000 to $12,000. It is believed that certain amendments will be passed during the coming session of the legislature, which will greatly facilitate the adoption of the system.

Proposed Branches of State Library

For some time the state librarian has felt that one headquarters was not sufficient for an institution like the state library in a state the size of California. There should be at least an office in Los Angeles and in San Francisco, where information could be furnished and material kept while being used in those localities.

At the last legislature the following amendment was passed to the state library law (See sec. 2293, par. 10). It is one of the powers and duties of the state library board and reads as follows:

"To establish, in their discretion, deposit stations in various parts of the state, under the control of an officer or employe of the state library; provided, that no books shall be kept permanently away from the main library, which may be required for official use." [Amendment approved March 18, 1909.]

This was not possible to carry out as the state library's fund is not sufficient to rent suitable quarters in the two centers of population of San Francisco and Los Angeles, furnish them properly, supply them with the absolutely necessary library equipment and add the necessary assistants to its staff to take care of such branches. The state library hopes to have quarters in the new building which the State Harbor Commissioners plan to erect south of the present Ferry building on the San Francisco waterfront, as such a location would be safe in the case of fire, and would be the most convenient location for San Francisco and all the country about there. Convinced as the state librarian is that the idea is a good one, every effort will be made to carry it out fully as soon as the fund allows or some feasible means of doing so is offered. An application for a branch was received from the state university at Berkeley, but as was pointed out to that institution at the time, this, of course, is not necessary because the university library needs only to send its requests for books to the state library and all such are sent immediately. Every educational institution in the state has this same privilege. The need of branches is more to have headquarters that are accessible to a large territory where complete information about the state library could be obtained by calling instead of by writing. Then, too, there is no doubt that the state library would receive at these two branches material from local people, if such material were to stay in the locality. Valuable private collections and historical material might be given to the state which otherwise would be sold and distributed and perhaps lost to California entirely.

Quarterly Publication

This publication was begun immediately after the San Francisco earthquake, the first number being May, 1906, and this first number gave as complete a record as could be obtained at the time of the enormous losses to California libraries, in the valuable collections both public and private that were destroyed. The publication, in addition to special material published in it at different times, gives regularly each quarter complete information about California libraries, about the California Library Association, and the California state library, including the books and other material added, and the state publications received during the quarter; a directory for library supplies is also printed regularly, this being made up only of firms recommended by California libraries. The state library has also compiled since July, 1908, an index to current events in California, as taken from California newspapers, and this index has been published in the News Notes of California Libraries every quarter since October, 1908.

The publication is in great demand, requests to be placed on the mailing list being received constantly. Of course it is placed in all of the California libraries and can be used there for reference but it is sent as an exchange in almost all other cases.

Present Location of State Library

The greatest drawback to an economical and efficient administration of the state library is the fact that its quarters in the capitol building are in no way adapted to its needs. They begin in the basement, continue on each floor to the fourth, where they spread out the whole length of the building on the east side. It was hoped, when the capitol building was remodeled, that the library would be equipped with its own elevator, but it was not. So attendants are compelled to cover long stretches of floor space in attending to their duties, consuming time and energy which should be devoted to legitimate work. The fourth floor has only a ten-foot ceiling and is disagreeably hot and close in summer, and very cold and uncomfortable in winter. This, unfortunately, is the part of the library where the larger proportion of the staff is obliged to be located.

The dignity of the state and the value of its library, totaling, as it does, about half a million dollars, demand that California follow the lead of New York and Connecticut, to name no others, in the matter of providing a library building. The space now occupied by the library in the capitol is needed for other offices; it is not adapted to the library use; the deduction therefore is simple—give the state library a building of its own.

A Summary

The state library is making every effort to develop in California a library system under which every resident—no matter where he is located—will have free and convenient access to all that he needs, and the development of the system at the present time is promising and encouraging. It is the privilege and the duty of everyone in California who wishes anything in the way of books or information to communicate with the California State Library, as that institution stands ready to assist every one.

In a speech delivered in Boston, one of the leaders of the Irish party is reported as describing a division of the House of Commons in these words: "The Tories went out into the right-hand lobby, and the Liberals went out into the left-hand lobby, and when the house was entirely empty, only the fifty Irish members remained."—New York Times.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.
9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5990.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim.	2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-9-10t

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SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

A Straight Talk to First Voters

Son, you are about to discharge one of the highest functions of citizenship. You are to vote. This is not a glory that you have achieved. It is purely accidental. If you had been born a girl you would not have had the right. Being born a boy all you had to do was to keep alive until twenty-one and the right or privilege, whichever it is, was yours, no matter how well or how ill you may be prepared for the duties of a citizen.

This is all wrong. Your common sense teaches you that being a male instead of a female does not make you a bit of a statesman, the least bit fit to take a part in government. Next Tuesday young men will vote who would not be able to say, if asked, whether tariff should be for revenue or for protection, what conservation means or whether or not it is a good thing, whether President Taft is Republican or Democrat, or be able to tell the difference between Republican and Democrat.

You do not need to be told that suffrage is a privilege that should be accorded to those only who are fit to discharge the duty of an elector, that it should be something to be achieved, like admission to the bar or being certificated to teach school or practice medicine, something that should be accorded after an examination which, if successfully passed, should be evidenced by the issuance of a diploma setting forth that the holder of the same is of good moral character and intellectually competent to be a citizen of California and of the Great Republic. You know, too, that whoever meets these requirements, without respect to sex or color, should receive such diploma. You know all these things down in your heart, but you cannot help that our citizenship is not ordered after that fashion, at least you cannot yet, and it remains to you to go forth Tuesday next and do the thing that you can do, vote right as God gives you grace to see the right.

Belong to some political party, preferably one or other of the great political parties. In a government where electors are numbered by hundreds of thousands and by millions a lone individual voter counts for little. If anything is to be accomplished men must unite with other men for a common cause. States that have many parties are unstable. Whichever party gets into power, in such a country, as in Germany and France, has to govern with a minority held together loosely by coalitions, and with a majority in opposition. The English and American way of dividing into two main great divisions is better. Join one or other of the great political parties. Join now.

In a political party with hundreds of thousands of others you cannot have your own way about everything. You will have to give and take with the rest. Having had your say you must let the others have theirs and, except you be required to do violence to your conscience, abide the will of the majority. It is not for any light or trivial cause that you should bolt your ticket. To refuse to go with your party merely because you cannot have your own way is to be an irreconcilable and a nation of irreconcilables cannot be governed by "consent of the governed" because the governed will not consent to be governed. Such a nation can be governed only with power. That power may come through an overmastering autocracy, as in Germany and Russia, or through usurpation and dictatorship as in Central America. The glory of our republic is that we Americans, having had our say, having cast our ballot and had it counted, acquiesce for the time-being in the result, trusting to time and events to justify our opinions and bring others to think as we think.

But while we should stay with our political parties through all minor differences, and should not permit ourselves to be stubborn and intractable over non-essentials, or over things not truly vital, we should not venture to vote wrong on vital issues, or for bad men instead of good, merely because our political party has headed itself in the wrong direction or nominated unfit men. In the last analysis every voter is answerable for how he votes to God and country, not to party. Hide-bound partisanship is for the fool, to make him as little of a nuisance as possible, not for the man of sense and self-direction. Whoever permits party to claim his allegiance before country is far from being a patriot.

Finally, it is not enough for a voter to vote the best he knows. He must do his best to know how he should vote. He should put himself upon inquiry. His duty as a citizen puts him upon inquiry. He must seek that he may find out how to vote. He must ask that he may receive information. Whoever trusts to another to vote him is servile.

It is a man's job, Boy, conducting this state and this nation so that justice may be established, order be preserved, a square deal be given alike to rich and powerful, poor and lowly. Heretofore in the world's history the many have toiled without ceasing merely that they might keep the breath of life in their bodies, while the few have been clad in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. It is the hope of the world that free America may not repeat the heartrending histories of Asia and Europe, but evolve a civilization based upon fraternity and so near an approach to equality as differing abilities may permit, anyhow, that ours shall not be a civilization for the strong alone. If you are a man, or have in you the making of a man, you will do your manful part next Tuesday.

A sketch of the work of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in the American Magazine tells about her first attempt at authorship. She was only 12 years old when she wrote a story and sent it to a publisher. She put into the envelope a slip bearing the stern young admonition: "My object is remuneration." The story was accepted and paid for and it is said that to Mrs. Burnett has fallen the singular good fortune of never having had a piece of work rejected.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

FOR RENT—Ten-roomed house on Kingston avenue, Piedmont (rear Linda); rent forty dollars per month. Real Estate Co., 4054 Piedmont avenue, rear Key Route Depot.
10-28-2t

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This Week: "San Francisco Charter Amendments"

By J. E. White and James A. Johnston

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: NOVEMBER 11: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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A Little Thing Like That

THE CITY OF MEXICO TORN by riots, Americans mistreated and their flag torn to shreds all because Antonio odriguez accused of murder, was burned at the stake at Rock prings, Texas! What barbarous persons those Mexicans must ! Their inability to appreciate the humor of the playful Texan ay of dealing with crime is to be regretted.

The Heney Banquet

THE BANQUET TO BE TENDERED Francis J. Heney at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday next should be well attended. e fought a great and good fight for civic decency and, having sted from his unrequited labors, he carried the banner of a proessive Republicanism through winning battles in the middle rthwest and yet reached his home state in time to lend a valiant d effective aid to a splendid triumph. Richly he has deserved. earty should be our testimony of appreciation.

Out With the Voting Machines

HAVING SERVED THE PURPOSE of passing out a good thing to a favored politician, why do the Alameda voting achines lag superfluous on the stage? If they be quicker in unting they are enough slower in registering the vote to make for it. They are of questionable accuracy, open to the suspion of manipulation, easily put out of gear, and inasmuch as only e machine can be afforded at a voting place, those who can't ait can't vote. Out with them and give us the Australian bal- t with the little old cross! When we stab a man with that we ow whom we are hitting. With the machine we are voting in e dark. Out with them!

Scratch Gravel

SUPPOSE THE SHORT SESSION of the sixty-first congress gets back to Washington and gets right down to unfinished siness without waiting to renew old fights or play to the galries, what then? There are those conservation measures and e legislation whereby Alaska may be developed without being ploited, the parcels post, the authorization of the tariff comission to report to congress and the American people, the naonal incorporation of interstate corporations! Put these things rough in proper shape, and Champ Clark and his cohorts will ve nothing to do but twirl their thumbs, draw their salaries and lk against time, occupations for which past experiences have ade them well fitted.

Non-Explosive

VICTOR BERGER, THE MILWAUKEE SOCIALIST, will have a seat in congress. No occasion for alarm! He'll not off. He is a reasoning animal full of the faith that is in him d full of reasons for it, not very good reasons, but the best there e of their kind. His presence on the floor of the lower house ill be valuable in habituating the membership to the presence Socialists. Also as an object lesson to the Interests exemplifyg what is in store if they do not cease to do evil and learn to do ell. There will be more Socialists in congress before there are ss. We cannot have Rockefellers and Morganheims without aving Socialists in congress and out, and fortunate shall we be all of them are of the non-explosive type of Victor Berger.

Watch Los Angeles Grow

ONLY THINK OF IT! Where nine-and-twenty years ago were a dozen thousand people, more or less, the census enumerators have found 319,198 living in contentment! If it be good for a city to be big, how happy must the Angelenos be and what a slice of the unearned increment some of us might have made off with if we had foreseen the achievements of three short decades! Nature did not make Los Angeles. There was no eternal reason why a city must be just there, as in the case of San Francisco. The people of Los Angeles have done it themselves, and all honor to them for doing it.

Not a Bad Send-Off

IN RETIRING FROM PRINCETON UNIVERSITY to go into politics, Woodrow Wilson was voted half a year's salary, an L. L. D. and a professorship in jurisprudence and history. He'll take them all, but his professorship will be more of an object lesson on history in the making than by other method of instruction. It is not unlikely that as a progressive Democrat, almost as good as an insurgent Republican, he will try conclusions with stand-pat Harmon of Ohio for the Democratic nomination for the presidency two years hence. We are for Wilson.

All Bets Off

ALL BETS OVER THE SUPREMACY upon the high seas of England or Germany have been called off and the German ship-shops have shut down pending the pondering of Britannia's most recent coup. Her latest Dreadnaught is to be armed with thirteen-inch guns hurling shells weighing 1,250 pounds instead of the 850 which the German gunmakers had studiously sought to equal in penetrative power. It is the Kaiser's next move on the road toward universal bankruptcy.

British Kiddies

DURING THE DECADE BETWEEN 1885 and 1895, 147 out of each thousand children born in England, Scotland and Wales died before they were a year old. By 1900 the ratio had been reduced to 110 to the thousand and, for the last ten years, it has averaged 91. All because the constitutional right to be dirty has been vigorously invaded by minions of the law and ignorance has been taught how to care for the babies. This is socialistic and socialism won't work, but there are some aspects of that peculiar ism that work rather well nevertheless.

Conservation of Men

OUR AMERICAN MINES kill double the proportionate number of miners at work that are killed in the mines of Europe but, inasmuch as the killed were mainly "ignorant foreigners whose places are easily supplied," because there are plenty more where they came from, relatively little attention has been given by the above-ground operators to the safety of the below-ground workers; but our government has taken the subject in hand and is sending out special cars equipped with the best modern devices for saving and safeguarding life in the mines, with teachers equipped to give demonstrations. In fact, we are carrying the idea of conservation to the conservation of men, as well because of the humaneness of the enterprise as because each worker in the country is an asset of the country. Great idea that of conservation! One of the blessedest words in the whole vocabulary!

Three Things

The unthinking citizen is solicitous for three things for his home city: a large population, a low tax rate and good business. As for the rest, joy rides, the theatre, a dive into some sort of social swim, high or low, as his taste may run. So lives Man, the Animal! Created in the image of God he may be, but he is as certainly without the spirit of his maker as the steer on the range.

The thinking citizen rejoices in the growth of his home city because it corroborates his judgment that his city is a good one in which to live; he approves a low tax rate because it indicates economy and integrity in public affairs, and he rejoices in prosperity for, when times are good, people are cheerful and there is little of human suffering to be relieved.

But if the thinking citizen thinks at all deeply he realizes that these good things of city life are only means to ends, that among the ends to be attained are the development of the individual and the race, that such development must come through the establishment of justice and the making of conditions of urban life conducive to growth.

Now the hope of the future is in the child, and the hope of the child lies in his having opportunity to develop powers of mind, of body and of moral purpose. Unhindered by love and sacrifice economic pressure will crush the child of the city as inevitably as the advance of civilization crushes those primitive peoples who bar its path, and largely by the same instrumentalities—the vices of civilized man.

Three things are indispensable to the development of the child: wholesome home surroundings, education, play. The first comes of holding poverty, vice and drunkenness in check, the second through schools that teach the child the things he needs to know, the third through free access to some fraction of God's out-of-doors.

Play is the greatest educator the world has discovered. Only jellyfish refrain from play and it is because they can not play that they remain jellyfish. It is through play that the mind is given mastery over the body, and it is through competitive play that enthusiasm, courage, self-confidence are evolved. Without play in the open air, lots of it, for the children of a city, urban peoples are doomed to inferiority and death. To liberate childhood from sweatshops avails little if it be to turn the liberated into dark streets and alleys.

Charter Amendment twenty-one is more important to the future of San Francisco than any and all other amendments being submitted. It proposes that a tax be levied year by year of four to six cents on each $100 of assessed valuation to be used for the purchase of open spaces for playgrounds. We can, without serious harm to this generation or to the race, get on without parks wherein well-dressed men and women may decorously strut, but for the want of open spaces, free open spaces within four blocks of the remotest child, the race must suffer. Every city child is robbed of a normal childhood. No matter what in the forthcoming charter amendment election any voter may vote for or against, he will, if he loves childhood, if he regards the welfare of his race, vote "yes" on this amendment to purchase, continuously as the city grows, free, open spaces wherein the children of the present San Francisco may become fit to be the citizens of a better San Francisco by and by. Vote for Charter Amendment twenty-one.

The Business in Hand

California is free! The government of the state may now move forward unvexed by corporation domination. It required a tremendous struggle to free our state and only by vigilance and fortitude can our dearly bought freedom be preserved. The devil never sleeps and greed is never sated.

The first duty of those who come into power is to see to it that hungry schemers do not convert this struggle for political liberty into a carnival for political plunder. More than likely zealous demagogues, newly converted from following in the train of Herrin, will come forward with drastic legislation having the hold-up for its object. The forces making for good government in this state are not fools. They will know cinch legislation for what it is as soon as they see it and they must be resolute to expose it, and the advocates of it, as soon as they make themselves manifest. Heretofore corporate interests have been protected **in** wrong. Henceforth they must be protected **from** wrong or they cannot stay out of politics. There are not two ways about that.

For a generation the government of California has, in the main, been in the hands of men who were not builders. They have been inspired by small zeal for perfecting the machinery of government. It sufficed them to operate that machinery as they found it. The need is for better governmental machinery as well as for better operation of that machinery.

The national model is before us. It is a far better model than any of those state systems of government that hark back, first to colonial times and from thence to royal charters. Put responsibility and power into the same hands and, in each case, let some one person be held accountable for results. Abolish commissions and, in their places, give us commissioners; abolish boards and in their places give us heads of departments; remember that state institutions are **state,** not local, to be managed by local men that they may subserve local interests. Unify, simplify, standardize! Efficiency is just as necessary in education, in caring for the insane, in operating state prisons as in railroading, manufacturing, army or navy.

Government has supplemented place-hunting with place-making, with the result that cost is high and efficiency low. Every supernumerary functionary, even though he draw no salary, adds to the cost of government and detracts from its efficiency.

The short ballot, made indispensable by the direct primary law, paves the way for a general simplification of the machinery of government. The new administration can devote itself to no better ends than to these herein suggested. Not all the work can be done at the next session of the legislature, but a great deal of it can be prepared to go before the people to be enacted into law two years hence and, at the end of four years, California should emerge with a form of government fit for a model for other states of the nation.

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There Is a Difference

Nothing so enrages the man without character as to see a man with character assume that he has character and assume to place a line of demarcation betwixt himself and the indecent thing that would pretend to be his equal. There is a difference and the line that delimits the one from the other should be so broadened and deepened as to become a gulf fixed, a gulf that can be in no wise crossed except through penitence and works meet therefor. There is, for instance, all the difference between the person or periodical that stands for the adaptation to our present-day political problems of the old moralities and integrities, and the person or periodical that damns the moralities that he may have financial prosperity, that there is between unsullied womanhood and the hag that plies her trade on the streets by night, and if Californians have lost any part of their power for distinguishing good from evil, those who have character from those who have not, it comes of having admitted to their homes papers published by characterless men. It is time that the people of California cast out of their homes leprous papers and gutter periodicals. They defile whoever touches them. It is superfluous to mention such papers by name. They are known for what they are, but the public has grown indifferent to the harm they do. There is a difference between those who stand for Right Things at a sacrifice and those who chase the dollar to its lair reckless of how they get there. That difference is measured by the distance from heaven to hell, a distance so considerable that not since Dives and Lazarus has converse been held across it.

The Sacramento Union

Every good citizen in the Sacramento valley will rejoice that the Sacramento Union has passed into the hands of L. E. Bontz. For thirty years it was a decent paper, but handicapped by being the property of the Southern Pacific Company. During all those years it was a bill of expense. Its ownership discounted every word it said before it said it and the people would not have it. Then for a little more than a year, it was under the control of Col. E. A. Forbes. During that time it stood for Right Things frankly, courageously and against such odds that its sale to the Calkins syndicate was forced, but it was exactly during this short period that, for the first time in more than a generation, it came to show a balance on the right side of the ledger. For some months the people of the Sacramento valley were unable to credit their own senses, but when they came to know that The Union was free they rallied to it by thousands. During that period Mr. Bontz was its business manager and he knows how well it paid The Union to be free and up-standing. He also knows what a fall there was from prosperity and grace the moment Col. Forbes let go and the grafting interests in San Francisco succeeded to the Union's ownership. He will profit by that experience. Mr. Bontz is a clean and clear-headed man. We look for a resurrected Union of the Forbes era and for the people of northern and eastern California to meet him more than half way.

The Women of Washington

It is no easy load that the Women of Washington have taken upon their shoulders. Whoever discharges, and does not shirk, the duties of citizenship must give to it time, thought and effort. Whoever assumes the obligations of citizenship and neglects them is morally culpable and answerable for the sin of omission, generally more grievous than that of commission and harder to be expiated.

But if the women of Washington are only to double the burden of campaigning for Right

ings, if they are to multiply by two, if not three or four, the inert mass of enfranised indifference to the public welfare, then ll the men of Washington, to their latest y, regret the re-enforcements they have lled by a two-to-one vote to aid them in aking Washington a model commonwealth. this paper cherishes any misgivings over the ep taken by our sister state at the north they e due to the fear that the women of Washgton will prove indifferent to their new obrations and unresponsive to the call to bat-. The danger is that the willing few will ear their lives out trying to infuse zeal into e inert and unresponsive mass. It is so th men voters and seems likely to prove ore so with women. It were better if the tension of the franchise could be coupled ith some form of compulsory voting penaled by general disfranchisement for neglect civic duty.

The franchise is a privilege, not a right, and ith every privilege goes an obligation the neect of which should work, automatically, the ss of the privilege and, if persisted in, then revocably. But how in the world did they it? Were the saloon interests first crippled id then put to sleep or how was it? It was e saloon and the tenderloin that beat the iffrage amendment in California fourteen ars ago and, doubtless for a substantial onetary consideration, the San Francisco hronicle led the fight against the amendment.

Johnson's Backing

Never did governor take office with a better backing than Hiram Johnson will have. irst there were the 26,000 men who, without stinction with regard to party, voted for rancis J. Heney for district attorney in San rancisco last year, men who hate graft and n be counted on to ally themselves with ight Things whenever the issue between ight Things and wrong is fairly presented them. Then there are the 102,000 men who ood for him at the primary election, and ose other thousands of independent Demoats who sacrificed party preferences in the lief that Johnson, rather than Bell, stood the st chance of making California free. Scarcely ie vote went for Johnson that was not cast r the purpose of making California a free mmonwealth. This backing of Johnson is ilitant. It will not only stand for what is ght but it will fight for it. This makes iram Johnson the representative of an unnching moral purpose, and backed by such a pport, California has a right to expect, and ill receive, the most progressive administran it has ever had. It is only necessary for e supporters of Johnson in the election to ntinue to be his supporters throughout his ministration. When he calls for help the swer must be: "Here, Governor, am I." He nnot man his administration with office nters and make it a success. The offices ust hunt the right men and the men he eds must be as willing to make sacrifices for e common cause as he was in making the ce. It is the only way.

Animosity Toward Railroads

Otto Kuhn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., returned st having found little animosity toward railads in the West and on the Pacific Coast, t fully persuaded that the railroads should ep out of politics and attend to railroading. hy should there be animosity toward the eatest of all modern instruments of progress d industrial well-being? We western peoe want more railroads and better. What we not want is to have to whip the railroads a standstill every time we try to elect dent men to office or inaugurate wholesome easures of government. It angers us to find e railroad management ever consorting with the saloon and the tenderloin, rich grafters and impecunious job chasers. And if, as now seems likely, the united railroads of America undertake to assess upon the industry and the commerce of the country an annual tax of $400,000,000, mainly that a value of two or three billions may be added to railroad securities already at or above par—well, if that is attempted as it is reported that it is to be, and Mr. Kuhn comes west again, he may trundle through a seething sea of animosity from ocean to ocean. The American people feel kindly toward railroads as railroads, and will be large-mindedly liberal with them; but railroads as freebooters, extortioners, debauchers of government and enemies of popular sovereignty, well, that is different, extremely different, Mr. Kuhn. All these things the railroads of California have been, and more, ever since railroads came to California and the sinners above all others have been those in which your house, Mr. Kuhn, has been so largely interested, to wit: the Southern Pacific Company of Kentucky.

Deep Sea Thinking

With that sagacity that has, during recent years, characterized the stall-fed utterances of the San Francisco Chronicle, the morning after election it declared that the Democratic triumphs over standpatism in Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Ohio, together with the triumph of the new Republicanism in California, New Hampshire, the entire Middle West and Northwest, excepting Indiana, made it clearly evident that the country had no use for insurgency.

But the President will be under no such misapprehension. He is not an absurd person. He is going to Panama and, while going and coming, is to do some "Deep Sea Thinking" on the lessons to be drawn from the recent standpat catastrophe. Put issues up to him, pro and con, in plain terms, and he will reach a sound conclusion. He is by temperament and training a judge, a bit stubborn, but no bourbon. He will see a great light before he returns if he has not seen it already.

Let him take these fundamentals with him. The American people believe in his sincerity and intent to do well. His mistakes are that he pitched his tent in the camp of the wrong wing of the party and he has yielded to pressure rather than fight. The awfulest foe that free government ever faced is now confronting it. That foe is an incorporated, purse-proud plutocracy. It is to fight. May the President return resolute for the conflict. Only by going at special privilege hammer and tongs can his administration be saved from ignominy. His deep sea thinking will do him little good if it does not make this much clear to him.

Beveridge

The one instance wherein an insurgent Republicanism was definitely beaten was in Indiana. The loss of Indiana will mean the loss of A. J. Beveridge from the United States senate and that is a great loss, a loss to the nation.

But is it not possible that the stone thus rejected may become the head of the corner? There is good presidential timber in Senator Beveridge. He is clean, strong and courageous, and unless the President can see his way clear to ally himself with the progressives instead of the reactionaries it is not improbable that the judgment of the people may turn toward the now defeated Beveridge to lead the contest in 1912.

Open Alaska

Secretary Ballinger, who had sunken into inglorious desuetude, lately emerged long enough to declare that Alaska should be opened to development. So it should. But let us have development, not exploitation.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Were you born in the United States? Were you born in Europe of parents having enterprise enough to come to the United States? Were you born to wealth or to poverty, to middle-class life or in a slum, of a father rejoicing in the health and cleanliness of a free manhood, or of a father bleary-eyed with "booze" and poisoned with disease? Was your mother a sweet, wholesome, pure-minded woman, loving your father as she loved her life, or was she a bedizened, painted, faded wretch, living in sin and squalor?

Were you given every chance that nurture and culture could give, or were you starved and neglected, kicked and cuffed, permitted to run with the street gamins and, at an age when you should have been tucked into your bed with fond hands, prayed for and taught to pray, were you forced into the street to sell matches and papers, chewing gum and lead pencils, profanity and obscenity your native tongue, bitterness toward those better off than you absorbing your thoughts and fashioning your soul? If the one, have you remembered to thank Almighty God that he has been so graciously kind to you? If the other, have you cursed the author of your being for having made you as he did, causing you to be born where he did and of parentage such as you had?

Do you fancy that if you had been born a coolie you would ever have been anything else than a coolie with the mind of a coolie? Or that if you had been born a slum child you would ever have been anything but a slum child with the thoughts of a slum child and the soul of a slum child? Do you imagine that your children's children, sinking under the crushing weight of an unequal chance, will be anything better than those now below the poverty line and their children anything better than gamins? With schools and churches and good society all about you, with love and example and the expectations of your set to hold you up, is it still as much as you can do to live cleanly and soberly, uprightly and in the love of God?

Why then this pride of spirit that causes you to draw close about you the coat or skirts of superiority lest you touch that which is unseemly and unclean? Is not the greater part of what you are purely accidental? Or if not pure accident, then attributable, nine points out of ten, to conditions lying wholly outside yourself? If only a tenth of what you are is due to what you have done of yourself, need you hate those who had more of a chance than you, or feel yourself superior to those who have less?

Can you go through life surrounded by these nine-tenths differences in condition wholly unconcerned by them? Is it nothing to you that the boy down the hill from where you live has not the chance to be a Right Man that your boy has, or that the daughter of your neighbor is working in a department store for a wage that will scarcely feed her, let alone buy the fineries you see her wearing, while your daughter sets the pace in dress for that girl to follow? How can you expect the daughter down the street to be and remain an "All Right Girl" under the conditions that surround her? Are these things nothing to you?

Do you laugh at the vagaries of those visionaries who, in seeking a solution to the riddle of inequality of opportunity through the world, bring forth that which is either revolutionary or imbecile, dangerous or unavailing? At least they have tried to solve the problem. Have you? Is there nothing due from you more than being thankful to your fortunate stars? Equality of condition we cannot have. But how about equity? Are you striving for equity for all mankind or only accepting it for yourself with a chuckle?

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

As the Law Works in England

It was not alone in the trial of the Crippen case, but also in connection with some of its side features, that comparison with American administration of law is most striking. For example, the editors of three influential English papers were fined (and unhesitatingly paid) $1,000 apiece for contempt of court in publishing erroneous statements about the case. Withal, the statements were of such a nature as would have received no attention whatever on this side of the water; compared with some assertions our papers publish in connection with any notorious trial, they were almost absurdly harmless. One paper, for instance, published a rumor that Crippen confessed after his arrest, and another asserted that on the last day of the trial counsel for the crown was in consultation with the quartermaster of the vessel in which Crippen tried to escape. No American need be told how harmless such publications would be considered over here or how entirely they would be disregarded by courts, but there the editors paid their $1000 fines without a murmur. If the mother country possibly errs on the side of severity, it is certain that we more grossly err on the side of laxity, and we would do well to look across the waters to learn those methods by which our administration of law might be improved. Doubtless we have too much of trials and convictions by newspapers.

Jewelled Anklets for Fair Women

Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes;
Now all that she needs is a ring in her nose.

The couplet should not seem inappropriate, for it is reported from London that certain Englishwomen now are wearing golden circlets about their ankles, the present fashion in short skirts permitting them to be displayed and to lure—but of course nobody could guess whom the fair wearers intend to lure. But if golden and bejewelled anklets are not just one step from the nose-ring of barbarism, will somebody mention where the other step might be taken? And, too, it is reported that these English women make it a point to display just enough be-laced or embroidered petticoat to add to the fascination of the anklet, on the principle that "half concealed is most revealed." And still some wonder that man does not progress more rapidly on the upward march: How could he if he is so unfortunate as to be the son of an anklet-wearing mother?—not to mention the real hobble of hobbles skirt.

The Progress of Oklahoma

The first white child born within the present limits of Oklahoma barely is a voter, so wholly new is this infant state. In 1900 Oklahoma City had a population of 10,037; by the census of this year the population was given as 54,168, an increase of 540 per cent in ten years. Nor do these figures in relation to the chief city give an adequate idea of the all but miraculous growth of this new commonwealth. At a conservative estimate the mineral and agricultural productions of Oklahoma during this year will exceed a half billion dollars in value. Note, too, the productions in which it stands either at the van or well toward the van of all the states: It is first in gas, in oil, in asphaltum, gypsum, glass sand, and in cement; second in lead and zinc, third in salt, fourth in granite, fifth in building stone, clay and slate, and seventh in marble. It also ranks seventh in cattle production, ninth in horses and in mules, and twelfth in hogs. In all of these respects, as well as in others that might be enumerated, it has surpassed the great majority of other and older states. Oklahoma has a right to be proud of its record; it is not often equalled.

Pneumonic Plague Discovered in England

From 1348 to 1369 the entire civilized world, extending from the east coast of China to the west coast of Ireland, was ravaged by the pneumonic plague, then known as the black death. In England one-third of the population was destroyed by the plague, and the English record was very similar to that in other countries. Not long ago, in Freston, Suffolk, four people died, and post mortems revealed the fact that their fatal illness was due to the "black death." This terrible disease, then, again has gained a foothold on English shores, and yet an epidemic is not now feared. Why? Simply because medical science has so increased its knowledge within the last six or seven centuries that physicians now know what to do to prevent its inroads. Sanitary precautions will be taken, rats, hares and squirrels (which convey the disease) will be exterminated, and the possibility of its spread will be reduced to a minimum. In brief, England now does not fear the spread of the plague because it need not; because doctors now can say to it, "Thus far, and no farther," and it must heed their command. Thus much has a knowledge of nature and her ways done for mankind since the old days of medical ignorance.

Making a Map for Aviators

When any government deliberately plans to map its territory for aviators, and so mark it that they cannot go astray by day or night, it looks very much as if that government, at least, judges that aeroplanes and dirigibles have come to stay and to do a practical work in the world. This is what the government of France now is doing. In conjunction with the aerial league, it has been making experiments in reading from great heights numbers traced in vivid colors upon the ground. The experiments were so successful that it now is proposed to divide all France into gigantic squares, at all corners of which immense figures, colored by day and outlined in light at night, will indicate to aviators flying above exactly where they are. It is understood that the government and the aerial league will operate together in thus re-charting and marking the country. If the system is successful in France doubtless it will be adopted elsewhere and before long when we wish to learn exactly where our aviating friend is, the wireless will inform us that his ship at present is on the N. W. quarter of the S. E. quarter of section steen, ethership blixty. Ah, the world certainly does move!

Buildings Erected for Spite

In a city so large and so densely crowded as New York human nature necessarily is seen in all its infinite variety. Good, bad or indifferent, men hustle and jostle one another, and virtue and vice have full opportunity to exhibit themselves at their best or worst. This being the case, it is not strange that the ugliest of all human frailties, spite, frequently displays itself there, and nowhere does it erect so notable monuments unto itself as in the construction of spite buildings. Years ago it chanced that a certain man was the owner of a strip of land more than 100 feet long and five feet wide running along Lexington avenue from the north side of Eighty-second street. Adjoining owners would not pay him the price he asked for his land, and so on that five-feet strip he erected a four-story building, thus shutting off the light from a row of his brownstone-front neighbors. There the building (occupied by its owner until 13 years ago) has stood for 28 years, but it is reported that it soon will be sold at auction. Nor is this monument to spite the worst of its kind for at the corner of Melrose avenue and East 161st street is a three story building 22 feet long which is but 3 feet 8¼ inches wide, or but 3 feet 2¼ inches interior width. Folding stairs, tables, etc., make these buildings more or less habitable. These are the extreme instances of a species of spitework not entirely unknown to to San Francisco, but there are other instances in plenty.

The Sex Point of Variance

The age-point of sex variance in play (which is where this variance first is revealed) has been determined with some definiteness by the English child study society. The society sent several thousand blanks to school children, in which they were asked to name their choice of plays, why they choose them, etc. About 9,000 answers now have been received, and from them it appears that the choice of English children from three to six years old, regardless of sex, is "ring of roses," known to us as "ring around a rosy," and the reason they prefer it is "because I like to fall down." At six years at the latest, however, the variance begins. Then the average girl turns to her doll, and the boy to balls, tops, horses, etc. From that time the variance becomes more and more marked as the years progress. From the foregoing it will be seen that the society merely has set a time of beginning to a variance which all of us knew to exist and almost any mother, at any rate, could have set the time about as definitely.

"Gone, Left No Address"

The foregoing words, and "Return to Sender," were printed on copies of the Paris Figaro and the Paris Temps which recently were sent to the former Portuguese address of ex-King Manuel and Dowager Queen Maria Pia. When the papers reached the place where the distinguished addressees recently would have been found the once royal personages did not appear to be at home. Something had happened, something necessitating a change of that address which, the post office assures us, they didn't leave. Thus dispassionately runs the official record of a royal tragedy, but nobody can successfully dispute that it is correct; they have gone, and they left no address.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S LECTURE

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the well known author and lecturer, arrived in San Francisco last Thursday, and is the guest of Mrs. J. B. McChesney, of 2334 Steiner street, (phone West 5739). During her stay in this city Mrs. Gilman will deliver a series of lectures, of which the first, on "Woman's Place in Civilization," will be given in the Palace Hotel on Sunday evening, November 13th.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Luxor Oil Company, a corporaton. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Southeast ¼ of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, an assessment (No. 1) of two cents ($.02) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the above named corporation, payable in U. S. gold coin on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to H. F. Gordon, the Secretary of the said corporation, at the office of the said corporation on the ground floor or first floor of the building known and designated as No. 219, Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 14th day of November, A. D. 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company, a corporation.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

REEBOOTERS OF THE WILDERNESS

(By Agnes C. Laut)

The Uncle Tom's Cabin of Conservation has en written, and by a woman. What "The anter" did or should do to make the Ameri- n public understand what "Barbarous Mex- " is like, what "A Certain Rich Man" did, should do, to make the American people ow and understand the manner of man our odern captain of industry and finance is, "The eebooters of the Wilderness" should do to ry to the American consciousness an under- nding of the criminals who, by prostituting breaking down the laws of their land, have en for the benefit of the few the heritage many, reproducing in free America that atification of peoples that is the negation of mocracy and which, if it be not withstood nd to hand and knife to hilt, will repeat in nerica the immeasurable miseries of Europe d Asia.

If we mistake not Miss Laut is of Canadian th and knows the West, both sides of the e, just how well the reviewer does not him- f know the intermountain West well enough know, but her stage settings are varied, pic- resque and in strong colors.

The book is a love story. The hero is a est ranger fighting all the powers of plu- cracy to preserve his forests from loot and recover for the government coal measures t have been fraudulently located in the in- ests of a smelting company. The heroine is daughter of a sheep owner, who also came er the line from Canada to escape punish- nt for his sympathy with the Indians in the el rebellion. The heavy villain is an ample lied, white waistcoated United States sena- who gets for The Interests the things they nt and, to do this, makes use of such tools he needs including newspapers, handy-men politics and journalism, cut-throat cattle stlers, town toughs and murderers. Like ier men of affairs this man does only those ngs that are necessary to be done to gain point, and employs only such instrumen- ities as are required for gaining them. He big enough and brave enough to face the t. However it may be with others he is der no misapprehensions as to the truth. He kes no effort to find excuses for what he es and he heartily despises those who do. s ruling passion is for prosperity, the build- g up of the country, not for the advantage the many, whom he despises, but for the w who, by virtue of their strength and pacity, are fit to survive. As with all of ; ilk, democracy is an exploded theory. His e was an intelligent exemplification of the damn the moralities, what we want is pros- rity," philosophy of life, as fit an epitaph to graven upon his tombstone as upon that the San Francisco newspaper owner who st put in choice idiom what so many of ; kind felt but did not say.

This heavy villain of plutocracy did things worse than the San Francisco grafters did d went free. He hired cattle rustlers, ose stealings he bought to hustle thou- ds of sheep over the Rim Rock of the sa, gave them a license to kill the herd- ; and burn their bodies with their wagons d treated as an accident their excess of l in driving the boy of a missionary among Indians over the rocks to his death with pony and the sheep. He hired a drunken gabond to kill the troublesome forest ger, but the ruffian stupidly killed the flock ner instead, certainly not worse than namiting and assassination to be rid of ublesome prosecutors and witnesses.

The moral of the story is the identity of r modern industrial and commercial free- oters with the robber barons of old, the fficacy and imbecility of government in ashington, the cowed toadyism of local vernment through politics by put-up-jobs, ch as we have been familiar with in Califor- nia for a generation, such as we are enduring in San Francisco now.

A crazy squaw, redeemed from starvation by the flock owner, her arm nerved to vengeance through love for the dead boy and gratitude toward the flockowner, metes out summary justice with her knife where law, and all that righteous fortitude may do, had failed of doing, and the story closes with the stage cleared for the dawning of a better era in the retrieving of the republic from special interests through an aroused public sentiment. The ranger is removed from his job because of being absent from duty without permission although tracking the cut-throat outlaws to their deaths in the desert, a task self-imposed because the sheriff was elected not to do the things that his office required him to do. In short, the "Freebooters of the Wilderness" is a story of the breaking down of the law told with verisimilitude and power. It is a book one is loth to lay down until finished, as free from the hysteria of the woman as it is charged with the righteous indignation of a man. Apart from the name on the title page, and a few feminine descriptive passages, there is nothing in the book to betray the sex of the writer. It is a man's book and has to do with a man's job, the preservation of democracy in America from the greedy clutch of the robber baron through the prostitution of public sentiment and the breaking down of the law. Moffat, Yard & Co., 31 East Seventeenth street, New York, $1.35 net.

Californian Poets' Corner

ON THE BORDER-LAND OF TEARS

By Carrie Stevens Walter

Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter was a classmate and early friend of Charles Warren Stoddard. She died in San Jose, where she had long made her home, two or three years since.

On the border-land of tears,
Raised by hopes or crushed by fears,
Joy and grief alternate swell,
In the soul no peace can dwell.

On the border-land of tears
Stand the ghosts of vanished years.
All we might be and are not
Greet us on that haunted spot.

Clouds, like ships, from shore to shore
To and fro pass evermore,
Sable-bordered—scarce appears
Tint of pearl through mist of tears.

All Life's quivering mile-posts loom
Sad as grave-stones through the gloom;
Trembling hopes are crushed by fears
On the border-land of tears.

TO THE SIERRAS

By Edward Robeson Taylor

Thou beckonest to me and I come once more;
Once more to lay my head upon thy breast,
And feel thy easeful, all-sufficing rest
Body and mind deliciously steal o'er.
My soul so hungers for thy liberal store,
That every feeling with insatiate zest,
On thought's own wings by fancy's magic blest,
Leaves far behind the town's tumultuous roar.
'Twere joy enough to have thee once again,
If such possession were my very last
This side of death: to fly the haunts of men,
And mid thy solitudes outstretching vast,
To be as one with all thy countless brood,
Nor dare to question God's eternal good.

OF WRITING FOR MONEY

Two curious points of view toward this question seem to be deeply rooted in the modern mind. One is that held by Lord Rosebery, and enunciated by him some time recently at a Burns celebration, when he said that he believed one of the greatest pieces of good luck, for posterity, was Burns's failure to go to the West Indies, because he would probably have become a prosperous planter and never again have written his immortal verse. Lord Rosebery added the dictum that poverty seemed to be an especially salubrious soil for the growth of literature, that the possession of money seemed fatal to that growth.

The other view is the reverse of this: that the coarse, commercial element in the business of writing for gain destroys the finer fibres of being and lowers the tone of an author's work.

Either view obviously falls before the test of history. It is not of record that Aeschylus or Sophocles had to write for a living; on the contrary, they belonged to that favored Greek aristocracy that, of all men, was most favored in wordly ease so far as livelihood was concerned. Bacon's crystalline English seems only to have mellowed with his rise in fortune. Ruskin had no need to take thought for the morrow, and surely Ruskin wrote well. Goethe was a child of fortune, Byron too, and they adorned the literature of their lands. Hugo never really knew the need of financial prudence, yet he wrote himself into enduring fame.

On the other hand, Shakespeare wrote for a living, Moliere did the same, and neither seemed to gain or lose in force with the fluctuations of fortune, only with the passage of time and growth in experience. Thackeray was a slave to his pen, so was Dickens, so was our own Poe. None of them, save Poe, spurned to profit by his art nor to husband thriftily his gains, and Poe only because he could not.

Both views, to our thinking, are beside the truth. May it not be simply that, like the rest of us, most people have to live by labor, and that most people can earn most at that thing they can do best, and that any occupation that is done well requires most of one's time? And is it not probable that the possession of the ability to write is as much a peculiar gift as the possession of unusually good vision, and as disconnected with money, or the absence of it, as the possession of sound nerves? It seems to us that this is a more rational explanation. Some men write just as other men take naturally to chemistry and others to mechanics. They write because they like to write, because they are by nature adapted to it and impelled to it, just as others like to live in the open air and are impelled to use their strong muscles.

Money may affect writers in the same way that money affects everyone else: it may tempt to idleness or dissipation or frivolity. And some writers succumb to these temptations. But there is nothing in the temper of writers to cause a larger percentage of them to so succumb than of any other class. If the rich merchant's son goes the primrose path of dalliance we say simply, "Another fool." If a writer does likewise we say "Those harebrained authors." Now authors as a class are not harebrained: the class contains its proportion of fools, sluggards, dullards, weaklings, degenerates and lunatics, but no more than the proportion in any other class. The difference is mainly in the relative prominence of the author. The merchant's son is merely stowed quietly away in a private sanatorium, where everybody forgets him, because he was of no account at any time. The author, on the other hand, having given promise of achievement and proven himself possessed of unusual gifts, is pointed to as an example and people do not forget his fall

OUR SUPERLATIVE COUNTRY

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

The editor has instructed me to destroy the fallacy that the United States is the greatest country in the world, and at the same time to be careful to impart no information to the reader. Genuine information is as rare and as precious as radium, and this office does not propose to lose what little it has by careless leakage through the columns of this paper. We have, however, like everybody else, an unlimited supply of near-information, perfect imitations of the genuine, something just as good, and the reader is welcome to all of this he cares to read. This page, though, is sacred to the dissemination of no information at all.

Its purpose and function are exactly illustrated by the dialogue of the minstrel show:

End man—Would you like to hear the sad story of my life?

Interlocutor—No.

End Man—Then I will tell it to you.

I know that you hug the fond delusion that the United States is the greatest country in the world. I know that you heartily wish not to have that delusion destroyed. Therefore I will destroy it.

Now the first step in the work of destruction is to point out the prime failing of us as a people. We are obsessed of the superlative degree. The veriest trifle is our shibboleth. That trifle is a combination of three letters, **e**, **s** and **t**. Sometimes it is only **s** and **t**. It is the sign manual of the extraordinary, the insignia of the superlative. It changes "great" into "greatest," it excites the imagination from indifference to lively interest, it magnifies the sober truth into an intoxicating delusion, it transforms us from a nation of well-meaning and industrious citizens into a nation of braggarts and liars. So fond are we of this trifling delusion that we let it warp our sense of proportion until we lose all judgment of comparative values, until the truth is insignificant by the side of our extravagant magnifications of fact.

In California, for instance, the first thing observed by the visitor is the rhythmical succession of superlatives that the natives thrust upon him. He hears that California has the biggest trees in the world, the bluest skies, the most temperate climate, the most magnificent coniferous forests, the lowest dry land, the highest mountains, the deepest valleys, the most fertile soil, the biggest irrigation systems, the finest schools, the most beautiful university campus, the best bathing beaches, the finest harbors, the earliest oranges, the best fruit, the most wonderful flowers, the most luscious grapes and most of them, the largest yield of raisins, the biggest crops of alfalfa, the most productive oil fields, the longest electrical transmission lines, the most beautiful women.

Then, having exhausted our superlatives in the upper register and the superlatives of things that one should be proud of, we are not content to stop, but let our mania for **est** take us to the lower register and to the superlative of the things we ought, by right, to be ashamed of. And thus we proclaim to all the world, and with pride, that we have the most lunatics in proportion to population, that San Francisco has the vilest dens of vice and most of them (right now we are putting the soft pedal on this—we want the exposition), that California has the most degraded Indians, the oldest frame shack (at Monterey—see Harper's Weekly of recent date), the toughest outlaws and hardest to kill, the most tramps, and "the d—dest finest ruins ever looked on anywhere," as the thoroughly characteristic poem, written right after the fire, puts it.

And the wan and weary Easterner never fails—**never** fails—to add, "And the most monumental liars I ever met."

Now I am not sticking any pins that I haven't set upon myself. By voice and pen I have given currency to nearly all of these superlatives myself—from sheer force of habit. Everybody does it. Why shouldn't I? I have.

But isn't it really funny—or pathetic—when you come to think about it? We don't stop even with the superlatively big and the superlatively small. Oh, no. That would cut too many of us out of a chance to boost our own little brag. So, to give all of us a chance, we have invented something that we may call the "qualified superlative." A few samples will illustrate what I mean: Milpitas, we will say, has the most first-class mail of any town of 200 inhabitants in the United States; Imperial has the coolest climate of any county whose average of yearly temperature is 100 degrees or more; San Francisco has the best city government of any city destroyed by a combination of fire and earthquake during the month of April, 1906. More samples are superfluous; having the formula, anybody can figure himself into the superlative class. Even this observation is gratuitous; we have all **got** into the superlative class, already, by approximately this route.

But the gently scornful Easterner who classes us with the superlative liars and lets it go at that, is plucking motes and forgetting to harvest his own crop of beams. Missouri is bragging of the biggest production of eggs of any state in the Union, just as she has long bragged of the biggest farms, the most lead, of the tallest corn, and the cussedest mules. New York brags of the tallest buildings, the most people, the corruptest Tammany, the richest rascals, the most impolite public manners, the greatest commerce, the most fashionable women, and the greatest Great White Way. Boston lets it leak out that she has the most cultured classes and the choicest beans that ever were. Philadelphia has the homeliest homes of all. Pittsburg has the most smoke, the most millionaires, the most steel (spell it either way), the quickest fortunes and the fastest possessors thereof.

Altogether, the Easterner has not much "on" us in this matter of bragging. Truth to tell, most of us are Easterners, simply moved West. So we may say that the worship of the superlative, to give it the kindest name, is a national failing.

Now we have got down to the proof of our first proposition: that the United States is **not** the greatest country in the world. We might achieve this at a stroke, simply by quoting "the first shall be last," but that would presume that at some time the United States **was** first, and, anyway, we scorn to be simple when we have opportunity to be profound, or to be frivolous when we can be serious.

Proceeding to our proof, we shall need, as geometricians do, an axiom or so. One, perhaps, will suffice: we may assume, from the experience of ages, that lies are told to conceal the truth. Hence does it follow that half lies are told to conceal half the truth. Now bragging is simply half-lying. It may be that we tell the truth when we brag, but in telling that truth we are seeking to hide another truth; we brag about one thing to distract attention from something else; we laud the superlative fit of our vest to hide the superlative hole in the seat of our breeches.

And so with our boast that we are the greatest of nations. We are merely whistling to keep our courage up. Deep in our inmost souls we know a great deal better. We dare not specify, we simply lump our individual realizations of weakness, throw out our aggregated chest, and say, "Look at the mightiest front of all." We know very well the danger of being specific. Shall we boast of numbers? China and India merely smile. Are we a republic? Switzerland laughs. Have we a democracy? England grins. Are we rich? France grows facetious. Are we mechanical, Germany wriggles her thumb. Are we artistic? Italy scoffs. Are we lovers of literature? Greece mocks us. Do we a mighty commerce? Britain sniffs from the sea. Are we devout? The Hebrew sneers. Have we vast dominions? Russia glowers from the north.

Napoleon made no boasts before Austerlitz he did before Waterloo. The virtuous woma blushes at the name of virtue; the strumpe proclaims her virtue in the streets. The in genious reader is welcome to multiply thes apothegms, these sparkling facets of wisdor upon the incrustations of experience, to hi heart's desire. Suffice it for the writer to ad one more: that boasting is a sign of weakness an admission of deficiency. We know that w are not the greatest nation on earth; therefor we shout that we are. We know that Kiplin was right when he applied all those stinging epithets to us, "easy," "careless," "a brothe hedged with alien speech, and lacking all inter preter." We know that our back yard is ful of the weeds and tomato cans of a hurried an unassimilated civilization; we know that ou pants are short and our cuffs are dirty; w know that, though our clothes are all new they are not of a piece—we are like the newly civilized Indian, who wears a gray suit stripe with green, a yellow tie, a red vest, lavende socks, tan shoes and a derby hat. Our mixture of races is a very pousse-cafe of bloods. We have no national art, we have no great litera ture, we have no architecture, we have no vita drama, our government is still an experiment our moral consciousness is dull, we are in choate. We are not the greatest thing that ever happened. Not by a long shot.

But we have wonderful qualities and won derful possessions in which we may take pride —only, as we love truth and hate pretense, let us not tack **est** on to the end of their names If a thing is good, call it good, and have done Don't call it best. If we are great—and we are —say great, and let it go at that. Don't add **est** and convict ourselves of three crimes bragging, lying and folly.

We have, for instance, exactly what made the Renaissance glorious—a magnificent energy and the desire to know. Every cross-roads woman's culture club is a symbol of a thirst for knowledge, nation-wide and conscience-deep. That is the saving grace of our boasting: we boast of the possession of the things we think are desirable, and among these, along with trash and much worship of mere bulk, we do include some things that really are elements of human greatness, of an advancing civilization.

This is written the day before election. Tomorrow the country will be saved—it makes no difference which side wins, that side will save it—and peace from the waving of Old Glory will be ours. But leaving Old Glory out of it, and the grand old parties and all the rest, we can be proud of our country without ranging up for comparison alongside such others as Britain, Germany and France: we can say, with much truth and without shame that, by the grace of God, this is **our** country, we've got to live in it, we like it, it suits us—sinners, saints, back-yard and all—suits us down to the ground. Isn't that enough to say?

The rumbling and groaning train had been toiling along from Memphis, Tenn., toward Bald Knob, Ark., all through the hot afternoon. The stops had been frequent, but at last came one of unusual duration. After a tiresome interval, the conductor walked back through the mosquito-punctuated aisles until his glance met a sympathetic face. He bent over the kindly looking passenger and whispered: "Stranger, have you got a bit of string about you? The engine's broke."—Everybody's Magazine.

Parcells Safe Co.

SOLE AGENTS

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577 Market St. **San Francisco**

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

It's Never Too Late

If you've galloped along in a reckless way
until you have stubbed your toe,
And have fallen flat in the mire or dust, while
the gallopers shout, "Ho, ho!"
If you've hit the places that some term high
till the places low you've found,
And you feel that the universe is awry from
your view-point on the ground;
In short, if you've gone at a giddy pace—a
pace I confess I have tried—
And are left behind in the earthly race, with
the fool and the sluggard tied,
Why, rise from the mire, stand stalwart, and
go! Be never discouraged, my friend,
For it's never too late to mend, you know,
until it's too late to mend.

I look to the past and I see where I fell, a
fact I dislike to recall,
But be you as honest, no doubt you can tell
of places where you had a fall.
The soul knows of heights it longs to attain,
but fetters upon us are set,
And the man who is perfect, I'm sorry to say,
is the man that I never have met.
But what of it, brother? We'll up, and press
on regardless of scars that we bear;
Our hopes in the dust, ideals betrayed, we will
hold there is One who doth care.
Let us rise though we fall, let us win though
we lose, till failure with intent shall blend,
For it's never too late to mend, you know,
until it's too late to mend.

I have seen, I have seen, in these few years of
mine, where failure grew into success,
And the error that's written, through effort
divine, may merge in the life that shall
bless.
Oh, pitfalls surround us, each placed by a
hand that the hand of a brother should be,
And, blind and misguided, too late we have
seen the snare that a wiser might see;
But we will not heed the scars that we bear
denoting the falls that we knew;
We'll hold that a Man to the battle must fare,
though knowing that wounds must accrue.
And we'll rise though we fall, we will win
though we lose, unheeding the day and its
trend,
For it's never too late to mend, you know,
until it's too late to mend.

* * *

Adapted to Its Purpose

The statuesque and willowy young lady who floated into the office said that she had a verse which she wished to submit for thoughtful criticism.

"It is," she said, "but a simple quatrain, but I think the trobbing soul of it must be visible to the most thoughtless. That is why I have brought it to you."

"Very well," the editor remarked, "go ahead."

"I ask only that you will judge its simplicity simply," she prefaced. "Here it is:

"The dinkly birds that dinkle sweet
Within the blunksome hollow
Unto my glogly soul repeat:
'Oh, follow, follow, follow!'"

"While I do not recognize some of the words," the editor said, "I entertain no doubt it must say something. In strict confidence between ourselves, would you be willing to assure me that it does?"

"Er—no," the young lady replied, "but—that is—you know it is intended for magazine poetry."

'Ah," the editor responded, "that being the case, I feel no doubt that your contribution will be eagerly received and appropriated."

Thus encouraged, the young lady was filled with a glad content when she departed.

* * *

"He used to pose as a patron of the arts, I recall." "Yes, but he does so no longer." "Why not?" "He gradually grew up to the idea that the arts were so big and so fine that they did not need his patronage."

The Opinions of Rufus

Seems to me that the man that can't make a heap of 'lowance fer sinners ought to git somebody to introduce him to himself.

'Pears to me that some folks that say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner," put more emphasis on the "me" an' less on "a sinner" than the facts justify.

I hate to deny that women deserve to be called gentle, but did you ever notice them at a bargain sale?

All the world's a stage, but some of the actors are 'nough to make any man tired of the show.

I heered of a woman that was beautiful an' didn't put in any time admirin' herself in the glass. Alas, she was blind.

Josh Bings says he can't see why Ananias an' Saphiry was struck dead, es long es they don't seem to be any 'tention paid to the rest of us.

If "I meant to do it" is accepted as a good excuse at the narrer gate, I reckon that the must of us 'll pull through.

It ain't recorded that Adam asked Eve to give him a bite of that apple, but I'll bet he wuz lookin' at it mighty wistful.

In the numeral system of a good many families the woman is the cipher that multiplies the man's worth by ten.

Ezry Pennick says he understands that the church without women is situated on the bank of the lake without water.

I reckon it's true that there's jest es good fish in the sea es ever was caught, but I don't see es that proves that you an' I are goin' to ketch any of 'em.

* * *

Microbes and Bacilli

Microbes and bacilli, bacteria not a few,
And every time I breathe I gulp a million bugs
or two.
I take a drink of water, and the doctors all
proclaim
That I'm a walking arsenal of bugs I cannot
name,
And if I take a drink of milk to mitigate the
curse,
The wise physicians jointly yell, "Well, really,
milk is worse!"
Bacilli-haunted, e'er assailed by every microbe
shape,
Ah, woe is me—you bet it is, for how shall I
escape?

I kissed a lass the other night, and thought it
was a snap,
But, oh, the man who saw the deed, he was
a doctor chap,
And straightway then he proved to me—it
was a cruel blow—
That probably I had absorbed a million bugs
or so
From those red lips. Oh, heart of mine, why
thus my ardor treat?
And yet I here and now confess those bacilli
seemed sweet;
And if a man can't sample sweets without an
insect scrape,
Ah, woe is mine, and woe is thine, for how
shall we escape?

Oh, little bugs that me assail through every
day and night,
I wish the docs would call you off, your
epitaphs would write.
I yearn and yearn for those good days my
grandpas ne'er did lack,
When stomach-ache was stomach-ache, and
not a bug attack.
With microbes, microbes everywhere, and not
a drop to drink
Without a dose of bacilli to make one's vitals
shrink;
In food we eat, in air we breathe, their hungry
jaws agape,
Oh, woe is mine, and woe is thine, for how
shall we escape?

Your Occupationless Wife

You took unto yourself a wife, and it is your duty to support her as best you may, also, in due season there came straggling along certain very small and very absurd travelers from Noman's Land, and it is your duty to support them. Consequently you must dig; you must be at the office even when you would greatly prefer to go fishing; you must earn the bread, not only for yourself but for from two to a dozen others, by the sweat of your brow and by keeping your nose faithfully on the ever-whirring grindstone. Tough, isn't it? Oh, you bet one has to pay the price for being a man! And then, to add to the sting, the average woman has nothing to do except to keep house.

Yes, it really is a fact that many women have nothing to do—except, of course, to keep house, and, as the United States census bureau so happily states the case, that is not an occupation. For a light and enjoyable form of entertainment commend me to keeping house, although the women do make such an immortal row over it. Consider for a moment what a snap it is. All the housewife has to do every day without intermission is: Get the breakfast, wash and wipe the dishes, make the beds, straighten the rooms, get lunch, wash and wipe the dishes, mend the kids' clothing, spank the baby, make a new gown for Susie, get the dinner, wash and wipe the dishes, look neat and cheerful so she will attract her husband, improve her intel—

Oh, see here! I haven't the heart to continue the list. The wonder to me is that, in this ceaseless grind of petty, monotonous cares, the majority of women do not go insane. Most men would; ours may be the stronger sex, but we would.

And we do not wish our wives to seek some occupation that, strangely enough, suits them better, and hire a housekeeper, because we are so tenderly considerate of them, you know! John, Henry or Adolph, don't you make yourself tired when you think about yourself and your self-considering regard for your wife? Just between ourselves, I do.

* * *

Hobble, Hobble, Little Skirt

Hobble, hobble little skirt!
How I wonder if you hurt
When you make her come a cropper
As too suddenly you stop her.
When she tries her steps to hasten
Does she often bust a bastin',
Or a thread, and does she mumble
Words as hot as men would grumble?
Does she mind her skip and wobble
In her hobble, hobble, hobble?
Do man's jeers her feelings hurt?
Tell, oh, tell me, hobble skirt.

* * *

Now Look Out for Rain

"Now, then," said Jupiter Pluvius to his ablest assistant, "I want you to get busy immediately."

"For instance, how, sire?" the ablest assistant inquired.

"I want you to open the heavens and turn a rain loose on the earth."

"Yea, sire."

"And it must be a good rain."

"Yea, sire."

"A cleansing rain."

"Yea, sire."

"An extra-clarifying, super-purifying rain."

"Yea, sire. By the way, I suppose it is the same old trouble?"

"Oh, yes, you've guessed it; they have been holding another election down on the earth. I realize that mere rain is woefully inadequate, but it is the best we can do."

With a heavy sigh, Jupiter Pluvius turned away and seizing a long pair of tongs, dropped the Morning Political Howler into the hottest furnace.

And the ablest messenger got busy.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Only Hiram Johnson Could Have Done It Hiram W. Johnson proved to have been the man of the hour. Francis J. Heney might have done it three years earlier, but not at the end of his three years' fight against graft when he was worn out and unstrung. Hiram Johnson went into the battle fresh, in the full vigor of manhood at its prime, he made the greatest personal canvass ever made in this or any other state, carried his "message to Garcia," as did the "fellow of the name of Rowan," and he arrived a free man at the head of a free state. He had not one iota of support from any man or interest for whom he or anyone need make explanation or apology. He virtually dared the interests and their following to do their worst, and they did it. No more unpolitic man ever entered politics. He asked nothing of either administration, national or state, and he went forth declaring to all Californians, as Paul declared to the Philippians, "This one thing will I do"—make California free. With the newer Republicanism defeated in New York and Indiana and the old Republicanism snowed under in ever so many states east of the mountains, the triumph of the party in California makes Hiram W. Johnson a national figure. It was a splendid victory splendidly won. And if anyone among the candidates before the primary, except Johnson, had been nominated in his place the very gates of heaven, to say nothing of the other place, could scarcely have saved California to the Republican party.

Give Hiram Johnson A Chance to Rest Either our elections should be held earlier or our inductions into office should come later. Hiram Johnson is tired out. There is a limit to what flesh and blood can endure and Mr. Johnson has reached his limit. Mr. Heney thought himself invulnerable, but the three years of his fight against graft floored him and he had to have months of rest before he became himself again. Hiram Johnson will have only weeks in which both to rest and to make preparation for taking up a new business. Office hunters, keep away until well long into December and so give him that rest which he must have if he is to be fit to take up the duties of his high office when he must take them up. He must also put his own affairs into shape. He hasn't looked at them for eight months, during all of which time he has been working for nothing and supporting his family. Give Hiram Johnson a chance to rest. If he needs you he will send for you.

How Is It With Theodore Bell? The Watchman has believed in the sincerity and cleanliness of Theodore Bell and is of the same opinion still, but never was helpless orphan in more undesirable surroundings. The lure of office swept him from his feet. The most outrageous slanders were hurled at Johnson in the cause of Bell and Bell was consenting that they be used. The Devil took the Democratic leadership up to the top of a high mountain of opportunity and showed them the kingdoms of California to be had in exchange for worshiping that same Devil. The chance was jumped at. The lure of party success was a greater temptation than could be withstood. It was so in New York, where Democratic success was won at the cost of an alliance between Wall street and Tammany Hall in control of the party. With the best intentions in the world Theodore Bell could not, had he been elected, have withstood the pressure of the forces that made him Governor. His administration would have lacked the vitalizing power of a living soul. A fine fellow, Theodore Bell has made the supreme mistake of seeking a public career for Theodore Bell rather than an opportunity to serve, it may be at a sacrifice, the highest good. A fine type of man, he is not of that toughness of fiber that fits him for this time and this service. Per contra, The Watchman chances personally to know with what reluctance Hiram Johnson entered the lists: "I can't, and I won't," was his reply to repeated urgings from many sources, and not until convinced that he was, as he proved himself to be, the one man who could fill all requirements did he consent to run. Theodore Bell is young. He should devote himself to his profession. If his state needs him it will call him as it called Johnson. There is no need that he keep his ear to the ground lest he fail to hear.

The Case of Roosevelt At first glimpse it would seem that the spell of Theodore Roosevelt had been broken. In New York he tore the organization of his party from the hands of the political buncomen who had made merchandise of it, only to go down to defeat before a combination of Tammany Hall Democrats, Wall Street financiers and the Republican Old Guard, re-enforced by timid souls haunted by the specter of the man-on-horseback. He made speeches in Indiana, Ohio, Massachusetts and Connecticut and they all went Democratic. We shall hear from all sides that Roosevelt is done for. But he is not. He is a man, and not a god. He threw himself into the fight to save the administration of his friend and for the redemption of his party from vassalage. He was a man to double-business bound. Believing that it must be through the Republican party that greater and better things are to come to his country, he took the party as he found it in each state and made the best of it. In New York he was handicapped by a bad platform that he could not prevent, in Ohio by a bad party organization and bad platform, in Massachusetts by the shadow of that old first family aristocracy of intellectual exclusiveness against which the common man has risen in a well-justified wrath. Roosevelt has not been vanquished. He is a Republican, has preserved his party regularity without compromising his principles, and he will up and at 'em again before he is a fortnight older. And remember this: Only in those states where Rooseveltism dominated party and platform was the Republican party successful. Republicans of New York were beaten by their platform and Roosevelt did not make that platform and was not responsible for it.

Standpatism Explains It The reason for the slump to the Democrats throughout the East is not far to seek. Notwithstanding the President's oft repeated assurances the American people do not believe that what he says is so. They know that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill is not such a measure as they expected and not such a measure as they had a right to expect. His Winona, Minnesota, speech doomed the American Congress to a Democratic majority. Elected as a progressive Republican, the fact that the President made his bed with Cannon and Aldrich, Elkins and Lodge, discredited him for the reactionary he seemed to be rather than was. Naturally an indolent-minded man, loving golf-links of peace and pleasantness, he shunned conflict with his enemies only to be forced to fight his friends, and now the whole country lays more blame and less credit at his door than he deserves. He has probably learned a thing or two.

Moreover the Republican party is in the throes of a new birth, always a painful experience. It has got to be a progressive party or a dead party and if it loses something during the process of being born again it will be all the stronger when it comes out with a new skin and renewed vitality. The standpatters knifed the ticket and the lure of party success held too many progressive Democrats to the ticket of their party.

But not all Democratic victories were disasters. The one in New Jersey was a distinct victory for progressive policies. In Ohio the Republicans deserved the thumping they got. Only in New York does the sting of defeat really hurt, and even there the platform builders right well deserved what they got.

The Meaning of the Vote for Stitt Wilson Socialism is as certainly the wail of discouragement as anarchism is of despair, and the big vote given the Socialist ticket measures the number of those who say in their hearts: "It is of no use. The common people cannot beat the power of money to oppress in any other way than by making the power there is in money to perish in the hands of its owners, and this can be done only by taking into the hands of government all the means of production and distribution. Socialism is our last card. Let us play that and die."

Socialism is the penultimate answer of the common man to The Interests. The final one is anarchy. There was danger that Socialism might take full possession of unionism. Now the chances are that labor unions will take possession of socialism. Two-thirds of the carmen in Oakland, on a straw ballot in their lodge, voted for socialism, and to about that extent they voted in the election. If these men had believed that the regeneration of the Republican party within the party were possible they would have helped it, but they had no hope, and the incapacity of Democracy to govern has become a habit of mind. Therefore Socialism! We shall have more of it before we have less, and nothing short of a Republican party that does things and undauntedly dares to undertake to do them, will avert the danger of a wide-spreading gospel of socialistic discontent.

Standpatters Were Bolters If we may judge from certain precincts in Oakland, and a lot more in Sacramento, twenty percent of the Republican voters bolted the head of their ticket. It was notorious that extreme partisans of the President and of Gillett had their knives whetted to a keen edge with which to reach, if they could, the vitals of Johnson and Wallace. Of course all those who sympathized with the grafters voted against Johnson and Wallace, also every mother's son who could be so influenced to do by the railroad, the saloon and the red-light push. It is more than likely that the victory of a progressive Republicanism in California was won by the help of the progressive Democrats. The Watchman hopes they have come to stay. They are the kind of men needed to man a party that has the grit to go forward. The coming two years will see a world of recruiting, drilling and making ready for the great struggle of 1912. There are bully fights ahead.

The Triumph of William Kent The more the Kent campaign, both for nomination and election, is studied, the more remarkable will his triumph appear. Glenn county went for Bell by 500, and for Zumwalt by less than 90; Napa gave Bell a majority of 700 and Kent 500: Sacramento went for Bell by 600 and for Kent by 500, and yet those who knifed Johnson generally knifed Kent, but Mr. Kent drew more from the Democrats than did Johnson. He was entirely frank with his constituents on tariff, parcels post, anything and everything that the people wanted to talk about, and they took to him with more regard for the man than for party.

San Francisco Legislators The legislative delegation from San Francisco is, as usual, a disappointment. The only men elected from whom there is any reason to expect good records are Assemblymen

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

Gerdes, Beatty, Walsh and Joel. In almost every other case the man defeated was better timber than the man elected. Three of the four senators and four of the eighteen assemblymen are either deputies in Sheriff Tom Finn's office or owe their political being to him. Tom Finn is a McCarthy machine man, a waterfront saloonkeeper and politically of unsavory type. Conspicuously good men defeated were J. E. White in the 39th, J. T. Kane in the 31st, E. A. Murphy in the 32nd, and J. A. O'Keefe in the 33rd. The election of M. L. Schmitt in the 40th and Nat Coghlan in the 41st returned two straight machine incumbents from districts that offered better candidates in their opponents. The defeat of C. Lightner, incumbent in the 45th, removed a man with a good record to give place for a man, D. M. Denegri, backed by the old Ruef ring. Of the 22 elected, all but four will probably take orders from either the McCarthy machine or the Espee machine.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHARTER AMENDMENTS

No. 1. Directs supervisors to issue $5,000,000 in bonds, the proceeds to be turned over to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company upon demand; excludes this bond issue from the bond-ridden indebtedness limit of 15 per cent of assessment value; grants control of all of Golden Gate Park west of Twentieth Avenue to the Exposition Company until one year after the closing of the exposition; grants same control over all lands of school department west of Twentieth avenue, and not in use; and authorizes Exposition Company to close streets in these districts except where such closing will bar access to private property not acquired by Exposition Company.

Discussion: No. 1 simply gives the Exposition Company necessary funds and powers to carry out the proposed exposition. The sections relating to Golden Gate Park are permissive and not mandatory upon the Exposition Company as to the matter of a site for the exposition, but practically the passage of this amendment is likely to settle the question of the site in favor of the park. This may not be the best solution, but if you want the exposition. **Vote Yes.**

No. 2 Ousts the present Board of Trustees of the public library and substitutes a board consisting of the Mayor (ex-officio) and six appointees of the Mayor, to hold office for six years and in such manner that one trustee is appointed every year.

Discussion: The public library, since 1878, has been managed by a board of trustees who hold office for life and fill vacancies in their number by vote of remaining members. The plan is unusual but the personnel of the board has always been good and the claim is made for it that it has reduced expenses of administration to the lowest point per public served of any library of equal efficiency in the country. Probably the present plan is better than the proposed change, which is likely to put the library into politics. **Vote No.**

No. 3. Provides for raising the "dollar limit" of taxation, in the event of the passage of Amendment No. 1 of the State Constitution, by an amount equal to one-half the rate of taxation levied for State purposes in 1910. Provides further for special tax levies, in addition to taxes within the dollar limit, for and only for eight specific purposes: 1. street work, 2. sewer work, 3. construction or reconstruction of public buildings, 4. extension of fire protection system and equipment of fire department, 5. acquisition of lands within county for municipal purposes, 6. construction of bridges and other public structures, 7. collection and disposal of garbage, 8. special sanitary measures.

Discussion: Vote No.

No. 4.—Declares intention of city to gradually acquire and operate its public utilities; vests power and discretion of necessity to acquire, lease or dispose of necessary property and franchises to effectuate such intention, in the Supervisors; limits leases of public utilities to twenty years; provides for initiative and referendum in the matter of acquiring public utilities; two-thirds vote necessary to carry bonds for this purpose; permits creation of special commissions, superseding Board of Public Works, to operate public utilities so acquired.

Discussion: Vote No, for reasons given by Merchants' Association. Should be rejected until perfected.

No. 5.—Permits Supervisors, at discretion, to contract for official advertising with the lowest bidder at a uniform rate for all advertising except the delinquent tax list, which shall be bid on separately, or to cause to be printed weekly in a newspaper to be called the "Municipal Record" containing all matters of public interest and a legal substitute for the publication of advertising in the daily press.

Discussion: The alternative of a Municipal Record is the new feature proposed by this amendment. It is a good one. **Vote Yes.**

Nos. 6 and **7** and **8** are exhaustively treated on another page. **Vote Yes** on all three.

No. 9. Provides four-year terms of office for Mayor, Supervisors and other elected officials, in such manner that the Mayor, County Clerk, Auditor, District Attorney, Sheriff, Coroner and half of the Supervisors shall so hold office from January 8, 1912, while the Tax Collector, Recorder, City Attorney, Public Administrator, Treasurer and remaining Supervisors shall so hold office from January 8, 1914.

Discussion: This is a step toward the "short ballot" and has also the virtue of setting city elections in years when neither President nor Governor is elected. **Vote Yes.**

No. 10. No city officer, except policemen, may absent himself from state without permission of Mayor and Supervisors, under penalty of removal.

Discussion: Removes former limitation of absences to 60 days. A matter of no great importance. **Vote Yes.**

No. 11 and **No. 12.** Empowers Supervisors to order construction of tunnels, subways and viaducts and, in their discretion, to order that not more than half the cost be paid by the city, the remainder to be assessed against assessment districts of adjacent private property; restricts use of such works to ordinary traffic and street railways only; prohibits grant of exclusive use of tracks to one corporation and secures right of municipally owned railways to use such tracks.

Discussion: Nos. 11 and 12 are practically identical in wording. No. 11 is proposed by the Supervisors, No. 12 by initiative petition. This legislation is practically necessary for such improvements as tunneling the Stockton street hill and Twin Peaks. **Vote Yes.**

No. 13. Removes 50 per cent limit on street improvement assessment as relating to sewers; gives property owners discretion as to closing streets; provides method for changing street alignment; authorizes city, instead of property owners, to pay for improvement of unaccepted streets, by contract or day labor.

Discussion: For reasons advanced by Merchants' Association, **Vote No.**

No. 14. Provides a method by which property owners may be required to keep unaccepted streets and sidewalks in safe condition and repair, and places the liability due to defects in unaccepted streets upon the abutting property owners. At present the members of the Board of Public Works are personally liable for such damages, and the charter makes no adequate provision for repairing this class of streets at the city's expense, nor are the present charter provisions sufficient to provide a means of making such repairs a charge upon the property owners.

Discussion: The effect of the amendment will be to place the liability for damage where it belongs. The Board of Public Works will remain liable for damages due to defects on accepted streets if they have five days' notice of such defects and fail to make the necessary repairs when they have sufficient funds for that purpose. **Vote Yes.**

No. 15. Empowers Supervisors to use discretion as to method of procedure and payment in matters affected by Nos. 11 and 12, especially permitting the payment of assessments in annual installments covering not more than ten years.

Discussion: Vote Yes.

No. 16. Empowers Supervisors to maintain a free employment bureau and to provide for the expense thereof.

Discussion: Submitted by referendum petition prepared by Union Labor. **Vote Yes.**

No. 17. Grants permission to The California Academy of Sciences to erect and maintain buildings in Golden Gate Park for a free public museum.

Discussion: Vote Yes.

No. 18. Raises, from thirty-five to fifty-five years, the maximum age at which engineers and pilots of fire boats, engineers, mechanics and employes of the Auxiliary Fire System or of the corporation yard, and of clerks in the office of the Fire Commission, may enter the service.

Discussion: So far as this amendment applies to engineers and pilots, it is eminently just and sound. As to the others, it is not very important. Altogether, we should advise, **Vote Yes.**

No. 19. Provides that all future franchises for street railways shall be granted subject to right of city to buy tangible property and plant at an arbitrated valuation which shall exclude value of franchise or right of way or earning power, but shall include interest on actual investment in construction prior to operation, plus a bonus of ten to twenty per cent of such valuation if purchased prior to ten years after construction or of not more than ten per cent if after ten years after construction; provides for eight-hour day, $3 minimum wage and time and a half for overtime to all employes of railway operating under such franchise.

Discussion: A necessary additional step in any program looking to municipal ownership. The fixing of wages in a charter is very objectionable. Nevertheless, we advise to **Vote Yes.**

No. 20. Limits street railway franchises to twenty-five years; provides for competitive bidding for such franchises on the basis of a percentage of gross receipts to be paid the city by the operating company, such bids to be for not less than 3 per cent during the first five years, 4 per cent the next ten and 5 per cent the last ten; requires three-fourths vote of supervisors to grant franchise; requires, with penalties for failure, prompt construction of road; suspends grant of franchise for sixty days, and allows for a referendum by petition of 5 per cent of voters or by demand of mayor or of six supervisors; refuses any franchise to corporation having capital stock and bonded indebtedness exceeding by more than 10 per cent the amount of each stated by applicant as the amount he intends to expend upon such road, and imposes additional restrictions upon franchises in the interest of referendum vote and facility for acquisition by city.

Discussion: Sound in theory, and in practice in other cities. **Vote Yes.**

No. 21. Provides tax levy to acquire and maintain playgrounds, and prescribes duties and powers of Playgrounds Commission.

Discussion: A vital and worthy amendment. **Vote Yes.**

No. 22. Reduces the minimum tax rate for park maintenance and acquisition from 5 cents to 3½ cents on the hundred dollars.

Discussion: Vote No.

No. 23. Provides that all public work done under the supervision of the board of public works shall be done by contract, **except** that "the work performed in the repair of accepted streets and sewers, and in the construction of municipal street railroads, and in the cleaning and sprinkling of public streets, and in the

maintenance, repair and improvement of public buildings owned by the city, shall be done **by day labor and not otherwise.**

Discussion: The city should have the right to contract for this work as well as for all other. This amendment should certainly be defeated. **Vote No.**

No. 24. Raises term of Civil Service Commissioners from three years to six years, and provides for their removal only in the manner of removal of elected officers.

Discussion: Vote Yes.

Nos. 25-36. All deal with the salaries, wages and hours of labor of municipal employes. It is generally understood that these amendments are submitted at the instigation of the employees affected. It is safe to assume that they do not increase their work nor reduce their pay. They amount, in brief, to this: eight-hour day, pay for overtime, fifteen days' annual vacation, weekly half-holiday, fixing of number of employes and their salaries in the various clerical offices. No. 28 provides a pension of $45 a month for all firemen retired prior to Jan. 1, 1900.

Discussion: The vicious feature of amendments 30, 31, 32, 33 and 34, is the fact that they give the permanent sanction of the charter to a lot of officers whose employment and pay should be determined from time to time by responsible boards. They also almost uniformly raise salaries. These amendments should be defeated. No. 25, so far as it provides for half-holidays and vacations, is good enough, but its reduction of working hours from 8:30 to 5 to 9 to 4 is bad. No. 26 has been rescinded. No. 27 has no effect unless 30-36 carry. No. 28 is a good measure: the firemen have earned it. No. 29, raising pay of supervisors from $100 to $200 a month, should pass. Nos. 35 and 36 are in the line of economy and efficiency, and should pass.

No. 37. Changes basis of calculation of school fund from about $30 per pupil to 3.6 mills per dollar of assessed valuation, including state school tax.

Discussion: This amendment makes it mandatory upon supervisors to levy a tax with a specified minimum. This is a vicious feature and should not be permitted. **Vote No.**

No. 38. Changes the minimum wage for labor from $2 to $3 a day.

Discussion: No restriction upon wages should ever have been put in the charter. That matter should be left for settlement from time to time by responsible boards. Raising such limit is simply aggravating a mistake. **Vote No.**

No. 39. Requires that three drivers be assigned to every police patrol wagon or police automobile patrol, and fixes salary of such drivers at $1,464 a year.

Discussion: All such restrictions upon the power of the city are bad. **Vote No.**

A NEW LINCOLN STORY

Prof. James T. McCleary of Mankato, Minn., who for fourteen years represented a district of his state in congress, has a new Lincoln story.

"A friend of mine out west who is now about 65, told me that when a boy he attended, with his father, one of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois," said Prof. McCleary. "My friend's father was a Lincoln man, but the place in which this particular debate took place was a Douglas stronghold.

"Douglas spoke first, and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. The cheering and the hand-clapping at the end lasted four or five minutes. When Lincoln was introduced the crowd broke out into cheers for Douglas and kept it up for several minutes. Lincoln meanwhile waited patiently.

"When at length the enthusiasm had subsided, Lincoln extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly got this he said in an impressive tone: 'What an orator Judge Douglas is!'

"This unexpected tribute to their friend set the audience wild with enthusiasm. When this applause had run its course Lincoln, extending his hand again, this time obtained silence more easily.

"'What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!' exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute. More and more easily the tall, gaunt lawyer got silence as he went on with admiring exclamations:

"'How well rounded his sentences are! How well chosen his language is! How apt his illustrations are!' ending up with, 'What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!'

"Then when the audience had again become silent at his call, Lincoln leaned forward and said:

"'And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?'

"My friend told me he searched his own heart for an answer and found none. Afterward he asked his father if he could remember anything Judge Douglas had said, and the latter remembered practically nothing. 'But,' my friend said to me impressively, 'even now, half a century later, I can recall practically all that Lincoln said.'"—New York Sun.

In the old days, when oral examinations of lawyers were still the thing, an examining board was pommeling an applicant with questions from Blackstone, Kent and other legal lights. "I didn't study anything about these fellows," complained the applicant. "What did you study?" asked one of the judges. "I studied the statutes of the state," he replied. "I studied them hard. Ask me a question about them, and I'll show you. That is where I got my legal knowledge." "My young friend," said one austere judge on the examining board, "you had better be very careful, for some day the legislature might meet and repeal everything you know."—Kansas City Journal.

When a prominent lawyer left his home at noon, his wife informed him she was to give a 5 o'clock tea, and exacted a promise that he would assist in receiving the guests. The lawyer went to his club, where he drank numerous Scotch highballs. Suddenly he thought of the 5 o'clock tea. It was then 5:15, and an excuse came to him like an inspiration. Scrawling the following note he sent it by messenger: "Dear Fannie: I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have been take unexpectedly drunk."—Case and Comment.

As a countryman was sowing his ground, two smart fellows were riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air. "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied: "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."—Lippincott's.

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SAN FRANCISCO CHARTER AMENDMENTS

DISCUSSION OF NUMBERS 6, 7, AND 8

By J. E. WHITE and JAMES A. JOHNSTON

By J. E WHITE

There will be submitted to the voters of San Francisco at the special election to be held next Tuesday, 39 amendments to the charter. In this number are three which I consider of special importance and deserve to be carried. They are 6, 7 and 8, and relate to the initiative, referendum, recall and election of city officials.

If these amendments are carried we will elect our city officials under their provisions by a majority vote rather than a pluralitv vote as at present and we will provide for a workable initiative, referendum and recall.

Providing for Initiative

In the first place the amendment relating to the initiative provides that any measure within the power of the Board of Supervisors or other board, commission or officer of the city may be enacted by the direct vote of the people and upon approval by a majority vote shall be the law upon that subject. If the signatures to the petition calling for the submission of the proposed measure be signed by ten per cent of the vote cast for the Mayor at the last preceding municipal election, it shall be the duty of the Board of Supervisors and Board of Election Commissioners to call a special election at which time the measure shall be submitted. If the petition be signed by four per cent of the voters and not more than ten per cent, the measure shall be submitted at the next general state or municipal election that shall occur at any time after thirty days from the filing of the petition. Upon filing the petition the Board of Election Commissioners must cause the proposed measure to be printed and mailed to each voter at least five days prior to the election and the petitioners shall have the right to send out printed arguments favoring such proposition. Under these provisions the initiative will be made workable and will insure to the elector the fullest measure of power in enacting into the law those measures which the Board of Supervisors or other parties may refuse or neglect to enact.

The Referendum Amendment

With reference to the referendum it is provided that any ordinance which the Supervisors are empowered to pass may be submitted by the Board of Supervisors at a special election for the approval of the people. It is also provided that any ordinance granting a public utility franchise or privilege or authorizing the lease or sale of any lands, or authorizing the purchase of lands for more than $50,000, shall not go into effect until the expiration of 60 days after it becomes final by the approval of the Mayor or by its passage over his veto. At any time within the 60 days a petition may be signed containing the signatures of 5 per cent of the entire vote cast for the Mayor at the last preceding municipal election requesting that such ordinance be submitted to the electors; in which case the ordinance must be so submitted and will depend upon the vote of the people as to whether it shall go into force at all or not.

The Improved Recall System

Under our charter as it stands at present the recall is unworkable, impracticable and could never be effectively used. It is proposed by these amendments that a recall petition may be filed, signed by at least ten per cent of the entire vote cast for the Mayor at the last preceding election, providing a minimum of 7000 names and a maximum of 15,000. Upon the filing of this petition it becomes the duty of the Board of Election Commissioners to call a special election, at which time it shall be determined whether the officer may be removed or not.

The most radical provision of the amendments has to do with the election of the city officials. In the first place it provides that any officer may be nominated for the primary election by filing a declaration of his intention with the registrar of voters and also filing a certificate by not less than ten nor more than twenty sponsors who shall make oath that they believe the person so nominated is qualified for the office.

It also provides that all names shall be put upon the ballot without party designation and the names shall be alternated upon the ballot in such a way as to obviate the possibility of the candidates whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet having an advantage over those whose names begin with the last letters of the alphabet.

Guaranty of Majority Rule

If at the primary election any person should get a majority of the votes cast for that particular office he shall have then been declared elected without any further election. If, however, no person gets a majority at the primary, then the two persons receiving the highest number of votes for each office shall have their names printed upon the ballot at the final election and the one receiving the majority at that election shall be declared elected.

These amendments should all of them be adopted. There ought to be at all times the fullest measure of power lodged in the people at large to control legislation with reference to local government. It may not be necessary to use this power if given, but the mere fact that such a power exists will make the Board of Supervisors more responsible to all of the people and more desirous of passing such legislation as will meet the approval of the voters at large. They will not risk the possibility of measures which they have turned down being enacted in the law by direct vote of the people nor will they care to have ordinances which they have passed vetoed by the people and therefore they will endeavor at all times to carry out what they believe to be the will of the majority. The same thing may be stated with reference to the recall amendment. An elected official knowing that there are contained in the Charter provisions which make it possible for him to be recalled in case he fails in his duty or is guilty of misconduct in office, and that this power can be exercised without much difficulty will, no doubt, endeavor to do the right thing and be more apt to give a faithful administration of the office to which he is elected.

Will Aid People Against Bosses

Many of us have been sorely disappointed at many of the elections that have occurred since the adoption of our Charter. It seems to be possible under the ballot vote system for designing politicians and political bosses to manipulate affairs either at the primary or in political conventions, so that the solid conservative vote of the city is divided and the so-called "push vote" will unite upon the candidate representing the allied interests and he will be elected. By putting up a candidate who will be subservient to the interests and take his orders from the bosses and at the same time putting up two or more fairly decent men who will declare their opposition to those interests, the anti-machine force will be divided, and allow the other men to slip in. Then again there is absolutely no reason why we should be bound by partisan considerations in selecting our city officials. There are no questions of national or state politics involved. All we desire is an economical and efficient administration of the affairs of our city by those entrusted with that responsibility.

Removal of Partisan Obligations

It becomes a matter of personal rather than political obligation. In a city of this size the voters at large can become fairly well acquainted with the candidates for office, and judge fairly well as to their qualifications for filling the offices, and there is not the necessity for the responsibility that there is in the wider field of State and National affairs. By this means we would obviate to a very large extent the interference of State and Federal officials in the attempt to control municipal elections by the use of patronage doled out on a partisan basis.

By requiring a majority vote we will feel that all the people have had a fair chance to express their preference, and we have secured thereby an expression of the majority which in governmental affairs should control.

Under our present system a minority may win and as a result the majority may be governed by the minority. If the amendments proposed are approved this will no longer be possible.

Encourages Better Class of Candidates

Many men are willing to run for office if they feel that they may possibly win by political manipulation, but would be unwilling to go before the people upon the basis of their own character or fitness for the office and by this means we are apt to have a better class of men presenting themselves as candidates than under the old system.

Many of us have been somewhat disappointed with the present Charter. Somehow or other it has not met our expectations. We prefer to think that most of the difficulty is with the men called upon to administer our affairs under the Charter rather than with the document itself and if some means can be devised by which we can secure men of good moral character and executive ability to perform these duties much of our trouble will vanish.

It is true that we must have good laws in order to have a good government, but it is equally true that we must have good men in anv event. Better to have good men with poor laws than bad men with good laws.

We believe that if the amendments referred to in this article are approved it will result in the selection of better men as city officials and a better administration of their offices when elected than under the present system.

When this is accomplished and the affairs of government are in the hands of our friends the task of further amending our substantive law can be better undertaken. We certainly desire to have not only the best form of city government but the best administration as well.

For these reasons we believe that the amendments, 6, 7 and 8, should be adopted.

By JAMES A. JOHNSTON

Of the thirty-nine charter amendments many are good but only three vitally important. These three are amendments 6, 7 and 8. Six, seven and eight—remember the numbers.

The adoption of number 6 will make government by the people a reality instead of a make believe. It will enable the people to enact ordinances desired and to veto measures not wanted. The voters retain their present privilege of electing officials and secure also the right of recall, or, in other words, the right to oust or discharge them when unsatisfactory, unfaithful, incompetent or dishonest.

The Initiative—By its provisions four per cent of the voters may require the submission of wanted legislation to the voters at a general election, the carrying of the proposed measure depending upon the approval of the majority of the voters at said election. Ten per cent is required to call a special election.

The Referendum—Under the referendum provisions of Charter Amendment No. 6, no ordinance passed by the supervisors granting a franchise, or authorizing the purchase of

lands of more than $50,000 in value, or authorizing the lease or sale of public lands shall not go into effect for sixty days after its passage so that if in the meantime the people desire to pass upon the matter they may do so by filing a petition signed by five per cent of the voters requesting opportunity for all the citizens to vote upon the question at the next general election. In case such petition is filed the ordinance granting a franchise, proposing to lease or sell public land, or proposing to purchase lands of more than $50,000 valuation must secure approval of the majority before going into effect. This is merely optional referendum and it is reasonable to assume would be exercised by the voters only in cases where the wisdom of proposed measures seems doubtful. There are only two kinds of ordinances that the Board of Supervisors would be compelled, under the terms of Amendment No. 6, to submit to the voters, namely, ordinances involving the lease or sale of a municipally owned public utility, or the granting of a new franchise for the operation of a public utility whose franchise has expired or is about to expire.

The Recall—The recall provisions of Amendment No. 6 if adopted will enable the voters to discharge any man whom they have hired if his work is not to their satisfaction. If having elected a man upon the supposition that he will render attentive, efficient and honest service and he does otherwise, ten per cent of the voters may start the machinery for his recall. Provision is made in the amendment whereby the official is enabled without expense to himself to send to each registered voter a circular article justifying his conduct and policies. And the official retains the office unless a majority of the voters decide otherwise. If retained in office the official having been subjected to the necessity of defending himself at the recall election is to be reimbursed for his expenses; and he cannot be subjected to the recall a second time unless double the number of signers of the first recall petition sign a second petition nor can he be subjected to a third recall unless triple the number of signers of the first recall petition sign the third petition—thus is the official protected against possible harassment at the hands of a disgruntled minority.

Charter Amendment No. 7

The adoption of Amendment No. 7 will restore the Australian ballot, do away with party columns and circles, provide that all candidates for a particular office shall have their names grouped together and alphabetically arranged under the heading of that office, so that voters may have opportunity to consider and weigh their respective qualifications for that office. It also provides for direct nominations and for majority rule. This makes it possible for any citizen having the necessary qualifications to get himself nominated without seeking the favor of or making promises to any boss, clique, party, class or organization but impossible for him to be elected unless the majority of the voters want him. Under our present system of party primaries with numerous candidates in the field at the general election straw men are put up merely for the purpose of confusing the voters and dividing the majority while the minority man slips in by a mere plurality.

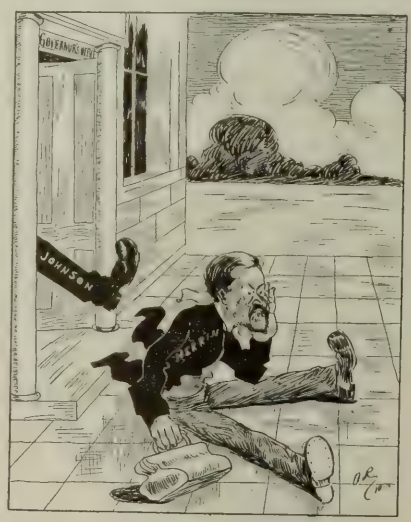
Charter Amendment No. 8

Amendment No. 8 is a necessary corollary of Amendment No. 7, and both should be approved. Number 8 merely substitutes a new paragraph for one paragraph of amendment 7 as it is written. If number 7 should be adopted and number 8 defeated, candidates would have the privilege of placing their party designation along with their names upon the ballot. If number 7 and 8 are both adopted candidates will not be permitted to use an organization name or symbol. The adoption of both 7 and 8 is necessary therefore to make both the nomination and election of candidates and the entire machinery of our municipal elections strictly non-partisan.

Remember the date of the special election, Tuesday, November 15th.

Remember the numbers of the amendments: Charter Amendment No. 6 provides for direct legislation, the initiative, referendum and recall; Charter Amendment No. 7 provides for direct nominations and majority rule and the Australian ballot; Charter Amendment No. 8 prohibits the use of any party name, symbol or designation and will place municipal elections upon a non-partisan basis.

In a certain school in an Ohio town the children are given widely varying exercises in the use of English. Sometimes they copy poetry from the blackboard, or they write letters and answer advertisements. On one occasion a "want" advertisement appeared on the board, and it was required that all the little girls should hand in written applications in reply. The "ad" read: Wanted: A milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Jones, 30 First Street. The following is one young lady's application, promptly written and handed in: Dear Miss Jones: I see you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Kindly advise me at once. Marie Smith.—Lippincott's.



"After Due Reflection, I Have Decided to Retire from Politics"

THROUGH THE SHADOWS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

All in a dream i' the twilight,
Stars glimmer out in their glee;
I hear the low murmur of far off
Ripples of tropic sea.

The sorrowful Sun, in the west,
Is bleeding to death in the wave,
Staining and tinting with crimson
The corals that fashion his grave.

Out through the mists and the vapors,
The cloudy wreaths and the rings,
The sunlight has flown like a butterfly
Brushing the gold from his wings.

A quiet is coming and folding
Our troubles away, and our woes
Are hushed in the cool fragrant shadows,
Like bees in the heart of a rose.

Come on, little stars, all silver,
For the terrible Sun has gone,
And forth from the castle of shadows
The Moon has set sail for the dawn.

Pale are the stars, for the morning
Is dawning fresh as May—
So through the shadows we wander forth,
Seeking the perfect day.

NOT YET

We have not heard
Here where we're stationed
That Ballinger
Has resignationed.
—Houston Post.

Nor have we heard
The message cheery
That Bob's gone back
To Cavalieri.
—Springfield Union.

Nor have we heard
Here where we're revelin'
That Thaws have loosened
Up for Evelyn.
—Houston Post.

And we've not heard
That Time, the hussy,
Has Katherine handed
To Abruzzi.

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AUNT POLLY'S BURGLAR

(From An Old Paper)

OH, my! but didn't the wind blow!—When I went around the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of breeze sighing about—nothing more; but by the time I had my head fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to this Western country, I used to be surprised at the quick, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the skies; but here, goodness me! when I thought I would have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather-prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled night-cap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, why, there was Deacon Albee's house right opposite, and—but, Lord bless me! what am I saying!

Well, naturally, I was lonesome enough without chick or child to speak to, but I did very well until I somehow got it into my head that burglars always chose just such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor house to tempt evildoers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back opening into the hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents—" I said to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and springing up in bed I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep," though I am sure it looked a great deal more like sitting up asleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby," I began to say aloud, trying to get my courage up at the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place, the door-latch lifted and the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am!" he said in such a polite way that I found myself in the motion of bowing back, and saying good evening, too.

He was a middle-aged man with moustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room. "You must be lonely by yourself?"

Somehow this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be:

"I prefer to choose my company, sir."

He laughed and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you."

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking-chair, and stretched out his feet as though he intended to stop awhile.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned his head back upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill himself.

"No harm is intended to you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended to you!"

And saying this he laughed louder and longer than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper pretty well stirred up. "If you are a gentleman, sir—"

This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw—that's too good! If I professed to be a gentleman you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as by your leave, ma'am, to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank heaven that is not among them!"

"You need not have gone on that way to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you're a sharp old damsel, aren't you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting his mouth in a comical way which I shall never forget. "I swear, you'd be pretty good looking if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your nightcap. Golly! isn't it a lunker—big enough for a graveyard fence!"

"Sir!" I said savagely.

"Madam?" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir" I began.

"And pray, madam, what is there to hinder you from getting from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind would only blow you away!"

"If one goes the other is sure to go too," he said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in this house somewhere, eh? My dear madame, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, oh, you varmint!" I groaned, in pure agony of spirit. "What do you want?"

"Well, ma'am, since that is a fair, honorable question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money I have but little of—credit, none, so I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount, I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear madame, for wherever my footsteps tend, your image—ruffled nightcap and all—will remain forever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madame. I have but a few moments longer to stay and I must to business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber—a thief, then?" I said spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madame," rising and making a bow, for all the world like a French dancing-master. "Now the money, if you please."

He wasn't joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,'" he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of the case, especially, madame."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman!"

"I came to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides, I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes; I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you have no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you, my dear, or I see that in any way you are becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of—"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madam."

"It would be the death of me!" I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but believe me, all that rests in your hands. This door leads into the closet where your trunk is, I believe," he said, making straightway for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits. He turned the key in the door, (I had always kept it locked) and glanced into the closet. It was large and the trunk was at the further end of it.—Let me say here that this closet or store room was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward, and went sprawling on all fours. I do not know, to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did but it was not broken in the fall and burned as brightly aver. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet, I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, haven't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of my life. You've come a splendid dodge. You've got me tight and fast. What's the use of money now? I'll take eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir; I'm going to call the neighbors," said I resolutely.

"Going with that night-cap on? You will make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir."

"Well then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name your price then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every man has."

"No, it wouldn't be right," I said, hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle:

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I am sure it isn't to be wondered at if I began to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here. I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole. I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the key-hole.

"Curse the chloroform! Will you let me out?"

I had a light by this time and had slipped into a calico wrapper and my slippers.

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered.

"I shouldn't dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me." But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolved that I would try to get out of it some way, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight.

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little, Bah! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confession in your church."

"Is there in yours?"

"Well, if there was, gold gets into that, sometimes, they say. Hold fast there; you've got the last clinker; now set me free."

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait. I swear I won't."

"Can you help yourself?" I said coolly.

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smothering here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Sit down flat on the floor!" I said. I heard him plump down as obedient as a schoolboy.

"What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded like a report of a pistol.

"There!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of the prison, swearing like a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. Good night, Madame De'lia—good! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Good-night—get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more. I cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably established at school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time, and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say upon the subject.

About six months after my adventure, brother Joe came to me one day, and said that he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he had begged him to say to Madame Quimby that the frill of her night-cap was a little too wide! So saying, he passed on. "What did it mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only that he was crazy," I answered quickly; but my face was as red as a blaze.

CLOSING THE DOORS

Irene P. McKeehan

I have closed the door on Doubt:
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands, and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call
"I am thine, though I grope and stumble and fall.
I serve, and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear;
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and re-appear,
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly by:
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom;
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done.
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

—Century Magazine.

When a man goes fishing in a boat with a party of women he must expect to divide his time between saying: "I assure you there isn't the slightest danger," and stringing worms.

SHEAR WIT

A French woman, proud of her limited knowledge of English, and an American woman, proud of her limited knowledge of French, were introduced at an uptown evening company. The French woman insisted on expressing herself in bad English and the American woman would talk nothing but bad French. When the guests began to depart they were still at it. At last they arose to go. Here is their watery farewell: "Reservoir!" said the fair American. "Tanks!" responded her new friend.—Philadelphia Times.

Applicant for Situation—I've come abaht that job wot was advertised. Employer—Well, can you do the work? Applicant (in great alarm)—Work! I thought it was a foreman you wanted!"—Punch.

Mrs. Uppson—Pardon me, but where did you get the design for your servants' livery? Mrs. Newgelt—Oh, our ancestors used it. Mrs. Uppson—Indeed! And by whom were they employed?—Chicago News.

"Great times for the advertising men." "How now?" "Every 'ad.' guaranteed a place next to pure Roosevelt matter."—Washington Herald.

"When I was in Europe this summer," said Gayman, trying to entertain the minister, "I got quite interested in some of them old churches." "Indeed?" replied Rev. Mr. Gassaway. "I suppose you know St. Paul's in London?" "No. You don't tell me? What hotel's he stopping at?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?" "What did he say?" "He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maud's was better still."—Cleveland Leader.

He may have meant to be polite, but there can be no question that he actually did a very rude thing, says the Youth's Companion. He was a Frenchman, riding in a street car. Two women entered, and, seeing no seats, stood. The gentleman who sat near them, rose, removed his hat, and said: "I give my seat to the elder of these two ladies." Neither made a move to take the seat, but each glanced at the other in a haughty manner, as much as to say: "Sit down, madam" "Is neither madam," said the Frenchman, bowing to one lady, "nor madam," bowing to the other, "the elder? Then I shall have to resume my seat."

Everybody will recall the story, says the Brooklyn Eagle: A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said: "Now, children, if there are ten sheep on one side of a wall, and one sheep jumps over, how many sheep will be left?" Then up piped the little tow-headed daughter of a farmer: "No sheep, teacher; no sheep." "Oh, oh," cried the city young woman, reproachfully, "you are not so stupid as that; think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall, and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left, don't you see that?" "No, no, no," persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over all the others would jump after. My father raises sheep." Then seeing the puzzled look on the teacher's face, the little tow-head explained apologetically: "You know mathematics, teacher, but you see, I know sheep."

"You've heard the recipe for cooking a hare?" "Yes. First catch your hare." "No. First catch your cook."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Admiral Bob Evans, walking down Broadway, came to one of his quartermasters. The sailor straightened up and saluted. Admiral Evans looked down and there lay another quartermaster, asleep in the gutter. "Drunk, eh?" said Evans. "Oh, no, sir," said the erect quartermaster deprecatingly. "Oh, I wouldn't call him drunk, sir. I just seen him move his fingers a little."

One of the last times that Bishop Burgess of Long Island dined out was at the Press club, where the waiters are all negroes. The head waiter bowed Bishop Burgess and his host profusely to their places. "This way, adm'ral," said he. "Tek this table. You get a bettah view of the harbor heah, adm'ral." "I am not an admiral," said Bishop Burgess, smiling. "My mistek, suh," said the head waiter. "Ah mout er known all the time I was er talkin' to a military man. You like dis table, colonel?" "I am not a colonel," said Bishop Burgess, smiling more broadly, "I am a bishop." "To be suah, suh," said the head waiter. "To-o be suah! Ve'y sorry for mah mistek, suh. I got dem titles of adm'ral and colonel wrong. Ah knowed soon as Ah saw you dat you was one of the face cards of you profession, suh."—Cincinatti Times-Star.

Few persons in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automobile, so when one of those "red devils" stopped for a few minutes in the isolated village the curious inhabitants gazed at the snorting demon with a mixture of fear and awe. The owner, who had entered the store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark: "I'll bet it is a man-killer." "Of course it is," assured the other, "look at that number on the back of the car. That shows how many persons it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now, if that feller was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1284—to the next town ahead." "And what would they do?" asked the auditors. "Why, the perlice would stop him and change his number to 1285."

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write a note to the teacher, and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation. "Oh," said Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see, my mamma got married again, but I didn't."—Lippincott's.

"Waiter," called the irate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I can't account for." "Oh, that's just a joke, sir," apologized the waiter, "just a bet the cashier and I have. I'll have it fixed right away, sir." "What do you mean about a bet?" asked the diner, detaining him. "Well, sir, I bet the cashier fifty cents you would see the mistake, and he bet you wouldn't, so I win, sir." "Suppose I hadn't noticed it?" "He'd have gotten the dollar, sir." "Oh, I see. Give me your pencil;" and he wrote a few lines on the back of the bill, folded it up, and handed it to the waiter. "Take that to the cashier." The waiter leaned over the cashier's shoulder as he unfolded the paper. It read: "I'll bet you five dollars that when you send this back you don't find me." And they didn't.—Lippincott's.

A certain Boston gentleman, wishing to take his family to the country last summer, visited a small farm with a view of renting it, says an exchange. Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed when the question of renting also the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent animal, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give eight quarts of milk a day. "Eight quarts a day!" exclaimed the Boston gentleman. "That is more than my whole family could possibly use." Then suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the yard, he added: "I'll tell you what I'll do· I'll hire the small cow. She looks just about the right size."

Mr. James Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington, had as his dinner companion, one evening recently, the wife of a western senator, says the Popular Magazine. She was not at all talkative, and the ambassador had put out several leads in the line of conversation without producing any appreciable results. In a pause in the general conversation he heard some one two or three seats from him mention "the Oranges," that section of New Jersey which is patronized by millionaires and automobiles. Turning to his silent companion, Mr. Bryce said: "I have heard so much about the Oranges. Do you like them?" The reply put an end to the ambassador's efforts for the evening. The lady said: "I never eat 'em."

PERSONALIA

Louis Ganne, the composer of "Hans the Flute Player," is writing the score of an operetta based on the legend of the Sleeping Beauty. It will be entitled "Marie Flore." The libretto is by Francois de Ninon.

Bailey Millard, the San Francisco author, has just published his new novel, "The Sea Hawk." The Yankee schooner master is dominated by his wife, the "Sea Hawk" and the quaint character of the woman captain is a novel feature of the story. The scene is a corner of the continent—the Western Mexican coast.

Demetra Vaka, who has already shown surprising literary versatility in following her study of Turkish life, "Haremlik," with her Franco-American novel, "The Duke's Price," written in collaboration with her husband, Kenneth Brown, has now turned to the juvenile field.

Caruso recently gave to an interviewer in Munich his advance impressions of Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," in which he will create the leading role at the first performance of the piece in New York in December. Caruso prophesiés for the new opera Puccini's greatest success, as the score, in every respect, he says, is a distinct advance over anything that the creator of "La Boheme" and "Madame Butterfly" has ever done. The composer, for the first time, has almost completely abandoned the leit-motif idea which is so conspicuous in all his other works. The one "motif" of the lover (Caruso's role), which occurs in every ensemble, consists simply of five notes, C, D, E, F and G, in rotation and in counter-rotation. Through the rhythmical blending of these simple tones in three-four time, Puccini, according to Caruso, has attained marvelous results. The entire score has caught the local American color admirably, and the rough atmosphere of the mining camp has not interfered in the slightest respect with the truly artistic scenario.

Mrs. Gilbert Jones, chairman of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, has announced that the new headquarters of the league, at 25 Madison avenue, N. Y., will henceforth be known as the headquarters of the anti-suffrage party. The league has an assembly district organization and therefore considers itself entitled to be called a party. During the winter the league will hold regular meetings each Monday afternoon at its headquarters.

Jules Claretie, on October 21, celebrated the completion of his twenty-fifth year as director of the Comedie Francaise. On the same day a gala performance was given at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of Saint-Saens, the composer, and a gala performance at the National Opera to aid in raising funds for a monument to Victorien Sardou.

Miss Mildred Jones has announced herself as Republican candidate for superintendent of schools at Tulsa, Okla. Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare has announced her candidacy for congress on the Socialist ticket from the second congressional district of Kansas. Miss B. Belle Chamberlain has announced that she will be a candidate for her third term as state superintendent of schools in Idaho. Miss Margaret Keenan is also running for the same office. Mrs. Carrie Vaughn Anderson has been nominated by the Republicans of Wright county, Ia., for the office of county recorder.

With two exceptions the queens of all the European countries are said to be taller than their husbands. Queen Helen is more than a head taller than the King of Italy, Queen Victoria is more than half a head taller than Alfonso of Spain. The Czar looks small beside the Czarina. The German Empress is a trifle taller than the Kaiser, and for that reason always sits when their photographs are taken together. King George of England is shorter than Queen Mary. The two exceptions are the Queen of Norway and the new Queen of the Belgians.

A remarkable addition has just been made to the imperial mausoleum in the Benedictine Abbey Church at Farnborough, which was built by the Empress Eugenie at a total cost of over $500,000. On either side of the high altar are the granite sarcophagi containing the remains of Emperor Napoleon III and the Prince Imperial. Behind the altar is a small door leading into the monastery, and over this an "arcosolium" has now been built into the wall. The word, which literally means an arched seat, was first used to denote an arched recess in the Roman catacombs. The arch, designed by a French architect, is of stone throughout. This new work forms the framework of a tomb which Eugenie designs for the reception of her body at her death.

ICH DIEN OR EICH DYN

Which is accurate as the motto of the Prince of Wales—Ich Dien or Eich Dyn? asks the Lady's Pictorial, of London. The one is German and the other Welsh. The one means "I serve," the other "Behold the man" or "Behold your man."

"Ich Dien" was the motto of John, King of Bohemia, whom the Black Prince slew at Crecy. "Eich Dyn" are the words supposed to have been used by Edward I when presenting his infant son to the Welsh assembly at Carnarvon.

Welsh tradition has adhered naturally to the Welsh form. The other has been more popularly accepted. The coming investiture lends peculiar interest to a revival of an old controversy. Settlement must be left to the student of such matters; but it may be news to some readers that there is an alternative to the battlefield story.

A Result of Experience

"She married Blufsoe because she considered him her ideal of all that is noble and manly."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and now she is nearly worried to death all of the time."

"What does she worry about?"

"She is afraid that their child will be like his father."

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof. Defendants. — Action No. 23805

ERNEST J. MOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES. ADDRESSES.

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, [illegible] address is San Francisco, California.

The Octavia Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Nov. 11 1ot

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on **TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated September 1, 1910.

THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.
9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 4.

Action No. 22744.

JOHN CHARLSON, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

A. M. DE VALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.
667-9 Mills Building, Tel. Douglas 5990.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John Charlson, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue), distant thereon seventy-five (75) feet southerly from the southerly line of Esmeralda Street; thence running southerly along said easterly line of Chapultepec Street (now Winfield Avenue) twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle westerly seventy (70) feet to the point of beginning.

Being lot No. 393 of Gift Map No. 3, as per map on file and of record in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of August A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. J. McDONALD, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

NAMES. ADDRESSES.
G. S. Crim, 2360 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
9-9-10t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office, 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491
Residence, 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4180
SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Board of Charities and Corrections

In many eastern states the State Board of Charities and Corrections has become a power for good government. In California the idea has not been fully developed, but progress is making. A beginning was made in 1903 when a statute was enacted providing for such a board.

This statute provided for a board of six persons, the Governor being ex-officio the seventh member when he attends, an arrangement that, unfortunately for the governor, and for accountability to the governor, runs through too many commissions and boards. The governor should be ex-officio member of nothing. It is quite enough for him to be governor and if he is not himself a part of any of these boards and commissions he can the better hold them accountable and, in truth, his ex-officio duties have to be neglected, almost abandoned, because his regular job of being governor, and his irregular job of being the chief attraction at functions all over the state, use up what is left of him.

The six members of the board, aside from the governor, are, by statute, divided into three lots, those who hold office for four years, those for eight and those for twelve, but inasmuch as the constitution fixes the terms of state officers at four years and no more the portion of the statute so dividing the board as to tenure of office is void and all hold at the pleasure of the governor. No more than three members of the board can be taken from the same political party.

The powers of the State Board of Charities and Corrections are, the right of entry into all public institutions, charitable or penal in their tendencies, except the veterans' home at Yountville and the Womans Relief Corps in Santa Clara county, to issue processes for the attendance of witnesses, administer oaths and hold such investigations into the conduct of public institutions as the public good may require or the governor may order. For the purpose of ascertaining the facts in relation to the conduct of the charitable and correctional side of public institutional life the board may prescribe forms for keeping accounts and making returns.

The duties of the State Board of Charities and Corrections mainly are, to maintain an office in San Francisco, to visit all charitable and correctional institutions of state and county, to examine and pass upon plans for public jails and prisons, to make such investigations as the governor may require or as they may be minded to make for the public good; three months before the meeting of each legislature to make to the governor a full report concerning all that institutional life which comes under their cognizance.

Practically, the function of a well ordered Board of Charities and Corrections is to stand between the citizenry of the state and state officialdom, critical and watchful of public affairs and affording such publicity regarding public institutions as will serve to keep them under public surveillance and answerable to and influenced by public sentiment.

The politicians of California have had no use for the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and the institutions themselves were, for a long time, resentful of their intrusions, but a better feeling toward the board has grown up with the added years and it is to be looked upon as promising better things in the future than it has been able to yield in the past, largely through timidity because of that official and institutional opposition. The biennial report to the governor is always valuable, but inadequate to keep the public informed. That board should be a mine of actual, not sensational, public information, not reported to the governor to be by him pigeonholed and squelched if the reports do not seem to him to be suitable to go out, but reported directly to the public without let or hindrance from the governor or anyone else.

The problem of the dependent child, and of the management of those quasi-public institutions that receive state aid, the orphanages, should also be placed under the supervision of this board. The child-placing service should be in that board's hands or at least supervised by it. Wherever the state's money or authority go in aid of dependent or delinquent persons the eye of this state board should follow.

The executive officer of the board is its secretary selected by the board. He receives a salary of $2,400 per year and traveling expenses. The members of the board serve without compensation, but receive actual and necessary traveling expenses. The sum total of expenses of the board for all purposes is limited to $6,000 a year, which is insufficient for as broad a utility as the needs of the state require. The board should be a constant educator of the public along sane lines of dealing with the delinquent and dependent problem.

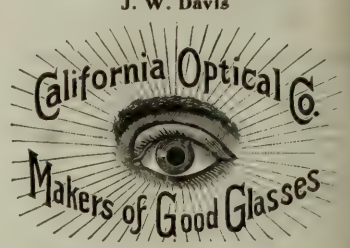
The one thing without which the State Board of Charities and Corrections can be of little use is its freedom from partisan influence. The provision of the law that no more than half its membership shall be of one political party does not adequately protect its non-political quality when, as in the case of the present governor, changes in the personnel of the board are made merely to give political recognition to personal favorites. Partisanship is sometimes more intense within a party than between parties, and the members of a State Board of Charities and Corrections need to be above all partisan bias of whatever kind and as independent of executive influence as any other officer in the state. Perhaps a Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, elected by the legislature of the people with constitutional power and authority to organize a co-ordinate department of government might work out better than the present system, which nevertheless has proven of important public advantage.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

FOR RENT—Ten-roomed house on Kingston avenue, Piedmont (rear Linda); rent forty dollars per month. Real Estate Co., 4054 Piedmont avenue, rear Key Route Depot.
10-28-2t

W. D. Fennimore A. R. Fennimore
J. W. Davis



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This Week: "State Control of Power Plants"

By F. M. Ray

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: NOVEMBER 18, '10 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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GOOD FAITH · GOOD COURAGE · GOOD HUMOR

Subscription Rates: One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.25; Three Years, $5.00, In Advance. No. 52.

John Bull and His Troubles

HERE IS LITTLE NEED that we Americans should worry over the outcome of the strained relations now being maintained in England between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. There will be a revolution, but, aside from a few visible black eyes and cardinal noses, no damage will be done. Special privilege is to be rooted out of the world and when it shall have been rooted out of the House of Lords, as it will be, the royal family will go next. History is moving toward a free world and a fair chance, no man's liberty being limited save by the liberty of some other man as free as himself. It is great to be permitted to make a few individual tracks along that march of progress.

San Francisco Also Free

TUESDAY'S SPECIAL ELECTION may mean a new civic era for San Francisco, fit to keep company with the new structural era of San Francisco. Let us hope so. With the Australian ballot as a guide, party designations gone and partyism driven out, if the citizens of San Francisco do not elect to office the right sort of men it will be because the wrong sort are wanted. Remember that there are 26,000 men in San Francisco who will vote for Right Things every time and these, with the others they can bring to their way of thinking, will sweep the dangerous element off the boards at every election.

The University Ball Game

IF YOU DON'T LIKE A CROWD, don't go. If you do like a crowd, economize on the three dollar seats and take your chances with the dollar-a-head throng. You will get all the rooting you will ever want. It was a great game and the fervor flaming through the crowd was dynamic. It was not as partisan intense, but every nerve was strung to concert pitch. Why? It is one thing to know that we like a thing, but it takes a philosopher to tell why. It is because combat appeals to primitive instincts, a survival of the age of tooth and claw and a crowd is always primitive. Perhaps so! Anyhow the fittest survived. The unfit was the crowd and hunted a place to sit down and rest its legs. Rugby is a great improvement on the American game, dangerous, but not deadly, and it is far more interesting to watch the varying fortunes of the ball than to witness the unintelligent tangling and untangling of wriggling, straining, grunting heaps of humanity which lent so much encouragement to the undertaker.

The Graft Cases Go Over

JUDGE W. P. LAWLOR HAS HELD on to the graft cases like grim death to a deceased African, and possibly not without results. They are now put over to January the sixteenth, by which time Governor-elect Hiram W. Johnson will be in office and it may occur to him to direct the Attorney General of the state to do what he long since should have done—take those cases in hand and see what he can make out of them. The law itself might be amended the better to subserve even handed justice. For instance, the state might be given the right to transfer the cases to the interior county.

A Gratifying Bigness

HELD BY THE SPELL of that unearned increment which every increase of population yields the holder of a square foot of earth, the Bay District of California is felicitating itself on the increased population which the United States census shows. Alameda, 23,383; Berkeley, 40,434; Oakland, 150,174; San Francisco, 416,912, a total of 630,903 for what is to all intents a single metropolitan district. This is a tithe of the population that will one day be resident here and for whose accommodations town lots have already been staked out. Heaven grant that this district grow in grace as rapidly as in population! It strains our faith to believe that our pious prayer will be vouchsafed a favoring answer.

What Is to Become of Curry?

THE POLITICAL MIND is much agitated over what is to become of Charley Curry when cut off from his present salary. It is taken for granted that he must have an office, for to take away that whereby one lives is to take his life and taking life is, at the very best, manslaughter, an offense which many think Governor Johnson will hesitate to commit. Why not pass him over to the administration at Washington, whose acts Mr. Curry has been at much pains to defend, with a recommendation that he be made consul general to some Central or South American Republic? Wherever he goes he will do politics, injuriously here, beneficially there, and he is too capable a man to be wholly lost to public life. He is your friend, President Taft, can't you take care of him?

Was It the Bumper Corn Crop?

WE ARE TOLD that it is the bumper corn crop of the Middle West that has started the prices of the butchers on the downward grade. Was it that or was it those indictments found against the big ones of the beef trust? Or did experience show that the price scale had proven higher than the traffic would bear? Anyhow, only the news of the drop in prices, and not the drop, has reached California. We are bystanders watching with watering mouths and curious eyes easterners eat meat.

Giving the News

TO THE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENT of the week, the banquet of Francis J. Heney, the San Francisco Chronicle gave ten lines informing the public that the banquet had done gone and been had. The Examiner gave to it half a column, but affirmed that the enthusiasm manifested was mainly on account of the Fair and not for Mr. Heney. These manifestations of journalism were at once "nutty" and "peanutty," and serve to show how exceeding small our so-called "big papers" really are. The incident suggests editorial senility as well as superannuation.

Three Votes Apiece

THE UNITED LIQUOR INTERESTS of California were against A. J. Wallace for lieutenant governor and did all they could to defeat him. Nevertheless, his majority seems likely to press close to 20,000. In San Francisco there are 3,000 drinking places and through their influence San Francisco gave 9,000 majority against Wallace, averaging three votes apiece all down the line, just about the number of barkeeps employed. There you have the saloon strength in San Francisco stood up and counted! Isn't it fierce?

The Company That Misery Loves

SO FAR AS MR. HERRIN has been heard from, since the state election, the one crumb of comfort that has come his way is the consciousness that Theodore Roosevelt was also stung.

The Home-Coming of Heney

The reception tendered to Francis J. Heney at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening last was all that could be desired. The attendance was large and of the highest quality of manhood, the addresses were excellent, the enthusiasm great and stimulating. Mr. Heney's own address proved that he is himself again, rested, recuperated, in full possession of all his fine faculties. It was persuasive and restrained, the speaker being held under a splendid self control notwithstanding a fervor about him which would have swept a weaker man from his feet. Those who judged him as he was after three years of unremitting toil of the most nerve-racking character, not yet fully recovered from the shock of a wound that nearly cost him his life, judged him unrighteously. He was not and is not the kind of man that he then seemed to many to be. The event was a splendid tribute to a splendid manhood and the People of California, yes, of San Francisco, will yet come to reckon Francis J. Heney at his true worth, as one of the big, brainy, fearless, forceful men of the nation, a loyal servant of the commonwealth.

And the graft prosecution was worth all it cost, even though the convictions were few and even though the chief malefactor of them all escaped conviction. For the crimes with which they were charged were fastened upon them and not a man of them will go to his grave untainted. No man ever looks into the face of one of them, or ever will, without saying to himself: "He was one of them," and the attainder of that infamy will follow the family beyond the grave down to the second if not to the third and fourth generation. It is so written in the book of fate. And their most heinous offense was not the corruption of the public officials of San Francisco, nor yet the attempted wholesale assassinations, but the debauching of press and people until neither press nor people any more knew right from wrong. That was the unpardonable sin that is neither to be forgiven here nor hereafter.

Francis J. Heney returns to us triumphant. His work in the campaign for Johnson and Kent and the Republican ticket was the most vote-making work that was done. Wherever he went through the east he defended the name of San Francisco from aspersion. The strain had been greater than the popular mind could bear and, a year ago, there was a revulsion of feeling for the good cause for which Mr. Heney stood. Now that the people have calmed down and thought it over they know that they did the wrong thing a year ago in returning the retainers of the grafters and their associates to power and the way the late election went proves that the Men of San Francisco have returned to sobriety of mind.

It is true, as was many times stated Tuesday evening, that the late splendid victory of progressive Republicanism and progressive Democracy, for it was both of them that helped, would have been impossible but for the aroused state conscience following upon the splendid fight for decency made by Francis J. Heney and Rudolph Spreckels. They builded better and broader than even they knew.

Try Control First

There is not a shadow of doubt that the system whereby public service corporations have been financed, the investing public fleeced and the governments of men debauched, is intolerable and not to be endured. The extraordinary opportunities afforded big and adventurous men who, if they had been kept in glass cases away from temptation to become scoundrels might have lived blameless lives and died decent deaths, ought not to be offered another generation of money-hungry moral weaklings.

But does it follow, as Mr. Heney so confidently affirms, that public ownership of public utilities is the only remedy? We think not. Public ownership has evils of its own, not commensurate with the evils of our American game of high finance, but none the less so serious as to be avoided if we can avoid them. We have not, in this country, so far solved the problem of municipal government as to undertake functions which may perhaps be as well performed otherwise. Public ownership should be looked upon as a dernier resort not to be embarked upon until all reasonable hopes of corporation control have to be abandoned as a result of failure.

A court house is a public utility and the county of San Mateo is near enough to a municipality to serve as an illustration, and yet that county is disgraced by as villainous an example of graft and corruption as one would wish to see, and it is an open secret that bribing supervisors of counties by commercial firms (unknown of course to the heads of such houses) is a recognized and accepted method by which such houses do business. The stakes are not large but they are large enough to tempt to their fall the mere money grubber whether big or little, and nothing but a glass case, or an iron prison, will keep such men from becoming grafters.

If government with us had not been imbecile, and imbecility of government is as fatal to public ownership as it is to public control of utilities, we would long since have strictly limited the stocks and bonds of public service corporations to the actual investment and would have given Patrick Calhoun and his fellow buccaneers no opportunity to issue and, by and by, market $92,000,000 of securities on a basis of $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 of actual physical property valuation. Had his stocks and bonds been limited by law to not exceeding ten per cent in excess of the actual and necessary investment there would have been little of bribing of political bosses and supervisors in San Francisco.

The ills we have suffered at the hands of Patrick Calhoun and his allies are well-earned penalties for having surrendered government into the hands of "the interests" to be managed for the benefit of "the interests." The prizes these interests hung up for themselves discounted the grand prizes of the Louisiana lottery in its palmiest days a thousand to one. We waste sympathy on them when we commiserate such men over their sore temptations. They created those temptations themselves, jumped at them with alacrity and made off with the wages of their sin joyous in the consolation that hell is a myth and that the melon cut is a full equivalent for the risk of damnation here and hereafter.

This paper desires to see public control earnestly tried before embarking upon a policy of public ownership more than in a tentative way, for example, in the instance of the Geary street road. When we have made the recent conquest of government by the people permanent and unassailable it will be time enough to venture farther toward public ownership than necessity meantime compels us to go. If the nation can control the capitalization and financing of its railroads, as it must, any city can, with right legislation, control the capitalization and financing of its car lines and light and power companies. Let us first try control. We have not tried it. We have only suffered in inactivity, anger and shame.

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With a Broader Horizon

Considerable surprise was caused by th large Socialist vote polled at the late electio It was not significant. The vote that went the Socialist party would have gone to th Union Labor party had there been such ticket in the field. In San Francisco it was th McCarthy following that voted with th Socialists and, elsewhere, it was that labor vo that disliked Bell and had little liking f Johnson. The Socialists absorbed the sla and that is all there was to it.

But there is a broader and more interestin view to take of Socialism. We in Americ see, and shall see, only the most superfici reflex of the real battle ground, which is E rope. In America Socialism attracts the me tally curious and that froth on the human m that manifests itself in the newest thing ou

Socialism would be kicked forty cubits hig by any American community that should em bark on an experiment of practical Socialis We are an unregulated and unregulatab people. Milwaukee is a little speck of Euro or Socialism would not be rife there, but it w not the Socialists that gave Milwaukee into th hands of the Socialists. That was done Democrats and Republicans who came to b lieve in the honesty of the Socialists and the dishonesty of their own party manipul tors. When the rascals have turned Socialis the Socialist party will be as bad as the othe and the rascals will turn Socialists whenev Socialism gives best promise of power a office. By the way nothing Socialistic is bei attempted in Milwaukee. The only change that individualistic government is being ho estly instead of dishonestly administered.

Now Socialism is unjust in principle a would be intolerable in practice, and yet seems likely to prove the most humanly ben ficent movement of the twentieth century. is breaking up the old order in Europe. E rope is medieval. It is humanly classified a stratified to the last degree. Democracy i plies the tearing away and casting out of artificial hindrances to the progress of the i dividual. It is the reverse of medievalis The Socialists are breaking down all these ba riers, casting them out and making way f Democracy, not Socialism. Socialism impli a social order regulated to the last degre Democracy a free society and it is toward fre dom and not regulation that civilization is a vancing.

It is going to be a great and history-maki struggle. The sympathies of America shou be with the Socialists but against Socialis for the Socialists are breaking up and castin out outworn lumber five to ten centuries o all of which deserves to be cast out and burn up; but those who conceive that the big Soci ist vote lately cast in California implies marked growth of Socialism in California a void of understanding. McCarthy, or son other man of his ilk, will take three-fourths that vote to himself again when the cities ho their elections a year hence. That is where belongs.

It should be added that Socialism affor best promise of doing away with the bac breaking, bankrupting old man of the sea th is crushing Europe and putting America wasteful expense. It is welding those wh must do the fighting if it is to be done in a brotherhood that Christianity has hard

ttained. And yet Socialism is at once unjust nd would be intolerable.

The Case of Ellery

There are two sides to the case of Nathaniel llery, state engineer, about whom the lunacy ommission quarterly conference has lately reed its mind. It cannot be denied that the rchitectural and engineering work has deuyed construction seriously and it cannot be uestioned that the cost of construction in almost every instance has exceeded the appro- riations. The deficiencies have had to be nade up out of institutional contingent funds nuch needed for other purposes. Also the ngineering department has been less com- liant than it might have been in meeting the iews of the persons who are to use the build- ngs as to the arrangements of such build- ngs. If a housewife properly may be per- nitted to plan her own kitchen the superin- endent of an institution may properly be per- nitted to prescribe the general arrangements f such buildings as he is to be required to se, committing them to the state architect to e worked out.

But to revert to the old system of construc- ion would be intolerable. It was intolerable vhile it existed. The result of that system vas insecurity and graft. The hundred eleven ives lost at Agnew Hospital, in the earthquake f 1906, were lost because the work of con- truction had been dishonestly done. If those uildings had been properly tied together, and good mortar had been used, they would doubt- ess nevertheless have been ruined, but the loors need not have fallen, tons and tons of useless cornices and copings need not have been there to shake down to crush those be- eath.

All over the state money was wasted by ar- chitecture without engineering, and by felon- ous malconstruction by contractors. As for he good offices of local boards, they are in- consequential and may well be dispensed with. Under their guidance walls have been chopped o admit plumbing with no thought except for he plumbing and entire unconcern for the tability of the structure and the safety of its occupants.

If Mr. Ellery is not the man for the place t will be the duty of Governor Johnson to find a more able engineer head to that office, but he principle of state construction under a tate engineering department of supervision is one that should never again be departed from. As for the local boards, they should all be abolished. They cumber the earth.

Who Should Go Out of Office

There are those who are concerned through ear that Governor Johnson will turn out of office every incumbent whom he can turn out merely because such men came into office un- der the old regime. Such fears are ground- ess. Hiram W. Johnson is in the full pos- session of all his faculties and, being a rational being, will do the rational thing. What will make this relatively easy for him is that he has not a horde of hungry office hunters be- hind him and that not an office in the whole list is under mortgage to any person or in- terest.

This paper has no authority to speak for him, but it is to be doubted if he will remove from office any person who has made good in office however he came to be in the office. Governor Gillett, as raw a partisan as we have had in the executive office, has retained in office some expert men who were in office when he became governor, and there are some in office who held positions under Governor Gage and have continued to hold them right through Pardee's administration and Gillett's.

But there are those who should go out of office as soon as they can be dusted out. These are they who were Southern Pacificans before they were Republicans and who have served the interests instead of the state. All such should go and should not be allowed to stand on the order of their going. There is also some dead timber in office and, in the institutions, quite a little that is inefficient. Governor Johnson will find his hands quite full enough cleaning out the rubbish without embarrassing his own administration of the ship of state by manning it all with raw recruits. The official who has made good should not worry, the one who has not should keep himself in light marching order.

Uses of Riches

One of the most serious consequences flowing from our present-day exaggerated inequalities of fortune is the tendency of the common man to pass up to the rich man those benevolences without which society cannot escape injury. It is true that persons should give according to their means, but "according to means" implies that everyone who has any means at all shall give something. The tendency is to pass the whole benevolence up to the man of large means, the man of small means contributing nothing. If this continues it will finally become easier for a rich man than for a poor one to enter the kingdom of heaven. He will be more fit to enter. Each should do what he can to help the cause that appeals to him, and not until he has done that may one rightfully pass the rest to the man of exceptional wealth. And yet it has ever been true that the pioneering work of practical benevolence has been carried on by the rich. Colleges have been founded, schools and hospitals established, institutions for the amelioration of human suffering financed, out of large fortunes, but when such benevolences have been gotten on their feet the public usually has sustained them. That is what fortunes are for —to put on their feet enterprises that the public will sustain when their worth has come to be appreciated, and, when that worth has come to be appreciated, plenty more such enterprises will not only be sustained but created by contributions from the common fund, each according to his ability.

Control of the Power Plants

There are problems that have been put off as long as they can be. They are up to us at last. One of these is "State Control of the Development of Hydro-Electric Energy." It will come before the legislature this winter. Legislation is more likely to follow than to lead the pressure of public sentiment, and it is important that a sound public sentiment on the subject be developed. To this end our "backbone" article for the week deals with "State Control of Power Plants." It should be read with care and, we trust, will serve to open the discussion.

There are three parties in interest: the promoter, the investor, the consumer of power. There must be a liberal margin of profit for the promoter or he will not, and cannot, promote power developing enterprises, but there is no need that he shall have "melons" to cut or that he shall deplete his sources of water supply in the superfluous watering of his capital stock.

Investors have been looked upon by promoters as legitimate plunder. The betrayal of the interests of shareholders by corporation managers has been a national infamy. The exact financial status, investment and earning power, of every corporation must at all times be made public property. In no other way can the investor be protected.

The interests of the consumer can only be conserved by regulation of rates and rate-regulation has so far proven farcical. It can be left neither to producer consumer nor free competition. There must be some tribunal to hear and determine administratively and, perhaps, summarily

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Unconcern for the welfare of others is selfishness and selfishness not money is the root of all evil. Money is merely the token by which one form of selfishness is made manifest. Unconcern is common and likewise exasperating.

If one look for the selfishness of unconcern he will find people bristling with it as desert things bristle with spines and thorns. We Americans are not a well behaved people. With us courtesy is no fine art and where it has become such it is as often an artifice as genuine. True courtesy is a demonstration of the spirit of good will in thoughtful regard for others. As a partial compensation for our lack of good behavior we may at least plead a sincerity to which polished peoples can scarcely lay claim.

In its origin courtesy is propitiatory. The kowtow is self abasement in the presence of one who is feared, while courtesy the world needs proceeds from good will, not from a slavish submissiveness.

Our immigrants from Europe are mainly from the lower social levels and, at home, they were obsequious to their superiors. Here they recognize no superiors, no need for courtesy, often even for respectful behavior. Notice them when they ride to their work in the morning on the street car! They climb aboard like cattle and no more think of moving along to give room to others than would so many steers off the range think of moving along in a stock car to make room for another steer. It takes a hook and shove to make room. This is characteristic of the undeveloped. In a reformatory not once a week will a hand be lent, however much it may be needed, except in obedience to a command from one in authority.

Riding to and fro in the Key route trains it is only now and again that a man gets up to give a woman a seat. Often the aisles are filled with women standing and the seats with men sitting. Sometimes there is justification for this in the fact that the men have been hard at work on their feet all day while the women, mainly stenographers, have been sitting. There is also a similar justification on the street cars at night for the returning laborers, all very tired.

But there is a more tangible reason, if not justification, for the growing masculine disregard for the comfort of femininity. It is the outrageous disregard of women for the comfort of others whether male or female. Of course this has to do with the big hats. The hobble skirt is woman's own affair. At that men only laugh. At the hats they swear and against them they vow vengeance, not impotently either. They take their revenge in train and trolley and in cherishing a spirit of bitterness toward the sex that God gave into their keeping to love and cherish. The sin of unconcern for the comfort of others is not less to be laid at the door of women than of men and if some man on the car blows tobacco smoke into the face of a woman with a big hat she will not need go far to learn the reason why. At the ball game there was not less of internal swearing at hats than there was of yelling over the sensational plays on the field. Whoever wore a big hat to that event was guilty of the selfishness of unconcern and was in a measure responsible for the bitterness and bad words that filled the heart and fell from the lips of her brother.

The selfishness of unconcern is a national sin. It is the thing that prompts our French friends to look upon us as a nation of pigs, dogs, hogs, the Chinese to regard us as foreign devils, the Japanese to look upon us as semi-civilized, the Spanish Americans to look down upon us as mere dollar worshippers. The nations of South America decline to open trade relations with us largely for this reason. We have good traits, but not until this national sin has been overlooked and thrust aside are our good traits discoverable to the most courteous peoples of the earth.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Some Improvement in Judicial Methods

We may not have gotten very far along in the important matter of securing justice by means of courts. In fact, it must be admitted that we are a long way wide of the mark when a self-confessed criminal Ruef and a convicted criminal Schmitz are at large, and a Calhoun, without even troubling to deny his recognized guilt, sets all law at defiance by virtue of his wealth. Nevertheless, although we have far to go in quest of justice, we have come a very considerable way since the "good old times" of which the poets rapturously sing. Wherefore let us look back a way and note the condition whence we have traveled. Only ninety years ago, in Merrie England, when a defendant was charged with a capital crime he was not permitted to address the jury, either in person or by an attorney. The king's counsel might address the jury at will, but not so the attorney for the defendant; he must make no plea for his client's life. And the tragical absurdity of it is that in a civil action, with property alone involved, the defendant might be heard. It must be admitted that we have come a long way from that time to this, when a defendant—if he have plenty of money or "pull" —may all but hold the court in defiance. Another unjust condition from which we have progressed is that under which an acquitted defendant might be held in prison until he had paid all fees pertaining to the case. We have made a long step since that day, and yet while men notoriously guilty may walk the streets as freely as the guiltless it is evident that our judicial arrows still hit a tremendous distance from the bullseye of justice.

The Prizes of Aviation

The expenses of the aviator are great, but so are the prizes he wins if he is successful. Within the last thirteen months, for example, 25 "birdmen" have won prizes aggregating $596,818, an average of $23,873 for each one of them. Paulhan heads them with $82,052.40, and you must go half way down the list before you find an American, viz., Glenn Curtiss, whose prizes amount to $16,600. Besides these most successful aviators there are 40 others who have won prizes averaging about $2,000 apiece, making a sum total of prizes amounting to approximately $675,000, an average of $10,385 for each one of the 65 aviators. This looks like making money fast, but, on the contrary, it should be remembered that aviation expenses are tremendous, that at any time an aeroplane may be demolished or so badly injured as to involve great outlay. On the whole, although the aviator's prizes may be many, it is doubtful if they average enough to keep the ledger account even. Aviation still is the rich man's, rather than the speculator's, pastime, and it is likely to remain so for some time to come.

Our Rich Farmers

The Louisville Herald has figured out that the farmers, as a class, are the richest people in this country. This conclusion may not be indorsed by all farmers, but the Kentucky paper presents some statistics in support of it which are interesting, if nothing more. For instance, it calls attention to the alleged fact that the value of all crops in the United States this year will be $9,500,000,000, and that the farmers' profits will be $2,000,000,000. The crops as they come from the farms, without deducting expenses, would give more than $100 apiece to every man, woman and child in this country, and the net profits would give considerably more than that sum to each head of a family of five persons. Within the past ten years the farmers have paid off $6,000,000,000 in mortgages, and the total valuation of the farms is $3,500,000,000 more than that of all the steam and electric railways and all the factories in this country. These statistics do not give agriculturists much opportunity to complain.

Wagner Again Will Be Heard

Poor Wagner! To specify more definitely, poor Richard Wagner! He who not only wrote compositions which impelled an agitated world to question whether or not they were music, but also wrote poems, essays, stories, etc. It appears that Wagner, like most people in the literary and musical worlds, produced various works which he rejected and decided not to publish, considering them unworthy of his name and fame. Among these were six poems, eighteen short stories and eleven essays. Now these are to be collected, by someone, perhaps, who is less careful of Wagner's fame than was Wagner, and published under the comprehensive title, "The Young Wagner." This may prove a kindness to the world of men, but isn't it probable that Wagner's ghost, if it happens to hear about it, will squirm? What reason is there to suppose his literary taste has degenerated simply because he been elsewhere than here for some decades?

Roman Boat Found in England

Aeons have joined the innumerable yesterdays since Roman galleys sailed everywhere upon the Mediterranean or, venturing upon the Atlantic, crept along the eastern shores of Europe and Africa. Since then nations have been born, have done their work and have passed away, and most of the recorded history of mankind has been written. Sixty generations of men have had their brief day and have moved on into the mists since "the grandeur that was Rome" passed away, yet but the other day one of the ancient Roman galleys was found in our modern world and beneath its most modern city of London. Twenty feet below the surface of the ground, on sand which evidently once was the bed of a stream, this memento of an old, old time was found. Of course the galley, after some sixteen hundred years of disuse, was badly decomposed, but its shape still was preserved and there was no possibility of mistake concerning what the workmen had found. The boat was 60 or 70 feet long, and about one-half of it still is preserved. In it was found a coin of the year 292 A. D., issued by the Emperor Carausius, and also another coin of the year 80. This is the first Roman galley ever found within the confines of England.

Backset for Antique-Worshipers

Perhaps a species of subdued satisfaction may be derived from learning that those who affect for antiques an admiration which is unaccompanied by knowledge whether they are manufactured in Grand Rapids, Michigan, or elsewhere, are not confined to Uncle Samuel's America. The other day an expert lectured in London, first inviting all who possessed samples of antique English or Chinese porcelain to bring it to the lecture for inspection. Much was brought, and the result was painful, inasmuch as a large proportion of the "antiques" were determined to be disgracefully modern. The cases of demolished pride were many and melancholy, but doubtless the most lugubrious was connected with a dinner service. This was announced to have been in one family 300 years, but a brief inspection revealed, and unfortunately advertised, the fact that the factory in which it was made was not opened until 1850. Thus it is made clear that the antique-worshipers who know nothing about antiques are not confined to this side of the great waters, and this leads to a hope that art-worshipers of similar proficiency also may be found at times on the other side of the pond.

Something About New York's Growth

Although New York is surpassed in population by London in some notable respects it ranks ahead of the English metropolis. The American city is first in wealth and also in the volume and variety of its business industries. Moreover, at the rate recently maintained by the two cities, New York will exceed London in population within the next 25 years. During the ten years from 1900 to 1910 New York's population increased 1,329,681, and this was an increase greater than that of Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Detroit and Cleveland combined. It is a percentage of increase (38.7) which probably never was equaled by that of any other vast city. New York has more telephones, more automobiles, sends more letters and telegrams; in short, generally beats London in all those matters which pertain to what Americans term "a rushing business." Whether the American city has the more or less of crime and penury may be questionable; but that is a matter which is quite likely to be overlooked in boastful statistics.

The Growth of Russia

We of America flatter ourselves that we are doing a rather neat stunt in the growing line, and we are. An increase of something like fifteen millions in ten years is not a thing to be lightly passed by with a smirk. Nevertheless, when it comes to the little matter of growing in a hurry, watch Russia; set your eye on her population figures. Two years ago Russia's population, according to a census, numbered 155,000,000; now, by a census just taken, it numbers 160,000,000, an increase of 5,000,000 in two years. Certainly we are growing some, but Russia is beating us almost two to one. And as there still are vast areas of cultivable and unoccupied land in the Czar's domain it is probable that this rapid rate of increase will be continued for some time to come. Democratic America and tyrannized Russia, the people rush to both; which might lead to an inference that it is rather lands than forms of government which settlers seek.

SHEAR WIT

Officer (to recruit, who had missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (nervously)—I don't know, sir; they left here all right!—Ideas.

"What's Maude crying about?" asked the father home from work. "She's crying over the play she saw at the matinee." "And what's Maymie crying about?" "She's crying because she couldn't go."—Washington Star.

Scene: A crowded railway carriage. Baldheaded, Pompous Old Man (addressing passengers)—Talk about the poor of England; it's their own fault. Now, just look at me. I am a self-made man, and proud to say so. I started with nothing but brains, and look at me now. Stuttering Man in Corner (who is seen endeavoring to speak)—What d-d-do you call yourself—a sel-sel-self-made man? Pompous Old Man—Yes, sir—a self-made man. Can you contradict me? Stuttering Man—Oh, n-n-no. Only I thought that if you were a sel-sel-self-made man, why the d-d-dickens didn't you-you-you put some hair on your head? Collapse of baldheaded, pompous old man.—Tit-Bits.

Inspector Dew, of Crippen renown, told a Buffalo reporter that he was most impressed in America by the grandeur of the Niagara Falls and the sobriety of the American people. "We have no such sobriety across the water," said the Scotland Yard detective. "Our slums of a Saturday night are horrible. It's beer, you see. British beer is as strong almost as American whisky. They tell a story about two British beer drinkers. One said to the other: 'I've been very sick, George. For two days little pink snakes and frogs and lizards were crawling all over me.' 'Been sick?' said George. 'Why, man, you're sick still. Pink swarms of 'em are crawling all over you now.'"—Buffalo Courier.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

OF BOOKS THAT ARE SIMPLE

We mean simple as opposed to profound. t is not mere paradox to say that simple hings are the profound things. "Look, Jerissa, how far that candle throws its eams, So shines a good deed in a naughty vorld." Simple, is it not? And yet, ob- erve two things about those simple words: ow they have rung down the ages on many eople's lips; and how, when you read them, he waves of imagination circle and spread ut from that simple thought as water circles nd spreads to vast distances from a mere ebble's fall. Simple things, when they are rue, are profound because they are pro- oundly suggestive, because they illuminate he core of a great train of experiences and houghts and emotions, and send the mind nd the spirit speeding out from that centre f suggestion into wide areas of human feel- ıg and ideas.

Looked at conversely, it requires greatness f mind, breadth of experience, and genius or expression to concentrate these wide anges of thought and experience into a sim- le and winning phrase, suggestive of all that oes into its making. Little minds take little leas, torture language into glittering gems nd cast them forth as jewels. The undis- erning applaud, but the judicious grieve, be- ause mere cleverness of execution is not es- ential to greatness of expression. As Cole- idge pointed out—or was it De Quincey?— ne of the mightiest pieces of profound ramatic felicity is in Shakespeare's "Mac- eth," and it is not even a line of the play, ut only a stage direction. It is at the end f the sleep walking scene, where Lady Mac- eth has given her terrible picture of con- cience-haunted dreams. The poet adds, in arenthesis, "A knocking at the gate." A imple idea, expressed in the simplest pos- ible direction, and yet how profound! To rash the reader back to earth from that aw- ul land of phantasy by one simple, crudely uman note, and thereby tremendously to en- ance the effect of terror in the scene from vhich it lifts us. Profundity lay back of that imple stage direction, profound knowledge of he human heart, a true genius for under- tanding of human emotions.

In another style of writing, look at the sim- licity of Bacon's essays. Eliminating the atin quotations, which were intelligible nough to any educated person of his day, nd considering only the English, see how moothly it flows, how simply it expresses reat ideas, how plainly it lays bare a ma- ured and profound philosophy. Why simply? Because Bacon had contemplated his subjects vith the powerful lens of his extraordinary ind, had reduced his subjects to an analysis hat made them plain to him, and then had he greatness and the felicity of style to re- ssemble these ideas so that he presented of hem only those parts that were necessary to uggest the whole, in all their orderly con- ection.

It is here that modern realism fails to at- ain the effect for achieving which the method vas especially designed. The realist wishes o present his subject vividly, and he believes hat he can do so by miscroscopic accuracy f detail. But in his eagerness to achieve hat accuracy, he loses sight of the necessity or selection, he forgets that there is a scale f relative values in detail, and the result is hat his work is blurred and indistinct in ef- ect because every detail is of equal emphasis n his picture, because there is no centre of is composition around which all the minor letail falls into place without changing the entre of vision. On the contrary the mind s attracted from detail to detail, and no- vhere gets a complete picture. The man vho sees the Parthenon from a distance of a undred yards has a better idea of it, even if e never approaches nearer, than the idea of t obtained by a fly that has crawled over very stone of it and knows its every seam.

It is this faculty of seeing things whole that distinguishes the profound mind, and things seen whole form simple pictures. You gain a better idea of the appearance of New York City from the foreigner's phrase, "It looks like a row of cracker boxes set on end," than you would gain from years of study of architectural books that describe its build- ings in detail.

The impressionist goes to the other, and equally fallacious, extreme from the realist. He sketches emotions vaguely, he sees no sharp outlines, he draws pictures that sug- gest rather by their color than by their draw- ing, to borrow the language of painting. Now a work of literary art must bear an in- timate relation to life, it must **suggest** life sharply, no matter even if it exaggerates the truth to do it. But the impressionistic school of writers do not suggest anything but the shadow of emotions. They do not come in touch with life at all.

Selection is the kernel of the secret. Take the one detail that suggests all the rest, and state that detail as simply and as sharply as you can. The rest of the story is told by the reader himself. His own mind leaps to it without effort, because his experience cor- responds to the writer's experience. "To suggest is to create; to define is to destroy." The great, profound geniuses suggest, and that is most suggestive which is simplest.

THE STORY OF RAB

The immortal story of "Rab and His Friends" was written "on the quick," to use one of Dr. John Brown's favorite expressions. His uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith of Biggar, asked him to give a lecture in his native village. He had never lectured before, but was anxious to say something to the "strong brained primi- tive people of my youth."

In a rare moment of inspiration he decided to tell them Ailie's story, the memory of which had never left him since his days in the Minto House Hospital. Ever he saw the beautiful face of the suffering woman, heard the voice of the heart broken carrier entreating him to tell all the world what his Ailie was, and lis- tened to Rab whining at the hospital door.

At 12 o'clock one midsummer night, says Mrs. Sarah Tooley in the Cornhill Magazine, he sat down to tell the tale, and by 4 o'clock he had finished it. He called the lecture "The Howgate Carrier, His Wife and His Dog Rab"; but his uncle in introducing the subject to the Biggar audience omitted the last word, at which Dr. John complained that his friend Rab had been grievously insulted.

"There is no doubt he was a dog," he ex- plained, "but he was a great deal more—he was Rab."

Perhaps it was to make amends to the faith- ful creature that, when the story appeared in print, the author entitled it "Rab and His Friends."

Californian Poets' Corner

A FANCY

By Charles Warren Stoddard

What would you call the Sun, as he falls
Out of the heavens, while shadows dim
And rosy are draping the broad sky-walls—
What would you call the Sun, as he falls
Far down to the ocean's rim?

All of the sky is gathering webs
Of shadow about it, and the tide—
The lazy tide—as it flows and ebbs,
Is quite entangled with crimson webs,
And with crimson bloom is dyed.

Perhaps the Sun is an egg of gold
In a nest of cloud, and Night must be
A fidgety hen—for look! she has rolled
Out of the nest the egg of gold,
And spilled the yolk in the sea!

OF NEW BOOKS

The praises of old friends, old wine and old books have been sung in every key and measure. But the praises of new friends and new books, if not of new wine, deserve some passing attention. Who has not felt a glori- ous thrill of satisfaction when, in the dreary wilderness of current literature, he has mounted a rising bit of ground and seen, with Balboa, a "new ocean swim into his ken," a new book by a new writer with the immortal and unpurchaseable gift?

This element of adventure is not to be de- pised by the habitual reader. The old books are known lands, beautiful to be sure, familiar landscapes, friendly towers, green fields and blue skies. But the new books are the un- known places over the rim of the hills. If we go over we may find much of desert, much of dreary plain, but here and there we are sure to come on pleasant valleys and cool brooks, a field of flowers or a stately tree. And, mayhap, God will be extra kind to us and we may stand suddenly, unexpectedly upon the brink of some Yosemite of letters, some Grand Canyon of song, some Niagara of passion, and feel ourselves discoverers of genius. We know one man, of some distinc- tion in the field of letters, whose dearest pride is the fact that, years ago, in an obscure newspaper article signed "R. L. S." he de- tected a vein of pure literary gold and pro- phesied that the man we all now know as Robert Louis Stevenson would one day rank among the first of contemporary writers.

There is another sound argument for the reading of a considerable amount of con- temporaneous writings. There is always, in much reading, just a little tendency to lose touch with reality, to destroy that nice bal- ance between the imaginative life which ideal- izes everything and the workaday life which faces the facts of existence with an equable spirit. There is the danger, in too many books, that we will look up from their pages and find the world sadly awry after the easily contrived operations of Fate in the narrative we have read. Great bookworms are apt to be pessimists in real life, because of this kind of disappointment with reality, often suffered.

But the man who mixes his reading of the classics with a fair reading of the contem- poraneous writers finds in this modern litera- ture a double antidote. In the first place, so many of the books themselves are disappoint- ments that the ratio of bad books to good books bears a fair relation to the ratio of per- fection in earthly experiences to imperfec- tions in earthly experiences. In this way the reader learns to expect disappointments in books and is not surprised when he encount- ers disappointments in life, and he discounts the one as he discounts the other.

And in the second place, contemporaneous reading is an antidote just because it is con- temporaneous, "of the moment," to translate the adjective. Such reading necessarily re- flects the intellectual status of the day, just as it reflects the intellectual attitude of the day, and just as it reflects the manners, cus- toms, style of speech, slang, idiosyncrasies of thought, morals and opinions of the day. These things are valuable. They help to keep a studious man in touch with the world about him, to make him feel familiar with that world when he goes out into it. And they keep within him a realization that the world moves, that life is a current, not a stagnant pool, that things suffer change—he among other things—and that activity and progress are as essential in the intellectual life as they are essential in the physical or commercial or political life.

Finally, it should be remembered that all books were new once, that we enjoy the bless- ings of the classics because their authors' con- temporaries recognized their merit and en- couraged them with praise and gold, or else the authors paid for our pleasure in sorrows and life's blood.

ABOUT UNCONVENTIONAL PEOPLE

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

In the first place, let us admit that everybody who has ever amounted to shucks has been unconventional. The reason for that is simple: conventions are the habits of the mass, and hence it is the conventional thing to be stupid, lacking in originality and boldness, to be commonplace. Extraordinary achievements require extraordinary energy, and to be extraordinarily energetic is not popular, because it sets a pace the rest of us have to follow, and we don't like that.

But just because we may admit that everybody who has ever amounted to anything has been unconventional, it does not follow that we may admit that everybody who has been unconventional has amounted to something. As Artemas Ward would say, that would be "2 mutch." All that we may safely assume from a man's unconventionality, unsupported by other evidence, is that he has used his mind at least once, that he has thought about at least the matter in which he has defied convention. Even here we may not assume that his thought was worth anything it may have been a crazy thought, or an underdone thought. But let us give him the credit for one idea: even that is strikingly unusual.

Now the conventions have a sound basis in human experience and in common sense. That is exactly the reason why geniuses, idiots and light-headed folk are not bound by them. Geniuses have uncommon sense, idiots have no sense, and light-headed people have nonsense. Obviously, habits that originate in common sense either ought not or cannot be applied to people who do not form their habits by the light of common sense.

For conventionality is, as we have said, simply the habits of the mass of mankind. Like all habits, it is formed by the process of confronting a problem, solving it somehow, and then forever after applying the same solution to the same problem, simply to save ourselves the trouble of finding another solution. Another solution might be better, but we feel that the effort to find it would be worse, or would take too much time. So we prefer accepting any solution and forming a habit of it, to seeking another.

This finality of habit is its virtue. We all remember how intricate and difficult we found the problem of putting on a pair of trousers by ourselves the first time we ever had to do it alone. When mother used to hold the knickerbockers for us and braced our back against her knee, it was perfectly simple to step in and let her button them up. But when, one day, she firmly refused to help us any longer, and we had to decide how to get into them so that the seat of them would be behind, and when we had to balance ourselves on one leg, without support, while slipping the other leg in, we realized suddenly that putting on knickerbockers was a grave feat calling for skillful manipulation. But does it bother us now? Not at all. We solved those difficulties once, and unconsciously adopted that solution for permanent use. Now, there may be a better way of putting on trousers than the way we do it, but that is relatively unimportant. The important thing is that, for us, the method of putting on trousers is settled, that we don't have to think about trousers at all when we put them on. As in many other and more weighty things, it is relatively unimportant that the thing be settled right; the important point is that it shall be **settled**—right or wrong.

That example illustrates the history of the formation of personal habits. The history of the habits of society as a mass is much the same. A nation, a race, or an epoch faces a problem—the marriage relation, for example—grapples with that problem, wrestles with it, finally gouges its eyes out, or breaks its back, anything so long as it gets a decision. That decision may not be right, but it is final, and finality is what is wanted, because finality produces peace. The Chinaman settles the problem by deciding that a man may have as many wives as he wants, but a woman only one husband. The Thibetan settles it by deciding that a woman may have as many husbands as she wants, but a man only one wife. Christendom votes for one husband one wife apiece.

Now, that decision having been made, it becomes conventional in China to have several wives, and the man who has only one is a most unconventional creature. In Thibet, a lady brands herself "strongminded," to say the least, who depends for support upon only one husband. And in Christendom, we speak of the "unconventional morality" of either man or woman who looks at more than one woman or man.

Viewed abstractly, from a broadly philosophical point of view, all three of these decisions are wrong. Viewed concretely, from an intensely practical point of view, each decision is right. Let me explain.

In order to explain, it is first necessary to get two views of morality, so that we may dismiss it as one of the factors in our discussion. From the philosophical point of view, morals are merely an **expedient** standard of right living. From the practical point of view they are an **inexorable** standard of right living. As the practical point of view is the point of view that prevails, it is conventional that the moral code of a people shall be inexorable. We admit this necessity. To aid in making it inexorable, all the forces of society are summoned to bolster it up: society makes laws to enforce it, society uses social ostracism to enforce it, and religion is called in to lend the august sanction of divinity to its "Thou shalt nots."

But from the philosophical point of view we observe that the moral code of China is not the same as the moral code of Thibet, and that the gods of China are called upon to sanction a different code from that which the gods of Thibet are called to sanction. We decline to say whether the Chinese code is better or worse, philosophically, than the Thibetan code; we do not hesitate to say, practically, that one is just as good as the other, so long as the Chinese code is applied only in China, and the Thibetan code in Thibet. Each nation settled upon its code as the best solution, from its experience, that it could devise, and each code is useful merely because it is a solution, not because it is right.

So we see that morals have no relation to right or religion. Morals were determined largely by accident, and religious sanction was an afterthought, brought in to aid the process of crystallization into national or racial habit. We may now omit the moral element from our discussion of the differing national conventions regarding marriage, and point out why those conventions are both right and wrong.

The Chinese, the Thibetan and the Christian conventions of marriage are all three right, merely because they settled a question to the general satisfaction of the people concerned. Think of the chaos that would beset any nation that did not settle this question somehow. The sad state of the man who married his step-mother would be nothing to the tangled network of the social structure under such a regime. Consider what Europe since the Reformation would have been, if men had had to settle the question of marriage as well as the question of salvation at the same time. Add the conjugal wars to the religious wars and the political wars, and Europe would have been divided into ten million camps instead of ten hundred.

But the Chinese, the Thibetan and the Christian conventions of marriage are all three wrong. We will qualify that statement: if any one of the three is right, the other two are necessarily wrong; and probably none of them is right. We base the last phrase upon considerations of health and natural inclination: biologically, it is probably certain that limitless wives (the Chinese convention) are too many; biologically, it is probable that limitless husbands (the Thibetan convention) are too many; biologically, it is probable that one wife (the Christian convention) is too few. We are treading on dangerous ground here, but in support of the last contention I will quote the words of an American woman, who is an honored missionary of the Presbyterian church to the Chinese, who told me personally that she considered the Chinese men "the most moral in the world. I have never heard of one of them who was unfaithful to his **wives.**" No Buddhist missionary to benighted Christendom could conscientiously carry a similar report back to China.

But let us get back to our original subject, which was not what conventions are, nor why, but observations about unconventional people.

Roughly, there are two classes of unconventional people: those who make a business of being unconventional and then do what little they have time to do as a sort of avocation; and those who are so profoundly engrossed in some business that they have no time left to consider whether they are conventional or not. The first are the light-heads; the second are the geniuses.

Let us consider the second class first. These are the people who do the world's thinking and the world's work. The rest of us—the conventional herd—people the world, sow and reap, and die. The geniuses study out how we should do these things, tell us and are crucified for their pains and then, after they are dead, we glorify them and try to follow their advice. We, with our common sense, try our hands at everything and do nothing well and create nothing new. They, with their uncommon sense, pursue one purpose relentlessly, ruthlessly, chase Truth to its lair and bind it and lead it forth to be seen of all men for all time.

Now that kind of concentrated effort must not be disturbed by trifling things. You will find, generally speaking, that true geniuses are as much simply out of date as they are rudely unconventional. They realize the folly of wasting time in deciding the cut of their clothes, the cut of their hair, the number of meals they shall eat, the number of wives they shall have, and so they eagerly accept the conventions of the time in order to save themselves the trouble of figuring out these things. But conventions change. The genius, busy at his absorbing task, cannot be watching the fashions in dress and in morals, and so he keeps right on with the fashion he began with, and the public soon finds him old-fashioned. He may, if customs change fast enough, soon be so old fashioned that everybody has forgotten the styles of dress and morals in vogue in his youth, and then they say that he is perversely unconventional.

Ah, you say, that argument does very well for his clothes, but not at all for his morals. Very well, I have another argument about his morals. Understand, I don't undertake to **justify** his morals, only to **explain** them. That explanation is this: the man who gives all his thought to one object forms the habit of refusing to use either much reason or much will power upon any other subject: he needs all his mental force to solve his problem and all his moral force to hold himself to his labor. You must freely admit that reason is necessary to understand the canons of morality, and that great will power is necessary to withstand the natural inclinations. The genius considers his work the one important thing; everything else is unimportant and unimportant to the same degree. He does not hesitate to eat when he

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

From That to This

In the jungle depths that were darkly grim
He skulked as he sought his prey,
And the wolf and the cave-bear fought with him,
Who scarcely was better than they.
In a deep-hid den of a rocky glen
Was his home that was void of cheer,
And over them all was Nature's scrawl,
And the word that she wrote was, "Fear!"

There was never a haunt that he did not note,
For there he had sought his prize,
While Terror clutched at his scrawny throat,
The Terror that never dies;
And his skin-clad mate in their cave did wait
His coming with bated breath,
Till they munched their bones on the cold, gray stones,
While the Thing outside was—Death.

—

Oh, the world whirls on, and the world whirls round,
And the cave-man is no more,
And Madam today is Paris-gowned,
Forgotten the skins she wore.
So, the waters and earth are his from birth,
And e'en with the gods he vies,
For he spurns the land that his might has spanned.
Look out, and look up, for—he flies!

From that unto this! From the man who skulked
To him who has gained the skies!
From the creature who gibbered and mouthed and sulked
To him who with angels vies!
Oh, man, the mite, and man whose sight
Pierces mists of a world awry,
Be there room for thee o'er the heights we see,
For nature is conquered—you fly!

* * *

Bullion at the Gate

After considerable effort Saint Peter succeeded in locating the soul which was tapping at the gate.

"You are from the earth?" he said.

"I am," the soul replied.

"Your name is—?"

"Bullion, P. Q."

"What do you know of science, as men teach it?"

"I was right up on the science of money-getting, but—"

"Exactly. Did you pay much attention to art?"

"Only indirectly. My wife was devoted to it."

"Literature; the great and good thoughts of the master-minds of all times—did you devote much time to it?"

"Well, not exactly, but my wife was fond of good reading."

"The poor and the needy who were your brothers and sisters, did you aid and comfort them often?"

"You see, I didn't have time, but my wife was almost ceaseless in her attentions to such rabble."

"That will do," said Saint Peter. "I now will make out a pass," and accordingly he proceeded to do so. After he had ceased writing there was silence for some time, and then the soul of P. Q. Bullion said:

"Well, why don't you hand me the pass and let me go in?"

"You are mistaken," Saint Peter firmly replied, "the pass is for your wife, but, if you like, you may stay here long enough to see her enter the narrow gate before you go down stairs."

But, being in a rage, the soul of P. Q. Bullion did not wait, and it is reported that it now is endeavoring to organize a brimstone combine in the cellar.

The Opinions of Rufus

We all admit that "never put off till tomorrow what you can do today" is a maxim that ought to be heeded—by our neighbors.

Seems to me that the next great invention that's reely needed is something to persuade hens to lay when eggs are sixty cents a dozen.

Es somebody said, women's work is never done, but I've seen them on the street when it didn't seem to be pressin' 'em very much.

The more I know 'bout men, the more I can't help wonderin' where I'll break out next.

It's said that men an' women never know each other, but I don't s'pose anybody could tell how much pain the fact spares them.

I don't b'lieve faith without works is dead; my notion is it wan't ever reely born.

Good poetry's beautiful, but the longer I live the more I reelize that you can't inoculate the head of a cabbage with much idee of it.

I said, "I s'pose nacher has some use fer a skunk or it wouldn't be alive," but Josh Bings said I hadn't ought to drag the San Francisco Evenin' Post into polite conversashun, an' so I didn't say any more.

The saddest thing 'bout the courtships of some girls I've known is the fact that they finally married him; an' it's also true contrariwise.

Money don't make the mare go any longer; it makes the automobile honk.

Jedgin' by how some movin' pictures look, I can't help feelin' that when Edison gits them to talkin' the audience is goin' to feel mighty mortified.

Jest to show how liberal I am, I want to say that I b'lieve a woman could wear a reel hobble skirt an' yet go to Heaven; but what's the use of temptin' the Recordin' Angel in that way?

The diff'rence 'tween Macarthur an' Kahn is that if Kahn had been defeated there would have been nothin' left, while, with Macarthur defeated, there's a **man** left.

* * *

A Popular Attitude

Hear that the angels keep watch and ward
Over us folks below;
Hear that the books they keep record
The curious ways we go;
And so I pray, as you do, I guess,
A kind of a doubtful plea:
"Look on my actions to kindly bless,
But don't keep cases on me."

Know a feller that's sinful, quite,
Betrayin' a carnal mind;
Keepin' his record would serve him right—
My case is a different kind,
For though I admit that I often grope
In style that's a shame to see,
And the angels know, yet I feel a hope
They won't keep cases on me.

Feller I know in sin would dwell
For love of the vile and low,
But I've been tempted each time I fell,
As the angels ought to know.
He is a sinner, but I'm misled—
A fact that I hope you see—
And so I am trusting the angels o'erhead
Will fail to keep cases on me.

* * *

Let Eligible Young Men Beware

Six young women of San Francisco have formed an anti-matrimonial association, and have solemnly vowed that they will never, **never,** NEVER—no, don't attempt to qualify it by a "hardly ever"—permit the matrimonial yoke to encircle their swan-like necks.

A word to the wise is sufficient, and we stop the press long enough merely to call the attention of eligible young men to the fact that when they see one of these young women coming the time will be ripe for them to shy over to the other side of the street. In some way these insidious attacks upon the sanctity of the bachelor circle must be headed off.

Man and House-Cleaning

Now that house-cleaning time again has come and I go home at night to find Eleanor a melancholy wreck in pinned-up skirts, the deep, pervading mystery of it once more impresses me. Why is it that man, with his keen, penetrating intellect, cannot understand the necessity of cleaning house?

Man harnesses the lightning, and his message is whisked about the earth almost as fast as thought could traverse its surface; he makes a machine of aluminum-ribbed gauze, and in the domain of the air he surpasses in flight the swiftest bird; he projects his puny voice into a microbe-infested tube, and his friend a thousand miles away hears that voice and responds through another tubular haunt of microbes. Viewing these and a thousand other wonders, sometimes it seems that there is nothing to which man may not attain—except understanding about house-cleaning.

I believe—in my heart of hearts I believe—that it must be necessary to take up the carpets and rugs and reverse their ends after beating them (and what have the poor things done to deserve such a beating?), but my masculine intellect gropes in the presence of the problem why it is necessary to do this thing. To be sure, our feminine guides, philosophers and friends get some dust out of the carpets, but what difference does that make when nobody could recognize that it was there? Then why move all the furniture and put it back just where it was, unless it is to make man feel that his life is gloom-haunted and in vain? Why move the trunks out of the closets and put them in the front hall, so that a man falls over them and employs words of bitterness when he comes home in the evening? These, and a thousand other questions will occur to any man, and they all lead to the direful conclusion that we cannot understand about house-cleaning.

However, let us admit one thing: House-cleaning is beneficial inasmuch as it either cultivates man's patience or drives him to drink, thus demonstrating his worth or unworth. To be sure, it is too apt to demonstrate unworth, but the exceptions glitter and are beautiful.

* * *

For Those With Immaterial Bodies

Concerning a recently issued book, "The Qualities of Men," of which Joseph Jastrow is the author, the Christian Science Monitor says:

"The author is professor of psychology in the University of Wisconsin, and the book deals with a material mind resident in a material body."

That is all the Monitor says, but the warning should be sufficient. Ghosts, spooks, hobgoblins, Christian Scientists and others who do not possess material bodies to harbor their minds, whether material or otherwise, must realize that the book can contain no information for them. Moreover, it might injure them by imparting to them the evil thought that they do possess material bodies. "A word to the wise is sufficient;" only persons who are so gross as to be alloyed by non-existent matter will pay any attention to Dr. Jastrow's book.

* * *

A Brief Primer Lesson

Do you see the man, Wil-lie?

Who is the man?

He is a San Fran-cis-can, Wil-lie.

Does the man hold a hand-ker-chief to his nose?

You may bet your taw al-ley he does, Wil-lie!

Is the man sick, Wil-lie?

Yes, he is very sick.

Do you know what ails the man, Wil-lie?

Now smell, Wil-lie, and you can guess. The man has caught one whiff of the hon-or-a-ble bunch that will rep-re-sent San Fran-cis-co in the leg-is-lat-ure.

Is it a wonder the man is not dead?

Yes, in-deed, it is a ve-ry great won-der, Wil-lie.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Old Order So Changed As Hardly to Know It After the election in 1896 Chairman Frank McLaughlin removed the offices of the Republican state committee to Sacramento and there went into winter quarters the better to control legislation in the name of the Republican party, but in the interests of the Southern Pacific company and its allies. From that year until this year the organization of the Republican party in this state has been at the beck and nod of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific company.

What a difference! On Wednesday of this week the Republican state executive committee arranged to be represented at Sacramento for the purpose of seeing to it that the platform pledges made to the people are honestly and squarely redeemed.

Of course the purpose is not to assume the function of legislating. The ultimate responsibility must be with governor and legislature, but what the executive committee and its friends can do to aid the legislature and governor in redeeming the pledges of the newer Republicanism (which, by the way, is not so essentially different from the newer Democracy) will be done. What a difference! See how far we have come since 1896, since a good deal later than that, too, for instance since the early spring of 1910!

Where The Watchman Had Another Guess Coming During the last twelvemonth The Watchman more than once expressed the opinion that party platforms adopted after the primaries would never be heard of after, that they would prove wholly perfunctory proceedings devoid of influence, inasmuch as the candidates would have all been nominated before the adoption of the platform. No doubt candidates avowed fealty to the platforms of their parties with mental reservations inasmuch as they had themselves been their own platforms, but the meeting of the Republican state committee on Wednesday shows that a party platform, however made, may be taken seriously if a political party be managed by serious minded men. The Johnson administration seems likely to accept the party platform as obligatory and binding, not in a narrow sense in that nothing not written into the platform shall be written into the laws, but that what is written into the platform shall be written into the laws. This again shows upon what new times we have entered. It should also impress men in politics with the seriousness of platform making. Another significant feature of the policy of the present Republican management toward legislation was manifest when it was resolved to invite Democratic as well as Republican legislators to the next conference to be held for receiving the reports of the committees on legislation. Party is not to be permitted to keep apart men who think alike, another manifestation of a liberal spirit large with promise for good legislation. An elemental principle of sound political strategy is: Don't let the devil divide the forces of right.

A Pardonable Pride In The Party's Finances The new order of things was again splendidly illustrated by the report of Party Treasurer Adolph Uhl. The total receipts of the committee for the campaign were $48,332.13, and the total expenditures $48,322.98, leaving a balance in the treasury of $9.15. And not a dollar of it all was either obtained or expended illegitimately. That is, not a man was hired to do the thing that an honest citizen should not do, and not a dollar was accepted that was suspected of being given with the implication that the donor would be remembered by the victors when the distribution of patronage came or that interests were to be protected against adverse legislation. When some representative of the old order courteously suggested that he would be pleased to contribute to the campaign fund, as in former years, if he could have the customary assurances that his interests would be treated fairly, he was plainly told that there was no connection between the conduct of the campaign and the conduct of the administration. In fact, Chairman Lissner went so far as to give public notice that he will make no recommendations to Governor Johnson as to whom he should or should not appoint to office. This also is a breaking away from the old order which tied up our present governor for two years so that he had virtually no patronage that was not under mortgage to the powers that made him governor. Governor Johnson will go into office owing no man anything save good will. Verily, things political are about as they should be in this year of Our Lord.

To Lend a Helping Hand Rather Than to Direct It should be understood that the efforts to be made by the Republican state executive committee, and its sub-committees, to prepare legislation and follow it to its consummation are to be helpful and not dominating. The people of the state have elected a governor, a lieutenant governor and a legislature, and the final responsibility for legislation rests with them and not with the state executive committee of the Republican party, but the governor, lieutenant governor and legislature will come together new to most of the business in hand, nearly swamped by its volume, and if preparatory work can be done, and expert opinion can be had, on the measures they will be of great value. The Commonwealth Club will do exactly the same kind of work with almost equal warrant for doing it, although the principle of party responsibility will give the Republican committee a sanction that no other organization will quite have.

One of the weaknesses of our form of government has been that there has not been any responsible source from which legislation could emanate, as there is in the government of England, for instance, and one of the best things that President Taft did was to have measures prepared frankly as administration measures. Also one of the worst things he did was to insist that his bills should become laws as they were drawn by his associates and proceed to read out of the party those who dared to propose amendments thereto. That is a danger, but it is better to assume that risk than to take the other risk of having all legislation prepared by special interests for their own benefit. The hope is that the committees constituted Wednesday will do their work so well that Governor Johnson will see his way clear to make their measures administration measures with the weight of the Republican party supporting him and them.

Conservation To the Front It is in the air that the absorbing issue in the coming legislature is going to be the conservation of the resources of California, which will include the regulation of the use of the state's waters for power production and transmission. If there be anything in the doctrine of state control it must come through a state control that is adequate to protect the public interest. An effort will be made to evolve a system of state control that will be a model for other states, not a system of control that does not control, but merely seeks to deprive the national government of control while leaving the exploiters in control. Great things are to be anticipated from this movement and the importance of it evidently suggested itself to the mind of Chairman Lissner of the Republican state committee in that he headed the committee on conservation with former Governor George C. Pardee and added to it Francis J. Heney, Chester H. Rowell, William Kent, S. C. Graham, Marshall Black, W. C. Clark, L. L. Dennett, Harold T. Power, Ralph Bull.

Important work is ahead for this committee and for the legislature that will take up the work where this committee lets go of it—if it does let go of it, for, be it understood, there will be power grabbers represented at the legislature by men who will not cease to follow the measures they are interested in step by step from their introduction to their being enrolled, signed by the governor and receipted for by the secretary of state. If the committee be less vigilant than the power interests the legislation may prove less satisfactory than the platform of the party contemplates.

Railroad Commission The Republican party pledged itself to, "Such additional legislation or constitutional amendments as may be necessary to make the State Railroad Commission fully effective," etc. The committee appointed by Chairman Lissner to take this subject in hand, including, besides platform pledges, the prohibition of free passes, is composed of John W. Stetson, Oakland, chairman, who had charge in the senate of real reform railroad legislation at the last session; John M. Eshleman, Harvey D. Loveland and Alexander Gordon, railroad commissioners-elect; William R. Wheeler, manager of the Traffic Bureau of the San Francisco Merchants Exchange, and E. P. Gregson, who occupies a similar position at Los Angeles; Assemblyman P. F. Cogswell representing the sixty-eighth district. It is hard to see how that committee could be improved. If it does nothing else it can at least take the few good features out of the Wright bill, which was enacted into law at the last session of the legislature because it was the wrong bill, add them to the rejected Webb bill and enact the latter in place of the present law. That will do much.

The Politics Of Reapportionment The taking of the new census will make it obligatory upon the new legislature to reconstruct all the congressional and legislative districts of the state as soon as congress determines the number of representatives the state is to have. This is where a good deal of small partisan politics is not unlikely to be done to the discredit of the party that does it. There is nothing that people generally like quite so well as fair play, of which the gerrymander is the negation. The committee which is to have this in charge is composed of State Senator N. W. Thompson of Los Angeles, a clear headed and conscientious man, chairman; Senator John W. Stetson of Oakland, Senator A. E. Boynton, Oroville, Assemblyman E. C. Hinkle of San Diego, E. A. Dickson, Los Angeles; Assemblyman W. F. Chandler, Fresno; Assemblyman W. R. Flint, San Benito; J. O. Hayes, San Jose; Ralph Hathorn, San Francisco. There are one or two men on that committee who might wish to seek party advantage in the reapportionment, but an overwhelming majority will stand for the square deal in redistricting the state, and it is to be hoped that they will be instrumental in keeping the legislature from doing small politics to the exasperation of communities that wish to be together. Mischief can be done both ways.

Reform of the Election Laws It is fondly to be hoped that the American people may some time learn exactly how, mechanically, to take the votes of the people and have those votes counted, but it is exactly 250 years since the pioneers of the Mayflower got their traps together under the shelter of the oaks and elms of Massachusetts and took a vote on who should be boss and we haven't hit the right idea yet. The committee having the reform of our election laws in charge is a good one and is composed, and its duties are outlined, as follows: Including restoration of Australian ballot, non-partisan judiciary, short ballot, simplification of direct primary law generally and providing for state-wide advisory vote on United States senators, publicity of campaign expenses, regulation of lobbyists: Senator A. E. Boynton, Oroville; Senator Miguel Estudillo, Riverside; Senator George S. Walker, San Jose; Clinton White, Sacramento;

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

Thomas E. Haven, San Francisco; Prof. William Cary Jones, Berkeley; Judge N. P. Conrey, Los Angeles; Assemblyman C. C. Young, Berkeley; Marshall Stimson, Los Angeles; Paul Bancroft, San Francisco.

City, County Government Including constitutional amendment No. 1, general act for commission plan of government for cities, the fee system, county home rule, uniform accounting and improved business methods: State Controller A. B. Nye, Sacramento, chairman; Attorney-General U. S. Webb, Sacramento; Senator-elect Leslie R. Hewitt, Los Angeles; Guy C. Earl, Oakland; Assemblyman L. D. Bohnett, Santa Clara; Frank Devlin, Vallejo; Prof. R. L. Green, Stanford university.

No committee appointed by Chairman Lissner will have harder work in hand than this one. The satisfactory adjustment of the state's finances to amendment number one, lately adopted, will not be easy, and if we are to inaugurate a system of county home rule instead of county government logrolling by and through county legislative delegations and court-house crowds, that also will require effort. The committee is able and will no doubt have a beginning made, if nothing more, by the time the legislature meets.

Civil Service Merit System Here is a subject that is practically new to the politics of California. Heretofore we have had the spoils-of-office system undefiled. It is not a good system. It furnishes the boss with his stock in trade and reduces politics to a merchandizing basis. This is not saying that the thing to do is to abolish that system merely to install in its place an immovable office-holding class, which finally comes to be, what the bureaucracy of Russia is, the most unprogressive and tyrannical government on earth, full of dead wood, bourbonistic to the marrow of its bones. Between this Scylla and that Charybdis this committee must steer and it is not going to be easy. Joy to it! Its personnel is: Senator L. H. Roseberry, of Santa Barbara, chairman; Assemblyman H. S. Benedict of Los Angeles, Dr. F. B. Kellogg of Los Angeles, who has given the subject much study; E. F. Adams, president of the Commonwealth Club, San Francisco; William A. Spalding, Los Angeles. It is a good committee.

On Direct Legislation Away down deep at the bottom-most bottom of things political and civic the point of division into the two main political divisions is that one side has faith in the power of the American people to govern themselves while the other side distrusts the intelligence, the honesty and the capacity of the people for government and feels that its own class can govern the people better than the people can do it. And it wants the job. Mr. Barnes of New York lately expressed the class distrust of government admirably when he declared, at Saratoga, that, "The people already have about all that is coming to them." The contrary opinion is that the people should have all the instruments of government in their hands that they will use whenever they wish to use them. That line of division will manifest itself in the coming legislature and the committee having the above subject in hand for preparatory legislation is composed of Senator-elect Lee C. Gates of Los Angeles, chairman; Dr. John H. Haynes, also of Los Angeles, who has made the subject a close study and has just returned from Switzerland, where he studied direct legislation in its native habitat; Judge John D. Works, Assemblyman W. C. Clark of Oakland, who helped to draft the new charter; Milton T. U'Ren of the Direct Legislation League and Councilman A. H. Elliot, of Oakland. Next to conservation the issues raised by this committee are likely to be productive of the hardest fighting.

Public Service Commissioners That our public service corporations are prime producers of rascality, of which more is elsewhere expressed editorially, has become generally accepted. Something must be done to mitigate that evil. What is to be determined by a committee consisting of Percy V. Long, San Francisco, chairman; Senator elect Leslie R. Hewitt, Los Angeles; W. R. Davis, Oakland; Charles S. Wheeler, San Francisco; Assemblyman C. C. Young, Berkeley. It is a big subject, but the committee having it in hand is composed of men of exceptionable calibre and we may look to it with confidence for the preparation of thoroughly good measures.

Employers' Liability And Injunction Acts Here again is a big subject with some good, strong men, in charge of it. Harris Weinstock, who has gone around the world studying the subject, is chairman and a better selection could not have been made. With him are Senator E. K. Strobridge, Assemblyman A. H. Hewitt, Judge Frank Devlin, A. A. deLigne, J. W. Wiley, code commissioner; Will J. French, editor of The Clarion, a labor paper published in San Francisco. Notwithstanding his Democratic affiliations The Watchman would like to see Walter Macarthur added to that committee. He is clear headed and sane and knows a lot about the subject.

Revision of Criminal Laws and Procedures This is another most important committee with some strong men on it to take charge of the work. Big criminals go through our system of apprehending and convicting of crime as a raging bull might go through a rabbit fence, and if some way is not found for stopping them our civilization must be written down a failure. The committee having this in charge is composed of: W. J. Hunsaker, Los Angeles; Curtis H. Lindley, San Francisco; Senator Charles P. Cutten, Eureka; Attorney-General U. S. Webb, Sacramento; Assemblyman William Kehoe, Humboldt; District Attorney W. H. Donohue, Oakland; Justice M. C. Sloss, San Francisco; William Denman, San Francisco.

Reformatory For First Offenders The prison system of California has been a disgrace to the state and is yet. The whole thing needs to be remodeled, co-ordinated and simplified all the way from the reform schools to a prison for hardened criminals permanently sequestered from society for the protection of society. All boards should be abolished and the whole subject put into the hands of a Department of Penalization and Reformation, and this committee should cooperate with the one on revision of the criminal laws. The personnel of the committee is made up as follows: Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, Los Angeles; Charles M. Belshaw, Antioch; Assemblyman-elect H. W. Brown, San Mateo; Assemblyman W. F. Chandler, Fresno; E. A. Walcott, San Francisco; Albert Bonnheim, Sacramento; Judge Everett Brown, Oakland; James M. Oliver, Oakland; A. J. Pillsbury, Piedmont.

Votes for The Women This is an issue not so difficult to down occasionally, when all the iniquities arouse themselves to down it, but it is one that will not stay down no matter how often it is downed, and for the reason that there is no sense in making suffrage solely a question of sex. The Republican party stands pledged to submit a woman suffrage amendment to the people to be voted on and the redemption of this pledge has been entrusted by the Republican state committee to gentlemen named below, all of them strong men and not unlikely to be favorable to giving the franchise to women. There will be no dull times at Sacramento until this issue is disposed of. That Washington has gone for a suffrage amendment is going to stimulate courage in the breasts of the suffragettes of California and make them busy as bees: Senator Charles W. Bell, Pasadena; Senator E. A. Birdsall, Placer; Senator-elect Lee C. Gates, Los Angeles; J. H. Braly, Pasadena; Assemblyman H. G. Cattell, Pasadena; Assemblyman-elect W. A. Lamb, Los Angeles; A. S. Ormsby, Walnut Creek.

The National View Of Congressional Duty Among the pleasant incidents of the Republican conference held at the St. Francis Hotel Tuesday was a little address by Representative-elect W. D. Stephens of Los Angeles. After expressing his willingness to serve the people of his district, and of California, in any way he could to the extent of his abilities, he said, with deepest sincerity, "Don't ask me to do or stand for anything that I may not with entire good faith toward our common country, for that I cannot and will not do." Representative-elect William Kent took the same ground before his constituents and it begins to look as though California is to send to congress some broad gauged, real statesmen, men who can see over the rims of their respective districts and understand that we are a nation and not merely states in a nation or districts in a state. Of course each representative will do what he can to advance the interests of his district, but this he must do, if he be a real patriot, only when he can do it for the common good of his country. The paramount good is the common good.

Next Legislature Strongly Republican The next legislature will be overwhelmingly Republican. The Republicans will have 31 senators against 9 for the Democrats, and 68 assemblymen against 12 for the Democrats. But the question of attitude toward progressive reforms is infinitely more important than the question of party labels. In their platforms both Democrats and Republicans are pledged to progressive reforms, and to practically the same reforms. But experience has shown that neither platforms nor party labels figure much when test votes are taken on reform measures. What counts then is the character of the legislator and the influence that put him in office. The Watchman has, therefore, made a careful analysis of the next legislature, man by man, by means of records and reputations, and the result of that analysis is shown in the tables below. The test applied in each case was the legislator's probable attitude toward reform measures. Of course the tables are not absolute, but they are as near to an absolute poll as they can be made with the information at hand. Where a man's attitude was either unknown or very uncertain he was included in the "unknown" list.

Senate

	Rep.	Dem.	Total
For Reform:			
Holdover	9	2	11
Incumbents Re-elected	3	4	7
New Members	5	2	7—25
Against Reform:			
Holdover	8	1	9
Incumbents Re-elected	2	0	2
New Members	4	0	4—15
	31	9	40

Assembly

	Rep.	Dem.	Total
For Reform:			
Incumbents Re-elected	13	4	17
New Members	15	1	16—33
Against Reform:			
Incumbents Re-elected	6	0	6
New Members	13	1	14—20
Doubtful:			
New Members	2	2	4— 4
Unknown:			
New Members	19	4	23—23
	68	12	80 80

A Pro-Reform Legislature These figures are encouraging. The senate figures are almost certainly correct, as the attitude of every man is practically assured. The assembly figures are probably accurate as far as they go, but 23 men, of a total of 80, are unknown quantities. The tables show a reform majority of 10 in the senate. In the assembly, if half of the "doubtful" and "unknown" members be allotted to the reform column, there will be a reform majority of six or seven. As the ratio of reformers to

anti-reformers, among the known members, is about as 3 to 2, the above estimate of a reform majority is probably conservative.

Members of New Senate The senate will be composed of the following men, the figures preceding their names indicating the senatorial district which they represent: **Holdover Republicans:** 1. Charles P. Cutten, 3. E. S. Birdsall, 5. Benj. F. Rush, 7. Charles B. Bills, 9. E. B. Martinelli, 11. John T. Lewis, 13. Ed. K. Strobridge, 15. John W. Stetson, 17. Thos. F. Finn (and Union Labor), 19. Richard J. Welch (and U. L.), 21. Edward I. Wolfe (and U. L.), 25. Lester G. Burnett, 27. Geo. S. Walker, 33. L. H. Roseberry, 35. N. W. Thompson, 37. H. M. Hurd, 39. M. Estudillo; **Holdover Democrats:** 23. John P. Hare (and U. L.), 29. James B. Holohan, 31. A. E. Campbell; **Newly Elected Republicans:** 6. A. E. Boynton (incumbent), 14. George J. Hans, 16. Edward J. Tyrrell, 18. Daniel P. Regan, 20. E. F. Bryant, 22. John J. Cassidy, 24. D. J. Beban (incumbent), 28. Marshall Black (incumbent), 30. John L. Avey, 32. E. O. Larkins, 34. Lee C. Gates, 36. Charles W. Bell (incumbent), 38. Leslie R. Hewitt, 40. Leroy A. Wright (incumbent); **Newly Elected Democrats:** 2. T. W. H. Shanahan, 4. J. B. Sanford (incumbent), 8. Louis W. Juilliard, 10. A. Caminetti (incumbent), 12. J. B. Curtin (incumbent), 26. G. W. Cartwright (incumbent).

Membership of New Assembly The assembly will be composed of the following: **Republicans:** 2. William Kehoe (incumbent), 3. Gustavus A. Jasper, 4. James H. Tibbitts, 6. W. D. L. Held, 8. Arthur H. Hewitt (and Democrat, incumbent), 9. Frank M. Rutherford (and Democrat, incumbent), 10. Edwin C. Gaylord, 11. Ferdinand G. Stevenot, 12. J. L. Mendenhall (and Democrat, incumbent), 13. James W. Hamilton, 15. W. B. Griffiths (incumbent), 17. Charles A. Bliss, 18. John C. March, 19. Edward J. Lynch, 20. John R. Cronin (incumbent), 21. George H. Harlan, 22. M. R. Jones, 23. E. H. McGowen, 27. G. W. Wyllie (incumbent), 28. Andrew Cunningham, 29. Daniel Rimlinger, 30. J. E. Mullally, 31. W. A. McDonald, 32. Wm. T. Kennedy, 33. James J. Ryan, 34. Thos. J. Feeley, 35. Fred C. Gerdes (incumbent), 36. Henry N. Beatty (incumbent), 38. E. J. D. Nolan, 40. Milton L. Schmitt (incumbent), 41. N. C. Coghlan (incumbent), 42. Arthur Joel, 43. Frank N. Rodgers, 44. Victor A. Sbragia, 45. D. M. Denegri, 46. A. A. Rogers, 47. Sumner Crosby, 48. Robt. J. Callaghan, 49. Geo. Fitzgerald, 50. Wm. C. Clark, 51. Frank M. Smith, 52. C. C. Young, 53. H. W. Brown, 55. Robt. L. Telfer (incumbent), 56. L. D. Bohnett (incumbent), 57. Daniel R. Hayes (incumbent), 58. Wm. R. Flint (incumbent), 59. Charles B. Rosendale, 60. W. F. Chandler, 61. W. A. Sutherland, 62. Frank J. Walker, 63. John F. Beckett, 64. C. L. Preisker, 65. D. W. Mott, 67. H. G. Cattell (incumbent), 68. Prescott F. Cogswell (incumbent), 69. Wm. E. Hinshaw, 70. Edwin M. Butler, 71. Lyman Farwell, 72. H. S. Benedict, 73. Henry H. Lyon, 74. Charles H. Randall, 75. Wm. A. Lamb, 76. C. G. H. Bennink, 77. Clyde Bishop, 78. Geo. R. Freeman, 79. E. C. Hinkle (incumbent), 80. Fred H. Judson; **Democrats:** 1. H. B. Ream, 5. Harry Polsley (incumbent), 7. John H. Guill Jr., 14. H. W. Slater, 16. L. H. Wilson, 24. J. W. Stuckenbruck (incumbent), 25. Thos. F. Griffin, 26. John C. Davis, 37. Ed P. Walsh, 39. Walter T. Lyon, 54. John B. Maher (incumbent), 66. Fred H. Hall.

Nevada's Progressive Governor-Elect Oddie Nevada has just elected a governor upon much the same issues and after much the same kind of a spectacular fight as California's election of Hiram Johnson. In a state nearly always Democratic, Tasker L. Oddie has just been elected governor of Nevada on the Republican ticket. Practically every other member of the state government will be a Democrat. Oddie made his fight on the issue of emancipation from Southern Pacific political control, and on a progressive reform platform. His proposal to give the state a government by and for the people only met with a response which would equal, in a state of California's population, to an overturn of 70,000 votes from the opposition to himself. Governor-elect Oddie has already arranged with Governor-elect Johnson for a constant interchange of ideas and policies, so that each may have the benefit of the experience of the other and that, so far as their interests are mutual, California and Nevada may work in harmony. Oddie is one of the founders of Tonopah, and has had a remarkable career. After making and losing a large fortune, he has made a campaign for governor single-handed against a Democratic majority, traveling 8,000 miles by automobile in his speaking trips, and running his own machine.

City Charter Amendments The special election for amendments to the charter of San Francisco was held last Tuesday and brought out a vote of 45,388, a record for such elections. The large vote was due to the popular interest in the Panama exposition bonds, but just as noteworthy as the size of the vote was the discrimination generally shown by the people, considering the large number of amendments and the intricate technical character of some of them. A striking example of this discrimination was shown by the decisive defeat of a series of unnecessary salary raising amendments, while of two other amendments, almost identical in wording and effect with these, but necessary because of conditions, one was carried by 2,900 majority and the other was defeated by the narrow margin of 513 votes.

The public decision on these 38 amendments coincided with the recommendations made by The Watchman last week in all but 7 cases. No. 5, making the Municipal Record the official newspaper of the city, was favored by The Watchman as a means of uprooting the city advertising graft, and was probably defeated by reason of the special activities of the beneficiaries of that graft. No. 16, establishing a free municipal employment bureau, was favored because it added to the powers of the city and seemed unobjectionable. Probably its defeat was due to the class feeling between labor and capital. No. 20, imposing stricter regulations on the grant of public utility franchises, was a good amendment, defeated probably by the activities of the United Railroads. No. 21, providing funds for playgrounds, was a vitally good amendment, and only combined ignorance and stupidity can account for its defeat. No. 24, taking the Civil Service Commission out of the mayor's control, was a good amendment which will undoubtedly become law later on. No. 36, increasing the office force of the assessor's office, was probably defeated merely because the necessity of such action was not generally understood. No. 38, fixing $3 a day as the minimum wages for laborers employed by the city, was opposed by The Watchman because of a conviction that such matters should be left to the time of employment for settlement. Union labor probably carried this amendment.

But, altogether, The Watchman is surprised and gratified at the result of the election. The people passed the fair bonds, defeated the effort to throw the public library into politics, defeated the attempt to lift the roof off the tax limit, enlarged the powers of the supervisors and the public in the regulation and acquisition of public utilities, improved the initiative and referendum and recall, provided for majority rule instead of plurality rule, restored the Australian ballot without party designations, made a step toward the short ballot, authorized the city to build tunnels and provided a rational method of defraying their cost, improved the laws governing street work, protected their parks, and defeated various pieces of special legislation that should have been defeated. On the whole, the people made an excellent showing in the matter of interest in the election, study of the amendments, and sound judgment in decision.

The answers to the circular letters sent out by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe just before her death inquiring the results of woman suffrage in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho give 624 in favor and 62 opposed, with 49 in doubt. These letters were sent to ministers, Sunday school superintendents and editors. The Episcopal clergymen were more than two to one in favor; the Baptists, seven to one; the Congregationalists, eight to one, and the Presbyterians more than eleven to one. Of the Sunday school superintendents one was opposed, one in doubt, and all the rest favorable. Among the editors some were in doubt, none was against, with a proportion of those positively in favor of eight to one.

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STATE CONTROL OF POWER PLANTS

SUGGESTING THE FORMATION OF A CALIFORNIA STATE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

By F. M. RAY

Since the exciting days of '49, our Golden State of California has enjoyed a world-wide reputation of being a land where they "do something." To be sure, occasionally that reputation and notoriety has been somewhat tarnished by the acts of a few of our irresponsible citizens, but, as a whole, we are known as a great state, populated with an energetic, conservative and generous people.

In 1849 we were astonishing the world by our great placer gold output.

In the 60's and 70's our golden grain was a great factor in supplying the world's markets with foodstuffs. In the 70's and 80's, the California and Nevada deep gold mining excitement turned all eyes toward us and brought millions of wealth from the depths of the earth. In the 80's and 90's was the commencement of our raisin, wine and fruit industry, and while at the present time our agricultural development and our fruit output astonishes the world by its magnitude, yet as the miner of old says regarding our state, "The surface is only scratched," and the future agricultural possibilities are beyond the imagination of the most optimistic. During the last ten years, our oil development has added one more great industry to a land blessed with an abundance of natural advantages, as it furnishes us an almost unlimited supply for operating our railroads, steamers and gas plants, which, before the discovery, were operated by wood or by coal brought at high cost from a great distance.

Development of Hydro-Electric Power

In 1892 began the development of our hydro-electric power plants, and for several years California boasted of the longest distance power transmission lines, the largest single power units, the highest operating voltage, and the highest hydraulic pressure power development in the world. Today, in proportion to our population and the miles of territory covered, we have more hydro-electric power plants and horsepower of energy transmitted than any other state of the union.

As you all know, the Japanese stream, or current, produces peculiar climatic conditions on the Pacific Coast. During our winter or rainy season of from four to six months, intermittent rain storms fall extending over the largest portion of the state from the coast eastward for a distance of approximately 200 miles. These rains rejuvenate the parched surface soil, soak into the ground to great depths, and replenish in our great valleys the great subterranean reservoirs. The moisture laden clouds, on reaching the foothills and high peaks of the Sierras, precipitate their burden of moisture in the shape of a mantle of snow and ice, making another storehouse of life-giving water for the summer season use.

Wide Utility of Power

On account of the topography of the state, and her snow covered Sierras, the opportunity for development of hydro-electric power is very great, although the most easily developed power sites near to the larger centers of population have been taken, there are many more of great value which must be utilized as our population increases to develop our lands, our natural resources and our cities. As the foundation of most of our wealth is the soil, all energy spent in improving our lands and agricultural possibilities conduces to the growth, prosperity, and contentment of our people. As mentioned before, our agricultural possibilities are in their infancy. Late reports mention approximately 2,000,000 acres of irrigated or partially irrigated land in California, with 14,000,000 yet of valley land capable of irrigation, or at least improvement by means of water brought from the rivers by ditches or conduits or by water pumped from the rivers in the valleys, or from the subterranean reservoirs by means of electric power generated by the water power in the mountains.

Now, in speaking upon the subject, "How shall we manage the power plants of California," I wish to start with the firm foundation, that we, the people of the state, have the right to say what the power plants shall do, how they shall do it, and what price they shall exact for their service. You may now ask, "Why meddle with the power plants?" I reply promptly, "For the good of California." Our future depends more than many people suppose upon the power plants, their development, extension and continual and satisfactory operation.

If the public sees the necessity of legislation, it should originate legislation in its own behalf, and legislative enactments should not always bear the earmarks of the corporations, working for their more or less selfish ends and for the further fastening of themselves upon the opportunities of furnishing service to the people.

A State Public Service Commission

To properly manage our power plants, and by power plants I mean broadly all so called public service corporations, I suggest the State Public Service Commission. This is not new. It has been in existence partially in Massachusetts for nearly fifteen years with far reaching effect. In the state of New York, for four years, a commission with very great powers is furnishing excellent results to both the public and the corporations themselves. The state commission of Wisconsin, of two years existence, is working on most model lines. When I propose a commission of this character, I do so on this premise, that from this year on the people of this state **expect, insist upon, and will have honest officers,** faithful to the trust bestowed upon them, and that the day of corporation control of public officers has been driven into oblivion, and not even the ghost of our old octopus, or the head of any new one will dare to raise itself in sight of an enlightened, an enraged and determined public.

Right of State to Regulate

A public service commission must be given very broad powers in order to accomplish results. Some will argue against the right of the state to control private property. From the days of the Pilgrim Fathers till about fifty years ago, our people lived and our institutions existed under the theory that this was a free country, a land of liberty. Man was free to worship and have opinion in accord with the dictates of his own conscience, provided only that in so doing he did not wrong his neighbors, was permitted to do almost anything with his property, subject to certain rights of the state or nation regarding taxation, which was considered just and necessary for the support and continuance of the government. Property could not be taken from him, or prices established, or value assigned for it, except for taxation purposes, and except where in the case of lands needed for establishing roads, public works, or buildings, and in the case of crops and food supplies, needed for the support of the army in time of war, or for the sick and hungry in time of famine or pestilence. The establishing of the common carrier, and the construction of railroads, promulgated the fundamental principles that individual property ownership could not be maintained against the public welfare. The rebellion destroyed the property value of the human slave and much property created by the slave's labor due to the preponderance of the idea that this action was necessary for the public welfare.

Tendency Toward Monopoly

The law of supply and demand and the principle of competition in accord with the prevailing economic theory of the times have always been considered efficacious means to guarantee the public a supply of food commodities at reasonable values. With the advent of large cities and the great growth of individual enterprises, came associations, or corporations, which established water supply systems, gas systems, telephone systems and later, electric light, heat and power transmission systems, for the purpose of furnishing these commodities or services. The very nature of this service of necessity developed along monopolistic lines and gave it established the doctrine that the public has an absolute interest in the use and control of every public utility in a public service. It is now an obsolete theory that individuals or corporations, in furnishing public service commodities, are not completely under public control in regard to price, character, and quality of service furnished. The English courts and our own courts, as late as 1860, rendered some very interesting decisions on this point. One court even decided that the vendor of gas and water could not be subjected to greater duties or liabilities than the vendors of other commodities are subjected to by the rules of law. In 1858, the courts of Wisconsin threw to the winds the previous English and United States decisions, and decided that, "When any business of general public concern is in its nature a virtual monopoly, it ceases to be private, and is subject to all laws regarding public enterprises." The Supreme Court of the United States, in the celebrated Granger case, Munn vs. Illinois, laid the foundation for all our existing regulatory means respecting common carriers, and from this somewhat meager decision has grown our "Interstate Commerce Commission, our various state railroad commissions, and last, but not least in importance to the commonwealth, in several states, our Public Service Commission."

Two Reasons For Regulation

A public service commission should exist for two important reasons. First, for the ultimate protection of the consumer, in guaranteeing good service, and equitable rates for service rendered. High rates are caused by over capitalization and avaricious owners, whose greed for wealth, no matter how acquired, is more predominant than their regard for justness and the public welfare. No sympathy should exist for the financial hog, who insists upon extorting more than he can possibly use, and who thoroughly masticates the financial apple till there is not even a core left for the public.

The second reason is for the protection of existing capital. The corporation must be protected from unwarranted competition and a fair rate guaranteed on its existing capital.

Capitalists, unless stricken with speculative fever, are coy and shy to invest in enterprises subject to the attack of the demagogue and agitator. Rates and regulations in most cities are made by inexperienced politicians, devoid of technical intelligence germane to the subject to be regulated. These men are often elected on political platforms or pre-election promises that the rates for gas, light, or water will be lowered. They act as ignorant, bigoted judges in a court which should be one of equity, not persecution, and attempt trial of the case with predetermined, prejudiced opinions.

Evils of Unwarranted Competition

Unwarranted competition causes as much evil as over-capitalization, as it is the initial cause of most over-capitalization. There is not a large city in the land that has not furnished one or more illustrations of the fact that competition in the service of public utility corporations has not been a guarantee of good service, or a regulator of rates. The absolute failure of competition to accomplish these results has cost the commonwealth of our various states untold millions of dollars in duplicate properties and investments upon which, when the period of consolidation comes, and with it the necessary "day of judgment," the people are forced to pay interest upon systems and properties which should never have been

established. Generally speaking, public service corporations are no better or no worse than the public seem to want. It often appears as though the public want to be bilked. If an opposition company is instituted, the public support it, help it to flourish for a time until more capital is needed. Capital does not sally forth to be wasted, and once more it means a complete case of a survival of the fittest and higher rates, due to consolidation, and once more the death knell is sounded over the corpse of a competitor, which had the partial encouragement of the public by our patronage in its futile infantile struggle.

Examples of Bad Competition

Our own city illustrates this point fully. A wealthy man of firm determination and stubborn disposition, in a spirit of pique, smarting from what he considered a personal insult from the manager of our great gas and electric company, hastily decided to install a competing company. He knew all the time it was a sell-out game, and that he would get handsome returns on his money. He invested in this city $4,500,000, and sold out for approximately $6,-500,000, and the public will have to pay for not only the duplicate mains, services, etc., but also for the unjust tribute representing his profit on an illegitimate business venture, which should never have been allowed to start.

Since 1890, to my personal knowledge, ten different companies, representing actual cash investments from $50,000 to over $4,000,000, have started to furnish light and power in San Francisco. They have never made money from operation, have always been failures from an honest dividend paying standpoint, but the owners have generally achieved financial success on the "sell out," much to the detriment of low rates for future generations, who must pay interest on capital invested in duplicate systems, which eventually lie idle and rust or rot.

Investment Must Be Encouraged

Our state now has three companies, which furnish hydro-electric and gas service to over 90 per cent of the population of the state, but even with this seeming monopoly, new capital is hard to enlist for extensions, unless on a promise of high returns, due to the constant menace of attack from public officers unfitted to regulate. The securities of public service corporations in Massachusetts, have stable values and are sought almost as much as municipal bonds on account of the protection afforded by the laws of the state.

The investor holds the key of the future of the state. Without his dollar we cannot expand, extend, or improve, no matter how great the needs of the country may be.

The high cost of living, the increased demand for food stuffs, the increased consumption over production call for development. This development must come by such changes in laws and methods as will define and make stable all existing rights as far as human agencies can accomplish the result and guarantee stability of future investment. The pulse of the public is erratic. At the present time the people seem to have a regular palsy of conservation, and seem to be inoculated with the virus of conservation and control of all public utilities and sources of their production. We must not go too far and take radical steps, must only so control and manage as to preserve for ourselves and unborn generations the greatest possible peace, health and happiness in the possession and operation of all public utilities. Every sensible, sober-minded man realizes that our action must not be erratic or spasmodic, but in order to change a condition of years of existence, requires careful thought and diligence in order not to develop and perpetrate a train of evils in the cure which causes as much pain as the disease itself. Ability and success in material development are often counteracted by a failure of legislation in protecting the result.

An awakened public spirit demands the development of the state's resources, demands better social and industrial conditions, and I fully believe that a public service commission will do more than any other agency to harmonize the combined interests of public, of capital, and of labor, so if you believe it is right, let all work together and have peace and accomplish a happy result.

"JOHNNY" POE, ORIGINAL

One would naturally expect originality from a member of the family that gave Edgar Allen Poe to the world, and those expectations were realized to the great joy of Princeton College when the Poe boys "made" the Tiger football team and for several seasons gave an exhibition of football ability that has never been equalled in the history of the game. The name Poe is still a synonym, wherever football is played in America, for genius of the first class.

But "Johnny" Poe, one of these stars, has developed other striking evidences of originality. After he left college he accepted an excellent position at sedentary work with a firm in Baltimore. He soon left it to accept a job as stevedore on Baltimore's waterfront at a great deal less pay. His employers liked Poe, but Poe did not like his "position"; the hardened muscles and fighting football spirit developed in college days cried aloud for the open air and hard work. He liked stevedoring not only because it gave his muscles play, but because it threw him with men who would fight. Poe loves to fight, likes nothing better.

When the gold excitement sprung up in Nevada, Poe hit the trail. He landed in Tonopah. He did not want an easy job nor the money that was to be had by such easy means as prospecting for gold or fleecing investors. He wanted work—hard work. He had an ambition to be the best "mucker" in Tonopah. In other words, he wanted the reputation of being the best man with a long-handled shovel in the whole camp. He achieved his ambition, and for three mortal years worked as a mucker, without the slightest desire to do anything else or to make more than his wages.

But he finally exhausted Tonopah's resources for his other pet amusement, that is, fighting. He read in the papers that a war had broken out between two Central American countries. He yearned to get in that fight, so pulled up stakes and went to San Francisco to sail for Latin America. But he could not decide which country he wanted to fight for. He finally settled the question in a characteristic way: he found that the fare to one country was $2.50 less than the fare to the other country. Poe chose the country that cost less to reach, and joined its army.

But the war petered out a few weeks after he got there, and Poe was left with no battles to fight. He returned to San Francisco, just in time for a gorgeous bit of excitement. The street car strike was on, with rifles against brickbats for arguments. Poe elected to go where he could get the most danger for his trouble, so became a strike breaker. This was more fun than Greaser petty wars. His enjoyment was complete when a strike sympathizer spit in his eye and gave Poe the opportunity to thrash him.

After the strike was over, war broke out between the same two Central American states. Poe hurried back, and just to vary the excitement, enlisted on the other side. His former comrades captured him, recognized him, charged him with being a spy, and gave him twenty-four hours to leave the isthmus.

Coming back to San Francisco after further wanderings, Poe decided to go to New York. He arranged to ship with a vessel sailing around the Horn. When he concluded his arrangements with the captain he added:

"But I have an awful lot of baggage. Can you take it too?"

"How many pieces have you?" asked the captain.

"Fifty-four," was Poe's reply.

"Fifty-four pieces of baggage! Of course I can't take all that."

After reflecting a moment, the captain asked:

"What is that baggage of yours?"

And Poe replied,

"A deck of cards and a pair of socks."

The captain took him.

Miss Mildred Jones is the Republican candidate for superintendent of schools in Tulsa county, Oklahoma. So far the only argument advanced against Miss Jones is that she is too young and pretty for the office.

Paintings were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners," her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment. "What a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed. "And how natural it looks!" "But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title. "Oh, yes, I see, gleaning millet! How perfectly fascinating!"—Youth's Companion.

Missouri traveler: This is a famous section for feuds, I understand? Native: No more peaceful parts anywhere than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie. "But how about the Billington-Wellington feud?" "Over long ago. I'm Billington." "Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellingtons." "No, nor you won't. The feud is over."—New York Weekly.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

HE RESOLVES TO BE RICH

BY

A. JUDSON

WHILE Jed ate at the family table, as long as there was a family table, his father was otherwise put to small cost because of him after he was fourteen and, even before that, he had borne a good share of the cost of his own keep. At the conclusion of "that bad summer," and the almost equally reprehensible previous year or more, during which Jed replenished his own exchequer by levying upon the portable properties of persons who were not looking, Jed found more legitimate means of adding to his monetary stores than he had supposed possible.

He took the neighbor's cows to pasture on the prairie and brought them in at night, ransacked the immediate vicinity for wild grapes and plums, all marketable in a nearly fruitless country for jellies and preserves, did janitor work, ran errands and by hook and by crook got together enough of the little "shinplasters" of those days at least to buy his own boots for winter, and the stuff for his clothing, except for an overcoat, which he disdained, for if it was cold he ran, and who ever froze on the run? The old tortoise-shell clock that always stopped when the mercury ran below zero, thereby waking the household through its failure to tick, was Jed's safe-deposit bank. He knew to a five-cent certainty just how much he had on clock deposit and, despite the hard conditions of the family purse, Jed's hoardings were seldom "borrowed" on any pretext. What he had was his own, and he early learned the value of money through learning what, in effort, it cost to get it.

He grew to hate poverty with a determination equal to that with which his father had enured himself to endure it, and he early began to yearn for his "time" that he might do business on his own account and speedily grow rich. He looked about among the successful business men of York and not one among them all had more than a common school education. If they wanted land surveyed or stacks of hay measured they came to Jed's father to do it, but they could make ordinary computations of arithmetic, and so could Jed; they could figure interest to a cent, and had not Jed ciphered again and again nearly through Ray's arithmetic? If any of these men wanted to know anything that they did not know they either consulted an attorney or came to Jed's father, the only living cyclopedia of general information in town, to find out; but they were always prosperous, while Jed's father never had a hundred dollars ahead of present necessities. He seldom got his taxes paid without the added penalty for delinquency, and what others owed to him in littles he owed to others in bulk and was eternally scratching to raise the interest.

Jed's father "went on" other people's notes and had to pay them, "chipped in" on every begging paper that went around, entertained at the family home any derelict that had no other place to go, never had a vacation from his work in all his life, except when he was ill in bed, and the pressure of necessities kept him slaving nights and Sundays as well as all through the week. As for Jed, he would do none of these things, no, not one. Yearning for his "time," which his father would not give, he nevertheless strove with feverish zeal to make money, with what success this chapter will undertake to show.

There was a little college hard by where Jed might have learned Greek and Latin, surveying and civil engineering, civil government and English, but not for Jed, his father sorrowfully protesting to the contrary notwithstanding. That there was no money in that Jed could plainly see. When his savings were big enough he bought a little, pot-bellied, churn-dash branded calf in town and led it out into the country and placed it with a farmer to be reared on shares. In the course of months and years he bought others and placed them out likewise until he had a hundred dollars' worth so placed and, in the vision of his mind, he saw a thousand hills dotted over with his lowing herds. The blackleg took some, some just naturally "gin out" betwixt the time when the farmers' cattle had eaten out through the hay roofs of the sheds under which they were sheltered, so that they could see the unobstructed stars in their courses, and the time when the new grass would afford them a living. Some proved "rough" when marketing time came and, to cut a long and harrowing story as short as possible, when Jed retired from the cattle business and had paid the farmers their share in the decreased increase, he had just his original hundred dollars left.

Jed tried hogs. The Chester Whites were then the favorites and Jed bought two little sows pedigreed to high degree. They were nurselings, or should have been, but, like Jed himself, had been brought up mainly on a bottle and, also like Jed himself, were somewhat undersized in consequence, but Jed was assured that they would come out all right if he fed them enough. He tried faithfully, but there was not enough provender produced in three counties to keep those two pigs content. When not eating they were squealing at the tops of their voices to the vast discomfort of the entire neighborhood. It was said that Jed deserved to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals in that he did not feed those pigs, but he did. He gathered the swill from the kitchen doors all about the neighborhood as well as from that of his father's home, gave them milk, pulled weeds for them, bought corn and cooked it for them, scrubbed them lily-white, instead of Chester, kept the pen as clean as some folk's parlors, but, week by week and month by month, he saw his prospects of selling pedigreed Chester Whites by the hundred at fabulous prices, vanish into thin air. To his dying day he never knew what ailed those pigs that nothing grew about them except their appetites and their stomachs. He traded one of them for an old shotgun and sold the other for four dollars and a half and went out of the pig business.

A country chum of Jed's worked for a minister in town and went to school. The minister had a family carriage mare of good appearance and action and the mare had a colt. This school chum loved the colt and made a pet of it, but he was too poor to buy it, and, when Jed went out of the cattle business, this chum persuaded Jed to buy that colt with his hundred dollars. Its sire was the fastest horse in the county and the mare, this chum believed, was as fast as the horse, or would have been if she had been trained. Now the colt was faster than both of them, just naturally a goer. This chum had chased it all around the pasture on the back of its fast mother and could not make it break a trot. Take his word for it there was a fortune in that colt. The beauty of it was that the minister was so blind to the colt's possibilities that they had never entered his innocent head and, if they had, he would sooner have hamstrung that colt with his own hands than to have it develop racing tendencies and so fall into the hands of the fast horse fraternity. Jed and his school chum lay out half of one night in an empty wagon looking up at the stars and building air castles on the possibilities of throwing dust in the eyes of Rattler, Goldsmith Maid, and even Old Dexter, when Persimmon should be four years old. He was than a yearling. Jed's hundred dollars went for that colt, which the minister was loth to sell, because he wanted to keep him for a family carriage horse when the mare should have grown too old.

Jed bought a trotting bit, rigged up a bitting harness and went at that colt, long-legged and gawky, but full of good blood and good spirits and, driving him about the streets, he made a fine show as a yearling. Jed saw himself sitting humped up on a sulky with cap drawn over his eyes unmoved by the plaudits of the grandstand, although happy in the assurance of victory at the fair; even the very next year, with Persimmon only a two-year-old, he saw himself taking the purse away from both the "Spotted Colt" and "Old Reynold," the sire of Persimmon, these two having competed for the purse with varying fortunes year by year ever since county fairs came into vogue.

But Jed noticed that when Persimmon got up, after lying down for a nap, he sat on his haunches like a dog and rose to his feet with much difficulty. Jed said little but thought a good deal and worried much. He brought a lightning-rod-man down to the stable to look at the colt, thinking that he was the professional fast horse trainer then in town, but it was a case of mistaken identity. The lightning-rod-man knew no more about horses than Jed, but the latter was much reassured when told that it was just a little weakness across the loins that the colt would outgrow if Jed would turn him out in a pasture for the summer, which Jed did.

But the older Persimmon grew the worse his malady became. He dragged his toes and, no matter what any other colt in the pasture did to him in the way of provocation he could only hump himself as if to kick but could not get both hind feet off the ground at once. He was a beauty, carried his head high and looked every inch a horse, but he was a congenital cripple and Jed sold him on long time without interest, to a poor man who had one blind horse and wanted to make up a team of some sort to peddle with around the country. Eventually Jed got back for him half that he had paid the minister. One day, years after, Jed's father kicked the trotting bit out of some rubbish near the barn door and, holding it up, said: "Well, son, you can thank your fortunate stars that you passed through your fast horse malady as cheaply as you did. Many a man has been ruined for life by it whereas you have only lost a little money, a good deal of time and a trotting bit which I have found. Throw it into the scrap box."

Jed's father never relinquished the idea of getting onto a small farm where he could grow small fruits, keep a few cows and so pass his aging days beneath his own vine if not fig tree, for fig trees did not flourish in that climate. Consequently he bought twenty acres down in the Sandy bottom with a cabin on it. A span of colts had grown up and Jed was eager to start on the improvement of that farm. Little daunted by his failures to get rich with cattle, hogs and fast horses among numerous other enterprises, Jed saw in a corn crop on that twenty acres the nucleus of landownership and affluence. He was doing no good in town, had no notion of going to school after spring should open, and so his father helped him to fit out a team and undertake a corn crop. He bached with a neighbor claim-owner in the little shell of a cabin.

Now this twenty acres, with another forty or two, were little plowed oases in the midst of a vast cattle-covered wilderness of grassland and watery swamp. Jed first put up a smooth wire fence with posts every two rods and four wires, just to keep the cattle off the plowed ground while he was fixing it for the crop. The curiosity of the cattle was aroused and they came around to see what was doing, never in all their lives having seen a fence of wire. The old cows came up and, thrusting their heads through between the wires, lurched against it back and forth and their calves swung on the wire as children swing on a gate. The cattle of the Sandy bottom had great joy of that fence.

But it did not stop them, so Jed planted another post in between each two, and, when the cattle got so that they could get through the fence thus strengthened, and they did, Jed put slats on between the posts, and when

this did not stop them, as it did not, Jed put on another wire, and then another, nailed on more slats and set more posts. The upshot of it all was that half a thousand cattle, theretofore docile, became so breachy that the only fence fashioned by the hand of man that would turn them was a stone wall five feet high that cost five dollars a rod to build. Their education was complete. It was freely declared by the neighboring farmers that Jed's one summer farming in the valley of the Sandy had cost the unoffending neighbor farmers fifty thousand dollars, and Jed's father was threatened with suits for damages if he did not take Jed away.

Just here Jed came near to both making a fortune and losing his own soul, a dual accomplishment not as rare as it should be. With malice aforethought he deliberately tried to invent barbed wire. First he thought of a sharpened wire that would cut the cattle in two when they lurched against it, then he resorted to barbs. With pliers and a broken piece of buggy spring with a hole in it Jed fitted on a few barbs, but the hand process was slow and he could not conceive of a machine that could be made to do so much twisting and crimping of the wire, so he abandoned the idea. At any rate he was not haunted to his grave with the consciousness of having inflicted that atrocity upon an irresponsible brute creation.

Butchers complained that there was no money to be made that year off hides taken from the cattle of Sandy Bottom, the hides were so eaten through by grubs. Stretched upon the fence to dry, the hides from that district looked as though they had been riddled with buckshot, but it was neither buckshot nor grubs that impaired the value of those hides. Jed knew, although he kept the information to himself, his relations with the neighboring farmers and cattle owners being sufficiently strained at the best, but Jed made those holes in those hides with a pitchfork while driving those cattle out of his corn.

Jed's team was young and fractious, and so was he. When he marked off his ground for the corn he lost his patience with the colts and jerked and yelled at them and they plunged and ran with the result that, it was confidently believed, if the rows of corn on that twenty acres could have been straightened out they would have extended across the Sandy itself and well over into the jurisdiction of the next county. When Jed got to plowing in his corn, and had penetrated three or four rods from the exterior boundary, he could not for the life of him tell which row he was in, but the corn grew, and so did his watermelons, and Jed would have been content if he could have kept the vagrant cattle out of his field. This required all of his time after the grass had lost its freshness and the corn was in the milk.

One day Jed first drove the cattle over into the valley of the Serpentine and then hurried to town for a new supply of provisions, intending to be back before the cattle, but the river was up, the big ferryboat had been swept down-stream and Jed had to picket his horse and cross in a skiff. Somebody rowed away with the skiff and Jed could not get back to his corn field until the next morning. Meantime 500 head of cattle had spent the night in Jed's corn field. They had made of it a wreck of bare stalks and trampled ears. But Jed had his revenge. It consisted in the fact that half a hundred of the most greedy of them, as a result of their over-bounteous feed, were lying along the margin next the fence, skin-tight with bloat and bellyache.

Nor had his watermelon patch escaped. A passing wagonload of revelers from a down-the-valley town, having first overloaded with prohibited bitters, paid Jed's cabin a visit, feasted to their fill on his melons and filled his well with what they could neither eat nor carry away.

Jed quit. The team was sold, the land was rented and Jed returned home at the end of the summer weighed down by the conviction that, being the son of his father, he was foredoomed to be a financial failure. It was ten years before he discovered, to his surprise and gratification, that he could, in truth, make a dollar and lay by at least a part of it.

Now there was in York a girl.

Burdening her with his misfortunes, which weighed upon the soul of Jed more heavily than the woes of Ulysses weighed upon that much suffering hero, Jed happened to say, "Now I ought to have went,—"

"Have went?" she repeated after him with elevated eyebrows.

"Well, what's the matter with 'have went'?" he demanded in return.

"Oh, nothing except that it sounds peculiar coming from a person who affects good breeding," was the cutting reply, given with a toss of a pretty head.

Jed blushed scarlet to the quick. He turned upon his heel, stammered a good evening and, feeling that his legs were changed into wooden timbers, he stilted away for a miserable hour alone in the woods to have it out with himself. "Confound her! Who is she to lord it over me?" exclaimed he as he strode along under the shadows of the elms and cottonwoods thoroughly angry, vowing that he would never speak to that girl again as long as he lived.

"Affects good breeding!" Was he therefore not well-bred, and only a scrub, "affecting" what he did not possess? He would leave that town and go where he would be respected. That's what he would do. But where would that be? Was there anywhere that an "affected" good breeding would serve the purpose of the real thing? Jed walked on and on, conjecturing, threatening, angry with the girl he thought far the nicest in York, and so rounded up at home by bed-time thoroughly tired and thoroughly discouraged. His father was sitting alone on the stoop. Jed sprawled on the steps at his feet.

"Well, son, what are you going to do next?"

"I don't know. I reckon I ought to have went to school instead of trying to make money."

"Have went?"

"Well, what's the matter with 'have went'?"

"Did you ever hear me say 'have went'?"

"I don't know, I never noticed. What's the matter with 'have went' anyhow? That's the second time it has been thrown up to me today?"

"Yes, who did it before?"

"Helen."

"And what did Helen say?"

"Said that it sounded peculiar coming from one who 'affects' good breeding."

"I quite agree with her," returned Jed's father.

"And do I 'affect' good breeding?"

"Well, as long as you have asked the question yourself, I'll answer you," said Jed's father. "You have lately been assuming the airs of young manhood and talking learnedly of things about which you know only the merest hearsay, using ungrammatical language and cutting a not very attractive figure. Your associates, for the last two or three years have smacked of horse and hog, you have read little or nothing, your education is elementary and you have come to the point where you must soon make choice whether you will be a man of intelligence or a common teamster, it would seem, to whom the world of literature, of art, of science and of public affairs will be as though it did not exist. You have given me great pain, but I have not dared to insist on a wiser policy lest you run away again and I lose my hold on you altogether. If now Helen has mortified you so that you can see yourself as the rest of us see you, a raw, untrained, self-willed young man who has good stuff in him, if he will only have the sense to use it, the incident may prove your salvation. I shall feel like thanking the young lady from the bottom of my heart the next time I see her. Being educated, as she is, she is not for such as you, I can tell you. But there is that little college still up there on the hill. With a little brushing up you could, I think, enter the preparatory department when the term opens. With your developed experience outside you will learn much faster than when you quit the grammar school and you will understand better what you learn. With what you have saved out of your latest financial wreck and what you can earn in vacation helping me in the office between times, I think we can make shift to send you, anyhow the coming year. Think it over. Good night."

Jed thought it over half the night, finally going to sleep on the resolution that he would "brush up" and go to the little college on the hill.

The next day, while busy with his old school books trying to find where he left off, and where the lowest class in the college started in, Helen ran in, of course, to see one of Jed's sisters. Sister happened not to be at home but Helen came in anyhow just for a minute.

"I'm sorry, Jed," she said, "if I hurt your feelings yesterday."

"I'm not."

"Why?"

"Because you and Dad made me see myself for the ass I am, and I'm going to college if there's any place where I can get in."

"Oh, goody, goody!" Helen cried, clapping Jed on the shoulder and shaking him hard as she could. "That will be great and I'll help you if you need any help. I always felt you'd come to some time and that if you did there isn't one among all the boys that can get the better of you. Of course you can't keep up with us girls, none of the boys can do that. But you haven't had any sense, Jed, just any good, common sense, sense enough, don't you know, to know what you need most. If I've helped to bring you to your better senses, oh! goody, goody! it's just great!"

Reaching over for a little volume that Jed had gotten out with his school books, one that had been his mother's, Helen opened it and, standing on one foot with one knee on the sofa at her side, she read with that sweet, inspiring voice of hers:

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

She dropped the book, reached over and kissed Jed on his upturned forehead and darted, dancing out of the door. Turning at the gate, just to toss her head and laugh irritatingly as she had done the day before, she ran away leaving Jed as near to Heaven's gate as he probably ever got.

Jed picked up the little volume of Lallah Rookh where Helen had dropped it, searched its pages until he found the lines Helen had read, and committed them to memory before he laid the book down. For the first time in his life he had discovered that poetry is something more than printed matter, every line of which begins with a capital letter.

Two years later, when Jed had attained his majority and must now go to work for his living, his father slipped into his hand a ten-dollar gold piece, a rare sight in those days. It had been coined in the year of Jed's birth and had paid the marriage fee for one of his favorite teachers in the little college on the hill. And that was every cent Jed had when twenty-one, and not even that was the result of Jed's "Resolve to Be Rich."

A suburban chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said excitedly: "Give me another half pound of your powder quick, please." "Oh," remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order, "I'm glad you like the powder. Good, isn't it?" "Yes," replied the customer. "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound he'll die."—Suburban Life.

A sociologist in conversation with a practical person from the middle west, concerning the labor problem in her part of the country, thereby learned the lesson of the situation. "Are there many men out of work?" he asked. The lady admitted that there were quite a number. "What," said he then, "do the unemployed do?" "Nothing," said the lady. "That's the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

("Unconventional People"—Concluded)

notices that he is hungry, and he eats the nearest thing at hand. In the same way, he does not hesitate to satisfy other appetites when they become so insistent that they interfere with his labor, and he is just as careless how he satisfies them. Here he bumps into our moral code, and we are shocked to see that he does not revere it. He is equally shocked to find that we consider the matter important. As I said above, I don't justify the genius: I am trying to explain him. Not all geniuses have the time or the power to impress their private moral code upon a whole people with the sanction of religion. Mohammed and Brigham Young did, but morals were their special business. Byron tried it, but made a fizzle of it.

But we must pass on. Somehow we seem constantly to get tangled up in the subject of morals. We had better stick to something we know more about.

Now for the other class of unconventional people. The cities are full of them; musicians with long hair who never met a note in their lives, but who pose and pirouette through life to the great edification of their admirers but to the little profit of music or the public; artists who have talked "technique" to death but cannot paint a signboard right; writers who are perfect devils in "Bohemia" and zeroes in "Who's Who;" dilettante scientists who know everything that everybody else ever discovered and nothing that they have discovered for themselves. Some of them affect long hair, some baggy trousers, some a learned air.

The trouble with these people is that they put the cart before the horse. Edison is unconventional because he has been so busy being a scientist that he has had no time to eat or dress according to the mode. But he made his inventions by hard work, not by wearing frowzy clothes. Burns wrote his poems in spite of his immoralities, not because of them. Michael Angelo made his statues in spite of his erratic "temperament," not because of it. But our light-headed unconventionalists seem to feel that there is some mysterious bond between unconvention and achievement, and so they assume the one to attain the other, by some process of contagion, we presume.

This article must end somewhere, and this looks like a good place to stop. Let us do so with a concluding fable:

An Ox, an Ass and a Lion started out on a journey. The Ox was for going the beaten road, and nothing could swerve him from it. He found the Lion useful, because he was bold, and frightened obstacles away from the road. But the Ox became angry at the Lion because the Lion would not stay in the road, but insisted on foraging off on either side wherever he pleased. So the Ox caught the Lion when he was thinking about something else, and gored him to death. Further along the road the Ox was halted by a frightful Obstacle, which he dared not try to fight. Also, he was afraid to go around the Obstacle, because then he would have to get off the beaten road. Then the Ass, seeing the Ox's perplexity, had a brilliant idea. He ran back to where the dead Lion lay, removed his skin, and put it on his own back. When he returned, he found that another Lion had cleared the road for the Ox. But after the Ox had passed the Obstacle again barred the road. And the Ass made out to roar at the Obstacle, but all he could do was bray. Whereupon the Obstacle laughed aloud, and said, "It is not worth the trouble to kill. It is only an Ass." So the Ass ran by, unharmed, and caught up with the Ox. And he found the Ox goring the second Lion.

Moral: There isn't any.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.—Suburban Life.

Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week.—Cicero News.

Ad in "L" train—"A royal treat for guests. Roast them in a hot oven—ready in a jiffy—eat 'em hot."—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONALIA

Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering of San Francisco has been added to the list of contributing editors for the Woman's Journal to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Thomas J. Vivian, the president of the National California Club, recently gave a "presidents' tea" in New York. Among the presidents entertained were Miss Mary Garrett Hay of the Daughters of Indiana, Mrs. Elliott Langstaff of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Mrs. Philip Carpenter of Sorosis, Mrs. de Rivera of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Gerard Banker, Society of the New York State Women; Miss Helen Varick Boswell, Woman's Forum, and Mrs. Heron Crosman of the National Society of Patriotic Women.

Mrs. Annie Wakeman Lathrop is making a tour of this country to study the conditions of American women for a group of London newspapers. She is now in California and after finishing her observations in the west she will go south and then go east. Mrs. Lathrop is an American woman who twenty-seven years ago went to London as a newspaper correspondent. Her husband is in the American consular service at Bristol.

No sketch, however short, of Lord Alverstone would be complete unless it contained some reference to his singing. As athletics is his passion out of doors music is his love in less strenuous moments. The rich, mellow voice, so impressive on the bench, is turned to account elsewhere in various ways. In the surpliced choir of St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, the athletic figure of Lord Alverstone is to be seen every Sunday when he is in London. At other times no amateur can troll out with better effect the good old English songs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers with 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.
ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.
11-18-6t

NOTICE OF SALE OF DELINQUENT SHARES OF STOCK
LUXOR OIL COMPANY, A CORPORATION

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, southeast corner of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

NOTICE

There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Names.	Number of Certificate	No. of shares	Amount
Bunger, F. C.	111	250	5.00
Callaghan, R. I.	36	6500	130.00
Callaghan, R. I.	90	4500	90.00
Cormack, C. F.	60	1000	20.00
Donovan, Wm.	153	500	10.00
Ford, Mrs.	151	1000	20.00
Grogan, W. R.	156	18188	363.66
Gyles, Edw.	76	400	8.00
Grogan, Mrs. W. R.	157	3000	60.00
Hoadley, G. O.	67	17200	344.00
Harrower, Robert	77	1000	20.00
Hammond, Wm.	83	100	2.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	87	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	137	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	138	250	5.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	140	500	10.00
Kinewell, Jno.	81	1000	20.00
Lowe, Robert R.	101	1000	20.00
McCarthy, J. D.	160	1000	20.00
McCarthy, Jos. P.	94	100	2.00
Nee, Mrs. M. E.	83	100	2.00
O'Brien, T.	10	333	6.66
Rissin, H. A.	52	1000	20.00
Rissin, H. A.	53	1000	20.00
Rissin, H. A.	54	500	10.00
Rissin, H. A., Trustee	103	10000	200.00
Rissin, H. A., Trustee	103	9000	180.00
Rissin, Annette A.	162	100	2.00
A. F. Saunders	145	250	5.00
Saunders, Mrs. A. F.	144	250	5.00
Treguer, Mrs. Anna	148	200	4.00
Whitelaw, C. J.	50	5000	50.00
Webb, Mrs. Chas.	147	500	10.00

And in accordance with law so much thereof as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the said corporation, at 310 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company.
Location of office, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.
11-18-3t

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Buclimo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation is hereby called for, and will be held at the office of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building and place where the Board of Directors usually meet), on TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M. on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated September 1, 1910.
THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.
9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY,
Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof,
Defendants.

Action
No. [illegible]

ERNEST J. MOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9 7/8) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2 1/8) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2 1/8) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, California.

The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Nov. 11-6t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office.
30 Montgomery St.
Phone Kearny 4491

Residence.
1297 McAllister St.
Phone Park 4500

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Department of Banking

Whoever undertakes to take care of other people's money must himself be under some degree of other people's surveillance. The bankers are the bookkeepers of the business of the people of the state. Thy are near the nerve center of our commercial and industrial life. With a capital of their own invested in the business of banking of less than a hundred fifty millions the banks of California have assets totaling nearly a thousand million dollars. In other words, something like seventeen-twentieths of the money our banks are doing business with is other people's money entrusted to them, for safe-keeping and for putting out to use that it may earn something for its owners. These figures serve to show how necessary it is to the public safety to have our banks above suspicion and to see to it that banking in California is done by prudent men and along prudent lines.

Supervisory control over banking in California is being attempted through a State Department of Banking, entirely remodeled by the legislature of 1909, by an act known as "The California Bank Act." This act embraces about forty pages in an ordinary sized pamphlet and is made up of scores, perhaps hundreds, of regulations which banks are required to follow in the conduct of their business. These regulations are intricate and searching and it is the duty of the department of banking to see to it that they are obeyed. As this is not an article on banking, but on the efforts of the state to control banking, an analysis of the bank act will not at this time be attempted.

The head of the State Department of Banking is the Superintendent of Banks, appointed by the governor to hold his office for four years, and he must have had an active banking experience either as executive officer or director of some bank or trust company. This does not amount to having been a trained banker, for there are numberless bank directors who have had precious little to do with directing any bank and whose incumbency of the office of director would no better fit them for being Superintendent of Banks than being a trustee of a church would qualify one to occupy the pulpit. After all the governor is responsible to the people for the kind of man appointed and it is to be doubted if any restrictions placed in the law could be relied on to secure the appointment of a man fit to fill the place. That may as well rest in the hands of the governor without limitation as with limitations of any kind.

The Superintendent of Banks receives a salary of $10,000 a year and he is empowered to select and employ a chief deputy and such clerks and examiners as his office requires and to fix their salaries, except that the salary of the chief deputy is fixed at $4,000 a year, and with the further exception that the total expense of the department must not exceed $75,000 a year.

The present personnel of the department of banking requires the services, beside the superintendent and his chief deputy, of nine bank examiners drawing salaries of $1800 to $3300 each.

Then there is an attorney receiving a salary of $4,500, five clerks at from $900 to $1,800, five stenographers, a telephone operator and a messenger. All told the salary list foots up to $52,640, including the salary of the superintendent, besides traveling and office expenses. It is unlikely that there is much left at the end of the year out of the $75,000 limit.

This is not a burden upon the taxpayer. The state banking fund is made up by assessing the whole cost to the certificated banks in the ratio of the deposits of each of the banks to the total deposits of all the banks, and it is made the duty of the superintendent to collect these assessments and cover them into the state treasury. The expenses are paid only through warrants upon the state treasurer drawn by the state controller after the state board of examiners have certified the correctness of the claims. The salaries are paid directly on the warrants of the controller.

It is the duty of the bank examiners to examine all commercial banks at least twice a year and all savings banks at least once a year and to report to the superintendent. All the securities held by banks must be valued and, if found of questionable character, the bank holding them must strengthen its capital or otherwise safeguard the depositors. If banks fail of complying with the requirements of the Department of Banking their doors may be closed and their business liquidated, the superintendent or his appointee taking charge and handling the business in such way as shall best preserve the interests of stockholders and depositors, the interests of the depositors coming first.

There is no question that the new State Banking Act is a great improvement over the old one, but no law can safeguard the public interests in banks unless the administration of that law is in competent and loyal hands. Until within the past two years bank examining in California has been to a degree farcical because mainly political. The present law gives us promise of better things but has not yet borne the test of time, and time must tell. The responsibility devolving upon the State Superintendent of Banks is both grave and great.

It is a curious fact that Sardou's dramas, "Dante" and "Robespierre," although seen both in England and America, were never played in France. There happens to be at present a movement on foot to erect a statue to Robespierre, whom his admirers still style "the incorruptible," and it is suggested that Sardou's drama be performed in Paris in aid of the necessary funds.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

FOR RENT—Ten-roomed house on Kingston avenue, Piedmont (rear Linda); rent forty dollars per month. Real Estate Co., 4054 Piedmont avenue, rear Key Route Depot.
10-28-2t

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This Week: "The Achievement of Popular Government"

By Milton T. U'Ren

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: NOVEMBER 25: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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Men of Sacramento Stand Together

FOR THE SECOND TIME within a year, besides other times, the men of Sacramento have voted down a proposal to filter e water taken from the Sacramento river for domestic use. Not they know themselves will Sacramentans vote themselves away om a valid excuse for not drinking water.

Unfit

HAWLEY W. CRIPPEN on Wednesday morning paid without grace the debt he owed the majesty of British law and id it with his life. He was unfit either to live or to die, and ere should have been room, even in crowded England, for that an to toil in silence, usefully to the state, until nature herself ncelled the obligation. The efficiency of British law has been ifyingly exemplified, but not its wisdom. The rule of a life for life belongs to the old dispensation, not the new, and capital nishment, except in the case of congenital degenerates with omicidal mania, should be abolished the world around.

Food For Bacteria

OY TO THAT MISCROSCOPIC LIFE whose function is to reduce flesh to dust! There will be business for such life Mexico. The retribution that Diaz will exact of the revolu-onists will be terrible. Disaffection is sporadic and widely dis-ibuted throughout Mexico, but doubtless so incoherent as to unable to withstand the telling blows that the government's sciplined soldiery will deal. The rigors of the Diaz despotism uld the better be excused if its purpose had been justice rather an spoliation.

The Furies

HAVE THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND gone mad or have they demonstrated the truth that every mob, male or female, gh or low, civilized or uncivilized, is only a mob and nothing ore? That may be the way, in England, to get votes for women, t let not the women of California take it into their heads that nilar methods will work well here. The Men of California may ant votes to women, and this paper hopes that they will, but ver to furies.

Dollar For Dollar

GOVERNOR-ELECT DIX of New York has announced a dollar-for-dollar platform for the conduct of his administra-on, by which he means to secure for the public dollar the same rchasing power that the privately owned dollar has. Good ea! There is only one other that is better and that is to secure r the dollar of the poor the same, or nearly the same, purchasing wer that is everywhere accorded the dollar of the well-to-do. f all dollars the one that costs most, and buys least, is the dollar at has to be expended a dime at a time. Often it is robbed of lf its value.

First Fruits of Victory

THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE against Abraham Ruef, in which a conviction was secured directly after the shooting of rancis J. Heney, through the voluntary services of Hiram John-on and Matt I. Sullivan, has been decided by the appellate urt in favor of the state. The verdict of conviction rendered by e jury in the case tried before Judge Lawlor has been affirmed. Abe Ruef stands convicted, with a penitentiary sentence of fourteen years ahead of him. Great news! But it is not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Ruef shall be the scapegoat for all the other grafters. Now that his conviction is made sure there can be no good reason for his shielding his co-conspirators. He should furnish the missing link of testimony for the conviction of Calhoun and the others, and Attorney General Webb should take the graft cases out of the hands of the unworthy Fickert and proceed to business. The decision was written by Justice Cooper and is concurred in by Hall and Kerrigan. Again, great news! That graft prosecution was no failure and like Shasta, the farther we get away from it the more stupendous it will bulk.

Metal Trades' Agreement

THE AGREEMENT entered into last week by the San Francisco Metal Trades' Association and Iron Trades' Council, has at least this to commend it: It recognizes that as goes one of the coast cities in relation to the eight-hour day, sooner or later, so must they all. It is impossible that in San Francisco wages shall continue high and the working day short while in Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, wages shall rule low and the working day long. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed that august individual will have to go to the mountain, and it was wise to defer the issue until the 9th of November, 1911, to see which. Meantime let us hope that the mountain may get a move on it, always keeping in mind what Pittsburg is doing.

Time To Cool

ALL OVER THE NATION newly elected congressmen are crying out against the hard luck that keeps them out of action for thirteen unlucky months after election. Wise old Uncle Sam! He is merely giving his boys-elect a chance to cool off. There is no knowing what they might undertake to do if inducted into office in the first flush of victory. The American congress is no Pentecost.

The Concrete Tie

IF IT BE TRUE, as claimed, that George Gates of San Jose has invented a flexible, dependable, practicable and inexpensive concrete tie fit for railroading then is the said Gates a greater conservator of our forests than either Theodore Roosevelt or Gifford Pinchot. But beware of newspaper heroes! For absolute information regarding that tie ask any section boss years hence.

Keep An Eye on Nelse

THERE ARE WHISPERINGS in the eastern winds to the effect that Senator Nelson A. Aldrich has his central bank and currency reform ideas whipped into legislative shape ready to crack through congress while that body is still in the hands of the stand-patters. His ambition is so to round out his career. Common opinion is that the lamentable tariff rounded that career out as far as it will stand and, while a not too grateful people would like to be accommodating, they can hardly take the risk of having their finances irretrievably juggled even for the sake of writing "finis" to the Aldrich career. At least two years of public education and discussion should antedate the much needed reform of our monetary and banking systems.

Tolstoy

Aged and infirm, heartbroken by the hardships, ignorance, poverty and degradation of those by whom he was surrounded, in a peasant's hut, there lately died one of the world's great men. He was great rather than wise, abounding in genius rather than in common sense, a towering mentality with sympathies to match his intellectual stature. Hardly since the Son of Man has the world had another such masterful personality who took upon himself so unsparingly the sorrows of the world. He painted civic life as Verestchagin painted war scenes, so abominably and terribly true that one can scarcely look upon the picture, and yet so like life as to rank with the eternal verities. His books were no more for the young to read than holocausts are for enceinte women to see. They are as unmoral as nature itself, but no more immoral than nature is. How great Tolstoy was we can begin to understand when we reflect that he was the only Russian insurgent to whom the Russian autocracy did not dare grant martyrdom. His punishment would have convulsed the Russian nation if not the world. A man of sorrows, a long-living protest to the existing order in his own country and all countries, he had finished his work and his death in a hovel by the roadside was hardly less fitting to the need of what he stood for than the perishing of The Christ on the cross was fitted to the necessities of the great work that he was to do. It, too, will touch the heart of the world. To paraphrase, "for ages beyond our ken the light he left behind him will lie along the paths of men."

The Advisory Vote Issue

Notwithstanding that "The Watchman," in the department of "Political Table Talk," has given no little consideration to the advisory vote issue the importance of that issue justifies editorial attention, for seldom has there been greater need for sobriety of judgment and dispassionateness of feeling. Much depends upon the outcome.

In common with the people of the United States the people of California desire to elect United States senators by direct vote. This cannot be directly done without an amendment to the constitution of the United States, a document difficult of amendment. As the nearest approximation to election by direct vote, without amending the constitution of the United States, resort has been had in several states to the advisory vote whereby legislators may be informed as to whom the people prefer to represent them in the upper house of congress.

The crux of the question is: What is the validity to be accorded that advisory vote by the legislators? Is it to be in fact, as in theory, advisory or is it to be regarded as mandatory, as in the case of presidential electors, who have surrendered to the popular will all save the mere mechanics of their office? If advisory, shall the advice of the people be lightly considered and tossed to one side as of small consequence? If so, what is to become of the advisory system as a substitute for, and near approximation to, direct election of senators?

If the advisory vote is to be accepted as mandatory, leaving the legislator no opportunity for independent judgment, what are we to say of the constitutionality of a state law that would thus nullify a provision of the constitution of the United States? These problems are all up for public and legislative consideration and the precedents established by our legislature in January may prove to have far reaching consequences.

Fortunately for us we are not wholly without judicial guidance. In the case of Wisconsin vs. Frear, lately decided, the supreme court of that state goes into the advisory vote issue thoroughly, for that state has an advisory vote provision in its direct primary law, although not botched as in our own. Among other propositions laid down in this very lengthy and exhaustive decision are the following:

"Legislators are agents of the people and the known wishes of the people are to be given grave consideration.

"Performing the empty ceremony of recording the wish of the people is vitally different from expressing and recording independent thought and judgment.

"The law imposes no duty nor does it direct the choice to some person who was voted for at the advisory vote.

"It is not apparent how any primary law can be held to be so coercive as to destroy judgment and discretion on the part of the membership of any legislature when it comes to perform the duty of electing a United States Senator.

"When the popular majority for any senatorial candidate is large great deference should, and no doubt will be, accorded to its voice, but when sentiment does not radically preponderate in favor of a single candidate the advisory vote may have a comparatively slight influence.

"The advisory vote is equivalent to the right of petition.

"If the primary act were construed as imposing upon the members of the legislature either a legal duty or a moral obligation to abide by the advisory verdict rendered at the primary election **it would require judicial condemnation.**

"It is not only the right but the sworn duty of the members of the legislature to exercise **their respective official judgments.**

"The United States constitution cannot be changed by an act of a state legislature.

"But construing the law as imposing no legal obligation on the part of any legislator to vote for his (advisory) party nominee at the primary we must assume that the legislators will vote **according to their consciences and convictions,** giving due weight to the advisory vote of the people, and that, therefore, neither the letter nor the spirit of the constitution has been transgressed by the advisory provision of the Wisconsin direct primary law."

These declarations apply as certainly to our own primary law as to the primary law in Wisconsin. The compromise provisions in our bungled statute telling how the legislator shall reckon the advisement, whether by districts or otherwise, are impertinent, illegal, illogical and an affront to common sense, for the reason that the whole advisory provision is intended to aid the legislator in acquainting him with the sentiments of the people and would be unconstitutional and void if it attempted to do more than to advise. How that advice is to be construed is for the legislator, not the law, to say.

Applying these principles to the state of facts confronting us what do we find: Judge Works received 64,961 votes, Spalding received 63,461, Meserve 52,553. There is and was no unanimity of public sentiment for anyone of the three candidates for senatorial honors, and the legislators, if personally free from having made pledges, are not "advised" as to popular preference and may elect a United States senator precisely as though no advisory vote had been taken.

But each legislator has a right, if he chooses to exercise it, to be governed by the preference expressed by the people of his own district. If that preference was fairly and predominatingly expressed it should, and will, have great weight with him, but cannot be made legally or even morally obligatory. There is nothing in it that obliges a legislator to abdicate his constitutional prerogative to exercise his own wisest discretion in casting his vote. If there were the whole advisory provision of law would be unconstitutional and void.

If ever the courts get a chance at the district provision of the advisory paragraph they will annihilate it at a single stroke. The only possible use for that paragraph is to advise the legislator as to what public sentiment is. Having done that single thing it has done all it ever can do and it is up to the legislator to determine what he will do about it. His day of reckoning will come when he comes up for re-election.

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Restriction of Output

This paper has not found many occasions which would permit it to say a good word for Mayor P. H. McCarthy of San Francisco and now that a chance offers we jump at it. One of the sins charged against unionism is that it has tended to permit the slow workman to set the pace for the more rapid and to hold the more capable back from rendering as good service as he might. This is even more unjust than the practice of employers of permitting the fast workman to set the pace and to base wages on what he can accomplish. When the fast workman sets the pace it inspires to efficiency, whereas, when the pace is set by the slow man the inspiration is to become less proficient and to "soldier" on the job, a most demoralizing tendency.

But Mayor McCarthy, as arbiter between the Upholsterer's Union and the Furniture Trades Association, has stated the case with great plainness and force and this paper takes pleasure in approving his outspoken language unequivocally.

"Any restriction," declares Mr. McCarthy, "regarding the output cannot be too severely dealt with. No matter what may be assigned as the reason for restricting the output of any factory, the crime against union labor and the union movement, and the principles for which the union and industrial movement stands, have, in the premises, been so severely dealt with that every loyal trades unionist must turn against the policy of restricting the output with all the energy, grit and determination of his soul. A minimum wage being set, below which no employer or employe may go, and above which the employer and employe collectively may rise as high as appears fair and honest from the standpoint of the ability of the employe to satisfy the desire of the employer, is all that can be looked forward to within the boundary lines of honesty, equity and fair play. The holding down or the keeping back of an expert workman to the possible output of the minimum rated mechanic or workman is an injustice to the workman, an injustice to the employer, an injustice to the industry generally, and, above and beyond all, a most severe blow to the cause of trades unionism. What one workman may do with a great deal of ease and comfort another workman may find it a very difficult task to even remotely approach. This condition of things is to be found in every walk of life; found in

ie ranks of the professional, business and orking man alike. Hence the union move- ient, no more than the Bar Association, the lerchants' Association, the medical societies r other kindred institutions, has no legal or ioral right to in any way curb the ability of ie member or members of the said union re- arding the discharge of the duties of their ffices in connection with their employer and accordance with their ability to proceed ith their particular line of work above and eyond their minimum rated brother."

Rates For Lights

In a letter published over his own signature Ir. John A. Britton, general manager of the acific Gas and Electric Company, states that ie maximum charge for electric current in the ay cities is 9 cents per kilowatt hour, but iat the average charge is between five and x cents. Who pays the maximum and who ays the minimum?

Unquestionably the small consumer, the mily home, and especially the small home, ays the 9 cent rate. If the average be be- ween 5 and 6 cents, and the maximum 9, then ie minimum is probably somewhere about ½ cents per kilowatt hour paid by the large onsumers, or about half what the common eople pay.

If furnishing electric energy for lighting ere a private business wholesale and retail ites might properly be charged, even then retail rate that doubled the wholesale would e extortionate.

But the Pacific Gas and Electric Company a public service corporation. It occupies ie streets of the people and mars their land- cape with unsightly and dangerous poles. ailroads are permitted to make a rate per undred pounds and a rate per car, but not a ite per trainload. It is to be doubted if there e such a justification for discriminating gainst the small consumer of electric light, nd in favor of the large, as there is between ie shipper of a hundred weight and the ship- er of a full carload by freight. Furnishing lectric energy for lights would seem to be iore like furnishing postal facilities by the ational government, wherein each person ays 2 cents for sending each ounce first class whether one or a thousand ounces be sent, or 6 cents per pound for merchandise whether ie pound package be sent or ten thousand uch packages. Some slight difference, based n the cost of accounting and collecting small ills compared with large, may reasonably be iade between small consumers and large, but where the average charge is between 5 cents nd 6, and the maximum is 9, it is fairly evi- ent that either the minimum rate is too low r the maximum is much too high, the pre- umption being in favor of the maximum rate eing too great.

This is something to which our municipal ate-fixers should give thoughtful and pains- aking attention. Lighting is a material item n the cost of living.

Just a Jubilee!

There was nothing spectacular about the ubilee service held by the First Congrega- ional Church of Oakland Sunday last, only ust a fitting remembrance of fifty years of ervice to the public by an institution that is ot public, for, be it remembered, a church is private organization constituted, constructed, supported by a voluntary association of like eeling if not like believing persons. Who- ever, not being a member, enters the door does so as the guest of the owners. He has no rights there that the owners are bound to re- spect except the right to hospitality. And yet a church is a wonderful servant of the public! The First Congregational Church of Oakland is. It began with seventeen members fifty years ago and now has many more than a hundred times as many and its pastor preaches to the largest Congregational congregation, with one exception, west of the Hudson river. What is its history? No quarrels within, no heresy trials, only three pastors in all those years, more than one and a quarter millions of dollars contributed and given in charity and more than five times that sum given to ben- evolent enterprises by its members, more help- ing hands and words of admonition and cheer than dollars many times over and over again. Yet there are those who look upon a church as a personal affront, too often with the abundant reason that it condemns everything they do or stand for. But this is only one church among many, although an exceptional church in purity and power.

Where to Hold the Exposition

It is now almost inconceivable that San Francisco should not be selected as the place for holding the Panama-Pacific exposition. The state and the city have done so much that the nation, and congress, cannot have the face to ask more, and what has been done is un- approachable by New Orleans. Therefore it is time to consider where the grounds shall be located.

That Golden Gate Park will be a good place no one can deny. Apart from the advantage that would accrue to contiguous lands, which must accrue to some lands or holdings where- ever the site for the exposition may be lo- cated, and which cannot be looked upon as an illegitimate gain, no private advantage is likely to be gained from a park location, certainly none comparable with the location of the ex- position upon private grounds to be improved at public expense. The park location must, therefore, be pronounced good.

But is there not a chance that the water- front location may be pronounced better. It would be unique in the history of world's fairs, and this fair must be different from all other world's fairs or it will pall on the world. The world is tired of expositions and will not travel half way around it to see one unless it is de- cidedly something different.

The issue is not to be settled in a newspaper office or in a committee of uninformed persons. It deserves to be taken in hand by men com- petent to plan an exposition of world dimen- sions before being abandoned.

Living Issues

From now until the end of the calendar year it will be the purpose of The California Weekly to have discussed each week, in its "backbone" article, the discussion to be conducted by some one whose special knowledge of each subject gives him a right to be heard, such issues as must come before the state legislature for action.

One of these issues is direct legislation, and to Mr. U'Ren's article on that subject the thoughtful attention of the reader is sincerely invited.

We ought not to have to resort to direct legislative methods in order to secure legisla- tion that is wise, honest and vital to human progress. Representative legislation should be sufficient to all such ends, but it has not proven so. Too much of it has proven mis- representative and misrepresentative legisla- tion is always bad and always makes for spe- cial advantage.

Therefore the people must have all the fa- cilities for legislating directly that they can want to use. If they are not required to use it in order to get what they want no harm will result from having the right. If they can- not secure the legislation they need without direct methods then their deprivation of such methods must prove of great harm.

As with public ownership so with direct legislation. Neither is to be resorted to ex- cept that justice is to be had no other way, but lest there be no other way that way must be made available. Why not the coming winter?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"We boys all strive to get the runs that give us the hours most favorable for taking our rest," explained a car conductor, "for eating and sleeping and working is all there is to life to any of us carmen and we naturally wish to work days and sleep nights, like other folks, if we can."

"Eating and sleeping and working all there is to life!" It is hard bondage where such is the fact. Eat we must and sleep we must or we cannot live, and most of humanity has to work that it may eat, but it is only where em- ployers are slave drivers, as in the sweat shops and the great steel mills, that eating, and working takes all the time there is.

It has been said that whoever gives more than one-third of his time to work is a slave, but that is putting it a little strong. Whoever gives more than one-third of his time to earn- ing the right to eat and sleep gives more than he ought, but one is not a slave unless he give it all and, outside of the sweatshops and the great steel mills, there are not many who do that. The carmen certainly do not.

There are twenty-four hours in the day, no more and no less, no matter when the day be- gins or ends. One-third of that ordinarily must be had for sleep to "knit up the ravell'd sleave of care." Suppose that the day's work be ten hours, that the going and coming to and from work uses up another hour, and the eating an hour and a half, the dressing and undressing and shaving half an hour. There are still three hours left out of each twenty- four. Give one of these to tinkering around the home and romping with the children, an- other hour to wife and friends. There is still an hour left which one may have all for him- self if he will with a good book, magazine or paper in his hand, an hour each day to litera- ture, science, philosophy, religion, to music or garden. Besides, there are three whole days in the month allowed for entire rest or recrea- tion. But that hour, that precious hour, what cannot one do in a lifetime with an hour all his own out of each twenty-four! Whoever can have that is no slave.

Figure on it. It is the equivalent of forty eight-hour days in a year or, in an active life of thirty years, to almost four years made up of eight-hour days: time enough to gain a col- lege education, time enough to have become proficient as a scholar in any one branch of science or economics, or any single department of literature; time enough to become proficient in any one branch of music; if one have a natural aptitude for it, time enough to become proficient as an artist in oil or water colors, wood carving, cabinet making; time enough to pursue any one of a score of lads to the point of expertness, time enough to make any citizen intelligent, to qualify any voter to take a man's part in government, to fit him to be- come a leader of his group by reason of hav- ing learned what is to be known touching the welfare of that group.

"Eating and sleeping and working all of life!" If so it is because one has not learned how to live or what to live for. Whoever out of the twenty-four-hour day can have to him- self one hour can find that sufficient to give spice and zest and joy to one's whole life. One should have more than a single hour. Two hours would not be too much, but is more time to self than most persons get. Not many take the hour they could have. The fault is theirs and not that of their occupation. Merely to eat and sleep and work—that is the plane of life on which the mule lives and whoever allows himself so to live comes much too near being brother to the mule. The fault is his. The God who made man gave him a chance to have a fad. If he let that chance slip he has suffered beyond what was destined. If not a fad then something having the relax- ing effect of a fad, adding zest to life and lift- ing it above that plane of mere physical exist- ence that denies man to be a living soul. A thing he must be if he would be a man.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

"Nobody Loves a Fat Man"

Is a man (or a woman) to blame if Nature insists that he accumulate adipose tissue too rapidly for comfort and convenience? Evidently the answer is, Not at all. The poor wretch cannot help it, and yet he must pay the price. Witness an instance which came to pass in Russia not long ago. A man who was taller lying down than standing up, and not a short man either way, purchased a first-class railway ticket. When the train came it was discovered that he could not get through the door of the car. Brakemen pushed him from behind and pulled him from in front, but notwithstanding their efforts he stuck. In the very crisis of the dilemma one of the railwaymen had an inspiration. It chanced that there was a governmental hospital car on the train, used for carrying cholera suspects to a hospital, and this had a double door through which a bed might be carried. The difficulty was solved, the super-portly passenger entered this car, and all went well until an official inspector came along. He was shocked and outraged to find a well man in a car sacred to cholera patients, and immediately demanded that the fat man should pay twelve fares for the use of the car. This the adipose one refused to do, and as there was no derrick within convenient distance, they could not move him. Thereupon the inspector reported the case to the government, which sent a bill for twelve fares to the portly hero. Being a hero, he refused to pay, and the government sent a bill to the railway company. The company responded by politely inquiring whether a fat man had a right to travel, and, if so, where and how he should be carried. With this question confronting it, the government paused to consider, and it still is considering. Let the decision not be long delayed. A mighty host of fatty-degenerated but heroic mortals yearn to know whether or not they always can be sure of a ride on a railway train.

Deafness Cured by X Rays

Among other marvelous powers of the X ray the discovery appears to have been made that it will cure certain forms of otherwise ineradicable deafness. The discovery was made by a London specialist in ear, nose and throat diseases. In treating a patient, who chanced to be quite deaf, for ulcer on the tongue, he not only removed the ulcer, but, greatly to his surprise, the deafness disappeared; disappeared so completely that the patient was much disturbed by the long unheard noises of the street. It was natural to presume that the X ray was responsible for this change, and the physician acted on this presumption. He began to treat other cases with the ray, and with frequent success. It appears that the rays break down the fibrous tissues that grow in the ear and at the same time stimulate the ends of dying nerves, causing them to grow again. Of course the treatment is successful only in connection with certain forms of diseases; there are other forms which are without remedy.

"On Whom Fortune Smiles"

Recently a Marseilles stockbroker named Perrin, being in the mood to woo Fortune even more enthusiastically than he did in his ordinary line of business, purchased four lottery tickets. The result of his purchase must have astounded the stockbroker, unless, as perhaps is not possible, he had a tip of a particularly rich kind, for it is probable that never was such drawing in a lottery before that time. One of his tickets drew the principal prize of $100,000, another drew a prize of $10,000, yet another one of $6,000, and the fourth gave him a luxurious automobile. Who was it that said there is no such thing as luck? And yet one cannot help wondering whether Monsieur enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the lottery officials. Probably he did not, but the whisper will make itself heard.

About That Night and Morning Cold

Probably the reader has noticed that the cold from which he suffers is decidedly worse in the morning and at night than it is in the middle of the day. If it were no worse at any time than it is at midday one might get along very well, but as it is—please pass that handkerchief. Well, Londoners, too, have noticed this peculiarity about many colds, and consequently they call them "night and morning colds." Now comes Dr. Forbes Winslow, a well known English physician, and explains the phenomenon in the following language, to wit, viz., that is to say, as our legal friends might remark: "If I went out without an overcoat by mistake I should say to myself, 'Now I'm in for a bad cold.' And sure enough in a short time I should begin to sneeze and cough violently. But if I did not have time to think of my missing overcoat there would be no danger at all of the sneezing and coughing fits I had brought on by worrying about myself. It is just the same with the people who suffer from heavy colds in the morning and evening and feel perfectly well during the rest of the day. It is only the effect of mind on matter. Men and women are too busy to think of themselves in the daytime and in consequence their cold vanishes; but directly their mind is unoccupied and they begin to consider themselves again, they remember the cold and by the mental suggestion bring it on once more." Which is all very well and mind-curatively clear, but the writer still demands to be "shown" that he doesn't need a handkerchief worse at 7 a. m. than he does at 1 p. m. In other words, his mind is willing to accept the doctrine, but his nose is not.

The Cockney Accent Purest English

Look not upon the Cockney dialect with scorn, or, at least, before doing so consider the facts. One MacKenzie MacBride (whose name, by the way, does not suggest the London cockney) is out with a book in which he contends that the Cockney dialect is "the tongue of the first written English, of the first English church, of the first English scholars and of the first English schools." Moreover, by comparison, he makes out a pretty good case for his claim. Three or four words will illustrate. He shows that "that" was spelled "thet" in Kent as long ago as 825 A. D., and "cab" and "bank" then were spelled "keb" and "benk." He shows that "i" for "a," as in "pile" for "pale," was in use in Queen Elizabeth's time. In 1580 John Stow wrote "bylyffe," which is the way the Cockney pronounces the word, "bailiff." So Mr. MacBride goes through a considerable list of words, and demonstrates that the Cockney is all right in his pronunciation and the rest of us are all wrong; that is, if English "as she was spoke" originally is to be considered. However, there need be no wild rush for Cockney lexicons; English, like some other things, changes with the advancing years, and the language of past centuries would sound but strangely on the lips of today.

Rich People of Germany

Germany has no Rockefellers who approach the billionaire class while they joy in their religion, but that she has citizens who need not fear poverty is indicated by figures given by the income-tax statistician of the Fatherland. First among these wealthy people is Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen Halbach, who pays taxes on $46,700,000. Next to her is Prince Henckel von Donnersmarck, whose fortune has increased from $12,400,000 to $44,250,000 during the last fifteen years. The third is the Duke of Uiest, whose fortune has increased from $13,500,000 to $37,750,000 within ten years. Next to these is Baron Goldschmidt Rothschild, with $26,750,000, and there are a number of others who are in a lower multi-millionaire class. So it appears that Germany does not compare very unfavorably with America in the matter of ultra-millionaires, and, too, she has a sufficiency of that pauper brood which always is found in the train of the inordinately rich. Did one man possess all of the earth's increase, the rest of us would be paupers. As a few men possess only a goodly portion of that increase, the number of the resulting paupers is reduced to a few hundred thousand more or less.

She Warbles Like a Canary

In Melbourne, Australia, lives a girl of six years, named Vida Manley, who is not unlikely to be recognized as one of the musical marvels of all time. At two years of age Vida began to warble in such manner that her notes hardly could be distinguished from those of a canary. This she still does and, in addition, she is said to have a voice as sweet as that of any diva. An examination of her throat by specialists has revealed the fact that her vocal cords differ widely from those of other human beings. In short, she is a "freak," but of a fortunate kind. Neither her parents nor her brothers and sisters are at all musical, and there seems to be no way of accounting for her except on the Topsy theory that she just "growed."

Extracts From the First Britannica

Now that the eleventh edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is about to be published, it is interesting to note what the first edition, published in 1768, had to say concerning two topics now deemed important. Here is the treatise on Prussia: "Prussia, a province of Poland, situated on the coast of the Baltic sea, and divided into regal and ducal Prussia, the first subject to Poland, and the last to the King of Prussia." Here is the dissertation concerning Japan: "Japan, or Islands of Japan, are situated between 130 deg. and 144 deg. of E. lon., and between 30 deg. and 40 deg. N. lat." This was every word that the first Britannica said on these two subjects, but probably the amount will be increased in the next edition.

NEVER ASK HER

According to a Yonkers contractor, a young man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest and she hasn't touched it," he said.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," said the older man.

"What would you have me do?"

"You haven't been married very long. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'

"'What do you want with the rag-bag?' asks my wife.

"'I want to throw this shirt away; it's worn out.'

"'Let me see that shirt,' my wife says.

"'Now, John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it.

"'Why, John,' she is sure to say. 'I never heard of such extravagance. This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is'—And then she mends it."—Yonkers Statesman.

WHISKERS GO TO SENATE

A. B. Crompton, editor of the Carroll county Citizen-Times and a lifelong friend of John W. Kern, sent the following telegram of congratulation:

"Heartiest congratulations. Now John, shave off those dern whiskers. Nobody but jays are wearing whiskers."

The following letter was received by Mr. Crampton the day following:

"Thanks for your congratulatory message, Dell. The last state convention by a unanimous vote indorsed the whiskers, and as the people of the state so decidedly expressed their approval of them I shall have to carry them with me to the senate."

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

TOLSTOY IN LITERATURE

Tolstoy already stands in literary history as one of the few monumental figures. Whether he will permanently stand as a creative literary genius of the first rank, only generations to come will decide. But the influence of his leadership, both in literary ideals and literary methods, has already so profoundly affected literary history that his name will be memorable. Even if his stories are not read a century hence, the stories of that day will be colored by his ideals.

Tolstoy wrought a revolution primarily in literary method. Writers of the past had been divided into classicists and romanticists. Tolstoy introduced a new classification: he is the father of modern realism. Before his day the blunt facts of life had been used by satirists and rude humorists, but their work had rarely achieved the level of art. Tolstoy took life naked, sweating, stinking of the stews, fact by fact, careless of horror or filth or defilement, lifted those facts bodily, still smoking with reality, and transferred them to the pages of his books. Nothing so daring had ever been done in the history of letters. To put life itself into print, without adornment or illusion, and to let the bald facts supply their own sting to the imagination—this was literary revolution. The world gasped. Only the transcendent genius of the man made his coup successful. We say genius, conscious of the qualification above. Genius he undoubtedly had: whether or not literary or creative genius of the first rank, posterity will say.

The revolution wrought in literary ideals by Tolstoy is equally remarkable. He is the most striking exemplar of the "novelist with a purpose" in all literature. The satirists had shot at current evils, but at random. Dickens pleaded for the poor. But Tolstoy is the first commanding figure to strike at the root of society, to declare that not merely certain institutions are wrong but that the foundation principles on which the whole social structure rests is a false foundation, and that the race must start wholly anew, from a new standpoint, and build itself over entire before there will be any hope.

Tolstoy's purpose was the amelioration of the condition of mankind. As a precedent to that amelioration, he conceived the necessity of fixing a starting point by showing what the present condition is. He chose the form of fiction, but he used the facts that history would use if historians dared or were human enough to do it. Such startlingly vivid pictures of misery as his have never been penned. No detail of the horrors of war or of the decadence of moral depravity was too vile to be placed where it could make real the picture of things as they are.

This is the foundation and the method of modern realism. It is moral sanitation by means of a literary pitchfork. If we accept the theory that the function of literature is social reformation, Tolstoy is the greatest of all literary geniuses. If we accept the theory that the true method of reformation is first to expose the sores to be cured, Tolstoy is the most creative of literary geniuses. Those theories are matters of opinion. But there can be no doubt that Tolstoy's theory and his method have produced something new in literature, nor that they have so powerfully affected a considerable proportion of writers that they will be a permanent influence in literature.

TOLSTOY'S LIFE

Jeanette L. Gilder, in the Chicago Tribune, quotes liberally from a new life of Tolstoy, by Aylmer Maude, which has not yet been published. It contains much new material about the inner life of the great author. Some of these quotations are of timely interest. She says:

From time to time, when Tolstoy was a boy, he kept a diary of "every little sin" he had committed, and "especially of any offense against the seventh commandment, in order that he might repent, and, if possible, refrain for the future, and his diary shows how full he was at this time of strenuous resolutions."

We find an entry in this diary after he had passed his examination at the university, but altered his mind and decided to enter the Horse Guards as a junker:

"God willing, I will amend and become a steady man at last. I hope much from my service as a junker, which will train me to practical life, and nolens-volens I shall have to earn the rank of officer. With luck, i. e., if the guards go into action, I may get a commission even before the usual two years are up. The guards start for the front at the end of May. At present I can do nothing: First, because I have no money (of which I shall not need much, I fancy), and secondly, because my two birth certificates are at Yasnaya. Have them sent on as soon as possible."

His Aunt Tatiana, who was like a mother to Tolstoy, was strict in some things and liberal in others. A woman of high moral character herself she seemed to think that men were exempt from moral laws, though she did want Tolstoy "to marry a rich girl and become possessed of as many serfs as possible."

Tolstoy himself seems to have been more worried about the dissipated life he was leading than was his aunt, for in his diary we find this entry:

"Men whom I consider morally lower than myself, do evil better than I . . . I live an animal life, though not quite debauched. My occupations are almost all abandoned, and I am greatly depressed in spirit."

In these early days Tolstoy was fond of hunting, which is not consistent with his views in later life, but when he was young. In a letter to a friend he writes:

"I go out hunting alone for whole days at a time from morning to evening, with a setter. That is my only pleasure—and not a pleasure, but a narcotic. One tires oneself out, gets famished, sleeps like the dead, and the day has passed. When you have an opportunity, or are yourself in Moscow, buy me Dickens' David Copperfield in English, and send me Sadler's English Dictionary, which is among my books."

That Tolstoy did not have a high opinion of his personal appearance, we learn from his diary:

"I am ugly, awkward, uncleanly, and lack society education. I am irritable, a bore to others, not modest, intolerant, and as shamefaced as a child. I am almost an ignoramus. What I do know I have learned anyhow, by myself, in snatches, without sequence, without a plan, and it amounts to very little. I am incontinent, undecided, inconsistent, and stupidly vain and vehement, like all characterless people. I am not brave. I am not methodical in life, and am so lazy that idleness has become an almost unconquerable habit of mine.

"I am clever, but my cleverness has as yet not been thoroughly tested on anything. I have neither practical nor social nor business ability.

"I am honest, that is to say, I love goodness and have formed a habit of loving it, and when I swerve from it I am dissatified with myself and return to it gladly; but there is a thing I love more than goodness and that is fame. I am so ambitious, and so little has this feeling been gratified that should I have to choose between fame and goodness, I fear I may often choose the former.

"Yes, I am not modest and therefore I am proud at heart, though shamefaced and shy in society."

Mr. Maude considers this a "grossly unfair estimate of himself, but it shows just that sort of eager injustice to any one who fails to reach the high standard he sets up that has always characterized him."

Notwithstanding early uncertainties about love, there was no uncertainty when Tolstoy really fell in love with Miss Sonya Behrs, the woman who became his wife. On his thirty-fourth birthday Tolstoy jotted down in his diary these words: "Ugly mug! do not think of marriage; your calling is of another kind." Finally he decided to propose for the hand of the charming Sonya, and was accepted. Her father was not displeased so much because of the life that Toystoy had led but rather because he had preferred the second daughter to the eldest, and he at first refused his assent, but Tolstoy was insistent and even threatened to shoot himself if the father did not consent.

Whether it was this threat or the united persuasions of the daughter and her suitor that prevailed who shall say? But the father yielded and the marriage took place.

Before they were married, says Mr. Maude: "The bridegroom's sense of honor led him to hand his future wife the Diary, in which, mingled with hopes, prayers, self-castigations, and self-denunciations, the sins and excesses of his bachelorhood were recorded. To the girl, who had looked upon him as a personification of the virtues, this revelation came as a great shock, but after a sleepless night passed in weeping bitterly over it, she returned the Diary and forgave the past. To get married it was necessary first to confess and receive the eucharist."

The marriage took place within a week of the proposal, the bridegroom being 34 and the bride 18. The young married couple settled down to a country life occupied with family joys and cares. Sixteen years followed one another with so little change that the story of a decade and a half can almost, writes Mr. Maude, be compressed into a sentence:

"Children came in quick succession, two great novels and an A B C book were produced, a large orchard was planted with apple trees, the Yasnaya Polyana property was improved and new estates were purchased east of the Volga."

One cannot help but admire the patience of Countess Tolstoy, whose tastes were not at all like her husband's. They occasionally had small quarrels, but nothing serious. He lived his own life and she lived hers, and they were always perfectly free. It was not until 1878 that Tolstoy changed entirely the current of his life.

The countess not only loved him dearly as a husband but admired him as a writer. He found her, so he often said, a loving wife, an excellent mother to their children, as well as an admirable and intelligent amanuensis and literary adviser.

Tolstoy must always have been a trial to his wife, particularly at the time of the birth of their youngest daughter.

This account of the birth of Alexandra, the daughter who left home with her father, is especially interesting and timely:

"His youngest daughter, Alexandra, was born June 18, 1884, under very painful circumstances. Tolstoy was just passing through one of his periods of acute distress on account of what he deemed the wrongfulness of the external conditions of his life.

"The evening before her birth, he left home, saying that he could not endure to live in such luxury and the countess remained in uncertainty as to whether he would ever return.

"Soon the birth pangs began and they were long continued. The countess sat or lay weeping in the garden, refusing to go to her room, and at 5 o'clock in the morning, when she heard that her husband had returned, she went to him in his study and asked what she had done to be so punished: 'My fault is only that I have not changed, while you have.'

"Tolstoy sat gloomy and morose and did not console her. The struggle in his own soul was more important to him than life or death.

"The countess at last retired to her room and the child was born almost immediately, but the mother's milk was quite spoilt by the anguish she had endured and she was forbidden to nurse her baby, to which she attributes the fact that her youngest daughter seems less hers than any of her other children."

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

ITS ODDITIES, CHARACTERS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

The most democratic place in the world is the public library. Here, of all places, the rich and the poor, the gifted and the stupid, the busy and the idle, all ages, races, colors and conditions sit side by side in a genuine fellowship. And in no other place is there such universal and complete enjoyment. No one comes here who does not wish to come, no one takes down a book from which he does not expect to receive stimulation and pleasure. And no pleasure is obtained so cheaply or so comfortably. Altogether, the public library is an uplifting place to visit.

It has its oddities, its quaintness, its humors. Any librarian could write a book of anecdotes about the queer people who frequent libraries. There are certain types that are common to nearly every one. We may doubt if a public library in the country—a library of any consequence—is without its religious fanatic, usually an oldish man who has failed at everything he has tried to do and who is rounding out his career consistently by a foredoomed failure of a religious book he proposes to write. This book, he assures you, will irrefutably reconcile science and religion, will carry science several statute miles beyond the limits now reached by mere plodding research workers, and will make all creeds and all sects so obviously ridiculous that they will all fade away and merge into his one true, conclusive, millenium-guaranteeing faith. This old gentleman divides his time between books on comparative religions and books on the theory of evolution, with occasional excursions into occultism. He is long on long words and short on sequent ideas. One day he comes in and proudly lays down a printed volume, done at a job press somewhere, poorly composed and badly printed, and insists that you shall read it. It is his "life work," he tells you; and if you read it it will be the death of you. Of course, he has had to pay for printing it himself, no publisher would touch such a jumble, and equally of course the only people who buy it are a few friends whom he bedevils into doing so; and the only people who ever read it are the author and the proof-reader.

Another library type, even more common and familiar, is the "shabby-genteel" loafer. He is another of the failure class, sinking by slow but certain transitions to the county farm and a pauper's grave. He is constitutionally out of a job. But, though he has the instincts of the loafer, he has not the instincts of the bum, he does not like the saloon as a "hangout," he does not care particularly for tobacco, and he likes to be as neat as he can. The library is his ideal refuge. It is warm and respectable and free and entertaining. He finds the periodical room his natural habitat, and devours all the newspapers in the morning and the magazines in the afternoon. When he feels that he is in the way of the crowd, he will cheerfully take out a book of fiction, or even spend an hour in the reference room. He reads slowly, so as not to exhaust the possibilities of interest in the periodicals before next month's supply comes in. Some men of this type frequent a library literally every day for years.

But they are harmless; in fact, the library saves the county their keep as vagrants. The real pest of the library is the married woman with no children, who boards instead of keeping house, and whose whole life is an unsuccessful effort to ward off a killing ennui. She has no intellectual ambition, she wishes merely to pass the time. Naturally she resorts to the only kind of books she can understand, which is fiction. These books spur her feeble imagination, give her life the glamor which reality denies, and help her forget herself. But soon their power to thrill fails. She exhausts the stock plots and the stock characters of current fiction. Then she begins to be a pest. She wants something new. She besieges the librarian to supply the novelty. Nine times out of ten the assistance fails. She has read something just like it before. It is hopeless to suggest the classics—they are "slow." She soon becomes that most dreadful of all things, a person who has exhausted her capacity for taking interest in anything.

Not all the habitues of libraries are either loafers or pests, but before we leave the subject we would speak of one class, peculiar to certain kinds of libraries, who are partly the first and not at all the second. The Mechanics Library, in San Francisco, especially boasts a crew of these genial old gentlemen. They are worthies who have a competence, no business and unlimited leisure. They fall back upon chess, checkers and cards. A special room is provided for them, and here they indulge themselves in their favorite recreation to an unbelievable extent. For an incredible number of years the same group of men, hardly one of them under fifty years old, have gathered daily in this room, where they may smoke or chew, and have played uncounted games of cribbage, whist, chess and checkers. Games of these two last-named, famous to their "fans" the world over, have been played in the Mechanics Institute. And the way these old gentlemen gloat over their victories, and the dark scowls with which they gloom over their defeats, are worthy the pen of Thackeray or Dickens at the least. It is only fair to them to say that they pay for their whistle, as the Mechanics' is a subscription institution.

The current report of the San Francisco Public Library reveals some of the oddities typical of such places. For example, 77 per cent., or more than three-fourths, of all the books circulated were fiction. In other words, a large majority of the patrons of a public library regard it simply as a centre of amusement. Offhand, this sounds discreditable, but it is not necessarily so. By no means a majority of fiction readers are like the tired woman described above. The pleasure most readers of fiction seek and receive is a wholesome pleasure, a necessary and useful relief from the commonplace. The thing that distinguishes mankind from the beast is the power to use the imagination, and many a brilliant career has had its inspiration in the spurring of the imagination received through the reading of fiction.

General literature, travel and history are next in popularity, running about 3 per cent. apiece. The magazines are circulated to about the same extent. Philology is the least sought subject, and religion and philosophy the next in lack of popularity. Each of the three circulates less than 1 per cent. of the total. Obviously, if a man with an idea wants to reach the public through books, he had better make a novel of it, as his chances are about 25 times as good by that route as by any other.

The librarian's report points out an evil of modern methods of book-making. "The miserable paper and binding which characterize many of the new books are also to a great extent accountable for the large number that are sent to the bindery." This, by the way, is where our old friends, the classics, really show up better than their percentage of 3 would indicate. Most of the current fiction is dead and gone in a year, whereas the classics, better bound, live longer before being replaced and, in the long run, are read by more people than the average novel.

A mental peculiarity of the reading public is exposed in this sentence: "Experience has shown that biographies of musicians and artists are of much greater use [i.e., much more extensively read] when classified with the works on music and art than they are under biography."

A characteristically local flavor is contained in this: "A large number of books in the Italian language have been added to the collection at Branch No. 3." We can imagine how that sentence would be varied in Milwaukee or in New Orleans.

Especially appealing to the pride of San Franciscans should be the following facts: Before the great fire of 1906 there were a main library, six branches and eight deposit stations. The main library, two branches and two stations were destroyed, yet there are now again the main library, six branches and eleven stations. Of 166,344 volumes owned, 140,000 were destroyed in the fire, yet now there are 100,429 volumes. Before the fire 40,771 persons held cards to take out books; now 36,995 hold cards. And with the exception of $17,000, all the money for this rehabilitation has been expended from the regular income of the library.

EUGENE FIELD'S BILL

Eugene Field once paid a bill of $100 with a dime. The story is told by a correspondent of the New York Sun, who quotes "Tewkesbury Joe," or Joe X. Wright, an old-time newspaper man. Joe's story is as follows:

"It happened in Kansas City the day before Field was to start for Denver to take a position on the Tribune," said Joe. "That night Field, Charley Hasbrook, now of the New York Journal; an editorial writer on the Kansas City Star and myself visited several places of interest, finally landing at George Gaston's. George had formerly been superintendent of the mechanical department of the Times. He was a great admirer of Field. Field often said he thought a great deal of Gaston, almost as much as he did of his liquor. Gaston was probably the only saloon keeper in Kansas City that indulged Field with unlimited credit. His only concern seemed to be to keep constantly on hand the brands Field preferred. With all his indulgence, he kept a faithful account of what Field owed him, not for the purpose of enforcing collection but that Field might know how generous he had been.

"After ordering a round of drinks or two in a lordly way and having the bill 'hung up' Field called for a straight ten-cent cigar. As though that were the straw to break the camel's long suffering back Gaston said something about the overdue account.

"'Account,' cried Field, 'who said anything about an account? Did I?'

"'No, but—'

"'Well, you wait till I call for it,' retorted the humorist. 'What I asked you for, Gaston, was a cigar—the best you have.'

"The crestfallen Gaston handed out two boxes of Havanas for Field to make his choice. He looked carefully into each box, daintily selected the cigar he wanted and lighted it.

"'Thank you, Gaston; that will do,' said Field.

"'See here, Gene,' expostulated the saloon keeper: 'do you know how much you owe me?'

"'Haven't the slightest idea in the world, my boy,' replied Field. 'You aren't worrying about it, are you?'

"'Oh, no, but it's over a hundred dollars. I just thought I'd tell you.'

"'Then this adds 10 cents to it' said Field. 'Don't forget to put it down.'

"Mr. Field,' said Gaston, 'if you'll pay for that cigar I'll write you out a receipt in full for all you owe me!'

"'Done!' cried Field. 'Write out your receipt. Hasbrook, lend me a dime and we'll relieve this man of further anxiety.'

"Hasbrook handed the dime to Field, who passed it over to the barkeeper who in turn gave Field a receipt in full. Field stood expectantly. Then he coughed.

"'What's the matter,' asked Gaston. 'Ain't you satisfied'?

"'Why, isn't it—er—customary when a man settles a big account like that to set 'em up?' suggested Field.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

After Thanksgiving

Ours was New England's Day of Thanks in time that long has fled.
Still does my memory recall my grandsire's reverent head,
As low we knelt, the heads of brown beside the heads of gray,
The while the room was hushed and still, awaiting, "Let us pray":
"Oh, Thou, who givest strength to do and will to know Thy will,
Whose messengers go to and fro, man's cup with peace to fill,
For love, for health, for plenitude of comfort through our days,
For that our stumbling steps Thou heed'st, accept our grateful praise."

Such heartfelt praise for little things, where is it found today;
For simplest fare and plainest garb within a cottage gray?
Nor wealth nor luxury was there; no diamonds flashed or shone,
Yet was each day a day of thanks, to make His mercies known;
And there I learned, what yet I hold, true wealth alone is found
Where grateful hearts reach out to Him and make it sacred ground,
And there's no cot so humbly low but those therein may say:
"Somewhat there is to make each day a new Thanksgiving Day."

—

I sat beside the festal board when yesterday was here;
The turkey loomed, a giant bird, a monument of cheer,
And there we left behind a wreck of turkey, sauce and pie,
And, faith! I tried to grateful be—too bad I had to try!
I summed my blessings o'er and o'er, the graces fortune dealt—
Ah, me! for those, my grandsire's days, when praise was what we **felt**,
And I am wishing we might turn along the rearward way
To where each day was freshly crowned a new Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

Gentle Woman at the Gateway

I believe that woman is gentle, I believe that she is modest, I believe that her heart is tenderly responsive to the woes of mankind, and I also believe that when it comes to a display of pure, unadulterated "gall" in disregarding the convenience and comfort of others she is without a peer in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth.

The foregoing sentence is written with no thought of the horizon-obliterating hat which woman wears in public places, absolutely regardless of the fact that those behind her can see nothing in her van. No, she shows her disregard of others in a thousand ways. Just by way of illustration, here is an instance, which need not stand alone.

At the Key Route ferry, the other day, two well-dressed women met, stopped, and talked and talked. The crowd behind them, desiring to pass through the gate, grew more and more dense, but still they stood there and talked and talked—about a hat that one of them had purchased, I gathered. As the crowd increased, sometimes somebody would elbow past the women and ooze through the gate, and then you should have seen those offended fair ones glare at the trangressor. With complete indifference to those desiring to take the boat, they stood right there and talked until some attendant came and requested them to move on; then, with a look of unspeakable scorn for the attendant, they passed through the gate, as they might as well have done several minutes earlier.

Now, I know the weaknesses and peccadilloes of men, but I claim that never yet were there two—not even in a university—who would have had the nerve to do what these women did. It may be that they deserve no credit therefor, inasmuch as they would not dare to do so, but at any rate they would not. I doff my hat to woman's indifference to the comfort and convenience of others. In this respect she stands alone, and not so admirable as she is in other respects.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus

The parents that expect their son to go to congress oughtn't to train him fer state prison, but I've known plenty of cases where they did.

Moral courage is something that we admire a heap in other people—an' middlin' rarely practice it ourselves.

They's some men that have money enough so they can afford to be honest, but it seems es if they didn't use the privilege es often as they might.

I don't know of anything that gits so rusty that it won't work es easy es a feller's conscience.

I've known folks to holler, "Halleluyer!" when all the neighbors admitted they'd better have been yellin', "Is there any hope fer a vile sinner?"

Some men reely want to travel on the path of righteousness, but the dollar in their way is so big they have to sidetrack.

My hope in woman's ballot ain't that it 'll be more intelligent, but that it 'll try hard to be more decent.

Don't tell me that poets ain't useful. Would you prob'ly have known anything 'bout the charge of the light brigade if Tennyson hadn't writ 'bout it?

I reckon the poet that asked, "Where is fancy bread?" must have been doin' business with the same bakery I have.

* * *

A Story on Our Duncan

Rolfe Thompson, the Santa Rosa attorney, who turns out a very neat bit of goods in the oratorical line, told the story while he was canvassing for William Kent, the congressman-elect of whom Californians expect much. It is a trifle late for retelling the story, but it will bear considerable repetition.

"Duncan McKinlay," said Mr. Thompson, in effect, in his most confidential oratorical manner, "has long been recognized as the Great Adviser of his district. He has been found ready to give advice at all times, in all places, to all men under all circumstances, and it made not an iota of difference to him whether he knew anything about the question in controversy or not—he advised, anyway.

"So it came to pass"—Mr. Thompson still in his best vein—"that McKinlay advised certain persons to bore for oil in a certain spot. He knew nothing about the place or the oil, but his advice was prompt, and the advisees acted upon it.

"Well, they bored and they bored, and they bored"—Mr. Thompson in historical vein—"they bored 200 feet. Nothing doing. Five hundred feet; the same doing. One thousand feet; all they had was a hole. A little farther, and they struck—

"Was it oil they struck?" the Santa Rosa orator paused to inquire. "It was not," he responded. "Was it gold? It was not. Was it metal of any kind? Not so that anybody would notice it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Thompson continued with oratorical effect, "what they struck was what always is struck when one gets to the fundamental facts relating to Duncan McKinlay—natural gas."

The orator got no further just then. The audience laughed a long time, and after the laughter ceased and he was about to start again, somebody thought how funny it was, cackled, and the general roar again began.

But there will be less natural gas in Sonoma county hereafter than there has been heretofore.

The Resident of Saturn Reports

The Resident of Saturn had returned from his journey to the earth, and was reporting to the group of Saturnites gathered about the grocery stove.

"What nations did you visit?" the Old Saturnite inquired.

"The Christian nations," was the reply.

"Tell us something about them. What do they do?"

"Well, they engage in war with one another, and when they are not engaged in war they are preparing for it."

"Yes; what else?"

"In their cities they have saloons on most corners and a great many saloons between corners."

"Yes?"

"And they are compelled to hire policemen to keep them from stealing from and murdering one another."

"Yes?"

"And unheeding multi-millionaires who are pillars of the church live almost side by side with those who starve to death."

"But," the Old Saturnite inquired, "did you visit none of the nations that are civilized and good?"

Just then the wife of the returned Resident of Saturn appeared at the door of the grocery and said he was needed at home, and so the report ended.

* * *

Whistle, Anyway

Met a scowlin' Worry,
Mumblin', "Much to fear!"
Still I kept a-whistlin'
Tune of hope an' cheer.
Whistlin' in the night time,
Whistlin' in the day.
Plenty chance to worry,
Whistle, anyway.

Songbirds whistlin' gaily
All the daytime through
Have no cinch on gladness,
So I whistle, too.
Whistlin' in the night time,
Whistlin' in the day.
Plenty chance to worry,
Whistle, anyway.

World is needin' whistlin':
Too much sighs an' woe.
So I judge I'd better
Whistle as I go.
Whistlin' in the night time,
Whistlin' in the day.
Plenty chance to worry,
Whistle, anyway.

* * *

Our Candid Friend Has "Forecasted"

"Two weeks before election I forecasted the result of the poll on governor in San Francisco."—Our "Candid Friend," Edward F. Cahill, in the Call.

Et, tu, Edward! Tu, who look upon dictionaries with noble scorn and refer to lexicons with dreadful contumely and dire reproach! Better, far better, a Century, Standard or Webster about an editorial office than that this spawn of illiteracy, "forecasted," should pass its sacred portals. I am surprised, Edward, pained, unutterably grieved. If it had been the sporting editor who did this thing—but it was tu, Edward; tu!

Conceived of a Signal Service mother who "forecasted" weather and ignored English, and born to the ministrations of ten thousand reportorial midwifes, this "forecasted" babe is the sorriest child that has been born into our language in many unfortunate days. And you, Edward, you, who should have prayed that it be stillborn, are supplying it with pap! Who would have believed it were not the proof written in black and white that cannot be denied? "Forecasted!" Say, dear boy, if you heed not what I say, look up Bierce on the subject; and of course that will settle it for you. You should have been the one who casted a stone at this abortion, Edward.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Advisory Vote On United States Senator In the election of a United States senator to succeed Senator Flint it is going to be necessary for people and legislators to hold easy and keep their heads, also to keep the faith and stand by the square deal. The first question is, what does the law say? The controlling section reads as follows: "Party candidates for the office of United States senator shall have their names placed on the official primary election ballots of their respective parties in the manner herein provided for state officers." So far the sailing is perfectly clear. There is not room for two opinions. But why may candidates have their names placed on the primary ballots of their political parties? The law tells why in unmistakeable terms:

"Provided, however, that the vote for candidates for United States senators **shall be an advisory vote for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the voters in the respective senatorial and assembly districts in the respective parties."** There are two important points in that clause. The point of paramount importance is that the vote is "advisory" and not mandatory. Whether or not the legislator is to be governed by it depends upon what he, himself, has done. If he has promised his constituents that he will be governed in his voting for United States senator by the advisory vote he must make his promise good. If he has given no such promise he is under no such obligation and may place what value he pleases upon the sentiment of the voters. The second point is that the ascertainment of sentiment is to be taken by **districts and not by the state at large.** It may be doubted if a legislature has any power to prescribe how a legislator may look upon, or in what manner he may accept or reject a vote that is advisory only. He may do what his conscience and judgment require him to do and cannot be required to do anything else.

Effect of the Second Proviso The law goes on to say: "Provided further that the members of the legislature shall be at liberty to vote **either for the choice of their respective districts** expressed at said primary election, or for the candidate for United States senator who shall have received the endorsement **of their party** at such primary election in the greatest number of districts **electing members of such party** to the legislature." This is a bad law, exacted by the corporate interests as the price of having any direct primary law at all enacted at the session of 1909. Assuming that it has any validity whatever, what is the effect of this clause?

First, the legislator, unless he has made personal pledges to the contrary, may disregard the advisory vote altogether and vote for whom he pleases for United States senator.

Second, he may vote for the person endorsed by his district and continue so to vote until all reasonable chance of securing the election of such candidate has passed, after which he may vote for whom he is of a mind to vote without regard to the other alternative.

Third, he may vote for the candidate who received the endorsement of "his party" in the greatest number of districts **electing members of such party.** Now only twenty senatorial districts elected members at this election. Therefore the hold-over senators are eliminated from consideration by this advisory vote and may vote for whom they wish for United States senator.

Fourth, the Democrats elected to the legislature, not having any senatorial candidate of **"their party"** are eliminated from all consideration by this advisory vote and may vote for whom they please as freely as though there had been no advisory vote.

Fifth, the legislator may vote for the candidate for United States senator who received the endorsement of the greatest number of assembly and senatorial districts electing legislators representing his party, and he may continue so to vote as long as there is a reasonable chance of electing such candidate, after which he also is free to vote for whom he will without reference to the alternative proposition.

Sixth, the candidate for United States senator who received a majority of the advisory votes cast at the primary election has, under this absurd provision, no legal standing by virtue of such vote, and only such moral standing as the quality and size of his vote may carry to the mind of the legislator. It is infamous that it is so, but so it is unless the clause be disregarded as it should be as lying beyond the province of legislation.

Under This Analysis How Goes the Battle? This question cannot at this time be answered. The requisite information does not exist. It requires sixty-one votes in the legislature on joint ballot to elect. Candidate Spalding claims that sixty-four Republican districts expressed a preference for himself, while only thirty-two Republican districts expressed a preference for Judge Works, nineteen districts going Democratic and five not heard from, but this settles nothing for the reason that the twenty hold-over senatorial districts are not bound by the advisory vote because not "electing members of such party" at this election. Eliminate those and Mr. Spalding's sixty-four votes on the face of the returns may dwindle. If any other members out of his reputed sixty-four Republican districts for any reason neglected or refused to promise to abide the advisory vote they also may deduct themselves from his column if they choose. Not until the facts in each legislator's case have been brought out in caucus or elsewhere can the line-up be certainly known.

One hundred legislative districts elected legislators at this election. Of these eighteen elected Democrats. This leaves eighty-two Republican districts under the operation of the advisory law. To be sure the hold-over senators may elect to be governed by the advisory vote in their respective districts, or they may choose to do as they please. They are free to do as they like and should make the most of that freedom. Mr. Spalding declares that the prize is and by right ought to be his. Perhaps the event may prove him to be right, but neither he nor anyone else now knows to a certainty.

More Accurate Figures Than Made by Spalding Mr. Spalding received the advisory vote of twenty-seven senatorial districts, but fourteen of these were hold-over districts and four elected Democrats, which leaves him a net senatorial support, provided that these senators agreed to be bound by a vote that was only intended to be advisory, of nine votes, in the state senate.

Mr. Spalding received the advisory vote of forty-two Republican assembly districts which, with the nine senatorial, gives him fifty-one Republican votes "advised" to vote for him if the legislators so "advised" elect to be bound thereby. There are ninety-nine Republicans in the legislature, of whom forty-nine, or two less than have been "advised" by their districts to vote for Mr. Spalding, would be sufficient, if they all hang together, to give him the caucus nomination. To these may be added, if Republican senators so elect, eleven votes from hold-over senatorial districts that "advised" for Spalding, which would make a total of sixty-two Republican districts that expressed a preference for the San Diego unknown. If the Democrats elect also to be "advised" by their constituents, which is unlikely, there must be added one assembly district and three senatorial, or a total of all sorts of sixty-six out of a total of 120 legislative districts in the state.

Judge Works' situation, notwithstanding that he has a small plurality of votes, which does not count under the law, is far less fortunate. Of Republicans elected in senatorial districts five "advised" for him and twenty-one assemblymen were also "advised" to vote for Judge Works, making only twenty-six legally "advised" districts for him, but to this five holdover senators "advised" for Works may elect to add themselves and, if the Democrats should conclude to take a hand with the Republicans in electing a United States senator, Judge Works will be entitled to two Democratic hold-over senators, and to six Democratic assembly districts, also to four elected Democratic senatorial districts, or a total of thirty-nine of all sorts. Notwithstanding Judge Works' plurality in the state-wide contest he would seem to be out of the running if the advisory law is to count for anything, and whether or not it is to count depends on how the legislators in each individual instance may have obligated themselves before their constituents, a fact that will require the polling of the entire legislature to make evident.

Southern Senator. Southern Sentiment. By tacit consent one of the United States senators from California is accorded to the southern portion of the state. The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League suffered the southern members of the league to name the league candidate. It is interesting and enlightening to note how the southern legislative districts voted on the issue. Of nine southern senatorial districts seven voted for Judge Works, one for Spalding and one for Meserve. Of eighteen assembly districts south of Tehachapi, counting Kern and San Luis Obispo as southern, Judge Works carried eleven, Spalding four and Meserve two. Of the numerical vote Judge Works received 24,030, Meserve 18,062, Spalding 14,114. Again there was no such preponderance of sentiment, except as to Works and Spalding, as would warrant a legislator in paying great heed to the advisory vote even of the south; but of course the legislator from north of Tehachapi cannot conscientiously abdicate to the members from south of Tehachapi the whole matter of choosing the senator. His oath of office forbids it. That oath reads as follows: "I do swear (or affirm) that I will support the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the state of California and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office of (legislator) according to the best of my ability." How can a legislator be true to that oath and abdicate any function or duty imposed upon him by virtue of that office?

Spalding To Be Beaten If He Honorably Can Be All honorable means for defeating the senatorial aspirations of A. G. Spalding should be exhausted before permitting his election, not because it is known that he is unfit for the office, but because it is not known that he is fit, and no man should be elected to that office whose fitness is not a matter of state-wide notoriety. We have such men, and one of these should be chosen if he can be. Mr. Spalding's candidacy is due to the not too fortunate activities of the once politically defunct, but lately resurrected, John D. Spreckels, whose blundering adventures resulted in his political demise along about 1898. It is fairly evident that said John D. Spreckels must have entered into relations with Charles F. Curry whereby said Curry's campaign for governor was abundantly financed in consideration of securing the advisory vote for United States senator for A. G. Spalding. Curry did his part splendidly. The "organization" stood for Meserve. The candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League, Judge Works, while an honorable and able gentleman, did not rightly impress Republicans north of Tehachapi. Thousands who should have voted for him wrote him down a crank who was against Roosevelt and took a chance on Spalding as an unknown in preference to Meserve who wore the "organization" brand. The law is bad, the advisory vote fails of advising and the best thing that can now happen will be to throw the whole subject into the legislature precisely as though there had been no advisory vote whatever, if that end can be honorably attained, and that can only be told by

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

a count of legislative noses. All depends on how many legislators accepted the advisory vote as advisory only and how many accepted it as mandatory. It is too much to ask of any legislator that he break his faith with his own constituents.

What Hope Is There In a Free For All? In the improbable event that the Republican members of the legislature conceive themselves to be unbound by the advisory vote, and therefore free to elect to the United States senate a man of known, fitness to be a United States senator, what chance is there that such a man could be elected?

As good an analysis of the legislature as The Watchman has been able to make would, of the thirty-one Republican members of the senate, class eighteen or nineteen as to be counted on to stand for Right Things as long as there are others to stand with them and twelve or thirteen who either have conscientious scruples against being right or are bound by ties of interest to The Interests.

Of the sixty-eight Republican members in the assembly twenty-eight can be counted on to do what is right and nineteen to do what is not right. The remaining twenty-one new members are to The Watchman unknown, with the chances that fourteen out of the twenty-one will do what is best for the state if the dominant element in the legislature be headed that way and is well organized. This would give forty-two Republicans in the assembly and eighteen or nineteen in the senate, sixty, sixty or sixty-one in all, that should be lined up for a senatorial candidate with a state reputation for being of senatorial size, of probity of character, such a man as a consensus of state ouinion would approve the election of; enough members easily to dominate a Republican caucus and possibly enough to elect in the event of a close contest.

Moral of the Predicament California has done something extremely foolish. It has burlesqued the advisory vote idea by choosing a pig-in-a-poke for United States senator. The Democrats had no advice to advise, and the Republicans, to gratify the whim of the (politically) late John D. Spreckels, and the gubernatorial aspirations of the never-late Charles F. Curry, "advised" the election of a gentleman of whom not one citizen out of a hundred could have told if he were related to Spalding's glue or Spalding's baseball bats, or if he had any qualifications at all for that or any other office. Such advice may, in the absence of specific pledges to the contrary, be disregarded without doing violence to either good conscience or the spirit of the primary law, but all personal, legislative pledges that have been given should be redeemed, unless vitiated by fraud and the issue now involved is one of foolishness, not fraud.

But if there are legislators who have given no pledges to abide the advisory vote for heaven's sake let them refrain from giving any. Let every legislator go to Sacramento as free as possible and make up his mind what to do only after he has held free and frequent conferences with such of his associates as he feels that he can believe in.

The importance of the issue must be the justification of The Watchman for devoting so much space to an analysis of the law and the facts. California needs to be ably and patriotically represented in the United States senate. She has men who are known to be fit for the job. Let one of them be elected if he can be with honor. Above all else suffer not the Spreckels' newspapers to clamor and howl legislators out of their better senses and away from a right course. That effort will be made with no sparing of ink or verbiage. If the event shall prove that personal pledges to abide the advisory vote have been given in sufficient number to elect Mr. Spalding he must be elected. We can better do a foolish thing than a dishonest. The advisory idea has come to stay. Profiting from this unhappy experience next time the advisory vote can be employed with a wiser discretion, the more certainly if we have a better law.

Fight Promoting In The Political Field Nothing else would create quite so much joy in the hearts of The Interests as to provoke a disagreement between Governor-elect Johnson and other leaders of the reform movement in the Republican party, Meyer Lissner, for example, and evidences are not wanting to show that fight promoters are making themselves perniciously active with that purpose in view. The Watchman is confident that nothing can be farther from Mr. Lissner's mind than to attempt to "run" the Johnson administration, or to have the Republican state committee attempt to take out of the hands of the legislature the business of legislating. Those who would give currency to any such suspicion are busybodies bent on mischief. The Republican state committee and its chairman can be of great assistance to the governor and to the legislature in causing measures to be drafted and information to be whipped into shape for legislative action, and there is no reason to doubt that all such assistance will be cordially and thankfully received by both governor and legislature. Whoever seeks to breed strife in the reform forces is opposed to reform and is trying to defeat reform measures by setting the reformers to fighting among themselves. That won't near do.

Zumwalt Suing Wrong Parties An Arbuckle paper states that I. G. Zumwalt is about to bring suit against the Sacramento Bee and the Colusa Herald for the damage they did him in his recent race for congress. Mr. Zumwalt seeks reparation from the wrong parties. In so far as Mr. Zumwalt did not defeat himself by his inconsistent tariff talks on the coast side of his district and over in the Sacramento valley it was Mr. William Kent who defeated him and neither the Bee nor the Colusa Herald. If Mr. Zumwalt would be indemnified for his defeat by the persons upon whom the final responsibility rests he should make about 2,000 of his fellow Democrats, who voted for Kent instead of Zumwalt, parties defendant to his action. Better drop it, Mr. Zumwalt. You verge upon the ridiculous.

Seeking to Dislodge Henry Cabot Lodge Eugene Foss, governor-elect of Massachusetts, must be an impenitent unregenerate political dare-devil in, whose eyes nothing is sacred else how could he have the heart, not only to bowl over the prim and smug Governor Draper, but heave his battle-ax at the head of that most immaculate personality of them all, Henry Cabot Lodge? He impeaches Lodge before the people of Massachusetts on the ground that he, Lodge, is hostile to a real downward revision of the tariff, lower duties on the necessaries of life, free raw materials, reciprocity with Canada and an untaxed food supply, a platform upon which Foss himself swept the bay state. But has this Foss no regard for the traditions of Massachusetts, strictly adhered to ever since there was a United States and it had a senate, a tradition that none not of the aristocracy of intellect and culture, born in and representative of her Brahminical cult, shall ever seek senatorial honors? If Lodge can be displaced and a mere mortal man be elected to succeed him no longer will there be anything sacred in Massachusetts. The very holy of holies will have been polluted by the election to the senate of a pleb. But the Foss platform is as likely as not to sweep all New England like a norther. It about furnishes forth what that little handle to the United States stands most in need of.

A Conference Of Kindred Spirits A conference of senatorial kindred spirits was held at Santa Barbara Saturday last, upon invitation of State Senator Roseberry, just to talk things over. There were perhaps twenty-five of the forty senators present. Governor Johnson and Lieutenant-Governor Wallace were also there. They talked everything over but programmed nothing. It was not, as it has been reported to be, a counter movement to the conference held at the St. Francis hotel on the previous Tuesday upon invitation of Chairman Lissner of the Republican state committee, but was more for the purpose of renewing old friendships and getting acquainted. No doubt good will come of the meeting and, if no other good comes of it, the general settling down to the conclusion that Senator Boynton will be a good man for president pro tem of the senate is of itself important. He is a fine man for the place and may as certainly be relied on to further the public interests as E. I. Wolfe was to further special interests while holding the same office.

Graft Prosecution Municipal Reform Perhaps time enough may have elapsed so that we can afford to let the cat out of the bag. Before it would have been dangerous, but the most significant work accomplished by the recent charter amendment election in San Francisco is directly traceable to the graft prosecution and the work done by former Mayor Taylor's committee empowered to prepare and publish an authentic history of that prosecution. That committee was also empowered to make recommendations to the public as to what should be done to prevent the recurrence of atrocities such as gave rise to the prosecutions for graft. Turning to the Denman report on the graft prosecutions, and to the recommendations with which that report concludes, we find this: "We submit the following recommendations: (1) **Non-partisan municipal elections.** The charter should be so amended as to prohibit partisan nominations for election to municipal offices, the ballot, when printed, to show nothing more than the name and the office of the candidate." That is exactly what was done by charter amendment. How was it done? That is the story.

Certain Taxeaters Got Exceeding Busy There were certain taxeaters in and around the city hall who desired more jobs and more pay and the only chance of attaining either lay through charter amendment, and so they got busy and organized a charter amendment convention. William Denman saw an opening there to insert some of the recommendations of his committee, attended the meetings, got himself made chairman of the committee on elections, interested some of his associates and friends and, with their aid, took hold and made the charter amendment convention reputable and an instrument for doing good things. They could not keep out all the bad things or get in all the good ones, but they did get into the scheme of amendment the non-partisan feature and majority rule, which will prevent any more splitting of the decent element in the city's voting constituency by the indecent use of the tenderloin wedge. So far McCarthy and his followers had not taken alarm.

Then followed a long and arduous campaign for votes for these measures. Men of influence in all the improvement clubs in the city were won over to the idea and set to work. The promoters of good government did not dare invade the hallowed precincts of McCarthyism in the Building Trades Council, but they did make overtures to the proper committee in the Labor Council, McCarthy still being asleep, and got a favorable report from the committee.

That woke McCarthy up to his danger and he organized to meet it. The report of the committee had to come before the whole council and McCarthy got the council packed. Mr. Denman was given respectful hearing, indeed, was allowed to reply severally to the seven objectors who rose, at a tip from the mayor, to file objections. But it was of no avail. The council voted the recommendations of its own committee down to the tune of something like sixteen to two hundred instead of sixteen to one and the endorsement of the Labor Council was lost to the cause of good government.

However, the subject had by this time gotten before the working people beyond McCarthy's recall. The reform measures appealed to their common sense more strongly than to their partisan political feeling. Even in the Potrero the men voted for it two to one, and south of Market generally, three to

one. So the best bit of constructive municipal work accomplished in years came as a result, as well as through the advocacy of, the friends of the Graft Prosecution.

The reform, with its abolition of party designation, its majority rule, rotation of names on the ballot, will be a permanent gain and San Francisco is the first city of the first class, so to speak, to put these reforms into its charter.

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editors California Weekly:

Gentlemen—Nearly a year ago I ordered the weekly discontinued at the expiration of my subscription for reasons which were no reflection upon the paper. I am still receiving the paper and as the "reasons" have ceased to exist I herewith remit check for $4.00 to cover current year and the following.

I appreciate the good work the paper has done and is doing, although I deplore the attitude which it took in reply to my communication upon the subject of the Civil Service system, viz: that "The Civil Service is about the deadest thing in government" and favoring that incubator of the spoils system "rotation in office" or in other expressive terms the governmental "pie counter." You advocate, and rightly, the short ballot. That means fewer elective officers and more appointments. That means, unless those appointments are protected by civil service provisions, more "spoils." The same is true of the commission form of government which is simply an example of the short ballot with all its advantages. Without a civil service provision, independent of the commission it is foredoomed sooner or later to failure. With the civil service and the recall its success is assured and insured. You may argue "but with the short ballot better men will be elected who can be trusted." True, they will be better men but they will still be men and it is not in human nature to withstand the pressure of personal friends and the influence of fellow officials. A case, very much to the point—president Taft, a warm friend and advocate of the Merit System yields to the pressure of politicians and uses his appointing power as a party club to whip the insurgents into line. That he did this against his better judgment he practically states in his letter reversing the order and that he would remove so far as possible the future temptation to repeat the mistake, he demonstrates, in his expressed desire to extend the Civil Service to cover an important part of his own appointive field, viz: first, second and third class postmasters—the "higher ups" of the postal system.

If such a president of the United States finds the temptation to use unprotected appointments irresistible is it right or fair to subject a municipal commission to that temptation and expect them to resist it?

Yours very truly,
FRANCIS B. KELLOGG.
618 Auditorium, Los Angeles.

[It is possible that Dr. Kellogg might the less deplore the stand of The California Weekly with reference to the Civil Service if we were nearer an understanding as to definitions.

Civil Service is service rendered to city, state or nation otherwise than in the naval or military arms of government and the constant tendency of that service, in this country and all countries, is to become inert and filled with dead timber, yet immortal. Governments may rise and fall, administrations come and go, thrones topple and republics rise, or republics topple and dictators take their places, nevertheless the civil service goes on with the work of governing in detail little influenced by what goes on outside. In its last analysis Russia is governed neither by its grand dukes nor by an aristocracy or autocracy, but by a bureaucratic civil service that no czar since Peter the Great has been able to control, more because the hand of that service is paralyzed than because it is nerved to strike.

Civil Service Reform has to do with the reformation of that service and the system for which Dr. Kellogg stands is the Merit System designed to take the place of the spoils system. There is nothing more natural than the spoils system, the system that gives to the victors the spoils of office. The trouble with that system is that the victors are not always fit to hold office and that the spoils system is eternally turning out trained men to make places for raw recruits. If we Americans were not extremely versatile and adaptable we should have shipwrecked our government long since through inefficiency, but we are versatile and we are adaptable and we do get on, although with a degree of efficiency relatively low to what we might look for if our civil service were filled with persons chosen for their fitness, and yet not so ensconced in office as to be immoveable when no longer fit or when their zeal shall have oozed out.

There is the trouble. The clock-watching man on a stool, who got into office mainly because he was too nerveless to make a place for himself in the world of free opportunity—if he can not be knocked off that stool when he deserves to be, he becomes a body of death chained to the living, a burden and clog on human progress. The inertia of the average man is deadly enough, but the inertia of the soft-berth-hunting-man—the trump of Gabriel can scarcely make him bestir himself. Nothing will do that except an ever present fear of losing his job.

Therefore The California Weekly's idea of a model civil service is one recruited from a classified list of entrants who came in through the door of examinations, a definite four year tenure of office, at the expiration of which one steps out automatically unless reappointed, power to discharge at any time for incompetency or neglect of duty, open way for promotion over the heads of others if warranted where special efficiency has been developed, but upon no account must we rear up an office-holding class out of touch with the commonalty entrenched beyond removal.]

Mrs. O'Toole—She's takin' on awful. Her husband got three years—but he kin git 12 months off for good behavior. Mrs. Dooley—Tell her to rest aisy. Sure an' he may not behave himself.—Life.

SHEAR WIT

A youth from Calhoun county, Illinois, which has nothing but steamboat transportation, came over to Elsberry, Mo., the other day to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He had never seen a train and when the Hannibal local came rolling in he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam and finally pull out. "I thought you was goin' to St. Louis on that train!" shouted the station agent, thrusting his head through the window. "I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down no gangplank."

The ever burning question, "What shall we do with our boys?" seems to be satisfactorily answered in the following advertisement, which appears in the window of a Farrington road butcher's shop: "Wanted: A respectable boy for beef sausage."—London Tribune.

"Mr. Fawcett entertaining an unexpected guest at luncheon, said as they sat down to table: 'My dear sir, will you have some of the sliced bologna sausage or—or—' His eyes darted frankly all over the table, and he continued: 'Or not?'"—Washington Star.

"Mary!" Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor. "Yes, papa dear?" "Ask that young man if he has the time." A moment of silence. "Yes, George has his watch with him." "Then ask him what is the time." "He says it is 11:48, papa." "Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bedtime." Another moment of silence. "He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, impersonally—"he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy!"—Harper's Bazaar.

"Good morning, ma'am," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and—" "Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "but if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

Town and Country

THE city and the country are linked together by Bell Telephone Service.

The city man when away can keep in touch with his office and business interests.

In a like manner, the man from the country who is visiting in the city, can telephone his home and find out how things are.

This is possible all over the country because Bell Telephone service is universal.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT

THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM MADE TRULY REPRESENTATIVE THROUGH DIRECT LEGISLATION

By MILTON T. U'REN

The action of the state convention of the Republican and Democratic parties, the dominant political parties in California, in placing a plank in their respective state platforms pledging their legislative candidates to submit to the people of this state a direct legislation constitutional amendment at the next session of the legislature, makes this question one of primary importance. In other words, both parties have given their solemn pledges to the people of the state that the people will be given an opportunity to adopt or reject a constitutional amendment, reserving to them the initiative, referendum and recall powers. Inasmuch as every member of the next legislature will be a member of one of these parties, this amendment either will be submitted to the people or more than one-third of the members of each house of the legislature will stand as self-confessed traitors to their party platforms.

The executive committee of the Republican state central committee has shown its good faith and firm intention to carry out its platform pledge by appointing a committee to draft a suitable constitutional amendment. Upon this committee were placed men who have given years to the study of this question and who are regarded as authorities. The committee is as follows: Senator-elect Lee C. Gates of Los Angeles, chairman; Dr. John R. Haynes, Judge John D. Works, Assemblyman W. C. Clark of Oakland, A. H. Elliot of Oakland, and Milton T. U'Ren, secretary of the Direct Legislation League. It is to be hoped that the Democratic state central committee will take some similar action, so that these two committees may work together in harmony, and insure the submission of this amendment.

It being certain that this question is one which must be considered by the legislature and the people of the state in the near future, it is therefore only proper that it be considered to some extent at this time.

Definitions

Direct legislation, properly speaking, consists of the initiative, referendum and recall. The initiative is defined as the right of a certain percentage of voters (usually from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent.) to propose laws, statutes and constitutional amendments.

The referendum is defined as the right of a certain percentage of voters (usually from 5 per cent. to 15 per cent.) to have laws and statutes previously enacted by the legislature referred back to the people for their approval or disapproval.

The recall is defined as the right of a certain percentage of an official's constituents to dismiss him from office through the following procedure. A petition is filed by a certain percentage of the voters (usually from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent.); a new election is held; by the provisions of most recall laws the incumbent becomes a candidate by reason of his incumbency. If, at the election, he receives more votes than anyone of those opposing him, he remains in office. If, on the other hand, one of his opponents receives more votes than he does, he is ousted and his opponent takes the office.

For many years the American people were frightened by the formidable sounding names of initiative, referendum and recall, and were afraid of what was termed experimental, populistic and socialistic doctrines. Now that these terms are better understood and the prejudice of the people is being discarded, the principles of direct legislation are sweeping the land and are being adopted by state after state and by most of the cities in the nation. Prejudice has long stood in the way of a full understanding of the meaning and value of direct legislation. Now that even the most conservative are willing to admit that something is wrong in our governmental affairs, it is not so hard to present this question upon its merits. Everywhere that it has been tried it has proven a decided success, and has won over those who were its bitterest enemies when first proposed.

Direct Legislation in Switzerland

Direct legislation is no longer a theory but an accomplished fact. For more than fifty years it has been in existence in the republic of Switzerland. Space will not permit a detailed account of its introduction and triumphant accomplishments in that country. Any student of the history of Switzerland will agree with the statement that fifty years ago the people there were in the same political and economic condition that we of the United States are today. They were beset by political turmoil, oppressive monopoly, and corrupt government. Today Switzerland is a model among nations; the freest and most peaceful nation in the world. That her present condition is due to the introduction and use of the principles of direct legislation is admitted by those who are in a position to know. It is from Switzerland that the people of the United States obtained the principles of direct legislation in concrete form. Just as we had to go to the people of far off Australia to learn how to vote, so we have learned from little Switzerland, the baby republic, how to govern ourselves.

For many years the opponents of popular government, while admitting the success of direct legislation in Switzerland, argued that it could only succeed in a small territory like Switzerland, and not in a country of large area with diversified interests and different nationalities. Of late, we do not hear so much of this argument. As a matter of fact direct legislation has been tried in many states of the United States and has proven successful wherever given a chance.

Success in Oregon

The first state to use direct legislation in earnest was Oregon. A constitutional amendment reserving to the people the initiative and referendum powers was voted upon in 1902, and was adopted by a vote of 62,024 yes against 5,668 no; more than 10 to 1 in favor. Since that time the state of Oregon has been the puzzle of the politician. Year after year the people have written constructive legislation into their statutes, and have, through constitutional amendments, taken unto themselves more and more power.

Prior to the last election in Oregon the people voted upon thirty-two propositions. At the election on November 8, 1910, thirty-two other propositions were submitted to the people of Oregon under the initiative and referendum laws of that state. Of these measures nine were carried and twenty-three defeated. Another argument of the opponents of direct legislation is thus disposed of, the claim having been made that the people would vote for everything submitted to them without discrimination. One of the most important of these laws so adopted was the Employer's Liability Act, prepared at the instance of the Portland Federation of Labor and the State Labor Trades assembly. It was carried by a majority of 22,112, the largest affirmative majority secured by any initiative or referendum proposition.

That the people of Oregon have acted wisely and well is admitted even by the enemies of popular government. Through the use of the initiative, the public service corporations of Oregon have been brought under proper regulations and have been compelled to pay their just proportion of taxes. The address of Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, delivered in the senate of the United States on May 5, 1910, gives a detailed account of the operation and success of direct legislation in Oregon. Anyone who desires to do so may obtain a copy of this remarkable speech by addressing Senator Bourne at Washington, D. C.

In Other States

Other states which have adopted direct legislation in some form are as follows:

South Dakota adopted it in 1898, but the provisions are imperfect. It was not until the people of the state had some measure of power, however, that the legislature passed a statute repealing the "easy divorce laws." Certain interests appealed to the people from the act of the legislature through the referendum. The people, however, sustained the legislature by an overwhelming vote and the divorce scandals of South Dakota became a thing of the past.

Utah adopted a constitutional amendment in 1900 reserving to the people the initiative and referendum powers; but the legislature has refused to pass enabling legislation and the amendment remains a dead letter.

Nevada adopted the referendum only, in 1905.

Montana adopted the initiative and referendum in 1906, but in an imperfect form.

Oklahoma had the initiative, referendum and recall powers in her original constitution when adopted in 1907, and was admitted into the Union by congress having those provisions in her constitution.

Maine and Missouri adopted the initiative and referendum in 1908. Arkansas was the last state to write these provisions into her constitution: this was done in August, 1910. Other states have made great strides toward direct legislation and many of them will secure it soon.

The legislature of Colorado has just voted to submit an amendment to the people reserving these powers.

In the face of the success of the principles of direct legislation wherever applied, it may not seem necessary to consider its advisability; but perhaps a discussion of its underlying principles may not be amiss.

Business Principles in Government

Direct legislation is nothing more or less than the application of everyday commonsense business principles to matters of government. For many years the people of the United States have been neglecting their governmental affairs, and are now paying the penalty. In the early days, a form of government was established, then set going, and those who were being governed, the people, seemed to forget all about it. Naturally it fell into the hands of those who could profit by paying attention to it. As long as the people had an opportunity of electing their officials at certain periods of time, they considered that they were governing themselves. It is true that in their business, social and domestic affairs, they had direct supervision and control of their agents, but they did not seem to realize the importance of having this same power in their political affairs. Once elected, the officer became the master, and not the servant of those who hired him. While in office no one could control him or supervise his actions. It is true that when his term expired he would have to return to the people for a re-election, but that did not avail much. For the people, if they did not want him, could do nothing more than elect another man with exactly the same powers, after election, as his predecessor. More than this, these "representatives of the people" as they termed themselves took advantage of their opportunities and passed laws so limiting the power of the people to nominate and elect officials, that the people could not even express their will at the polls and elect whom they would.

The conditions which confront the American people today are but the natural outcome of this condition of affairs. For many years men have been studying how to remedy this matter, and the adoption of the principles of direct legislation seems to be the method. The proponents of this remedy desire only to ap-

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HUMOROUS EPITAPHS

There never was a general scrapbook dug out of an old attic chest that did not contain several pages—more or less—of curious epitaphs culled from local tombstones or from the newspaper press, says the Philadelphia Record. The collecting of epitaphs has been a small fad with many people; one scarcely passes over a printed epitaph without reading it, and many of those current among our forebears—in this and the fatherlands across the ocean—have become as trite and well known to our ears as the ancient conundrum of "Why does the chicken cross the road?"

The helpless dead are treated with more respect and reverence nowadays; certainly many of those so-called verses chiseled on tombstones could not have been chosen by the occupants of the quiet bed beneath, although some of them are written in the "first person fictitious." Even the town drunkard, no matter how great was his remorse, could scarcely have chosen the following doggerel, which was found in an old New Hampshire graveyard for all following generations to read:

Abram Ide
Drank hard cide
r, and died.

As prohibition laws are rife in the land and we are growing more temperate all the time, we may as well continue with another epitaph devoted to another "horrible example"—although Mr. Scott, whose remains lie in a Liverpool (Eng.) churchyard, belonged to the producing end of the game, while Mr. Ide was merely a consumer. Scott was a wealthy brewer of his day, and must have numbered among his friends one who was not only a "poet," but a punster, as the subjoined verse shows:

Poor John Scott lies buried here,
Although he was both hale and stout;
Death stretched him on the bitter bier;
In another world he hops about.

To continue, and still hanging to the fringe of the great drink industry, we came to the department of retail trade, repeating an epitaph in which there is a delicious blending of the temporal and spiritual, and one which shows that in olden times this spirit of successful advertising was already to be found in the business world:

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion,
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

But here follows a solar plexus blow to temperance advocates, found in a lower English country churchyard:

She drank strong ale, and punch, and wine,
And lived to the age of ninety-nine.

The Suffolk (Eng.) institute of archeology has been collecting epitaphs from the ancient graveyards throughout the shire, and several of the most curious are here printed. One shows traces of a pessimistic philosophy surprising when we consider the strong orthodoxy of the day when the epitaph was written:

Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay.
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to clay herself—
Who knows but in the course of years,
In some tall pitcher or brown pan,
She in her shop may stand again?

Another from Suffold reads as follows:

Here lies Robert Wallas,
The King of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All Hallows,
And maker of bellows.

Those which follow could scarcely be lines chosen by the reverend occupant of the tomb himself, a clergyman named Chest:

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another,
The chest of wood was very good—
Who says so of the other?

And to conclude, here is a bit of philosophy that cannot be improved by any of the great thinkers of all time. It is:

Here I lie outside the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The further in the more they pay;
But here I lie as warm as they.

PHONOGRAPH LIBRARY FOR POSTERITY

A vocal library is the latest idea in France. It is to be installed in the Bibliotheque Nationale, and will consist of a collection of phonographic records of the words spoken or sung by great orators, singers, and actors, says the New York Times. The library will be equipped with abundant instruments for the transmission of the recorded sounds to the ears of visitors.

Thus in the future the student of the life of some great man, intending, perhaps, to become his biographer, may be aided by the accents of his voice long after he has passed away. It is not improbable that a discourse of the Prime Minister in the Chamber of Deputies may, in after years, be both read and heard at the same time.

The new department in the Bibliotheque Nationale will be called the Museum of Speech. The organizers propose especially to enrich it with important literary works of the present period, recited or read by the authors themselves into a phonograph.

This strikes one as beyond question the most charming feature of the project. What would not certain enthusiasts give today if they could hear passages from Racine, Moliere, Shakespeare, and De Musset delivered in the identical tones of these immortal writers?

"A satisfaction equally great," said a leading French litterateur this week, "is perhaps reserved for our children's children."

"Yes," remarked Jean Coquelin, who was present, "and how much more clearly might have been preserved what are known as the Moliere tradition and the Shakespeare tradition of acting if phonograph records of their stage performances could now be found in our libraries. In an educational sense I do not think that the value to future generations of phonographic libraries of this character can be exaggerated."

This dispatch should be read in connection with another from London, which announces the practical completion of a monumental historical dictionary of the English language. This dictionary shows the history of every word in the language, the date and place at which the word first appeared in print, its meaning and spelling at that time and the changes that have taken place in this meaning and spelling down to date. These two enterprises, the French and the English, if applied to one language, as they undoubtedly both will be, will make a standard of language that will be invaluable for all time. One of the most unfortunate things about a great literature is the constant change in usage and pronunciation of the words of which it is composed. To fix both sense and sound so that both may be imperishable will multiply the pleasure of reading.

A DOG THAT TALKS

The scientific sensation of the hour in Germany is a talking dog, Don, a dark brown setter belonging to a royal gamekeeper named Ebers at The Erhutte, near Hamburg, says the Chicago Tribune.

Don promises to become as celebrated an attraction as the horse Clever Hans, which electrified the savants of Europe eight years ago with prodigious mathematical feats.

The dog's vocabulary already embraces six words. His elocutionary powers came to light early this week as a result of reports in the United States that Graham Bell had succeeded in teaching a terrier to speak. It developed that Germany was not only possessed of a dog with similar gifts, but the animal had been talking five years—in fact, ever since it was 6 months old.

The story first was considered a joke, but interested inquirers have been convinced Don is a genuine canine wonder. His callers included a number of newspaper men who went to The Erhutte to interview the dog.

Gamekeeper Ebers affirms Don began talking in 1905 without training of any kind. The animal sauntered up one day to the table where the family was eating and when its master said: "Do you want something?" it stupefied the family by replying in a deep masculine tone, "Haben, haben" (want, want).

The tone was not a bark or growl, but distinct speech, and increased in plainness from day to day as the master took more interest in the dog's newly discovered talents.

Shortly afterwards the dog learned to say "hunger" when asked what he had. Then he was taught to say "kuchen" (cake), and "ja nein." He added to his vocabulary and now is able to string several words together in sensible rotation. He will say "Hunger, want, cakes," when an appropriate interrogatory is addressed to him.

One correspondent caused inquiries regarding the authenticity of Don's abilities to be made through reliable authorities in Hamburg and is assured the dog is an unqualified scientific marvel.

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THE BIRTHMARK

BY

E. R. LEWIS

IT'S bad 'nough to have the ole Mazuma fall inter the hands of these dam Britishers, 'thout havin' 'em send a red-headed Scotchman over to boss the mine," grumbled Long Tom, as the men sat around the front of the cookhouse after supper, smoking in the warm twilight of an August evening. The sun had gone down behind Grizzly peak, and only the rich glow of the western sky half lit the gulch in which the shacks of the mining camp lay. The sweetish odor of tansy weighed heavily on the evening air, mingled with a faint perfume from the scrub pines that dotted the steep slopes above.

"Yes, an' a hare-lipped Scotchman at that," growled Pete, the mucker, as if that were the last insult in a long list of wrongs.

"Waal," drawled "Missouri," as he lit a fresh pipe, "ye cayn't hardly blame the pore critter fer **that.** A harelip may be jest a relict o' nateral cussedness, en then, agin, a hare-lip may be jest a misfortin. His mother, mebbe, might be able to tell somethin' erbout that hare-lip."

"Right you are, there," agreed Long Tom. "I'll admit you're right there. I knowed a feller on the mother lode that jest natcherly hissed like a snake every time he talked, en do ye know, 'twas all because his mother was hit by a rattler jest a month afore he was born."

"That's nothin'," broke in Pete, before the admiring exclamations of the crowd had died, "there's a feller down to Yuma—you know him, Missouri, that one-eyed feller with a slit in his nose, Jim Somethin er other—well, sir, his mother was a-settin' by the fire one night 'bout six weeks before this here feller was born, an' while she was a-settin' there she heerd the derndest racket outside, an' before she knowed what was up, here come her little gal, a-runnin' an' a-hollerin', an' right after her a crazy dog, one o' these here waterspaniels, a-snappin' an' a-bitin' at that little gal, plumb ravin' crazy. 'T seems he'd agone crazy down ter the store, an' he tried to bite a feller, an' the feller he picked up a stick o' cord-wood an' threw it an' knocked one o' that dog's eyes out, an' then that dog had run up the street, an' the next thing he saw was this little gal, an' he took right after her an' run her right inter the house where Jim's ma was a-settin'. An' she tried to pick the gal up, and before her ole man could git inter the room frum the back yard, that one-eyed spaniel had jumped up an' bit her hand. And when this here Jim feller was born, he had only one eye, an' a slit in his nose, jest like that spaniel dog. That's a fact, ain't it, Missouri?"

"Yessir, it is, an' what's more, Jim had a couple o' marks on his left hand, jest like the marks o' a dog's teeth, right 'n the same place where that dog had bit his ma."

A murmur of approving commendation ran round the group of miners. Long Tom interrupted it.

"Well, I ain't sayin' that this here redheaded Scotchman's responsible fer his harelip, ner that he aint. But what I'm gittin' at is facts, and facts he is responserble fer, an' that is, he's a son-of-gun, an' oughter be lynched. Here he comes over here an' puts on airs an' lives in a big house up yonder on the hills an's too dad-blamed high-toned to take a sociable drink once'n a while with us fellers, an' the first thing we knows he ups and marries ole Smith's little Annie, that every man Jack of ye here used to buy dolls fer an' candy and sich things, an' what thought the world an' all o' all o' ye, an' the next thing ye know he's got her off up in that house an' won't let her come down here no more, ner so much as look outside that garden up there. An' he won't let her go to town, an' the first thing we knows he's fired ole Smith, an' they tell **me** he wouldn't let ole Smith tell her goodbye, nor he won't let her write to the ole man, even. You know yourselves she ain't ben seen for five months, 'cept'n to stick her head up over them palin's in that garden up there once'n a long time, an' the las' time anybody seen her to talk to her 'twas old Sam Wong, in the chuckhouse yonder, an' I was a-askin' him erbout her an' he says, 'No talkee, jes cly, allee time.' Now I'm pintedly o' the opinion that that dam red-headed hare-lip o' a Scotchman is jest natcherly a-mistreatin' that gal, an' I, fer one, am erbout ready to form one single individ'l member of a vig'lance committee to go an' see that son-of-a-gun an' ask him what's what. That's me."

"Them's my sentiments," added Missouri. "I've ben a-thinkin' erbout this here business fer a good while myself, but I kep' a-sayin' mebbe I was mistooken, an' mebbe I was jest 'n ole fool, but I tell **you** when old Smith got his, this mornin', an' lit out o' here a-feelin' so bad he couldn't say nothin' ter nobody, not even hev a drink with nobody, then I says to myself, Missouri, derned ef there ain't somethin' rotten here that needs lookin' into. An' so you c'n count me in es Number Two in this here vig'lance c'mittee, an' ef you'll wait about five minutes I'll be back with a few wisps o' hemp rope that mebbe'll come in handy eroun' these diggin's afore long."

The murmur that had started with Long Tom's oration became a deep growl as Missouri finished, and a unanimous but silent determination moved the little band of men. Without words they dispersed, some to go to their cabins, some to raid the blacksmith's shop at the end of the row of shacks, all to congregate at the foot of the road that led half a mile up the hill to the superintendent's house. Long Tom had been first to the blacksmith's shop, and reappeared with a crowbar. Missouri had made good his suggestion of a coil of rope, and Pete had got down his rifle, which he had never used except for deer after the early rains. It was a grim group that drew together in the growing darkness, silent but determined. Under the dim light of the stars they began their upward climb.

Half way up they paused and listened. Below them, far down the gulch, where the wagon road ran along the side of the creek, they heard the distant sound of horses' hoofs.

"Who'n thunder's ridin' this way, you s'pose?" Long Tom inquired after a moment's halt.

"Comin' purty fast," commented Missouri.

The hoof-beats sounded louder, nearer, more distinct.

"Two of 'em, by thunder," ejaculated Long Tom.

Clearly the rattle of two separate sets of feet could be heard. Nearer still they sounded.

"Aint a-stoppin' at the camp, neither," said Pete.

Suddenly Long Tom yelled:

"Head 'em, boys, head 'em off."

He yelled too late. With a frightened whoop and a startled spurt of the horses, two figures flashed by in the gloom.

"Ole Smith," shouted Missouri.

"No!" the crowd echoed, in doubt.

"Reckon we aint needed tonight, boys," said Pete, shouldering his rifle, and turning back toward camp.

Long Tom leaned on his crowbar and mused a moment. Then he called out excitedly:

"Come on, boys, I've got it. Ole Smith's got the sheriff an' he's a-goin' up to git Annie. Mebbe this is jest the night we are needed. Come on."

The crowd followed eagerly. The way was long, the road was pitchy black, and the grade was steep. But half-running, stumbling, swearing and clambering ahead, they raced up the road. At last they mounted the last stretch and turned into the hundred yards leading to the garden gate. There they paused, but only for an instant. What they heard gave the last convincing reason for their coming: they heard a woman's piercing cry, and the heavy confusion of booted feet on the floor of the boss's house. With a savage yell the crowd broke through the little gate and charged for the front door of the cottage. One blow of Long Tom's crowbar crushed it in, and the next instant the little sitting room was packed with grim bearded faces from which gleamed murderous eyes. A strange man, attracted by the noise, entered the door opposite and faced them with an angry scowl.

Long Tom shot forth an eager, laconic query, "Got 'im?"

The stranger's face relaxed, his eyes twinkled, and he burst into a loud laugh.

"Got him. You bet we have. A ninepounder, too. Wait a minute, I'll show you."

And before the dazed vigilantes could recover themselves the doctor reappeared, bearing a bundle in his arms, from which were emitted those most pititful wailings of the newborn child.

Long Tom could only gasp, "Well, I **am** damned," a sentiment echoed in spirit by his followers. Missouri alone recovered the poise of his native manner. Gingerly lifting the corner of the blanket, he peered into the warm depths and gravely eyed the youngster. Solemnly he reached over and touched one little hand. Politely he addressed the unhappy cause of all the disturbance:

"Howdy, I—I—I see ye're a stranger in these parts."

The doctor bundled up the baby and turned to go.

"You all better scoot, now. And be quiet about it," he added.

But the red-headed Scotchman stood in the door as he turned.

"One meenute," he said. "These gen-tel-men are my guests, doc-torr. We hat a dreenk in Scawtlan' we call whuskey. I haf some."

The hare-lip mixed the brogue, but whiskey was intelligible enough. And the boss poured it and drank with them and thanked them like a gentleman. Several times the libations were poured.

On the dark road back to camp no word was spoken. At the foot of the grade, the group halted. Long Tom leaned contemplatively on his crowbar, Pete used his rifle as a crutch. A dreamy silence comfortably enveloped them. At length Long Tom broke the revery:

"An' to think it's little Annie's."

Pete spoke:

"Wonder he'll be red-headed—an' a harelip."

Missouri concluded the reflections:

"That whiskey! An' to think we might a' lynched him."

FAMOUS WAR ARTIST DEAD

Melton Prior, the artist-war correspondent, died recently, had a long record of active service, says the New York Sun. He represented the Illustrated London News in twenty-four campaigns, besides several revolutions. His first foreign service was in the Ashanti war of 1873. In the following year he was in the thick of the Carlist rising. He saw the Herzegovinian, Servian, Turkish, Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu and Boer wars, the Egyptian campaign, the Sudan expedition, the Burmese war, the rebellions in Venezuela, Brazil and Argentina, the Matabele and Afridi wars, the northwest frontier campaign in India and the Cretan insurrection. In 1903 he was in the Somaliland expedition and in 1904 in the Russo-Japanese war. Between 1872 and 1886 Prior passed only one year in which he was not seeing service in the field. He went through the siege of Ladysmith and saw the destruction of Baker Pasha's army at El Teb.

Prior used to tell a story of how a dream once saved his life. On his way to South Africa he dreamed that he saw himself shot and witnessed his own funeral. Later after his arrival in South Africa he received a letter from his mother describing the same dream and begging him not to go to the relief of Eshowe. He was so impressed by the coincidence that he obtained a substitute, and was firmly convinced that by doing so he saved his life.

"When a girl goes gunning for a husband," says the Philosopher of Folly, "she should see that her powder is dry."—Cleveland Leader.

("Popular Government"—Continued)

ply to governmental affairs those principles which apply to their private affairs. They want the men who are elected as representatives of the people to be the people's agents.

The initiative is simply the right or power of the people to do that thing for themselves which their agents refuse to do. The referendum is simply the right or power of the people to undo those things which the agents have done against their will. The recall is nothing more than the right or power of the people to dismiss from office an unfaithful, careless or corrupt agent. When put in this way, we readily see that these principles are nothing new nor strange; moreover, they existed in governmental affairs in portions of the United States before the federal constitution was adopted. The town meeting of New England was one method of carrying out these powers.

Opponents Doubters of the People

In its final analysis the opposition to direct legislation comes through distrust of the ability of the American people to govern themselves. Whenever you find a man or a newspaper who opposes the introduction of direct legislation, you find one who does not trust the people. American political thought is today divided into two parties. In the first or "progressive" party are those who believe that the people are capable of governing themselves; in the second, the "reactionary" or "conservative" party, are those who distrust the people. Those of the first class favor the placing of more power in the hands of the people and believe that "the ills of democracy can only be cured by more democracy." The other class are those who believe that in some mysterious way the Almighty made them a little brighter, a little more intelligent, than the average man. Some of them have even gone so far as President Baer of the Pennsylvania railroad, who said that God had given him the coal fields and the wealth to administer as a trustee on behalf of the people Thus we have a survival of the old, discredited doctrine of the divinity of kings.

Those who oppose direct legislation are prone to split hairs and to prate about "our representative form of government." In the state of Oregon, as in the other states, the political machine manipulated politics for many years, elected county and state officers, and even the representatives in congress and the United States senators. The people had nothing to say. The same organization manipulated both political parties and nominated the candidates. The people then had an opportunity of voting for the one labeled "Democrat" or the other labeled "Republican," both having the O. K. of the political machine stamped upon them. In those days we heard nothing about "our representative form of government." We were told that the people governed themselves, in spite of the fact that we now know positively that these "representatives" so-called, did not represent the people. Those who are now so loudly defending our "form" of government, were not then heard. The truth of the matter is **that we no longer had a representative government.** Our so-called "representatives" did not represent **us.** They were nominated and elected by the political machine; back of the political machine stood the political boss, and back of the political boss stood the public service corporations and Predatory Wealth.

Representative, Not Misrepresentative, Government

Representative government is not a failure. It is misrepresentative government that is a failure. The theory of our government is that the men elected should be elected by the people for the purpose of carrying out the will of the people. When this theory miscarries and these so-called "representatives" ignore the will of the people and become the tools of those who are exploiting the people, our trouble begins. Direct legislation is the means whereby representative government will be made truly representative. Through these principles of agency as already explained, the representative will be held to strict accountability by his constituents. The form of government will not be changed. We will have the judicial, executive and legislative branches of government, but the men who fill these positions will be the agents and not the masters of the people.

The people of this country do not want to be bothered with matters of government. They prefer to give their attention to their business, to their social life and to their homes. They desire that these agents whom they elect for that purpose, perform the functions of government. They have lived for years in the firm belief that this was the case; but they now have their eyes open. The American people are patient and long suffering, but once they set out to right a wrong, they accomplish that purpose at any cost. They are now aroused. They see the dangers which are confronting this republic, and have made up their minds that those things shall be righted. They are taking more and more power unto themselves. Nothing can stand in the way of this accomplishment. Driven back and at bay, the enemies of popular government have one last hope. Convinced that direct legislation will be successful in righting the political and economical wrongs now existing, they are now fighting desperately in the courts to prevent its accomplishment.

Fought in Courts by Special Privilege

In almost every state in the Union where direct legislation has been introduced and tried Special Privilege has fought it viciously. In the state of California, Los Angeles was the first to adopt its provisions into her city charter. The matter was taken to the supreme court of the state and the court held that it was not contrary to the constitution of the state.

See, In Re Pfahler, 88 Pac. 270.

All the state courts of those states which have adopted direct legislation have held these principles to be constitutional. The last hope of the enemies of popular government lies in the supreme court of the United States. The people of the state of Oregon under the direct legislation provisions of their constitution, initiated and adopted as a law of that state a statute taxing the gross incomes of public service corporations. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company fought the tax and carried it to the supreme court of the state of Oregon upon various grounds, among which was the claim that the constitutional direct legislation provisions of the state were in contravention of the constitution of the United States, which guarantees to every state a republican form of government. The supreme court of the state of Oregon decided against this contention and held that such provisions were not in contravention of the guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States.

Remarkable Plea of Telephone Company

The attorneys for the corporation have filed a remarkable brief, in which it is claimed that the initiative and referendum provisions in the constitution of the state of Oregon are unconstitutional because they are in contravention of the guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States which guarantees to every state a republican form of government. The claim is made that where the people act directly upon a law, that is a "democratic" form of government; that a "republican" form of government is one wherein the people act **only** through representatives. Upon this construction of the guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States, the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company asks the supreme court of the United States to wipe out of the constitutions of nine states their direct legislation provisions. Remarkable as have been some of the decisions of the supreme court of the United States, it is incredible to believe that it will uphold this contention of the telephone company.

In the first place, the supreme court of the United States has held time after time that all questions arising under the guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States as to what constitutes a "republican" form of government are **political** and not **judicial** questions. This question arose in the very early days of our history as a nation, and was decided in the case of Luther vs. Borden, 7 How. 1. This decision of the court has recently been affirmed in the case of Taylor vs. Beckham, 178 U. S. 598. This was a case brought by ex-Governor Taylor of Kentucky against Lieutenant Governor Beckham, who became governor upon the assassination of Governor Goebel. This political history is fresh in the minds of the people and will be readily recalled. Taylor appealed to the supreme court of the United States declaring that at the time of the election Kentucky had been in a virtual state of civil war and did not have a republican form of government. The supreme court refused to go into the merits of the case, and declared that it had no jurisdiction in the matter as to what constituted a republican form of government in any of the states; that this was a political question to be decided by the legislative and executive branches of the United States government and not by the judicial.

The Example of Oklahoma

If the decision of the supreme court of the United States to the effect that the executive and legislative branches of the government are the sole judges as to what constituted a republican form of government under the guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States is correct, it would seem that this question has been definitely settled. The territory of Oklahoma applied for admission into the Union as a state, and was told by congress and the president to adopt a state constitution which would be in conformity with the constitution of the United States. It adopted a constitution in 1907 containing as its basic principles of government the initiative and referendum powers, by vote of the people of 40,000 majority. Oklahoma was subsequently accepted into the Union by congress with the approval of the president, by formal resolution, declaring, "that the state of Oklahoma having adopted a constitution containing a republican form of government," etc. President Roosevelt, himself, at that time doubted the wisdom of these direct legislation provisions but certainly did not consider that they were contrary to a "republican form" of government. The whole opposition upon this point rests upon a hair-splitting definition contained in some dictionaries, which distinguishes between republican and democratic forms of government. That any court would go so far as to wipe out the constitutional provisions of nine states, reverse two of its leading decisions, take unto itself the legislative and executive functions of declaring what is a republican form of government, and restore to power again the rapidly disappearing misrepresentative tools of Special Interests, is unthinkable.

The guarantee clause of the constitution of the United States was adopted as a measure of protection to the states themselves. That the original thirteen independent sovereign states should give to the federal government the right to interfere and upset their state constitutions was not dreamed of at the time. Much discussion was indulged in at the time as to what this clause really meant. Alexander Hamilton, who was the leader of the Tories, and who in reality had no confidence in the ability of the people to govern themselves, said in discussing this provision, as follows: "It (the guarantee clause) can be no impediment to reforms in the state constitutions by a majority of the people in a legal and peaceful mode. This right would remain undiminished. The guarantee can only operate against changes to be affected by violence." Hamilton, the Federalist, Paper No. 21, page 107.

No Change in Form of Government

The states which have affected these changes have done so in a peaceable and in a legal way; moreover, they have not even changed the form of government in the slightest particular. In each of these states the form of government originally adopted has remained intact. For eight years the people of the state of Oregon have existed under these direct legislation provisions; they have the legislative, the executive and the judicial branches of government working peacefully and quietly. The only change that has been brought about is that the people are more prosperous, happier and more contented with their government. Dissatisfaction and discontent have ceased.

A decision of the supreme court of the United States declaring that their government is "unconstitutional" would bring back the conditions which existed prior to 1902, and this the people will not tolerate. Thwarted in an

attempt to remedy their wrongs in a peaceful manner, the only road open to the people of the United States will be violence. This is abhorrent to all. We know that nothing is gained through revolution, nothing is settled, and we merely begin over again with the same difficulties to face and problems to solve. Having found the road to real self-government, let us follow it. Let us go forward carefully but with confidence in the knowledge that representative government is no longer a mockery, and that through direct legislation popular government is a reality.

ERROR IN "HEATHEN CHINEE"

Every one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," written in the early seventies at the time when the feeling on the Pacific Coast ran high against the mild-eyed Celestial, and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to "Ah Sin," as a crafty card-cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps, says the New York Times.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proofs and which survived, and still survives, all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterwards famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions, despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily, and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinee, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland" sat in a game of euchre with "Truthful James" and "Bill Nye."

At a crucial point of the game, the artless Chinese plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me." Whereupon, Truthful and Nye proceed to "go for that Heathen Chinee." The damaging evidence disclosed by their rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication.

"In his sleeves, which were long, there were
twenty-four packs;
Which is coming it strong, yet I state but
the facts."

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but already several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to the fugitive verses, which had merely oozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correction then. When, however, the Eastern press enthusiastically copied it, and publishers and illustrators rang all manner of comic changes on it, he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinee" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Bret Harte wrote was:

"In his sleeves, which were long, he had
twenty-four jacks."

Now in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the jacks are of great value and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor who set up "packs" instead of "jacks" still left enough of sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavor, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading. And today, every copy of Bret Harte's poems sold for a Christmas gift in gorgeous, de luxe editions, contains that error of the inky compositor made years ago.

JUST JOKES

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a cross-roads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read: WET PAINT.

Seymour Hicks, the English actor, is quoted by the New York Times as sponsor for this story. Once I remember driving up to a famous playhouse where the business was dreadfully bad at the time, although I was not aware of the fact. I apologized for not having written for seats, explaining I was of the Kendal company, and that I should be grateful if they would allow me to see the performance. The manager looked at me silently for a few moments, and then said: 'Is that your hansom outside there?' I replied that it was. He said, 'Then drive it right in.' I realized when I took my seat what he had meant. I and six others were the only people in the dress circle.

The oligarchy called the new senator before them, says the Newark News. "Do you know what your amendment to section 5 of the freight bill will do?" they demanded. "No," replied the new senator. "It will make the meaning of the section absolutely clear and intelligible," they told him. Apologizing for his rawness and inexperience in legislation, the new senator withdrew his amendment at once.

"To say," a matron observed, "that everybody is talking about a young man is a eulogy; but to say that everybody is talking about a young woman is an elegy."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I saw you kiss my daughter in the conservatory last night. What have you got to say to that, sir?" "Well, I'll overlook it this time, but don't let it occur again, please."—The Housekeeper.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers with 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.
ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.
11-18-6t

NOTICE OF SALE OF DELINQUENT SHARES OF STOCK
LUXOR OIL COMPANY, A CORPORATION

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, southeast corner of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

NOTICE

There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Names.	Number of Certificate	No. of shares	Amount
Bunger, F. C.	111	250	5.00
Callaghan, R. I.	36	6500	130.00
Callaghan, R. I.	90	4500	90.00
Cormack, C. F.	60	1000	20.00
Donovan, Wm.	153	500	10.00
Ford, Mrs.	151	1000	20.00
Grogan, W. R.	156	18183	363.66
Gyles, Edw.	76	400	8.00
Grogan, Mrs. W. R.	152	3000	60.00
Hoadley, G. O.	67	17200	344.00
Harrower, Robert	77	1000	20.00
Hammond, Wm.	83	100	2.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	87	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	127	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	128	250	5.00
Kingwell, Jno.	110	500	10.00
Love, Robert B.	81	1000	20.00
McCarthy, T. D.	101	1000	20.00
McCarthy, Jos. P.	160	1000	20.00
Nye, Mrs. M. E.	94	100	2.00
O'Brien, T.	63	100	2.00
Risnin, H. A.	19	333	6.66
Risnin, H. A.	52	1000	20.00
Risnin, H. A.	53	1000	20.00
Risnin, H. A.	54	500	10.00
Risnin, H. A., Trustee	102	10000	200.00
Risnin, H. A., Trustee	103	9000	180.00
Risnin, Annette A.	162	100	2.00
A. L. Saunders,	145	250	5.00
Saunders, Mrs. A. L.	144	250	5.00
Tregear, Mrs. Anna	148	200	4.00
Whitaker, C. I.	70	1000	20.00
Welch, Mrs. Chas.	142	500	10.00

And in accordance with law so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the said corporation at 249 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay

[illegible]
California.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that [illegible]
lutionized and [illegible]
climo Mining Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at the regular monthly meeting of said board, duly held on the thirtieth day of August, 1910, at the office of said corporation in San Francisco in said State, a [illegible]
poration is hereby called for [illegible]
of said corporation at Room 941 Monadnock Building, No. 681 Market St., San Francisco, California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the [illegible]
Board of Directors usually meet), on TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1910, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M. on said day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Dollars, divided into One Hundred Thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each, to Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars divided into Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) shares of the par value of One Dollar each. The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock of said corporation is Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand (250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated September 1, 1910.
THOMAS E. HAVEN,
Secretary Buclimo Mining Company.
9-23-10t

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or [illegible] any part thereof. Defendants.

ERNEST J. MOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby [illegible] the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the [illegible] County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have [illegible] or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the [illegible] of Brannan Street, [illegible] and nine and seven-eighths (9 7/8) feet from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly [illegible] sixty (60) feet and [illegible] thence at a right angle northwesterly [illegible] two and one-eighth (2 1/8) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly [illegible] single story [illegible] line of Brannan Street, and thence southeasterly [illegible] being a part of Old Hundred Vara Lot No. 167.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby [illegible] appear and answer [illegible] for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be [illegible] property in fee simple [illegible] property by [illegible] certain and [illegible] costs and charges [illegible] thereof, [illegible] or future [illegible] process of [illegible] plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be [illegible]

Witness my hand and the [illegible] this 26th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. Kerrigan, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of the summons was made in The California Weekly, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, on the 28th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

[illegible] and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose [illegible] Francisco, California.

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT complete for $35.00. Room [illegible] Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

JULIUS CALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office.
30 Montgomery St.
Phone Kearny 4482

Residence.
1297 McAllister St.
Phone Park 4502

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

State Board of Railroad Commissioners

In the beginning of road making each person cut his own trail out and, if there were others who wanted to travel that way, they helped to cut it. If there was great demand some enterprising person, with the King's warrant, made a road, built bridges on it, kept it in repair and took toll of every person and thing that passed over it, so much for a person on foot, more for a person on horseback, still more for a team, the bigger the team the higher the price. By and by people became tired of paying so much for such a service and, through their government, built the roads, first taking enough of toll to keep the road in repair and, finally, taxing all the country round about to keep the roads in repair, but leaving them free of tolls.

A railroad is a toll road given a king's right to build across other folk's lands, paying such damages as they inflict, but going right along whether other land owners like it or not, completing the line and so putting the owners of the road in a position to take tolls. That is the purpose of railroad building—to get the tolls.

Ordinarily railroads do not suffer others to run their vehicles over their roads, preferring to supply their own vehicles, but sometimes they do. There are great lines of fruit, cattle, fast-freight, oil shippers, and the like, that furnish their own vehicles for hauling their own freight and the freight of their customers over railroads that they do not own, paying tolls to have the railroad company's locomotives hitched to their trains, or their cars hitched to other trains, and so hauled to their destination. Sometimes rich men own private cars and when they travel they pay to have their cars hauled, and sleeping car companies run thousands of their traveling hotels over railroads that they do not own. These are all phases of the old toll road idea adapted to modern conditions where steam and electricity are used instead of horses, mules or oxen.

Now under the toll road system greedy road makers, if left to themselves, made their tolls so high as to restrict travel and commerce and complaint by travelers was general. They said they were being robbed. They were willing to pay tolls that should, in their aggregate, pay interest on the cost of making the road, pay for keeping the road in repair and pay good wages to the superintendency for it and, by and by, return the original investment, but they were not willing to turn over to the owner of the toll road all, or nearly all, the profit to be had in traveling over his road.

These complaints grew so loud and insistent that they finally reached the ears of the king and he appointed someone to look into the matter and fix such tolls on that road as would be fair to both the road builder and the traveler. Always and everywhere some power other than the toll road owner had to be called in to settle the quarrel between the traveler and the road owner over what the rates of toll should be.

This is just as true of railroad rates as it ever was of toll road rates, with the difference that railroad traffic is ten thousand times more important, more complicated and more in need of impartial adjustment than ever toll roads were. And this is what our State Railroad Commission is for.

California has not been fortunate with its railroad commission. The people have elected its members, or thought they had, for the purpose of dealing justly by shipper and railroad, producer and consumer, traveler and shareholder in the railroads, but for thirty years, and until 1910, the railroads had either made shift to select the commissioners whom the people elected or they were able to buy them up afterward. For this and a variety of other reasons railroad rates have been fixed by the railroads in contravention of an immemorial human experience that toll road owners could not safely be left to fix their own rates of toll. Human greed is so constantly active whereever it has opportunity that it is sure to be a despoiler instead of a benefactor unless held in check.

The courts have also been resorted to, generally, but not always, in the interests of the railroads and upon this just and proper ground: That the rate fixing power must not fix rates so low as to confiscate the property of the railroad, inasmuch as so doing would be depriving the owners of railroads of their property without due process of law, a wickedness so abhorrent to the judicial mind that it will not be tolerated and is clearly unconstitutional.

No exact measure of railroad tolls has yet been reached, but the present-day judicial and administrative concept is that rates must be reasonable. What constitutes reasonableness is a question to be determined in each separate case. This does not limit owners of railroads to interest on the investment, after all operating expenses have been paid, but does tend to prevent those extortionate charges that sometimes take all that the producer can make over and above a meagre living just to get his products to market. With this preliminary view of the railroad regulation problem we shall be in better shape next week to take up our State Railroad Commission in its legal and economic aspects.

Seems ter me that the fellers that allers put off till tomorrer what they can skip doin' today 'll have a ruther tryin' time when Gabr'el blows his horn.

The doctors operated on Noah Bangs fer appendicitis. The operation wus successful, an' it's been a long time sence a funeral in our neighborhood wus so largely attended.

They ain't many men that would refuse to do their duty if it could be fixed so it wouldn't be so unhandy.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "Oakland's New Charter"

By Albert H. Elliot

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 2 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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For Soul and Pocket

IT HAS LONG BEEN RECOGNIZED that an open confession is good for the soul, but it was left for Doctor Frederick Cook to demonstrate that it can also be made effective for replenishing a pocket. Before going into retirement he sold his cooked-up story of having discovered the north pole to the press and on the rostrum, for upwards of $80,000. Now he has sold for at least another $1,000 his confession that his former story was, if not a fake, at least a yarn of huge improbability. He takes us going and coming and sort of rubs it in on us both ways. By the way, about how mad was he when he wrote that book on the ascent of Mount McKinley that he did not ascend? The Ananias club is the only one in Dr. Cook's home-land likely to keep a latchstring out for his coming.

One or Other

WE CALIFORNIANS ARE NOT prohibitionists if we can have option in its stead, but if option is to prove satisfying it must afford a wider range of choice than between wide-open and half-open rum selling. We must have option by county, city, precinct, what the citizenship in each case wills, or there will be such a campaign for prohibition as will make the rummies rub their eyes. Good people are growing weary of having to whip all the saloons in California to a frazzle as a mere preliminary to doing any good thing.

Another Count Against the Roadhouse

THE ROADHOUSE is, on the whole, the most detestable instrument of inebriety that human depravity has yet invented and, to its indictment, has lately been added a new count, that of responsibility for automobile accidents. With one or two rounds of roadhouse whisky inside him every chauffeur is ready to climb trees with his machine, buck a line of freight cars or try to kick coal with a horse and buggy for a football. Down with the roadhouses!

The Sun

ALAS, BRIGHT SUN, that thou shouldst be so soon eclipsed! However, thou wert a hark-from-the-tombs. Thou belongest to an era when every party had to have an organ and every organ had to fight for its party right or wrong. Now the honest citizen only asks of a paper, Who owns it? If the answer be a Spreckels, a De Young or a Hearst; a Calhoun, a Union Trust Company or a Dargee, there is a shaking of the head and a turning away in sadness that, if possible, a paper may be found that is neither a personal organ, a brawling woman in a wide house nor a party hack. It was because the Sun was an announced party hack (and also didn't have capital enough), that it failed to stick, and not because San Francisco does not need a clean, able, honest, unrammelled morning newspaper. It does, but it would take a million dollars to establish one.

Blue Monday

CONGRESS ASSEMBLES MONDAY. It will be a solemn occasion in the shadow of the obsequies, so to speak, of 107 standpatters whose feet will, after the fourth of next March, no more patter adown the aisles of the House. At least there were that number of changes from side to side involved in the late election in that one chamber, not to speak of similar changes foreshadowed in the senate. But let not the unction be cherished in Democratic souls that the country went Democratic. It didn't. It is no nearer Democratic now than it was two years ago. We, the people, merely wanted to give the President a hunch and a Joe Cannon a punch. That will content the country if the President takes the hunch to pick his advisers from his friends rather than from his enemies and, as for Uncle Joe, old as he is, he must cease to do evil and learn to do well or the next punch will settle him.

Dignity of the Courts

MR. JUSTICE HUGHES lately gave expression to some strong statements relative to the necessity for the preservation of the dignity of our courts. That is within the keeping of the courts. If they will establish justice, speedily and without respect to persons or privilege, the gates of hell cannot deprive them of one jot or tittle of the dignity that will be their due. Dignity by any other right will be as empty of honor as the sounding brass of a boarding house gong.

Diaz Inaugurated

PORFIRIO DIAZ has been formally inaugurated president of Mexico. It has got to be a habit with him. A great man is Diaz and all the nice things our American minister, speaking as dean of the diplomatic corps, had to say of and about him were appropriate and true except that he is where he is by the mandate of the people of Mexico. The people of Mexico are as politically undiscovered as they were the morning before the landing of Cortez.

One Thing More

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION has, in certain instances, ordered reduced the rates for Pullman sleeping car berths, with especial reference to a decent differential between upper and lower. So far so good, but one thing more is requisite. The compelling of the hundred-million-dollar corporation to pay its own porters for services rendered instead of inflicting upon the traveling public a horde of brass buttoned mendicants. To do that would be to strangle the tipping iniquity in its lair.

Stealing Democratic Thunder

A TIP IS OUT that the burden of the President's message will be economy in public expenditure. If so there will be more wrath in Democratic circles than was occasioned by the alleged stealing by Roosevelt of Bryan's isms. It is exactly that kind of thunder that our Democratic friends have been weeks a-pumping, but let us cherish the hope that the President does not especially favor the economy of going without. That would ill become this greatest and richest of nations. What we need is not so much economy as efficiency in expenditure that a dollar of value may be had for every dollar of taxes raised.

Plenty of Indignation

WHATEVER OF GOOD may be said of the people of the west coast metropolis," declares the Rochester (New York) Democrat, "they have shown few symptoms of indignation toward political grafters." Not so. At least 25,000 men of San Francisco have both voiced and voted their indignation for grafters, but the powers of successful rascality, backed by wealth and abetted by judicial "t" crossing and "i" dotting, have proven more potent for injustice than indignation, however righteous, has proven for justice. We San Franciscans are good people, but we are not in the majority.

Oakland's New Charter

It has been said so often as to have lost all its novelty, but no part of its truth, that the problem of government by democracy is the problem of the government of cities. And so it is. Unless the cities within a republic can be properly governed the republic itself cannot be properly governed.

Oakland, among other enterprising cities, is reaching out toward better government, not as San Francisco is trying to do, by whipping the old charter into better shape, but by making a new charter. The outlines of the new document are succinctly laid down in our leading article for the week written by Councilman A. H. Elliot of Oakland, for which favor he has our hearty thanks.

Mr. Elliot likens the government of a city to the government of a corporation. The analogy is strong, but the new charter does not carry that analogy as far as it might have carried it with profit. The directors of a corporation seldom undertake the executive duties of that corporation. The duty of the directorate is administrative rather than executive. The directorate sits in council, determines policies, apportions means, and employs experts to carry out the ideas of the administration. There is a fundamental difference there that even the dictionary does not make wholly clear and yet a difference that the practical working of a city government will make obvious.

The Oakland scheme of government contemplates that the administrators shall be the executives, and this paper doubts the ability of any community to select and elect competent executive heads to the five departments of city government for which Oakland's new charter makes provision, but Oakland voters can select and elect men who are capable of formulating, financing and sustaining constructive municipal policies for skilled specialists to carry out to completion.

In one of his public addresses Councilman Elliot stated that Oakland's new charter does not provide for government by experts; but there cannot be good government without government by experts. No great industrial enterprise, which a city is, can be conducted without expert and trained men at every strategic point from top to bottom. J. Pierpont Morgan knows nothing of practical railroading, but he knows everything about financing railroads and how to secure the practical railroad men needed.

We think that the framers of Oakland's new charter have builded better than they knew, that in the working out of their new scheme of government necessity will compel the five commissioners to sit as a directorate of a great corporation; that the incompetency of each individual commissioner to head his department will compel him to avail himself of an expert assistant or chief to perform the executive tasks of his office so that Oakland will come to have government by experts through an administrative directorate of level headed, but non-expert, citizens who will perform services similar to those performed by a board of directors of a railroad or manufacturers' corporation.

At all events the new charter of Oakland should work out immensely more to the advantage of the ambitious and growing young city than the old system of government by patronage and for patronage.

The Oregon Idea

At the late election Oregon decided to do away with the party convention as an instrument for selecting delegates to the national conventions of the great political parties and, in its stead, permit the electors at a direct primary to determine who shall go to such conventions and for whom they shall stand for presidential candidates of their respective parties. California must make some provision for sending delegates to the national conventions to be held early in 1912. The people will not tolerate that the delegates elected to county conventions at the August primary in 1910 select the delegates to the state conventions that are to name delegates to the national conventions in 1912, although that is the way the law now stands. There must be provided some means for ascertaining popular preferences of a more contemporaneous character, and why not adopt the Oregon idea of expressing state-wide preferences for national candidates? Another state primary of some sort must be held between August 12, 1910, and May 1, 1912, and why not for electing and instructing delegates to national conventions as well as for electing delegates to county conventions to elect delegates to state conventions to elect delegates to national conventions? Here is something for legislators to think over. Oregon is something of an aurora borealis for the lighting of California's political feet and this light is a good deal safer guide than, for instance, the dark of the moon.

THE STAFF

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A. J. WATERHOUSE.....Assistant
E. FRENCH STROTHER.....Assistant
V. E. FRANKLIN.....Business Manager

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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The Viper's Sting

If there be a man in this bay district of California for whom all good people, male and female, cherish an abiding affection that man is Rev. Charles R. Brown, for fourteen years pastor of the First Congregational church of Oakland. A gifted pulpiteer, a sympathetic and ministering pastor, a wise counselor in time of perplexity and trouble, he carried the sorrows and trials of his congregation until the burden broke down his health and forced him to resign his pastorate.

There was no man in this bay cities community who stood more strongly for what was right, who gave to Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Heney more loyal support, than Rev. Charles R. Brown. In his church he held a monster meeting of men to listen to Mr. Heney and to do honor to Mr. Spreckels, and there were packed into that church not less than 2,500 earnest men, men who dared to stand for Right Things, and what men could do they did to encourage the fight for right in San Francisco. From his own pulpit he denounced graft somewhat as the Master he serves denounced the scribes and the pharisees and the hypocrites of his time.

The malefactors waited their opportunity, waited his resignation and the eve of his departure for another field and another calling, and then put vipers in his path to sting him. A gutter weekly was the first to strike, not boldly and directly, but by innuendo, suggestion, slur and foul breath. Then the Examiner took it up and did its malignant worst, and now every injurious tongue is wagging, the occasion being an honest friendship between Dr. Brown and a lady member of his church. The cause evidently was the determination of the associated villanies to find some means of tarnishing a hitherto unblemished reputation, thereby to take a sweet revenge upon an enemy to their ilk.

Every popular pastor that ever was was daily and hourly menaced by the presence in his parish of sentimental, morbid womanhood, and nothing could be more natural or praiseworthy than that the wife of every such pastor should strive to safeguard her husband against that risk, for, be it remembered, the reputation of every social exemplar, as every pastor must be, is peculiarly vulnerable. As with a mirror so with such a personality, every injurious breath tarnishes, but unfortunately the tarnish is not so easily removed as from the surface of a mirror.

Nothing could be more natural also than that a wife of a pastor may sometimes misjudge a worthy but delicately organized woman for one of these ever effervescing human bottles of smelling salts always languishing about the person of "that dear man," her pastor. Mrs. Brown confesses that she misjudged Mrs. Martin when she snubbed her, unfortunately in the presence of others. That set tongues wagging, the reporters got wind of it and as lamentable an incident as comes to the recollection is the result. The plaint of Mrs. Martin, that Dr. Brown should have stopped the wagging of tongues forthwith, affords some insight into her mental make-up. As well might he be required to stop the playing over the surface of the arid west of those vagrant, summer whirlwinds that constantly do whip the dust into spiral columns joining heaven and earth. It cannot be done.

We none of us know another as God knows us all, but if it would advantage the Reverend Doctor Charles Reynolds Brown to carry with him where he goes the affidavits of 2,000 or 2,500 reputable men and women, members of his congregation, setting forth their unqualified confidence in him as a Christian gentleman, loyal husband, a faithful and pure-minded pastor and counsellor (and that whoever avers to the contrary lies), he can have them for the intimation that he would like a trunkful of them, excess baggage charges prepaid.

Redress Dr. Brown has none, for nothing is charged against him. He is but paying the price that an aggressive decency must pay for being decent and aggressive. It is a toll exacted by the indecent and the cowardly, but being decent and aggressively militant for right is worth even that price.

Another Hichborn History?

Franklin Hichborn's "Story of the California Legislature of 1909" was a potent factor in the last election. It forced candidates to face their records, and those who could not were dropped out of sight. It is important that another such record be kept and published for the legislature of 1911, but to make such a book effective it must have an entirely nonpartisan support. Mr. Hichborn cannot afford to attempt another such enterprise. In spite of all that he and his friends could do to sell his book, its publication proved a losing venture and he is not financially able to pocket another such loss. Nor can he accept the proffered aid of any man of means through fear that the charge of bias of mind might defeat the purpose of the book, which was and is to write history as he sees it from day to day in the making. There is only one way in which the publication of a history of the legislature of 1911 can be financed without impairment of the validity of that history when published, and that is by having the books subscribed for in advance by persons who, severally, wish to have such a history published. It will require 1,200 volumes at $1.50 per volume to sustain the enterprise. Elsewhere in this paper will be found a form of order for that book. That form may either be cut out, filled out and sent to Mr. Hichborn, or a letter can be written embodying the

substance of the filled out form. The 1,200 responses should result from this one appeal to the readers of The California Weekly. The purpose of that history is to set down in black and white the record that every legislator makes. If any legislator make a good record he is entitled to the full benefit of it, if a bad record his constituents are entitled to know it. Mr. Hichborn is qualified for that task. It is a task important to be performed. Give it a lift.

Justice Sustains Defeat

The supreme court of California, by a four to three decision, has granted Louis Glass, the grafter, a new trial, which means that he will escape the penitentiary, for Lonergan is dead, Gallagher has been spirited out of the country to stay out, and the machinery of justice is in the hands of men not likely to be overzealous in enforcing the laws against genteel personages affiliated with the House of Graft. Nothing is now likely to come of anything.

Any man on the street, being asked to conjecture the line-up on a divided supreme court, in such a case would unerringly and off-hand have placed Henshaw, Lorigan and Melvin on the one side, with Sloss, Shaw and Angelotti on the other, the determining factor being Chief Justice Beatty. Unfortunately for the vindication of justice the Chief Justice sided with the three first mentioned. It would be unjust to him to suppose that he reached the conclusions that they did through processes similar to those by which his colleagues reached their decision. Chief Justice Beatty merely belongs to the old order that changes not, but an order that must change or justice will be defeated as often as the letter of the law can be placed above the establishment of justice. His special, concurring opinion will be looked for with great interest and treated with great respect. Likewise the dissenting opinions of Sloss, Shaw and Angellotti will be awaited with solicitude.

As we gather it from the daily press reports the decision went off on two main points; the admission of evidence going to show that Glass was up to the same sort of skulduggery in Oakland that he had employed in San Francisco, the failure of Judge Lawlor gravely to inform the jury that they were not to consider that the refusal of Zimmer to testify implied that if he had testified he would have testified to the injury of Glass.

This may be law. This paper is not saying that it is not, but if it is it is fool law and should have no place in jurisprudence. A common sense jury, had the judge made his instruction never so strong, would have disregarded it, for it was as plain to every sane person cognizant of the facts as the nose on the human visage that the refusal of Zimmer to testify was for the precise purpose of shielding Glass, and, as the event has proven, it did shield him, not from the infamy of being a grafter, that will stick, but from the degradation of wearing stripes that he richly deserves to wear.

As for the other point, the general bad character of a criminal of low degree somehow goes to every jury before whom such criminal is tried, and the general bad financial character of a criminal of high degree should go to the jury as certainly. The failure of justice in the Glass case is to be lamented. Every such jolt shakes our institutions like an earthquake. Every such decision causes every mind to differentiate the personnel of every bench into sheep and goats. And verily they are severally known for what they are.

Justice Is Vindicated

Last week this paper went to press immediately upon receipt of the news that the appellate court had sustained the conviction of Ruef, but opportunity was not afforded for comment upon the decision. That decision was worthy of comment. It was a surprise It was not generally believed or hoped that the appellate court would be able to rise to the requirements of justice. To sustain their decision the appellate bench were logically forced to conclude: that $200,000 in gold was placed in the mint to the credit of Patrick Calhoun; that at the request of Tirey L. Ford that gold was exchanged for currency, was taken out by Ford in currency and was by him paid to Ruef; that Ruef handed over $85,000 of this sum to Gallagher and that Gallagher paid over all but $15,000 of it, which he kept for himself, to the supervisors.

Here then, as a basis of the decision for sustaining the conviction of Ruef, is the precise state of facts necessary to be proved, and which were proved, for the conviction of Calhoun, Ford and the rest of the United Railroads bunch of grafters. The conviction of Ruef convicts them, alas, not judicially, but morally, intellectually, socially, every way in the world in which scoundrelism can be convicted of scoundrelism except the way that puts scoundrelism behind bars.

But let not Abe Ruef mourn as one without hope. The decision in the Glass case, just handed down from the supreme court, must be no small comfort for him. It is true that he is not in a class with Glass, Calhoun, Henshaw, Lorigan and Melvin. He has not the entree to San Francisco's best society, but he has a mouth and he can testify and his testimony can be so corroborated as to give it validity. A new administration is soon to be inducted into office at Sacramento, an administration not unlikely to take the prosecutions of San Francisco's grafters out of unworthy hands to be placed in hands that are worthy. Let not Ruef despair. His chance of defeating justice is still many times better than that of many dead men, better than that of many men now living will be when they are dead. His co-conspirators cannot safely desert him yet. What can be done for him will be done, and it is rarely that flaws in proceedings cannot be found if diligently looked for, as they will be. Not until that mouth of his forgets its cunning will Abe Ruef find himself, deserted, on foot and alone in striped misery.

It Might Have Been Prevented

The December Everybody's Magazine contains an illuminating article on the great timber conflagration that raged last August in Idaho and Montana, a veritable world afire. The lives lost probably exceeded 200, the forests burned approximated 2,000 square miles, the market value of the timber as it stood was $100,000,000, the young timber was worth $50,000,000, the loss to the settlers, the railroads, the earners of possible wages, make the total reach, if not exceed, $650,000,000, a destruction of wealth that a thousand years can scarcely replace. **All this could have been prevented.**

What was needed to prevent it? Trails and horses and men, not then but years before. A great part of the burned district was inaccessible. The unusual happened in that district, much as it happened in San Francisco April 18, 1906, only it was hurricane and fire instead of earthquake and fire. In the one case there were no trails and few horses; in the other case there were no cisterns, independent reservoirs of water or auxiliary systems for salt water fire fighting. There had been neglect. In San Francisco that neglect was due to apathy, official and individual. In Montana and Idaho the neglect was chiefly due to opposition on the part of those who see in conservation the loss of a chance to grab. The burning of San Francisco did not entail a greater loss, direct and consequential, than did the burning of that 2,000 square miles of forest. There are other forests awaiting the conjunction of hurricane and fire. Shall they also be neglected until that conjunction removes the need for care?

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Of all evils that afflict humanity there is nothing more terrible than insanity. Between genius and feeble mindedness there is a deal of irrationalism that is exasperating but that does not amount to insanity, and for which there is probably no remedy. Society must endure it because it cannot cure it, but there are forms of insanity of which there is more hope of effecting both cures and preventions.

A recent good authority states that 14 to 21 per cent. of all insanity is due to what is commonly called "softening of the brain," or paresis, and that eighty-five or ninety per cent. of this form of the disease is due to syphilitic taint which, of course, is preventable. Alcoholism is chargeable with being the occasion if not the cause of nearly 30 per cent. of the insanity that goes to institutions for treatment, and this, too, is preventable.

But there is another large percentage of downright insanity that is every whit as certainly within our own keeping as syphilitic taint or alcoholic excess, and this is classed as "bad habits of the mind." As surely as "the earth hath bubbles as the water has," so surely the mind hath habits as the body has, the mental vision as certainly as the eye. It is a misfortune to be cross-eyed, but it is a calamity to have the eye turned in so that it is ever and always searching the inner recesses of the mind and heart. God knows that humanity is ugly enough on the outside, but it is nothing to what it is inside!

And yet there are those who never tire of looking in upon themselves. They must relate every outward fact to the inward state. Such persons are intellectual cave-dwellers. They early become what people call "queer," and as they grow older they become queerer and more queer until, having approached or passed the meridian of life, they become so queer as to have to be shut up.

A certain woman was overheard talking to a friend through a telephone and the burden of her conversation was: "Oh, the day has been hideous. It dragged from morning 'till night. I have been so unhappy! No, I have not felt like going out anywhere. I have preferred to be alone with my thoughts, depressing though they have been. Go to bed early? Oh! what's the use? It isn't likely that I'll sleep or, if I do, more than likely my dreams will be as unbearable as my thoughts. I don't know what to do. Sometimes it seems as though I must go mad. No one seems to understand me or have any consideration for me. And the children! They seem to be possessed. They won't be still a minute and every shout they give cuts me like a knife. Good-bye."

What ailed this woman? Not a thing in the world. She had everything that the heart could desire, a fond husband, bright children, money to burn. Her eyes were turned in and, of course, there was nothing inside worth looking at. An interior view of a morbid personality is enough to give anyone the horrors. What that woman needed was a downright misfortune to be followed up with a sentence to unremitting hard labor for others.

There are thousands of such women, and some men. They live what we call shut-in lives. They are self incarcerated jailbirds. Unmarried persons are especially vulnerable to this form of malady. Such a man were better off with a Xantippe for a wife, and such a woman were happier almost with a husband who came home roaring drunk three nights in the week and for the support of whom she would have to take in back stairs to scrub. Many a case of morbid [illegible] by a real sorrow. Many a fancied grievance has been remedied by a real grievance, but there are better remedies than these which may be applied at no greater cost than a little effort. "Look up and not down, look out and not in," that was the advice of one of the healers of the nations and if uniformly followed by morbid persons would relieve society of as much insanity as would the elimination of either syphilis or alcoholism.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Why Your Pocketbook Is Flat

Recently the United States census bureau issued a bulletin in which it compared the average prices of certain leading food staples in the decade between 1890 and 1900 with the average prices of the same articles in 1909. Here, in brief, are the data it gives: Beef increased 32 per cent. in price, mutton increased 35 per cent., salt pork and bacon 80 per cent., ham 45 per cent., veal 30 per cent., bread 24 per cent., butter 35 per cent., coffee 8.6 per cent., eggs 42 per cent., flour 54 per cent., milk 41 per cent., potatoes 20 per cent. This is an average increase of 37.22 per cent. in the twelve staples enumerated. The census bureau in this bulletin does not give the increase in clothing prices, but probably personal experience will suggest to the reader that it has not far from kept pace with the increase in food prices. Now comes the pertinent question: Has your income been increased more than 37 per cent.—or, say, by three-eighths—during the time under consideration? If it has, possibly you are not aware that you have been hit, but if it has not you should experience no difficulty in deciding why your pocketbook presents such a ghastly appearance in these days. Somebody must be making money from these increased prices. Will the members of the common rabble please speak up at once and say if it is they? What, no voices! Surprising situation, is it not?

Money in Unaddressed Envelopes

Two or three items in the British postmaster-general's annual report are sufficiently striking to be of general interest. For instance, as against our western idea that a cent is of small moment, it may be mentioned that since letter postage to the United States has been reduced to two cents the amount of the letter mails has been increased by 32 per cent. Evidently our thrifty British cousins look upon a cent as of some consequence. But, while foreign mails have increased, local mails have decreased, presumably because the English are using the telephone rather than write a letter. It might appear improbable that people who consider cents in postage would send money through the mails in unaddressed envelopes or so carelessly wrapped that it would be found loose in the mail sacks. Yet, during the year covered by the report loose or unaddressed money was found as follows: In cash and bank notes, $75,635; in checks, drafts and stamps, $3,163,525, which is a neat little total of $3,239,160. When it is considered that this money might just as well have been given to any one of us as to have been sent loose through the mails—or perhaps it might—the full significance of the blow will be felt. Curious how closely hand in hand egregious carelessness and rigid economy do walk.

The Kaiser Needs a Yacht

The people of Germany are considering a proposition to donate money to buy a new steam yacht for the Kaiser. The royal gentleman already has a steam yacht which to most of us would seem palatial, but it is realized that he ought to have something more modern. Like other enlightened nations, Germany is deeply concerned about how its pauper problem shall be solved—but the Kaiser needs a new yacht. There are poor, gaunt wretches who seek work and cannot find it—what can citizens spare for the Kaiser's yacht? There are pale women who know not whence tomorrow's meals shall come—it is hoped that a grateful people will not forget the Kaiser's new yacht. There are little children who know the pangs of hunger, and babes who die for lack of sustenance—prithee, consider how a new yacht would become the Kaiser. Hunger, and hunger's anguish; destitution, and the rags which are Destitution's banner—let nobody overlook the hat when it is passed for the Kaiser's yacht. Ah, our gifts do shoot grossly wide of the mark of need; and, if you doubt it, note how they go on the Christmas Day that approaches.

She Took a Long Nap

The case of Caroline Kronboeck, of Oknoe, Sweden, gives the impression that Rip Van Winkle may have been a light sleeper, for she is outclassed only by the princess of the fairy tale whom the prince awaked from her slumber of one hundred years. Caroline, who then was fourteen years old, went to sleep in the winter of 1877-78, and from then until a few weeks ago her siesta was unbroken. Even while her friends were administering nourishment to her she continued to sleep. Not long ago she awoke as an aging woman, and it hardly need be said that nearly 33 years of her life was an absolute blank to her. What she had learned in childhood she remembered, and among her first demands was one that she be permitted to continue her studies from where she left them. Some of her schoolmates were grandparents, but it took her long to realize the fact. In conclusion, it may be well to say that the foregoing account is given on the faith of newspaper narration, but it appears probable that there is a considerable amount of truth in it.

Three Women and Three Hats

Most of the London churches are old, and their aisles are extremely narrow. Moreover, the London women wear their perfectly lovely big hats to church and wear them throughout the service, the ladies having discovered that they can worship successfully even when the persons behind them have not much of a show to do so. It follows that when two of the large hats try to go down the narrow aisle together something unpleasant happens. However, the climax of such unpleasantness was reached when three women mixed their hats in one particularly narrow aisle after a wedding ceremony the other day. It was a hopeless mixture. Hatpins, feathers and shrubbery all were in one tangle, and the more the women struggled and thought even more than they said to one another, the more hopelessly enmeshed did the three "lids" become and the more incensed were their wearers. Personal warfare seemed imminent, when three noble men heroically stepped to the front and held the women while three other men, only less heroic, disentangled the hats and gave liberty to their fair owners. The incident would be unworthy of note were it not that it is humbly trusted that it will serve as a solemn warning to the heroines of the big hats in American churches. Of course one may worship without once seeing the clergyman, but it interferes; undoubtedly it interferes. The ladies should beware. Their hats, too, may become tangled some day. And then!

The Briton's Hunting Expense Account

His ludship dotes on hunting, and consequently he keeps hounds. He rides to the chase, and accordingly he keeps horses, although an American cowboy could give him cards and spades in the riding game and then beat him seven to four, a fact which does not disturb his ludship. But the hunting game comes high. The London Outlook reports that there now are in Great Britain 443 packs of hounds comprising about 30,000 dogs, the annual keep of which amounts to about $2,500,000. Then there are 200,000 horses, the maintenance of which costs about $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 annually. Summing up, the Outlook calculates that the capital invested in hunting amounts to $60,000,000, while the annual expenses of the game (including interest on investment) are about $30,000,000 or $35,000,000. Evidently his ludship has a good time, but it is whispered that the life-game, as played by some other Englishmen, is less enjoyable.

The World's Largest Hotel

The largest hotel in the world is located—Before we proceed any farther let the reader amuse himself by guessing its place of location. Ten guesses allowed, and unless the reader already is informed it is very certain that not one of the guesses will be successful. For this largest hostelry is located—of all unlikely places—in Jerusalem. Think of that! In a city whose glory long since has departed! In a land once flowing with milk and honey, but now largely given up to sand and sagebrush! The hotel is owned and managed by Russians, and its patrons also are Russians. It has rooms for 10,000 guests, and in addition has cottages for families in which still more of its guests may sleep. Entering its portals, one readily may feel that one is in Russia. An American colony which makes the Golden Rule its one religious tenet—and, by the way, runs a one-price store—also is a feature of the reviving Jerusalem. So, various nationalities are in evidence in the old city of the Jews, but the German is the predominating influence there, and the largest of the churches, built in the shadow of the holy sepulcher, was erected by Germans for their worship.

The Rev. Effie M. Jones, a Universalist minister of Iowa, is spoken of by the newspapers of Berlin as having made the greatest impression oratorically of all the speakers heard at the recent world's congress of Free Christians and Religious Liberals. The German newspapers dilate on Dr. Jones's impressive appearance, the carrying power of her voice, her self-possession and her wise and witty sayings. Among the other women who spoke at this congress were Mrs. Clara T. Guild, the head of the Tuckerman School for Pastors' Assistants in Boston, and Mrs. Herbert Smith and Miss Helen Herford of London.

1911

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OF DISSECTING LITERATURE

A clipping from a recent issue of the Educational Review (quoted below, in smaller type) touches upon a tender spot in our American teaching, both secondary and university, where that teaching affects the appreciation of English literature. The clipping is as follows:

A Changed Sorbonne

During the last decade a complete revolution has been effected in the study of literature in the higher educational institutions of France. Although the old titles of the university professorships remain, everything else which once gave character and direction to the instruction carried on under the jurisdiction of the faculty of letters—philosophy, history, literature, in short, the humanities—has been wholly changed.

No one can doubt that the atmosphere of the Sorbonne has changed. In the celebrated courses, the real defenders and representatives of the highest and best in French culture, where once were found general concepts and insights stated with elegant precision, sound literary taste, refined distinctions, sober and measured syntheses, nothing is now spoken of but scientific method and bibliographies.

The personal interpretation of great authors and the critical analysis of their thoughts have given way to philological annotation, to the study of sources and to the chronology and interdependence of texts. One is impressed above all by the sharply defined and highly organized plan of study, like that which is characteristic of the German university seminars. Patient drudgery and minutely learned research have little by little gained control of the entire teaching, and were it not for certain courses that are spoken of with scant respect one would not know where to look for any trace of the old fashioned classical culture.

Nobody who has attended an American high school or university in the last ten years can fail to recall a parallel of this experience. The idea of teachers of English seems to be that literature is a science rather than an art, and that the way to learn to enjoy literature is to study it as a skeleton or micro-organism rather than as a living, pulsating thing of beauty. Analysis is their watchword, analysis of structure. The result has been that students have been taught to dissect works of literature as they have been taught to dissect flowers in their botany classes. The theory seems to be that the joy of literature is the joy of knowing its mechanics and of seeing the wheels go round. And every student of natural sympathy for books has felt what a refinement of cruelty this method is.

We would not cry down this method for specialists. There must be bookmen who know the mechanics of the art, and bookmen whose researches shall constantly correct misimpressions and keep alive the historical facts surrounding the compositions of great works. We complain only when this method is applied to the beginner in the study of letters and to the general reading public and to those guardians of public taste who perpetuate taste because they have it themselves. For the beginner and for the general reader it is of no importance to know the bibliographies of Shakespeareana, but, on the contrary, it is of supreme importance to them to have the beauties of Shakespeare called to their attention, the potentialites for pleasure in reading Shakespeare. Once make him, in any way, an allurement to them, and they will follow him gladly, of their own volition. Once gently persuade them to read him, and the power of his dramatic appeal, or the intensity of his stories, or the sweetness of his philosophy, or the glory of his verse, will lead them on. Then, once they become disciples, it is time enough to ask them to become adepts. Then, of their own will, they will wish to know the more technical details: how this effect was produced, why that line was phrased as it is, who his contemporaries were, and the rest of the analytical facts that now load down our college courses.

The whole thing is gone at wrong end to. We do not try to interest a child in reading by propounding to him Grimm's Law of the Permutation of Consonants. Instead, we read Grimm's Fairy Tales to him, pleasing his fancy and creating an appetite for more. And yet, when we get this child into high school, we give him long disquisitions on the permutations of the ballad form of verse and then ask him to read "The Ancient Mariner" with a weather eye out for Coleridge's skill in adaptation, instead of with a spirit open to fresh impressions of beauty, which is what Coleridge was striving to convey. Coleridge, as a craftsman, would have appreciated this compliment to his skill, but Coleridge, as a poet, would have felt poorly repaid for his labor if the public at large had noticed the form instead of the beauty of his lines.

In fact, for the public at large, it is an impertinence to tell it how a writer produces his effects. The effects themselves are the sole concern of the public, and properly so. They do not want to know the labor behind the effect. The hardest work the author has to do is to conceal that labor. And yet the teacher of English insists most upon exposing that labor. It does seem too bad that the schools should impertinently undertake to do what geniuses have exhausted their resources of art to prevent.

And, finally, as we have so often tried to point out on this page, science and art have no business traveling together. The artist has need to know the science of his art—and as much other science as he has time to absorb—but the public does not, and the attempt to apply scientific standards to the appreciation of art is at one blow to fail to establish such a science and to destroy the appreciation itself.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

One of the most distinguished dramatists of the day is visiting America. An interview published in the New York Times gives some interesting facts about his personality, opinions and career. It is, in part, as follows:

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who shares with Sir Arthur Pinero the leading place among English dramatists, and who is in this country on a business trip, is certainly a man of enthusiasms. In appearance he is slight and what we term English-looking. In age he must be approaching 60, but it is the biographical dictionary and not his appearance that supplies this information. When he talks he is a man of early middle age, and when he fights he is a youth of vigor and intrepidity.

"I am," said Mr. Jones cheerfully, by way of beginning conversation, "a monomaniac. Nothing but the drama interests me."

One cannot contradict a visitor or a celebrity, and indeed this statement is, in a wide sense, true. Mr. Jones is interested in the drama first and last, but the definition that he gives to that phrase includes about all of human life. He finds nothing alien to him, for the course of human passions, the light and shade of the comedy and tragedy that go on all about him are parts of his art as he understands it.

Mr. Jones has been a voluminous writer. He has some thirty plays to his credit. He is writing now, and he expects to be writing many years from now. The longer he watches the everyday drama about him the more eager he becomes to present it faithfully to the stage; but his intense interest in the matter carries him into all its related phases. He talks interestingly about his own work, but you cannot keep him long on personalities. His ideas on every conceivable topic connected with the stage explode in the course of a few moments, and you find yourself in the presence of that interesting and rare specimen, the unconquerable idealist.

"I am a dramatist because I couldn't help it," said Mr. Jones.

"I was born in the country among the strictest people, who thought dancing and playgoing the devil's own work. In my boyhood I never saw a play or heard any talk about such subjects. I never was in a theatre until I was 18 years old, but two years before that, all alone and certainly utterly unencouraged, I had written a great drama of my own. So you see there was nothing for me to do but become a playwright.

"I had the luck to have an early success in the 'Silver King,' and then I was free to follow my bent. People speak of me as a man of many successes. I suppose one in three of my plays has been successful. I don't believe any author has more than that to his credit, but the public is so good-natured that it forgets all about the failures and remembers only the things that it liked.

"My greatest success in England was 'The Liars.' Over here I believe it has been 'Mrs. Dane's Defense.' I suppose 'Mrs. Dane' is my strongest play. Personally, I like 'Michael and His Lost Angel' best. I think it is the play I felt most deeply. Maybe as parents sometimes love their least attractive child the most, I may be mistaken about Michael.

"Are you not especially pleased with the technique of 'Mrs. Dane'?' Mr. Jones was asked. "The scene in which the lawyer questions Mrs. Dane, meaning to help her, and succeeds in entangling her, is thought by many people to be the most thrilling act they ever saw. The suspense is kept up until the audience is fairly weak with excitement and sympathy for Mrs. Dane."

Mr. Jones nodded. "That scene certainly gave me as much trouble as any I ever wrote," he said. "But the odd thing about it was that I kept turning it over in my head for weeks, and then suddenly it all came, and I wrote the act at a single sitting. Although there are only two people in it, and there are seven or eight in the big scene of 'The Liars,' 'Mrs. Dane' gave me more trouble."

"Do you not think that there has in recent years been a change in the attitude of the public toward the drama—that it has come to be more thoughtful?"

Mr. Jones looked serious for a while. "I will say," he ventured at last, "that there has been created within recent years a very appreciative public. I do not know that the mass of theatregoers take a more intelligent interest in the drama than they did, but there is now a small audience to which the author can make a serious appeal."

"Do you not think that the theatre is bound to take over more and more the function that the church alone held as a moral influence?"

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "the ways in which the church and the theatre approach moral questions are quite different. The church says 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not,' and the theatre says, 'You can do as you choose, but this is what will happen.' Plays that show life as it really is, and the consequences that follow the complications of life are, of course, full of moral influence, but we have got to make the public understand that"

THE GREEN STREET CHURCH

A CHURCH SOCIAL CENTRE FOR UPLIFT IN NORTH BEACH

Out in the North Beach district, where the French and Mexican "quarters" touch and merge into the Italian quarter, in the midst of the swarming gray frame buildings stands a building of red brick, offering a striking contrast to the rest in color, solidity and lofty impressiveness. It is a bit of New England dropped down into westernmost California, and in the heart of California's Old World settlement at that. It is a bit of Congregational Puritanism set down in the midst of Romantic Catholicism. It is the Green Street Congregational Church.

But it is a great deal more than that which the name church implies. The churchly spire conceals a roof playground. The churchly vestibule opens into passages that lead to gymnasium and shower baths. The churchly auditorium, with its pulpit and organ loft, open upon occasion into rooms where chess is played or where sewing machines whirr in the sewing classes. It is a church where you may pray or box, sing hymns or ragtime ballads, read the Bible or the latest novels, hear a sermon or a concert. And it is a church open all day of every day, and the evenings as well. It is a church, a social settlement, a civic centre and a recreation place, in one. The social activities receive the hearty endorsement of the Associated Charities of San Francisco and have the commendation of the Sage Foundation.

The pastor has an odd name but a very earnest purpose. His ambition is to make the church truly of the people, touching their lives hourly, informally, intimately, sanctifying the everyday activities with the higher ideals of Christianity, making religion an actual force in every hour of the day.

Naturally, such a conception of ministry is at the opposite pole from the formal or the conventional. Rev. E. L. Walz—he would rather have the Reverend left off—lives in the church, to begin with. He thus practices his own precept, makes the church, for himself, the centre of a daily routine of life, brings into his own experience the constant suggestion of higher things. At the church he is constantly at the call of those who wish to see him: his callers are mainly those who are in trouble—men out of work, parents solicitous for their wayward child, the sick, the despairing. All receive sympathetic attention and practical aid. In the last four years, Mr. Walz has lent much money to men and women to whom these small loans meant the turning point in life: some they released from the loan sharks, some they tided over the illness of the bread winner, some they rescued from the despair of desperate necessity, some even from the brink of suicide. And the surprising and heartening fact is that not only have the loans been met with genuine thanks but the borrowers have paid or are paying them back. One man, his wife ill and he out of work and in the grip of the loan sharks, borrowed fifty dollars, which he is now paying back at the rate of fifty cents a week.

But Mr. Walz does not merely sit in his church and wait for the opportunities for service to knock at his door. A large part of the day he spends in searching for these opportunities. He and his helpers have made, sometimes once a year and sometimes twice, a house-to-house canvass of the North Beach district, inquiring for cases of illness, of indigence, or of other forms of distress that they could help relieve.

Not at all that the function of his church is primarily philanthropic. Rather the reverse. That function is preventive rather than curative. What he wishes to do is to supply so much of recreation and wholesome exercise to the youth especially that they will find the church a more entertaining place than the questionable resorts with which the neighborhood abounds. If the young people find the excitement and amusement they crave here in the midst of refining and uplifting surroundings, they will be kept away from the sordid and glittering attractions of the dance halls and from the unguarded freedom of the streets.

This is the explanation of the varied equipment of the church building. Young people cannot be attracted solely by hymns and prayers. But they can be attracted by a gymnasium equipped with $700 worth of apparatus and with hot and cold shower baths, where they are freely welcome and where a capable instructor discloses to them unsuspected possibilities for pleasure in the exercise of the muscles in drills and boxing and the expert use of swings and bars and mats. Children to whom often-repeated Sunday school lessons would be a bore, find delight in the open roof garden, where they can play or dance or slide to their hearts' content. Men whom daily sermons would weary are glad of a place to play chess, in comfortable quarters, far preferable to the noise and vulgarity of the barroom.

That these things have a refining influence, wielded so unobtrusively that it is scarcely noticed, is illustrated by one little incident. Mr. Walz had made no objection to the boys smoking cigarettes in certain parts of the building—he was content to leave them to their own habits so long as he could keep them from worse things. But one day he quietly asked them to think it over: they could keep on or quit as they saw fit, but he wanted them to decide, on their own initiative. Without hesitation they announced that they would "cut it out" around the church, and without further ado they did so and have maintained the rule of their own will.

That is the spirit of the place. It is a democracy. It is literally these people's own church. They regard the pastor as their friend and equal. He has preached to them, prayed with them, lent them books, joined in their social relaxations, and boxed with their best athletes. He is simply the keeper of the house: otherwise he is one of themselves. He has never attempted to proselyte. The devout Catholic who worships in no church but that presided over by the priest, is made to feel as free to accept the other hospitalities of the Green Street church as a regular member of the congregation. The results desired are prevention of sociological evils and the application of a workaday religious influence to human lives. Creeds, or even acceptance of any formal generalization about Christianity, are not considered. There are other churches enough for that kind of work.

The history of the Green Street church is interesting. In one building or another, the congregation has used the present site for fifty years. Seven years ago, Mr. Walz, who had done settlement work in New York City, took charge, and altered the character of the church's mission from that of a conventional house of worship to that of an institutional church. Three years later the fire swept the church edifice away and disorganized its work. Mr. Walz and his wife made three trips to the east to secure funds, collecting there two-thirds of a necessary $40,000. The present church was built especially to accommodate the kind of classes and social activities he wanted, and the work of organization was resumed. Today, the church reaches from 300 to 1,000 people a week in one or another of its varied activities.

The congregation is as interesting as the church. North Beach has always been noted for its sturdy Americanism as well as for its cosmopolitanism. Many old families of native stock have clung to the district from early days, and have preserved the native traditions intact. This element is represented in the congregation of the Green Street church. In fact, nearly every state in the Union is represented. Of foreign countries, those so diverse as Finland and Armenia have natives in attendance. There are also Germans, French, Mexicans and, of course, many Italians. The Italians, by the way, when one remove from their fatherland, are distinguishable from the native born Americans in very few ways. They are assimilated quickly and almost completely into the life about them.

The work of the church is now at a point where it could be greatly widened in its activities and influence if the means were available, means either in the sense of voluntary helpers or of money. For example, classes in English for foreigners using any of several languages would at once attract to the church, and bring under its influence, large groups of people whose interests it does not yet reach. More teachers of physical culture could be used. Here are opportunities for people who speak other languages or who are good all-round athletes to be of genuine service in their spare hours.

The rewards are nothing at all in money but large in human returns. Mr. Walz, for instance, has repeatedly had men whom he has befriended return after many days to remind him of their gratitude and to tell him that his interest had meant to them a new lease on a life of usefulness at an hour of utter darkness, some even literally a new lease on life at the brink of self-destruction. And he still receives letters from boys whom he rescued from the life of the streets and saloons, telling him of their steady progress in paths of usefulness and honor. These are the rewards of his labor, and, as Mr. Walz says, "it is worth while."

Mr. Walz is not alone in his work. He is assisted by two men and their wives, men attached in an official way to the Congregational Church but who devote their spare time, out of sheer love of the work, to the development of the social influence of the institution. And the superintendent of the building, a plumber by trade, whom Mr. Walz secured when he was newly arrived in this country and down on his luck, has caught the spirit of the place so that, after he has attended to all the details of caring for the building, he goes out and makes neighborhood calls such as Mr. Walz makes, with a fine enthusiasm for the extension of the church's influence. This man's wife, too, is the organist for the church.

Altogether, there is something very fine and inspiring about the place. Conspicuous by their absence are things that might suggest mere pose. Conspicuous by their presence are quietness and sincerity and earnestness. Religion here becomes not merely a mystery but a friend, an agency of light. It is not forced upon an unwilling and unreceptive community, but its persuasive virtues are exhibited in their most alluring guise—religion offered, not thrust forward. It is an effort to recommend a faith by its works of kindness, charity and gentleness. If the faith be not accepted, at least the works are done, and their effects remain.

BERNHARDT'S TAKINGS

The Chicago Record-Herald says that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt broke existing records for this season's gross takings, during the two weeks' engagements at the Studebaker theater. The receipts for the period were $54,000, of which the French actress received 80 per cent., or something over $40,000. When the New theater company played a fortnight's engagement at the Lyric theater in the spring, the receipts amounted to $27,385.75. The Record-Herald admits that even the New theater cannot hope to compete with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

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SOLE AGENTS

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577 Market St. San Francisco

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The Game We Play

Oh, the game that we play, and the merry game we play,
Till the player leaves the table and is gently laid away
In a narrow, narrow valley in a narrow, narrow vale
Where the prizes are forgotten and the earthly voices fail.
There are shouts and trills of laughter, there are moans we would not hear;
There is Folly crowned for queenship, there's the grinning specter near;
There is nighttime turned to daytime, those who dance and those who pay,
Till all Heav'n and Hell must wonder at the merry game we play.

There's the game that's played for dollars, dollars king and dollars god,
Though no dollar e'er is carried to the chamber 'neath the sod.
Some do play the game of pleasure, never ceasing from their play
Till there comes the pale musician, whisp'ring grimly, "You must pay;"
Some for gain and some for glory, some for that and some for this,
Many for the vap'rous bubble that tomorrow's sun shall miss.
Now divine, and now all brutish, note the gamesters swing and sway;
Now with tears, and now with laughter, watch the merry game we play.

Dives playing for a palace, Lazarus a hovel small;
Yet one end is to their playing, as one God is over all.
West Side Madam clad in sables, East Side madam rag-arrayed—
This or that will matter little when the sexton grasps his spade.
Singing drowned in tears of sorrow; moans that laughter strives to quell;
Here a prayer that's fit for Heaven, there a curse that's bred for Hell.
Striving, striving, madly striving, for the trophies of a day—
Ho, a sight for imps or angels is the merry game we play!

* * *

Sacramento Bee Not Treacherous

Neither the Bulletin nor any other paper or any individual will succeed in making any reader of the Sacramento Bee believe that "artistic" treachery can be learned of the Bee and its editor, C. K. McClatchy. If there be one word, more than almost any other, which does not apply either to the Bee or McClatchy, that word is "treacherous." Often enough the Bee has been accused of expressing its opinion regardless of policy, but it remained for the Bulletin to make the unique discovery that, in addition to being too combatively frank, it also is a past master of treachery.

Throughout the campaign the wonder in my mind was that the Bee maintained the impartial attitude it did. Four years ago that paper supported Theodore A. Bell when it was a case of either supporting him or swallowing as nauseous a dose as ever the Southern Pacific experts prepared for Californian consumption. In the campaign just closed it still believed in his honesty and ability; yet, believing that both Johnson and Bell had the welfare of California in mind, it maintained an attitude of strict neutrality, unless defense of Bell against unjustifiable newspaper assaults may be considered a departure. Born to the love of combat, C. K. McClatchy did this thing, and if this was not vastly more difficult for him than taking sides would have been, if anything less than a love of fair play could have compassed such a result in his case, then do I not know McClatchy, and I feel somewhat acquainted with him.

No, treachery is not a characteristic of either McClatchy or the Bee. Like almost everybody except myself, they have their faults, but double-dealing is not numbered among them.

The Opinions of Rufus

The feller that waits fer things to turn up is middlin' likely to be upset in his calc'lations by the feller that turns things up.

I've noticed that it gives me more satisfaction to criticize a feller citizen than it does to hear that he's ben criticizin' me.

Sometimes I reckon that I'd take more stock in folks that say they know Heaven's their home if they showed more of a yearnin' to go home.

I don't claim that a politishun can't be a good man, but if he is why does he take sech risks?

Es between bein' a dern fool an' a feller that's so smart he's allers 'bout ten years ahead of his time, I reckon the fool has the advantage.

I've noticed that editors that ain't able to think of anything wuth sayin' never b'lieve in havin' editoryals in their papers.

I never knew a successful preacher that didn't preach of anything that was much less than 1900 years ancient.

Fourteen years fer Ruef! Say, if Patrick Calhoun don't come right to the front now with money to buy some technicalities fer Abe I shan't b'lieve they's anything in the theery that there's honor 'mong thieves.

Josh Bings says these hobble skirts make him b'lieve wimmen have gone so fer toward wearin' the trousers that they've already got into one leg of 'em.

Once I knew both a man an' a woman that never said anything unkind 'bout their neighbors. The poor creechers wus both dumb.

A rich man may have a tender heart, but one or the other is mighty likely to give up the struggle 'fore long.

Too often folks give their respect to a suit of clothes ruther than to the man that's in 'em.

Middlin' often the kind of patrytism that's wuth the most is the kind that does the least spoutin' 'bout itself.

* * *

Automobile Selfishness

When Smithkins, your neighbor, used to ride with a horse and buggy he sometimes would overtake you, who owned no horse and buggy, on the road, and he would say, "Hello, Jonesy, old boy, have a ride?" Then Jonesy, old boy, would get into Smithkins' buggy, and you two, riding along together, would have just the most agreeable time imaginable. It was so pleasant, so fraternal; there was so much of cordial good will in the little transaction.

But after a while Smithkins bought an automobile, and, as you could not afford it, you did not. Explain to me, if you can, what then came to pass. For now, if your neighbor overtakes you on the road, he merely bows, and—you continue your walk. Of course, you say to yourself that you don't care, that you don't like to ride in an automobile, that you really are afraid of them, they kill or injure so many people; but you know the feeling deep down in your heart of hearts, the feeling you impart only to Maria.

Is the foregoing exaggerated? Yes? Well, my pedestrian friend, how many times have you been offered a ride by an automobiling acquaintance? Count them up. Let's see; there was the time when Brown wanted to show you some lots, and there was the time when Wilkins struck you for a ten, and—and—well, that's twice, anyway.

I merely call attention to the fact; I do not pretend to account for it, and I suppose physicians have no means of diagnosing automobile heart to determine just how and why it gives way to selfish degeneration of the tissues. No, I do not attempt to explain it, but haven't you noticed it?

* * *

In Prices, of Course

Clarke—What is the difference between a menu and a bill of fare?

Smithe—Well, I don't know as it is definitely settled, but, so far as I have noticed, it usually is about fifty per cent.

Two Rules for Husbands

How much more felicitous matrimonial life, how much less danger of disharmony and strife, if husbands would heed and observe two simple rules. I thought of these rules myself, and they are based on much observation of married life, but I charge nothing for promulgating them. They are offered in that spirit of purely fraternal kindness which only a few people carry about with them. Here are the simple rules:

First, Do all things exactly as your wife wishes you to do them;

Second, Do not interfere with her doing all things exactly as she wishes to do them.

It may be a trifle hard at first to follow these rules, but think of the tender love which will reward you if you do, and I know of men who have made a glorious success of married life by strictly heeding them. It is, for instance, trying when your dear girl suggests that she would better wear your pajamas as you would be less likely to catch a cold in her nightie, but, after all, it is not difficult if once you make up your mind to it; and always remember that it keeps peace in the family.

Woman, with her nobler nature, likes to feel that she is leading the "old man" in the perplexed path of right. She realizes that he is subject to all varieties of masculine temptation and that he must be firmly led, if he escape them, and why should you let a little thing like pajamas stand in the way of pleasing her? Evidently you should not.

If all men will heed the two simple rules given above, the world will be better and smoother, and married life will be the snap that Willie imagines it to be.

* * *

Four Lines Enough, Considering

The quatrain of the magazines
We greatly may deplore,
Yet oft we should, with grateful heart,
Thank heaven there is no more.

* * *

The Image of His Father

"And," said the enthusiastic visitor, "nobody can fail to see that the dear little thing is the perfect image of his father."

"I know it, I realize it," the fond mother sighed, "but don't you suppose that folks will feel that the poor little chap is not to blame, that he could not help it?"

* * *

Failed to Hit the Mark

Sissy Parker e'er insisted
That she ne'er would wed.
"Men are horrid; I despise them!"
Scornfully she said.
Years have passed, and wilful Kitty,
Sure as you're alive,
Has been married three times only,
But her kids are five.

"I will be," said Tommy Swiftleigh,
"Very rich indeed,
For 'tis money makes the mare go
At her utmost speed."
So he grabbed the hurried dollars—
Something seemed to fail,
And it's sad to say at present
Tommy is in jail.

Madam Flewey oft would mention
That she'd lead the ton;
Said that to its tricks and methods
She was strictly on.
So she spent Bill Flewey's money
Just to keep her vow.
And she glittered I assure you—
Flewey's busted now.

I've dragged these tragic instances
From gloomy graves, and dark,
To demonstrate that we may shoot
And fail to hit the mark;
And there is such a thing, I judge—
I mention it off-hand—
As trotting at a swifter pace
Than our slow legs will stand.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Interests Not Out of It Nothing could be more foolish than for the reform forces to conclude that because they have elected a governor in California therefore the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company confesses itself permanently whipped and is out of politics to stay. It is no such thing. That bureau was soundly beaten, but what does that amount to? Does anyone suppose that Mr. Herrin is a booby? He is of stern stuff, is cold, calculating, determined, persistent and, moreover, he is part of a great machine that ramifies the nation, a machine that was victorious in the late election more often than it was defeated, a machine that controls the banks, the insurance companies, the railroads, the great industrials, the greatest combination of power and influence the civilized world has seen, a power that transcends national boundaries. The history of civilization has had previous to the present generation nothing comparable with it. That power does not believe in free government. Its supreme love is power and the supreme good it craves is financial profit. The only obligation it conceives it owes to humanity is a chance to work at such wages as will sustain life on a workingman's standard of living, and it conceives a workingman's standard of living to be such as will maintain him on a plane of industrial efficiency. This is farther than most of them see or care, probably farther than Mr. Herrin sees or cares, but is it reasonable to suppose that such men, so minded, will accept a single defeat as final? Are such men likely to relinquish and forget their heart's supreme love because Hiram W. Johnson has been elected governor of California?

A Tactician With A Single Tactic Mr. William F. Herrin is neither broad of mind nor resourceful in strategy. He has but a single line of political warfare. If that fails all fails, but not until the year 1910, since he came to head the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, has that strategic maneuver failed of his purpose. This maneuver consists wholly of dividing the opposition and making common cause with one faction against the other. It is exactly the form of strategy that the commonalty must rely on in order to make headway against the power holding class, with this difference: The power holding class can be divided only on a question of human rights while the commonalty can only be divided on an issue of personal jealousy or private gain. With us the power holding class is headed by the House of Morgan working in a community of interest with Standard Oil, and not a hamlet in this nation is beyond the influence of those interests. The Interests are difficult of division. Unfortunately the commonalty is not so difficult of division and subdivision. It is permeated with the retainers of The Interests and it is filled with men afflicted with exaggerated ego, men who, like the Scottish chiefs, can be counted on to fall to fighting among themselves in the face of their common enemy. They are full of human nature and human nature is full of pique and pride and capital I's. It requires no deep discernment to perceive that Mr. Herrin is feeling with caution, but persistently, for a line of cleavage for his entering wedge. The first attempt to insert the thin edge of that wedge was between Hiram W. Johnson, governor-elect, and Meyer Lissner, chairman of the Republican state committee. If a line of cleavage can be developed there it will be all off with the work of reform in the next legislature, for both men have strong followings, followings extremely jealous of the rights and claims of their respective champions. Fortunately both of these gentlemen and their respective followings perceive the gravity of the situation and mutually refuse to be placed in a position of antagonism one to the other. The next attempt to insert the old, familiar wedge is likely to be between the reform elements in the Republican and Democratic parties. Let us take a look at that line of defense as exposed to attack.

Fifteen And Six Going carefully over the personnel of the state senate, without which nothing, there are just fifteen true blue Republican members who can be counted on to stand loyally for Right Things unless partisan advantage, looking to the possibilities of 1912, should induce some of them to place loyalty to party above loyalty to the reform movement. To these may be added four band-wagon Republicans who will be inclined to flock with the fifteen stalwarts if the stalwarts can make it manifest that legislative power is going to be in their hands, all the more certainly because of the present state of public sentiment throughout the state and because of the spirit which animates Hiram W. Johnson, but these four are not to be counted on through thick and thin, at crucial instances or when the manhood that is in a man, or is not in him, has to be made evident. But fifteen and four only make nineteen, two less than enough to organize the senate, but plenty to control a caucus of the twenty-eight Republican members. Eight of the twenty-eight are machine men and one is, to The Watchman, unknown.

There are eight Democrats in the senate, six of whom are upstanding men. On all issues really vital to California, likely to come before the legislature, these men will think and feel substantially as the fifteen stalwart Republicans think and feel and there is nothing that can keep them apart unless it be skirmishing for party advantage under the shadow of 1912. If such men are tripped up at critical moments it will be because of having their eyes fixed on 1912 instead of 1911. They won't mean to, and they may not be tripped by the pulling of the partisan string across their path when they are not looking, but that is the danger. Now if 1912 can be left until 1912, and the fifteen stalwart Republicans and the six stalwart Democrats can stand together during the coming session, as they did stand together during the last session, there is no good thing that cannot be gotten through the senate and no bad measure that cannot be defeated in the senate.

Party Patriots To the Front Failing in provoking a quarrel between Hiram Johnson and Meyer Lissner Mr. Herrin's move will be to provoke a fight between the solid Republican fifteen and the solid Democratic six and altogether on party lines. Therefore what Republican ardor shall we not see manifested by Leroy Wright and Eddie Wolfe, what Democratic resolve to die in the last ditch by that one-time Populist Shanahan of Shasta, what judicial concern for 1912 by Constitutional John of Sonora. Fight? Why, if every blow struck, every challenge hurled, every taunt flung at Washington is not repeated in Sacramento it will be because the fifteen stalwart Republicans and the six stalwart Democrats cannot be made to fight each other even by rubbing their noses together. Failing in provoking a quarrel between Johnson and Lissner, or between Republicans and Democrats on partisan lines, Mr. Herrin will, so far as the state senate is concerned, have to sit tight and look on, waiting for some other opportunity to insert his old reliable entering wedge.

Meantime the reading public should pay little heed to the Chronicle or to the Examiner. The quality of their "cussedness" is too notorious to permit their being factors in the next half-year's history making. Watch the Call. There is that about its championship of Curry and Spalding, its linking up with Leroy Wright and its manifest desire to pick a quarrel between Johnson and Lissner that wears a sinister look. Nor can the policy of that paper at crucial junctures in the fortune of the direct primary law two years ago be soon forgotten. It will bear watching. Can it be that communication between the Flood building and the Claus Spreckels in San Francisco has been opened via the San Diego & Arizona Railroad which John D. Spreckels is reputed as building to a connection with the Southern Pacific?

Strictly Business No fuss, no feathers, no frills, no blare of trumpets, pomp or panoply, no obeisance to the smart set of Sacramento, just a quiet, determined, unostentatious entering upon the business of being governor of California! The plain truth is that not many of us know Hiram W. Johnson clear to the heart and mind of him. The Watchman does not pretend to, and yet The Watchman conceived a strong admiration for Mr. Johnson before he ever saw him, largely because of what some who grew up with him, or had known him from childhood, at Sacramento, had to say of him before he became a much talked of man. These said of him that sincerity was his predominant characteristic. It looks like it, and if there be one human characteristic that The Watchman loves more than another it is sincerity. It will not alone suffice. There must still be clarity of mind, soundness of judgment, industry and courage, but if to these can be added sincerity (and how quickly a false note is detected by the public ear) then you have a man who can move the hearts and enthusiasms of millions. The inaugural ball means much to those to whom it means anything. In declining to have it tendered in his honor Mr. Johnson has "hurt business," the business of the milliner and dressmaker, the caterer and the cab. The one chance in four years to be a stunner has been denied to many women who will feel the cut heart deep, but how simple and straightforward and true were the reasons given: a new occupation, affairs of greatest moment, the stress and press of a legislative session, the need for all the time there is with the fewest distractions possible—every person having common sense knows that it is so. Mr. Johnson is right. The smart set can wait.

The Exclusive Mr. Johnson San Francisco shipped its customary delegation of whooper-up-ers to Washington to "root" for the fair. Governor-elect Hiram Johnson did not go with the party. He and Mrs. Johnson prefer to go by themselves, quietly, at the right time to be of real service, and then as quietly to come home again. Therefore he has been branded "exclusive." Wrong again! A month in which to make ready for being governor. Many things to find out and think over. Some more resting to do after the most strenuous campaign known to the political history of this state. Use for every minute. His message to the legislature to be prepared. Would not any sane person in Mr. Johnson's place do, if he had the moral courage to do what he knew ought to be done, exactly what Mr. Johnson is doing? Would he not seek the quiet of a trip across the continent to work out some of the problems of his new job and shun the rah-rah-rah of a train full of whooper-up-ers about as naturally as he would shun a sanatorium situate over against a boiler factory? We have heard the eloquence of Johnson, we have witnessed his qualities as a fighter, we have known of his enthusiasm for a cause. Now, in declining the honor and onerousness of an inaugural ball, and to join the whooper-up-ers, we see something of the plain, sincere, level headed, hard working adaptation of means to ends of the common sense man. This all looks good to The Watchman.

Pullman Taxes Finally Paid It was lately announced from Sacramento that the taxes of the Pullman car company have finally been paid, at least for 1910, as assessed, although there are taxes for other years not yet settled for, but the paying of the 1910 taxes is taken as an indication that the back taxes will be paid, too. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary the Pullman car company had been privileged to report its own property for taxation as it was minded to and, as a little investigation started two or three years ago by State Controller Nye plainly disclosed, that company was not moved by the instinct of patriotism to disclose all of its property, or anything like all of it, and so dodged a considerable part of its just share of

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

he cost of government of California. It had lodged so long that its officials really felt it wrong to their company to be compelled to pay as others paid and so appealed to the ourts for redress of grievances. Apparently t has concluded to submit to the indignity of being forced to do right. They do say that corporation has no soul, but there is enough f human nature in a corporation oftentimes o make it richly deserving of having a soul, f for no other reason than that it may be nade to suffer what souls of a certain char- cter are popularly supposed to have coming o them, if not in this life, then in the next. The Pullman car company is one of 'em.

Very Magnanimous, Mister President Report from Washington has it that the President is so anxious that he short session of the sixty-first congress hall accomplish positive legislation along progressive lines that, as betwixt himself and the insurgent members, he is quite willing to let by-gones be by-gones. Very nice and magnanimous on his part. For instance he will orgive the insurgents for having cut them off rom patronage and for his having sought o read them out of the Republican party because they dared to stand up against The Interests for a thorough-going redemption of he pledges in the party platform; he will ondone the offense of La Follette and Cummins in licking the Wickersham railroad bill nto shape, in spite of administration influence o put it through as it was, and the overturning of Cannonism in the House will be unto im as though it had never been. A great earted man is our illustrious President. If e has ever done anything to anybody he'll ot treasure it up against 'em.

To Be Or Not To Be At Legislative Liberty The advisory vote clause in the direct primary law is under discussion the state over, as well it may e inasmuch as the action finally taken will ave the most far reaching consequences. If he advice of the voters is flung aside as wholly nconsequential we shall not have election of Jnited States senators by the people even ndirectly, but if the hocus-pocus provisions f the district plan are attempted to be adered to we shall make such a monkey business of the election of a United States senator s will discredit the whole direct election idea. Therefore should there be some good, clear, ard thinking on the subject. Once again let s look at the provision which declares that he "members of the legislature **shall be at iberty** to vote either for the choice of their espective districts expressed at said primary lection or for the candidate for United States enator who shall have received the endorsement of their party at such primary election n the greatest number of districts." Under n elemental rule of legal construction the nclusion of this alternative choice excludes very other choice. The legislator, under that aw, is at liberty to do one or other of these wo things, but is not at liberty to do any other hing whatsoever. His range of discretion is narrowed to one of two . Now as we saw from he opinion of the supreme court of Wisconsin, discussed in this paper a week ago, any narrowing of discretionary power on the part f a legislator, apart from a pledge he may oluntarily have made, is unconstitutional, null nd void. Therefore the section of the primary aw relating to an advisory vote for United States senator should be read as though the listrict provisions were not in it and never had been. Those district provisions of the law are what lawyers call ultra vires, and lie quite beyond the power of legislators to legislate. If egislators will get this view of the district provision fully assimilated to their understandings they will find them possessed of an unrammelled legislative liberty, except as they nay themselves have bound themselves by making personal pledges to their constituents entirely apart from the letter of that pretended aw,

Suppose a Legislator Sits Down With Himself Let us suppose that a legislator, having given no personal pledges, sits down with himself to be advised by the returns from the direct primary election. He first discards the district provisions as being null because beyond the power of a previous legislature to bind him. He finds that Judge Works received a small plurality of the state vote, but not a majority or such a decisive expression of popular will as indicates any overwhelming or very marked preference for him, but scrutinizing the districts that went for Judge Works, he will find that they are where the better element predominates. Per contra, he will find that Spalding, in the main, carried districts in which the "organization" element was strong, that district after district in San Francisco, that elected the sorriest kind of men to the legislature, went for Spalding; that where Curry was strong so was Spalding. Then the legislator will ask himself, "Which of these are my kind of people? Which of these elements stand for the sober, better sense of California? To men of which class would I go individually to receive advice as to what I ought to do?" Being thus advised the legislator will give that advice due heed, not forgetting that he was elected, in the last analysis, to learn all he can about men fit for the place and exercise a sound and honest discretion in his voting, being no puppet, no automaton, factotum, but a representative with discretionary powers as certainly his own as the deliberative powers of the judge on the bench are his own. Every legislator who sits down with himself soberly and, in doing so sits with a man and not a mouse, will find little difficulty in determining what he ought to do.

Patronage Card Played On the Wrong Trick This from the San Francisco Star: "Governor-elect Johnson announces that he proposes to use his patronage to secure efficient state government, and not to built up a personal machine. Former governors have built up personal machines with a view to secure re-election, and they have failed every time. It would be curious should an efficient state government result in Johnson's re-election. If it should, former governors who retired at the end of their first term will be brought to a realization that they played the patronage card on the wrong trick."

It is rather early, even for a Republican paper, to say nothing of a Democratic, to be considering the re-election of Hiram Johnson as governor of California. If re-elected his efficiency in office will be the cause of it, but the Star is not quite fair to governors that have been. From Markham to Pardee the Southern Pacific's Political Bureau supplied the only machine requisite. Pardee early discharged this machine from service and, to The Watchman's knowledge, absolutely created no personal machine to take its place. He, too, depended upon an efficient state government to win a re-election for him and had there been a direct primary at the time it doubtless would have done it. Governor Gillett has created no personal machine and has needed none. The only personal political machine in the state is the property of Charles F. Curry and its ramifications reach every voting precinct in the state. It was the undoing of Curry. Herrin's fear of the Curry machine prompted him to turn Curry down.

A Correction Regarding San Francisco Charter Convention The Watchman last week published the facts as he then understood them in connection with the passage of certain election amendments to the city charter of San Francisco. The importance of the graft prosecutions in effecting this reform was strongly, and justly, urged. But in doing so The Watchman inadvertently got a wrong perspective and consequently conveyed a wrong impression as to the origin of the Charter Convention which laid these amendments before the people. Fortunately a letter just received from Mr. William Denman places these facts in their true perspective, and for purposes of correction Mr. Denman's letter is reproduced as follows:

Editor California Weekly

[illegible] the charter amendments appearing in the last [illegible] no little discomfiture. All that it says about the [illegible] election [illegible] prosecution movement are correct, but assigning to [illegible] an impulse to the [illegible] the charter amendment convention and shaped its deliberations.

In the first place, while it is true that some of the employees of the city at one time hoped to have their salary raising amendments approved by the convention, its original impetus came from the Good Government League. This organization, which has always been identified with the anti-graft movement, issued a call for a preliminary meeting to consider the advisability of such a convention. The call was sent out about a month after our report on the causes of municipal corruption, with its recommendations, had been filed with the mayor and embodied in it some of these recommendations, adding a number of others. At the meeting in response to this call, a committee to organize a convention was formed, consisting of E. A. Walcott, chairman; E. R. Zion, vice-chairman; Harris Weinstock, Charles Bentley, C. W. Eastin, Andrew J. Gallagher, Charles L. Field, C. W. Reed, Walter Macarthur, and F. W. Marvin. All of these gentlemen, with one possible exception, were active supporters of the government in the prosecutions for grafting arising from the indictments of the Oliver grand jury.

These gentlemen decided that the convention, to be efficient, should have a wider basis than any one specific organization and invitations were extended to a large number of such organizations to send delegates to such a convention.

The convention as finally organized elected Harris Weinstock its chairman and E. A. Walcott its secretary, and divided its work among the following committees:

Election Laws: William Denman, chairman; Samuel W. Backus,, Ralph L. Hathorn, Arthur Joel, Max Kuhl, C. H. King, George Lull, Edgar A. Mathews, H. I. Mulcrevy, Dent H. Robert, W. W.Sanderson, Earnest Simpson, Thos. J. Walsh.

Public Utilities: Jas. A. Johnston, chairman; Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin, C. A. Clinton, Chas. W. Eastin, Julius Frankel, Chas. W. Fay, A. H. Giannini, Wm. J. Gleason, Mrs. Helen Moore, Byron Mauzy, Seth Mann, Charles Wesley Reed, J. W. Sparrow, O. L. Scott, Matt I. Sullivan, E. P. E. Troy.

Plan of Government: E. A. Walcott, chairman; H. M. Anthony, W. F. Burbank, Chas. H. Bentley, Geo. E. Crothers, A. M. Cunning, Jno. S. Dunnigan, F. H. Gould, Andrew J. Gallagher, P. J. Healy, Isidor Jacobs, J. A. Johnston, E. J. Mott, Walter Macarthur, John L. Polito, Theo. Pinther, B. B. Rosenthal, Fairfax Wheelan.

Direct Legislation: Milton T. U'Ren, chairman; A. C. Bane, Jas. H. Barry, J. L. Howe, Robt. A. Laurin, E. H. Lomasney, John I. Nolan, J. J. Pratt, E. A. Walcott, E. R. Zion.

Civil Service: Matthew Brady, chairman; E. M. Coffey, Geo. A. Connolly, H. G. W. Dinkelspiel, Thos. Elam, C. L. Field, Thos. P. Garrity, Wm. P. McCabe, Frank W. Marvin, Osgood Putnam, Jas. A. Wilson, Miss Maud Younger, E. R. Zion.

Judiciary: Emil Pohli, chairman; H. U. Brandenstein, Geo. Lull, Wm. H. Jordan.

Public Works: Wm. R. Hagerty, chairman; E. F. Conlin, J. Denahy, W. D. Fenimore, Jas. Frappier, Joseph Rothschild, M. J. Roche, R. E. Sullivan, Wm. Basil White.

Finance: Thomas Jennings, chairman; H. U. Brandenstein, John P. Denchey, Dr. Hartland Law, Rudolph Taussig, C. E. Tallmidge, [illegible]

Police: Walter Macarthur, chairman; A. C. Bane, Andrew J. Gallagher, Isidor Jacobs, John I. Nolan, F. G. Sanborn, Matt I. Sullivan, J. E. White, Rolla V. Watt.

Revision: William Denman, chairman; Thos. Jennings, R. E. Sullivan, Jas. A. John-

(Continued on Page 12)

CALIFORNIA VITAL STATISTICS

By GEO. D. LESLIE

In 1905 California took a forward step by adopting an effective law for the registration of births, marriages and deaths on the plan recommended by the Federal Census Bureau and the American Public Health Association. The law applies particularly to clergymen, physicians and undertakers. Every priest, minister, justice or judge performing a wedding ceremony must file a marriage certificate within three days. Every physician, midwife, nurse or other person assisting at a birth must likewise file a birth certificate within five days thereafter. Every undertaker engaged for a funeral is held responsible for obtaining and filing a death certificate and securing the necessary burial or removal permit prior to any disposition of the body.

Local Registrars

The local registrars with whom certificates are filed comprise county recorders, health officers in chartered cities, and clerks in other cities and incorporated towns. The county recorder is ex officio local registrar of marriages for the entire county; of births outside freeholders' charter cities, and of deaths outside all incorporated cities and towns. In chartered cities, the health officer is ex officio local registrar for both births and deaths. In other cities and incorporated towns, the city or town clerk is ex officio local registrar for deaths alone. On or before the fifth day of each month, these local registrars are required to transmit certificates filed with them for events in the preceding month to the State Bureau of Vital Statistics at Sacramento. Here the certificates are bound for permanent preservation after being indexed on a card index system for purposes of legal record and after being used for the compilation of statistical data relating to conditions of life and death in California.

Registration States

The enactment and enforcement of the registration law of 1905 put California on the same high plane as the leading eastern states. In 1905 there were only ten "registration states," or states from which the Federal Census Bureau accepts death returns as being satisfactorily complete. California was among the five added in 1906, while only three more have been added since, the whole eighteen registration states for 1909 being as follows: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin. California is one of four registration states west of the Mississippi.

Increase of Births

A four years' review of California vital statistics shows there has been a great increase in the number of births reported, the increase being due mainly to improving completeness of registration. The following table gives the birth total for California, in comparison with the death and marriage totals, for the four calendar years 1906 to 1909, inclusive:

	1909	1908	1907	1906
Births	30,882	28,077	24,674	20,974
Deaths	30,985	31,287	31,095	29,303
Marriages	22,917	21,739	23,005	21,317

Although the death and marriage totals have varied relatively little in the four years, each having both risen and fallen somewhat, the birth total has increased steadily in successive years, the number of births reported for 1909 being about one-half greater than the number reported for 1906. For 1909, in fact, the birth total falls short of the death total by only 103.

The comparatively small marriage total for 1908 (Leap year), in contrast with the figures for both 1907 and 1909, may be ascribed to the shyness of women concerning leap year proposals and also to a general avoidance of matrimony during a period of hard times.

Geographic Divisions

The table below shows the birth, death and marriage totals for the main geographic divisions of California in 1909 alone:

Division	Births	Deaths	Marriages
The State	30,882	30,985	22,917
Northern California	3,155	3,946	2,081
Central California	18,209	17,599	13,174
Southern California	9,518	9,440	7,662

The birth total falls short of the death total only in Northern California, birth registration being still incomplete in some sparsely settled rural counties.

City and Country

The following table gives the birth and death totals for the twenty-six freeholders' charter cities as a class in contrast with the rest of California for 1909:

	Births	Deaths
California	30,882	30,985
Chartered Cities	18,906	17,472
Rest of State	11,976	13,513

This table shows that there was an excess of births over deaths of no less than 1,434 in the twenty-six cities taken together. However, there was an apparent excess of deaths over births of 1,537 for the rest of California, on account of the incompleteness of birth registration as yet in the rural districts.

Sex

The table below gives the sex distribution of births and deaths in California for 1909:

	Total	Male	Female	Per Cent. Male	Per Cent. Female
Births	30,882	16,150	14,732	52.3	47.7
Deaths	30,985	19,324	11,661	62.4	37.6

The per cent male is much higher among decedents (62.4) than among infants (52.3), because the immigrant population, whether from other states or foreign countries, has a greater preponderance of males even than the native Californian element.

Race

The following table shows the race distribution of births and deaths, as well as of brides in marriages, together with the per cent. white, for California in 1909:

	Births	Deaths	Brides
California	30,882	30,985	22,917
White	29,736	29,323	22,449
Non-Caucasian	1,146	1,662	468
Negro	222	388	....
Indian	34	130	....
Chinese	208	694	....
Japanese	682	450	....
Per Cent. White	96.3	94.6	98.0

The per cent. white is 98.0 among brides, 96.3 among infants, and 94.6 among decedents. There was a slight excess of births over deaths for the white population, and a relatively great excess of births over deaths for the Japanese. On the other hand, there were many more deaths than births among the Chinese, Indians and negroes in California.

Nativity of Whites

The preceding table is supplemented by the one below given, by numbers and per cents, the nativity of white mothers, decedents and brides classified as born in California, born in other states or foreign born. The few mothers or brides of unknown nativity are included with those born in other states, while the many decedents of unknown nativity are here shown separately:

Numbers.	Mothers	Decedents	Brides
Total White	29,736	29,323	22,449
Born in California	10,544	8,231	9,133
Born in other states	10,700	10,763	9,043
Foreign born	8,492	9,457	4,273
Unknown	....	872	....
Per cents.			
Total White	100.0	100.0	100.0
Born in California	35.5	28.1	40.7
Born in other states	36.0	36.7	40.3
Foreign born	28.5	32.2	19.0
Unknown	....	3.0	....

The per cent. born in California was 40.7 among brides, against 35.5 among mothers and only 28.1 among decedents. The per cent. born in other states was 40.3 for brides, 36.7 for decedents (or 39.7, including 3 per cent. unknown), and 36.0 for mothers. The per cent. foreign born was 32.2 among decedents and 28.5 among mothers, as compared with merely 19.0 among brides.

North and South of Tehachapi

There are marked differences in the constituent elements of the white population between Northern and Central California on one hand and Southern California on the other, as appears from the table which follows. For simplicity's sake only the per cents. are shown here and the "unknown" are included throughout with "born in other states":

	Per Cent of Whites Mothers	Decedents	Brides
North of Tehachapi.			
Born in California	43.5	31.2	49.9
Born in other states	26.2	33.3	28.9
Foreign born	30.3	35.5	21.2
South of Tehachapi.			
Born in California	17.3	21.2	22.1
Born in other states	58.0	53.9	63.1
Foreign born	24.7	24.9	14.8

South of Tehachapi the per cent. born in other states was no less than 58.0 for mothers, 53.9 for decedents and 63.1 for brides, as compared with corresponding per cents. of 26.2, 33.3 and 28.9, respectively, for the counties north of Tehachapi. Roughly speaking, natives of other states constitute about three-fifths of the population in Southern California, against about three-tenths (or half as much) in Northern and Central California.

The per cent. born in the Golden State, however, was as great as 43.5 for mothers, 31.2 for decedents and 49.9 for brides in Northern and Central California, against corresponding per cents. of merely 17.3, 21.2 and 22.1 for Southern California. The per cent. foreign born likewise ranges higher north of Tehachapi (30.3, 35.5 and 21.2 for mothers, decedents and brides, respectively) than south of Tehachapi (only 24.7, 24.9 and 14.8).

Nativity of Brides and Mothers

Comparison of the nativity of white brides and mothers discloses some facts of interest in relation to the fecundity of native and foreign born women in California. Since single women marrying are more likely to bear children than widows or divorcees, the comparison is best drawn between single white brides and white mothers, as in the following table for California as a whole and for the counties north and south of Tehachapi in 1909:

	Per Cent of—Single Brides	Moth-ers	Excess for—Single Brides	Moth-ers
The State				
Born in California	43.3	35.5	7.8	...
Born in other states	37.8	36.0	1.8	...
Foreign born	18.9	28.5	..	9.6
North of Tehachapi.				
Born in California	52.6	43.5	9.1	...
Born in other states	26.4	26.2	0.2	...
Foreign born	21.0	30.3	..	9.3
South of Tehachapi.				
Born in California	24.2	17.3	6.9	...
Born in other states	61.2	58.0	3.2	...
Foreign born	14.6	24.7	..	10.1

This table shows that a much larger proportion of the single brides than of the mothers were born in California and also that a slightly greater proportion of the single brides than of the mothers were born in other states. On the other hand, a very much greater proportion of the mothers than of the single brides were born in foreign countries. The contrasts here noted appear not only in the per cents. for California as a whole but also in the per cents. for the fifty counties north of Tehachapi as well as for the eight to the south. The figures indicate that foreign born women surpass the natives, whether Californians or other Americans, in the proclivity to bear children.

Mrs. Antoinetta Beckhart, who sells flowers on the curb at Sixth and Race streets, Cincinnati, and presents President Taft with a bouquet whenever he visits Cincinnati, has received a photograph of the president with this inscription: "To Mrs. Antoinetta Beckhart, with many thanks for her beautiful roses. William H. Taft."

OAKLAND'S NEW CHARTER

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT, WITH SOME ORIGINAL VARIATIONS

By ALBERT H. ELLIOT

On December 8th next the question of whether the people of Oakland desire a new form of government will be submitted to them at the polls. We should not assume that all of the citizens will read the long instrument which is now being printed in two newspapers. But we have a right to assume that all intelligent citizens should have a fair idea of the general principles set forth in the charter for the adoption of which they are voting.

We shall not attempt to give even a condensed statement of the contents of the instrument. We hope such a statement will be prepared and presented in the daily press. Our present idea is to show that a new plan of city government is proposed—direct, scientific, businesslike.

It is about time that a science of municipal government should be discovered if there is such a thing. We as a people have devoted much study to other governmental problems but we do not seem to be convinced that most of good and evil in government comes from the way our American cities are managed or mismanaged. It ought to be possible to devise a simple system of management of municipal business, which should have some of the merits at least of the up-to-date plan used by the American business man in the management of his private corporations. A municipal corporation is after all a large business corporation organized for the purpose of doing for its stockholders, the citizens, on a large scale that which they cannot do so well for themselves.

Commission Form of Government

We call the plan set forth in Oakland's new proposed charter a commission form of government. The heart of the entire plan is that all the business of managing the affairs of the city shall rest in the hands of five men (including the mayor), who are elected at large by all the voters of the city.

Every possible safeguard is thrown around the people in the selection of their managing agents. Two elections must be held and everything has been done, except to supply the thinking for the voter.

First, or Nominating, Election

The first election is called a nominating election. Any citizen who desires can be nominated for an elective office and placed on the ballot, provided a petition is filed in his behalf signed by not less than fifty electors. All the names of those nominated for each office are arranged on the ballot alphabetically and without any party designation whatsoever. The two nominees receiving the largest number of votes for each office are the only ones whose names appear on the ballot at the second election. The nominating election is therefore a process of sifting or elimination. Probably the nominating election will go off on the question of individual worth, or friendship, or public service. At the second election, where only two persons are running for the same office, as against possibly fifty at the first election, issues will in all probability be defined—not partisan political issues, but a new style of issues involving municipal problems.

Difference from Berkeley Plan

No man can be elected at the first election, even though he shall receive a majority of all votes cast for the particular office. This is a departure from the Berkeley plan where any candidate can be elected at the nominating election if he shall receive a majority of all the votes cast. It is possible that there may be some confusion in the minds of voters caused by a large number of candidates running for office and the significance of a particular nominees's candidacy may not be made clear. At the second election, however, the lines will necessarily be well drawn. If a candidate shall have received the majority of the votes at the first election, he should be able to hold the majority when the "sober second thought" of the voter begins to work. In any event we believe in encouraging sober second thought—another evidence of the way the voter is guarded and led into thinking out his own governmental problems.

Device to Prevent "Plumping"

When a citizen announces himself for office, he shall specify whether he is running as Commissioner No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or No. 4. This classification by numbers may seem confusing until it is explained that the classification is purely artificial, used only for the purposes of nomination and election, and has no significance whatever after the election. In fact it is an ingenious device to prevent what is called "plumping." Where men are running for four offices in a field of say fifty candidates, there is a great temptation for the friends of one man to "plump" for him—that is vote for him as commissioner and fail to vote for any one whatever for the other three commissionerships.

Departments of Administration

After the commissioners are elected the real work of government begins and we come now to the heart of the new system of administration. The work of running the city's business is divided into five departments: 1. Department of Public Affairs; 2. Department of Finance and Revenue; 3. Department of Public Health and Safety; 4. Department of Public Works; 5. Department of Streets. The mayor is the head of the Department of Public Affairs and the other four commissioners assign themselves to the head of the other departments. These five commissioners handle the entire work of the city government. Into their hands is given all the power; upon their shoulders rests all the responsibility. They levy the taxes and spend all the money. They are held responsible before the people for the size of the tax rate and also for the condition of the streets, public health, etc. They cannot escape responsibility—they cannot shift the burden to any other officials. Every inducement is held out to them to do the business of the city in a businesslike way. The path of efficient management is the line of least resistance. The people can understand a simple system such as is here described. They can reward where reward is due; they can punish where punishment is deserved.

At this point the conservative and old-fashioned citizen exclaims, "What has become of the 'checks and balances'! Do you mean to say that all this power is placed without check or hindrance in the hands of a small group of elected officials?" We do say that all the power is placed in the hands of a few men. The system is designed that way. We want the power definitely fixed and likewise the responsibility. We cannot exact responsibility and withold power. But we wish now in a few words to show that checks—real, ball-bearing, well oiled checks—are prescribed in the new charter, which bear the same relation to the old-fashioned "checks and balances," that a limited train bears to a prairie schooner.

The Recall

And first of all, study the recall. The people will no longer place in office an agent to do their business whom they can easily "hire" but can practically never "fire." We do not understand where the idea first originated of employing men in public service for a fixed period, without any regard whatever to proved fitness, efficiency or civic loyalty to the city to be served. Let us bury the idea regardless of its genesis, so deep that no modern city can ever dig it up. The small group of men clothed with plenary power must "make good" or the ax of the recall will take them somewhere between the place where they keep their brains and their collars. Fifteen per cent. of their fellow electors, but not less than 3000 in number, may sign a petition which puts the official to an election. Printed arguments pro and con are sent to each voter. The case is presented to the jury, composed of the stockholders in the municipal corporation. The verdict is rendered after a fair election. If the official is recalled, the agency is simply cancelled. Those who "hire" have "fired." The city, presumably for good reasons, has changed managers. Is not this a good business procedure? The small group of elected officials, clothed with great powers, have hanging over their heads the recall. So does every manager of every business house. Is it not about time that we compel our public officials to make good by the same "check" which a private corporation uses so effectively? "Do your work well. Use your power for our good. Manage this large property efficiently, loyally and honestly or quit the job. If you do not quit we have a way reserved in our charter to make you quit." Can we talk further of "checks and balances" when this great power is reserved to the people? With the recall set on a hair trigger there is a splendid guaranty of the wise and honest use of the great power granted by the people to the managers of the city's business. We have here a check that checks and a balance that balances.

The Initiative

And the initative is also a powerful weapon in the hands of the people. Even a group of wise and honest men may differ in opinion with their principals as to some particular piece of legislation. There should be no assumption that all wisdom resides in the group of elected officials. A petition may be secured signed by 15 per cent. of the electors, proposing a piece of legislation. The council must now either place the law on the statute books or submit it for endorsement or rejection at the polls. We think that the small body of officials clothed with power, will at least give respectful attention to any group of honest citizens who propose legislation, if they know that the stockholders can go over their heads to their principals in certain contingencies. It is obvious, therefore, that the power is rather well "balanced"—the "checks" are all working.

The Referendum

The referendum is the third great brake in the beautiful new machine (I know the unholy associations of this word, but we must not blame a word of good classical lineage for its vicious environment). After an ordinance granting a franchise or leasing or selling public property has been passed by the five municipal managers, their action must in some cases and may in other cases be ratified by the stockholders at the polls. Why not? Tell a modern business man that his manager can deed away his property without consulting him and see him smile. Why should the managers of the city's business be allowed to alienate the property of the citizens without direct authority procured at the ballot box? In the case of renewal of old established franchises, the power to grant is taken from the managers entirely, as such a grant **must** be approved by the people. In the case of new franchises and leases of public property, the people have the right by petition to demand a reference to them. Or the managers may of their own motion refer a matter to the people, upon which they wish to be advised. This is a brake of such power that even the conservative citizen should cease clamoring for "checks and balances of the constitution"—whatever that may mean. The grant of power to the commissioners is well guarded by the principle of the referendum. These three, recall, initiative, referendum, will shine as stars over the heads the councilman. They are at once a warning and an encouragement—a warning to the unloyal, an encouragement to the faithful. Without these the large grant of power set forth in the new charter would be dangerous; with them the grant of power insures directness, loyalty, efficiency.

A General View

We should like to go into the details of the charter but space will not permit. With the

main underlying principles clearly before us there can be no difficulty in reading the charter intelligently. It will be obvious from such a reading that a simple business method of doing the public business is proposed. No system will work itself and the people must be always vigilant and civicly loyal to their own and their fellows' interests. The way has been made plain and easy. Believing as we do in democracy, we predict that the peoples' interest in their own municipal affairs will be stimulated. The short ballot, the direct legislation features, the interment of the old ghosts of government, the application of common sense to the solution of political questions, the non-partisan ballot—all these first aids to the injured will be soon understood by the people, and then applied rigorously and effectively. Possibly at times the brakes will be put on too soon or too hard; we may swap drivers too often in the stream and out of the stream; we may even get bad legislation on the books—all these are both the evils and the glory of democracy. We believe we are now on the right road in municipal management, and we must let the future suggest changes. Without desiring to be dogmatic, we think that a municipal science has been at last discovered and we ought to heed some of its obvious teachings.

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

ston, E. A. Walcott, Milton T. U'Ren, Matthew Brady, Walter Macarthur, Emil Pohli, H. U. Brandenstein, Wm. H. Jordan, Geo. Lull.

Probably there never has been a convention in San Francisco in which more good work was quietly and effectively accomplished. Mr. Walcott, the secretary, has proved himself one of the wisest of the constructive workers for civic betterment of the city, co-ordinating the work of all the committees and saving the convention much of those losses of time and efficiency which ordinarily occur in loosely organized assemblies. Colonel Weinstock is an excellent presiding officer and the convention was never permitted to lose its earnestness of purpose. There was some arbitrary work on the part of the revision committee, of which the writer was chairman, in shelving certain good proposals for lack of time for their consideration, but the necessity of concentrating upon a few much needed amendments was finally conceded by even the most radical.

The so-called "Tax Eating" amendments, for raising salaries (some of which were fairly based on the increased cost of living) were not presented to the convention. A contrary impression was no doubt created by the fact that Mr. Zion, who was the attorney for the organization of civil service employees, was also one of the most active and efficient members of the convention itself. He kept his two interests separated, however, and his good work for the amendments which passed, particularly Nos. 6, 7 and 8, should not be overlooked.

The convention recommended nine amendments: No. 6 for the initiative, referendum and recall; No. 7 for the direct primary, majority rule, Australian ballot with rotation of names and circulation of candidates' statements; No. 8 for the elimination of party designations; No. 12 providing for the construction of tunnels; No. 16, giving supervisors the power to establish employment bureaus; No. 18, raising the age limit of certain city employees; Nos. 19 and 20 regulating the granting of public service franchises; No. 29, increasing the salaries of the supervisors to $200 a month. All of these save Nos. 16 and 20 were passed by the voters.

The convention regarded favorably the proposal for increasing the terms of the supervisors and county officers, but decided to postpone action until the whole subject of commission government for a city the size of San Francisco could be taken up and thoroughly worked out.

The great majority of the members of the convention were stanch supporters of the government in the prosecutions for bribery and extortion. The amendments proposed were a composite of the work of all these men. This is the really significant thing—that is, that after the turmoil of the struggle against municipal corruption, there still exists in San Francisco a body of men who are ready for quiet constructive work and who have the effectiveness to put their measures through when once conceived. The campaign for the amendments developed the fact that the lines between the supporters and those who were against the government in the graft cases had almost disappeared. Among the most enthusiastic advocates of these measures in the last days of the campaign were men who had been most strongly opposed to the government. All the old bitterness seemed to have died out and the spirit of "get together" for better things animated the conferences.

It is, however, a great injustice to the splendid group of citizens who, since the days of the Wallace grand jury, which in 1892 drove Buckley out of power and gave us our charter government, have been steadily fighting and as steadily gaining ground for good government, despite such apparent submersions as during the Schmitz administration, to say that the majority election scheme arose solely from the anti-graft campaign. Both are but stages in the modern civic movement in San Francisco which dates back at least eighteen or twenty years.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM DENMAN.

November 29, 1910.

A Shock for Saint Peter

She wore a skirt—'twas a hobble skirt—
And a hat that was like a pail,
And she looked like a carrot in dry goods girt,
Although to describe her I fail;
And she came to the gate that is never wide,
The gate that no mortals miss,
And Saint Peter, he took one look, and sighed:
"Oh, riddle of riddles, what's this?"

An Italian journal in commenting on Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's recent appearance at a London music hall explains how it is that this great artist seems always in need of money. It is interesting to read that in the case of this distinguished artist her money is literally at the disposal not only of her near and distant relations and friends but even of people she does not know, for her house is open to all. At one time she never entertained less than twenty persons daily at dinner, and it is related that Alexandre Dumas, who was one day of the number sitting at the right hand of Mme. Bernhardt, asked her, "Will you kindly tell me the name of your friend on my left?" "That is more than I can do," said she, "for I have never seen him before."

In reply to many letters inquiring whether I shall publish a review of the session of the California Legislature of 1911, along the same lines as those followed in "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909," I will state that I shall do so, if subscriptions for 1,200 volumes are received before the Legislature of 1911 adjourns. If you wish to be one of the subscribers, fill out and forward this card.

FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

_____ 191

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[From The California Weekly]

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

BEHOLD THE DREAMER!

BY

. JUDSON

THE old oak tree that grew on the brow of the bank back of the log cabin on the Serpentine was a standing invitation to little boys to climb it. Its bole was knotty and gnarly and its bark was shagged, abounding in crevices into which small toes and fingers could insinuate themselves for hoisting small bodies up into the limbs and branches. A dozen feet from the ground a big, low-hanging limb branched off and forked again and again, making the most inviting seats with legs astride—and, sitting in one of these forks, with winds whistling and leaves rustling all around him, Jed spent many a vagrant hour day-dreaming. Occasionally his dreaming became more profound and he slept in imminent danger of falling off his perch, at which times his father or mother, if they discovered him, would softly put the ladder against the limb, climb up and take him down lest he fall in the awakening.

But such delicious dreams did he enjoy in the sheltering arms of that old oak! And it was probably there that he formed a habit of day-dreaming that followed him half his life if not all of it. First he dreamed that his yoke of little red calves that, little as he was, he had yoked with a yoke his father had made for him and then had taught to gee and haw like old oxen, grew and grew until they were ever so much bigger than old Spot and Jere, his father's oxen; bigger and stronger even than the big white oxen of Uncle that Cousin never tired of bragging about being the stoutest oxen on the creek. Jed would show them how to yank logs out of the woods to be taken on the wooden-wheeled trucks to the sawmill down in the Connecticut settlement, and everybody would praise Jed and his oxen and he would be both proud and happy.

Alas for dreams, day as well as night! One day, when there was just a little summer shower and a clap of thunder that made the echoes wring their hands and cry with anguish, a chain of lightning ricochetted across the prairie for half a mile after where it first struck straight for one of those steers where he stood feeding on the fresh green grass and killed him as dead as any stone. He swelled up tight, his legs stuck out stiff and straight, and the coyotes, dogs and vultures feasted to their fill for half a month. His mate had to be sold to the butcher in order to get money with which to pay the taxes and that day dream came to naught.

Now Jed wanted to be strong. He wanted to be six feet high and stronger even than Jack Robinson, who, however, did not know how to read. Jed caught him one day with his paper bottom up and called his attention to the fact in the presence of others, at which they all laughed and Jack blushed, and the laugh was on Jack wherever he went around the neighborhood, for he was not without pride and wished to conceal his lack of learning behind a bold pretense, but he could take a bucket of water on each little finger and hold his arms out straight, something that no other man in the neighborhood could do. Jed looked up to him and loved to climb into his lap and feel the huge, hard bunches his biceps made. Perhaps it was because Jed was not strong that he so wished to be, perhaps it was the stories of Samson and the Philistines or of David and the lion. Anyhow, that was a consuming ambition and, up in his nest in the forks of the oak, times without number, Jed day-dreamed of being beset with wolves while on the way to his aunt's, half a mile down the creek, and as the wolves sprang upon him, he grabbed them by the skin at the top of their heads and by the lower jaw and, with a quick, powerful wrench, threw their lower jaws out of joint so that they hung down upon their breasts, sending them off whining piteously, unable either to bite Jed or to close their mouths again, a whole pack of them. It didn't happen, and whenever Jed was out after nightfall looking for the cows, and heard the yapping of a coyote his blood almost froze in his veins, but the more afraid he was the more did he day-dream of his own prowess and undaunted courage.

As Jed grew older his day-dreams became more expansive. One day he was riding on a splendidly mettlesome and beautifully caparisoned horse when he spied, just ahead of him, a group of four or five persons on horseback, an elderly gentleman and his elderly wife, an only child, a daughter two or three years younger than Jed and two vaqueros on their mustangs. The horses ridden by the gentleman and his wife were large and powerful, but not swift, while the one ridden by the daughter was lithe and fiery and as nimble on her feet as a gazelle.

Perhaps it was the clatter of the hoofs of Jed's shod horse on the flinty covering of the gravelly road, perhaps it was the vixen in the beast that prompted the act, but, whatever the cause, the mettlesome mare took the bits in her teeth and dashed away across the open plain beyond the control of the daughter. Now there was a deep arroyo ahead a mile or so that Jed knew of, although its presence could not be seen until on its very brink. Unless the mare could be stopped before reaching that arroyo the death of the daughter was certain. All saw the danger, for they knew of the arroyo as well as Jed, and only the mare did not know of it and she was making for it with her precious burden with the swiftness of a coyote.

The vaqueros flung free their lassos, but their horses could nowhere near keep up. The gentleman and lady sat their saddles, white as any sheet, powerless to do more than stare wild-eyed at the fleeing figure. Jed took all in at a glance, put spurs to his horse, loosened the hitch strap from his saddle, leaned forward like an Indian and joined in the chase, striving not only to overtake the girl and her ungovernable mare but to place himself between her and the arroyo in order to turn the flying animal away if he could not stop her.

He passed the father and mother like a meteor, overtook and passed the vaqueros, headed off the runaway and turned her out of her course, ran alongside neck and neck, leaned over and snapped the snaffle of his hitchstrap into the bit of the mare, wheeled her away from danger just at the very nick of time and galloped back to the highroad to receive, not only the smiles of the daughter, but the hearty thanks of the girl's parents with an offer of a rich reward, which Jed, of course, magnanimously declined to receive.

Nor was this all that did not happen. It was only the beginning of it.

Jed was questioned closely by the father and mother as to who he was and what he was doing. In reply he informed them with entire frankness that he had ridden all the way to Colorado to seek his fortune, stopping to win some racing money at the fairs on his way, with the expectation of getting into the cattle business somewhere when he should win enough to start him, but as for selling the horse, he would never part with Fleetwing, never while he lived, for he was a wonder, although he did not look the part, which enabled Jed to take in all the betting men at the races at his own discretion.

"But isn't it wrong to win people's money away from them that way?" demanded the mother of the young lady, to which Jed frankly replied that he supposed that it was, only he betted only with gamblers and, after winning and receiving the stakes, he always gave them an opportunity to have their money back on condition that they go before a notary and take a solemn oath never to bet on horse racing again and allow the affidavit to be published for three issues in the principal paper in the community, an arrangement which the father of the girl pronounced entirely fair and considerate and likely to do more good than all the harm winning money from gamblers could ever do. So Jed felt entirely justified, especially as the girl herself nodded her approval.

As they drew near to Denver, where they were all going to attend the Colorado state fair, Jed was pressed to stop at the hotel with their party, and the vaqueros, who had been eyeing Fleetwing with great interest, volunteered to help Jed make some easy money on his horse, for they had not a doubt that he could outstrip anything that would be likely to be there, though they would nose around and get hold of all the inside tips for him.

So on they rode to Denver. Jed laid low for a day or two until the vaqueros had learned the lay of the land, so to speak, and had found just the time the best horses could make, when he placed out all the money he could spare at great odds in his favor in all the classes of races under saddle to which Fleetwing could be admitted. It was like taking candy from babies. He began with the slow races, then going into those that were faster and faster, Fleetwing not half running and yet taking every race as he went along until he boldly entered for the sweepstakes, the supreme event of the week. Then indeed came the tug of war, for Jed had up on the race every dollar he had in the world and all that the vaqueros had, but at an odds of ten to one in Jed's favor, for, as already explained, the horse did not look to be the swift racer he was and Jed as evidently appeared to be a greenhorn.

But the race was run and won and, as he passed under the wire at least two lengths in the lead, Jed saw Inez Wentworth, for that was her name, swinging her hat and handkerchief. When he had returned to the judges' stand, and the crowd surged around, there were his new found friends to shake hands and congratulate him. When the stakes were all paid over Jed had more thousands of dollars than he had ever seen in his life and was now able to buy a good stock farm somewhere.

Then it was that he was advised by Mr. Wentworth, a man of large affairs, to place his money in bank in Denver and come along with the family over into Wentworth park to spend the winter, for when one got into the park there was no getting out all winter, although in the park it was nice and sheltered and sunny. They were going to take a private tutor in with them, Mr. Wentworth explained, for their daughter and, if Jed liked, he could join the classes with her and improve his education, which he had confessed to be limited, and it would not cost him a cent. Perhaps, too, he might find something to like in the park, for there were a few settlers there, although Mr. Wentworth now owned nearly all.

The invitation was accepted and, in a few days, after taking in all the gaieties of the city and stocking up for the winter, the cavalcade set out for the park with a long pack train of mules that had joined them. The park was all surrounded by lofty mountains with only a single gorge, through which a little river had broken its way to the plains, but such a narrow way that not even a mountain goat could thread the passage.

They rode along up the winding course of that river, then in single file up the long trail and over the rocky rim where Jed caught his first view of Wentworth park surrounded with pine-clad mountains, streams running down in every direction, jumping off a precipitous cliff into a broad, shining lake where the river took its rise and had bored its way out to the plain miles and miles, and hundreds of feet, below. Everything, Mr. Wentworth explained, even to Inez' piano, had to be taken in on pack animals and every product taken out had to go on foot. Even the sheep had to be driven out to be sheared, and the cattle to be killed, for no railroad, or even as much as a wagon road, could be built in. For that reason the splendid forest to be seen on the mountain slopes was practically valueless except for use in the valley, and then only as the logs could be shaped by ax and adze, for not even a saw mill could be packed in, the trails were so rough.

Laughingly, Mr. Wentworth declared as

they looked down into the beautiful park where he was undisputed monarch of all he surveyed, that he would give the hand of his daughter in marriage and half the valley to anyone who would find a practicable way to get a railroad, or even a first-class wagon road, into and out of Wentworth park, for, besides the pine clad mountain sides and the beautiful lake and never ending rushing streams, there were tens of thousands of acres of upland grazing ranges and other thousands of irrigated valleys where hay and grain were grown to be fed to the stock in the valley. Sometimes the animals got to be so fat that they could scarcely climb out to market.

Jed went on down the slopes with the rest, Fleetwing almost sliding on his haunches part of the way, it was so steep, reaching the brink of the lake at last, where stood the great log ranch house, and its cluster of smaller buildings surrounded by gardens filled with fruits and flowers. Above and about all the solemn snow-capped mountains looked down in peace and contentment. It was the most beautiful place that Jed had ever dreamed of and his heart was filled with joy at the prospect of remaining there all winter, but when they had shown him to a sunny, commodious chamber, and he would have thanked Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth again for their splendid hospitality, they stopped him with, "the obligation is all ours, not yours. Had it not been for you our daughter, the only child we have preserved alive, would long since have been lying dead in the bottom of the big arroyo."

And what a splendid winter it was, going to school with Inez to their wise old special tutor! As for Jed, he took up the study of surveying and civil engineering mainly, for, deep down in the recesses of his own soul, he had a reason for it. He developed a love for hunting, and for learning every foot of the park by traveling over it on Fleetwing or on foot, nearly always returning with venison or bear meat. He threaded every canyon from its mouth upon the lake to its head on the rim rock of the valley.

There was one place that baffled him. Threading a canyon, little explored because of its barrenness, Jed came at last to a sheer granite wall hundreds of feet in height, up which he could not climb. What lay beyond? Was it far through to the head of some other canyon leading down to the plain? Some day he would have an answer to that query, but he could not now, the cliff was too precipitous and the snow too deep on the adjacent ridges.

Toward spring a hungry cinnamon bear made a raid upon a sheep fold and worked sad havoc. Jed with his dogs took the trail. It led up this canyon. He followed it to the end, but when he got there there was no bear to be found. Where could he have vanished to? Jed was puzzled. So were the dogs. At length one of them, sniffing about, looked up the precipitous side of the cliff and whined, ran from side to side of the canyon, then back a little way to a jutting ledge, a ledge that led to a little slide of loose rock and earth in which a few scrubby shrubs had taken root. The other dogs followed. Jed followed the dogs. The dogs went in behind a sliver of rock, that stood out a little at the bottom from the sheer wall, and disappeared. Looking up from below it had seemed to be a part of the wall itself. In fact it covered an open V-shaped seam in the granite, perhaps ten feet high, zig-zag, half filled with broken fragments of fallen granite. Into this the dogs had disappeared.

Jed halted. It was not a pleasant place in which to meet a furious cinnamon bear if he should come charging out in pursuit of the dogs. Jed found a standing place around the edge of this upright sliver and waited with rifle at shoulder, not doubting that the bear would soon chase the dogs out, but no sound issued forth. A half hour went by and Jed whistled into the crevice the loud, shrill whistle with which he called his dogs. By and by they came back quietly, tired, with tongues lolling but perfectly unconcerned as to the presence of any bear. Having rested, they turned and went into the cavern again, barking, evidently wanting Jed to follow. He did so on hands and knees, climbing over the obstructions. What was his astonishment, when he had gone fifty feet or so in the darkness, to see the light break in ahead of him around a point of rock. By this time the dogs had gone clear through. Five minutes more and Jed had followed them into the open and looked down into a broad, deep canyon. The dogs wagged their tails and plunged on, Jed following at the top of his speed.

To make sure of his way Jed unslung his mountaineer's hatchet and blazed his path from tree to tree. An hour later the dogs broke out in full cry up a little side canyon. Jed slung his hatchet, unslung his rifle and pressed on. There was a snarl and a growl and an ugly head was thrust out from under a ledge. Jed fired and a big, shaggy body came rolling down the gulch.

But it was not the bear just then that interested Jed. Cutting enough of a steak to suffice for the dogs and himself he pressed on down the canyon, blazing his way as he went, coming by and by into a main canyon where there was a logging road leading out to civilization. That was enough. He had solved the problem of making Wentworth park accessible from the outer world. A tunnel of a few hundred feet, partly made already, would lead to the outer world.

It was well into the evening before he reached home that night, having been gone since daylight, but he brought the claws of the bear in testimony of his prowess. Otherwise he said nothing, but busied himself with buying out the holdings of the settlers whom Mr. Wentworth had not bought. For practice in his engineering course, as he had explained, he had located dam sites on all the streams, mapped the valley, calculated the power available, built, in his mind and on paper, a woolen mill here, a furniture factory there, a lumber mill at such a point, with a sash and door factory, a little farther down and, on the broad sweep of mesa overlooking the lake, and far enough from the mountains to be free from all risks of freshets and avalanches, he had plotted the town of Wentworth, with parks and boulevards.

Inez had been greatly interested in this planning and map-making all the winter through and it was at her insistence that the maps and plans, the results of half a year's work, were spread one evening on the big dining-room table, which Inez had cleared for the purpose, while the whole household had gathered around. All were much interested. The eyes of Mr. Wentworth fairly shone. Jed stood back with a roll of paper in his hands, saying little, except now and again by way of explanation, while the others waxed enthusiastic.

"But what's the use?" demanded Mr. Wentworth, shoving his chair back from the table and folding his hands behind his head. "I have seen such things in my own mind's eye a hundred times, I reckon, but what's the use while there is no way of getting out of this hole in the earth except by pack train over a mountain rim a mile high? It's nothing but a dream, just a dream."

"Do you remember, Mr. Wentworth," demanded Jed at this juncture, "what you said as we stood on the rim looking down into the valley the day I came in with you?"

"No, what was it?"

"That you would give the hand of your daughter and a half interest in the whole valley to the one who would find a good, practical way out even for a wagon road, to say nothing of a railroad."

"No, I don't remember, did I?"

"Yes, you did, Papa," Inez broke in, laughing and blushing, "for I overheard you myself."

"Well if I did I'll stand to it if you are willing, Inez."

"Oh, I am willing all right—if the right one finds the way."

"Am I the right one, Miss Inez?" asked Jed.

"Oh, but you haven't found the way out yet."

"But am I the right one if I do? I want to know before I show what's in this paper that you haven't any of you seen yet."

"Yes, I'll go you if you find a way out, but, remember, not if you don't," she added, banteringly.

Then Jed spread his remaining sheet upon the table and thumb-tacked the corners down. "Draw around now," he said, "and I'll show you the way out. You begin here, Mr. Wentworth, at the mouth of Barren canyon where that old cinnamon bear killed the sheep, and you follow those tracks right up that canyon to the very end, then through a hidden rift in that 2,000 foot sheer wall, not more than 300 feet long, you come out in Blossom canyon on the other side and so on down the timber road to Denver. I've been through, the dogs and I, down as far as the timber road, but there'll have to be some blasting and clearing out of debris before we can get you through. However, I stand ready to sign up for a thoroughly good wagon road out, with not to exceed a three per cent grade anywhere, for $50,000, and that expenditure will make you worth $5,000,000, or would do it if I were not to come in for half according to promise."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes I do, and Inez and the Professor and I will go through tomorrow. Perhaps with a little clearing out we may be able to pull you through, too. If we can we'll all have dinner on the Blossom canyon road. I can show you where the tunnel starts and where it ends, but perhaps the longest way around may prove the shortest way through for you, you carry so much avoirdupois, although the cinnamon bear made it, but then that was after an all-winter fast while you have fared better, but I'll take the rest through anyhow."

The Wentworth family were hardly able to contain themselves until daylight to verify Jed's map. They started early, Mrs. Wentworth herself insisting upon going, too. They took along two or three men and some ropes and chains, a span of mules in harness and some drills and hammers. By hard work and a little blasting by noon they had cleared enough of the debris out of the way to permit even Daddy Wentworth himself to squeeze through on hands and knees, and down they went to the lumber road, where they soon had coffee boiling and a lunch spread.

After eating, and Mr. Wentworth had lighted his pipe and had leaned back against a tree for a few moments watching the smoke curl upward, he straightened up and slapping his knees with his hands so that his pipe flew off its stem, "Gad, it is great," he said. "Jed, you are a brick. You can put a gang of men to work on that road tomorrow. We'll realize inside of five years every blessed thing you've put on those plans you showed us last night. And what's more, I'll stand by my part of the rest of the bargain to the letter. What do you say, daughter, to your part of it?"

"Oh, I gave my promise two months ago."

"The devil you did!"

"And, old lady, what about you?"

"Humph! Do you suppose I've been blind to what was going on all winter just because you have? I'd 'a put a stop to it then if I had had any objections to make."

And so—what? Nothing, absolutely nothing. If Jed had had a mettlesome horse he would hardly have dared to ride it, for, although he rode horseback a great deal, he never became a broncho bu'ster, and if by any chance such a horse had come into his possession, he would not have known the value of it. He never in all his life lost so much as one bear, and millions could not have tempted him into any such hole in the rocks as above described. If there be on the crust of God's earth any such valley Jed never heard of it. It was all a miserable day-dream, dreamed over and over so many times that it stuck like the memory of a story many times told. It was one of half a score or more of such dreams that haunted Jed half his days, until, with infinite effort, he broke himself of the day-dreaming habit, but that is another story or the sequel to another, if nothing more.

THE SILENT PHILANTHROPIST

Major Henry L. Higginson of Boston, often called "the silent philanthropist," recently celebrated his 76th birthday. He is beloved by the men of Harvard university for his share in enlarging the social welfare of the students by means of the Harvard union, and for his gift of Soldiers' field. It is his fine distinction to have made possible the establishment and maintenance of the Boston symphony orchestra, for he employed $200,000 to fortify this foremost American orchestra. He is a trustee of the New England conservatory of music, and the New England representative of Andrew Carnegie in the trusteeship of the $15,000,000 fund of the Carnegie institute.

SHEAR WIT

A most peculiar and startling accident was that in which Miss Grace Cantonwine of Oxford Junction recently figured, that of unintentionally swallowing a teaspoon. She was relieved only after strenuous efforts by a physician and a most exciting time, which aroused the entire neighborhod in which the young lady resides.

"Look here, waiter," said Mr. Grouch, scowling deeply over his plate, "I ordered turtle soup. There ain't even a morsel of turtle flavor in this." "Of course not," returned the waiter. "What do you expect? Shakespeare said there was nothing in a name. If you ordered cottage pudding would you expect a cottage in it? In Manhattan salad would you look for a Flatiron or Singer building? Any tea, sir?"—Harper's.

"To the drunkard anything is an excuse for a drink." The speaker, Dr. H. Clay Winter, Cleveland's specialist in dipsomania, smiled and resumed: "I found one of my worst patients in a rathskeller one Saturday night. Nine saucers were stacked before him, and pointing to the saucers sternly I said: 'What? Nine large beers already. My dear Jobbins, think of your ten children.' 'Thanks for the reminder, doc,' the dipsomaniac answered. 'Here, waiter, bring me one more beer.' "—Washington Star.

Macdonald—I didna see the bride, Sandy. Sandy—Whist, mon! 'Tis no a weddin', but a funeral. Macdonald—I didna ken! But, onyway, 'tis a grand entertainment.—New York Press.

Prosecuting Attorney—Your honor, the sheriff's bull-pup has gone and chawed up the court Bible. Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible."—Lippincott's.

CLASSROOM REPARTEE

The most popular professor at Yale is William Lyon Phelps of the English department, says the College World. He has been called by Yale men "The Lord of the Quick Answer," and in his friendly clashes with the undergraduates he is just as willing to take as to give—provided only that the "take" is justified by its intrinsic cleverness.

As an illustration of the "give" side of Prof. Phelps, there is told the story of an athlete who approached him one day and asked the professor what he thought of the attitude that it was then rumored the faculty was going to take on the football situation at the university. "Do you wish me to answer as a member of the faculty or as a man of sense?" asked Phelps.

As an illustration of the "take" side there is told the story of one of his students who, having been rebuked for his lack of knowledge on the subject in point, said that he believed he knew enough about English anyway to get along subsequently in the world.

"Ah, do you?" drawled the professor ironically, "and what, pray, is going to be your line of activity when you do go out 'into the world?' "

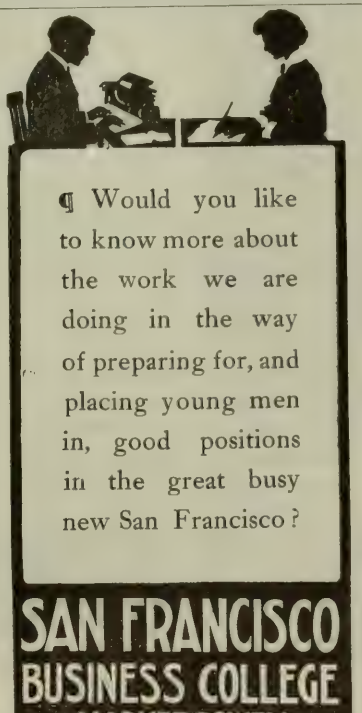
The young man looked him squarely in the eye a moment and replied: "I am going to take charge of my father's brewery." It was true. Prof. Phelps recalled the fact that the young man's father was a wealthy brewer, appreciated the wit in the retort and laughed out loud with the rest of the class.

A particularly lazy undergraduate at Princeton several years ago, having failed for six successive days to prepare himself in his Latin lessons, was openly rebuked before his class by his professor, who exclaimed: "Mr. Perkins (the name will do), you do not seem to have the slightest knowledge of what work is!"

Perkins, unabashed, replied brazenly that "everything was work." "Indeed," sarcastically retorted the professor, determined to make the audacious young man appear the fool, "I presume (tapping the desk in front of him) that, in your broad classification even this is work." "Yes, sir," answered Perkins seriously, without turning an eyelash, "that's woodwork."

Dean Briggs of Harvard is as much loved by the undergraduates as is Prof. Phelps at Yale. He is a champion of athletic sport and a man possessed of an ever ready wit that can appreciate as well as be appreciated. During the year when the slogan "To Hell with Yale" first became popular with the Cambridge undergraduates community Dean Briggs was one day hurrying to see a football game in the stadium in company with Edward Everett Hale. On the way they met a crabbed old member of the faculty who sarcastically asked the dean if he was going to cheer at the game. "Surely," replied the latter; "I'm going to Yell with Hale."

As an example of the dean's willingness to be the butt of a shaft of repartee in a clash with a student there is the story of the undergraduate who, upon being asked during an English lecture what he considered to be the greatest book written in the English language, replied "John D. Rockefeller's bankbook." "But, sir," returned the dean in mock seriousness, "you can hardly classify that as a classic." "Oh, I don't know," replied the student, "it's certainly a Standard work."


¶ Would you like to know more about the work we are doing in the way of preparing for, and placing young men in, good positions in the great busy new San Francisco?
SAN FRANCISCO
BUSINESS COLLEGE
MARKET, POWELL & EDDY STS., S.F.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof. Defendants. Action No. 23805

ERNEST J. MOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint to wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. Krager, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, California.

The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Nov. 11-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers with 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.
ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.
11-18-6t

NOTICE OF SALE OF DELINQUENT SHARES OF STOCK

LUXOR OIL COMPANY, A CORPORATION

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, southeast corner of Section 22, Township 32, Range 24, County of Kern, California.

NOTICE

There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Names.	Number of Certificate	No. of shares	Amount
Bunger, F. C.	111	250	5.00
Callaghan, R. I.	36	6500	130.00
Callaghan, R. I.	90	4500	90.00
Cormack, C. F.	60	1000	20.00
Donovan, Wm.	153	500	10.00
Ford, Mrs.	151	1000	20.00
Grogan, W. R.	156	18183	363.66
Gyles, Edw.	76	400	8.00
Grogan, Mrs. W. R.	152	3000	60.00
Hoadley, G. O.	67	17200	344.00
Harrower, Robert	77	1000	20.00
Hammond, Wm.	83	100	2.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	87	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	137	500	10.00
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H.	138	250	5.00
Kingwell, Ino.	110	500	10.00
Love, Robert R.	81	1000	20.00
McCarthy, T. D.	101	1000	20.00
McCarthy, Jas. P.	169	1000	20.00
Nye, Mrs. M. E.	94	100	2.00
O'Brien, T.	63	100	2.00
Rispin, H. A.	10	333	6.66
Rispin, H. A.	52	1000	20.00
Rispin, H. A.	53	1000	20.00
Rispin, H. A.	54	500	10.00
Rispin, H. A., Trustee	192	10000	200.00
Rispin, H. A., Trustee	193	9000	180.00
Rispin, Annette A.	162	100	2.00
A. L. Saunders	145	250	5.00
Saunders, Mrs. A. L.	144	250	5.00
Tregear, Mrs. Anna	148	200	4.00
Whitaker, C. I.	70	1000	20.00
Welch, Mrs. Chas.	142	500	10.00

And in accordance with law, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the said corporation at 219 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M. of the said day, to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

H. F. GORDON,
Secretary of Luxor Oil Company, a corporation.
Location of office, 219 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.
11-18-3t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third.

JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office. 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence. 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4590

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Work of the Railroad Commission

The new constitution of California attempted an elaborate and effective system of railroad control. It declared that all railroad, canal and other transportation companies are common carriers and subject to legislative control; that no railroad company or other common carrier shall combine or make any contract with the owners of any vessel that leaves port or makes port in this state by which the earnings of one doing the carrying are to be shared by the other not doing the carrying; that no discriminations in charges or facilities for transportation shall be made by any railroad or other transportation company; that the state shall be divided into three railroad commission districts as nearly equal in population as practicable, each district to elect one commissioner; it being the power and the duty of such commission to establish rates of charges for the transportation of persons and freight, to make changes as required by the public service, to hear and determine complaints, to prescribe uniform systems of accounts for transportation companies, all these requirements to be enforced by the legislature by forfeiture of charter if necessary in order to compel obedience. To make sure of the proper exercise of these powers the legislature was empowered to remove, by a two thirds vote of all elected members, for incompetency or neglect of duty, any or all of the railroad commissioners, the governor to fill by appointment the vacancies so created.

If constitutional authority and law were all that were needed to secure a proper regulation of common carriers it would seem that California's constitution and laws should have proven beacon lights to the nation, but alas for constitution and law! For thirty years the common carriers of California have been a law unto themselves and the provisions quoted from above have been as though they did not exist. Not a provision of them all but has been violated with impunity and nothing worth while has been done to bring the violators of the law to account.

Tiring of the lawlessness of common carriers the legislature, two years ago, undertook to strengthen the laws and did strengthen them somewhat, though not nearly as decisively as they might have been strengthened. With the hope of attracting bigger men to the task the salaries of the commissioners were increased from $4,000 to $6,000 per year.

It was made the duty of the Board of Railroad Commissioners to hold hearings at different points in the state and, in the event of failure of the common carriers to heed the directions of the commissioners, it was made the duty of said commission to report at once to the attorney general of the state, whose duty it was made to institute proceedings in the courts to enforce the orders of the board.

Severe penalties were also prescribed for violations of the laws on the part of corporations or their employes, and the fixing of maximum rates was made obligatory on the commission to fix rates of all kinds, joint rates and through rates by connecting lines, and to hear and determine all controversies arising under the law, not, however, without appealing to the courts where the railroad or other carrier feels that such rates work an injustice to it. The new law is not as strong as it might have been made, not as strong as another bill pending before the legislature proposed to make it, but quite strong enough to deprive the commission of the excuse of inaction for the want of needed laws for the control of common carriers.

Still the new law, as well as the old, leaves the commission to an extent a passive body, like a court, in that it must wait for complaints to be made and may not, to the extent needed, search out inequalities and excesses and remedy them by its own positive and initiatory action.

In this as well as in all other cases it is not the law which governs, but the men into whose hands is entrusted the enforcement of the laws. Statutes are of themselves dead timber. They have little vitality until some living hand reaches out to make them effective and, for thirty years, the living hands entrusted with enforcing the laws in relation to common carriers in California have been paralytic in a high degree and for the reason that they were chosen by the common carriers themselves. To be sure they were nominated by conventions of the people and were voted for by the people themselves, but they were selected, if not elected, by the political bureaus of the transportation companies, and so long as corporations select for the people to elect commissions and courts they are little likely to be bothered about the laws or infractions thereof.

Now, however, the state is on the eve of a new deal in the department of corporation control. A railroad commission has been both selected and elected by the people and it is to be hoped that a dead-letter law will be brought to life, not to harrass or injure common carriers, whose injury would be injurious also to the general public, but for protection of the common welfare against a greedy and lawless aggression.

The student of affairs will do well to watch the activities of the State Railroad Commission during the next two years with a renewed interest. It will require some time for the new members to get into harness, but if they will address themselves to the task in hand as they would to their own business they will advance the general welfare not a little and injure common carriers not at all.

Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd want prosperity to do it."—Chicago News.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "Needed Labor Legislation"

By Walter Macarthur

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 9 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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An Institutional Iago

AS THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS the charter election of Oakland is in full swing. The chief opponent to this upward nd forward step is the saloon, which was to be anticipated, for o good thing can be achieved without first whipping that insti- ıtion to a frazzle. Was it Iago who declared that, "If ever in ıy life I have done one good deed I do repent it from my very ɔul?" Anyhow, that sentiment exactly voices the inward spirit f the American saloon. It can be counted on to be opposed to very good thing from the bottom of its very soul. It is an in- titutional Iago.

What Wrung the Soul of Him

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT is the Mississippi valley, at once the richest and most prosperous portion of North America, and yet it is precisely there that population is ither diminishing or increasing at the slowest rate. Why? Be- ause prosperous farmers are buying all that "jines" them, farm creage is enlarging and landlordism is taking the place of in- ependent proprietorship. Of 102 counties in Illinois, 49, all gricultural, show a less population than ten years ago, while arm lands have doubled in value. There is taking place all over he Middle West what transpired in the Sacramento valley when vheat was worth $1.50 per cental: division fences are being torn own and school house windows boarded up. How forsooth did hat form of "progress" wring the soul of the late Will S. Green! Does it do it yet? Our guess is that it does.

Their Type of Mind

WITH WHAT CONCERN shall we not watch the filling of the vacancies on the supreme bench of the United States ɔy President Taft! More important than the records candidates ıave made are their types of mind. Better almost be of dubious ntegrity than of reactionary tendencies of thought and action. Himself a judicial progressive, cherishing no illusions regarding he low estate of judicial interpretation in America, we have a ight to expect judicial vacancies to be filled with living timber, ıot dead, with men of progressive minds, not with harks from the ombs. All the same, insurgent senators will do well to be on heir guard.

Modesto Leads

THE LITTLE CITY OF MODESTO, in that county of Stanislaus of which it was once said that it invariably went Democratic strongly enough "to suit the meanest man on earth," ately adopted a commission form of government, and other up- o-date features, with ever so little of cackle. Yet, in one par- icular Modesto leads the world. It authorized the city fathers o provide municipal aviation alighting grounds for the con- ɾenience of ships that pass in the air. Modesto is not to be found vith the unready.

Other Reasons

THERE ARE REASONS other than those dictated through compassion for man, woman, boy and beast why persons should wish to do their Christmas shopping early. Those who lo not will have to put up with what has been pawed over times nnumerable and left, and who would wish to present their friends vith the culls?

Where China Balks

CHINA IS WILLING graciously to accept a loan of $50,000,- 000 of American money, but balks at accepting with it an American financier to do the spending. Nothing could be more natural than that the lenders should wish to know where their money goes to, but then, naturally, so would China, don't you know.

Mean As Measles

PHILADELPHIA HAS A DEPARTMENT store owner who compromised with an embezzler on condition that he return so much of the stolen money as he had not expended, but that same man dragged before the magistrate a boy charged with hav- ing stolen five cents, avid for his punishment. How did so small a soul come to possess a store having more departments than peanuts and popcorn?

Is Cummins Coming?

A FEW WEEKS SINCE The California Weekly hoisted the banner of Beveridge for Republican candidate for president in 1912, but, up to date, the nomination has not received a second. The Fresno Republican now declares for Cummins of Iowa, a sagacious statesman and persistent fighter for Right Things. It is a trifle early for anything more important than honorable men- tion. The issues will be made durig the winter of 1911 and 1912 and the candidate will have to fit the issues as they then line up.

Put Them in Uniform

STOCKTON'S HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS are in revolt because their principal has ruled against personal adornment with false curls and they threaten to go on strike. The highest ser- vice rendered by our public school system is that it levels and assimilates persons of all nativities and stations, and there is no better assistant leveler or assimilator than a neat, tidy, inexpen- sive uniform. Putting the Stockton girls in uniform will nip their snobbish tendencies as a cold frost puts crimps on tomato vines.

Is the Truth Coming Out?

TELL IT NOT IN GATH, but the report of Secretary Meyer, favoring a naval station on San Francisco bay otherwhere than at Mare Island, raises the presumption that it has at last been officially determined that the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers can be depended on to silt up the channel to Mare Island navy yard as often as it is dredged out. This has been the un- official opinion of well informed persons for many years, but our representatives in congress have none the less found it as profit- able a place to expend appropriations as any other. It was not what became of the money that yielded both glory and votes.

Don't Do It

EUGENE HALE OF MAINE earnestly desires to see his seat in the United States senate go to his Democratic friend, Charles F. Johnson. The kind of man that will suit Hale is exactly the kind that will suit none but the Scribes and Pharisees.

State Training School For Orphans

It is impossible that any state can do too much in aid of such children as, for one reason or other, have been bereft of their natural protection and support, but it is quite possible for a state to make expenditures on their behalf that are much less wise than might be made, and there are reasons for fearing that our state is on the eve of doing exactly that thing. The last legislature appropriated $125,000 for securing a site upon which is to be established a state industrial school for such dependent children as may have graduated from orphanages at 14 years of age when state aid ceases, and this sum has been found inadequate.

Before the state gets this enterprise fairly upon its feet it will be likely to have expended half a million dollars and it need surprise no one if a decade hence the footings will show the expenditure of a million. This is not necessarily a fatal objection to the plan. If the money be expended wisely and well, and if there be no better way in which it may be expended, why then, on with the enterprise. Let parsimony have no part in it. A million dollars will be none too much.

Much mystery has been professed as to what becomes of dependent children when they have reached the state-aid limit of fourteen years, but the lack is merely of statistics not of knowledge. They are absorbed into the life of the people and that is where they should go. Whether half orphan or orphan there is nearly always someone ready to take the state aided child into his keeping when fourteen years of age, by which time it ceases to be a bill of expense and may be able to earn its own keep.

It is urged that children come out of orphanages at fourteen unfit to go out to service because inadequately trained for service. That is true, true partly because the orphanages are unprogressive, true because many more of them are poor and cannot afford to supply the training they would like to, but pre-eminently true because no sort of institution is a fit place in which to train anything except the occasional black sheep of the family for domestic life. A far wiser expenditure of public money than proposed would be one which should first exact of the orphanages better training of young children for life and, second, extend further aid to precisely that end and no other.

But a still wiser expenditure of money even than that of requirement of, and aid to, adequate training in orphanages would be a state system of placing and boarding out to be conducted by the State Board of Charities and Corrections in connection with a general supervision of all placing out agencies. Legal interest on a sum that will locate, establish and equip Governor Gillett's proposed State Industrial Training school for dependent children, would amply provide for such an agency and it would be the greatest benefaction for the dependent children of California of which the mind can conceive.

The highest interests of dependent childhood require that this enterprise be not consummated before the expiration of Governor Gillett's term of office in order that a halt may be called and the funds diverted to a wiser use. It is not so much that a bad thing is proposed to be done as it is that a much better use of state funds may easily be made. Dependency grows on what it feeds on and it will feed on this industrial school and, to all intents and purposes, be as dependent as before.

It is only in family life that a child can be fitted for family life, except that a human sparrow caught up on the streets, wholly undomesticated, may profitably spend a few months in a well ordered institution to be "rough broken," as horsemen would say, before being placed in a family to be reared; but any child institutionalized until eighteen, the age at which it is proposed to discharge children from this institution, will be as unfit to cope with the world as when that child entered the orphanage. It may know how to do certain things, but its knowledge of life will be nil and without that knowledge nothing counts for anything.

San Francisco alone can swamp such an institution and keep it swamped. It may easily be made a bigger institution than any now in the state, unless it be the state university and, if the state will but furnish the means, it will be entirely possible to matriculate more students there than are matriculated in the state university including all its departments. The truth is that those back of this enterprise little know what they are doing. Their hearts are right but their pates are addled. If the issue were this or nothing it might be well to do this. Otherwise not, and that need not be the issue.

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What Are We Going To Do About It?

It is all true, every count in the indictment against extortion, bribery, fraud, dishonesty in weighing, measuring and making; that ruthlessness in industry that cracks men through at a pace that makes them aged at 50; that capitalization of childhood and cashing of it in with heartless disregard to consequences; that industrial exploitation of motherhood that involves the impoverishment of the race; government by railroad, the centralization of wealth in the hands of an incorporated plutocracy, the corrupting of congresses, legislatures and municipal councils; the contamination of the courts, subsidizing of the press, tainting of the sources of news; the harm that liquor, opium and the social evil work; the inefficacy of our churchly life and the shortcomings of our educational system—these are all terribly, lamentably, incontrovertibly true. There is small need that further evidence be adduced to sustain these allegations. The case may well be closed and the evidence we have be submitted to the public as a jury that the verdict of guilt may be pronounced.

What are we going to do about these things? Knowing the nature of the malady, what curative can we apply? What constructive work is there that we may undertake with reasonable hope for beneficial results? Where shall we look for leadership and with what measure of self denial may we hope to follow that leadership if we find it? Such queries are always timely, never more so than now that the public is awakened to the existence of social wrongs that were hardly dreamed of, or bothered about, a decade ago.

Let it be accepted that the ills we bear are mainly attributable to dishonesty and greed and that dishonesty and greed are all pervasive and neither to be legislated nor retributively punished out of the race. The race has groped its way up from barbarism, and to barbarism it had groped its way farther than it has come since barbarism, up out of the blackness of prehistoric animalism where the only law was that of claw and fang. Is it any wonder that some cerements of that living death still cling to the body of human society? We must not expect too much in the way of reform in our own generation or in the ten generations that are to follow our own. Sin is in the world and its roots strike to the very marrow of men's bones. Utopia is not yet.

But we can make things better than they are. We can make it easier for people to do right. We can eliminate some of the temptations to evil. We can at least hold up before the face of the race clean-cut ideals as to what is right. We can force in upon the consciences of men a knowledge betwixt good and evil. That will be great gain. Fortunately for the world there lived nineteen centuries ago one who, whatever men may think of him, and with little or no regard to the theories and isms with which his personality has been invested, at least taught a way of living this life whose soundness and beauty neither saint nor sage has dared seriously to question. We can, if we do nothing more, exalt that personality and that way of living, and that will mean much toward making things better than they are.

We can set our standards of public service high and be exacting. Even a second class official can be induced to yield fairly good service if a first class demand be made upon him. We can strive for good laws, but good men with bad laws can give us better and juster government than bad men with good laws, for, after all, it is the man on the job who determines the character of the job.

We can interest ourselves in public affairs, remembering that public business is our business and that public men are our employes. We can each of us perform our civic duty. That of itself will eliminate a great portion of the evils attendant upon bad government.

We can reach out after justice. It has been the quest of the race. We can vitalize and energize that quest. We can hold our bench and our bar accountable, not to a carping but to an earnest, a rational and a courageous criticism. We can, with indignation, resent the imputation that courts and judges are above public call to account for their stewardship or that the concept of an independent judiciary implies immunity from responsibility to the power that created it. The laity may not, does not, know the law as well as the judiciary, but it knows justice and right every whit as well and it is justice rather than law that we want established.

We can remember that the common good is the paramount good and refuse to profit personally at the injury of the common welfare.

These things we can do and only as we do them can the proved, admitted evils of our time, evils that cause the race to groan under the burden, be lessened and their galling of the neck of the race be relieved. There is no way in the world among men whereby civic or personal righteousness may be made easy or achieved otherwise than as here laid down. Let us, each for himself, highly resolve to get busy and keep busy making things better than they are.

The Passing of Mrs. Eddy

The remarkable thing about Mrs. Eddy was not Mrs. Eddy, remarkable woman though she was. The astounding fact, the fact that stuns, is that in enlightened, hard-headed America something approximating a million persons could be found to become followers of this unusual personality. She did not find her followers among the lowly, among the superstitious, among those whom the world would call ignorant, stolid, gross. Rather do the

faces of her followers suggest that over refinement and attenuation that betokens exhaustion. No patient plodders, they, climbing up Zion's hill. They are not the burden bearers of research and investigation. The scientific method is as far from them as from the poet, the artist, the seer. They who would follow Mrs. Eddy must take the wings of the morning and fly or be left behind. Her "science" is no more of a science than soothsaying, clairvoyance, astrology, voodooism, thought transference, spiritism, healing by the laying on of hands, the wearing of amulets and charms. No tireless delvers they with an infinity of patience digging for the root fibres of nature's laws. Their "science" leaped full panoplied from the brain of their Zeus. Starting with an elemental, age-old truth their "science" threw off systems of thought and healing as whirling gases hurtling through space throw off worlds and their satellites, peppering the empyrean with meteors and star dust. The followers of Mrs. Eddy were not the "eternally gullible." They are the eternally spontaneous and enthusiastic. Catching half an idea, whew! the air is made vibrant with the flutter of their wings hieing themselves off to put that half idea into whole operation. Christian science at once became profitable. Had it lacked that sure foundation, that one practical pedestal upon which this remarkable personality could plant her material feet, the whole scheme must long since have evaporated like uncorked ether. To the spirit of Mary Baker G. Eddy peace! She was no humbug. What she taught others she had hypnotized herself into believing to be true. She no more needed a physician in her last hours than does the dying year, having fulfilled its course. Eighty-five per cent. of the ailments of the flesh are either incurable or will cure themselves if let alone. This truth affords every system of healing ever imagined or devised abundant opportunity to "demonstrate" its efficacy and Christian Science offers no exception to the general rule. Charlatans there are in the cult, attracted to it by its profitableness, but they are rare enough to be exceptional. The body of its adherents, practitioners and patients are sincere, devoted and loyal to a marvelous personality. What will become of the cult now that its founder is no more? That will make little difference. She has been no more than a figurehead for a decade. It will thrive as long as the practice of it is profitable and it will be profitable until the advance of true science forces that which is pseudo into the background. Until then, not devoid of good and not of evil, it will persist to live, but compared with such "digs" after real truth as Prof. Koch, Pasteur, Paul Ehrlich, Simon P. Flexner, time will prove Mary Baker G. Eddy to have been a negligible factor in the healing of the nations.

Labor Legislation

Our leading article for the week, from the pen of that thoughtful, sane and restrained leader of labor, Mr. Walter Macarthur, deals with labor legislation in a broad and general way. We had hoped that he might point out more specifically just what will be attempted by labor and for labor during the coming session of the legislature, but he has left us to infer that from the general trend of labor thought. That some things will be attempted goes without saying. We wish we better knew what.

There is in existence a state commissioner of labor with an office force of seven and a salary list totalling $14,000 annually, besides incidental expenses. This commission has its uses, but it is not of the use that it might be made. If it were more fully equipped and required to inquire into the merits of all labor disputes resulting in strikes and lockouts and make its findings public it could be made of incalculable value to industrial peace, always provided that an able and honest expert, such as, for instance, Walter Macarthur would make, were commissioned to head it instead of one whose claim to appointment was based on political manipulation.

Fairness of a Variable Rate

A fortnight ago this paper contained an editorial in criticism of a maximum rate for electric lighting that doubles the minimum rate. Elsewhere in this paper will be found a lucid article from the trenchant pen of Engineer J. D. Galloway replying to our editorial and justifying a higher rate for small consumers than for large and explaining the reasons why. We find his article convincing. He writes as an electrical expert. We write as a layman concerned only for fair play for the small consumer of this most convenient of all known methods of lighting the homes of the people. The issue is of practical value. The cost of lighting enters into the cost of living and the cost of living relates intimately to the desirability of living. Therefore there should be further discussion, not merely in relation to the fairness of "a" variable rate, which our editorial of a fortnight ago conceded, but of the fairness of "the" variable rate now being charged.

No doubt there should be a higher charge per kilowatt hour for small consumers of electric energy than for large, and no doubt that difference should comprehend more than our editorial of a fortnight ago allowed—the difference in the cost of accounting and collecting. To this must be added, as Mr. Galloway makes clear, a percentage of loss in transmission, an allotted part of investment in the transmission lines to each consumer (consisting possibly of one pole and a hundred feet of wire) and perhaps incidentals not here mentioned.

But Mr. Galloway will pardon us if we take issue with him in relation to his statement that, "A, with a factory down town is not interested in B having electricity in his home in the Mission." That interest appears to us to be direct, important and mutual. Roughly speaking, the demand is for power by day and for light by night with a commodity that varies little in supply whether by day or by night. If the daylight use can be so developed as to balance the night demand, and the night the day, electric energy should be furnished the cheaper both day and night.

When the Valley road was constructed the farmers of the San Joaquin figured that, inasmuch as that road had no grades to climb, no bad weather to encounter and had a level pull both ways, they should have the cheapest freight rates in the world in proportion to tonnage furnished, but when the Santa Fe took over the Valley road this hope vanished. The business of the San Joaquin valley was taxed to carry cars up the mountains and across the desert where the local earnings would scarcely buy axle grease. Public policy justified this mulcting of the farmers of the San Joaquin for the common good of the line because a railroad is a **public service corporation.** The same consideration justifies the imposition of a contributive rate upon large consumers of electric energy in order that small consumers may be supplied.

The issues raised by this paper and Mr. Galloway are not academic. They are practical and demand practical consideration. Among all our reforms in the interests of reducing the cost of living to the common man not even the tariff outranks that of lessening the margin between the price at which rich men and poor buy the same commodities or secure the same kind of public service, and we respectfully submit that where this difference doubles to the small consumer the price paid by the large that difference is too great and should be reduced.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

"The beginnings of reason do not lie in reason, but in something better," so writes a philosopher. What is that thing that is better than reason, that comes before reason and out of which reason grows? What use can we make of it that we do not now put it to?

The history of the life of every child is a resume of the life history of the race and the more we study child life the better shall we understand our own life problems, for we are but children of a larger growth.

Reason is a late product in the life of every child. In fact, it hardly manifests itself in childhood at all. The child can learn and understand, appreciate and sympathize with and be influenced by whatever comes within reach, but deliberately to reason, to start with a premise and build up step by step a cohesive and logical conclusion, well, that comes late in childhood if it comes in childhood at all and many there be who do not attain to it though they reach old age. Those who demand of their half grown children that power of reasoning which they themselves possess are making a mistake as serious as the stupid teamster who expects his horses to know as much as he does and lashes them because they do not.

But if the child has not the power of reasoning to guide it it has something else that serves. The God who made it did not leave it unguided. The child was given marvelous powers of perception and insight, powers that in older folk dull and atrophy from non-use, and the child is given a power of imitation that would be the despair of adults. As we grow old we are what we are and cannot even pretend, just for fun, to be anyone else, but, just for fun, any child can be anybody he knows and act the part with fidelity. Children have love and the spirit of dependence and they can confide in those they love with an utter abandon of reserve.

These attributes of childhood are all sufficing for leading childhood toward adulthood along beaten paths, but they are wholly inadequate for striking out for an independent career, unguided and unled. They are as incapable of a self-ordered life until power for reasoning comes to them as they are for procreation before puberty. Parents who overlook or forget this limitation which nature imposes upon childhood do their children a great wrong. While adults are children of larger growth, having thousands of common points founded in a common humanity, nevertheless adults are less sensitive to what scientists call reactions than are children, and the child's power for reasoning is only embryonic, to be nurtured and developed, but not to be given the wheel that controls the rudder until able to manipulate it.

All that has gone before means just this. The God who made children did not endow them in infancy, in childhood or early youth, with that measure of reason which is needful for their own guidance. Somebody else must guide them. That somebody should be the parents who brought them into being, and any parent that relinquishes that function to the child abdicates family government and is unfit to have a family.

This is not saying that parental authority should be despotic, peremptory, harsh, but only that it must be unquestioning and plenary. It must be sufficient to do the guiding, relinquishing its hold by little and little as the growth of the reasoning faculties of the child makes it plain that the child can a little more, and a little more yet, be trusted to assume control of the steering gear of its own career. It is because parents do not fully understand and appreciate these elemental truths that young America so often reaches adulthood without ever having learned that lesson of obedience without which good citizenship is not to be looked for in man or woman. It is disobedience that fills our prisons and our almshouses and that disobedience is chargeable to parental neglect.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

What English Political Parties Represent

Now that a period of "political unrest" is upon Great Britain foreign dispatches contain many references to the political parties over there, and the names, "Liberal," "Nationalist," "Unionist," "Radical," etc., are frequently found in the newspapers and magazines. It may be enlightening to such of our readers as are not posted concerning English politics briefly to indicate what these various parties represent, that for which they stand in political affairs. The Nationalist party stands primarily, at all times, for the interests of Ireland, for home rule for Erin, and it employs its influence in all conceivable honorable ways to attain that end. The Liberal party simply is the old Whig party with modern attachments. Formerly the Whigs, as opposed to the Tories, or Conservatives, were those members of the aristocracy who opposed and combatted the absolute power of kings. When the franchise privilege was enlarged and many of the "proletaire" became voters, they naturally inclined to work with the Whigs; also the men of great influence among them soon held much of the power of the organization. The old name of the party was of aristocratic lineage, and these new leaders were not; hence it was not unnatural that the party gradually assumed the name of Liberal, although some of the more aristocratic members still describe themselves as Whigs. "Radical" is but a name sometimes applied, especially by Conservatives, to the Liberal party. The "Unionists" had their origin in 1886, at a time when Mr. Gladstone advocated home rule for Ireland. Disagreeing with him on this issue, some of his lieutenants left him and united with the old Conservative party, then led by Lord Salisbury, under the name of Liberal Unionists, the latter word being expressive of their view that the existing union between England and Ireland should be maintained. At the time such an alliance between Liberals and Conservatives seemed unnatural, but it has been maintained, although the "Liberal" prefix has been dropped since then, and now the men of the party are known as "Unionists" only.

For Whom Should We Pray?

The Anglican Church Convocation, sitting at Westminster, recently attempted to revise the book of prayer used in the English Church. First, the Archdeacon of Birmingham proposed that the words, "Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels and Hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word," should be changed to read, "Have mercy upon all Jews, and upon all others that be not of the Christian faith." The Archdeacon of Leicester supported the motion, the idea appearing to be that it showed a lack of courtesy to publicly pray for a people so friendly as the Turks. The Dean of Lincoln held that if the name of the Turks were omitted, so should that of the Jews be, as the Jews are quite as friendly as the Turks. Thereupon the Archdeacon of Coventry admitted that he groped when he attempted to perceive a reason why Jews should object to being prayed for, and the Dean of St. David's suggested that if the Jews were left out it might suggest that the Church had given them up as hopeless and off praying ground. The Dean of Westminster urged that "Mohammedans" should be inserted among those worthy of our prayers. By this time the reverend gentlemen had gotten into such deep water that they could not see their way clear to swim out, and so they gave up the attempt, leaving both Jews and Turks subject to those prayers which, by the way, would hurt none of us. When it comes to grave issues difficult of solution, an ecclesiastical council almost always can be relied upon to find them.

The Use of the Telephone

How tremendous is the increasing use of the telephone in the business and social life of this country is indicated by an estimate made by the United States census bureau. According to this estimate more than eleven billion conversations were carried on by telephone here during the year 1907. This was three years ago, and, taking into consideration the phenomenal increase in telephoning, it is not improbable that as many as fifteen billion such conversations were carried on this year. However, taking the figures for 1907, and allowing that there were then ninety million people in this country—although there were not—the average number of telephonic conversations for each man, woman and child in the United States would have been 122. As the babies cannot use telephones, and a goodly number of other people practically do not, it would appear that the telephone-talkers must have been fairly busy. It is interesting, too, to note the increase. Between 1902 and 1907 such conversations increased from five billion to over eleven billion. We did two and one-fifth times as much telephone-talking in the latter year as in the former. There seems to be no question that the telephone has come to stay, and "Line's busy" is a watchword that is likely to go thundering down the ages.

Causes of Aviators' Deaths

Professor Soreau, of France, has carefully estimated that the number of recognized aviators in the world is about 500. Of this number about 30, or six per cent., have been killed. The total number of miles flown by them is about 125,000. That is, there has been one death for every 4,166 2-3 miles traveled. Considering how frequently a fall must mean death, the record does not appear as disastrous as might have been anticipated. The causes of injuries have been classified in the cases of forty accidents occuring on British soil, as follows: Failure of engine and involuntary descent, 13; alighting on bad ground, 10; struck by a sudden gust of wind, 6; fire, 6; propellor breaking, 5. These are but 40 of some hundred cases, but it is presumed that the proportion of the causes would be fairly well maintained throughout. On the whole, it appears to be not improbable that the automobile, as against the aeroplane, will maintain its redly-earned reputation as a man-killer.

The Gnostic Church Universal

Of making many creeds, as of making many books, there is no end, and so in journeying along life's highway, no one need be surprised if he stubs his toe and discovers that he is about to fall over another creed. One of the latest of such creeds finds its exemplification in the Gnostic Church Universal, which is not great in membership but contends that it is long on truth, and as a gnostic is one who possesses knowledge, esoteric insight and wisdom, who shall venture to dispute its claim? Looking at Jean II as he ploddingly keeps books in a Parisian mercantile establishment, you would not be likely to suspect that he is the Grand Master and Sovereign Pontiff of the inspired Gnostic Church Universal, but that is what he is, and could life accord greater glory than this to any one man? To be sure, the Gnostic Church Universal has but 250 adherents, but it is growing; today it has at least seven or eight more disciples than it had a year ago. Moreover, its disciples, over whom Jean II reigns supreme, are found in every land. There even is a Bishop of the Gnostic Church Universal in America, who is one B. Clement. We may not know Bishop B. Clement, nor do we know where he resides, but one takes a species of wierd satisfaction in reflecting that, all unknown to us, he may be bishoping around in our very midst. We have taken too much room to announce that another creed is born, but perhaps we may make compensation by promising, as more than likely, that we will make no mention at all of other creeds that will be born tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and the day thereafter, and so on until man ceases to make his flimsy guesses in answer to the eternal question.

Some New Varieties of Meat

In these days when meats is meats, as pigs is pigs, and the prices thereof make one's pocketbook look more and more like a yawning chasm, it is a gratification to learn that Londoners—at least, some Londoners—now are dining on heretofore practically unknown varieties of meat. These varieties consist of the flesh of kangaroos and wallabies which is shipped in a frozen condition from Australia. The flesh is said to be excellent, and kangaroo-tail soup has become quite "the thing" in certain high-class resturants. It is not alleged that the meat is cheaper than the varieties to which we are accustomed, but, at any rate, it increases the quantity of edible flesh, and as there is supposed to be an intimate relation between supply and price, this is a hopeful symptom. To be sure, it is popularly suspected that the Trust has pretty largely demoralized the relation between supply and price, but it is optimistic to make the most of any shadow of hope that appears.

It was Paul Cornoyer who got this one off. Invited by an intimate artist friend to dinner on Thanksgiving Day, he asked: "Going to have turkey?" "No," said the friend, "duck." "Sent anything to the Academy?" "Yes." "Well, don't hurry about buying your Thanksgiving dinner," quoth Paul, "you're likely to get your canvas back any time, you know." Yet the invitation was not withdrawn.—New York Sun.

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GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

A GREAT DRAMATIST ON PLAYS

Henry Arthur Jones is, after Pinero, the greatest living English dramatist. When he has anything to say about the modern drama, it is worth listening to. An excellent interview with him was recently published in the New York Times. We reproduced part of that interview last week, but purposely held over the remainder for this week, because it goes more vitally into the theory of modern drama. That remainder is as follows:

"The Young Person has been the tyrant of the modern stage," said Mr. Jones. "Dramatists have been encouraged to write plays that do not tell the truth, but would form a suitable entertainment for matinee girls. Of all the preposterous situations this is the worst. There may be some very good plays written that the young girl would be better not to see. Any parent of ordinary intelligence can keep a girl from going to these.

"A man said to me recently that he had taken his young daughter to see a play the week before, and it had dealt with such and such a problem. I think it was Clyde Fitch's 'Woman in the Case.' The next night he took her to another play that had a similar scene, and the third night he struck a third drama of precisely the same sort. I told him that he was a fool not to have found out before he went to the theatre whether the play was the kind he wanted his daughter to see, and that he was doubly a fool after his first experience to go ahead and repeat it twice. There are always plenty of innocuous plays for girls, and will be as long as the matinee audiences go to the theatre.

"On the other hand I deny most strenuously that the average play that deals with the serious phases of life is not suitable for young girls to see. **Some one has said that no play that is deeply conceived can be immoral,** and I believe this to be true. I think that young girls would be infinitely better off if they were brought to see life as it really is presented in a serious way on the stage. They are allowed to read newspapers with all the latest scandal. They hear gossip on all sides. No girl can be entirely protected from it. Most shocking things come to their knowledge. Would it not be better for them to learn to see these things in their true perspective, as they are presented in good plays?

"This theory is not, of course, for the very young girl. Goethe put the matter very sensibly. 'What business have our young girls at the theatre?' he said. 'The theatre is for men and women who know something of human affairs.' The dramatist is not the guardian of the young girl, and certainly the censor ought not to be. Let her parents take heed to what she should see.

"I should say that until she is 17 or 18 years old, she should not be taken to plays that portray life in a deep and searching way—I may say in a sincere way. There is plenty of entertainment for her outside of the theatres that give such plays. Then at the proper age, as she is entering life, I cannot only see no harm, but I think it would be extremely beneficial for her to be taken to the theatre to see life portrayed with sincerity.

"If a system of absolute innocuousness is what people want in the drama, I do not see why theatres should be built at all. Any shop that sells wax dolls can give a better presentation of perfect propriety than the theatre. A visit to the theatre costs time and money, so if immaculate behavior is what one wants, it would really be better to go to the toy shop, where a perfect system of morality is pointed out to a Providence which neglected to put it in the world of living men and women.

"On the other hand, please do not take me as meaning that the dramatists should hurl their opinions at the world and expect people to pay their hard-earned money for the privilege of being bored. I think the young dramatists are perhaps a little too concerned with opinions and not enough with ideas. Besides, it takes time to learn the technique of a play. The tendency seems to be rather for those who have strong opinions to attempt to set them forth on the stage without having taken the trouble of learning how to write a play.

"One must give the public what it wants first and foremost in order to make it take what you want it to take. The public is very good-natured. If it is interested it will come and hear your story and take your ideas along with it. The greatest dramatists, we cannot forget that, were hack playwrights. Shakespeare was a hack, Moliere was a hack, in spite of the philosophy we get from both of them. And, by the way, Moliere knew well enough that he must interest the average man and woman in his audience as well as present his ideas to the elect few. He used to read all his plays to his housekeeper, and see to it that she liked them before he put them on the stage.

"There is no question, of course, about indecency on the stage. Nobody wants that, but the point I make," (the vigor of Mr. Jones at this moment would have startled even the British censor out of his official calm) "is that by taking from our stage the power to discuss morality and immorality we have not stopped indecency in the slightest. The deepest vulgarities and most disgusting shows are permitted. An Englishman of a good family said to me the other day, 'When I go to the theatre I like to see legs,' and an English woman of the same class said, 'Oh, I hope, Mr. Jones, you are not going to write any more of those problem plays. I like to go to the theatre and see a nice love story where it all ends happily.' That is the public that dramatists have to fight against.

"As to indecency, it is distinguishable by every citizen. Everybody knows it when it shows up. It is not so with morality nor immorality. The average citizen says that he knows what morality is, but does he? 'Hamlet' is held in reverence. It is given to young girls to study, and the most proper parents will take their daughters to see it. If the average playwright today dealt with incestuous marriage, no matter in what manner he treated it, would it not be boo-ed from the stage?

"Every Sunday morning in church people hear read from the Bible tales of life as it really is, not one in ten of which would be permitted on the stage. Suppose we dramatized the story of David. Suppose we showed him as an adulterer and a murderer. Suppose we followed him through his career and showed his courage and loyalty and love and joy in God, all mixed with his sins as it is in the Bible. What would people say? If the story of David happened in the suburbs today, how do you think the hero would be treated? As it is he is made a hero and a saint and quite rightly—that is what he was, with all his sins, but if we tried to show such a thing on the stage it would be called the grossest immorality.

"I feel very deeply on this subject," said Mr. Jones, subsiding a little, "because I feel that the drama is the one great needed art of the day. Think of the toil and uninspiring routine of work in which most people spend their lives. Think what it means to them to be taken out of that rut and transported to another world, interested, thrilled.

"For myself, outside of the great permanent concerns of the government, the defense of the country, the care of the national finances, and the enforcement of law, I don't think there is any question that is more important than this of the drama. I don't think there is anything to the encouragement of which the government could better turn its attention than the drama. Compared with a living national drama, if we could raise it, even the arts of painting and sculpture, which are so rightly honored, would seem mere playthings. In a dim way we already feel this in the veneration we pay to Shakespeare.

"Nine-tenths of our people work at labor that deadens the mind, in routine work, concerned with engines, and shops and mines, and offices. To shape a piece of machinery, turning out the same thing incessantly, to add up column after column of figures must wither what I will call our spiritual nature, and by that I mean the power whereby we apprehend eternal things. It is only in two or three evening hours that most of our people can be said to live at all. When I think of the possibility of conveying to these people all the emotions of life, of giving them for a short time a rich and full existence, then I feel how great is the mission of the stage.

"If you felt as I feel," said Mr. Jones, subsiding for the last time, "you would feel strongly too, wouldn't you?"

"LAVENDER AND OTHER VERSE"

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, former mayor of San Francisco, is widely known for his achievements in verse, and especially to a body of discriminating readers about the bay the news will be received with pleasure that a new volume of poems from his hand is now off the press of Paul Elder & Company.

The poems included in "Lavender and Other Verse" are divided into cycles: "Musings by the Way," "Sonnets Suggested by Paintings of William Keith," "Some Leaves of Bay," and "Translations from the French." The dedication is a key to the appreciation of the volume:

To My Wife

"This harvest of my later days
Gathered beneath thy words of praise.
And when thy fond, irradiant smile
Beamed on my labors all the while,
I humbly lay, though incomplete,
Before thy heart and at thy feet."

Maturity of style marks the poems, distinguished, like all of Dr. Taylor's verse, by the technical finish of the verse forms. Especially capable is Dr. Taylor's handling of the difficult sonnet. In "The Gjoa in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco," is an especially fine blending of technical skill, music of tone and aspiring imagination—altogether, to our mind, probably the best thing in the volume.

"At last I rest in peace where never more
The waves shall whip my stout-resisting side;
Ignobly rest, and swell with bitter pride
As casual eyes all lightly scan me o'er—
"Me, that have dared the Arctic's awful shore,
And with the bold Norwegian as my guide
Sailed the dread Pass to other keels denied
Where we shall dwell with fame forevermore.
"Ah, it is pleasant here with birds and trees,
With laughter-loving children, and the sea's
Keen winds that romp upon my orphaned deck;
"Yet, mid this fatal peace at times I yearn
To face again the dangers of a wreck,
To see once more the great Aurora burn."

The volume itself is a most satisfying specimen of the bookmaker's art, done in antique black-face type on Italian hand-made paper and bound in brown boards.

(Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, $2.00 net.)

REAL "THREE MUSKETEERS"

It appears that the real name of Dumas's hero D'Artagnan was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, and he was of noble Basque descent. He was born in 1623 at Lupiac. His assumed name was derived from his mother, who was a Montesquiou-d'Artagnan.

When he was 17 he set out for Paris to seek adventure mounted on a miserable nag, and in his doublet pocket he carried ten ducats and a letter of introduction to M. de Troisvilles, commandant of Louis XII's Musketeer Guard. The boy fell among thieves, but luckily on his arrival in Paris he found in the musketeer commandant's antechamber his fellow countryman Porthos, who gave him a warm welcome.

Porthos's real name was Isaac de Portau of Pau in the Pyrenees. He was a man of humble birth.

FACTS VERSUS TRUTH

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

"Facts **versus** Truth!" I hear you exclaim. "Why, they are the same thing. What do you mean?"

Well, we mean exactly that: they are **not** the same thing. A fact is a fact, we'll admit; but a fact is not necessarily true. For example, death is a fact, hideous and awful, but it is not truth—humanity, with one voice and from immemorial time, has cried out against it, and rightly, as a hideous and monstrous lie. It is a fact that we die, but it is not true that we die.

Right here is where modern science has unintentionally led astray many men of little imagination but great industry. Darwin not only discovered a great scientific truth but he originated a great scientific method. The trouble with many of his followers is that they see and can use only the method, but have not the imagination to apply the results of the method to the search for truth. Darwin's method was that of infinite research. But, after he had learned all the facts he could, he stood off at a distance and looked at those facts to see where they pointed. They pointed to the theory of evolution, which is a great truth. The facts were nothing to Darwin except as they led him to truth.

But, we repeat, many of his followers have neither his imagination nor his purpose. They do not care for truth, they care only for facts. And so they spend their lives gathering facts, cataloguing facts, indexing facts, dividing the world and its marvels into species, genus and variety, and there they stop. You will see a "scientist" who knows the Latin name of every race, tribe and color of mankind, but who hasn't the remotest idea of the reason why a small boy likes to paddle in the mud. And yet he is a "scientist," proud of his "knowledge." What does he know? Why, **facts.** Yes, but **facts** are not important. **Truth** is important—and he knows it not.

John Muir hit these people off admirably the other day. "Naturalists! Yes," he said, "I know them. They go out into the woods with a gun. When they see a bird, they shoot it. Next they measure it, lying there dead, measure the spread of the wings, the length of the bill, the length of the toes. They count the number of feathers. They skin it, and put alum on the skin, and file the poor dead thing away—it's a 'specimen.' They have done something wonderful, they have found a new 'variety' of a rare 'genus.' They think they know something. But what do they know that really counts? It isn't the measurements of a bird that count, it's its life, its habits, its thoughts. Suppose you asked me, 'Do you know this man Smith?' and I should answer, 'Why, yes, I shot him yesterday, skinned him, measured him'—what would you think of me? That tells you nothing about Smith. But these 'naturalists' think exactly similar things mean something about birds."

Isn't that vivid? Isn't it apt?

Facts are dead: truth is living. The dictionary is full of facts, but nobody thrills over the dictionary, nobody's life is affected by it. The Bible is full of things that seem reasonably certain not to be facts, but it also contains enough truth to have set the world aflame and to have wrought a million miracles of the spirit. You don't browse around Shakespeare for facts, but the ages find him full of inspiration for living and a Ruskin declared that the intellectual measure of every man since has been gauged by his appreciation of him. How that assertion must have jarred some of our plodding, self-glorifying scientists!

Suppose I tell you that Mt. Diablo is more than 5,000 feet high. "Very well," you say, "that's a fact." But suppose I tell you again tomorrow that Mt. Diablo is more than 5,000 feet high. Probably you would answer, "You said that yesterday, and I knew it already, anyhow. It's a fact, but what of it?"

But suppose I quote this from Shakespeare, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Probably you will say nothing, but your mind will leap from little things to musing on great things. And if I repeated that quotation tomorrow and the day after it would lose none of its freshness, its vitality, its beauty. What it says may not be a fact—God only knows—but it is truth, that is, it is what we "trow," or believe with conviction, and have multitudinous good reasons to believe, too.

Facts merely define and classify things. Truth gives a meaning to life in terms of living. Facts inform the mind, truth informs the spirit.

But, you protest, what of all this, anyway? Well, just this. The scientists have the upper hand in the world of thought these days, in the world of education and in the world of letters. And mighty few of them are Darwins or Muirs, who seek for truth by way of facts. Most of them are plodders who seek for more facts by way of Darwin's method. They are filling the world with dusty museums and libraries of dry and meaningless facts. They are burying the intelligence and the life of students under the ashes of Darwin's method without the fertilizing imagination of Darwin. Our age is coming to believe in facts, to disbelieve in everything but facts. And mere facts are as useless to the life of a people as ashes are useless for food. We are coming to deny the existence of the spirit. I don't mean merely the spirit to which religion appeals, but the spirit to which poetry appeals, or art appeals, or even the vision of great material achievements appeals. All great men have been dreamers. "Except the people have a vision, they perish." Socrates was a dreamer, Caesar was a dreamer, Newton made his greatest discovery day-dreaming, Luther shook the institutions of the world by dreams, Napoleon changed the map of Europe and the course of history with his dreams, Edison has revolutionized industry with his dreams. Kipling, searching for the highest terms of praise to laud Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, could find none higher than "dreamer devout, by vision led."

Now it isn't possible that we should all be Newtons or Napoleons or Edisons. It isn't even desirable that we should be. If we were all Newtons nobody would be left to do the dishwashing and scrubbing of the world. If we were all Napoleons, the world would be a chaos of broken heads.

But it is extremely desirable, and necessary, and possible, that we should all be able to see beyond the length of our noses, that we should all be able to know where facts cease to be useful and truth becomes all-important, that we should all be able to know when we have washed enough dishes and not only can afford to, but cannot afford not, go out and look at the stars and dream.

The schools and colleges used to perform this service. They used to be run for that and that only. The professors taught subjects that were not useful, in fact, they scorned subjects that were "practical." They did not attempt to supply the demand of the trades for skilled mechanics, nor the demand of the factories for skilled "hands," nor the demands of "business" for skilled merchants and clerks. Industry, said these old fogies—God bless 'em!—industry will take care of its own. Dishwashing will attract dishwashers. We feed the spirit—and even dishwashers have souls. Let us feed it the best that there is, Greek and its philosophy, Latin and its government, history and the life of mankind. After we have set burning the lamp of the spirit, let our young men go out into a practical world but let them go with tempered souls. Their hands and eyes will soon be trained.

Isn't this where our modern ideal of education is weak? We say, away with the impractical stuff; train the boys' hands and eyes, sharpen their wits for business, send them out into the world harnessed for the struggles of industry. Well, we admit it can be done. It can be done with boys. Also, it could be done with monkeys. There is a horse in Germany today that could get a job as a bookkeeper, so well does he know his figures. But are we training our boys to be monkeys—or men? Are we training them to be horses—or heroes? Are we training them only to use facts—or to seek truth? Is life all "business"—or is there a "spirit" within us, potential for higher things than mere grubbing for food and scurrying for coin?

Bless me, we're in danger of being taken seriously. Mind you, we promised that you should find no information on this page. That's a fact, anyhow.

TOLSTOY PARADOX

A great soul went out when Tolstoy died—a Christian so Christlike that the church excommunicated him; a citizen so patriotic that he would have been hanged for treason if the law had been permitted to take its equal course; a man so kindly that he estranged his family by his harshness; a writer so great that he turned to cobbling shoes, as a worthier occupation; a philanthropist so benevolent that he sought to still the peasants' hunger by eating worse food than they; an ascete so rigid that he lived in a hut, only allowing himself a palace, a secretary and a great library for diversion; a man so humble that he died in a shed by the roadside, attended only by the medical faculties of the universities, with the chief bishops outside imploring the honor of receiving him back to communion, and the newspaper correspondents of the world rushing in a field telegraph equipment to spread the news instantly to all mankind. He will be buried under Poverty Oak, clad in a rough smock, in a gold-studded casket, with a simple service by the village priest, and an emperor's army standing as guard of honor. Surely never was human paradox more startling!

Only in Russia could such things be—Russia, where by reason of tyranny thought is free, where public illiteracy has stimulated a great literature; where the unworthiest government commands the most fanatic loyalty; where rebellious tribes guard all the frontiers, keeping safe the nation they hate against the enemies they love; where historically a drunken people adopted Christianity as the only religion which does not object to drinking; where the only people trusted to exercise self-government are the illiterate peasants; where a prince may be a beggar and the village station-master is ex officio a noble; where a luxurious aristocracy, jaded with the ennui of an already effete culture, boasts that the nation is still barbaric—there alone could a great man, having the ear of the nation and the world, seriously believe that his best service, in alleviating the economic condition of millions of peasants, was to go barefoot, and help dig potatoes, in his poorest neighbor's field.—Fresno Republican.

The earth gradually—very gradually—grows cooler, and evidences of the fact are numerous. For example, far up in ice-bound Spitzbergen are found fossil remains of plants which today grow nowhere except within or close to the torrid zone. There is a species of swamp cypress that long ago made Spitzbergen beautiful in some degree; now cypress of the same kind grows in Florida and in no colder region. This old planet was a great deal warmer than it now is in the days when the mastodon and pterodactyl formed a striking part of its live stock.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

"God Bless My Bairns," She Prayed

Sometimes among the pictures that my Memory paints for me
When the twilight hides in darkness and the evening shadows fall,
Is a little Eastern cottage, and its cheery lights I see,
Beck'ning me to seek its comfort as in days beyond recall.
There I see my tiny sister, fairy maid of airy tread,
And that malcontent, her brother, over whom the years have crept;
And my sweet-faced mother murmurs, "It is time to go to bed,"
And I hear the prayer she whispered for her "babies" ere they slept.

In that cottage there was riot when my sister played with me,
And my grandma often muttered, "Can't you keep those children still?"
And I really fear that sometimes, when we "kids" could not agree,
There were even signs of warfare and, indeed, the battle's thrill;
But our mother e'er was patient—heaven knows that there was need—
Till the bedtime brought the peace-time, with its flag of truce displayed;
Then she bore us, haply struggling, to the realm of warfare freed,
And our baby heads were lowered while, "God bless my bairns," she prayed.

All forgotten is the warfare, and the foolish childish strife,
And a flag of peace seems waving o'er that cottage far away,
And, amid the disappointments and the weary stress of life,
I can see my mother kneeling, hear the words she used to say:
"Father, let me bear the burden, or, if these, my babes, must bear,
May they bear it to thy honor and with loyal hearts and true;
In the prize of those who conquer may they win their human share."—
Oh, my mother, o'er the spaces I would reach my hands to you!

You and I, my errant brother, have gone straying to and fro,
And our scars are sad reminders of the places where we fell;
We have learned unspoken lessons it were better not to know,
In our hearts a mea culpa that our lips will never tell;
Yet there's none has strayed so widely but a prayer his mother spoke
Yet shall reach him where he wanders, till his eyes are moist and dim,
And there's none so bowed and hopeless 'neath the weight of folly's yoke
But he yet may find his heaven through a mother's prayer for him.

* * *

Found the Only Woman of the Kind

One day the ministering spirit came upon the angel who looks after the affairs of women on earth, and he was glad to observe that the latter was smiling as if a great content were hers.

"You look as if you were happy," he remarked.

"I am," was the cheerful answer.

"What is the reason?" he asked.

"Why, I—but perhaps you won't believe me."

"Oh, yes, I know that you are truthful."

"I have found a woman who—are you sure you will believe me?"

"I wouldn't think of such a thing as doubting you."

"Well, this woman is absolutely satisfied with her averdupois. She admits that she wouldn't care to weigh either a pound more or a pound less, and—"

"Say," the ministering spirit interrupted, "I've known you a long time, and I don't like to doubt you, but you must remember that I have met a good many women, too, and I was last in Missouri, and—well, where is the woman to whom you refer?"

It was a terrible blow to the other angel to learn, on investigation, that the woman was dead and that it was the approach of that event which had made her appear so unnatural, and of course she regrets that the ministering spirit has lost faith in her, but, not the less, it is a great consolation to her to feel that she really has known one such woman, for this is the only case of the kind on record.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus

It's a blame sight easier to sing, "He's a jolly good feller," at 1:45 a. m. than 'tis to lend the jolly good feller a ten the day after.

Josh Bings says the advantage of a charity ball is it gits charity out of them that never felt any.

The man that says he can't be influenced by flattery is tickled 'most to death when somebody ans'ers that he's noticed it.

Did you notice that the man that's most opposed to pugilism hesitated at the sportin' page long 'nough to find out whether Battlin' Nelson licked or got licked?

The center of every man's universe is himself, but I've known cases where I should have s'posed the center would have petitioned to be moved.

It's a great an' splendid thing to be a pop'lar hero, an' if you don't b'lieve me I wish you'd ask Admiral Dewey.

One of the main differences 'tween Success an' Failure is that the first is the most likely to see that its name always is printed in capital letters.

Ezry Pennick says some girls are like chrysanthemums: Mighty nice lookin', but lackin' sweetness.

The Almighty made men an' women, but I can't find a word in the Bible that tells how to account fer suffragettes.

P'raps votin' 'll unsex women, es some say, but I've lived where they voted, an' I never knew one that didn't want to know if her hat wus on straight.

Eb Miller said the constitution wus the palladium of our liberty. So I asked him what a palladium was, an' he's gone after a dictionary.

Seems to me that it's a mighty curious thing that the dog fennel don't have any bark.

* * *

Wish That I Could Wadin' Go

Wish that I again could go
Wadin' puddles like I did
When the rain or melted snow
Gave me bliss that's now forbid;
Wish that I could wade right out,
Sayin', "Shucks! Who minds the wet?"
While some boy that's 'fraid would shout,
"Betcher ma 'll make yer sweat!"

Shoes an' stockin's, pants an' all—
Never stopped to shed my gear
When I heard the fellers call,
"Say, the wadin's bully here!"
Then we waded in pell-mell,
Water cold as Greenland's ice.
If our sisters said, "I'll tell,"
We would give them good advice.

Ma would shake her head an' say,
"You've been wadin' 'gain! You're wet!"
And, in childhood's guileless way,
I'd reply, "No, that there's sweat."
Never fooled her, I allow,
Fact I mention with regret;
Said, "You must be warmed right now!"
And I feel that warmin' yet.

Feel that warmin'? Ghosts of woe!
Yet the urchin's joyous phiz
Tempts me till I'd wadin' go
If it wan't for rheumatiz;
And I'd even feel, I guess,
Mother's switch, and cry, "Amen!"—
Though her lips in love I'd press—
If I just could wade again.

They Had Different Questions in Mind

"Ethel," the young man said, "there is a question, a question of vital importance to me, which I long have yearned to ask of you."

Slowly a roseate blush (blushes usually are roseate, but it is good usage to refer to them thus)—a roseate blush mounted through the talcum powder to the fair maiden's snowy brow, for who could doubt what the question would be?

"You must have realized," the young man continued, "the faltering timidity with which I approached your presence nightly; my palpitating heart could not have been all unnoted by you. To you alone I must turn to relieve my prolonged suspense, and so—and so—"

"Proceed, Augustus," the maiden whispered, for she was not averse to encouraging the hesitating youth.

"And so—and so, Ethel, can you—that is, do you think your father's bulldog would bite if he were to get loose?"

The youth still is wondering why the maiden answered him coldly.

Unexpected moral: By the cold logic of events our fondest hopes often are "whipped to a frazzle."

* * *

Compulsory Vaccination

Years ago Great Britain repealed her compulsory-vaccination law. Have you heard that she has had more than her share of devastating epidemics of small-pox since then? You have not.

Not long ago, in a southern coast county of this state, a child died, and physicians admitted that the death was due to blood-poisoning resulting from vaccination. This was but one instance of a kind that recurs fairly often. Do you think the parents of that child would have grieved more if its death had been due to small-pox rather than to the horrors of blood-poisoning? You do not.

About eight or nine years ago, in a little New Jersey town, between twenty-five and thirty children died of lock-jaw within a few weeks, and in every instance the children had been vaccinated immediately before the tetanus seized them. Some physicians said that there was not necessarily a connection between the vaccination and the fatal disease, but as no one not just vaccinated had the lock-jaw one might smile at the doctors' assertion were it not for the heart-breaking tragedy underlying it.

In view of the foregoing, and many similar facts which might be adduced, I contend that I should have the privilege of deciding whether I would sooner have my child, who attends a public school, take her chances on small-pox, on the one hand, or on tetanus or blood-poisoning, on the other. I claim this particularly, as, under our sagacious law, if she attends a private school there is no compulsion that she be vaccinated; and yet, I take it, there is as much danger of starting a small-pox epidemic from a private as from a public school.

This is but a personal opinion, but I am glad to know that there are a goodly number of others who share it with me—a goodly number composed of those who, on due consideration, have preferred that their child should risk small-pox rather than lock-jaw or blood-poisoning.

* * *

No Hope

"There is no use," the turkeys sigh,
"Of roosting in the trees so high.
That subterfuge is all in vain
Since Rastus got his aeroplane."
Chicago Post.

But if they're roosting in a store,
At thirty cents a pound or more,
Why, Rastus' hopes are all in vain
Unless he sells his aeroplane.
Yonkers Statesman.

E'en if 'twere sold 'tis safe to bet
Poor Rastus could no turkey get
At present rates, for—thought accursed!—
He'd have to pay the mortgage first.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Atmosphere At Washington No squalls in sight at the national capital. The President is exceedingly pacific, quite willing to forgive all those whom he has done any thing to and ready to welcome the insurgents back to the reservation, although he has been off it while they remained on it. He is to consult them; whether as to the kind of sauce with which they are to be eaten, or as to whether they are to be eaten at all or not, the future alone can determine. All that we know for certain is that the presidential smile is broader than ever, the glad hand is outstretched and has been accepted in the spirit in which it was proffered. Nor have the Democrats yet shown signs of being obstreperous. They know that it is not their innings yet and nothing has so far occurred to suggest their intention to block the way of progressive legislation asked for by the President. The chances for a productive session seem good.

The Presidential Talk to the People Our daily press has not felt it worth while to lay the whole message of the President to congress and people before us, but the excerpts printed indicate a restrained and unimpassioned document. It is progressive, and yet not militant, and it assures The Interests that they will not be harrassed with additional legislation until time has given them opportunity to see whether or not they can render valueless the remedial legislation already enacted. The big stick is not in evidence. Our President is no stormy petrel. He loves tranquility of mind, repose for the soul, peace for everybody, and his daily prayer is: "Lord, spare us that which is unpleasant."

The Schedule by Schedule Idea of Tariff Revision The President is doing his best to take the tariff issue out of partisan politics and, in so doing, he is doing well. He has come around to the commission idea of revision rather than that by a tariff board, and it is to be hoped that congress may be brought to a similar view, although the protected interests will be up in arms against it. They do not want an honest revision measured unrelentingly even by the overly liberal rule announced in the last Republican national platform. They prefer to log-roll. It gets them more protection than they ought to have and that is exactly what they are after. The President rightly affirms that public objection is not to the protective principle. It is to its practice without principle. It is significant, too, that the President failed in his message to wave the red flag of justification of the Payne-Aldrich measure in the faces of the people, except as a revenue producer, and it is a revenue producer chiefly because the straitened finances of the country following the panic of 1907 deferred extravagant importations until the worst of it was over. Since the new tariff went into operation we have been importing regardless of consequences to our balance of trade. However, that tariff commission should report to congress and people instead of to the President alone. We all want to know all that is to be known and want nothing covered up or pigeonholed for the sake of executive tranquility or political expediency. Congress will do nothing not exacted of it by public sentiment and public sentiment cannot effect much without publicity as to the facts.

Ship Subsidy vs. Naval Auxiliary All that the President says in his message about the need for a rehabilitation of the American merchant marine is as true as can be, but ship-subsidy sticks in the American throat every time an attempt is made to swallow it. It simply will not go down, but if Uncle Sam himself wishes to buy or build vessels for an auxiliary navy, upon which to train able seamen and to be ready for war at a moment's notice and if, pending that necessity, Uncle Sam will himself operate those carrying vessels between the ports of North America and South, doing a general carrying trade, The Watchman has an idea that public opinion, although not financial opinion, will back his enterprise with all its credit. It is not that the nation craves the thing that is Socialistic, but that it fears the thing that is a special privilege may become a graft. We want our share of the over-sea carrying trade, but as a nation our common carriers have proven such common robbers that we distrust everything they seem to favor. The President has another guess at a remedy.

To Fortify Or Not to Fortify This is an issue, raised by the President, that will be much discussed before it will be acted upon by congress. It is bluntly true as our President bluntly puts it that the canal is our property and we should take care of it, but we ourselves have relatively little commerce for it. If it have not the commerce of the world to patronize it it will be much of an elephant. Our national influence is for the peace and confraternity of the world. What a splendid opportunity is here afforded to enhance the comity of the world by putting this great property into the world's keeping through its agreed neutralization by the powers. There is little doubt that the powers would jump at the opportunity and the moral effect of such a step would be tremendous. On the other hand the cost of its fortification and defense against the world will be enormous and never ending and, when we shall have done the best we can to defend it some airship may sail over it, drop a ton or so of dynamite into a lock and put it out of commission for a year. The belligerency of our Man of Peace appears to have manifested itself in the wrong place.

Commendations On Conservation The President's utterances on the subject of conservation are fine and if conservation work shall come up to his conservation standard all will be well, but how can it with a Ballinger at the head of the Department of the Interior with a reluctant operating force solely in his charge? Nothing not fit for a farm should be disposed of in fee, and nothing fit for a farm should be held for any other purpose, excepting that, as the President points out, patenting of lands for agricultural purposes may well be made subject to mineral rights reserved to the government or leased to third persons. It is time to put the leasing system into operation, not so much for revenue (although the revenue should defray the expense of administering the public lands department) as for purposes of control, such a control as will prevent the exploitation of the consumer. The only fault to be found with the leasing idea in general is that it is overdue by fully fifty years. How it will work in detail depends on how the details are worked out.

Pork Barrel Headed Up Nothing could be more obviously true than that the method of making harbor and river improvements, and constructing public buildings, by log-rolling methods is immoral, impolitic and grotesque, and the stand the President has taken against it is vastly to his credit, the more certainly since it has been out of that barrel that executives have, from time immemorial, paid for the votes and influence of uncertain members in support of administration measures. Millions have been spent on useless creeks and hundreds of thousands on public palaces where structures of the quality of cottages would have served every purpose. The people have been robbed of improvements that should have been made in order that those that should not might be afforded, and it palliates the offense but little that good measures were thus bought through congress that otherwise might have failed of enactment. The President is right, but his position would have been made the stronger had he served unequivocal notice upon congress that he would sign no more pork barrel bills. His argument lacks clinching.

Wants Rural Parcels Post This is something that should have been had as matter of course as soon as the rural free delivery system was established, but it may be doubted if even an eleven pound limit as to weight will yield much revenue unless the rate be reduced to one or two cents per pound. The haul is short and the charge may easily become more than the traffic will bear, but it is absurd to permit the rural route wagons to go empty when all along the line are persons who wish things fetched out from town.

Ballinger Didn't Do Anything Real Bad It is not creditable to American statesmanship that the report of the Ballinger investigating committee should be made on a seven to five basis, nor that the nature of the majority and minority reports, together with the line-up, should have been accurately foretold before the investigation was half concluded. However, such is the fact, seven exonerate and five condemn. It was never charged that he had broken the law, except in the matter of acting as attorney for the coal land claimants within two years after leaving public office, but only that he was intending to, that he was inclined toward, and was playing into the hands of, coal land claimants. The asseveration of the majority report, that Mr. Ballinger is not now and never has been an enemy of nor hostile to a "reasonable and judicial policy of conservation," does not strengthen the case of Ballinger. Neither are any of the opponents of the Pinchot policies opposed to a "reasonable and judicial policy of conservation," but whatever stands between them and what they want they straightway denounce as unreasonable and injudicious conservation. Mr. Ballinger construed the power of the government to conserve with great strictness, Mr. Garfield with great liberality, and the difference between strictness and liberality of construction would have made the difference between spoliation and conservation. If Ballinger is in fact a reliable conservationist, discharging the duties of his office faithfully, he owes the fact to Pinchot, Garfield and Glavis. They made him so and nothing the seven members of that committee can say will convince the nation to the contrary.

The Last Of The Mohicans In resigning from the assembly, a wholly superfluous proceeding inasmuch as his term will expire with the expiring year, it is probable that Grove L. Johnson took that method of signifying his withdrawal from public life. In his withdrawal the state loses one of its most alert minded men, but a man who has reached the time of life when he is constitutionally against things and in favor of nothing. Like other men affiliated with the corporate interests, Grove L. Johnson has no faith in democratic government. He questions the integrity and despises the intelligence of the common man and looks upon the citizenry as fickle to the last degree, in testimony whereof he cited the fact that in 1882 there was a popular uprising to drive the railroad from politics and yet, in 1884, Leland Stanford was elected to the United States senate. Mr. Johnson's citation was not happy. Leland Stanford was not elected to the office of United States senator. It was open and notorious at the time that he bought the office outright and common report placed the cost at $700,000, the people consenting because they would rather have a responsible mogul in office than an irresponsible satrap. It is true, as Grove L. Johnson avers, that the people are often whimsical, sometimes heedless or ill advised, but it is not often that they are wilfully and premeditatedly unjust. But what are we to do since we reject the divine right of kings to rule? Shall we relinquish popular government to the corporations and their retainers who are always premeditatedly unjust, rapaciously greedy and incapable of being filled? Mr. Johnson's prediction that Mr. W. F. Herrin will, by popular vote, be elected to succeed George C. Perkins in the

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

Jnited States senate, implies that by that time, Mr. Herrin will have made himself as able to manipulate the electorate of an entire state as he was able to manipulate the delegates in a state convention. Sweet faced old man! In your retirement from legislative life the legislature will lose a piquancy that surely will be missed.

Board of Equalization Much Needs Expert Help It is not going to be easy for the incoming State Board of Equalization to put the new state system of taxation into operation. With the exception of the State Controller, who is member ex-officio only and has as much to do in his own office as any public official ought to undertake to do, there is not a man on the incoming board who can lay claim to any considerable knowledge of, or experience with, taxation, and it is asking too much of that board to put the new system into operation unaided by expert help of the highest quality. There is one man in the state who does know the subject of taxation, Prof. Plehn of the state university, and the legislature should constitute him special expert for the Board of Equalization, at any rate for the next two years, to the end that order may be brought out of chaos. Senator Curtin also knows the law well, but he is in the senate and can render good service from that point. We are on the right road now, but bad driving, even on a good road, may easily result in a wreck. The thing to do is to equip that board with a driver competent to handle the reins without either muddling or losing his head. Prof. C. C. Plehn is such a man.

Why Not Consolidate Those State Boards? Secretary of State Charles F. Curry is of opinion that California should have a public service commission similar to one of the two that New York lately created. There is work for such a body to perform, but need it be one more? The State Board of Equalization does not require the services of its members half the time and, after the new system of taxation is put into operation, the time of its members will be still less trenched upon. The railroad commission has, heretofore, permitted the public service of its members to encroach little upon their private activities in gainful pursuits. It is not now a good time to touch that commission because, at last, we have a good commission; and honest and earnest commissioners, with a law so strengthened as to make that commission an active rather than a passive body, will doubtless find all their time taken up, but it would appear that the Board of Equalization might properly be constitutionally amended out of office and an appointive public service commission be entrusted with its duties as well as with the duties of a general corporation supervision.

The Contest For The Speakership So far only two aspirants for the speakership of the assembly have flung their gauntlets into the arena, A. H. Hewitt of the eighth district and Milton L. Schmitt of the fortieth. Fortunately for all concerned the issue joined by these two candidates is perfectly clear. Mr. Hewitt represents the progressive element in the Republican party and Schmitt represents the old "organization" or Herrin-dominated Republican "push." The line-up on the vote for speaker may define the line-up of the assembly, that is if the Herrin men have the nerve to stand up and be counted. Mr. Hewitt is an entirely fit man for speaker. Mr. Schmitt is an entirely fit man to represent the old guard. A bit of an effort is being made on the part of Schmitt to utilize the plea that it is San Francisco's turn to have the speakership. If The Watchman knows anything about it it is California's turn to have that office filled in its interest, and it will be so filled if Mr. Hewitt fills it. His election should be decisive.

San Francisco Loses In Reapportionment One of the jobs before the coming legislature will be to reapportion the state as to assembly and senatorial districts in accordance with the returns from the census of 1910. And the legislators are suddenly going to come up against some startling and unsuspected facts when they tackle this job. For instance, the San Francisco delegation will have the painful pleasure of assisting at the burial of four deceased assembly districts in that city and of two senatorial districts. The pain of this pleasure will be heightened by having, at the same time, to assist at the birth of seven (maybe eight) baby Los Angeles county assembly districts and of three baby Los Angeles county senatorial districts. The fiendish joy of Mama Los Angeles can only be imagined, not described. The rest of the state will not mourn, either. The less representation San Francisco has in the legislature, the better reputation she will have, judging by the character of the delegation she has been in the habit of sending.

The Case of Imperial Another surprise that is going to strike the legislators is the advent of another midget in the assembly family to match in size the San Benito and Kings county dwarfs. And the joke is, that this is going to be compulsory. San Benito and Kings could be tacked on to other districts, but Imperial, the new midget, cannot. The law is plain. Section 6 of Article IV of the constitution says: "For the purpose of choosing members of the Legislature, the State shall be divided into forty senatorial and eighty assembly districts, as nearly equal in population as may be, and composed of contiguous territory, to be called senatorial and assembly districts. * * * * In the formation of such districts no county, or city and county, shall be divided, unless it contains sufficient population within itself to form two or more districts, nor shall a part of any county, or of any city and county, be united with any other county, or city and county, in forming any district."

The two noteworthy points in that quotation are the indivisibility of counties and that counties must be **contiguous** to be included in one district. Now the basis of population for the reapportionment of assembly districts is 29,719 population for each district. The only counties contiguous to Imperial are Riverside and San Diego. The present population of Riverside county is 34,496, so it is, of itself, entitled to one assemblyman. The present population of San Diego county is 61,665, which entitles it to two assemblymen for its own (a gain of 1, by the way). Neither county can be divided to make up Imperial's lack of population. Therefore, Imperial county, with only 13,591 people, will have to be granted an assemblyman in the new apportionment.

How San Francisco Loses Legislators To return to the sad case of San Francisco: In 1900, the population of California was 1,485,053. Dividing that figure by 80, to obtain the ratio for assembly apportionment, gave a requirement of only 18,563 people to each assembly district. The population of San Francisco was then 342,782. Dividing that figure by 18,563 gave San Francisco 18 assemblymen. But in the decade from 1900 to 1910, California increased in population 60 per cent., while San Francisco increased only 27 per cent. Now California has 2,377,549 population. That figure, divided by 80, gives the assembly ratio as one assemblyman for each 29,719 population. San Francisco's population is now 416,912. That figure, divided by 29,719, gives San Francisco only 14 assemblymen in the new apportionment, a loss of four.

San Francisco loses, by a similar computation, in her senatorial representation. The old senatorial ratio was one to each 37,126 people. The new ratio will provide for one senator for each 59,438 people. San Francisco's present population, divided by that figure, gives her only [illegible] senates.

Los Angeles' Gains: Other Surprises There will be similar losses and gains in [illegible] tion, but none so striking as the gains in Los Angeles county. That county will certainly gain seven and possibly eight assemblymen, and three senators. [illegible] men and 5 senators, so in future, she will have 16 or 17 assemblymen (against 14 for San Francisco) and 8 senators (against 7 for San Francisco).

But it will probably surprise most people to find that Sacramento county, which has hitherto enjoyed the services of 3 assemblymen, will in future be entitled to only 2. It will be hardly less of a surprise to find that Fresno county, which was confidently expected to earn 3 assemblymen instead of her present 2, falls 13,500 people short of enough to do it. Alameda county will have 8 assemblymen instead of 7, but she has not increased enough to earn any addition to her present senatorial delegation of 4. Another surprise, which will probably re-echo throughout the state as soon as the spring freshets open the Eureka bar to travel and let the angry natives out, is the fact that Humboldt county, which has boasted 2 assemblymen in the past will have to make 1 do hereafter. Sonoma county, also, will find it hard to prove her right to retain 2 assemblymen. San Bernardino has only 1 assemblyman, but by the new apportionment she will be entitled to 1.9 assemblymen, which is so near to 2 that, if the precedent of some apportionments of 1900 be followed, she will probably get the 2.

This brings up an interesting point. In the apportionment of ten years ago, San Francisco had just such a large fraction toward another senator and another assemblyman, but the country members evidently deliberately outvoted the city on the proposition of giving her the benefit of the fraction. This is emphasized by the fact that, at the same time, Humboldt and Sacramento counties were given the benefit of such fractions in a liberal way. Now, in figuring on the next legislature, it is safe to assume that the country members will do the same thing again. It so happens that it will make no difference to San Francisco this time, because the ratios divide almost evenly into her population. But the question will undoubtedly be raised by Los Angeles, which, by exact figuring, is entitled to 16.9 assemblymen, so near to 17 that she will claim the odd one. The country members will, however, probably give some country district the benefit of the difference.

Certainties in Apportionment There are a surprising number of assembly districts whose apportionment can be determined without waiting for the legislature. Some, like San Francisco, offer merely sums in arithmetic. Some others are certainly entitled to 1 assemblyman and no more. Some others are in much the same position as Imperial, certain to get an assemblyman because their neighbors are. Bunching these three classes, we have the following practical certainties of the next apportionment of assembly districts:

Solano, 1; Marin, 1; Contra Costa, 1; San Francisco, 14; Alameda, 8; San Mateo, 1; Santa Cruz, 1; Monterey, 1; Santa Barbara, 1; Ventura, 1; Kern, 1; Los Angeles, 8; San Bernardino, 2; Orange, 1; Riverside, 1; Imperial, 1; San Diego, 2.

These figures account for 54 of the 80 assembly districts. Most of the uncertainties are in Northern California. Several districts there, notably the 5th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 15th and 10th, are now [illegible] rangements as the combination of Mendocino and Lake, of Napa and Yolo, at once suggest themselves. The rapid growth of Stanislaus, and the slow growth of Merced and Madera, suggest a separate district for Stanislaus and a combination of San Benito [illegible] only

(Continued on Page 28)

FAIRNESS OF VARIABLE RATE

By J. D. GALLOWAY

Editor California Weekly.

Dear Sir: In a recent editorial you take exception to the fact that the Pacific Gas & Electric Company has a variable charge for electric current. The general manager, Mr. Britton, has stated that the maximum rate is 9 cents per kilowatt hour and the average between 5 and 6 cents. Your comment on these rates contains the statement that electric energy should be sold in a manner analogous to the sale of postal facilities by the government where a uniform charge is made for a service that may be large or small.

There is an inherent difference between the two and also very clear and definite reasons why the small consumer of electric energy should pay more for his current than the large consumer. The large sender of letters and the small sender are equally interested in having the postal facilities extended everywhere. Although the cost is borne principally by the large sender he is not interested in having the small sender charged a greater rate. Their interests are mutual as each may at times make use of the same facilities. In the distribution of electric power no such common interest exists. A, with the factory down town, is not interested in B having electricity in his home in the Mission. The facilities are not mutual although they have a common source.

There are several reasons why the small consumer of power, the householder, should pay a greater rate than the large consumer, the man with a factory. It is assumed that each should pay a rate based on the cost of furnishing him with power. The small consumer is hard to reach. The long pole lines which disfigure the streets represent an investment that is large as compared with the total revenue received from a small consumer or group of such. With the large consumers the reverse is true as they are generally located in a constricted district where they are reached by short lines.

Again there is a constant loss due to electric losses in a widely extended system of distribution which may reach twenty-five per cent. of the power distributed. On the short line to the large consumer the losses are much less.

The principal reason, however, for a higher rate for lights in a house is the low load factor. The load factor is the ratio that exists between the average consumption of power and the maximum. It may be a daily or a yearly load factor. If a man burns the lights in his house one hour in twenty-four his daily load factor is 4 1-6 per cent. If two hours the load factor is 8 1-3 per cent. If another man has a factory running eight hours a day his load factor is 33 1-3 per cent. assuming a uniform demand for power. The demand for electric power passes through a complete cycle every day and the curve of demand has a definite place where the maximum demand occurs called the peak of the load. This maximum demand occurs in the early hours of the evening when lights are on.

It is obvious that the power company must have machinery on hand to meet the maximum demand and conveying and distribution systems also, all designed for the maximum output. This all represents a cost upon which a revenue must be earned.

The meter rate of payment which has superceded the old flat rate requires the customer to pay for what he receives. If the lights in his house require one kilowatt to make them burn and they are burned one hour he is charged for one kilowatt hour. Now from the fact that the power company must have on hand a full equipment to supply the maximum demand it follows that while the householder is not burning his lights, some machinery is lying idle. The fixed charges on the investment and the operating charges do not stop, however.

As noted above, the load factor of lights in a house where lights may be turned on at any time in twenty-four hours is very low. In summer they may burn from 8 o'clock until 10 o'clock or two hours, giving a factor of 1-12 or 8 1-3 per cent. During the remaining 92 1-3 per cent of the day the entire system which supplies the light must be idle to that extent. In winter the lights may burn from 6 o'clock until 10 o'clock, giving a factor of 16 2-3 per cent. As a matter of fact, the factors are lower than this, as all the lights are not turned on all the time. It must also be recognized that night comes to all at the same time and that the demand for power is simultaneous. Compare this with the day time factory load of about uniform power demand over eight hours or a load factor of 33 1-3 per cent. Elevator service in buildings runs from 6 o'clock until 12 o'clock or eighteen hours. Hence the load factor is high. A stamp mill at a mine runs all the time and may have a 100 per cent. load factor. Again the day time factory is running at the time of peak of load and hence the machinery which carries the factory load during the day may carry the lighting load at night.

These are the reasons for variation in rates. The small householder is hard to reach, the investment is relatively high, there are power losses in the system, and losses due to the small load factor a large part of the day or year. A correct adjustment of rates must always take into account these variations in demand and the small consumer must always expect to be charged a high rate. He is really paying the interest on the cost of the idle machinery which must be provided to supply him when he demands power.

This principle runs through all public service of any character and must be taken into account. A freight car carrying a load from Chicago to San Francisco may immediately be given another load and thus be kept in use. The same car going from Chicago to some Nevada point can find at the latter point no return load and must be hauled away empty and at a cost to the company. Hence the Nevada rate may be as high or higher than the California rate. The principle applies everywhere.

The writer makes no comment on the equity of the rates charged. The only point advanced is the fairness of a variable rate. The subject is one of increasing importance and should be discussed with a clear understanding of all the various factors, that enter into the problem.

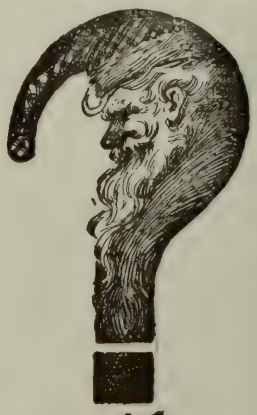
San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 5, 1910.

IN DEFENSE OF THE PUN

A witty man once said that the pun is of the lowest order of wit. The witty man had merely heard too many too bad puns just before he made the remark, and, if we may venture, undertook to pun-ish the tormentor who had inflicted them on him by a bit of stinging epigram.

But the pun, even in its baldest forms, has some obvious merits, and we must not forget that men so rich in ideas and words as Shakespeare and Lamb have not disdained to use the lowly pun with evident zest for their own enjoyment and the entertainment of the public. But we propose a defense of the pun on even higher ground than that of mere precedent, upon grounds philosophic and general.

Our point is this: a pun is a play upon words of like sounds and diverse meanings. But in a larger way and a more general sense and in the most acute practice of the writer's art, punning is constantly used so cleverly that hardly the most discerning critic observes it. For example, "The Raven," by Poe, is remarkable for a haunting verbal quality and for an equally elusive but persistent effect of weird sadness. Sift that poem to its elements and you will find only the slenderest of ideas. And yet it startles, thrills and saddens. Why? Because, in a highly skilled way, Poe has used the method of the pun for other purposes than mere amusement. He has played upon words, not to suggest laughter but sorrow. Iterated and reiterated throughout the poem are words which, by themselves, express only the slender idea of the poem's theme. But taken in their sequence, by their sound, they suggest far more than they literally say. They suggest sadness. That is, they **suggest** one thing and **say** another. So does a pun. The ordinary pun is obvious. The artistic pun is subtle. It plays upon words in a delicate and carefully concealed way, but it is a play upon words, just punning, in short.



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NEEDED LABOR LEGISLATION

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AND INJUNCTIONS IN LABOR DISPUTES

By WALTER MACARTHUR, Editor Coast Seamen's Journal

It is a truism that the chief concern of government is the happiness of the people. That condition is determined by the circumstances under which the people live and work. Hence the conclusion that the chief concern of government is the enactment and enforcement of labor legislation.

It is true that in the broadest sense the interests of the people are involved in certain general conditions, and that those interests can only be served by legislation of a general character. The subjects of transportation, education and taxation, for instance, are of the highest importance, ultimately affecting every individual. However, upon the principle that fundamental conditions demand first attention, there can be no dissent from the proposition that the first duty of government lies in the intelligent and comprehensive treatment of those matters which constitute the basis of all social and industrial activity.

The "life of the people" is the foundation of the state. The means and circumstances by which the people "make their living" determine the stability and progress of society.

A government which contents itself with regulating the larger and more general affairs of state, leaving the personal relations of the citizens to be determined by chance—that is, the chance of the weaker against the stronger—must be pronounced a failure. Under such a government we must expect to find, and in fact do find, a society in which the majority of the people are subjected to conditions unjust to themselves and injurious to the common wellbeing.

Paternalism is, of course, to be avoided, as detrimental to the spirit and exercise of personal liberty, upon which society must depend for its fullest development. Upon the other hand, the doctrine or policy of "let-alone" is no less prejudicial, no less a violation of the ethics upon which free government is founded and upon the observance of which it must depend for justification in its own sight and for support at the hands of the people.

Where Legislation Properly Begins

Government ought not to restrict or interfere with the relations of the citizens in so far as these are purely personal and limited in their effects to the individuals concerned. Neither ought it to permit absolute freedom in those relations in so far as the results thereof are likely to affect others. In a word, the government ought to extend a regulative and protective influence at that point at which personal interest ends and public interest begins.

It is not proposed that the government shall assume to regulate the wages or work day of labor, except in so far as the public employes are concerned, or in the case of private employes as may be required by considerations directly affecting public health or morals. Considering only those matters falling well within the latter category, there is need of laws to protect the workers, to safeguard their lives and limbs, to insure prompt payment of wages, to defend women and children from the necessity of undue or premature labor, and to insure adequate compensation for injuries. Legislation upon these and kindred matters should be the concern of government equally at least with any other duty devolving upon it.

The labor legislation most needed in California is suggested by a series of questions recently addressed by the San Francisco Labor Council to candidates for public office. The questions are as follows:

1. What is your position on the question of Koreans, Hindus, and other Asiatic laborers whose standards of life are incompatible with ours?
2. What is your attitude toward the demand for direct legislation, which by means of the initiative, the referendum and the recall proposes to put into practice the theory that sovereignty resides in the people?
3. What is your position on the question of electing United States senators by direct vote of the people, and on the question of a state-wide advisory vote for that office until such direct vote be permitted by an amendment to the constitution of the United States?
4. What are your views concerning the demand for an employers' liability law that will abolish the fellow-servant rules, leave questions of negligence, contributory negligence, and assumption of risk to the jury, and which should contain other modifications of the existing laws that bear unjustly on the toilers in cases of injury during the course of employment?
5. What are your views on the subject of abolishing the evil practices connected with the salary loan business? What remedies can you suggest to check the nefarious methods of these loan sharks, as they are deservedly termed?
6. What is your attitude toward private employment agencies? And how can this disgraceful system of plunder be abolished?
7. What is your position on the demand for establishing by law regular pay days at least twice a month for work and labor performed for private and corporation employers?
8. What are your views on the subject of interference by courts, by police, by military, and by executive officials in strikes and industrial disputes?
9. What are your views on the question of extending the right to vote to women?
10. What is your attitude toward labor legislation, such as regulation of hazardous, excessive and unhealthy working conditions, effective inspection laws, abolition of convict labor in competition with free labor, and such other legislation as will better the economic and social conditions of the toiling masses?

A subsequent report by the Law and Legislative Committee of the Labor Council states that "the replies came to hand in surprising numbers, and were duly published in four consecutive numbers of the 'Labor Clarion,' begining with the issue of September 30 and ending with the issue of October 21." Concerning the nature of the replies, the report says:

> The character of the replies received merits fullest acknowledgment, both as to sincerity and the completeness of the views entertained by most of the candidates; and if declarations before the day of election are to be afterward lived up to by those chosen to fill high public office, as organized labor will ever demand, there are the most promising indications before the working men and women of this state that the officials we are going to elect on the coming 8th day of November will be a set of men better informed of the demands of labor and more willing to grant them than any previous administration inducted into office in the state of California.

A number of candidates were non-commital in their replies to certain questions, especially those dealing with woman suffrage and direct legislation. With these exceptions, the following, submitted by one of the candidates, may be regarded as typical of the views generally expressed:

> I take pleasure in replying as follows to a request for my views upon certain legislative matters:
> (1) I favor the full maintenance of the present Chinese Exclusion Act, and its extension so as to exclude all classes of Asiatic labor.
> (2) I favor the initiative, referendum and recall.
> (3) I favor the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.
> (4) I favor an amendment to the employers' liability law which shall guarantee compensation to injured employes in all cases other than culpable negligence on the part of the person injured.
> (5) I favor such legislation as may be necessary to protect borrowers on salary warrants or other forms of security from usury, by the establishment and enforcement of a low rate of interest.
> (6) Private employment agencies should be limited by law in the matter of the amount charged for service.
> (7) I favor the establishment of regular pay days at least twice a month.
> (8) The courts and other authorities should not interfere in industrial disputes except when violations of the law occur, and then only in the manner provided by law and to the extent necessary to preserve the peace.
> (9) I favor extending the full right of franchise to women.
> (10) I favor the enactment of legislation regulating the conditions of employment in hazardous, excessive and unhealthy labor; effective and comprehensive factory inspection laws, and the prohibition of prison-labor competition with free labor.
> Generally speaking, I favor all measures designed to better the economic and social conditions of the workers, believing that in so doing the interests of the whole people may be best served.
> If elected, I shall do everything in my power to secure the passage of legislation in accordance with the views herein expressed.

So far as pre-election statements go, there is a good prospect of intelligent and effective action upon these matters by the coming session of the legislature.

Experience proves the necessity of concentrating effort upon the more important measures, thus avoiding complete failure by attempting to secure the passage of many bills. The question of relative importance is not an easy one to decide. Each of the matters dealt with in the foregoing list is important in itself. Other matters might be mentioned which in the judgment of many persons are still more important. Is [illegible] perhaps the safest rule to follow, at least for the purposes of this article, is to select those measures of most direct and yet most general bearing upon the welfare of labor. Regarded in this light the [illegible] liability and interference by public authorities in strikes are entitled to precedence.

The law of employers' liability is the subject of an increasing degree of public attention, as appears not only from the appointment of commissions to study the whole subject but from actual legislation as well. During the past two years eight states (Minnesota, New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Washington and Massachusetts) have created commissions for this purpose. The federal government, by virtue of an act of congress, has also taken action of the same kind.

In a number of states legislation has recently been enacted restricting and modifying the customary defense of employers, i.e., "fellow service," "assumed risk," and "contributory negligence." The doctrine of "comparative negligence," under which the contributory negligence of the employe is compared with the primary negligence of the employer, with a corresponding award of damages, has been incorporated in the laws of Texas, Iowa, Ohio and Georgia.

In Ohio and New York the employers' liability laws have recently been greatly modified in favor of the injured, and for the first time in this country we now have a law which provides compensation, in more than one industry, for accidents, regardless of fault. In this law New York included eight extra-hazardous employments, and has worked out a definite scheme of compensation for injuries. The injured man has a choice of accepting compensation according to a given schedule or of suing under the existing law. By another New York act employer and employe may agree voluntarily upon a compensation when for those industries not included in the compulsory law.

Defects in Law

The defects in the existing law of this state are well known. These consist chiefly in the extreme slowness of legal process, the great, and in fact prohibitory, expense to the claimant, and the character of the defense permitted. As matters stand, the injured employe and his dependdents are practically without redress. The law is to all intents and purposes a nullity. It is notorious, too, that even when compensation is awarded the injured person must suffer the deduction of a large proportion as legal fees, etc. The recent report of the New York Commission on Industrial Accidents states that in 151 cases investigated 22.7 per cent. of the damages paid went for fees. Records of the ten insurance companies investigated showed that out of $100 paid in less than $37 goes to injured workmen. On this subject, the New York Post recently said:

> "The lawyer of the 'ambulance-chaser' type and the employers' own high-priced counsel are the chief beneficiaries. We have been unable or unwilling to see that injury by accident in industry is really not accident so far as the entire body of labor is concerned. It may be accident that A and not B is injured in the course of a year. But that either A or B or one of their hundred fellow-workers will be injured or worse in the course of a year is not accident, but as sure a thing as the natural death rate in any community. And like the insurance company's life risks the accident rate can be calculated and made the basis of a decent system of [illegible]

With the example and experience of other states before us, the legislature of California should be able to enact an employers' liability law which will afford a practical means of relief to the injured, and thus place the state in line with the progressive sentiment of the country. Care should be taken, however, to

(Continued on Page 30)

("Political Table Talk"—Continued)

8,041, but now a separate district) with Merced and Madera.

For the use of our readers who may care to calculate these possible rearrangements, we reproduce from the newspapers the clipping they probably forgot to clip, showing the population, 1910, by counties:

Alameda, 246,131; Alpine, 309; Amador, 9,086; Butte, 27,301; Calaveras, 9,171; Colusa, 7,732; Contra Costa, 31,674; Del Norte, 2,417; Eldorado, 7,492; Fresno, 75,657; Glenn, 7,172; Humboldt, 33,857; Imperial, 13,591; Inyo, 6,974; Kern, 37,715; Kings, 16,230; Lake, 5,526; Lassen, 4,802; Los Angeles, 504,131; Madera, 8,368; Marin, 25,114; Mariposa, 3,956; Mendocino, 23,929; Merced, 15,148; Modoc, 6,191; Mono, 2,842; Monterey, 24,146; Napa, 19,800; Nevada, 14,955; Orange, 34,436; Placer, 18,237; Plumas, 5,259; Riverside, 34,696; Sacramento, 67,806; San Benito, 8,041; San Bernardino, 56,706; San Diego, 61,665; San Francisco, 416,912; San Joaquin, 50,731; San Luis Obispo, 19,383; San Mateo, 26,585; Santa Barbara, 27,738; Santa Clara, 83,539; Santa Cruz, 26,140; Shasta, 18,920; Sierra, 4,098; Siskiyou 18,800; Solano, 27,559; Sonoma, 48,394; Stanislaus, 22,522; Sutter, 6,328; Tehama, 11,401; Trinity, 3,301; Tulare, 35,440; Tuolumne, 9,979; Ventura, 18,347; Yolo, 13,926; Yuba, 10,042.

Senate Puzzle The Watchman frankly gives up the senate reapportionment problem until he has had more time to study it. Only Los Angeles, 8; San Francisco, 7; Sacramento, 1, and Alameda, 4, are certain. The other districts, so far as he sees now, may all be rearranged if the legislature wishes. If those districts which now have enough population are left as they are, Nos. 12, 26, 30, 32, 39 and 40 could continue. It may be noted, as a curious fact, that 30 out of the 40 senatorial districts, as now grouped, have now not enough population to make the required 59,438.

Congressional Reapportionment The congressional reapportionment offers an interesting field of speculation, with one practical certainty, which is, that whatever additions are made to California's delegation in congress, those additions will come from Central and Southern California. Those districts have far outstripped Northern California in growth in population. Under the present apportionment, the ratio is one congressman to every 194,182 people. Under that ratio, California has had eight congressional districts, roughly defined as follows: 1st, the northernmost counties and the tier of counties on the Sierra Nevada range as far south as Mariposa and Mono; 2nd, Coast and Coast Range and Sacramento valley counties north of the bay; 3rd, Solano, Contra Costa and Alameda counties; 4th, a portion of San Francisco; 5th, the remainder of San Francisco, and San Mateo and Santa Clara counties; 6th, San Joaquin valley and Coast counties south to, but not including, Tulare and San Luis Obispo; 8th, remaining San Joaquin and Coast counties and all Southern California except Los Angeles county; 7th, Los Angeles county.

Now congress will probably not increase its membership greatly. At present it numbers 391. The general opinion is that it will set 400 as the membership for the next decade. The census shows about 91,000,000 population. On that basis, the ratio for reapportionment will be one congressman for every 227,500 people. At that ratio, California will get 10 congressmen.

Los Angeles Gets Two Congressmen? Assuming this to be true, Los Angeles county, with her 504,131 population, immediately gets two congressmen, or one of the two additional congressmen. That leaves the disposition of the other the sole problem. Alameda county, with 246,131 population, is entitled to a congressman by herself. The 1st district needs more counties to reach the ratio, the 2nd has a few more than she needs. Adding Solano and Contra Costa (from the 3rd) to the 2nd and taking from the 2nd a row of northern counties will give the 1st about enough and leave the 2nd about enough. San Francisco and San Mateo, without Santa Clara, could take care of the 4th and 5th, with a little benefit of a small fraction for good nature. That would pass the slack of Santa Clara county on south to either the 6th or the 8th district. These two, combined, with the benefit of a similar small fraction, will then have enough to make three districts, accounting for the other additional district.

To show this fact even more vividly, note the **growth** in population by districts from 1900 to 1910:

1st to 5th, inclusive (37 counties), 312,000 (approx.)

6th to 8th, inclusive (21 counties), 472,000 (approx.)

From these figures, with Los Angeles sure of two and Alameda of one, it is a safe prediction that it will tax the ingenuity of the legislature to reapportion the districts in any way to deprive Southern California of the advantage of this growth. The population, 1910, of the districts as they now are, is as follows: 1st, 184,073; 2nd, 263,070; 3rd, 305,364; 4th and part of 5th (San Francisco), 416,912; remainder of 5th, 110,124; 6th, 246,973; 7th, 504,131; 8th, 346,691.

CAN'T TUNE OUT THE LADIES

Few are the steamer passengers who fail to visit the wireless office aboard ship to watch the operation of the instruments and to question the operator. Needless to say, the technical understanding of the well meaning visitors is a variable quantity.

The operator must listen to wondering exclamations, original suggestions for the improvement of the service, discourses on the relations between wireless telegraphy and spiritualism, and other doubtful topics with uniform courtesy.

At times, however, the strain is too great. According to the Youth's Companion, it was a woman with an eye for details who came to the wireless room and looked wonderingly in.

"Oh, here's the wireless! May I come in? Isn't it wonderful to think of sending those —those waves—you call them waves, don't you? How fascinating to work at this! Are those jars filled with water?"

"Those are condenser jars, madam, quite empty."

"Really? I don't believe I could ever understand it. That coil of wire looks like a bird cage."

"That is the inductance helix."

"What are those things over your ears?"

"The receiving telephones."

"Then you have telephone connection, too. One can hardly keep up with the times these days. What does that coil do?"

"That is the receiving tuner and interference preventer."

"Wonderful! Does it keep out all interference?"

"Not all," replied the operator, wearily. "Some kinds of interference can't be tuned out; we just have to stand it."

One Evidence of Genius

"I fancy that there is no doubt that he is a real poet."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, I am informed that nobody is able to read his handwriting."

Apparently the automobile had passed directly over him, yet he picked himself up unscathed. "To what do you attribute your marvelous escape?" they asked as he stood dusting himself off in the middle of the pavement. "To the fact," he said, "that my name's MacAdam."—New York Times.

In reply to many letters inquiring whether I shall publish a review of the session of the California Legislature of 1911, along the same lines as those followed in "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909," I will state that I shall do so, if subscriptions for 1,200 volumes are received before the Legislature of 1911 adjourns. If you wish to be one of the subscribers, fill out and forward this card.

FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

_____ 191

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WARTIME RECOLLECTIONS

THE BLUE SILK SLEEVE

BY

RAY McINTYRE KING

IN the early seventies my people were living in Missouri near the old battle grounds south of Lexington. As a child, my mother often took me to visit the fiery, unconquerable Divers girls. The old Divers estate at that time was a great tract of land, gone wild for lack of help ever since the war. The great stretches of field were thick with sumac, polk weeds, docks and cockles rioting man-high where once the slaves had cultivated the orderly rows of corn. In the timber lands, where in the sixties the bushwhackers had found convenient hiding, nothing then roamed more dreadful than the wood turkeys and wild hogs.

In a desolate spot in the gnarled old orchard stood the blackened, crumbling chimneys and scattered foundation stones of what had once been the imposing Divers mansion. As children playing, we used to run laughing out of the "sparrow grass" and catnip tangles to come suddenly upon those fire-scarred ruins, and no matter how the sun might be shining on the rest of the orchard, there the light seemed chill and gray.

Mrs. Tee Jones was the first of the girls to marry. I do not recall her first name. The girls always called her Sistah. There was another married sister living on the far end of the estate. There were also two proud, high-headed, indomitable spinsters, Vivian and Fanny, who tried heroically to keep up the establishment to its old-time levels of respectability. These ladies did nothing more unladylike before visitors than sewing or sketching; but when the visitors were gone they would attack with a consuming bitterness of heart, yet admirable courage, the washing or cooking, or what not household drudgeries which their ante-bellum training caused them to consider as fit labor only for servants. Thus by their heroic, surreptitious labors they managed somehow to eke out a living on their untended acres.

They managed to dress fashionably and they went out in the best society of the near-by towns. Not that they had any particular matrimonial hopes for themselves—the terrible war had come just at the time to blast the roses of their girlhoods—but they kept up for the sake of the baby of the girls, dainty, delicate, yellow haired Lelia, whom, by the way, my uncle courted and married.

Mrs. Tee Jones, or Sistah, lived on her husband's farm only a few miles away on the prairie upland. She came down home often, bringing her brood of little children to lighten the days for her unmarried sisters in their gaunt white house built just after the war. There my mother and I often went.

There, while the Divers girls stitched endlessly on their fancy work through the long afternoons, they could talk of nothing but wa' times and the sufferings of that household of women during that awful ordeal. The wag of the neighborhood, speaking of the Divers girls, once said: "There's one disease worser'n smallpox that disfigures the face, and that's having money and losing it! That pockmarks a woman's soul forever."

Their parlor was a white, high-ceilinged room with a white board mantel shelf across one end. On this shelf was a prim assortment of articles, twigs and leaves covered with alum crystals, daguerreotypes of the father, brothers and uncles who "never came back," and, most tempting to my childish eyes, apples, peaches and pears of solid wax most naturally and temptingly colored. (I know they were only wax, because once when I was left alone in the room, I climbed up on the green brocade upholstery of a mahogany chair and sampled that horrid fruit!)

In one of the glaringly white corners of the parlor hung suspended a great cornucopia filled with pressed autumn leaves and dried grasses and seed pods, wondrously sprinkled with diamond dust. The gathering of those dead things was Fanny's annual autumnal task. Clad in her moth-eaten furs, she ranged the frost-seared, weedy fields and byways and gathered the prettiest of the dead, dried wildlings and the scarlet bittersweet for that winter bouquet. Poor Divers girls! Life for you in those desolate years hadn't much of cheer or living loveliness!

How could anyone be cheerful in such a house? On one wall hung a large, square shallow box, glass covered and framed in ebony. Inside was exhibited for the beholder's horrification, and the Divers girls' mournful contemplation, a great wreath of flowers, cunningly woven from the hair of the departed. It afforded the girls a deal of melancholy pleasure to point out to the visitor each particular flower of grey, or gold, or brown, and tell to whom the lock had once belonged. In other framed boxes were wreaths of zephyr flowers and all the long, long dreary years could not dim their gaudy colors. There were mottoes done in worsteds, and faded engravings framed at home in everything else but wood—corn, or shells, or seeds glued to pasteboard and varnished. There was a crayon sketch of a nude child sitting in a wash bowl. The poor thing was biting its underlip, which wasn't strange considering how chilly and tired and lonesome it must have gotten!

The Divers girls were divided in opinion about this picture, which was the work of Miss Vivian's boarding school girlhood. Most of the girls pronounced it highly immodest and improper, but the artist clung to it and hotly defended it, not only for reasons of true art, but because it was a precious relic of other and happier days.

One afternoon the little feminine gathering was assembled as usual in the parlor. Miss Fanny's withered fingers flicked daintily over a bit of embroidery. Her reddish hair was elaborately puffed and her withered face duly powdered. Not to powder in those days rendered a woman painfully conspicuous, and branded her as one indifferent to her personal appearance and to social usages.

Miss Vivian, as elaborately gotten up to hide the ravages of years, was busy at her easel at a north window. She was copying an impossible marine view, but as she had never seen a stretch of water larger than Dagget's mill pond she was quite happily ignorant of her "study's" shortcomings.

Lelia, the youngest and fairest, was daydreaming over her fine sewing, scarcely heeding the clatter of tongues, a quiet smile parting her sweet lips now and then. When one is living one's own youth and romance, why should one be much concerned with the shadows and specters in the long-lost youth of older women? Mother and I looked on from our place on the slippery horsehair sofa.

At the marble-topped center table sat Mrs. Tee Jones, plump and rosy and busy, as became a mother, with small stockings. Marriage had diverted her needlework into most commonplace lines. She inserted a yellow gourd into a long black stocking and plied her darning needle vigorously.

"As I was saying," she continued in her rapid, mellifluous way—the easy, soporific tone of the woman who pours out reminiscences endlessly, "a detachment of Yanks or rebels would swing past, stopping perhaps to eat one meal. But one meal for fifty men would strip the place of eatables. Soldiers were always coming and going past our place and we had to pay tribute to both friend and foe. The negroes soon disappeared. The corncribs were speedily emptied. The bacon vanished from the smokehouse. The cattle and hogs failed to come up from the pasture. Then there was the constant wearing anxiety about our men folks off at the front.

"To all this, was added the menace of the bushwhackers. Our local brand of bushwhackers were northern sympathizers and our neighbors, but they were too cowardly to join a regular command. They [illegible] the cause of the Confederates, but chiefly they preyed upon the unprotected estates of those Confederates who, like my father, were off at the front. These outlaws were in the neighborhood all the time and likely at any hour to swoop down upon us and run off our stock or carry away our clothes and portables. We were never safe from them, [illegible] regular soldiery was passing, and then you may be sure the bushwhackers were nowhere to be seen. We had no one to protect us but old Tobe, and he was so old nobody knew his age."

"Old Tobe that died since we moved here?" queried my mother.

"Yes. About all he could do was to wind the clock. He used to do it every night, years and years, even back when our father was a boy. When the bushwhackers burned our house Tobe thought first of his precious clock and saved it. We set it up in this house, and he wound it every night regularly, even that night he went off upstairs and never waked up."

"Dear old Tobe!" sighed the two spinster ladies.

"I remember the first time we had to do the washing," continued Mrs. Tee Jones. "The negro women were all gone and we had arrived at the point when we just simply had to wash. We found a barrel of soft soap and began. Our hands were white and tender. The soap was strong with lye. Presently Fanny rebelled and went off to cry over her bleeding hands. Vivy rubbed awhile and quit, her nails eaten to the quick. I was standing by my tub, but the bitter tears were streaming down my cheeks—you can't understand what it meant to a southern woman to come down to washing—when old Tobe appeared.

"'Dat's nigger's work,' he cried indignantly. 'Freedom, or no freedom, I'se not gwine to see my young missus doing nigger's work. Clar out! I'se gwine do dis washin'.'

"And he did till we learned the way of coming down to such work."

The narrator paused while she searched in her work-bag, a bulky sack of gay cretonne. She drew forth various articles, stockings, scraps, thread. Finally, she held up something for the inspection of us all. It was a blue silk sleeve, somewhat scant, elbow length, finished at the bottom with a graduated flounce of plaited silk. At the top, the turned seam and broken ravelings of thread showed that it had once been sewn in an armhole. It was a sheeny silk sleeve, scarcely wrinkled from wear, and of a most exquisite blue—the deep, glowing atmospheric blue so rarely seen in textile fabrics.

"What a lovely silk!" cried my mother.

"And to think I never had a chance to wear it!" There was a queer twist to the corners of Mrs. Tee Jones' generous mouth. "I ought to be ashamed of that sleeve, but I'm not! I'm prouder of that sleeve than of anything that happened to me since the wa'."

"Oh, Sistah was a girl of such temper!" interrupted Miss Fanny, admiringly. "Why, once the bushwhackers came here. Old Sam Timmons, the leader, had known us all our lives. He lived over on Knights Ridge, just poor white trash that we had never noticed before the wa'. Well, he and his men rode up and went through the house. They were taking everything they could carry, silverware, china, pictures and such. They went to the room where Sistah kept her new side saddle, but Sistah sprang ahead of them and as Old Sam Timmons reached for her saddle, she told him to desist. These were her very words: 'Desist, you thief!' Vivy and I were cowering in the hall, expecting every minute to see the villain cut her down with his saber. Indeed, we did!"

"Sistah was a girl of such fine spirit!" Vivian paused in her painting long enough to say. "She snatched the riding quirt and struck him a blow across his face. Fanny and I both screamed. We just knew he would kill her, but he only swore and called her a little rebel. But he took the saddle just the same. His family used our things for years after the wa'. Ah, Sistah had a fine temper in those days!"

"I couldn't endure that he, of all men, should take advantage of us lone girls," said

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THE REPUBLICAN
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Mrs. Tee Jones. "Now, this blue silk sleeve—father bought the silk in New Orleans just before the wa'. I made the dress myself. The wa' came on and there was no occasion for wearing it. It hung in my closet with my other silk dresses. The bushwhackers came time and again, but I managed to keep my dresses. Then they burned our house. Old Tobe helped us girls carry out a few things, the clock, and the parlor chairs, and a few such things. Old Sam and his men swarmed everywhere picking up anything they fancied. Old Sam Timmons carried out an armload of my silk dresses, this blue silk among others, and I saw him ride away with my dresses flapping across his saddle bows.

"It was five years after the wa', and our neighborhood was quiet and law-abiding once more. Old Timmons had become quite prosperous and respectable. His daughters had grown up and they went out in company, but we always looked over their heads. We couldn't be expected to forget that they were the daughters of that old thief. And we didn't forget!

"We girls went to a Christmas ball at Marshalls, over on Clear Fork, and who should be there but that Timmons outfit. The dancing was well on, and Tee and I were waltzing together, when what should I see come waltzing toward me but my beautiful blue silk dress! I presume there was a girl inside of it, but I saw nothing but my stolen dress. Can you imagine my feelings?

"I just went crazy for a few moments. I bided my time, and then I sprang at her, like a cat, I suppose, and grabbed this sleeve. I jerked and jerked and I felt the threads give."

"Oh, it was a scene," interrupted Miss Vivian excitedly. "Such a scene for a Christmas ball, and us girls just glorying shamelessly in it. There stood Sistah like a tragedy queen, after she had ripped the sleeve loose, waving it in her hand. The Timmons girl fainted—there really wasn't much else she could do gracefully. Old Timmons sprang through the crowd and he and her partner supported the girl. Sistah stood there so tall and flashing, and she shook that blue silk sleeve in Old Timmons' face. 'You thief!' she cried, 'I dare you to let your daughter wear my dresses in public again!'—Those were her very words—her very words."

"Old Timmons was white, I can tell you," said Miss Fanny, taking up the recital. "But he never said a word, as he supported his daughter from the room. She was very limp and that one bare arm hung down most conspicuously. All the young men crowded around Sistah, for they knew what the Divers girls had suffered at Old Timmons' hands. And will you believe it? They gave the rebel yell that fairly raised the roof. And Sistah covered her ears with her hands and laughed, and everybody laughed, and tried to forget the late unpleasantness."

"A few days later," supplemented Mrs. Tee Jones, "the girl came to me crying and shamed. She said she and her sweetheart had talked it over and she hoped I'd forgive her and not blame her for what her father had done during the wa'. Really, she was very sweet and sad about it and I just had to forgive her. I just couldn't treasure up the sins of the father against such a dear girl as she is, now could I?"

"I wonder," she mused aloud, "if my daughters can ever believe that their mother was such a red-headed, hot-tempered miss as I was in wa' times."

"As all the Divers girls were," added Miss Fanny, boastingly.

Not While Technicalities Last

Lives of millionaires remind us,
While they're out on bail,
If we, too, possessed a million,
We need fear no jail.

Mrs. Harriet M. King is said to be the owner and actual manager of one of the largest farms in the world. Her farm is known as the Santo Gertrude Ranch and is near Corpus Christi, Tex. Its pasturage is reported to afford grazing for 100,000 cattle, 50,000 sheep and nearly 3,000 horses. Mrs. King is said to keep 2,000 employees busy on her ranch and to find no difficulty in managing them.

("Labor Legislation"—Continued)

avoid the "contracting-out" features which have vitiated so many otherwise good laws on the subject.

The question of official, especially judicial, interference in strikes brings us to the point involved in the so-called anti-injunction bills which have been pending before congress and other legislative bodies for some time past. The measure now before congress, and known as H. R. 25188, is as follows:

A bill to regulate the issuance of restraining orders and injunctions and procedure thereon and to limit the meaning of "conspiracy" in certain cases.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, That no restraining order or injunction shall be granted by any court of the United States, or a judge or the judges thereof, in any case between an employer and employe, or between employers and employers, or between employes, or between persons employed and persons seeking employment, or involving or growing out of a dispute concerning terms or conditions of employment, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property or to a property right of the party making the application, for which injury there is no adequate remedy at law; and such property and property right must be particularly described in the application, which must be in writing and sworn to by the applicant or by his, her, or its agent or attorney. And for the purposes of this act no right to continue the relation of employer and employe, or to assume or create such relation with any particular person or persons, or at all, or to carry on business of any particular kind, or at any particular place, or at all, shall be construed, held, considered, or treated as property or as constituting a property right.

Sec. 2. That in cases arising in the courts of the United States or coming before said courts, or before any judge or the judges thereof, no agreement between two or more persons concerning the terms or conditions of employment, or the assumption or creation or termination of any relation between employer and employe, or concerning any act or thing to be done or not to be done with reference to or involving or growing out of a labor dispute, shall constitute a conspiracy or other civil or criminal offense, or be punished or prosecuted, or damages recovered upon as such, unless the act or thing agreed to be done or not to be done would be unlawful if done by a single individual; nor shall the entering into or the carrying out of any such agreement be restrained or enjoined unless such act or thing agreed to be done would be subject to be restrained or enjoined under the provisions, limitations and definitions contained in the first section of this act.

Sec. 3. That all acts and parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

The annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at St. Louis, Mo., last month, re-indorsed this bill and recommended that it be introduced, with the necessary changes in terminology, in the respective state legislatures. Those familiar with the subject will note that the gist of the bill is contained in the prohibition of restraining orders and injunctions, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury **to property or to a property right.** In a word, the bill maintains the power now vested in courts to issue injunctions against irreparable injury to property and property rights, but denies that power in matters involving purely **personal rights**—that is, in matters affecting the relations between employer and employe as such, and between merchant and customer as such, which relations are personal and therefore not properly subject to interference by the courts.

This measure would take from the courts no power now vested in them, but would check their present manifest tendency to confuse equity and law and to invade and destroy the liberty of the citizen. The matter is thus stated by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor:

There can be no property rights either in the labor power of the employe or prospective employe, or in the patronage or possible patronage of the public or any individual member thereof. The thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States stands as a bar in either case. Within its proper field equity power is necessary and beneficent. Within its true sphere it prevents the immediate invasion or destruction of property or property rights, and within that sphere of usefulness and necessity its operation must be swift and certain. If, however, equity power is permitted to invade the sphere properly belonging to the courts of law, it will attract to itself and exercise all jurisdiction.

Governor-elect Johnson, in his reply to the Labor Council, expressed himself upon the subject as follows:

I have long been impressed with the abuses made possible by the reckless or indiscriminate use of the power of injunctions by the courts in labor disputes, and while I do not believe that the power of injunctions can be constitutionally taken from the courts, I think it should be so limited and defined as to guard against its abuse. Certainly these injunctions ought not to be used in labor disputes without notice and hearing, and even then only to prevent actually impending evils for which there is no remedy in the ordinary process of law.

There can be no doubt as to the need of legislation upon this subject, not only for the protection of labor in the collective exercise of its constitutional rights but also for the preservation of individual liberty. The bill here

submitted is a carefully prepared measure, the result of much deliberation and experience, and its passage would do much to conserve the authority of the courts within their proper sphere.

Referring to the suggestion of Governor-elect Johnson that "these injunctions ought not to be used in labor disputes without notice and hearing," it must be noted that there is grave danger in any attempt to remedy the existing abuse of the equity power by providing that injunctions may issue only upon "notice and hearing." Such provision would in effect confirm the present practice. A bill containing such a provision is now before congress, and is vigorously opposed by labor as subversive of the whole principle involved. The only safe rule is to draw a clear distinction between those matters in which equity may and may not intervene—between **property** rights and **personal** rights—and then leave the courts free to issue injunctions at once wherever property rights are involved.

PERSONALIA

Mme. Curie, one of the discoverers of radium, is a candidate for admission to the French academy of sciences, which has never yet elected a woman member. There is a tradition of the academy that no woman shall enter the hall where the meetings are held.

Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of the Rockefeller institute, has called attention to the large number of antivivisectionists who are active sportsmen, and marvels at the sympathy with animals which inspires protests against the killing of rats for the good of mankind, and yet does not prevent the slaughter of beautiful and harmless birds for pleasure.

In becoming naturalized as an American citizen Prince Nicholas Troubetzkoy was informed by the court at Los Angeles that he must part with his title. He promptly assented.

A new Methodist hymnal has been compiled in England. The committee which selected the songs consisted of 40 persons, members of the Wesleyan Methodists, the united Methodists, the Irish Methodists and the Wesleyan reform union. The new book will include hymns written by Methodists, Catholics, high, low and broad Anglicans, Unitarians and members of other religious bodies. Marie Corelli, the novelist, has written one hymn, which begins:

In our hearts celestial voices
Softly say—
Day is passing, night is coming,
Kneel and pray!

Mr. S. D. Woods, a Californian who years ago in a rural school of the far west numbered Edwin Markham among his pupils, will publish this month, through Funk & Wagnalls Company, "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," a volume of appealing reminiscences and anecdotes of a long life, beginning with many interesting stories of the gold rush of '49, and continuing with bright and compelling observations on the daily life and history of the Pacific Coast from that time to the present day.

Mrs. Mary S. Halladay of St. Louis is said to be the only woman railway president in the world. On the death of her husband a few years ago Mrs. Halladay became a member of the board of directors of a small railroad in which he had a large amount of stock of doubtful value. Mrs. Halladay investigated the railroad and was the means of making such changes in the management that today this same stock is said to be valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars.

The duke of Wellington never could have succeeded in American politics. In a posthumous article, printed in the Canadian magazine, by Goldwin Smith, it is related that the duke had a country house near the home of Mr. Smith in England. Attending church near by, one Sunday, "a worshiper went up to him and begged to be allowed to take the hand of the victor of Waterloo. 'Don't make a d—— fool of yourself,' was the hero's reply."—Springfield Republican.

MODESTO'S NEW CHARTER

Modesto's new charter embodies many new features, and those versed in municipal affairs do not hesitate to pronounce it a model charter. Chas. E. Russell, the eminent writer on municipal affairs, has praised its novel features. The main defect of the old system of municipal government being division of responsibility, the new charter attempts to remedy this by centralizing power and responsibility, subject, of course, to the control of the people, lest this centralization result in the arbitrary reign of a few.

Articles I and II of the charter fix the boundaries of the city.

Article III contains a general enumeration of powers. Among the powers granted to the city is the power to acquire and operate public utilities. This provision is a great step toward municipal ownership. One of the subdivisions of the article, however, gives the city the right to lease public utilities owned by it. This provision might be used for the purpose of defeating the whole section. However, as the charter provides for the submission to the people of every grant of a franchise, there is no danger. The people are not subject to corporate influence. The charter committee rejected the proposition made by the writer to exempt improvements from taxation. It was feared that the legislature might reject the charter containing this innovation. When the people are better informed they will adopt this reform. This section also gives the city the right to acquire aviation landings. It is thus the first constitutional document recognizing aviation as a practical method of transportation.

Article IV deals with elections. They are non-partisan. Nominations are made by petitions signed by twenty-five voters. The Berkeley plan is adopted. Under this plan, a second election is held only in case none of the candidates receives a majority. When this happens the first election is considered a primary, and a second election, in which take part the candidates not elected at the first election equal in number to twice the number to be elected and who received the highest vote at the first election, is then held.

Article V deals with elective officers. They are five in number, a mayor and four councilmen, elected at large on a general ticket, for four years.

Articles VI and VII define the duties of the council and the mayor. The mayor is chief executive and president of the council. All ordinances must first be published in the official paper, and cannot be adopted until the expiration of five days from date of their introduction. The council cannot sell public property or grant franchises.

Article VIII divides the municipal government into four departments: 1. Finance; 2. Public Health; 3. Public Works; 4. Public Supplies. The council assigns a councilman to each department. The board preferred this to the Grand Junction system under which a councilman is elected directly to his duties. All other officials are appointed. A councilman is not permitted to be interested in any of the contracts and franchises granted by the council. All religious and political tests as qualifications for office are forbidden.

Article X establishes a labor day of eight hours on all municipal work.

Article XI, dealing with franchises, is very important. No franchises for the use of the streets can be granted for a longer period than twenty-five years. The application for a franchise must be published. The city reserves the right to assume ownership of the property of the grantee. The franchise cannot be assigned without the consent of the city. All franchises must be approved by the people at a special election.

Articles XII, XIII, and XIV deal with direct legislation. The recall provision in all other charters combines the recall proper with the new election. The Modesto recall separates them, thereby preventing the confusion resulting from combining the issues. The recall petition must be signed by fifteen per cent. of voters at the last election. The call for the election must contain the reasons for the recall and the official's justification, neither exceeding two hundred words. Referendum and the initiative petitions must be signed by the same number of voters.

The schools are taken out of politics. No teacher can be discharged without good cause. These are the main provisions of the charter. The people showed their interest in civic reform by adopting it by a vote of [illegible]. Put into effect the charter will give us efficiency and democracy.

[illegible]

Modesto, Cal., December 3, 1910.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof. Defendants.

Action No. 23805

ERNEST J. MOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement: being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, California.

The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Nov. 11-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers with 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.

ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.
11-18-6t

TITLES RESTORED

TITLES RESTORED UNDER McENERNEY ACT, complete for $35.00. Burnt Records Title Co., 951-953 Monadnock Building, ninth floor, Market street, near Third

JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office. 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence. 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4590

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

The Establishment of Justice

There are in the world persons who do not wish to do right, but only to get all they can, giving for what they get as small a return as possible. There are in the world persons who mean to do right but who are swerved from right courses by passion, envy, pique or any one of a hundred temptations that beset the paths of men, and, finally, honest persons, persons who are not weak and who fully intend to do what is right, are nevertheless unable to come to an agreement as to what justice requires them to do.

For these and other reasons society early had to provide somehow for the establishment of justice between those who had fallen out. In early times it was the king, or some one acting in the name of the king, who heard the complaints and the answers and rendered summary decision from which there was no appeal. Rude and crude was the justice thus meted out and the king finally found it impossible to hear and determine, even in a crude way, all disputes that came to his knowledge and so appointed others to hear and determine in his place, although in his name, and so there came finally to be courts.

Under the feudal system every petty feudal chief held court, sometimes by his own right, sometimes in the name of the king, but not all men were fit to hold court and if they were not, and cared not to do it, they assigned the task to some one better qualified and there came to be judges. How all these courts were evolved makes an interesting history, but these lessons are not so much lessons in history as in how government, our own government, works in practice. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that the establishment of justice is the highest function that human society undertakes to perform, and that that society which fails of establishing practical justice, equally and expeditiously, can lay small claim to civilization.

The constitution of California declares that: "The judicial power of the state shall be vested in the state senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, in a supreme court, district courts of appeal, superior courts, justices of the peace and such inferior courts as the legislature may establish in any incorporated city or town or city and county."

The inferior courts above referred to are such as recorder's courts in the smaller cities and police courts in the larger, such courts having powers and performing functions similar to those performed by justices of the peace, but they have mainly to do with enforcing city ordinances. If cities were given that measure of home rule that they should have they would constitute such inferior courts of their own as they feel are needed, and no more. As the law is such courts are established as interested persons can induce the legislature to establish, often greater in number than there is real need for, and a court out of business is more likely to promote litigation than to discourage it, and that is contrary to sound public policy.

Courts are divided into courts of record and courts not of record. A court of record is a court whose acts, decisions and proceedings are duly written out and verified as a perpetual testimony of what took place in such court. In California all our courts except those of the justices of the peace and the inferior special courts established in cities, are courts of record. Even those inferior courts keep records, but they lack the quality of being perpetual and are more for the convenience of the justice, recorder or police judge, to refresh his memory as to what took place, than as a history of judicial events that may be referred to a hundred years hence, perhaps, if there shall be occasion for it. The records of each justice of the peace are his personal property, but the records of a court of record are public property and must be cared for and preserved.

The proceedings in courts of record are therefore much more formal than in the inferior courts. The procedures which custom has devised and time has sanctioned come to have, in the courts of record, a very high obligation, so much so as to have caused most of the methods of transacting court business to be laid down in statutory form with the most intricate detail, so that if the court business is not done just as the codes of procedure prescribe cases are likely to be reversed on appeal and sent back for new trial "according to the rules of the game," as laymen are accustomed to speak of such procedures.

Herein lies one of the most potent hindrances to the establishment of justice. The manner of doing it too often comes to be judicially held to be much more important than the subject matter in dispute. The human mind is a queer instrument and all down the ages there have been technical judges, judges who were such sticklers for form as to sacrifice justice. That tendency is in human nature. It is one that Jesus of Nazareth complained of in his day and it has haunted the world ever since. The only remedy for it is to strive at election time to eliminate from the bench judges having technical minds of an exaggerated type. Order and system there must be in the conduct of trials in all courts, courts of record and not of record, but when the method comes to exceed in importance the issue itself it has gone quite too far and defeats justice more often than it establishes it.

Next week we shall begin at the foot of the judicial fabric and deal with the court of the Justice of the Peace.

Judge—You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled. Prisoner—Well, then, yer honor, Oi'll foight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner, theer ferninst yez.—Metropolitan.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "A Public Service Commission Law"

By Percy V. Long

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 16 : '10 FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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An Equitable Division

SO FAR AS AVAILABLE INFORMATION warrants an opinion it would seem that in filling vacancies on the supreme ench President Taft has been entirely impartial as between conending factions, giving the progressives one member, the conervatives one, and elevating to the position of chief justice one ho performed, in the Northern Securities case, one judicial act signal conservatism, and one act of broad-minded liberalism in pholding the validity of the national income tax. In both stances Justice White's efforts were unavailing. How Taftian! five to four bench assuredly! Which side gets the odd man? Ve shall know when the Standard Oil and American Tobacco ases are decided. The way the President parts his hair is sigficant.

A Tough Bunch

THE EXCUSE GIVEN for not appointing Charles E. Hughes Chief Justice of the United States is that he does not posess that tactfulness so necessary to the presiding justice of the ost august court in the world. Are we to understand that our upreme bench is a tough bunch, contentious and hard to control, omething similar to Lincoln's cabinet that only a Lincoln could anage? Justice Hughes could read the riot act to them, if othing more, which also might prove salutary upon occasion.

What a Roar Was There!

DOES ANYONE REMEMBER what a roar was made when Franklin K. Lane was nominated to the Interstate Comerce Commission, how the patriots of California protested in igh dudgeon? But Theodore stuck to his man, his nomination as confirmed and he has proven one of the very best members f that commission, so good a man that the whole country has een on tenterhooks through fear that he might be promoted to he commerce court. Probably there was little danger of it. He s not the type of man that the railroads would care to see so levated. Franklin K. Lane has made good, but then he was not ushed upon the favorable attention of the President by the 'ederal Brigade of California! By the aid of a friend he slipped p the back stairs when the brigade was not looking.

No Logrolling With New Orleans

IT IS REPORTED FROM WASHINGTON that California may be able to eliminate New Orleans from competition for he Panama Pacific exposition if our people will help the Crescent ity to hold onto her navy yard which Secretary Meyer has conemned as not being necessary to the nation's defense. Whether r not New Orleans should retain its navy yard is a question of trategy and engineering, and to settle it upon other issue would e an act of moral treason to which California should be no party. Whoever would make merchandise of the nation's defense is no etter than the naval committee of the United States senate.

Now

IT WAS LEFT for the Springfield (Mass.) Republican to call public attention to the significance of the little word at the ead of this paragraph in the President's recent message where e says, "The great body of those men who are responsible for ur country's commercial development **now** have an earnest deire to obey the law." Are we to understand that this unwonted eadiness to **now** obey comes from having been under conviction or sin or because of offices friendly to those interests exerted by Payne and Aldrich, Cannon and Hale, whereby laws designed for heir control were made to their order? What meaneth this word "now?"

Which Prayers?

REVEREND JOSEPH TWITCHELL stated at the Twain memorial meeting lately held at Carnegie Hall, New York, that he had traveled much with Twain at home and abroad, that they usually slept in the same room and the same bed and, hundreds of times, had joined in saying their prayers together. If the reverend gentleman also joined with Mark Twain in those short, pithy, pungent prayers which it was his custom to utter unceasingly from rising in the morning to retiring at night with surpassing unction and zeal, he can lay as little claim to piety as the "minister from Hawaii" who once scandalized the guides in the Maine woods by the stories he told, in that they had never before heard such language come from the mouth of any minister.

Of Interest to the Antiquarian

LOS GATOS HAS A CHURCH and the church has a pastor in the person of Rev. Robert Whitaker whose parishioners have caught him in the act of doing some independent thinking, with the result that heresy charges have been preferred against him. Knowing nothing of the points at issue this paper merely observes that Los Gatos should be a most interesting place for antiquarian investigators to visit and that it must be a real pleasure to a competent phrenologist to fumble the cranial developments of the persons who have filed these charges. There are few trained, Protestant theological professors in this or any other Protestant country whom existing pre-Adamite communicants in small churches would tolerate in their pulpits, and yet if the results of the researches of these professors were taken frankly to the people half the infidelity of our time would dissipate like a mist before the sun.

Brandeis

AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE FELLOW that Louis D. Brandeis, as incomprehensible as Heney, for instance. For why should a great lawyer despise fortune, eschew the smart set, live in a flat furnished with twenty-year old wedding presents given by friends to set the young people up in housekeeping, when, by hearing the call of duty coming from the same direction that comes the big fee, he could become a millionaire as well as not, and live abroad half the time off the earnings of his industrious and poorly paid professionad underlings; in short, be a gentleman among gentlemen? An incomprehensible man, but a man who is opening the way whereby other men, of great abilities and professional skill, may see the interests of the poor as ably supported at the bar of justice as the interests of the rich, the public interests as well protected as special interests. Honor to Brandeis! Such a splendid example of unselfish service cannot fail of inspiring many imitators.

With One Foot

THERE WERE THOSE WHO EXPECTED that, seeing themselves with a majority in the House of Representatives, the Democrats would forget the horrors of one-man-rule and insist on giving Champ Clark, as Speaker, the same power to appoint committees that Cannon has had, but recent events assure us to the contrary. Committees in the next congress will be constituted by a committee, but those who looked for Democrats to move forward a peg on the tariff issue and stand for "all the protection that is needed without a dollar for monopoly," will be disappointed. The Democrats are harking back to the tomb of "tariff for revenue only." They are progressing with but one foot, not both, and so will quickly lose all they have gained.

The Arizona Idea

Whatever we may think of the prudence of the makers of the constitution for Arizona we must admire their intrepidity in making the judiciary subject to the recall provisions of their organic law. The bench is horrified at it, the bar murmurs because of it, and the President stands aghast that any commonwealth could dream of such an innovation.

But wherefore?

The concept of a truly independent judiciary has, in practice, proven an iridiscent dream. The bench is as certainly, if not quite as much, influenced by the power that puts its members on the bench as honorable senators are influenced by the power that makes them senators. A judge may, for conscience's sake, stand out against the power that made him a judge, but so may a senator and, whether judge or senator, each instinctively knows that the day of reckoning will come.

Our judges are scarcely less in politics than are our senators, and in partisan politics at that. The supreme bench of California is impaired by the presence on it of a man notoriously known to be a principal lieutenant of the head of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company, a man who has exerted a potent influence in determining to whom judicial honors shall be open and to whom they shall not. The supreme bench is also unadorned by one who has made petty politics his diversion, if not his occupation, throughout his career and it was by that ladder that he climbed to his present high station. The memory of the really great Justice Stephen J. Field was rendered execrable on this coast as much because of his injurious political activities as because of his decision that the Southern Pacific Company is a negro and therefore deserving of the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment.

This paper is not much impressed with the recall provisions in the new charters and constitutions that are being adopted. It is fearful of the injudicious indulgence in popular waves of feeling that sometimes sweep over a community carrying the people off their feet. It prefers government by the sober second thought of the citizenry, that riper judgment that comes of having cooled off, but so long as our benches are mainly filled with politicians, why should not the recall apply to them as certainly as to their political confreres, the sheriffs, legislators, mayors, commissioners, or what not?

The reconstitution of the supreme court of the United States is not of less partisan concern than the reconstitution of the United States senate and House of Representatives. Will the reconstructed bench prove progressive or conservative? Will it be radical or reactionary? Will its members line up on the side of human rights or rights of property to the infliction of human wrongs? These questions are being asked by all thoughtful citizens all over the nation and the answer will be awaited with profound concern. "Whose man is he?" is just as much an issue with reference to judges as with reference to legislators or commissioners, and proprietorship is as frequently determined by type of mind as title deed.

A contemporary declares with pious unction that, "The judiciary is the bulwark of personal and property rights." It is the bulwark of property rights, of huge and dominating financial interests which have the power to designate who shall be judges, but rarely of those human rights that place mankind above property, the body above the raiment, the soul above the body.

In testimony whereof may be cited the decision of that federal judge in North Carolina who interposed the corpse of state rights between the majesty of justice and white slave traffickers dealing in the bodies of young female immigrants enticed over from Europe; or that Mississippi judge who held with the obnoxious Grosscup that the number of offenses committed by the Standard Oil Company against the interstate commerce law was not to be determined by the number of orders filled and shipments made in contravention of that law, but by the number of settlements, although the corporation might, under that construction, do an unlawful business every day for a year and yet be subject to a single fine; or that court of Pennsylvania that found no harm in a combination of the anthracite railroads to keep up the price of coal to the millions of consumers along the Atlantic seaboard.

Some effective way is needed for making public officials answerable to The People—the source of all law. Perhaps the recall may serve for the want of a better, but so long as government is by a plutocratic oligarchy, instead of by The People, not even the recall will be very effective to that end. The point sought to be made is this: That in very truth, however repugnant to theory, there is no reason having its root in human experience, why the recall should apply to other officials and not to judicial officers. They feed on the same meat and get to their positions by the same road of advancement, and if there be no other difference what's the difference?

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

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For the Peace of the World

The setting aside by Andrew Carnegie of $10,000,000, the interest from which is to be used for fostering the peace of the world, tends to reconcile one to the existence of fortunes amounting to $10,000,000, although the world could and should, and probably will, attain permanent peace by other and better methods.

It is not clear just what the twenty-five persons selected to be trustees of the fund will be able to do with it. There is little need of educating the public mind in favor of international peace, except that public sentiment may force its will upon a reluctant class, chiefly engaged in manufacturing and selling munitions of war, and so overcome that source of international friction, but half a million a year, scattered over Europe and America, will hardly accomplish so much as that. Perhaps it were better to expend the whole ten millions in the next ten years, or in five, making a hurrah campaign for international tranquility. Good will come of this benefaction, but we must not look to it to solve the problem.

The Socialists are likely, in their pestiferous ways, to accomplish much more for international peace than the Carnegie fortune could accomplish were it all devoted to that one end. Their comradeship transcends international boundaries and involves in one brotherhood men of all the nations of Europe who can scarcely be hired, coaxed or forced to fight each other.

Those international brotherhoods of men who gain their livings by their hands are, next to the Socialists, the most effective force now working for the peace of the world, unless we hold that the Asiatic is not of this world. Millions of men can do much more than millions of money.

The greatest obstacle in the way of universal peace is the ancient fraternity of war-tax eaters. There is no important agency that can be put to use for the dissemination of war scares, and false fears for war, that they do not corrupt and subsidize. There is not a peg upon which can be hung a rumor of impending war between Great Britain and Germany, the United States and Japan, that is not made the most of to incite those very suspicions and fears of war which are most likely to produce war. If those rumors could be run down scarcely one of them would be found that did not emanate from some beneficiary of the war fund, some person or corporation that must profit by war but which by no means could be induced to go out upon the firing line. Pressing private business would unavoidably detain them at home.

Perhaps no better service can be performed by this committee than to run to earth and expose the source of those rumors, giving true news in place of false news that the people of no country need be deceived. The shadow of impending conflict hovering over Great Britain and Germany blights Europe like an evil eye, and there are many reasons for believing that it is wholly generated by industrious press bureaus financed by shipbuilders and gun manufacturers. Suffer this benefaction to be devoted to dispelling the menacing war clouds that overhang Britain and Germany, the United States and Japan, and as great good may be hoped for from it as is to be hoped for from any use that can be made of that particular conscience fund.

After the Loan Sharks

It is good news that Senator Stetson of Alameda is preparing a measure to limit the atrocities of the loan sharks that take extreme advantage of those whom extreme necessity brings to their counter. All over the world "Uncle Isaac" has his place, and his function is one necessary to be performed. In some cities, during hard times, the homes are fairly stripped of everything portable to be retrieved when times get better, but minus a defalcation, for it is nothing less, for the service performed, that would bankrupt anyone who was not bankrupt already. Ten, twelve, fifteen per cent. a month is a devourer whose appetite increases in proportion to what he consumes, but so far legislation has had hardly any other effect than to make it the more difficult for the very needy to secure any help at all at any price. The best palliative yet found is to establish loan offices through either private or public philanthropy where such rates are charged as are reasonable and yet profitable. However, all good people will wish all possible good fortune to attend Senator Stetson in his laudable endeavor.

Fresno's Relapse

There is that in the I. W. W. that is dangerous **if corked.** With the stopple out so that it may freely effervesce it is only disagreeable and, at the worst, exasperating. The law of "birds of a feather" has differentiated this organization from other labor organizations and has drawn to it the militant enthusiasts that were formerly in the amen corner of other labor organizations. It was a good riddance for unionism when the men took their departure. Being goaded, they may easily become criminals. Being set upon and mistreated, they may be made into mar-

tyrs and call to their aid men of high character and broad sympathy. Being denied justice, they may easily resort to the use of matches and petroleum if not to the infernal machine and dynamite. The one remedy that can be applied to them with any hope of a cure is justice, such patient, fair treatment as will leave in their hearts no sense of malice. Bid them say what they please to anyone who cares to listen, but beware what they do. The men of Fresno who assaulted them and burned their camp resorted to those elemental resources of raiding their enemies which befit a tribal relation. They lost their heads. Fortunate Fresno if it lose not more as a consequence of that aboriginal act!

Kicked Up Stairs

At New York, some weeks ago, Chairman Knapp of the interstate commerce commission addressed an assemblage of railroad supply men and, in advance of the hearings and findings of the commission, virtually committed himself to the increase in freight rates for which the railroads are contending. That very night blood spots were observable on the face of the moon. His associates on the commission protested that he should get off it. He is off it. The President has given him the long term on the bench of the new court of commerce to which must go all appeals from the decisions of the interstate commerce commission, where he can be of greater service to the railroad interests than where he was on the interstate commerce commission. He has been kicked up stairs when he deserved to be kicked down and out.

Ought He To Have Done It?

On his recent visit to Richmond, President Taft, in open carriage, was driven by the bronze statue, in heroic mold, of Jefferson Davis, and as he passed under its shadow he saluted it by uncovering in its presence, whereat the Richmond assemblage was overjoyed. Did he do right? The issue is not easy. In rendering judgment sentiment is not unlikely to sway the best of us from a due course. We may, and should, forgive those leading spirits who took up arms against their country's flag and precipitated the greatest and most bitterly contested civil war in all human history. Their retribution was terrible, but unless human standards of right and wrong are to be abandoned as not to be depended upon the precipitation of that war was the monumental crime of the nineteenth century and Jefferson Davis was one of the greatest and most persistent among the precipitants. To forgive is a duty, to love is a pleasure, to forbear from all that can open old wounds is a patriotic obligation, but not while the world stands should the right and wrong of an issue that cost so much in blood and treasure be permitted to become obscured. The dead in half a million graves cry out against the impiety of such an act. The Virginians love Davis and we love the Virginians, but it does not follow that we also must love Davis or do honor to his memory. Without injustice to those who died that the nation might live we cannot.

James N. Gillett

A number of his admirers have arranged to tender a banquet to retiring Governor James N. Gillett. To be sure, the enterprise emanates from those who are aboard the same political toboggan with himself, but, prompted by the spirit of good fellowship, not a few others will attend from motives of sheer magnanimity.

A proper study of the subject of this article requires that he be viewed as man, as governor and as politician. History, if it concern itself with him at all, will so view him.

As man he is up-standing, courageous, money-honest; rough and ill disciplined, but not unkindly; able to give and take hard blows; not a student, not reflective, inclined to act first and consider it afterward and, unless swayed by passion, very much preferring to do a good deed rather than a bad one. We know no reason why, as private citizen, anyone would not willingly overlook the foibles of James N. Gillett and rank him a royal good fellow, a typical American who has hewn his way through life by force of will and manly courage.

As governors come and go James N. Gillett has not made a bad governor. The machinery of government has not run with more of friction or less of efficiency than in the cases of many of his predecessors. He disturbed in their official positions relatively few who were really expert in their work. While his appointments have not been made with eye as single to the good of the service as in the case of Governor Pardee, they have been more promptly made. He has not procrastinated. Indecision is not one of his faults. Rather is he chargeable with deciding off-hand, wholly without deliberation, and, afterward, reconsidering his determination and deciding the other way. That is temperamental and characteristic of his gubernatorial career. He is, as we have said, money-honest and he has given California as monetarily-honest an administration as was possible with the men he had to work with.

The political phase of the career of James N. Gillett is the one that will fix his place in the history of California and not all the perfumes of Araby can make that career smell sweet. Starting out with a laudable ambition, and with loyalty to the public interests as it was given him to understand those inteersts, he made an honorable record in the state senate and, on the strength of that record, was sent to the congress of the United States where, at this distance, his record appeared to be unobjectionable at the worst, if not positively good.

But during his congressional career he learned that political advancement in California lay along the lines of subserviency to the Republican "organization" and that the Republican party "organization" was the private property of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company. He was ambitious. The devil, taking for the occasion the form of the late E. H. Harriman, took him up in a high place and showed him all California and, metaphorically, said to him: "If you will conserve our special interest and be dutiful and obedient to our desires we will make you governor." "It looks good to me," Gillett said, and it was so.

Then followed the Santa Cruz convention, the infamy of which not a co-conspirator of them will ever live down, the stentorian bawling of George A. Knight up and down the length and breadth of the state that "Jim Gillett is no man's man," and his election by something like 60,000 less than a majority of the votes cast.

There is this to be said for the native integrity of Mr. Gillett's character, he "stayed bought." Not once in his gubernatorial career has he disobeyed the power that made him governor, and the humiliating spectacle of so strong a man's subserviency aroused the populace to an indignation that would content itself with nothing short of the destruction, both root and branch, of the system of government by and for special interest.

And is it to be supposed that a banquet more or less will disinfect that attainder! Not one among those co-conspirators will survive to live that deep damnation down. He emptied the gubernatorial office of all the honor it had contained.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

A ball and chain securely locked to the ankle, and the key lost, is a serious impediment to locomotion, although it is possible, by picking up the ball and carrying it, to make considerable headway. The Oregon boot was a finality. No man who had one of these clasped about his ankle ever got far from where he then was until relieved of that burden.

However, these obstructions to getting on in the world were applied by authority of law for the reason that he who had thus to be restrained of his liberty had been found unworthy of it; but what shall we say of the folly of one who handicaps his own progress by locking about his own ankle a ball-and-chain or Oregon boot?

The brain is as necessary to getting on as are the legs and feet. Indeed there are diseases of the brain that make the feet useless. It is somwhere in that wonderful cavity of the cranium that we live, from it that we move and by it we have our being. There is a great deal that is not yet known about the brain, what gives to one power of mind leading unto greatness and to another imbecility that leads unto folly and destruction. Neither dissection nor the miscroscope discloses and essential difference and yet the difference is spanned by the distance between Shakespeare and the town fool.

The nerve element is as mysterious as the element of which the brain is formed. The microscope has little to tell of it, and yet one person is iron nerved and the nerve element of another is as unstable as gelatin. Every joggle sets it of a quiver. The ball of the eye is not more susceptible to injury than brain and nerve. The slightest lesion in either case may easily be the equivalent of ball-and-chain or Oregon boot as a hindrance to getting on in the world, to doing one's life work. How careful, then, should each of us be lest harm come to brain or nerve, either in our own case or in the cases of those whom destiny or circumstance has put in our custody?

But how commonly do we see a young man, just fitting himself for that service in life where excuses for failure, however good or bad, are never the equivalent for having made good—how often do we see such in one going about contentedly sucking a short stemmed pipe! It is the mental equivalent to the physical impediment of the ball-and-chain and, if stuck to constantly and sucked hard, it can be made the equivalent of the Oregon boot. Ralph Waldo Emerson used to liken it to a crowbar with which to pry among those wonderful brain convolutions whose texture is so delicate and ramifications of nerve fibres and blood vessels so intricate as to defy dissection and baffle computation.

There are scientists who defend the moderate use of alcoholic beverages, claiming that the consolation afforded may overbalance the injury, but not a scientific investigator in the world denies the injury or will question the fact that the presence of even the smallest quantity of alcohol in the blood blunts the mind, clouds perception, impairs the understanding, reduces the efficiency. It may be true enough that one person, steeped in alcohol and saturated with nicotine like a ham cured with salt and smoke, may perform services more efficiently than another not so handicapped. If the purpose of the social order were to so overload the capable as to make a race with a slower but lighter loaded person interesting, it might be different, but society has no such purpose. It demands of each one the best there is in him and imposes no handicaps. Why, then, at a stage in the world's history when the rivalries of life are keener than ever before, should any sane person shackle his own powers, chain his intellectual aptitude or bolt around the ankle of his own opportunity an Oregon boot? Cigarette stained fingers afford so conclusive evidence of the existence of such a fool that the Santa Fe railroad will take into its employ no more young men with fingers so stained.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

How Woman Suffrage Works in New Zealand

Lady Stout, wife of the chief justice of New Zealand, recently had published in an English magazine an article dealing with the effect of the votes of women in New Zealand. Some of her assertions are of interest in any state which, like California, is not unlikely to give women the right to vote in a not distant day. Lady Stout assures us that the proportion of women to men voting is as 79 to 80. That is, the women practically take as much interest in voting as do the men. Moreover, she asserts that "the statement that women do not exercise the franchise is only applicable to that class who spend their time in amusement." She admits that there are few women office-holders, and adds, "We seem to be able to get what we want by our vote." Since women began to vote, women in prisons, jails and hospitals have been safeguarded as never before, and the welfare of children receives a new consideration. With all the rest, Lady Stout says that, "instead of becoming addicted to masculine habits as a result of suffrage, New Zealand women have developed a much higher standard of womanhood and the duties and obligations of motherhood." Which should be vastly consoling to the good men who have gravely feared that the mere act of voting would convert woman into a cross between a man and the unguessable What-is-it. On the whole Lady Stout's report is both reassuring and—what might have been expected.

Effect of Use of Tobacco

If a young man, or boy, desires only to cultivate himself physically he may use tobacco, for it will not injure him in that respect. If, on the contrary, he desires to cultivate his mind he should not use it, for it will injure him mentally. Such are the conclusions at which Dr. George L. Meylan, head of the Columbia university gymnasium, has arrived after making a test which must be admitted to be fairly thorough. He examined 223 students, 115 of whom were smokers. As the result of his investigation, he determined that the smokers averaged slightly better physically than did the non-smokers, although he attributes this difference to chance rather than to the smoking habit. On the contrary, the non-smokers averaged noticeably better mentally than did the smokers, and as this is a condition generally found to exist, he thinks the inferiority is due to smoking. He sums up his conclusions as follows: "All scientists are agreed that the use of tobacco by adolescents is injurious; parents, teachers and physicians should strive earnestly against its use. There is no scientific evidence that the moderate use of tobacco by healthy, mature men produces any beneficial or injurious physical effects that can be measured. There is an abundance of evidence that tobacco produces injurious effects on certain individuals suffering from various affections, persons with an idiosyncrasy against tobacco and all persons who use it excessively. It has been shown that the use of tobacco by college students is closely associated with idleness, lack of ambition and application and low scholarship." These are Dr. Meylan's ultimate conclusions, but it is to be doubted whether any young man anywhere will refrain from smoking on account of them. Why should he? The use of the weed, it appears, may not injure the body, and mental development is a matter that a large number of us overlook.

The First Aeroplane Union Recognized

For the first time in history an agreement has been made and entered into between the manufacturers of ships to fly in the air, on the one hand, and the men who construct such ships on the other. The agreement is signed by representatives of the Aerial Navigation Company of America and by those of the International Association of Machinists. The minimum wage agreed upon for a nine hour day, is 42½ cents an hour, with pay and a half for overtime, which, as it allows $3.82 a day to the poorest of the workers, will be recognized as fair compensation. Yet it certainly will not be considered excessive when it is understood that, by the terms of the agreement, an apprentice must prepare himself by four years service at the trade before he will be recognized as a properly instructed mechanic. And so another trade has been added to the multitude of them, a trade which would have been undreamed of a decade ago. All of which undoubtedly suggests again that the world really "do move."

What They Want to Know in Germany

The German census, which now is being taken, and which is expected to show a population of 65,000,000 for the Kaiser's realm, is particularly interesting because of the little, intimate, personal facts the census officials desire to know concerning the lives of citizens. To illustrate the idea, here are some of the questions the census blanks contain:

"Were your babies nursed on their mother's breast, or by wet nurses, or from the bottle?"

"Are you subject to epileptic fits?"

"How many of your house windows look out on the street?"

"What are the names of the various rooms in your dwelling?" (Apparently no provision is made for people who neither name nor christen their rooms.)

"What is the religion of your servants?"

"How many bath rooms have you?"

"Do you cook with gas or other fuel?"

"What rent do you pay?"

What a social, friendly interest is displayed in such questions! And yet they seem to fall short. For instance, just as the officials are interested in the hired girl's religion, so should they be desirous of knowing her parents' theological status. And why should interest be confined to epileptic fits? Is not appendicitis, for example, just as fascinating? There are so many other questions which, in their answers, would entertain the neighbors that it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that the Kaiser's paternal government either has gone too far or not far enough.

The Hobble Skirt Gets Busy

It was at Eli Nebraska, that the hobble skirt made what probably is its best record to date. The skirt was worn by a Mrs. Brayton, and she was happy in the thought that it was the first one introduced into Eli. She wore it to a dance in order to properly display it, and all went merry as a marriage bell until, in dancing, she attempted to make a turn too hastily and got into a controversy with the hobble which resulted in laying her upon the floor. Her partner lost no time in falling over her, and thereafter every couple that came along fell over all who had fallen before them. The result was a sadly mixed pile of struggling humanity, one broken leg, one broken ankle, and cuts, scratches and bruises innumerable. Since then the physicians of the town have been quite busy, but it is gratifying to be able to report that the hobble skirt was uninjured; others who were there are moaning and groaning, but it merely awaits new worlds to conquer.

American Dollars in England

When the British Unionists protested against the use of American dollars to advance the Liberal cause, contending that it should be beneath English dignity to look to American coin for assistance, the Liberal papers came back at them with a hilarious ha ha combined with a reference to recognized facts. They published such tables as the following: The Duke of Marlborough married $10,000,000 and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt; the eighth (late) Duke of Marlborough married $3,000,000 and Mrs. Lillian Hammersley; the Duke of Roxburghe, $10,000,000 and Miss May Goelet; the Duke of Manchester, $2,000,000 and Miss Zimmerman; eighth (late) Duke of Manchester $1,000,000 and Miss Consuelo Yznaga; Earl of Craven, $1,000,000 and Miss Bradley Martin; Earl of Strafford, $1,000,000 and Mrs. Cora Colgate; Earl of Donoughmore, $500,000 and Miss Grace of New York; Lord Curzon, $5,000,000 and Miss Mary Leiter. All of the brides were American women, and all of the millions were American millions. More such facts have been presented by the Liberal papers, but the foregoing are enough to make that protest against the importation of American money sound like a voice from the tombs, or perhaps one should say, like a voice from the bridal chamber. Probably it is unnecessary to add that the Unionists showed a disposition to drop the subject.

The Latest Device for Killing

The latest thing in the way of a projectile is a rifle bullet which might be described as a small bomb, inasmuch as it explodes when it is shot against any object. If it proves to be as successful in operation as is anticipated, it is expected that it will be highly destructive to airships of all kinds, so destructive, indeed, that if not ruled out of the war game by the Geneva convention it is thought not improbable that it will render the employment of airships in war impossible.

The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful sad-eyed women: "Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?" Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered: "Well, I suppose I ought to be; I married one."—Washington Star.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

"CELEBRATED CRIMINAL CASES"

"Celebrated Criminal Cases of America" is the title of a recently published book of which Captain Duke of the San Francisco police department is the author. The volume, which contains 657 pages, doubtless is the most complete history of notorious crimes committed in this country that has been published. Its matter is presented concisely, lucidly, entertainingly, and one of its best features is that it leaves to the morbid reader no opportunity to enroll himself in the list of those abnormals who render their hero-worship to monstrous criminals. As Captain Duke depicts it, crime is crime, and is not admirable, nor is it possible for the reader to carry from his book any impression that it is.

The volume, which is extensively illustrated by pictures of detectives, criminals, etc., is divided into three natural divisions, as follows:

First—Celebrated criminal cases of San Francisco;

Second—Celebrated Pacific Coast cases;

Third—Celebrated eastern cases.

In the first division, which follows a brief history of the San Francisco police department, are included the story of the Vigilantes, of the duel between Judge Terry and Senator Broderick, the Denis Kearney riots, the record of such early bandits as Joaquin Murieta and Tiburcio Vasquez, and the concise details of every noted crime which has written its portion of dishonor in San Francisco's story.

The second division gives the details of all notable crimes committed up or down the Pacific Coast, and in the third are included the histories of the James and Younger brothers, the story of presidential assassinations and a host of other tales of crime.

Straight to the mark goes Captain Duke's narrative. There is absolutely no attempt at histrionic effect, and a most laudable feature of the book—it has been said, but it deserves emphasis—is that it is so written that it cannot possibly leave any taste for crime on the palate of the reader. Concerning the book, Mr. William Pinkerton, the celebrated detective, says:

"I want to congratulate you on the complete and concise manner in which you have gotten this book up and for the accuracy of the enormous amount of data it contains. It is an extremely interesting encyclopedia of facts."

And Madison Bentley, professor of psychology, Cornell university, expresses the following opinion of the book:

"The author has been at great pains to collect and arrange a mass of material which is of intense interest to the criminologist and psychologist as well. I shall be glad to recommend this work."

To the foregoing let us add that the ordinary reader undoubtedly will be as deeply interested in the book as will be the more recondite criminologist and psychologist.

(The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco, $3.)

"I RULE THE HOUSE"

Among the recent offerings for the holiday trade—or, for that matter, for any other trade—few will be found more dainty or desirable than Edmund Vance Cooke's latest volume of poems, and the author's many admirers will give it a cordial welcome, for the readers of "Impertinent Poems," "Chronicles of the Little Tot," and other similar books are not likely to overlook their author.

"The name of the little volume, "I Rule the House," is suggestive of the character of its verse, for what one of us does not know who it is that rules the house? Who is it who does not know that the family despot who will be obeyed is he (or she) who nods and chuckles and issues orders from that high chair of which Mr. Cooke writes:

"Of all the chairs of church or state,
Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will,
'Tis written in the book of fate
The high-chair is the highest still."

Very delightful and decidedly clever is the child-verse in this little book, as, coming from Mr. Cooke's pen, it was certain to be. From its rich variety of daintiness it is difficult to choose, for while one reader would be pleased by the quaint humor of some poem, another would find greater satisfaction in some verse revealing the more tender secrets of child-nature. On the one hand, read how:

"The coppenter man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day.
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say."

From such a touch of humor turn to this from "The Baby Who Never Cried":

"Little lamp quenched in the lighting,
Little bud blighted in bloom,
Little star lost in the sighting,
Little thread snapped in the loom,
Little ship wrecked in the launch into life,
Sunk ere you started to sail,
Knowing no whit of the calm or the strife,
Unhailing and hearing no hail,
Passed, and so swift was your fleeting
There came not the sound of a sigh,
Neither a token of greeting,
Nor a symbol of sad good-by."

So Mr. Cooke's verse runs the gamut from tears to laughter, but with far more of smiles than of sighs. The volume is so bound and decorated as to be worthy of its contents—an unusually dainty gift, whether for the holidays or some other season.

(Dodge Publishing Co., New York.)

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS

"The Potato Child," by Mrs. Charles J. Woodbury, is one of the most appealing stories about children we have ever read. Little Elsie, boarded out to the cold but just Miss Amanda, starves for the love she does not receive and finds an outlet for her emotion in endearments lavished upon a doll made of a potato. The miracle wrought in her life and in that of Miss Amanda, on Christmas, she ascribes with true childish naivete to the "good one sweet, loving, contented potato-child can do in a house." The author of this winning story, by the way, is a resident of Berkeley. (Price, 35 cents, net.)

"Love and Friendship," by Lillyan Shaffner, is one of those small books that make companions of themselves for a long time because of their compact epigrams. Every time it is re-read a new angle of truth or suggestion shows up what was not seen before. A few samples, picked at random, may whet the appetite for the full course:

"The One who made hearts,—only He can unite them."

"Years make the man; love the woman."

"Love was created so that man might understand women; friendship, so that man might understand man."

"Man's best friend is supposed to be a dog—dogs never talk back."

The little volume is bound in wine-colored cover-paper, a very attractive style. (Price, 35 cents, net.)

"Sonnets from the Portuguese, with Lyric Interludes," is a limited edition of this classic sonnet cycle, arranged as Robert Browning liked to read them, with the interspersion of lyrics in the same personal key but in different meters. The edition is an exquisite piece of art, set in Caslon italic old-style type, with marginal decorations, and bound in Ancona boards. This is one of the happiest experiments in gift books we have seen. (Price, $1.75, net.)

All the books reviewed above are published by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco.

Rehearsals have begun for "The Boss," the new play by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," in which Holbrook Blinn will be presented by William A. Brady.

"UNCLE REMUS'S" SECRET

Not only did "Uncle Remus" have his enthusiasms, but he had a little literary secret of his own, which he died believing that no one had discovered; and out of which he managed to get a great deal of mild amusement, says the New York Times.

When the magazine which he had founded came to consider the inauguration of a book-review department, it was discovered that there were very few people who could write just the sort of book reviews the editor cared for. His assistants presented a dozen or more aspiring candidates, but only one or two turned out the sort of work Mr. Harris wanted. Finally he came into the office one day with a rather triumphant air and announced that he had discovered a book reviewer who almost suited him.

She was an old maid, he said, a woman of nearly sixty; and she lived in London. He had known her in Georgia before and during the war, and had always wondered why it was that she had never written anything. And he had lost track of her, only to resume an interrupted correspondence a year or two before. She had agreed to do book reviews and forward the copy from London. Her name was Anne MacFarland, and she had a rather sour temper, and he preferred to edit her copy himself.

The office force noticed that Mr. Harris had always copied off Miss MacFarland's reviews on his own typewriter before sending them or bringing them to the office; and they also noticed in the first installment that she had a style very like that of Mr. Harris himself. When the managing editor ran across the word "pestered" in Miss MacFarland's "copy" he began to suspect that she was Mr. Harris himself.

But he did not tell "Uncle Remus." He waited for further and more conclusive evidence; and finally he got it, but even then he did not unmask the villain. He merely formed the habit, as did the rest of the staff, of sneering at Miss MacFarland's literary views in Uncle Remus's hearing, just to see how he would take it. He took it with a chuckle and a chew of tobacco to hide the chuckle, as a rule; but he would be finally driven to a mild defense.

"Well, she's an old woman," he would say, "and she's soured a little on the world. These old women get a little caustic you know. But I think she can write. Of course her style doesn't have the go to it that you young fellows like. I've read better stuff, and I've read worse stuff. She's not one of these rapid-fire performers you young fellows admire—but maybe she knows what she's talking about, after all, just as well as they do."

We never admitted to like Anne MacFarland's style, and continued to stick up our collective noses at her work. "Well, you know, she's just an old fogey—just an old fogey like me," he would say with a chuckle; "you can't expect her to please real literary critics like you young fellows." And with this shot he would go out chuckling.

Gradually Anne MacFarland assumed a more and more tangible form in Mr. Harris's imagination. She became the heroine of a whole serial story which he built up around her. She was a "buxom lass" when he last saw her, he said, and sighed sentimentally. Finally we accused him of an early romance with her; and he denied it in such a way as to show that the idea pleased him, and that he would not care if we believed it. And bit by bit we got the story of Anne's life and adventures out of him. He did it all so naturally and so casually that in spite of our positive knowledge that Anne never existed, there were times when we believed in her.

We planned a denouement for the little comedy; but it never worked out. Mr. Harris fell ill and the Anne MacFarland copy stopped coming in. She was the last character he created.

THE CATHOLIC HUMANE ASSOCIATION

ITS BENEFICENT WORK FOR CHILDREN AND WOMEN

The Catholic Settlement and Humane Association has been in existence for only three years, but in that time it has been an instrument of incalculable service to 1,600 children and of very great service in another way to another 500 children and to sixty or more mothers. And in other ways, to be described in this article, it has been of much use to many young women. It is, altogether, one of the most significant and successful charities in San Francisco.

The association was founded in January, 1908, by the Rev. Hannigan of St. Mary's parish. At that time it was designed wholly as a work for the rescue of wayward, neglected, abandoned or orphan children. In spite of the existence of other charities of similar purpose, a large field of usefulness at once opened before the association. The method adopted by the association was one commended by the experience of the Associated Charities and other organizations, the method of "boarding out" the charges. By this method, instead of maintaining an institution for the care of the children, with all that such an institution implies of great expenditure, high maintenance charges, and the depressing "institutional" atmosphere about the child—at best a poor substitute for family life on even the worst terms—the child is placed with a reputable family in moderate circumstances, the family receiving a small monthly remuneration for caring for the child—enough to pay for its keep and a small profit besides.

The big mill of life rapidly ground out its grist of charges for the association. First came the wayward children, who had run the gauntlet of the Juvenile Court and by it been committed to the care of the association. To commit these children to an institution is useless, for they may not be kept there after they are fourteen, when they are turned adrift to learn again the lesson of the streets. But to place them in homes, under the watchful eye of sympathetic family heads, is to place them in the midst of hopeful and uplifting influences, where they may be kept while character forms and until a committee of businessmen belonging to the parish have found them work at which they may have the right sort of incentive to steady and honorable living.

The abandoned children are another class, and a problem of themselves. Most of these are foundling babes, offspring of illicit passions, whom the mothers wish at once to lose sight of as reminders of shame. Even where the maternal instinct has grown strong enough to make the mothers wish to keep their children, the influence of the mother's family is usually brought to bear to have them put out of sight. In dealing with such cases there is a compensating advantage for the charity workers, for such children are released absolutely from all claims by the parents, and may at once be placed out for permanent adoption. This was the method pursued by the association until the recent formation of a committee of the Native Daughters of the Golden West to handle such cases, since when the association has turned over all such cases to that committee.

Another class of abandoned children is that in whose cases the parents have separated and the mother has married again or has drifted into an immoral life, and who has, in consequence, left her children to the care of chance. These children are handled in much the same way as wayward and orphaned children.

The neglected children offer probably the most perplexing problem, because the parents are constantly interfering with their proper care. The fact that the parents retain some interest in the child prevents any effort toward adoption, and interferes with all other arrangements for its care. And yet some of the most remarkable successes of the association have come from such cases. For instance, one neglected child committed to its care by court order was the child of a young woman who was a confirmed dope fiend, the mother's mother, in turn, being also a dope fiend. But both mother and grandmother, when in their right mind, were devotedly attached to the child, completely wrapped up in it. The association workers so worked upon this mother love in the two women that they finally effected their release from the drug habit so completely that now not only has the child been restored to them but they have justified the association in boarding out with them several other of its charges. Other notable rescues from the abandoned life, especially in the cases of women addicted to drink, have been effected by this playing upon the mother love.

From child rescue work the association branched out into other fields of usefulness. Attention was turned to the girls who work in the factories. To try out the idea of the association's leader, arrangements were made with the management of the American Biscuit Company by which that company turned over to the association an unused portion of one floor of its factory on Battery street. Here, after hours, the male employes fitted up partition walls and made other necessary alterations to make a clubroom for the girls. The association supplied a piano and other accessories and the Swastika Club was formed. Here the girls eat their luncheons in cosy surroundings, and here, away from the untoward influences of the street, they spend the noon hour in social intercourse and the enjoyment of music. The association sends daily a pianist, who is at the call of the girls to play what they want to hear, whether accompaniments to songs or music for little impromptu dances. Several times a week a woman from the parish gives the girls little conversational talks on books. Once a week a trained nurse gives a lecture on personal hygiene and on the first aid to the injured and on the proper treatment for the minor injuries received in the routine of the factory work. Once a month an evening entertainment is held, where music, amateur theatricals and dancing are indulged in. And in the summer the home of a woman's order affiliated with St. Mary's parish is thrown open to the girls at San Mateo for two weeks, so that they can take their vacation in the country.

This club has been of enormous benefit and pleasure to the girls, and the superintendent of the factory, at a recent businessmen's banquet, strongly endorsed it for the moral effect upon the girls and for its practical usefulness to the management in the improvement of discipline and in the increased efficiency of the workers. Negotiations are now under way, looking toward an extension of this girls' club work to other industrial plants in the city.

Still another enterprise of the association concerns the children again, but as a preventive rather than as a curative function. In the districts where working people live, especially the Potrero and parts of the Mission, the problem of caring for the children after school hours is a serious one. Where both the father and mother work, children are left to run the streets from the closing of school at 3 o'clock until the parents come home at 6. Some of the evils of this freedom of the streets are simply appalling, some of them too disgusting to repeat. To combat these evils, the association has founded two settlements, one at 18th and Potrero, the other near Market and Guerrero. Five hundred children are enrolled at these settlements, where they are entertained at games and other amusements and taught such things as can be taught in a diverting way.

At one of the settlements there is also now in existence a mothers' club. At first the materials to be used for light sewing at its meetings were supplied by the association, but for the last several months the women, by the sale of garments made there, have paid all expenses of the maintenance of the club besides the expenses of numerous entertainments and of several outings. About sixty women now belong to this club, one woman coming all the way from Ingleside every Thursday to attend the weekly meeting.

Still another enterprise of the association is its free clinic, maintained at the headquarters at Oak and Webster streets. This clinic is held every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 10 in the morning until 12:30. Two doctors and a trained nurse are always in attendance. Ten other doctors are at call, most of them specialists in various diseases, especially diseases of children. The "foster mothers," or women with whom association charges are boarded out, are required to bring their charges once a month to this clinic, and, in case a child is ill or affected by a chronic complaint, at least once a week and sometimes twice, as long as treatment is necessary. Probably no children of equal economic station in life have so good care as these charges of charity. Not only are they regularly examined by the doctors, but the trained nurse devotes every afternoon to a tour of inspection of the homes in which they are placed, so that each charge is visited on an average of once a week. There are now under the constant care of the association about 360 children.

TOLSTOY ANECDOTES

"Is it true," was one of Tolstoy's questions to an English visitor in talking about conditions in America, "that there are men in the United States with as much wealth as they say?"

The reply was in the affirmative and Tolstoy then asked: "What religion do these men profess?"

His visitor told him he believed they were all Christians. Tolstoy remained silent for a minute or two, then remarked:

"I think the social revolution will break out first in the United States."

Not long ago the following anecdote went the round of the Russian papers. Tolstoy, noticing a policeman taking a drunken man in a somewhat forcible manner to the police station, stopped him and asked:

"Can you read?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And have you read the Gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you ought to know that we should not offend our neighbor."

The policeman looked the Count up and down, noticing his shabby appearance, and asked:

"Can you read?"

"Yes," said Tolstoy.

"And have you read the instructions to the police?"

"No."

"Very well, then; go and read them first and then come back and talk to me again."—New York Sun.

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" willl remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles's, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of last night's Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary burials are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.—London Standard.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Christmas Eve in Babytown

On Christmas Eve in Babytown the bairnies all are glad
As out they sail for Sleepyland, in tiny nighties clad,
But ere they sail their voices shrill must die to cheery hum,
For, oh, it is so hard to sleep when Santa Claus may come!
If he should come and—just suppose the chimney were too small,
Or that a reindeer broke a leg—oh, thought that must appal!
But still the Restland breezes blow, the web of dreams to weave,
Till e'en the brightest eyes must close on blessed Christmas Eve.

On Christmas Eve all mystery is vibrant in the air,
For how can Santa drive his team and visit everywhere?
And little eyes are bright, so bright all other lights seem dim,
And little hearts are light, so light they're like a song to Him;
And we whose feet are journey-worn, whose days at times are sad,
Look on the bonnie babes and smile to know that they are glad,
And low we whisper: "Unto them the soul of childhood leave,
That they may never quite forget the joy of Christmas Eve."

On Christmas Eve—oh, heart of mine, why do you whisper me
Of bairns who know not Santa Claus nor e'er his Christmas see?
The babies of the tenements, the tiny ones whose ways
Lead on through paths devoid of cheer to trouble-haunted days—
Oh, heart of mine, why trouble me? I would be glad tonight
As Christmas Time comes down the world, to set its woes to flight;
And yet I pray: "Dear Santa Claus, forget not those who grieve,
But bring thy comfort first to them on blessed Christmas Eve."

Little Things, But—

You arose in the morning feeling very well, thank you, and the world looked good to you, but soon you fell over the cat, and you said, "Blank that cat!" (although the word was not exactly "blank," either), and you then uttered burning words to your dear girl which caused a feeling of gloom to steal over her. A cat is a little thing, but—

After that last experience, you said that never, **never,** NEVER (the last word in the most awesome capitals) would you take another drink of the stuff that inebriates, but you met Brown, and he was feeling so convivial that he said, "What'll you take in yours?" and—well, one drink never hurt anybody, anyway, and when you went home that night you were a sort of an intermezzo between tragedy and farce-comedy, and Mabel felt dreadful. One drink is a little thing, but—

You know very well that Ethel is the best and finest girl in the world, but when she appeared in that new hobble skirt you expressed the unalterable conviction that it looked like thunder, and she said it was perfectly lovely, and bad led to worse, and before long she returned the ring to you, and it was almost four days before she would receive it back again, you having assured her in the meantime that you just doted on hobble skirts. A hobble skirt is a little thing (frequently too little), but—

These are but a few instances selected from a large museum of them, but they suffice to indicate that it is the little things which knock us out in the first round. Really, the big things do not amount to much, for, generally speaking, they do not arrive, but we do well to keep an eye on the little things, for in the long run, and the short, it is they that succeed in making a hurly-burly of trouble of life.

* * *

The Opinions of Rufus

I don't say that no man ever done it, but I never happened to know a man that got rich by cultivatin' his better an' tenderer feelin's.

I've known men that wus 'flicted with the microscope eye, the kind that sees little things easy 'nough but ain't wuth a whoop fer seein' big things.

Both in religion an' politics they's sech a thing es bein' so partisan a feller can't see the truth even if the Almighty goes out of His way to set it 'fore him.

It's said that praise is perfected out of the mouths of babes an' sucklin's, but I never wus able to 'preciate sech praise 'bout 3 a. m.

They's sech a thing es havin' so many idees that each one butts another out of the way 'fore it gits to be useful.

Josh Bings says one of the hardest things he knows of in this world is to git men to put money into plain righteousness without any promise of finanshul returns.

The diff'rence 'tween somé politishuns and a slight of hand performer is that you usually suspect how the slight of hand performer does it.

I don't claim that there ain't men that always tell the truth, but that don't pervent me frum sympathizin' with the poor, lonely fellers.

I know a doctor that never gives an emetic. He jest has his patient read the words of a popular song, an' that's enough.

They's jest two things I know of that make a speshulty of presentin' things all broken up. They're a kaleidoscope an' life.

They's a hero in 'most every crowd, but unless something serious happens we never find it out, an' like es not we're talkin' with the coward an' he's talkin' with one.

If pretence of merit didn't go 'bout es far es the reel article some of our best-known clubs would go out of business.

I'm goin' to have more faith in our school system when I strike more high school an' university graduates that can read reel intelligently.

* * *

An Allegory of Pessimism

Once upon a time a Being who was capable of enjoying and of suffering was suddenly set down in a land that he knew not, where many mists hid the light of the Sun of Knowledge.

The Being knew not whence he came.

He knew not whither he was going, nor what should be attained when he had gone; he knew only that soon he would be forgotten after he had passed on.

He knew not the purpose of his passage through the strange land of darkness and mystery.

It was given to him to love, and he knew that those he loved soon must be engulfed and lost in the mists that surrounded him.

He had intelligence enough to appreciate in part the gloomy mystery that enwrapped him, but not enough to solve it.

Other Beings like unto himself ran to and fro about him and set up signboards which always read, "This is the only way to Truth," and the signboards pointed in many directions.

And he knew that those about him who thought least of the whence and whither of the journey were happiest, as the shellfish for whom the kettle awaits is the happiest in knowing it not, yet he could not entirely forget the mighty question that confronted him.

Is the foregoing a picture of hell and one of its unfortunates?

Not so, for the Being is Man, and the country in which he wanders is that of this Earthly Existence.

Pessimistic? Yes, and too much so.

But if the picture is untrue in a single color or shade, wherein does the error lie?

The Old, Old Love

"There is no love like the young, young love."—From an old song.

There is no love like the old, old love,
The love that the years but strengthen
As hand in hand down the vale we rove,
While the eastward shadows lengthen.
The wrinkles will come and the hair turn gray,
For Time will forget us never,
But he knows no art that shall make his prey
The love that endures forever.

The form may stoop, but the heart bows not,
And it knows no gyve or fetter
While whispers one who has blessed your lot,
"I love you each year better."
On tremulous lips we print a kiss
So true that the gods might cherish—
Ah, the love of youth, it may die of bliss,
But the tried love ne'er shall perish.

I sing no song to the young, young love,
But to her who has shared my losses,
Who urges me still to the heights above,
Though knowing the weight of crosses;
To her I sing. 'Tis a love grown gray
In fields of the world's endeavor,
But I thank the Giver of good alway
For a love that endures forever.

* * *

Why the Good Partisan Went Below

The Wicked Man who had died and gone below was greatly surprised to find the Good Partisan warming his feet by a super-heated furnace.

"What! You here?" he cried. "I am surprised. I supposed that, of course, you went up stairs. How did it happen?"

"It happened because I chose that it should," the Good Partisan responded, with much dignity.

"Yes, but—would you be willing to tell me about it?"

"Certainly. I first went to the pearly gate, and I said to the gentleman in attendance there, 'Is this Heaven?'

"'That's what it is,' he responded. 'Walk right in.'

"'Will you kindly tell me,' said I, 'just where I will find the Demopublicans after I get in?'

"'The Demopubli—who?' says he.

"'The Demopublicans,' says I.

"'Never heard of them,' says he. 'Are they good people?'

"'You've been deceiving me,' said I. 'This is not Heaven.' With that I turned and walked away, and, as this was the only other place I could find I came here. There are lots of members of my party here, and I feel perfectly at home."

Moral: If many Good Partisans do not make that sort of choice in the next world it will be because they have changed greatly, for it is certain that they do here.

* * *

The Universal Hypocrite

The hypocrite, my thoughtful friend,
Is one who teaches what
The soul of him proclaims is true,
And yet doth live it not;
And, judging all men by this test,
To me 'tis clear, I trow,
The hypocrite is you, and I,
And all the skies below.

* * *

In the Latter-Day Style

"Did Augustus really propose to you?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did you reject him?"

"I certainly did."

"Oh, poor Augustus! What did he say then?"

"Very little, but he looked broken-hearted."

"Of course, but what did he say?"

"He said, 'Stung!'"

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Board of Control Idea of Government Mr. George H. Van Smith, in the Call of Sunday, with that forty-rows-of-apple-trees standard of nearness to the truth which characterizes so much of daily journalism, announced with flaring headlines that Mr. Clyde L. Seavey, assistant secretary of the State Board of Examiners, has in preparation a bill proposing to abolish local boards for the governing of institutions, except in relation to the state university and state prison. Mr. Seavey's measure contemplates nothing of the kind.

By the way this Clyde L. Seavey is one whom Mr. Johnson should retain where he is. Although a progressive Republican Mr. Gillett retained him because he had made himself indispensible to the auditing work of that office. Nothing can make him stand for the thing that is not right and his brain is so clear that he discerns the right from the wrong unerringly. If his board overrules him, as it sometimes does, he takes his medicine, but he always stands up until he is thrown down by superior authority and is just as ready to make another fight for the right as though he had not been beaten in the last one.

Mr. Seavey has a thorough understanding of the state's business. If the measure he has in preparation does not go the length he would like to have it it is because he doubts the readiness of the legislative mind to go so far at one bound. His measure will be prepared for submission to Governor Johnson at the right time.

What Seavey's Bill Does Contemplate The government of California is inexpert, inefficient and costly beyond all need and everyone who thinks he knows a way to better it does right in bringing his views to executive, legislative and public attention. Mr. Seavey's service will, we feel sure, be appreciated.

The Board of Examiners is composed of the governor, attorney-general, secretary of state and the secretary of the board itself. The first three members have duties of their own that occupy all their time, their signing of the claims is perfunctory, wholly guided by Mr. Seavey's heliograph denoting that the claim has been audited. Often more than two of these members are out of Sacramento and the allowance of claims is delayed.

Mr. Seavey's bill contemplates a board of control, of three persons, to be appointed by the governor, to take the place of the State Board of Examiners, do all the work they do and a great deal more that needs to be done.

It is proposed that this board have a general supervision over the financial and business policies of the state and, upon its own initiative or by direction of the governor, make such investigations into state affairs as the good of the service requires.

It is also to examine into and approve all contracts for supplying the state or its institutions before such contracts can be validated.

Constitute a purchasing department for the state with a fiscal agent of the board in each considerable state institution to the end that supplies may be bought in quantity and more cheaply than now with a reduction in the likelihood of petty peculation.

Institute a department of public accounting, with a superintendent thereof, and needed assistants, to outline and enforce a uniform system of public accounts and audit the accounts of all state institutions, as the bank examiners are presumed to expert the books of banks, at an hour when the institution knoweth not of their coming. These are the main features of Mr. Seavey's outline now in preparation, subject to such changes as further counsel and consideration may advise.

It is a good measure and if nothing more can be done at least this much should be.

What the State Really Requires There is not less need for simplifying, co-ordinating and fixing of responsibility in state than in city government, and the governmental machinery of California needs a thorough overhauling, but not all that needs to be done can be done at the next session of the legislature. Those institutions that are provided for in the constitution of the state must remain as they are until the constitution can be changed and that cannot well be done for two years.

Meantime, the services now perfunctorily performed, if performed at all, by the State Board of Examiners, State Lunacy Commission, State Advisory Board of Engineers and State Board of Forestry, should all be concentrated in Mr. Seavey's State Board of Control, with the personnel so changed as to admit the right men to membership on that board. If The Watchman were commissioned to prepare such a measure it would be something as follows:

1. A state examiner, under whom should be,
   (a) An assistant to act as auditor of claims with a force of four clerks to be by him selected.
   (b) A superintendent of public accounting with as many assistants as experience shows that he needs, but at least two.
   (c) A superintendent of the state dependent children's fund with power to employ a dentist to go from institution to institution to put the children's teeth in order; a male and a female examining physician to strip every child to the buff to ascertain and, if possible, remedy those physical deficiencies that hang about children like millstones; a competent person to oversee and establish manual training and domestic science and art courses at all the orphanages with state aid therefor.
2. The general superintendent of the state hospitals with about the office force he now has, except that the experting of accounts should go to the superintendent of public accounting.
3. A superintendent of the state purchasing department with such assistants, clerks and fiscal agents as experience may demonstrate that he requires.
4. The state engineer under whom there should be,
   (a) An engineer in charge of the department of highways.
   (b) An engineer for the department of rivers and harbors.
   (c) The state architect.
5. A superintendent of a state department of agriculture having under him,
   (a) A commissioner of horticulture and viticulture.
   (b) A state veterinarian.
   (c) A dairy inspector supplanting the present cumbersome state dairy bureau, with such deputy inspectors as may be needed.
   (d) A superintendent of state and district fairs using state money, aiding and encouraging but holding to a strict accountability for expending public funds.
   (e) The state forester.

Right of appeal should lie from each department to the head of the department, from the head to the board of control, from the board of control to the governor and from the governor to The People. Every head of department should hold his place at the pleasure of the governor to the end that, being responsible to The People, nothing shall stand betwixt the governor and a plenary power to discharge that responsibility.

Misplaced Confidence The Watchman has been led to look upon the page in the Sunday Call, edited by "The Candid Friend," as really candid, but appearances indicate that in its zeal to have California represented in the United States by a sporting man the Call has caved that page down the bank with the rest. With a candor comparable with its friendliness, and a friendliness comparable with that which Richard Achilles Ballinger may be presumed to cherish for L. R. Glavis and Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Cahill, in last Sunday's Call takes The Watchman to task by charging him with the following offenses against political good faith: Advising legislators to "welch" on the obligations imposed by the advisory feature of the direct primary law; that in making a distinction between "mandatory" and "advisory" The Watchman is guilty of a dishonest play upon words; that he plays fast and loose with principle; that the editor of this paper "entered an elaborate defense" of the "scaly trick" employed by the Good Government League in the "postage stamp primary." The Watchman denies the allegations and defies the "allegator."

Where The Watchman Takes His Stand The Watchman has made his position with reference to the advisory vote provision of the primary law as plain as his aptitude with the English language will permit, but no harm can come of restating it with the purpose of meeting the requirements of the indolent mentality of "The Candid Friend." The advisory provision is advisory only and can be made nothing else save and excepting that the legislator himself may have made it mandatory by his personal promise to be bound by it. In the article criticized by Mr. Cahill it was specifically stated that, "If any legislator has promised his constituents that he will be governed in his voting for United States senator by the advisory vote he must make his promise good." Again, "If the event shall prove that personal pledges to abide the advisory vote have been given in sufficient number to elect Mr. Spalding he must be elected. We can better do a foolish thing than a dishonest." Is there in these quotations any suggestion that legislators should "welch" on their obligations? Or was "The Candid Friend" very much less than candid when he made that charge?

The district provision of the advisory law being, as made plain a fortnight ago by an analysis of a decision of the supreme court of Wisconsin, beyond the power of a legislature to legislate, is null, void and of no effect, and the law is to be read as if those sentences were not in it, thus relieving legislators from all obligations not imposed upon themselves by themselves through pre-election promises. Those provisions are, of themselves, without moral, legal or any other sanction or obligation, and to disregard them is not to "welch."

The free legislator will accept the advisory vote at its advisory value and that value is not great. Speaking in a language which "The Candid Friend" will probably understand the senatorial race was a dead heat. Judge Works, who stood first in the race, received slightly less than 36 per cent. of the total advisory vote, which did not indicate any overwhelming public sentiment even for him. Had Chester H. Rowell been the candidate there would have been something really advisory in the vote.

Instead of making an "elaborate defense" of the "scaly trick" employed by the Good Government League in the "Postage Stamp Primary," the editor of this paper, July 2, 1909, under the title, "The Right to Make a Mistake," characterized that incident as a mistake, tainted with bad faith, concluding with the declaration that, "If the Good Government League learn from this incident that not the smallest departure from the most perfect good faith can be tolerated the lesson will be worth the price."

To be sure we did not denounce that incident with the same wrathful indignation which characterized the denunciations of that political scoundrelism that hesitates at nothing from rape to robbery that will help to gain its ends, but we made our disapproval perfectly plain, albeit in a spirit of sorrow rather than hatred.

In making the false allegations above cited, "The Candid Friend" of the Call has put in

POLITICAL TABLE TALK---Continued

question either his intelligence, his candor or that integrity of industry which requires every honest man to be reasonably diligent in verifying his statements before he prints them. Mr. Cahill's intelligence is not to be impugned.

A General Scramble For Good Roads Money That eighteen million dollar good roads fund, "hung up" through the unwise activities of Governor Gillett, and mistakenly approved by the people, is likely to afford this state such a tug-of-war as it has not witnessed for many a year, and all over where that road is to go. Shall it go down (or up), an issue never settled, on the east side, the west side or through the middle of the San Joaquin valley? On which side of the Sacramento river shall the state road go? Shall it go up the coast, along the coast or back of the coast range of mountains? Shall it go down the coast, along the coast or up the Salinas valley? Shall it make its royal progress by way of the orange belt, the oil belt or the alfalfa belt? These be mighty issues. It was adroit of the automobilists that they kept these issues in the dark until after the votes were cast else the two routes not selected would have beaten the one that was to a frazzle. If Governor Johnson be as wise as we take him to be, and the legislature as prudent as we hope for, haste will be made slowly in the expenditure of that eighteen millions of good roads money. The clamor will be great, the decision, whatever its nature, will have two against it to one in its favor, and **we do not yet know how to build good roads anyway,** that is, roads that will stay good with automobiles whisking over them at anywhere from thirty to sixty miles an hour. We should learn how before expending more than one thirty-sixth of that authorized credit of $18,000,000.

Mr. Brubaker's Suggestions The Watchman is in receipt of a communication from Mr. Ray P. Brubaker, of Shandon, Cal., under date of December 8th, containing suggestions for a revision of the election laws in such a way as to promote non-partisanship in voting. The Watchman commends this communication to the thoughtful consideration of readers:

"It may be hoped that with the new era of more sanity in things political, a relatively perfect system of selection of public officials may be evolved out of the present unsatisfactory system. In securing such a system there are three problems entering for special consideration.

"(1) The unrestricted opportunity for the registration by each and every party of its full party strength.

"(2) The selection of officials as nearly as may be made possible, by a majority of the electors.

"(3) The creation of a system which reduces to a minimum the opportunity of the small clique or partisan machine to manipulate the choice of public officials.

"With a system devised that secures these results and then added thereto the recall, nothing further is required save an appropriate interest of the average voter to secure and retain the full benefits of government by the people.

"To secure this relatively perfect system the present primary election should be developed into not only a nominating contest for the various parties but into an elimination contest for all the parties as well. Under the improved system as proposed no party declaration for voting at the primary would be required. But one ticket would be provided and upon that, under the respective party heads, would appear all the names of those who had properly qualified for the contest. In addition to the party columns would be one for those seeking the independent or non-partisan nomination. This election would constitute the partisan contest for the two places on the final ballot.

"In the count of votes those candidates of the various parties receiving the largest number of votes would be credited with the party nomination and **a credited with the entire vote cast by that particular party for that particular office.** Then for the final contest all nominees would be eliminated except those two receiving the largest number of votes in the primary or partisan contest. These two names would appear in the final contest without any party designation whatsoever.

"The sole requirement for voting at the primary would be that an elector vote in one party (or independent) column only.

"It will be readily seen that this proposed system secures at once: full opportunity for party development; an approximate responsibility of the elected official to a majority of electors—the reduction of the power of the small clique or partisan machine to a minimum of power by bringing into positive force in the final election the whole mass of the voting population.

"Finally the danger of the growth of the extreme partisan sentiment would be made impossible. This is actually the thing most needful of accomplishment. It is behind this monstrosity of ignorance and foolishness that the whole corrupt system of state and nation has grown to such huge proportions.

"The voter must be trained toward mobility of thought in matters political. He must be induced to consider in the final selection of public officials, the qualification of character and fitness above everything else. The system here proposed seems to the writer best calculated to secure the largest proportion of permanent results along the desired lines."

Mr. Brubaker's idea of eliminating from the final election all but the two strongest parties at the primaries is a valuable one. It would tend to bring out a full vote at the primaries and would prevent a recurrence of the experience of the last election, when Democrats, with no contest to decide in their own party, either ignored the election or jumped the party fence to help settle the Republican contest.

A Good Place For Detrick The Watchman had entertained the hope that Governor Johnson might find it to his advantage to make Charles R. Detrick his private secretary. The patient enthusiasm, untiring energy, unfailing courtesy and executive capacity of Mr. Detrick, attended as they are by that quiet and moderation and tact that relieves the other qualities of every suggestion of brusqueness, especially fits Mr. Detrick for such a position. He could make the paths of the Governor smooth as few others could.

But The Watchman hears that the position of Secretary of the State Railroad Commission has been tendered him and that he has accepted it Mr. Detrick is not a little acquainted with rate-making, having had some years of experience in railroad work, is thoughtful and discerning, clear headed and accurate and, apart from anything due him for services rendered to reform politics, and alone on the score of fitness, no better selection could be made. He will be of great service to the new members of the commission in familiarizing them with the intricacies of rate-making and other functions appertaining to their new duties.

Counting Votes On Amendments A careful scrutiny of the votes cast for and against the constitutional amendments does not swell the heart with pride over the interest or discrimination which the electorate displayed. Scarcely more than half the electors voted at all on the constitutional amendments and nearly as few as one-third voted on some of them and those who did vote did not at all times manifest a wise discrimination. In this year of grace the people were voting for amendments. Two years ago they were inclined to resent amending the constitution.

But the trouble is not with the intelligence or interest of the voting population, but with the means for making known to them in proper season the nature of the amendments proposed and the good arguments pro and con, and that fault lies with the legislature. The Oregon way is the only way. In that state, months before the election, a pamphlet is mailed to each voter, which pamphlet contains, not only the amendments, but arguments pro and con written by the friends or opponents [illegible] the result that, by the time voting day arrives, only the utterly indifferent, which are few, and the intellectually imbecile, which are not a-[illegible] polls unequipped to render an intelligent if not always a just or impartial verdict. The coming legislature should adopt the Oregon idea. It is great.

Charities and Corrections Efforts are making to have the law for the State Board of Charities and Corrections recast. The first law violated the constitution in giving the members longer terms of office than the constitution permitted. The redrawn law will remedy that defect and allot the membership to terms that do not all expire at one time. As none of the members have been confirmed the board can easily be reconstituted, as it needs to be, and in this the legislature should certainly have a hand. Indeed, we are not certain but that the legislature should constitute this board by election without the participation of the governor and for the reason that the State Board of Charities and Corrections pre-eminently represents the interests of the whole people. Its fundamental function is to stand between the public and officialdom to report to the public, through the governor, the legislature and the press of the state, concerning the conduct of the institutions of the state. The principal value there is in the board comes from the publicity given to institutional information. It will not do to have any institution a law unto itself. It will almost inevitably stagnate. It does the public institution good to be held to account by the executive department of government, but it does it even more good to know that its achievements and its deficiencies are, with impartiality, to be laid before the general public. By that means reputations are made and lost. And every institution that receives state, county or municipal aid should be thrown open to the visitations of members of this board and its accredited representatives.

In the Case Of B. Grant Taylor Some little time ago it was bruited about that B. Grant Taylor, lately elected Clerk of the Supreme Court of California, and nominated on the Lincoln-Roosevelt League ticket, had definitely promised to retain all and singular the clerks and attaches of Clerk Frank Caughey. This report is not to be credited except upon the most positive assurance for, to credit it without such assurance, would be a serious reflection upon Mr. Taylor. Mr. Caughey, himself, might prove a valuable man to retain, and there may be one or two others, but to take the whole bunch en bloc, well, that would be hazarding a most doubtful fortune for Mr. Taylor. It is well known, for instance, that the "organization" put on Caughey men whom Caughey did not want, but he was too obedient an organization man to resent the intrusion. Has this latest also been conveyed to the clerk-elect?

The Watchman holds that these rumors are injurious and, being injurious, must be unfounded and Mr. B. Grant Taylor should be given the benefit of the doubt. Besides, it is yet time for him to recede from any tentative arrangement he may have made. Before making irrevocable decision in a matter of such [illegible] avail himself of the advice of his friends and associates in reform politics. He would do well to resist all effort, if any such effort be made, to dictate [illegible] do, but only consider with his friends what ought to be [illegible] full hearing, use his own best and soundest judgment.

He should not allow the advice of honorable justices to overmaster him. There are politicians on that bench who would betray him into the hands of Herrin with as little compunction as would Jere Burk or Johnny Lynch.

AN IMPROVED LABOR COMMISSION

By J. J. TOBIN, Former State Labor Commissioner

In last week's issue of The California Weekly, commenting on the excellent article of Walter Macarthur on "Needed labor legislation" the editor expressed a desire for more specific information regarding labor legislation at the coming session and stated, "There is in existence a State Commissioner of Labor with an office force of seven and a salary list totaling $14,000 annually besides incidental expenses. This commission has its uses but it is not of the use that it might be made." Correct, and with this object in view I have prepared amendments to the law creating the labor bureau which will greatly extend its usefulness and so regain its popularity with the working classes.

I have submitted these amendments to many who take an active interest in the welfare of wage earners who not only approve of them but will use their best efforts towards securing their passage by the legislature. The only probable opposition will come from those who are self-interested in keeping the commissionership as one of the plums of the victors at the polls.

The amendments proposed will enhance the value of the statistical features of the labor bureau. The work outlined will be of special benefit to the army of unemployed who are classed under the head of "unskilled labor." No fee, commission, or charge of any kind is permitted.

Why Bureau Is Unpopular

The bureau was established March 3, 1883, on the model of the labor bureaus in operation in New York, Massachusetts and other states. Generally speaking, the men who were appointed commissioners in California were not selected on account of their qualifications but on account of their political services. The few who made good records were not retained in office after the expiration of their term and the bureau has become a political football. Most of our labor commissioners rendered no adequate service for the liberal salary allowed to them.

In several eastern states capable men are retained in office without regard to politics. They have won the esteem and confidence of wage earners and citizens generally because of their impartiality and devotion to duty.

The present labor commissioner, Mr. John D. Mackenzie, capped the climax of our bureau's unpopularity by his one-sided report on the influx of Chinese, Japanese and Hindus. The state senate unanimously repudiated this report on September 9 last at the special session of the legislature by declaring that it misrepresented the views of the people.

Objects of Proposed Labor Bureaus

The chief purpose of the labor bureau is the collection of labor statistics. The United States department of labor statistics, with its great resources, now covers the entire field and the statistics of special value are those relating to our various industries in California which should be collected and widely distributed by the state labor bureau.

Besides this work it can do excellent service by affording facilities for the employment of those out of work and diffusing information relating to the wants and requirements of wage earners. Employment agencies have acquired a bad reputation on account of their petty exactions, misrepresentations and frequent dishonest practices. Wage earners would welcome the change. A great number of them cannot pay the fees demanded by these agencies. The present labor bureau has its offices in the second story of the Ferry building at the foot of Market street in San Francisco. It is not, therefore, centrally located and is not easy of access. It is visited by very few people and the working classes, for whose benefit it was established, give it a wide berth. Not many of them are aware of its existence and those that are have long since given up hope that it can be made of service to their wants and interests.

Three Bureaus Instead of One

The proposed amendments to the present law provide that the governor shall appoint a board of three directors, in each of the cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles and Oakland, whose duty it shall be to establish and control a labor bureau in said cities. They shall serve without salary and hold office for the term of four years. They shall appoint all employes.

It is provided that these bureaus must be centrally located and easy of access to those in search of work.

Agencies of this kind have been lately established in Great Britain and have proved most successful. Sacramento has had one in successful operation for the past seven years. San Francisco failed at the late charter amendment election to get authority to establish a free employment bureau. It is evident, however, that municipal labor bureaus must be circumscribed in character. A state bureau can obtain statistics and other useful information about labor conditions in all parts of the state which should be made known to all interested. The National Employment Agency of New York was started less than two years ago at the suggestion of Jacob H. Schiff. It has now three branches which have proved so successful that more are about to be established. As its name implies it issues bulletins giving labor conditions all over the country.

Inspectors of Factories and Workshops

There are several labor laws on our statute books which at present are a dead letter on account of the want of officers to enforce them. These laws provide, "It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics to enforce the provisions of this act." How can he do so unless the law provides him with the means? Some commissioners have made the attempt with only indifferent success.

The amendments to the present labor bureau laws provide for the appointment by the boards of directors of inspectors of factories and workshops whose duties are to carry out and enforce the labor laws, including those relating to the sanitary conditions of factories and workshops, the protection of workmen in hazardous duties, the treatment of minors and female employes and the regulation of employment agencies.

Why Not Such Inspectors in California?

Besides these duties, the inspectors can be of great service in procuring statistical information required by the board of directors. This is the only reliable way to get the facts as testified to by several labor commissioners in their reports. The staff of each bureau will consist of a manager and clerk or assistant, inspector of factories and workshops, and messenger who is also to act as janitor.

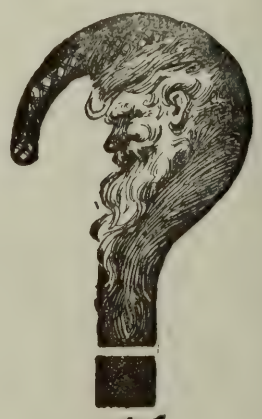
One statistician is provided for, who will take in hand all the reports from the inspectors and other employees of the three bureaus and put them in shape for publication and distribution together with other useful information, relating to the various industries in all sections of the state.

The proposed amendments will take the labor bureaus practically out of politics because the duties of employees are onerous and salaries moderate. Besides, they hold their positions subject to removal at any time by the board of directors.

From the estimate of expenditures given in all the amendments, the entire cost to the state of maintaining three labor bureaus, including $3,000 for rent of premises, will only be about fifty per cent. higher than the cost of the present bureau.

Thomas Hardy was honored in the borough of Dorchester, England, in October. The great novelist was presented with the freedom of the borough, and a play, "The Mellstock Quire," adapted from the novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," was acted in the corn exchange.

Judge Lindsay says in a newspaper article that he believes for every woman voter who takes a bribe there are 50 men who would do so, and he believes a larger percentage of women voters to possess high ideals and a keen sense of justice than of men. "A man," says Judge Lindsay, "has a sense of justice, but he's apt to let his sense of comfort push it out of sight."



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A PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION LAW

DEFINITE SUGGESTIONS TO BE LAID BEFORE THE NEXT LEGISLATURE

By PERCY V. LONG

The most important need of the day is securing a fair and reasonable control to the public of those undertakings conducted by individuals and corporations, and known as public service enterprises.

Through the greed of promoters and the ignorance and indifference of communities, vast public service enterprises have been launched without the investment or risk of much capital and the public has given away valuable privileges in order that the growth of these communities might be boomed. This improvidence of the past and the example of some of the European countries, notably Switzerland and Germany, in owning and operating their own utilities, have awakened the people of this land to the necessity of exercising such measure of control over public service corporations as will prevent extensive watering of stock and the consequent inferior service, in order to pay dividends on inflated capitalization.

Need for Regulation

Much of the time of the courts—both state and federal—throughout this country, is being occupied in litigation between public service corporations on the one hand and communities and official bodies on the other hand over rate fixing and various other phases of public service, wherein the community and the public service corporations are arrayed against each other.

The regulation of street railway systems, lighting and water rate problems, etc., is, in some states, taken out of the hands of the legislative bodies and given over to commissions created to especially consider such matters.

As the needs of the communities increase and the inclination of rate fixers to reduce rates becomes crystallized into a determination, communities are met with the refusal of water and lighting companies to improve or extend the service. This condition confronts more than one municipality in this state, in many instances resulting in a partial retarding of the growth and development of such municipalities. The situation is being met in other parts of this country by the creation of public service commissions to whom is committed the arriving at a valuation of the plant of a public service corporation; the proper income to be allowed on such valuation; the supervision of increase of indebtedness; the control of the increase of capital stock and the right to require complete and full reports of the affairs of such corporation and access to the books and records to the end that the public may be fully informed as to all phases of the affairs of the public service corporations; and the power to compel companies to improve the service.

Pioneer Public Service Commissions

The first state, to my knowledge, creating such commission, was the state of Massachusetts, which, by legislative act, fixed a valuation upon the plant of the gas company operating in the city of Boston, and then, by providing for a complete scheme of publicity of the affairs of that corporation and the control of its indebtedness and increase of the capital stock, exercised a complete supervision over its affairs. This act provided for a sliding scale in the matter of income and rates to be charged to consumers. As the dividend was increased so must the rate charged the consumer be decreased.

The state of New York in 1907 adopted legislation which created a public service commission. This legislation divided the state of New York into two districts—one for New York city and one for the rest of the state. This commission has in hand the matter of regulating railroads and other public service corporations. The New York plan, to my mind, is not so complete as the Wisconsin public utilities law adopted by that state in 1907.

The Wisconsin law provides:

1st. For an inquiry into the present structural value of the property of public service corporations.

2nd. For a complete system of uniform accounting with special precaution as to depreciation and construction accounts, to the end that every person in the state might know at the end of each fiscal year the rate of profit which each company or municipality has made on its actual property invested. Each municipal legislative body in this state, as well as associations of citizens, is given full power to require the state commission to investigate and act.

3rd. Provides for the sliding scale profit sharing and other devices that may increase the profits on condition of reducing the prices. The commission is authorized to investigate and sanction such devices if reasonable.

Wisconsin Law Admirable

This makes the law elastic enough to afford opportunity for ingenuity and experiments that may combine the principle of state regulation with that of private initiative. The law also requires depreciation to be made good by means of the charges to consumers and gives full credit for construction out of new capital. The law also, after giving complete protection to capital legitimately invested, seeks to base its tenure on good behavior. This is done through another feature of the law—the substitution of indeterminate permits for limited franchises.

The law defines an indeterminate permit as the right to continue in business until such time as the municipality exercises its option to purchase the property at a just compensation determined by the state commission. Any corporation operating under an existing franchise is permitted to surrender it and to receive by operation of law an indeterminate permit, agreeing thereby to sell to the municipality as provided and to waive the right to insist upon the fulfillment of any contracts regarding rates or services which might be set up as a defense against the orders of the state commission. The corporation gets, in return, protection against unnecessary competition, to be decided by the commission, on the part of either another corporation or a municipal plant. This does not apply to telegraph or telephone companies.

The indeterminate permit seems to be the logical outcome of rate regulation.

On the other hand the legislature sought to protect the rights of municipalities by enlarging their powers of purchase, ownership and operation.

Absolute Rate-Making Power

In the regulation of rates, fares and charges the Wisconsin legislation makes an important advance on that of New York and other states in the fact that the commission fixes the rates absolutely and not merely the maximum rates. It is as much an offense for a corporation to charge less as it is to charge more than the rates set by the commission. This is designed to prevent discrimination, but the commission is required to make a comprehensive classification of the services of each utility in which it may take account of the quantity purchased, time of use and any other condition that reasonably justifies, and deals in, the rate per unit of service. This discrimination was authorized, but it must be open and reasonable and must be established only after public investigation. By the enactment of this law the board becomes a public service commission to the fullest extent. Every public utility in the state, except streets, highways and bridges, is brought within its jurisdiction. It becomes also a local government board, for it regulates towns, villages and cities in their management of its undertakings. Its authority is great and far reaching, and while effective and a distinct advance in the matter of regulating, employs experts and agents and fixes their compensation, and can draw on all of the unappropriated money in the state treasury. It enters into the daily life of the people more than all other agencies of the government combined. Under its control is placed the development of the numerous water powers of Wisconsin, which virtually, through electricity, will light the streets and houses and furnish motive power.

Californian Republicans' Pledge

To give all of the powers that such a commission should have would require a constitutional amendment, and the Republican party in California, at its last convention, held on September 6, 1910, adopted a plank in the party platform which reads as follows:

"15. Public Service Commission—We recommend the submission and adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for the appointment of a public service commission which shall have general supervision of all public service corporations and fix the rates to be charged by them, such commission to be similar to those now in existence in other states where experience has demonstrated their usefulness."

In order to keep the promise contained in that plank the legislature will be called upon to submit constitutional amendments, to be voted on in 1912. In the meantime it is possible, under the constitution as it now stands, to create a public service commission vested with power to do most of the things necessary to carry out the purposes of a public service commission, except rate fixing and control of railroads.

League of Municipalities' Resolution

With this thought in mind the California League of Municipalities in its last annual convention, unanimously adopted a resolution which reads as follows:

Resolved, That the California League of Municipalities, assembled in thirteenth annual convention in San Diego, November 15 to 19, 1910, whereat sixty-five municipalities were represented by 195 delegates, hereby expresses its approbation of a measure to provide for a state public utilities commission to be endowed with power.

1. To compel publicity of the accounts and operations of public service corporations.
2. To regulate the issuance and sale of corporate stocks, bonds and certificates of indebtedness.
3. To authorize and require capital expenditures.
4. To require adequate service in every respect of such corporations to the communities which they serve.
5. To determine the valuation of the property of such corporations.
6. To advise and assist municipalities and other public corporations when requested by them in determining the rate to be fixed for the service rendered by such public service corporations.
7. In case when the power to fix rates is not vested in any municipality or other public corporation to fix such rate and prescribe the quality of service.

Resolved, That the legislature be, and it is hereby memorialized to enact the necessary laws to carry out the purposes set forth.

A Proposed Law for California

In an effort to comply with the letter and spirit of that resolution, Mr. H. A. Mason, secretary of the League of California Municipalities, and the writer, have collaborated in the drafting of a bill, which in our judgment, should secure, in a measure, the results which public service commissions are supposed to achieve. The bill creates a public service commission to be composed of three members to be appointed by the governor and to hold office for a term of four years. The commission is given power:

1. To issue permits to persons and corporations to engage in public service business.
2. To compel complete publicity in the af-

(Continued on Page 46)

BY WAY OF A SMILE

Little Robbie came home one day considerably agitated over a question that had come up in school. Rushing into the house he demanded of his father: "Say, pa, who was Demosthenes?" Bobbie's papa was one of those individuals who was dissatisfied with the general trend of modern educational methods, and frowned on the so-called frills and frivolities injected into the classroom work. "Demosthenes," he answered sharply, "was one of the early kings of Egypt. I don't see why the schools don't cut out some of their nonsense and teach history."

John S. Sargent's rough, impressionistic style of painting often gets him into trouble among his rich, aristocratic London patrons. Last week, after finishing three or four new things, he gave a tea at his studio in Tite street, and they say that at this tea a duchess, having scanned his chef d'oeuvres a long while through her gold lorgnon, said to Mr. Sargent in the condescending tone that duchesses use toward all who work: "I say, I like this, you know. I should go on with this if I were you." —Washington Star.

The class at Heidelberg was studying English conjugations, and each verb considered was used in a model sentence, so that the students would gain the benefit of pronouncing the connected series of words, as well as learning the varying forms of the verb. This morning it was the verb "to have" in the sentence, "I have a gold mine." Herr Schmitz was called to his feet by Professor Wulff. "Gonjugate "do haff' in der sentence, 'I haff a golt mine,'" the professor ordered. Herr Schmitz proceeded. "I haff a golt mine, du has a golt dein, he hass a golt hiss. Ve, you or dey haff a golt ours, yours or deirs, as de case may be."—Everybody's.

SUFFRAGISTS AND ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS

Women distinguished in their own names or by virtue of their husbands' names are ranged in about equal numbers on both sides of the suffrage question. Two paragraphs, clipped from the same issue of the New York Sun, illustrate the line-up:

"The Equal Franchise Society will give a series of tableaux in the ballroom of the Plaza hotel early in January. Mrs. George Gould will represent Catherine of Russia, Mrs. Clarence Mackay will dress as Florence Nightingale, Mrs. James Stillman will carry the torch as the Goddess of Liberty, Mrs. J. B. Eustis will be St. Cecilia, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson will appear as Raphael's Madonna, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt as Joan of Arc, Mrs. Edward Thomas as Hypatia and Mrs. Bourke Cockran as Mary Wollstonecraft."

The other paragraph reads:

"Mrs. Fritz Achelis presided at the first monthly meeting of the season which was held a few days ago by the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge and Mrs. Otto Killani reported from the great anti-suffrage meeting at which Lord Cromer presided and at which both Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Killani spoke as representatives from the New York association. Among the active members of the association are Mrs. Elihu Root, Mrs. Frances M. Scott, Mrs. Henry A. Stimson, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Miss Eleanor Hewitt, Dr. Emma E. Walker, Miss Anna C. Maxwell, Mrs. George Riggs and Mrs. Fulton Cutting."

F. George Mohr, associate editor of a trade paper in Cincinnati, either has a keen sense of humor or a large void where the "humorous" belongs. He has entered suit for $16 against Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Arctic wanderer, claiming that as the amount he paid for four seats to hear Cook tell how he reached the pole. Now Cook has confessed that the discovery was principally in his mind. Mohr says he obtained the money falsely and wants it returned. Mohr created a sensation when he named the defendant, but Squire Myers wrote a writ summoning the Brooklyn physician to answer the action.

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In reply to many letters inquiring whether I shall publish a review of the session of the California Legislature of 1911, along the same lines as those followed in "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909," I will state that I shall do so, if subscriptions for 1,200 volumes are received before the Legislature of 1911 adjourns. If you wish to be one of the subscribers, fill out and forward this card.

FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

_____ 191__

Franklin Hichborn,
Santa Clara, California.

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[From The California Weekly]

RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HERO

BY

A. JUDSON

WHAT'S the use in striving to get rich when for twenty five cents worth of whisky a man can make himself feel as rich as Old Rockefelier?" demanded a farm laborer, but the riches that whisky brought him did not prove satisfying, and when this farm laborer felt age coming upon him, and employment less easy to find because of his growing unreliability, he sought an abandoned shack, lay down in a dark corner of it and, placing a pistol to his temple, blew the visions of riches that whisky inspired into breathless darkness.

But why spend even twenty-five cents for whisky or hashish or opium or anything to make one feel rich, or powerful, or talented or strong, when, by cultivating the habit of day-dreaming, every man may make himself his own hero without expense, and such a hero as will put history, if not mythology, to shame? The glory of the imagination is as free as air, but, as Jed by and by became convinced, if one would give himself over to it he must be content to be nothing and do nothing, content to live a dream, and not a real life. It is a good thing to have an imagination that discounts the future and enables its possessor to foresee what will by and by take place. Every productive man of affairs is such a dreamer, but such an one builds no castles in Spain, whereas the day-dreamer foresees nothing, works to no end, but cuts himself loose from all material things and goes, like wreaths of smoke, floating off into space with untiring wing, companioning with the birds and the clouds, as free as fancy, as glorious as the sun.

Jed's first consuming ambition was to be six feet high, a dead shot and an incomparable athlete, and, premising that he was so, he dreamed himself through such adventures and achievements as made Beadle's dime novels so tame and unsatisfying that he could bring himself to read no more than six of them during all his boyhood days. Whatever we may hold as to dreams by night, dreams by day are wholly fabulous. Jed missed being six feet tall by half a foot, was never muscular, was about as athletic as a sack of salt, and during his hunting days, if the game "froze" (sat still), he could not see it, and if it flew or ran he could not hit it.

The ambition ranking next in Jed's range of desire was to be able to sing a great, round, sweet-toned bass with something in it of the sound of many waters. Times without number, in his mind, he had seen himself stand forth on stage or in choir to sing bass solos, sweet and solemn, but so tremendous as to make the windows rattle in their frames and to cause the vast audience to sit entranced until the spell was broken by cheer on cheer. That was because Jed had little voice to begin with and had yelled that little all to pieces during the voice-changing period of his life.

Long before Conan Doyle made Sherlock Holmes famous Jed day-dreamed detective stories of much intricacy in plot and in the solution of which he himself performed prodigies of valor and cunning. He was offered a comfortably furnished room in the rear of a postoffice in which to sleep free of charge that he might give the alarm if burglars should undertake to enter. One night he was awakened by someone prying at the strong wooden shutter of his window. He had under his pillow a great navy revolver carrying a ball big enough to make a hole through a man large enough to admit the thrust of a fist.

Jed sat up, cocked the revolver, rested it across a table, drew a bead on that shutter and—despite the fact that he had, in his mind, killed scores of malefactors of all kinds in forays, fights and in the rescuing of fair maidens from foul fiends, he waited with finger on trigger while there ran through his mind thoughts of the horror of killing a human being. He saw the dead thing lying there in the snow, heard the cry of pain, the gasp and the death rattle in the throat, saw the crowds gathering in response to the pistol shot, saw the body turned over to see who his victim might be, and he trembled with uncertainty as to who it might be. Thoughts like these came quick and vivid and they made Jed sick. They also made his heart beat so that it seemed as if it might kick some of his ribs loose. This was not through fear for himself, for he had sanity enough to know that he was in no danger. His fear was for the other fellow and he was appalled by it. He could kill imaginary desperadoes with as little compunction as so many bedbugs, but the real burglar, well, that was different.

Perhaps it was the sound of Jed's heart-beat, perhaps it was the noise of footfalls down the street; whatever the cause the would-be burglar took to his heels down the alley and never came back any more. Had the shutter been thrown open Jed would have fired, but more than likely into the floor or the wall or out the upper corner of the window so as to be sure not to hit. Thus do dreams vanish before one touch of reality!

Jed had a vacation after his initial year of school teaching had terminated and, being invited by a Colorado cattle man to spend a few restful weeks hunting and fishing on his mountain ranch, he accepted and set forth on horseback. One day he was out with his rifle hunting for certain wolves that had made bad work in the herds of his host, when he happened to cast his eye into the bottom of a little gulley that came down the side of a conical mountain a thousand feet high and covering perhaps four square miles of land, all within the Spanish grant owned by the cattleman. In the bottom of that little gulley something gleamed. It was a nugget of gold.

Jed jumped down into the gulley and picked it up and, while about it, picked up another and another nugget, varying in size from buckshot to hen's eggs. Crawling on hands and knees and poking over the dry dirt with his fingers, Jed soon had a hatful of the precious, shining gold. Secreting his riches in a hollow tree he followed that gulley from base to summit of the mountain, gathering nuggets all the way until he had as great a weight as his horse could carry. Then he went to the ranch house, found a strong, seamless bag, left a note for the proprietor saying that he had gone for his mail and would be back in two days, filled his sack, packed it across his horse and made his way to the nearest railway station and there took train for Denver, where he sold his gold to the mint, banked his thousands and returned to the ranch to hunt more wolves, find more gullies running down the sides of that brush-covered mountain, search them from base to summit for more golden nuggets with which to fill more sacks to take to Denver to sell to the mint until, before his vacation visit ended, Jed had more than enough cash capital in hand to buy the ranch, stock, mountain and all, which he did.

Jed had dreamed of being a benefactor of his race. Here was his opportunity. He threw a trocha of barbed wire around the foot of that mountain and hired armed guards to ride it as they would a range to keep all trespassers off night and day. He then secured the services of a mining expert and a force of men and they prospected that mountain foot by foot, finding that it was in fact volcanic, that it had burst open in a score of seams, as might a baking cake, and each one of these seams was saturated with free gold and gold bearing quartz of great richness. The riches of Jed were now fabulous. What work for humanity might he not undertake!

But Jed's first concern was to put his great property in order. He laid out a model town, piped crystal clear mountain water through all its streets, selected [illegible] as would [illegible] and so created a beautiful artificial lake which supplied the town with an ever sufficient source of water for all purposes, built model homes, planted trees, connected the new town by rail with the nearest railroad and set all things in order for a happy and prosperous community.

All this happened before Andrew Carnegie achieved notoriety or his system of library buildings had taken shape. Jed's first act of thorough-going public benevolence was to establish a chain of institutes extending across country from ocean to ocean and back again and up and down the land from north to south wherever wanted. Each institute contained a library, a theatre, art gallery, amusement halls for men, women and children, club rooms, a gymnasium, and around all a beautiful garden, the whole covering an entire city square. There was a local superintendent and corps of assistants in charge of each institute, but the whole system was under the general direction of a board of managers, self perpetuating, with Jed as president, and this board hired lecturers, orchestras, singers, players, of the highest quality, to swing around this circuit instructing, cultivating, entertaining the people and so counteracting, as well as warring against, the hurtful influence of saloons and other demoralizing agencies. This was not all to be furnished quite free, to the pauperizing of the people, but at so nominal a price as would at once defray the cost of maintenance and yet come within the reach of all.

Jed's next great benevolence was a system of related schools and colleges for the children of the poor and the waifs of the world. Industrial and commercial schools they were, to be established near, but not in, considerable cities; schools like real living where everyone big enough would work for pay and pay for what he got, developing talent and learning how to live a life of usefulness.

But Jed's supreme benevolence was manifested as a regulator of extortion. Did any railroad impose extortionate charges upon the people along its line? Jed would serve notice upon it to reduce its rates on pain of having him build another line paralleling it from town to town. Was there a corner in any commodity? Jed served notice upon those who had it in charge to break the market and let supply and demand rule or he, with his millions, would break it for them and break them with it. Was there land monopoly? Jed would have the estate condemned for public use, would pay for it and allot it to individual holders on favorable terms. Was there congestion in cities? Jed would buy outlying lands, build railroads and modest model homes so that the tenements would be deserted and the rack-renters ruined.

And all this time the ore in Jed's mountain of gold grew richer as the shafts went down. As an act of patriotism he paid the national debt. When he went from institution to institution, and from institute to institute, the people turned out to cheer him, they rose in their seats and remained standing until he was seated in his private box at the theatre or the opera. The newspapers, all save the system that he had himself established, dedicated to the truth, heralded his praises, and when, grown full of years and useful honor, he went to his grave the nation mourned and the world sympathized in its bereavement.

Great, wasn't it!

The finishing touches were being put to the picture one beautiful Sunday evening as Jed lay upon his stomach on the grassy summit of Old Flat Top, his chin resting on his hands and his elbows on the ground, looking first at the reddening western sky and then into the shadowy valleys of the Sandy and the Indigo, when a [illegible] to himself, and John [illegible] less, leaning [illegible] side.

"What are you up to, Jed?" he called as he sat down by Jed's side, drew his knees under his chin and clasped them in his long, hairy arms.

"Oh, nothing, not a thing in the world."

"What gave you that far-away look in your eyes?"

"Oh! I was just a-thinking."

"No, you weren't thinking. When people think they knit their eyebrows and their eyes are on the job. Thinking is hard labor and nobody does it hour after hour kicking up the heels. Most people think that they think when they don't think and many of them would not know how to think if they tried. It requires a trained mind to think and I know you well enough to know that your mind is not trained. You were dreaming, Jed, just dreaming, and day-dreaming at that, the very worst kind of dreaming.

Jed confessed, in some surrprise, that he was.

"What were you dreaming about, Jed?"

"Oh! what I'd do if I were rich, immensely rich, don't you know, had found a mountain of gold or something like that. Wouldn't I turn the world upside down, though?"

"Yes, in your mind, but no other way. Sharpers would fleece you out of it so quick it would make your head swim, or you would get dizzy and fool your riches away so that some court would appoint a guardian for you and take your money out of your hands as a father takes a sharp knife out of the hands of his little boy through fear that he cut himself with it. No man can handle a fortune beneficially, either to himself or to society, who has not either laboriously made it or been trained to its management from childhood, all hedged about by family claims and traditions to keep him in the middle of the road. But what kind of a day-dream were you reveling in, Jed? I haven't anything better to do than just to listen to it."

Jed had held many a frank, open converse with John Hancock, useless, solitary, John Hancock, who worked at rough labor enough to earn two or three dollars per week perhaps, and, having done so, would not do another stroke of work that week for either accommodation, love or money, so Jed reviewed for the entertainment of John the great benevolences outlined in the foregoing, with the difference that, warming to his subject and being to no drudgery of thumping the narrative out on a writing machine, he told it with frills and asides and amplifications not needful to these "Recollections." At the conclusion John threw himself back on the grass and haw-hawed. Then he resumed his readjusted attitude of bunched-up restfulness, tore a quid of tobacco from his plug and haw-hawed again, finally bursting forth with: "Great idea, Jed! The world's greatest philanthropist! Does infinite credit to your powers of imagination, but none at all to your common sense. Now just look at it:

"In the first place," he continued, "your rancher friend would speedily have sued you for the recovery of his property and would have held likewise the money you paid for it, for, in this matter of fact world of ours, the man who discovers a mine on another man's land does not own the mine and is bound to disclose the truth concerning it if he would buy the property. Your model town would be all right for model people to live in, but model people are all right already and where is your philanthropy?

"Your system of institutes would take many men many years to work out and even then would come nearer to saving the found, who need little done for them, than the lost, who need everything. Your educational system would relieve society of the need for caring for its own and so deprive it of the manifestation of those helpful instincts that make for the amelioration of the race. In short, you would hog all the opportunities for benevolence that you could discover and, having a mountain of gold to draw on, the giving would cost you nothing, not a pang, not a deprivation, so that all you would get out of it would be the gratification of an inordinate vanity. Bah! Jed, Bah! The worst thing that can break loose in the world is a fool with money."

"Thank you!"

"You are entirely welcome, entirely welcome, boy, don't mention it, but what I want to know is, do you spend much time day-dreaming such stuff?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"I thought so. I half suspected so much. You have fizzled on everything you have touched since I knew you without any very good reason apparent for fizzling. You don't look like a boy that has given himself over to bad habits and you are not real lazy as I am, and I reckon it is day-dreaming instead of thinking things out that ails you. Day-dreaming clouds the vision, it makes one live always in an unreal world, one does not see things as they are and so easily becomes an all around misfit and never quite arrives. The man who wants to get on in this world must cherish no illusions. Day dreaming is a worse habit than whisky-drinking, poker-playing, opium-eating or anything else I know of. For all these devotees may have lucid intervals; your day-dreamer by and by has none at all. He is a ghost stalking the earth passing through everything and everything passing through him, never once touching him and leaving everything as it was before.

"Stop it, Jed. Cut it out. It is a species of insanity. Kill it like killing snakes. If you don't it will ruin your life and the life of anyone who links her life with yours. When one of those visions begins to insinuate itself into your mind run from it as you would run from the Devil before daylight, shake your head, throw it out, grab up a book and dive into it, take an ax and swing it until you are tired, dig a hole and fill it up again, do anything that will drive the miserable temptation away. Hey, Jed, give me your hand on it? You've got good stuff in you by inheritance, and otherwise, and I have wondered where the loose screw could be. You have dreamed things heroic but you haven't done anything heroic that I've heard of, and the hero that a fellow makes of himself is a mighty cheap article."

"Is it that that has made such a shiftless failure out of you, John?" was Jed's taunting inquiry.

"Me a failure? Not a bit of it. I am just what I want to be, with my eyes wide open, and this town has no more successful man than I. But I am no do-er. I am a be-er. I love life too well to fool it all away doing such inconsequential things as making a living according to prevailing standards. I can live as well as I want to live and keep warm and well on two dollars a week, and for the rest I read and think, not dream; think, think so hard that it makes my bones ache. I don't preach. You might as well snap peas at ironclads as to preach at people, but just talk with them, man to man, as I sometimes talk with you, tell them things they never heard of, quietly, sort of on the sly so that they won't know what you are up to. If they tumble to you it's all off, if they don't you'll get your hook into their gills after awhile and then you've got 'em dead to rights.

Your father, Jed is the only man in town who has done more than I have to head people off who are going wrong and I've even headed him off. Why, boy, I have been camping on your trail for a year trying to find that loose screw. I told your dad I'd find it or bu'st a hame strap and I followed you out here for that purpose, watched you from back yonder out of sight for two mortal hours, trying to make out what you were up to. Now I've got you dead to rights and you are going to quit dreaming and go to planning, not up in the air, but right down on the ground. Christ wrote things on the ground with his finger, not up in the air where it would be invisible. You do the same. Get out your pencil and figure, figure the bark off the trees, the shingles off the roof, the paint off the house, anything so you get down to real things. Then work and you'll win."

"And you have been doing this for me, John?" asked Jed in humility. "I thought you little better than a vagabond."

"How much better than a vagabond was The Christ? I have a shack, a real comfortable little shack with a stove, a bed, a chair and a table and a whole dollar's worth of dishes, and he didn't have even that and neither did his apostles. They all boarded around. I'd rather stay at home, but I can live on two day's work in the week and have the rest of the time to work out the problems of other men's lives, round them up, head them off and set them right. I'll make a hundred American citizens yet out of what would have been failures but for me. Isn't that better than making just one hard-working, home-providing citizen out of myself?"

The church bells began to ring for the evening service, and in the gathering darkness the two half slid, half walked, down the precipitous face of Old Flat Top toward the droning town muffled among the trees. John had cured Jed of the enervating, ambition-sapping habit of day-dreaming, for from that night he fought the tendency like killing snakes. He did his commonplace best passing well and so went his way content.

(Public Service Commission Law—Continued)

fairs of public service corporations and individuals engaging in that work.

3. To control stock and bond issues of public service corporations.

4. To authorize and require capital expenditures.

5. To regulate and prescribe the terms upon which any franchises may be acquired.

6. To control sales, leases, etc., of the property of public service corporations.

7. To compel adequate service and the use of safety devices and to control construction in public service work.

8. To determine the value of property devoted to public service.

9. To assist municipalities in acquiring the property of public service corporations by acting as arbitrator or appraiser when requested so to do.

10. To advise municipalities as to the reasonableness of rates to be fixed for public service.

Other Powers

The bill gives the commission these powers and directs the maintenance of an office in the city and county of San Francisco; provides for a review of any order or decree made by the commission and incorporates the Wisconsin public utilities feature, in that such court review can be had only upon such testimony taken before the public service commission.

The bill also provides that the commission may have power to examine witnesses, books, and subpoena witnesses and gives it all the general powers necessary to be enjoyed by such a commission in order to accomplish the purposes of such legislation.

I have hastily sketched out the principal features of this measure, which I am satisfied is constitutional, and which it is believed will give to the people of the state of California that relief which they have for so long been seeking.

A committee appointed by the Republican state general committee to draft legislation in furtherance of the pledges contained in the Republican state platform, has this measure now under consideration and in the very near future a report will be made embodying the committee's views.

I believe every honest operator interested in public service enterprises will welcome the creation of such a commission, for the results achieved in other states have not only given the public the relief sought in a majority of cases, but have established the business of the public service corporations on a firmer and more substantial foundation and have removed entirely from political activity the agents and manipulators of public service corporations on the one hand and the political blackmailers on the other.

"Did you ever run into a telegraph pole?" inquired the elderly passenger. "Yes, ma'am," said the chauffeur, slowing up the taxicab to avoid a collision with a street car. "I've bumped into telegraph poles, I reckon, two or three times." "Brings you to a pretty sudden stop, doesn't it?" "No, madam; the machine stops all right, but I always keep on going."—Chicago Tribune.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing." "Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."—Washington Star.

PERSONALIA

The women of Maryland have started a new paper called the Voter. Miss Mary Johnston is among the contributors to the first issue.

Oldham today enjoys an exceptional position in England inasmuch as it is the only town in the country where a woman mayor has been installed. The honor has fallen upon Mrs. C. E. Lees of Werneth park, who is the widow of Charles Edward Lees, a man who attained a considerable reputation for generosity in the town.

David Belasco has assumed charge of the rehearsals of Puccini's new opera "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Metropolitan opera house. Mr. Belasco's desire is to impart an American atmosphere to the proceedings of the singers who have never seen any such characters as those they are called upon to represent. Among all the actors there is only one American. The distinctive American types in the play are to be represented by ten Italians, a Bohemian, a Pole, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, two Germans and one American. So Mr. Belasco has been called in to make this polyglot crew act as much as possible like Americans of the '49 period.

John De Kay, the author of "Judas," which Mme. Bernhardt will shortly produce in New York, has sailed for America in order personally to superintend the rehearsals, which will begin immediately on his arrival. He originally intended to sail in Christmas week, but owing to a message from Mme. Bernhardt that she had decided to put forward the production from January to December 20, Mr. De Kay, despite the pressure of business, hurriedly arranged his departure. He takes with him the costumes for the play, which were made in Paris. He is very enthusiastic over the prospects of the success of "Judas," for which special music has been written by Reynalo Hahn, a Venezuelan, in Paris.

Not long ago a woman submitted to the New theater in New York a manuscript entitled, "The Bullet-Proof Jacket, or Why She Didn't Commit Suicide." Another drama which recently found its way to the play-reading committee was in 26 acts and 49 scenes. To act it would require 175 actors and a squadron of cavalry.

Paul Armstrong, author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," has finished a vaudeville sketch called "Three Thieves," for Frank Deshon. The characters are a burglar, a blackmailer and an embezzler.

It is said that Miss Jane Haskell, daughter of Governor Charles N. Haskell of Oklahoma, will seek a career on the professional stage. She made her debut recently in an amateur production of Pinero's "The Schoolmistress."

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, once demonstrated at a meeting in Edinburgh that he did not know how to light a fire. The duke of Argyll had been suddenly taken ill, and was carried to an ante-room, where it was found that there was need of a fire. Lord Kelvin undertook to kindle one, but showed his lack of knowledge by taking some sticks to a gas burner and trying to light them from that.

Rumanian watermelons have been introduced into this country by Horace Knowles, a former minister to Rumania. They are of about the size of a cantaloupe, and are served individually. The flavor is said to be delicious. This variety of watermelon was discovered by the ex-minister in the foothills of the mountains of Rumania.

William Sproule, the new president of the Wells-Fargo express company, came to America in the steerage from Ireland when a boy, and began his career by running errands for a news company. His predecessor, F. D. Underwood, was also self-made, having been a brakeman on a gravel train in the west when a young man.

"We Can't Be as Bad as All That" is the title of Henry Arthur Jones' new piece. It is a play of social life in the English upper classes, and is to be put in rehearsal at once by the Authors' Producing Company under the personal supervision of the author.

SHEAR WIT

Three chorus girls are said to have resigned from the staff of a musical comedy because they would not wear "horrid tights." Dear, dear, a girl must wear a little something on the stage even in these emancipated days.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Can't savvy just what that college highbrow is driving at when he puts up a yelp about the brand of spiel the ordinary gink hands out in the talk thing. He's off his done when he digs up this big noise about our English not being all to the mustard.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The daily announcement in our want columns of "Wanted—A white girl to cook," is eloquent recognition of our claim, that the Houston girls are good enough to eat.—Houston Post.

Two very rough looking tramps looked in at a window at a railway station where an operator sat at his key. Say, pardner, said one of them in a very husky voice, report a couple of empties going east.—Slocomb (Ala.) News.

Southey's "Doctor" had the following opinion of his wife's nephew: "My wife's nephew is a sensible lad. He reads my writings, likes my stories, admires my singing, and thinks as I do in politics—a youth of parts and considerable promise."

Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia told the other day about a boy who was asked in an examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase, "Sermons in stones." The boy wrote: "When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the dates of birth and death of the departed one, and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest towns, and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place, and so inculcate a lesson in neatness."—Springfield (Mass.) Repubulican.

There is a story about an influential woman member of a fashionable Philadelphia church going to her pastor with a complaint about the quality of the voice of a man who occupied a pew behind hers. The woman told the pastor that this man's singing destroyed her devotional feelings, and asked whether the pastor could not suggest that the offending person change his sitting. The pastor said he should hesitate to do that, since he would have to give the man a reason for the request, but added: "I might ask him to join the choir."

The broken-down cabby regarded with a gleam of delight the taxi which had broken down. But he spoke no word. The chauffeur began operating on his machine. He turned it and twisted it and banged it and screwed it, but to no avail. And still the cabby spoke not. The chauffeur banged again. He did things to ignition sparks that wouldn't ignite and cranks that refused to be anything but cranky. And still the cabby, sour of visage, 'lay low and said nuffin'. Then the chauffeur wiped his beady brow and then the cabby, still with the gleam in his eye, crossed over. "'Ere!" he exclaimed grimly, holding out his whip. "'Ere y'are, mister! 'It 'im with this!"—Answers.

Jesting about railways of the south is rather an overworked profession. Before mason-jarring the crop, however, let Senator Burton of Ohio have the floor. "Speaking of railroads," he says, "the ultimate word, in my experience, was a 'limited' on which I traveled in Georgia last summer. At a point where we were making our greatest speed, a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine. I leaned out of the window and called to him, 'How are you getting on?' He stopped turning the crank, and spoke with an expression of deep disgust. 'It don't seem to be no use,' he said. 'Hold your head still, please. I want to get a time exposure.'"—Everybody's.

"Gracious!" cried the minister, when the young mother had told him she wanted her baby baptized Jane Dell Emily Nora Eliza Maria Frances Sarah, "why do you want to afflict the poor child with a string of names like that?" "You wouldn't ask, sir," replied the mother, "if you knew how sensitive and jealous her eight aunts are."—Chicago News.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff,

vs. Action No. 23805

All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof.

Defendants.

ERNEST J. MOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, California.

The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Nov. 11-10t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers with 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.

ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.
11-18-6t

TITLES RESTORED

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JULIUS GALMANN
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office. 30 Montgomery St. Phone Kearny 4491

Residence. 1297 McAllister St. Phone Park 4590

SAN FRANCISCO

OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

Justice of the Peace

A court is an institution, not a person. We speak of the state or United States government, but it would not be easy to put the finger on it and to say, "Here, this is the government." No man ever yet saw the government, but if he fancies that it does not exist let him outrage it in some way and he will learn to his sorrow that its existence is very real. So with a court; judges and justices may come and go, but the court goes on. Men speak and act in the name of the court, but they are not the court. The court is an institution, not a man.

Now the foundation of our judicial system, because nearest the people and touching most familiarly their every-day life, is the court of the Justice of the Peace.

We, in California, do not have the township system of government as they do in most of the eastern states, except that the state constitution requires that the board of supervisors in each county must divide such county into a convenient number of judicial townships, and each township must have one, and may have two, justices of the peace and as many constables as justices, elected for four years at general elections. In case of vacancy the supervisors appoint to fill out the unexpired term.

The jurisdiction of justices' courts in civil cases is limited to less than $300. In practice the outside limit is $299. Within this limit as to the value involved, other elements not wanting, the jurisdiction of the justice's court is exclusive. All actions must be begun in that court, but cognizance cannot be taken of actions involving title to real estate or, in criminal cases, of offenses amounting to felony.

Without repeating the statute in its entirety, justices' courts have jurisdiction in civil cases on contract, for damages to person or property, actions for the recovery of the possession of personal property; actions for recovery of fines, penalty or forfeiture where the question of the legality of the law authorizing such fine or penalty is not involved; actions upon bonds or undertakings; proceedings for entering confessions of debt—in all cases where the amount involved does not equal $300.

As to territorial jurisdiction proceedings cannot be started in a justice's court where the cause of action originated outside of his township, but if it be necessary for him to issue any mesne or final process, that is, subpoenas or attachments, orders of sale or what not, they may be served in any part of the county in which the justice's court is held.

There is a class of actions in which the jurisdiction of the justice's court is concurrent with that of the superior courts, that is, the plaintiff may institute his suit either in a justice's court or a superior court. These actions are, actions for forcible entry and detainer (usually refusal to vacate a house or other property) where the rental value of the property does not exceed $25 per month and the sum due or damage claimed does not exceed $200; actions to enforce and foreclose liens on personal property where neither the value of the property nor the lien amounts to $300.

But there are also certain cases in which a justice's court cannot take jurisdiction no matter how small the sum claimed may be. These are where the justice's court would be trenching upon the jurisdiction of courts of record or where the cause involves ships or boats for the recovery of seamen's wages for a voyage in whole or in part without the waters of this state.

In cities of the larger class, such as San Francisco, Los Angeles and Oakland, one in order to be eligible to become a justice of the peace must have been admitted to the bar as a practicing attorney, but if so admitted and elected justice, he cannot practice before any other justice in that county while himself a justice. This is on the theory of the law that, no matter how many judges of the superior court, or justices of the peace, a city or city and county may have, there is in fact but one superior court or justice's court and, of course, it would not be proper for a justice to practice in a court to which he himself belonged.

Justices in the same county may hold court for one another if for any reason one is ineligible or disinclined to hold such court in his own township, but the request must be in writing. Such instances of calling in other justices to hold court usually arise out of the fact that the justice in such court may be related to one of the parties to the action or have some interest in it or is not on good terms with one of the parties and so might be chargeable with denying him a fair trial.

A justice of the peace may administer oaths, take acknowledgments, perform marriage ceremonies and perform the services of notaries public and, for the protection of the dignity of his court, he may punish for contemptuous conduct toward him.

Finally, the justice's court is commonly looked upon as a common sense court, and it frequently happens that cases before a justice involving all the questions of law and fact that would go to make a celebrated case if the sum involved were large, and the court before which it was tried was of last resort, will be disposed of in a day with justice substantially meted out, whereas, in a higher court, a case involving the same issues might drag on for months and years enriching attorneys and bankrupting litigants. The nearer the court is to the people and to that public opinion that the people make, the more likely is justice to be done.

Mrs. Rose Terry of Cadillac, Mich., has gone to Klamath Falls, Ore., to take entire charge of a large electric lighting plant. Mrs. Terry is said to be the first woman in this country to be entrusted with such a responsibility.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "The Need for the Merit System"

By Francis B. Kellogg

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 23 : '10 : FIVE CENTS : THE COPY

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How Happened It?

JACKSON HATCH, who embezzled the fortune of one of his clients a few thousand dollars at a time, was given a new trial because the district attorney did not elect on which one of these embezzlements he would try the accused and, in the cases against the looters of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, the district attorney was forced, against his will, to elect on which one of the embezzled securities the accused would be tried. How happened it, then, that when Happy Hooligan got drunk and stole forty-seven sheep the district attorney was not compelled to elect which sheep he would try the culprit for having stolen?

Unreasonable Women

THE BERKELEY W. C. T. U. is again agitated because, at some of their banquets at the Faculty Club and elsewhere, certain Berkeley professors have wine served with their meals. Unreasonable women! How can they expect gentlemen who have so litle physical exercise, and so much mental, to digest big feeds without taking a little wine for their stomach's ache?

Oily Billy

IF EVER HONORABLE SENATORS should stand by each other it is when the title to the seat of one of them is being investigated, as in the case of unctuous Bill Lorimer of the Chicago Stockyards district. A commtitee of Bill's peers has found that the confessed receivers of bribes were no more to be believed than were the members of San Francisco's boodle board, the verity of whose confessions nobody but a boughten juror doubts. To be sure there was an Illinois legislative "jackpot" opened in St. Louis, four legislators were bribed and three more did the bribing, without whose votes Lorimer could not have been elected (unless others were bought to take their places), but because Lorimer himself, as sly a fox as ever stole a march upon a hound, was not connected with the bribery we are assured that no taint attaches to his seat. Wait and see!

It Is Not To Be Rash

THE SOUTHERN MEMBER of the lower house at Washington who refused unanimous consent to permit Representative Kahn to withdraw his bill to appropriate $5,000,000 in aid of the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco may have performed a more kindly service than many suppose. It is not for Kahn to be rash in refusing such aid. It may be needed. The expense accounts of the booster committees have not yet been rendered.

As a Tradition

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN of San Francisco will divide his theme, as Caesar divided all Gaul, into three parts and one of these he will assign to Michael Henri De Young. The other two themes will be the Terry-Broderick incident and the eighteenth of April, 1906. These indeed may be forgotten, but not Michael Henri. Hand in hand with Beowulf, Sinbad the Sailor, Jack the Giant Killer, Pocahontas and Doctor Cook he will march down the ages imperishable and not to be minished, yea, even after William Randolph Hearst is in ashes and the ashes are blown away. What post-prandial reminiscences will not be dug out of imperishable lore clinging to this one scintillating personality that it has been the great good fortune of San Francisco to create! As a tradition he will shine. Would that he were one already.

Still Gathering

AS OFTEN AS ONCE A FORTNIGHT for a year, perhaps as often again, proclamation has been made through the columns of the daily press of San Francisco that District Attorney Fickert is out gathering evidence hand over fist concerning some burning iniquity, not related of course to the graft prosecutions. One wonders where he finds storage capacity for so much evidence, or if he be not "wool gathering" instead, so little comes of it. Would it not be well for District Attorney Fickert to lay low and say nothing until he gets a real 'possum up a surely tree and then howl?

Broke Over the Rules

CHARLES H. LOPER killed Joe Vernet down in Fresno county, made away with his body, gave out that he had gone to Oregon, sold his effects and pocketed the proceeds. So far the trick had been neatly turned for no one saw him do it. But the sheriff and the district attorney had their doubts. They bothered Loper with questions. In answering these questions Loper lied some and then they asked him some more questions. He naturally got tangled, was driven from one lie to another, was finally cornered, became confused, confessed, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. That was "sweating," and the supreme court says that although convictions cannot be obtained without sweating they must not be obtained by it. It is better that men be murdered for their effects than that one jot or tittle pass from the law. By the way, the judicial line-up is of interest. Melvin, Lorigan, Henshaw and Beatty, on the side of the law; Sloss, Angelotti and Shaw on the side of common sense. Had the chief justice decided the other way the other thing would have been the law and yet courts do not make laws. They only construe it. "Sweating" is bad, but so is cold blooded murder for money.

The Best Thing In Sight

THE BEST THING IN SIGHT, speaking nationally and continentally, is the prospect for reciprocal trade relations between the United States and Canada. There never should have been anything else, there never was any reason why there should be anything else and there is now less reason for a tariff wall between the two countries than there ever was. Neither country has anything permanent to gain from such a wall and both have much to lose, the greatest loss of all being that spirit of continental nationality that is so big with promise for generations yet to come. New England wants reciprocity in everything including anthracite, the Middle West in both countries want it in everything including bituminous coal, and we of the Pacific West want it because that way lies our trade and up that way live our kind of people. Only a precinct patriotism stands in the way. Kick it out.

Eagle, Look Sharp

THE WORK OF PACIFICATION in Mexico is not progressing apace. It is much hindered by reason of the government's troops being soundly whipped now and again by the revolutionists. Delay is dangerous. The fires of revolution smolder by a million Mexican hearthstones where a deep sense of wrong rankles. Nothing is wanting but a rational hope for success to create such an uprising as must make American intervention inevitable. A thousand millions of American dollars are invested in Mexico, all owned by persons who run our government as well as the one south of the Rio Grande. It will be as they say.

Our Unpreparedness

Right ruefully do we confess that unpreparedness to resist an invading foe that so sears the hearts of those two patriots, Representative de functo McLachlan and Adjutant-General Lauck. Our priceless Pacific coast is wide-open to any free-booter nation disposed to sally forth and take it in.

For that matter the rest of the nation is in a similar predicament. What is to hinder the Eskimos sweeping down from the north, the "tar-heels" sweeping up from over the Rio Grande, the Haytians pouring through the rice swamps of the Carolinas, the Yucatanians coming right up the Mississippi and splitting the Great Republic in twain through the heart of it, to say nothing of the Japanese or Tahitians effecting a landing at Pescadero or Bolinas and gobbling us all up in the twinkling of an eye? We should be considerate of what these gentlemen say, for most any old morning they may be able to point at us in derision and say: We told you so! We knew you'd be sorry.

Inasmuch as Uncle Sam has only between nine thousand and ten thousand miles of boundary to fortify what excuse can the old dotard give for failing to fortify all of it? As we showed the Spaniards at Siboney, it is not necessary for a hostile force to have a harbor or even a wharf in order to effect a landing. Did not the redoubtable General Shafter float ashore on a buoy and his army after him? In order to be secure we must have every mile of border fortified, whether of sea or lake or land, and who can doubt that it could be done for a paltry matter of a million or so dollars per mile, or from nine billions to ten billions for the whole? And then there is Alaska away out in the cold with nothing to prevent the Kamchatkans leaping across the briny interval and regaining possession of our own lady of the snows! The Philippines, too, with their seven millions to eight millions of dusky malcontents, what is to hinder our being raped of them?

But what would be our predicament if, having fortified abundantly, the Hague court of arbitral justice should relegate fortifications to the past? Wouldn't we look silly? How much better would be our plight than that of Bradbury, the philanthropist, he of Corte Madera and adjacent state seaside resorts, who in his younger days spent many of his accumulated thousands in constructing a levee wherewith to hold back the turgid waters of Tulare lake, which lake, in high dudgeon, packed its traps and retreated inward a dozen miles or more, not leaving Bradbury's dike water wherewith to wet its toes, not even until this day?

One of the finest things about President Taft that has happened in recent months is his refusal to become exercised over the unfortified condition of Representative McLachlan and the Pacific coast. The United States will be and remain as unfortified as the unfortified town of Oakland now is. Fortifications are of the dim past. The future is to the navy and the Hague court, with the chances on the side of the court.

It may be impertinent, but the query naturally suggests itself if Representative McLachlan, being about to retire to private life, has or has not engaged his services to dealers in munitions of war to pump war scares at so much per clap?

A Court of Final Resort

The power of the supreme court of the United States is not, as many suppose, co ordinate with the legislative and executive departments of government. Rather is it inordinate, overtopping them all, and what is true of the supreme court of the United States is measurably true of the supreme court of California and of each state in the union. It has the final word as to what shall be the law, and not infrequently that final word is pronounced, in the one case, by a vote of five justices to four or, in the state court, by a vote of four justices to three.

Is that a healthful condition?

British precedent says no, and makes parliament pre-eminent.

If the Will of the People is the source of law it follows that, in the five to four, or four to three, decisions, the issue should somehow automatically revert either to the people themselves in a referendum vote or to a joint session of both houses of the legislature sitting as representative of the people, to determine which of the contending interpretations The People will have to be the law. Otherwise not the Will of the People, but the will of an odd man of the supreme court is the supreme lawgiver of the land. It is idle to say that the court merely interprets the law. It makes it.

An inconsistency somewhere lurks. The Will of the People pretty generally fails to arrive. It is by no Will of the People that Treadwell, Glass, Bartnett and Conboy go unwhipped of justice. The courts stand between.

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How Would It Do?

Inasmuch as the appellate rather than the trial courts are objects of public suspicion, based on the presumption that the appellate judges busy themselves with abstractions rather than with realities in the administration of justice, how would it do to legislate our existing appellate courts out of existence and, in their places, establish courts of review, each composed of three trial judges chosen by lot, or otherwise, and sitting for such rehearings as may be demanded? Courts of review so made up would be composed of men fresh from the administration of justice at first hand, they could be relied on to correct serious errors made by the trial judge and they would not know so much law as to be wholly oblivious to justice and, being themselves trial judges at all times except when called upon to review a particular case, they would not necessarily feel called upon to "sit on" the superior court upstairs whenever they can conjure up some ponderous and inconsequential stupidity that will afford them legal opportunity so to do. There might be twenty such courts sitting at the same time in different portions of the state, thus expediting the business of establishing justice and improving the quality of the justice established. Whenever men get their feet off the earth and proceed to revel in whereases and now therefores—well, they do that at the hospitals for the insane and it is why they are there.

More Bullwork

Referring again to a recent remark of a sage contemporary that, "The judiciary is the bulwark of personal and property rights," we are inclined to amend the spelling and concede the point. If our present day administration of justice is not "bullwork," such work as a bull might be expected to turn out if turned into a china shop, then we do not know how to characterize it.

Take the case of Bartnett, upon whom tele grams of congratulation are now pouring, giving him a most joyous Christmas season. He was charged with having, as special administrator of the Colton estate, stolen the securities belonging to that estate and converted them to his own use. The evidence shows that he did not steal those securities as special administrator of the Colton estate. He only stole them as one of the looters of the California Safe Deposit and Trust company and therefore goes free, the recipient of hearty congratulations, although the Colton securities are still stolen.

This paper is not saying that it is the fault of the appellate court that this is so, but only that "bullwork" has been made of the administration of justice in the whole proceeding. Treadwell is in London floating an Alaska mine, Bartnett is in New York dreaming of his financial rehabilitation, and only the poor fool of a Dalzell Brown, who confessed his fault and took some punishment, has failed of beating the law.

Fault there is, grievous fault, that justice should be so made a jest of. If it be the fault of the attorney who prosecuted the case he should be disbarred for incompetency; if it be the fault of the trial judge he should be impeached and made to come down off a bench upon which he is unfitted to sit; if it be the fault of the court of appeals it were better to abolish the right of appeal than to have such "bullwork" made of the administration of justice. A great financial institution was looted, the most sacred of trusts was betrayed, and after three years of litigation, we have as a net result a trifling addition to our sum total of law and another absolute failure of justice to be vindicated.

Take the case of the drunken Conboy who killed a friend who tried to help him to his unsteady feet. He also is granted a new trial because the trial judge did, what every trial judge should have the right to do, and in every civilized country where justice is not made the sport of technicality and whim, he does have the right to do—talked to the jury like the traditional Dutch Uncle, giving it as his opinion that they should find no trouble in reaching a verdict and admonishing them to do it. They did it and there is no question that the verdict they reached was a just verdict, the only contention being that, presuming all juries to be composed of imbeciles without minds of their own, the declaration of the trial judge, that they should have no trouble in reaching a verdict, probably did help them to reach such a verdict.

This paper is not saying that the appellate court erred in so laying down the law and putting the city to the expense of another trial of Conboy, with a diminishing likelihood of being able to secure a conviction no matter how guilty the drunken police captain may be. What we do say is that such attempts to administer justice are "bullwork," a disgrace to the state, to the bench and the bar, and show that our whole criminal jurisprudence needs purification as by fire.

As good a thing as the coming legislature can attempt to do (whether the courts will permit it to do it or not remains to be seen) is to rehabilitate the trial court with the power to try cases rather than sit as umpire in a judicial game, and then restrict the injurious intermeddling of little judges sitting on tall benches to instances where, but for the error of the court below, the verdict must (not might) have been different.

It is impossible that such "bullwork" in the administration of justice can go on inter-

minably without producing consequences of the most serious character. Those who have had their savings swallowed up by bank looters, seeing the miscreants go free, will treat them as they would be justified in treating looters of their chicken roosts—fill their skins with shot. The surviving members of families whose innocent sons drunken policemen kill will go gunning for those policemen after the manner of the feudists of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the doctrine of "dementia Americana" will be invoked to justify the act, and unless justice can be better secured by due process of law, will justify it.

There is nothing else deserving the attention of the administration and legislature about to be inducted into office, commensurate with the reconstruction of our system of criminal jurisprudence. Everything else can wait. It is perhaps providential that the miscarriages of justice in the cases of Glass, Bartnett and Conboy, being flagrant, took place just at this time. If to these could be added the freeing of Ruef!

Christmas

Will the world ever come really to know that carpenter of Nazareth? Will it ever be able to picture him in his time and place in human history, surrounded as he was by Roman soldiery, Jewish citizens, aliens and denizens, influenced in their opinions by Greek culture, talking to the common people in an idiom that they could understand, holding fast in the main to that to which they held fast, speaking their language, thinking their thoughts, sharing their views of disease, of science, of history, limited as they were limited save that, in the relation of God to man, the father to his children, he saw above and beyond the highest and farthest the world has yet seen? Will the world ever come to know this Christ for what he was and is, the anointed bringer of good tidings to a despairing world? Must we always give ourselves over to slavery to the letter that fitted the time when it was written or spoken but, so interpreted, becomes unintelligible at another age of the world and under other conditions? Why should we hobble-skirt our hearts and our souls at the dictates of a theological fashion, and so lose opportunity to sit free at the feet of this most marvelous of all teachers of the way-of-life that we may drink in such of his words as were spoken for all time and all men? The theologies that men have written and expounded! How in spite of him have the backs of men been laden with this dead burden when his own yoke was easy and the burden he imposed upon his followers light, so light that men and women have gone to their deaths bearing it trippingly as a damsel going to the well for a pitcher of water dripping with coolness! And what was the burden of the message this eastern Ariel brought to the world? What was it but love and service, love for every living creature and a helpful hand stretched forth to whoever needs help? Just that and not a thing else that is indispensable. He only is infidel to this aerial messenger who would becloud his face with theologies, with creeds, with hard conditions as to church membership, absolution, penance, forgiveness, as to solving problems of the universe, of creation, of last things, prophecy and the fulfillment of it, a' that and a' that, and keep us from coming to him as came the little children of old with open minds and honest hearts that we may learn how to love and how to serve. If Christmas is the best day in all the year it is because on that day more of us give ourselves over to loving and serving, not always wisely, too often more conventionally than sincerely, and yet striving somehow to love and to serve those we do love in loyalty and truth. All that is joyous in our Christmas tide is of the spirit of The Christ. All that is burdensome, the costly presents poorly afforded, the ceremonial, the conventional thing, these are of barbaric mythology and antedate the birth of Christ, probably by centuries. So it is with much, if not most, that we get from him, it comes freighted with the excrescences of morbid ages so that he walks, in the minds of many, a melancholy ghost weighed down with the miseries of a world instead of being that fleet-footed messenger, bringing glad tidings, that he is to those who know him in spirit and in truth. Whenever shall the world come to know that carpenter of Nazareth for what he is and was?

Illuminating

If the testimony now being taken by the Railroad Securities Commission, whatever that may be, in New York, is properly digested and laid before the public it will throw much light on the railroad rate-making and control question in this country. Judge Robert S. Lovett appears to have been especially frank and open in his testimony. So far as he has observed, the need for paying either interest or dividends has not entered into rate-making. Rates are made to take all that the traffic will bear and, be it much or little, it must serve no matter how great or how small the capitalization. No doubt this is true. No doubt it ought not to be. While the physical valuation of railroads can be only one factor in rate-making it should prove a most important factor, Judge Lovett to the contrary notwithstanding. Some day it will so prove.

What Judge Untermeyer said in relation to holding corporations was also much to the point. Such corporations never should have been allowed to exist and they should speedily be destroyed. They are devices for enabling holders of fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock of a holding corporation to skin alive the holders of forty-nine per cent., not only of that corporation but of the corporation held by the holding company, and one of the most valued by-products of corporation exploitation is made up of the hides and tallow of the minority stockholders. Corporate dishonesty and buccaneering methods of dealing with the public are equaled only by the dishonesty and buccaneering methods which the majority stockholders maintain toward minority stockholders in the same company.

Take the case of the Associated Oil Company: The Southern Pacific Company is reputed to own fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock of that corporation. The Associated has confessedly made huge profits and acquired vast holdings, but it pays no dividends and those who are dependent upon their dividends for their livings must sell their shares at a price greatly reduced for the want of dividends being earned in abundance. When the Southern Pacific gets ready to realize on its investment, what stands in the way of its taking over the whole vast property at such a price as it is minded to pay itself for its own property, including that of the unrepresented forty-nine per centers?

Judge Untermeyer is right. We are as uncivilized in enforcing justice in the management of corporations as we are in other forms of criminality, the management of corporations being a recognized form of criminality. The gravity of the case can the better be appreciated when we reflect that, in the nature of things, business must somehow mainly be conducted through corporations. Therefore their dishonesty of management is as much a menace to wealth itself as it can be to the general well-being. Say on, Judge Untermeyer. The more you tell the quicker will a remedy be applied. For long years you were attorney for one of the greatest corporation criminals of modern times and you know.

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

Anyone conversant with childhood delinquency will agree that the most [illegible] of all evil habits to break up is petty pilfering. For this there are psychological justifications of convincing power, and no parent or guardian is doing his duty by a child placed in his hands if he does less than all he may do to instill in the mind of his charge an adequate power of discrimination between what is one's own and what is another's, for, by inheritance and nativity, we are all of us born thieves.

Up from the Adamite man, up from the cave dweller, all the way to our day, there may be traced two elemental, if not always predominating, means of acquisition—taking by power and taking by stealth. In their simpler forms these are robbery and larceny. In their more complex manifestations they are exploitation and the employment of crafty devices for the securing of special privileges and immunities. Betwixt these extremities, lying all along the paths of life, the manifestations of taking by force or taking by stealth are beyond classification or enumeration and constitute the heaviest burden that society has to carry.

In the mass the tendency harks back to the infancy of the race, in individual instance to the early childhood of pickpocket and shoplifter, footpad and porch climber, defaulting clerk or fashionable kleptomaniac, and for the simplest of all reasons—we memorize by repetition, we acquire habits by doing over and over again, and whoever during childhood's days committed a thousand petty thefts will, except some profound experience ordain to the contrary, commit another thousand during after years and, let us confess it for it is true, he may become a multi-millionaire merely by multiplying his petty larcenies by millions instead of by scores. When one contemplates the efforts made, the inventive genius employed, to make the merest semblance of genuine commodities sell for what they are not, the humanist despairs of his race.

But there is one gross, common, contemptible form of this depravity that should be attacked and steadily resisted in every family from infancy to adulthood. That is the tendency to pilfer. Many families are, all unwittingly, kindergartens of thievery. Parents lead their own children into temptation in a hundred different ways and, themselves having no very definite ideas in relation to what is their own and what another's, do nothing effective toward making such ideas clear and definite in the minds of their children.

Watch the building of any house in the residential district of any bay cities community. No sooner have the workmen gone than the "kids" swarm to it with bags, baskets and little wagons to carry off the scraps of lumber left lying around. These belong either to the contractor or to the owners and possess a tangible value. If to the contractor, he may keep his home supplied with fuel the year round from the waste of his different buildings; if to the home-owner, he may have kindling enough to last years.

But the "kidlets" do not discriminate between waste lumber and good. They carry off whole armfuls of shingles, broken bunches of laths, moldings and finishings that either curtail the contractor's profits or rob the owner of that which is his own. It has been conjectured by contractors that losses so sustained every year about the bay aggregate many carloads of merchantable lumber.

The real harm, however, is not to the contractors or to the home owners, but to the "kidlets" who are thus taught lessons that they never will forget. It is not that their native integrity of character is broken down. Rather is it that their innate tendency to pilfer is fed and encouraged and they are helped to grow toward, instead of away from, the preadamite man. In nothing does a growing child need more careful and unremitting guidance than in learning to distinguish between that which is his own and that which is another's and to respect the difference

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

California First in Oil Production

A bulletin just issued by the United States Geological Survey officially recognizes the position of the Golden State in the matter of oil production, as follows: "California, as was expected, took first place in petroleum production, changing places with Oklahoma. California's product in 1909 was about 6,500,000 barrels more than any other state has ever produced in a year. Should California show a further proportionate increase in 1910"—and she is understood to have done so—"her total will be more than double the highest yield of Pennsylvania." "Almost 6,500,000 barrels more than any other state has ever produced in a year!" With that shy humility which is universally recognized as a Californian characteristic, may we be permitted to suggest that this is "going some?" Although the oil product of the United States increased more than 30 per cent in 1907, an increase which has been somewhat more than maintained since then, the bulletin has this to say about it: "Only three states contributed greatly to the increase in quantity produced. California took first place by gaining 25.35 per cent., Oklahoma increased 4.5 per cent., and West Virginia 12.83 per cent. Utah and Wyoming produced only 22,137 barrels, but this was a gain of 24.55 per cent. over their combined output in 1908. In all other states decreases were noted, the greatest decline, 47.15 per cent., being in Louisiana." The bulletin is gratifying: California is first in oil and first in the hearts of its countrymen.

Center of Population to Move East

As yet it is too early to say with certainty, but there is strong probability that when the center of population of the United States in 1910 finally is definitely determined it will be ascertained to have moved a little east and south of its location in 1900, about 25 miles west of Columbus, Indiana. If this probability is found to accord with the fact, the situation will be unique, inasmuch as this will be the first census taken since 1790 in which the center has failed to move westward. Beginning with the first census, when the center was located a few miles east of Baltimore, the center of population uniformly has moved westward. The trend also has been slightly to the northward, so that the present change will be a variation in that it will trend both eastward and southward. We of the West have had an idea that our population has increased rapidly—and it has—but it appears that the East has been outdoing us in this respect.

The Oldest Egg Has Been Found

While a party of German archeologists were delving in the ruins of the ancient Moguntiacum, which was built before the Christian era by a son of the Roman Emperor Augustus, they came upon a deeply covered cistern. In the cistern a clay vessel was found, and in the vessel was a hen's egg which was, to all external appearance, as perfect as on the day when the hen mother first sang her paean of praise over it. The egg now is in a Roman museum, but nobody has had the hardihood to attempt to ascertain the condition of its contents. This is believed to be the oldest egg in the world, although it is whispered that it may have some fairly able competitors in the cold-storage article. It also has been suggested that the egg trust is likely to investigate the condition under which the outer form of this egg was maintained so long, but it is admitted that this is merely a rumor, and there may be nothing to it. As to the quality of the ancient egg's contents, what need it matter, when any householder must many a time ere this have purchased eggs which he would be willing to guarantee were no better? When an egg attains a certain condition of nocuous desuetude, it matters not whether it is a month or a few aeons old.

Hungarians Feed the Devil

Set in the midst of that mystery of life and death which their minds have not the capacity to solve, it is small wonder that most men are superstitious in some degree. Usually such superstition is of mild character, taking the form of disregarding Fridays, holding certain numbers lucky, etc., but occasionally it breaks out more violently. Witness recent developments in the village of Rihal, Hungary. There was a series of earthquake shocks so severe as to set church bells to ringing. The villagers were greatly alarmed, and consulted an old woman, who claimed to be possessed of occult power, concerning what should be done. She assured them that the earth tremors were caused by the groans of the devil, who suffered from cold and hunger. Thereupon the villagers killed several calves and goats and threw them into a chasm near the village in order that the devil, who is presumed not to be a vegetarian, might have something with which to appease his hunger. They also set fire to the bishop's forest near there to give the devil an opportunity to warm himself, although it should have occurred to anybody that he need but go home to find all the warmth he needed. The episode resulted in the arrest of the occult lady and several peasants, the latter, at any rate, more to be pitied than blamed. Does not the whole story read like a fragment from the middle ages rather than a bit of twentieth century history?

Ten Per Cent. for the Poor

Under the laws pertaining to that city all paid places of entertainment in Paris pay 10 per cent. of their receipts to the government for the benefit of the poor; the law applying to theaters, concert halls, dance halls and, in short, all places of paid amusement. The receipts from these sources in 1909 amounted to $10,363,000, and this sum was the most ever received in any one year save the exhibition year of 1900, when the sum received was $12,165,000. It is of interest to note that various forms of entertainment contributed to the fund last year as follows: Theaters, $5,979,000; concert and music halls, $3,300,000; dances, $151,000, and—their first contributions to such a fund—cinematographs, $338,000. It is noteworthy that moving-picture shows, though of recent birth, contributed more than twice as much as dancing, though the light, fantastic toe never wearies of disporting itself. The idea of compelling those who amuse themselves to pay something toward the support of those who are in want seems to be worthy of emulation.

The First Scholar Continues First

Occasionally one hears it suggested that the bright pupil in school or college, the one who stands at the head of his classes, rarely amounts to much after he "gets out in the world," and, indeed, there seems to be a somewhat popular impression that this may be so. The Harvard Graduates' Magazine combats this theory as erroneous, and produces statistics which uphold its contention, as follow: Between 1777 and 1888 Harvard classes contained 113 first scholars. Of these five became United States senators, ten became congressmen, three were members of presidential cabinets, two ministers to Great Britain and three ministers to other countries, one a United States supreme court justice, six judges of United States courts or of state supreme courts, two became presidents of Harvard, and a number of others were educators of high rank, while several became eminent in the literary world. Certainly there is nothing about such a list to give countenance to the theory that first scholars lapse into obscure mediocrity. On the contrary, there is little room for doubt that an equal number of graduates selected at random would be found to have made a much inferior record.

The Queerest Railway Train

Without much room for doubt, the queerest railway train in the world is operated in Japan. It travels over nineteen miles of hilly road between Atami and Odawara, and it is called the "push man train" for reasons which will become apparent as this paragraph is continued. The locomotion of the train is worked as follows: Each car is pushed and hauled up a hill by coolies; then, when the summit is reached, the coolies jump on behind, and the car runs down the hill and to another hill by its own momentum. There the process is repeated, and so on to the end of the journey. Years ago, on a three-mile line of road running from the Los Angeles & San Pedro railway to Long Beach, there used to be a car or two hauled by an absurd little engine, and when there were too many passengers aboard on an up-grade the engine would refuse to haul its load farther, and the male passengers were expected to get off and push the cars, which they did, thus assisting the engine. It was called the G. O. P., or Get Off and Push, train. But doubtless to Japan alone belongs the distinction of possessing the only train that depends entirely on human muscle for its motor power.

A striking feature of Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire is "La Beffa," an Italian drama in four acts which was first produced in Paris by Mme. Bernhardt at her own theatre on March 2, 1910. It is a romantic, psychological play.

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WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

HAIL, CHRISTMAS!

By M. L. Theise-Whaley

Hail, day made for gladness!
That dissipates sadness,
As the sun's ardent beams kiss the dews from the earth,
We greet thy returning,
With hearts filled and burning
With love, for thy festal of good cheer and mirth.

With laughter and singing,
With good will, and ringing
Of joy-bells, we welcome thee, bend to thy sway.
The children adore thee
And youth bows before thee,
While even old age dreams of blest Christmas Day.

For souls that are blighted
By sin, thou hast lighted
The bright star of hope; whose soft radiance streams,
Into life's darkened places,
And lifts downcast faces,
Again to the light with its heart cheering beams.

Then hail to thee, Christmas!
That comest to bless us,
With gifts—and with giving, that true joys prevail—
In our hearts we enthrone thee
Anew, while we own thee
Rich gift from the Father, and bid thee: All Hail!

BERNARD SHAW'S LATEST

Bernard Shaw's latest play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," is thus described by the New York Times: In this one-act piece given at a special Haymarket matinee recently, the author sets his drama on the terrace of Whitehall Palace between 11 and 12 o'clock on a midsummer night; and his characters are Queen Elizabeth, her frolicsome maid of honor, Mistress Mary Fitton, William Shakespeare and a palace warder.

The presence of Mary Fitton as the mysterious "woman color'd ill" of the sonnets shows Mr. Shaw among the Herbertists in the controversy as to whether Pembroke or Southampton was the "only true begetter" of these marvelous poems. In fact, Pembroke is specifically mentioned by the warder as having paid several moonlight visits to the terrace for the purpose of meeting the frolicsome Fitton.

The story can be briefly told. Shakespeare comes to keep a tryst with the young maid of honor; and, while waiting, is surprised by the apparition of a lady walking in her sleep. He mistakes her for the girl, "whose pretty looks have been mine enemies," and, having awakened her, is beginning to pour out his heart, when Mary, a harmony in flame-red, flies furiously in, calls the lady by a highly opprobrious name, gives Will a clout that sends him to the floor, and then discovers to her panic and horror that the lady is no other a personage than the Queen. And her Grace looks so like mischief that Mary is presently glad to totter away after warning her mistress in a terrified whisper against "this man who is more than a man—and less than one," and his awful power of words, "that can raise a soul to heaven or abase it to hell!" The poet, however, succeeds not only in pacifying his sovereign, but in interesting her in himself and his schemes, and particularly in a certain scheme for the foundation of a national theatre; though her Grace's knowledge of her people warns her that the time is not yet ripe for such an institution, that other nations will first have to set the example, and that probably in 300 years (that is, circa the present day) such a temple of dramatic art and literature may be set up. "You and I will be ashes then," says her Grace, sadly; but William foresees and foreshadows his own immortality and hers. And, on his loyal "God Save the Queen!" and her proud "Amen!" the curtain falls.

Original! Yes, and welcome on that ground alone, says the reviewer of The Pall Mall Gazette. But fifty times more welcome for the drollery with which part of it is written, and the sheer splendor of some of its more serious passages. The most comical thing in it is its picture of a Shakespeare picking up striking phrases from the talk of his interlocutors, and promptly making a note of them for use in his plays. For instance, the warder, at first sight of him, cries, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" and the dramatist makes a note of the exclamation then and there. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" is another coinage similarly borrowed of the warder; and when, noting the literary gentleman's little dodge, the worthy sentinel calls him a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, he makes a note of that, too, in high delight.

The conversation of the Queen proves even more profitable. She babbles in her sleep of the freckles that have come upon her hands, and moans that all the perfumes of Arabia will not wash them out. "All the perfumes of Arabia!" echoes the playwright luxuriously. "The music of the phrase!" Down it goes. And when, later, he bursts into a rhapsody on the magic of words, he thrills not only the Queen on the stage, but the audience in the theatre, and we listen for a few moments to an eloquence such as we rarely hear nowadays, except in a theatre, and even there only when Bernard Shaw happens to be the orator.

And, comical as this Shakespeare's system of snapping-up appears, and ludicrous as sound certain denunciations of his popular comedies "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing" in comparison with the tragedies which are being played at the Globe to empty benches, the creation is one that should finally silence those stupid people who have taken various little flights of patent nonsense, together with sundry most excellent pieces of criticism, to imply that Mr. Shaw is the only sane person in Europe who declines to recognize the mastery of Shakespeare.

STEVENSON AT COLLEGE

An intimate view of Stevenson as an undergraduate is given in an article published by the Kansas City Star. It shows him at the period when he was forming his literary ideals and method under the influence of a great professor. The account is as follows:

A tall boy, very slender, with piercing dark eyes and black hair, surmounted by a Highland tam-o'-shanter; living within himself, little known by his fellow-students and seemingly without enthusiasm for his college work—that is the way Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer, is remembered by Dr. D. S. Stephens, chancellor of the Kansas City (Kan.) university, who was a classmate of Stevenson in the university of Edinburgh in 1869-70.

In the same class was a robust, blue-eyed, light-haired boy who always was a leader in class work and in the university activities. He was Henry Drummond, later known to the world as a scientist and writer.

"Few of us expected much of Stevenson," Dr. Stephens told a visitor, "but all the upper classmen felt sure Drummond would be heard from later in life. Stevenson always wore a tam-o'-shanter and he usually had a Scotch plaid sash across his breast and around his waist. We didn't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask why he clothed himself that way. He made us feel always that he preferred to be by himself. Drummond won several prizes in scholarship, but Stevenson's name never was in any such list. Drummond used to argue with the professors, but if Stevenson ever disagreed with them he kept it to himself.

"There was one professor in whom Stevenson showed a particular interest. He never missed a lecture by Dr. David Masson, professor of English literature and rhetoric, and the influence of Dr. Masson's teaching is discernable in his writings. The professor was a personal friend of Thomas Carlyle, whom he resembled in appearance. His 'Life of Milton' and other books are masterpieces of style. 'Prevailing Objectivity' was [illegible] by the preached the doctrine of the concrete in writing in all his lectures."

Dr. Stephens then referred to the notes he took from Dr. Masson's lectures forty years ago. The notes were written in pencil in the classroom and never have been copied, but he made them out readily. "Now here's one of the professor's points that I remember well: 'The objective includes the subjective more surely than the subjective includes the objective.' He used to insist that we write of abstract things in concrete forms. He urged us to get away from generalities, and to state things in a way that would capture the reader's interest by specific application rather than repel it by a formidable wall of cold words. Intelligibility he regarded as the prime virtue of literature. After that came non-offensiveness, vivacity, beauty and richness, in the order named. His three canons for general writing were truth, prevailing objectivity and the stating of facts rather than the writer's conclusions. To illustrate the matter of classing the significant details he used to tell of Sir Walter Scott's remark to William Allen, who was painting a picture to illustrate a scene in 'Marmion.' 'I have only to provide a moor, clouds of smoke above it and the flash of swords,' Scott said. 'The reader will supply the rest of the picture of a battle. You have to put the details into your painting or it will mean nothing.'

"Stevenson's style is of the purest, and it was to style that he was paying most attention at Edinburgh. He used to imitate the style of Shakespeare, and Milton and Scott and other great writers. He studied each in turn, meantime absorbing every word of Dr. Masson's lectures. And the same was true of Dr. John Watson, known as Ian MacLaren, and Barrie Low, the Scotch novelist, both of whom were students at Edinburgh about that time. And Masson's influence is to be seen in their writings as well as in those of Stevenson.

"And while Dr. Masson was influencing the novelists, Dr. Henry Calderwood, professor of moral philosophy, was having an equally great effect upon Henry Drummond's thought. Dr. Calderwood was free from the dogmas of the typical professor. His aim was to make his students think for themselves and teach them to make others think. Drummond's books and teachings bear witness to Calderwood's success in that line."

Dr. Stephens considers "Treasure Island" the best example of Stevenson's skill. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Dr. Stephens considers an excellent example of Stevenson's philosophy, which always was optimistic, despite his ill-health. Dr. Stephens went to the Scotch university after being graduated from Adrian college in Michigan. He had worked under Dr. Calderwood and Dr. Masson. He went to Kansas City, Kan., eleven years ago, when the university was founded. He has been its chancellor ever since.

PARISIAN THEATRES

The Paris opera, the Opera Comique, the Comedie Francaise and the Odeon all receive subventions from the state. The average cost of a performance at the Opera last year was $3,220, and the average receipts $3,056. There was a general increase in the cost of management, and the loss for the year was $280,000, which is far from discouraging when it is considered that the loss the year before was $128,000. The total receipts of the Opera Comique were $568,000, about $4,000 less than the expenditures. This deficit was owing to increased pay of employes. The Odeon is becoming a paying institution for the first time. The Comedie Francaise, which always makes money, had net profits of $88,430.

THE ASCENT TO IGNORANCE

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

"Dear! dear!" you exclaim, "here is that impossible person again, twisting phrases and trying to be clever simply by saying things wrong."

There are two easy answers to that. The first is, that this page has repeatedly been guaranteed to be information-proof. The second is, that merely because a belief is old is no proof that it is right, and further, that even an old belief which is right may be only half of the truth. So let us be good-natured and candid, and see if there may not be something to justify our title, "The Ascent to Ignorance."

Of course, the old belief was the converse of this. All schools have taught that man has emerged from darkness, climbed from an abyss of ignorance, scaled the heights of knowledge and power. Well, has he? Somebody told you he has, but has he? That's our question. Let's not take somebody's say-so for things: let's look for the truth ourselves.

Our point is this: the benighted prehistoric cave dweller may not have known many things, but the things he knew he **did know.** But the enlightened modern man does not **know** anything. Life is to him one huge interrogation point. The cave man had no doubts. The modern man has nothing else. As far as the limited cave mind went, its knowledge was absolute. It dealt only with certainties. The cave man knew that he existed, that the sun rose and set, that hunger must be satisfied, that certain acts meant death. The modern imagination has progressed infinitely beyond the wildest dreams of the cave man. But it has progressed from the vivid white light of absolute knowledge into a gray and indeterminate fog of doubt.

Let us be explicit—illustrate by an example. Take the idea of God. Did the ancient cave man know there was a God? The question answers itself. He stood every moment in the living presence of God and had no more doubt of His existence than he had of his own. That overwhelming Fact roared itself into his consciousness in every wintry blast, crept into it in every falling leaf, shone in the rising sun and gloomed in the pitchy night, just as the Resurrection was yearly enacted before him by the budding green of spring and as Salvation was borne in upon him by the life-preserving harvest of fruits and nuts.

What does the modern man know about God? Fifteen thousand Christian sects have differed as to who and what He is. Fifteen thousand million people, probably, have differed in minor degrees of faith in and conception of Him. Does anybody **know?** Few are they who would dare to say they do, and fewer still who in their inmost hearts have not at some time had their doubts.

A like ascent from knowledge to ignorance has taken place in nearly every line of human thought. The ancient cave man had no doubt that he existed. His stomach cried aloud too often for that, his body was in too imminent danger of destruction, and he had observed that so far as this world was concerned, the destruction of the body was synchronous with a permanent suspension of the spirit. But what of the modern man? Does he know that he exists? Wise philosopers have doubted it, many who are the reservoirs of knowledge have questioned it, many thousands of intelligent people flatly deny it. A large and materially successful sect has grown up which denies the existence of material things, including even the material body. This, surely, is an ascent from knowledge to ignorance.

But, you protest, you are using your words all wrong. You don't mean **knowledge,** you mean **faith;** you don't mean **ignorance,** you mean **doubt.** Ah, my friend, where do you draw the line? Let us say that you know that blood is red. How do you know it? I've seen it, you answer. Exactly. But when you saw it and announced that it was red, you based your knowledge on the faith that your senses did not deceive you, the faith that your nervous system reacted normally to stimulation, that your brain correctly registered the message of the nerves, that your perception of red is the same as the perception of red enjoyed by everybody else. Here are four acts of sheer faith—the number could easily be multiplied—involved in your vaunting assertion of knowledge. No, no; knowledge is merely faith in the truth of what we think to be true.

And right here is where the cave man had his advantage over the modern man in the exactness and positiveness of his knowledge. There was no hiatus between the faith and the fact in his mind. The connection was instant and absolute. Speak to him of God and he showed you instantly God in ten thousand forms, as vivid as the trees and streams wherein He dwelt. He was the God of the tree, the God of the chase, the God of war, the God of fruitfulness—an omnipresent and omnipotent God, as present as the scene before one's eyes. Speak to the modern man about God, and he will hesitate while his mind traverses the myriad conceptions of Him that confuse and trouble the modern mind. God has become a hazy hypothesis. He is farther away, by ten thousand leagues of perception, than He was to the savage mind.

"This is all very well," you reply, "but let us get down to matters not purely speculative. Take our modern science. Here, at least, we know, and know absolutely, many things the cave man never dreamed."

Well, here you are partly right and partly wrong. In little things, science does know more. But in the big things science quickly becomes as speculative as religion ever was, and with no more basis for faith. You speak glibly of the "law of gravitation," for instance. Pin the best physicist living down to it, and he will deny that there is any such "law." There is such a "hypothesis," and infinite reasons for believing it to be a correct hypothesis, but it is a speculative conception at best, and in the nature of things not susceptible of proof, no more susceptible of proof than is the speculative conception of God.

Again, what does your science **know** about the composition of matter? The very dust at your feet has defied the most knowing. True, you have the molecular **theory** and the atomic **theory,** but what do you **know?** There are dozens of theories; not one certainty. The microscope actually widened the vistas of doubt instead of narrowing the field of research. Now much is hoped from the ultra microscope, that marvelous device for retaining an image conveyed by light rays too rapid in their flight for optical grasp. Perhaps—we say **perhaps**—when it is perfected, and the tiniest speck of matter has been magnified its four hundred million times a million times in size, we may know. But just as likely we will only have multitplied the problem a few million times.

That is part of our trouble. The vastness of the truth has dawned upon us, rather than knowledge of the truth. Wherever we turn we see infinity stretching beyond, unexplored and as yet inexplicable. We see nothing plain; we see, instead, gigantic shapes, whirling chaoses of tremendous uncertainties, Cyclopean fogs of doubt.

"Here! here!" you exclaim, "wait a moment. Maybe all you say is true. Maybe the savage did know and maybe we don't, but wouldn't you rather be a modern ignoramus than a savage savant? Aren't we better off, anyhow?"

Now that's quite another story. And the answer depends on the point of view. If you enjoy the intellectual gymnastics, by all means it is better to be a William James or a Kant, a Bacon or a Socrates, than to be Ab, the cave dweller. But if you mean that we possess more practical knowledge, I say no: the cave man knew more than we do. He knew all he needed to know. We know only an infinitesimal part of what we need to know. The cave man, in that respect, had millions of times the better of us.

But we did not set out to argue that question: we merely undertook to show that man has progressed from exact knowledge, however limited, to hazy ignorance, however vast. Consider government as another example of this progress. In the cave dweller's lexicon, government meant rule by force, and nothing else. The strong ruled, and there was an end on't. What does the modern man know about government? Nothing, except that ten thousand various forms of government have been tried—all failures. The cave man had no science of government because he needed none: he knew that what the big man with the club said was the law of the land, and he ordered his life by that simple but exact knowledge. The modern man prattles about a science of government, whereas he really has no such science and knows only the history of a mournful pageant of past unsuccesses.

Medicine? The cave man knew the beneficent from the poisonous and ate only the good. He had his healing herbs and physics. And he knew the limitations of his medical knowledge and with fortitude, when those limitations were reached, attuned his mind to peaceful dissolution. The modern man has multiplied the pharmacopeia, he has charted the anatomy, he has observed endlessly the functionings of the organs, he has improved surgery—and he has bred in the public mind a degree of false hope in his powers so widespread and a fear of death so acute, that most of us dare not approach the veil otherhow than under the fortifying powers of dazzling stimulants.

What does the modern man know? At every avenue of research he stands at the gate of cosmic mysteries, impenetrable doubts. Every material science, pursued to the limits of the human understanding, ends at a question mark. The cave man knew: the modern man doubts. The cave man had certain advantages over us. Perhaps, on the other hand, we have certain advantages over him.

PEOPLE

Mrs. Helen M. Wixson, who has just been elected state superintendent of public instruction in Colorado, is said to owe her election to the non-partisan vote of the women. Though the Democrats swept the state, Mrs. Wixson, who was nominated by the Republicans, received a large majority, women without regard for party lines voting for her.

Miss Agnes Deans-Cameron has been sent to England by the Canadian government to lecture on the advisability of emigrating to Canada. Before going over to the mother country Miss Deans-Cameron traveled extensively over Canada for the purpose of investigation, the means for doing this being furnished by the government. She proved so successful that the Australian government has followed the example of Canada by sending Miss Beatrice Grimshaw to explore Papua, British New Guinea, with reference to its opportunities for settlers.

Mrs. Nellie Archibald of Ashland, Wis., has been elected treasurer of Ashland county. She is the first woman in Wisconsin to hold such an office. She defeated the two opposing candidates about two to one at the polls. Mrs. Archibald is the widow of a former treasurer and acted as his deputy for several years. She is an expert accountant. When she first applied to have her name put on the official ballot the right was denied to her.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Little Mabel's Christmas Presents

Santa Claus comed to our house las' year
And bringed me a present 'at you can't guess,
An' mama she said, "Sech presents is queer,
Now ain't they, Elijer?" an' pa said, "Yes."
They was two of the presents. A bruvver was one,
An' he didn't have teef like grown-uppers do,
An'—I fink 'at you'll laugh before I get done—
The uvver one it was a bruvver, too.

An' I've had bofe them presents sence Chris'-mas las' year,
An' sometimes they laughs an' sometimes they cries,
An' when they are cryin' I can't see a tear,
But mama says, "Bessum" an' papa he sighs;
An' mama she said that them presents was mine,
But soon as I touched 'em she hollered, "Take care!"
An' I do not fink 'at a present is fine,
When jus' to play wiv 'em your mama 'll scare.

Of course I like bruvvers—'at is, if they're good—
But I hope when ole Santa comes ridin' about
He'll bring me a doll an' a Red Ridin' Hood,
So no one 'll holler, "Be careful! Look out!"
I'm 'spectin' of presents, an' hope for the best',
A dolly that talks if her tummy you touch,
Or somefin like 'at, but no bruvvers, I guess,
For jus' two such presents is almos' too much.

* * *

Concerning Christmas

I believe that Christmas could be made the most happy, the most cheery, the most blessed day in the year, and this without lamentable drawbacks, if all of us would determine to make it so. If all the world of men, women and children would unite to make it what it could be, ah, what a millenium day it would be! As it is, it largely is a day for making those of us who are comfortable more comfortable still; as for the rest, it really is too bad about them, but "the poor ye have always with you," and we may as well be philosophical about it. We are well fed, well housed, well clothed. It is unfortunate about those who are not, but—what Christmas presents did you get?

Over in San Francisco, years ago, I met a small girl who was a hopeless skeptic on the subject of Santa Claus.

"I've prayed an' prayed for him to bring me a doll or somefin'," she said, "but he never did. I don't b'lieve there is no Santy Claus."

Oh, woeful pessimism and agnosticism born of the hard facts of a hard life unfit for babes to know! But you and I, who need nothing, will receive much, and those who need somewhat, that they may live, will receive nothing, or if they receive a little, it will be doled out to them.

It is your fault, and mine, that this condition exists, on this one day, at least. We might see that our gifts go to those who need, not to those who possess in sufficiency; we might make it understood that we would prefer that gifts meant for us should go to those whose need is told in gaunt faces and ill-clad forms. Doing thus, what a truly blessed day it would be, blessed for both giver and receiver.

But we will not do this thing. We are not that far along on the narrow, glorified way the Nazarene pointed out. What a pity it is that we are not! What a wonderful Christmas Day of Christmas Days this would be if we were!

* * *

"Did your mama whip you when you was a little girl, mama?"

"Yes, for she felt that it was best for me."

"And did she whip you real often?"

"She did, because she knew I deserved it."

Little Willie (after consideration)—Gee! How our family has improved since you were a little girl, hasn't it, mama?

The Opinions of Rufus

I'm jest like you, Abel; I'm a sot believer in compromisin'—my way.

They ain't much logic in a woman's "because," but I've 'bout made up my mind it leads to truth full es often es a man's "consekently an' therefore."

I'd ruther that folks wouldn't lie 'bout me, but ofener'n not I perfer that to their tellin' the truth.

Still, no matter how mean folks talk 'bout me, they's a mighty good chance they won't tell es mean es I know.

After analyzin' some men that's talked 'bout most I'm 'most ready to take my chances on them that's mentioned less.

Someway or other I've got an impression that the only kind of righteousness that's a misfit in Heaven is self-righteousness—an' that's the kind some reel prosperous citizens carry.

It's mighty hard fer any man to git other people to rate him any higher than he rates himself.

Josh Bings says a hen's the blamedest fool created, but he never met some of the folks I have.

Folks used to think that "meet 'er by moonlight alone" was the best payin' snap on earth, but that wus 'fore gas meters wus invented.

I writ to Helen Gould askin' her why 'tis that all the best self-respectin' brains in some fam'lies runs to one person, but she never ans'ered me.

I've heerd that there is sev'ral poets that bust into rapchers over sunrises that never has seen one.

If us that lives is examples of the survival of the fittest, let's rejoice, brethren an' sisters, that the other kind didn't hang on.

* * *

Excepting You and Me

The lawyer aids the grafter if he has the coin to pay,
Yet he prates about his "honor" in the old, familiar way;
The preacher whacks the sinner, as he ought to do, I'm told,
But he's apt to overlook him if a "pillar" in his fold;
The apples that the farmer sells on top your praise must claim,
But how they dwindle down below I've always held a shame,
And, thinking of these painful facts, the truth I plainly see
That everybody goes astray—excepting you and me.

Milady fair is shocked to meet her sisters of the fall,
Forgetful of some quiet scenes she mentions not at all;
Paul Holyman is nobler far than other folk he sees,
And so each day he thanks the Lord "that I am not as these,"
The old prayer of the pharisee, forgetful that our clay
In saint and sinner is the same forever and alway,
And noting this, or noting that, to make the claim I'm free
That everybody wobbles some—excepting you and me.

Yes, everybody wobbles some (of course, excepting us);
They mean to be exalted, free—and have to wear a truss;
They see the right and yearn for it, quite honestly they do,
But just as they are near its goal they're buried in a slough;
And, noting that these things are true—I've noted them full oft,
Have shed a tear for sinners or at sinfulness have scoffed—
I've just about concluded, and I trust that you agree,
That everybody stubs his toe—excepting you and me.

Opposition to a Water Trust

After Dives Morgabilt had used Lazarus-Stuth for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue and had been refused, he thought of the matter briefly for a few thousand years. After that he lived a full and successful life and addressed an enthusiastic meeting of the Private Utility Fraternity.

"Fellow Gaspers," he said, "my experience on earth convinced me that many trusts are excellent institutions. For example, an oil trust, a bankers' trust, or even a railway trust, is a soft snap. But after some ages of carrying my tongue on Lazarus's patented tongue-receiver, I am convinced that this water trust is wholly iniquitous. I assure you that not a drop of water has come from my faucet since I can remember. Every time I turn it it belches out flame, which is discouraging, and I assume that a majority of you meet with the same difficulty. Under these distressing circumstances, I have prepared some resolutions, as follow, which I respectfully but heatedly submit for your indorsement:

"Whereas, this water trust cinch has been maintained so long as to hurt our feelings, and,

"Whereas, its facilities are so inadequate that not a drop of water has reached our bath-tubs in many moons, and,

"Whereas, the only kind of a trust in which we believe (as we constantly maintained on earth) is the kind that benefits us, and the present rigidly-maintained water trust does not; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we are utterly and unalterably opposed to the Cerulean Water Trust, and unqualifiedly demand that it be at once dissolved."

The resolution was adopted by an absolutely unanimous vote, but there is no record that any attention has been paid to it as yet.

* * *

No Pay for These

The melancholy-looking man who came into the office took my chair and sat down.

"Say," he then inquired, "do you pay for jokes?"

"We do," I replied, "if they pass the test."

"What's the test?" he asked.

"Why, the author of the joke reads it to me, and if I laugh he gets paid for it; otherwise he does not," I explained.

"Well, you bet you'll laugh at this. I wrote it myself, and it's awfully funny. The joke is made of two definitions, you know. I can't help laughing at it myself, even if I did make it. Just listen:

"Insurgent—A citizen who yearns to do—good.

"Reactionary—A citizen who yearns to do—anybody he can."

"Haw haw haw! Ain't that rich. It's a corker! I don't see how I ever happened to think of it, and—Why in thunder don't you laugh?"

I really should have liked to please him, but—well, could you laugh at that sort of thing? I did my best, but I failed, and the man went away very much offended. After he had gone I said the definitions over to myself, and tried to work up a smile, but it was "no go."

* * *

Strictly Imaginary Story

"The Governor-elect ran across a remarkable case yesterday."

"What was it?"

"It was so remarkable that he hasn't got over his astonishment yet."

"Very well, but what was it?"

"He found one of his patriotic supporters who didn't want an office."

(N. B.—It must seem to anyone that a justifiable criticism of the foregoing story is that it is so unnatural that the intelligent reader will not be likely to believe it.)

* * *

The great Recording Angel sighed.
"My patience most," he said, "is tried.
Not by ill deeds that mortals rue,
But what they meant, but didn't do."

LITTLE TALKS WITH OUR READERS

Editor The California Weekly:

I am an ardent admirer of Moral Courage. For many years I've kept a roll of honor whereon to inscribe the names of men who have d'played that God-like attribute in fighting for truth an' right—and against error and wrong—in affairs national, state and municipal. In your issue of December 9 I find this: "The charter election of Oakland is in full swing. The chief opponent to this upward and forward step is the saloon, which was to be anticipated, for no good thing can be achieved without first whipping that institution to a frazzle."

It required a high degree of moral courage to publish that in this city where the rum sellers institute has its headquarters from whence its political decrees are proclaimed—and ratified by a majority, or plurality, of the city's electors. On my roll of honor your name leads all the rest. The arrogance and mischievousness of the rum sellers institute must be severely rebuked, whipped to a frazzle.

But an army of whippers! Where can they be recruited! Our middle-aged electors will not help—it hurts business. Our young electors are too wise to fight it. They have noted the fact that none but the institution's "nominee" can win political honors—or share political patronage. Every saloon is a recruiting camp for the institution's army of touts, pimps, lushers, drunkards, confidence men, thieves, wrecks and derelicts. Strange as it seems, it is true, that the chief source of revenue for the upkeep of the institute's recruiting camps is derived from industrious, respectable men who from habit only throw their money over public bars—thoughtlessly, needlessly and too liberally. The problem of reducing the number of saloons is not a difficult one. Let reputable men abstain from patronizing public bars. No oath of total abstinence, or prohibition, but a resolution to cease supporting them. An adherence to such a resolution will materially aid in the preservation of their own health, public morality, the future of their children, their self respect and freedom from the tyrannical rule of rum sellers. Liquor dealers, wholesale and retail, are leagued in intolerant hostility to temperance. Let those who resent that league's attitude quietly, but firmly, withhold further contributions to that league's support.

JOHN T. DARE.

San Francisco, December 13, 1910.

This paper takes to itself no credit for courage in opposing the American saloon as an institution, for the reason that the saloon never has and never will stand for the things that this paper stands for. It is a public enemy and no one fit to fight any fight will hesitate to attack the public enemy at every favorable opportunity.

The suggestion in the foregoing that gentlemen, out of sheer self-respect, institute a boycott against the saloon is a good one. All over the east drinking among gentlemen during business hours is taboo, and any perpendicular drinking at all on the part of gentlemen is becoming so. Gentlemen keep liquors in their private lockers or seat themselves with their friends about a cafe table to discuss a bottle of wine, sip a cocktail or imbibe a mug of beer at their leisure. For any young man to be seen passing in or out through doors that swing both ways is a distinct handicap to his progress.

Only one service of real value is performed by the American saloon and that is the furnishing of public comfort stations for men, but whoever avails himself of them is expected to spend something over the bar. This is a need that the municipality of the future will supply at least once in every block, just as our highways of the future will be supplied with watering places for animals at convenient distances to obviate dependence upon the watering troughs of roadhouses.

General Grant's natural timidity was overcome by reflecting that the enemy was just as much afraid of him as he was of the enemy, and when a man who detests the American saloon comes to understand that the saloon is just as much afraid of him as he is of the saloon the saloon will lose its terror for those who go into either business or politics. Give us a straight line-up of all those who are for and those who are against the saloon and the anti-saloon people can beat them every time, but not on an issue of prohibition, which commends itself neither to the judgment nor the consciences of many just and moral men.

The terror in which the saloon lives is well exemplied in the truth that while the saloons of San Francisco are, as a whole, in financial straits, because there are three thousand drinking places where one thousand would be an over-supply, and three hundred a sufficiency, yet saloon men struggling for an existence dare not lend a hand toward closing a single drinking place—the one thing that stands in the way of the financial prosperity of those that survive. The fear that if divided among themselves they will all fall causes them to all stand together in resistance to every good thing though all are made poor by that policy.

The vote in Oakland, against shutting saloons out of residence districts, doubtless owed its humiliating result to this cause, although the closing of the residential saloons must greatly have profited those at the trading centers.

The saloon has got to be politically whipped before any good thing can be done and those who stand for Right Things may as well make up their minds to it first as last and gird on their armor, not of prohibition, but of local option that shall drive roadhouses out of the country and saloons out of the residential districts of cities and towns, limiting and regulating everywhere.

The Watchman, California Weekly:

Dear Sir: In your discussion last week you have championed the naval auxiliary plan as a substitute for our lost merchant marine. There is one clear argument against this substitute. The United States government cannot act as efficiently, as agent of our producers, as the agents of the steamship companies, who make American commercial expansion the means of extending their business. For example, the German lines have offices in every center of population, for the benefit of their patrons.

Public opinion, you suggest, opposes subsidies, because of the distrust of special privileges. But have not all tariff protected industries special privileges. And is not our merchant marine an industry that from its very nature cannot be cured by the old panacea of protective tariff? To be just, should not our merchant marine be protected to the extent of the difference between the cost of maintenance at home and abroad? And who is better fitted to regulate the bounties than the newly created tariff commission? The commission which we hope will stop the dangers of tariff privilege.

Respectfully yours,

ROBERT K. VICKERY.

780 Kingston avenue, Piedmont Station, Oakland, December 12, 1910.

The merchant marine problem is not easy. Many strong minds are considering it, and the strongest are much perplexed. We do not regard the objection to the auxiliary navy idea, raised in the foregoing, as conclusive. What the national government cannot do in the way of drumming up trade American boards of trade and enterprising merchants and manufacturers can do if they will and if they won't what's the use anyhow? Combined behind a tariff wall they have grown so rich practicing extortion upon our own people that they have treated foreign commerce as of relatively small importance.

By parity of reasoning fostering by subsidy may be no worse than fostering by excessive tariffs, but the sentiment of the people is to be taken into account and that sentiment is distinctly hostile to subsidies.

Besides, to equalize the foreign and American standards of prices and wages by subsidies for the sustaining of a rehabilitated American merchant marine that would permit American ships manned by American seamen to do half our carrying trade would swamp the national treasury. Outside of sweatshops nowhere are wages so low as in the merchant marines of foreign countries.

What the American capitalist wants is freedom to buy his ships in the cheapest market, man them with the cheapest labor the world affords (Lascars, Chinese and Japanese coolies) and, thus outfitted, proudly bear the American flag into every port of the world where a dollar can be made. Our patriotic heart refuses to throb in ecstacy over that spectacle.

And where, pray, under that system, is Uncle Sam to look for able seamen to man his auxiliary navy in time of war? To the Lascars, Chinese and Japanese?

No, there is a certain need to be filled for an auxiliary navy, if we are to have any navy at all. That auxiliary must be made of picked men, men with as good stuff in them as the ships have in them, and it seems to us that the government can supply that need directly to better advantage than indirectly through the good offices of men who will be in the shipping business for what the traffic will bear rather than for the service they can render their country.

Editor The California Weekly:

Your reference to Senator Cummins as a possible candidate for the presidency recalls his ante-election speech at Chicago in which he was alleged to say that it were better to vote for any kind of a Republican rather than a Democrat. If he really said that Cummins is a great disappointment and is hardly of senatorial caliber to say nothing of going higher.

The progressive Republican movement does not lack for strong leaders, even though Dolliver is no more. Beveridge, or La Follette, or, if necessary, Roosevelt, would lead a willing people. Taft, of course, is out of the question. He has been tried and found wanting.

Thanks for the good paper you are giving us. May your power increase.

Yours truly,

F. W. TROWER.

San Francisco, December 10, 1910.

We doubt the correctness of the statement attributed to Senator Cummins. He is a party man and believes that the fight for Right Things must be fought out mainly within the Republican party, but if an Aldrich or a Hale were to be brought forward by the Republicans it is probable that Senator Cummins would throw his influence toward making Iowa Democratic that once anyhow. As to whether William Howard Taft can "come back" we shall know better a year and a quarter later, but the chances now appear to be against that possibility. He is trimming, and neither side will stand for that.

Editor California Weekly:

Dear Sir: The comments recently published in your paper on the life and works of Mrs. Eddy present a view taken by many thoughtful people. For this reason it may be well to note that such a view is from the standpoint of the material as opposed to the spiritual.

If the writer of the article in question had lived in the first century he might have expressed himself in much the same way regarding Jesus and his teachings.

The explanations of life and nature adopted by the physical scientists of two thousand years ago have in our day been completely revolutionized; indeed, the theories of fifty years ago are now largely discarded, while the teachings of Jesus are more firmly established than ever. Shall we then speak of the science of matter as "the only true science," and classify the science which treats of man and his relation to God as "pseudo-science?"

It is a significant fact, to which the article in your paper calls attention, that Christian Science was not built up as the result of plodding laboratory experiment. It was a discovery; and while it required time and scientific perception of the highest order to make this discovery and to see its application to human needs, yet it was not like a theory elaborated to fit a series of recorded phenomena. This discovery was a discerning anew of truths taught and demonstrated by Jesus. The Master of Galilee himself but brought into clearer view verities perceived long before by Moses and the prophets.

Then what shall we say of the science of Christianity? Does not the enlightened thought of the twentieth century acknowledge that when the understanding of God and man dawns upon human consciousness its continuance must be without end?

Thanking you for giving space to these comments,

Yours sincerely,

OLCOTT HASKELL.

San Francisco, December 17, 1910.

There is no science which treats of man and his relation to God. Science has to do with material things and the operations of material laws and there are few discoveries in science that have not been the result of patient search, testing and trying, hypothesizing and verifying, applying known laws to material substances in the hope of achieving desirable ends. To apply the term "science" to a philosophy or to a religion, or to an admixture of philosophy and religion, is to misuse language.

Philosophers may place their feet upon a scientifically demonstrated truth and from that premise erect tall towers of thought of great probability and attractiveness, from which towers they may seem to see God, but science itself stops short of that goal.

Religion has to do with man's relation to God, and religion comes but by revelation. How God reveals himself to the race is an issue of much difficulty, but few there be who doubt that he has done so through all the ages and many there are who believe that he is still revealing himself to men, more and more clearly year by year and generation by generation. How? Where do thoughts come from, anyhow? To what other end have poets and seers, prophets and teachers? For what other reason came The Christ?

Our correspondent speaks truly when he says that it is a "significant fact that Christian Science was not built up as the result of plodding laboratory experiment." It is equally significant that it dare not submit a single one of its "demonstrations" to that plodding, laboratory experimentation on the part of trained scientists worthy of the name whereby alone its claim to be known as a science can be tested, wanting which it must ever be regarded as pseudo. This is not impugning it as a philosophy or as a religion, but only as a science, which it is not and never can be until the abyss separating the material from the spiritual shall be bridged.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

Rah! Rah! For the Country Merchant The suggestion from Washington that the rural free delivery routes might be able to earn some portion of their cost by carrying parcels, if so much of a parcels post system were put into operation as would reach from town to country, has enabled the country merchant to discover more friends than he had dared dream of. They are rising out of the earth, so to speak, and all are fearful lest the country merchant be ruined by this extension of the postal parcels system. It counts for little in soothing the anxieties of these new found friends that it is only proposed to apply the parcels post to the transmission of parcels from the country merchant to his customers living on farms. They are quite sure that, nevertheless, it is all a plot of the reformers to ruin the country merchant and that, the very next thing, we shall have a full parcels post system with the whole retail business of the nation centered in Chicago.

Whoever pretends this solicitude for the country merchant is acting for, and on behalf of, and is probably paid by, the four great express companies, or one or more of them. In truth what is proposed to be done is merely to allow at ordinary postage rates an eleven-pound limit on merchandise transported from the initial point on a rural free delivery route to someone living on that route, and is wholly for the benefit of the free rural delivery system. It will not be of much benefit to it either, because the rates will be found prohibitive except in very special instances.

If ever a general parcels post system is established it will have to be under some system of "zone" limitation whereby the basis rate will carry only so far. In a land of such magnificent distances as ours a flat rate that would not bankrupt the nation would transport few goods. The important consideration at this time is for the country merchant not to permit the greedy express companies to make a cat's paw of him, the more especially that, under the proposed extension of the service, neither the country merchant nor the express companies stand to be hurt.

The Harbor Commission It is an old saying that one must go from home to learn the news at home, and The Watchman is indebted to the Santa Cruz News for a choice morsel. It runs to the effect that a body of grave and prosperous gentlemen of San Francisco took it into their heads to serve the state by making appeal on behalf of the retention in office of the president of the board of harbor commissioners, with the result that something sudden happened.

There runs a general opinion that the present harbor board of San Francisco is a better board than has existed for many years, but it is purely a Herrin board. No one will question that. The best man on the board is probably W. V. Stafford, but, figuratively speaking, he and Mr. Herrin kiss every time they turn the corner. Being under obligations to propel Mr. Herrin out of the government of this state, by the aid of the toe of the boot, how can Governor Johnson keep his pledge and leave W. V. Stafford in office? Will the latter gentleman take the test oath, put on the uniform of a progressive Republicanism and publicly recant his allegiance to the head of the Political Bureau of the Southern Pacific Company? It is hardly to be expected of him. In fact, his political subserviency has not been, for instance, like that of Mr. P. S. Teller, his associate on the board, open and notorious. He has served his chief faithfully, but sotto voce, as it were. Unfortunately also, for the good of the service, the terms of the members of the San Francisco harbor board expire in the wrong order. It were better if the term of P. S. Teller expired in March, 1911, rather than 1913, whereas Mr. Stafford passes under the ax by operation of law at the earlier date.

The Harbor Board A Strategic Point Good government in San Francisco is as important as good management of the San Francisco harbor, and the San Francisco water front is one of the strongholds of the associated villainies in the politics of this city. So it has ever been. To leave the harbor board in the possession of Mr. Herrin, if it can be taken out of his possession, would be a dangerous thing to do from the standpoint of the redemption of San Francisco from corporation domination. Doubtless this has occurred to Governor-elect Johnson and if, as reported in the Santa Cruz News, something "sudden" took place at the reported interview, considerations such as these probably suggested themselves to the mind of Mr. Johnson.

It is also worth while to pause to consider whence this spontaneity of acclaim that the present harbor board is the best ever. Has it not mainly emanated from the San Francisco Chronicle? There being two sources of inspiration for things that appear in the Chronicle, an annual retainer and so much per line per issue, one naturally feels some curiosity to know to which of these we are indebted for the Chronicle's favorable opinion of the personnel of the San Francisco harbor board. Other than this, and a general tendency to be courteous and obliging, what is there tangible upon which to base the general impression that the existing harbor board is all right?

Good Thing! Where Are You Going to Get Your Money? When, in 1905, Governor Pardee faced his second legislature he found that a condition and not a theory confronted him. The state had begun to grow and the demands upon all the institutions in the state were growing, too. A careful estimate made it apparent that it would require $6,000,000 to put the institutions of the state abreast of their reasonable needs and, of course, not all of that sum could be raised at that session, but this was only a part of the demand that was made for money for this, that and the other perfectly legitimate uses for public money. Every member with a pet appropriation bill in his pocket went to see the governor to enlist him on behalf of the measure. To one and all of these Governor Pardee had one ejaculation to make, one question to propound. It was, "Good thing, but where in 'ell are you going to get your money?"

That question was not as difficult of answer then as it will be the coming winter. Then the only point at issue was how much the people would stand in the way of taxation without rebelling against the administration, the legislature and all the institutions and benefactions of the state, for it then was perfectly easy to predetermine how many dollars would go into the state tax levy.

Governor Johnson, on the contrary, will face an unknown quantity. The adoption of amendment number one, and consequent revolution of the state's system of taxation, puts the whole state budget at sea. Many estimates have been made as to how much that scheme of indirect taxation will yield, made in the best of faith, but nothing approaching certainty can be had under a year of trying the thing out, and there seems to be nothing for it except for the incoming administration to cut apropriations to the bone and wait, with the probability that a year hence the legislature may have to be called into extraordinary session for the purpose of readusting expenditures to revenues or revenues to expenditures in the light of experience.

The Laugh On Eureka There has been an undercurrent of opinion, pervasive of what the Sacramento Bee calls "Superior California," to the effect that one Englebright really isn't bright, but, everywhere outside of Humboldt county, opinion is likely to shift in Representative Englebright's favor. Even in Eureka there may be, away down low, a tendency to rate him as anyhow too bright for them. There is a strong reform sentiment within the Republican party in Humboldt county, but not even that element could be interested in nominating a better man than Englebright for congress. He looked good to them, for had he not obtained an appropriation of more than a million dollars for the improvement of navigation [illegible] Humboldt bar? He had not [illegible] he had. When the skeleton of the rivers and harbors bill emerged from the pork barrel it carried, not a million, but a paltry $15,000. Humboldt bar needs improvement. A million dollars would be none too much to make that harbor as safe as it should be. The Watchman is sorry that Eureka did not get it, but his grief is much assuaged by the reflection that the measure of sympathy that should be Eureka's due would be greatly enlarged but for the fact that that country up there stood for a confessedly inadequate man simply because they thought that they stood to gain something from his renomination and election. In our assortment of banes in our political life this particular one of standing for a candidate merely because he stands a chance to get us an appropriation, and without reference to his fitness for his job—well, there is nothing small about that particular bane. It is a besetting sin for which suffering is a proper retribution.

By Way of Explaining How It So Happened Reference was made last week to the injurious rumor that supreme court clerk-elect, B. Grant Taylor, had capitulated to the powers that have been and arranged to keep in office the entire clerical force of Clerk Frank Caughey. Report reaches this sanctum to the effect that, if this has been done, this is how it has been done. The present job-holders in that office picked out and canvassed all the attorneys they could find who were likely to be influential with Mr. Taylor and his friends and urged them to give a letter, or join in some form of memorial to Mr. Taylor, setting forth their entire satisfaction with the office as it has been, is now and ever should be world without end, amen! Now these lawyers, having business in that office that an ill disposed clerk might easily "queer," one and all felt one of those betwixt and between, half chilly and half feverish, sensations chasing up and down their macaroni columns that answer for a spine; they felt that they "sorter orter and sorter not" sign, but a trifle more "orter than orter not," for they signed the memorial to Mr. Taylor that the Caughey clerks be retained. If any lawyer signed any commendation of the Caughey clerks when he did not want them, through moral cowardice or for any other reason, such lawyer is wholly unentitled to any measure of sympathy or political influence and should never squeak more, but of course that is not going to make it any more palatable to progressive Republicans in general to know, if such shall unhappily prove to be the fact, that the Herrin machine is to remain in possession of the outer works of the supreme court of California. Uneasy will rest the head of him who, having been nominated by the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League and elected to office, first falls down.

Why Not Switch To a Better Use? Dr. E. E. Brainard, of Southern California, has in hand a bill to promote the establishment of a state colony for epileptics. The position of the orphan child is indeed unsatisfactory, but that of the epileptic is lamentable. If California shall enter upon any new enterprise in the institutional line the very first one should be a colony for epileptics, to the end that these most unfortunate of beings may be withdrawn from the hospitals for the insane and the home for the feeble minded and be brought together for treatment and study in a single institution devoted to their care. To this end, if nothing else can be done at this time, it would be an act of common sense and humanity to divert to this use the fund already appropriated for an industrial school for dependent children. It would be a wiser benevolence and a finer philanthropy.

State University For Southern California Quite a commotion has been kicked up south of Tehachapi in favor of a big bond voting or other treasury mulct-

ing procedure, whereby another state university may be established in Southern California. If those people persist in pushing that enterprise Northern California will buy a broadax and send a committee down to the top of Tehachapi mountain with instructions to chop Southern California off and send it afloat. Another university is not the remedy. The true remedy is already being tentatively applied at Fresno and consists in fitting certain high schools at central points to give the courses given at the state university in the freshman and sophomore years, leaving it to the big universities to instruct through the junior and senior years and do graduate work. County Superintendent Keppel is barking up the wrong tree.

If Southern California wants to do something sensible let it come to Sacramento asking that a state agricultural school be established in that portion of the state, not a college, but a good preparatory school, a school that will teach the young Southern Californian how to farm in Southern California; not a school to turn out agricultural experts, but well trained farmer artisans. That would be something like.

Castles In Santa Barbara It somehow seemed imperative to the Gillett administration that the California State School of Manual Arts and Home Economics be made appurtenant to the very admirable personality of Miss Edna A. Rich, the efficient and enthusiastic instructor in these valued arts at Santa Barbara. As Miss Rich could upon no consideration be induced to leave her beloved Santa Barbara, where roses blow and zephyrs waft, of course the school had to be taken to her there. Its beginning was humble enough perhaps, but the climate of San Diego is not better adapted to seeing visions and dreaming dreams than is that of Santa Barbara, and Miss Rich has been at it. From what The Watchman hears she dreams not in the abstract, but in the concrete. In fine, she wants a trifling appropriation of $250,000 wherewith to erect, equip and install her school in a re-enforced concrete building suited to teaching California teachers how to teach manual training, domestic science and domestic art, branches that much need to be taught. "Good thing! But where in—the immediate future—is she going to get the money?"

Senator Roseberry On Employer's Liability It has been given out that Senator Roseberry will carry to Sacramento when he goes a well thought-out measure for enforcing the employer's liability for accidents befalling employes. The rest of the world has much to teach us in this regard and we shall do well to avail ourselves of it all before legislating more than tentatively. A legislature might easily do more harm than good, and yet the principle is sound. No greater wrong was done this commonwealth by the Southern Pacific Company than when, years ago, having at last manipulated the selection of supreme justices to its liking, that corporation availed itself of the first favorable opportunity to secure from its court a decision validating the fellow servant principle, designed for a shop, in its application to a railroad in which men working for the same employer may be hundreds of miles apart and may never have so much as heard of one another's existence. It was a most wretched business creditable to no one connected therewith.

But we must not by statute go to the other extreme and so increase the hazards of employment as to make men reluctant to employ. The risks of accident must be reduced to a minimum. Inspection and responsibility will achieve that end, but the industry, rather than the individual, should be chargeable with the risk as an element in the cost of production. The careless ditch digger who drives a pick through his own foot should be aided rather than indemnified, and that idea also should characterize any employer's liability law enacted.

Republican Legislative Conference to Convene The committee appointed by Mr. Meyer Lissner to draft suggested laws to carry out the platform pledges of the Republican party, will meet in conference next Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29th and 30th, at the Palace hotel, San Francisco, to hear the reports of each committee. Many members of the legislature, other state officials, and newspapermen from all over California have signified their intention of attending, as well as the committee themselves. This is a proper time to remind the public that the recommendations of these committees are purely advisory and in no sense attempts to usurp the legislative function. But they will undoubtedly dispose of a lot of preliminary discussion of these measures and clear the issues so that the task of the legislature will be greatly simplified. Many of the objections to the measures will have been threshed out before the legislature meets, leaving the discussions of the senate and assembly free to deal with only the most important details.

COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM

The first annual conference of California county librarians is to be held at the California state library in Sacramento December 28th and 29th. This will be one of the most significant library meetings ever held in California, as it formally marks the inauguration of a movement whereby the entire people of any county adopting the county library system may have free and unlimited library privileges.

Although the plan of forming county library systems has been actively carried on in this state for only about a year it has already been adopted by twelve counties, and several more are preparing to start in. Those already having adopted the system are Santa Barbara, San Joaquin, Alameda, Sacramento, Modoc, Tulare, Fresno, Kern, Merced, Madera, Yolo and Del Norte counties, all of which will be represented at the conference by the librarians in charge of the county library system. Other leading librarians including William R. Watson of San Francisco, Purd B. Wright of Los Angeles, Charles S. Greene of Oakland, and James L. Gillis, state librarian, will attend.

The county library movement is being received with much enthusiasm all over the state, and is being watched with eager interest by the library world all over the United States, as it offers possibilities in library extension such as no other state in the union has reached; and which, when fully adopted, will make the library as complete in its area of service as the school system is. It will be the work of the coming conference to plan and discuss the best means of making the county library most effective.

EXTEND THE CHARITY YOU NEED

When you feel inclined to say that mean thing about the girl across the street, Mabel—well, don't say it. To be sure, it may be true that she should be ashamed of herself; but how about that thing of which you should be ashamed that you did? Would you like to have it advertised, even by word of mouth? Probably not.

You see, Mabel, it is a fact that there is not a man, woman or child of us all who has not done regrettable things, things of which he or she should be, and, I trust, is, ashamed. There is not a one of us, no matter how lofty the place the world accords him in its esteem, on whose moral shins are not the scars he has borne since the day he went astray and fell. I tell you, my dear girl, if we would extend charity to this world, as we should, we need but look at ourselves and see how sorely we need it. How can we meanly gossip about our neighbor when all the time we know that our house is glass and that each ugly thing we say of him may be returned to us with interest?

On the whole Mabel, I guess that I would not say it. In the end you might learn that the girl on the other side of the street is not dumb.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SARA JACOBS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within 10 months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at his office, Room 909 Kohl Building, Corner Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

LESTER H. JACOBS,
Executor of the last will of Sara Jacobs, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1910.

ISAAC FROHMAN, Attorney for the Executor.

11-18-6t

SHEAR WIT

"And after awhile," said the narrator, "our automobile party came to a wide stream. There was no ferry, no bridge. There seemed to be no way of getting the machine over." "And what did you do?" asked the innocent bystander. "Why, we just sat down and thought it over."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I met Flossie McCracken, today." "What did she have on?" "A hobble gown, and she neither noticed nor spoke to me." "She was probably afraid that if she did she would fall down."—Houston Post.

Thelma, while visiting her grandmother in Valentine lane, discovered a marble-top table in the parlor—the first she had ever seen. Running to her mother, she exclaimed "Oh, mamma! Grandma has a table in the front room with a tombstone on it!"

A little boy was entertaining the minister the other day until his mother could complete her toilet. The minister to make congenial conversation inquired: "Have you a dog?" "Yes, sir, a dachshund," responded the lad. "Where is he?" questioned the dominie, knowing the way to a boy's heart. "Father sends him away for the winter. He says it takes him so long to go in and out the door he cools the whole house off."—Success.

"I want to get two pounds of tripe," said the lady entering the shop. "Sorry, ma'am," replied the keeper, "but we haven't any tripe today. "No tripe? Why, it's in season." "No, ma'am, there's no tripe being shot just now." "No tripe being shot! Why, what are you talking about?" "I—I should say, ma'am, that the fisheries commission won't allow tripe to be caught now." "Are you crazy, man? I don't want fish! I want tripe!" "Well, what in thunder is tripe, ma'am?" "Why—why, I don't know just what it is, but if you haven't got any I'll try some other place."—Yonkers Statesman.

A bit of unconscious humor is imbedded in the solid narrative of W. S. E. Russell in a recent issue of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. He says: "Beneath this lava sheet is Surtshellir cave, the greatest lava cave in the world. Two of these caverns, each like a trolley subway, parallel each other. One has been known for centuries, the other was discovered last year. We explored the former."

Miss Bute—How dared you kiss me! Didn't you hear me say "Sir!" when you asked me if you might? Jack Slanger—I thought you said "Cert."—Boston Transcript.

The irate passenger who got on the train at Strafford glowered at the conductor who had asked him for his ticket. "Do you know that this train is fifteen minutes late," he sputtered. "Fifteen minutes late—it's an outrage. You oughn't to expect your passengers to pay for such service as this! Scandalous, that's what it is. Fifteen minutes late! Fifteen min—" "Yes, I know," responded the conductor, soothingly. "We're running it that way on purpose. We have a dispatch from Byrn Mawr that some hold-up men are lying in wait for us just the other side of Rosemont, and we're in hopes we can delay the train so long that they catch cold and get rheumatism."—Philadelphia Times.

Friend—They say you've made $100,000 since you held office. Statesman—So I've heard. Friend—Aren't you going to deny the story? Statesman—No. It causes unpleasant gossip, of course, but it's fine for my credit.—Cleveland Leader.

"That umpire," remarked the stranger in the grand stand, "doesn't seem to be popular with the crowd." "Oh, he doesn't mind a little thing like that," rejoined the native. "He was formerly a government weather forecaster."—Chicago News.

Willis—So the play will appeal to all classes? Gillis—Yes, indeed. It's three-quarters full of up-to-date slang to catch the young people, and one-quarter full of old, reliable cuss-words to get the old fellows.—Puck.

THE NEED FOR THE MERIT SYSTEM

AND A SUGGESTED ALTERATION OF SIMILAR LAWS

By FRANCIS B. KELLOGG

The merit system, as adopted and used in this country to a limited but steadily increasing extent, is a system or method of selecting persons for the subordinate service in any branch of government on a basis of merit or fitness only as ascertained by competitive examination. This system was first adopted in 1883 in the civil service division of the United States government as distinguished from the military and naval service, which latter were already on a merit basis. It was a reform of the civil service and became known as civil service reform. As time has passed and the reform principles and methods have been extended to cover more and more of the government civil service it has ceased to be regarded as a "reform" but rather as the accepted and only legitimate procedure in filling subordinate positions. The word "reform" has therefore been largely dropped by common consent and the term "civil service" generally interpreted as meaning the system of filling positions by competitive examination. This title is unfortunate and misleading and should be replaced by the term "merit system" which is descriptive. Since its adoption in the United States government service, the system has been installed in more than fifteen cities and in six states. In these situations the term "civil service" becomes still more inappropriate as in neither cities nor states is the military or naval service of any special significance, if indeed it exists at all. The whole service is practically "civil." Still, the system, in cities and states is designated as the civil service system and the commissions as civil service commissions, and will probably continue to be.

Historical

The history of civil service reform in the United States has been almost an identical repetition of the experience of the British government. While we were struggling to free ourselves from the tyranny and injustice of the mother country, she herself was engaged in life and death struggles with the spoils system. Bribery was rampant. An office was opened in the treasury for the bribery of members of parliament. Incompetent men, boys and even idiots were appointed to places of trust. Even the king, George Third, was out for the spoils. He appointed his infant son a bishop and other babes to lucrative positions. He extended his rapacity beyond the seas and as a result lost the American colonies. With this loss the British empire awoke and by successive acts passed from time to time through a succession of years finally established the merit system. But it took almost one hundred years to entirely throttle the hybrid monster, the spoils system.

Since 1870 all offices except the heads of the great departments have been filled by competitive examination. From 1855 to 1870 competitive examinations were required, but candidates were limited to those selected by parliament, so tenacious were the rulers of their patronage, even in a restricted degree. Parliament was the great obstacle in the path of the reform, just as congress and legislatures have been in this country. Senatorial confirmation of presidential appointees is practically a selection of candidates by that body and is just as much a spoils proposition and just as demoralizing as was selection of candidates by parliament. It is not right. It must go and President Taft has sounded the first note in suggesting that the merit system be extended to cover first, second and third class postmasters.

The fact that the governmental service of England is far superior to that of any other country is due to the fact that all selections for subordinate service are made by competitive examination. So repugnant has the idea of patronage become to the British people that when Lord Beaconsfield, at the height of his power as prime minister, was reported to have appointed one of his adherents to a minor clerkship without examination, a popular storm was raised which threatened his downfall and was only quieted by personal denial by the minister himself in the house of lords. We are a long way from this state of public opinion in this country but we will reach it some time, because it is right.

Merit System in United States

In the United States "No nation ever started on its career with a larger proportion of strong characters or a higher sense of moral obligation than the English colonies in America. They almost entirely escaped the corruption that so deeply tainted the home government." (Lecky.)

Washington, Jefferson and Adams publicly declared their abhorrence of a system which degraded the public service to a reward for partisan activity. During the first thirty-nine years of this government there were only 73 removals from office. Public employees worked for the good of the service, assured that their terms depended upon honesty and efficiency.

In 1820 congress, under the manipulation of an adroit politician, passed an act limiting to four years the terms of a large number of responsible offices—and the doors were open for the spoilsmen, led on to their plunder by Andrew Jackson, the president. Even the four years law was too slow for him. He made more removals in one month than the six previous presidents had in thirty-nine years and in his first year discharged over 2,000 faithful public servants whose only offense lay in their political opinions.

The spoilsmen, held in leash until that time by conscientious presidents and statesmen, were turned loose and, led by the president, plunged into the vortex of a maelstrom of political corruption dragging the country after them.

In six years the demoralization of the service had become such a scandal that a senatorial investigation was ordered. Their report showed an enormous increase in the expense of government and stated that the inevitable tendency of the patronage abuse was "to convert the entire body of office holders into corrupt and supple instruments of power and to raise up a host of greedy subservient partisans ready for any service however base."

From this time on, protest after protest from committees of statesmen, appeal after appeal from successive presidents, vainly strove to stem the rising tide of political corruption. Abraham Lincoln complained that the clamor for places and the pressure of party leaders for patronage weighed him down more heavily than the burdens of war.

Grant, who had defeated a gallant foe in the greatest civil war of modern times, assailed the spoils citadel and was defeated. The demoralization of the civil war was the opportunity of the spoilsmen and chaos reigned. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." When Grant appealed to congress for relief he appealed in vain. He could drive into retreat the enemies of the country but he could not protect her from the attacks of these enemies within the walls.

In 1883, forty-eight years from the first protest, the present civil service law was passed. But do not imagine that the effect was to eradicate spoils at once from the public service. Its application was limited at first to cover only a small part of the service. Gradually, but inevitably, it has been extended until today it covers about two-thirds of the government service, while many cities and several states have adopted its rules. Wherever it has been adopted it has been successful just in proportion to its honest and efficient administration. Its enemies have been sleepless in their efforts to defeat and render it ineffective and have at times succeeded, in some degree, in dragging it down, but in spite of frantic opposition and inadequate application it has marched steadily on, as it must march on, until the last vestige of spoils has been obliterated, because it is right.

Proper Field of Merit System

The proper field of the merit system is the non-political offices and positions as distinguished from the political or elective offices. Elective offices comprise and should be limited to those which represent principles of government as decided by a majority of the people. In the recent election the people voted not so much for men as for men who represented certain principles of government. Prominent among these was the divorcement of government from private or corporate interests. The merit system in the ultimate analysis has for its object precisely the same principle: The divorcement of government from private interests, in this case the "private interests" of the office holders, which are also very apt to become identical with the "private interests" of corporations. A great many offices in California have been made elective and thereby political, which properly belong in the non-political or appointive class. It was probably because the framers of the constitution were fearful that if made appointive they would be made to serve the private political interests of the appointing power that they were made elective. They thought the people could be trusted rather than the politicians. The short ballot would place these offices where they properly belong among the appointments and an efficient merit system in the hands of a capable and honest civil service commission would insure the absence of private interest as well as the presence of efficiency in these appointments. President Eliot says, "Taken together civil service reform and the short ballot will go far to destroy the boss and the machine."

In the application of the merit system thus far certain offices which are non-political have been exempted. These occupy a middle ground between the political and non-political offices and are either of a confidential or fiduciary character. Such an office would be the secretaryship to an elective official or deputy whose duty involved the handling of public funds for which the official was responsible. The necessity for these exemptions is open to argument. The defalcations in the United States classified civil service have been only a fraction of those in the exempt positions, and it is believed that eventually these exceptions will be brought under the rule. At present, however, they stand. The bulk of the non-political service to which without any question the merit system can be applied consists of clerks, attendants and attaches of public offices and institutions, in fact all the positions connected with the government and state institutions whose duties are technical and routine.

Importance of the Merit System

The importance of appointment for merit in the public service is something that hardly needs demonstration. It will be granted that the public is entitled to the best obtainable service.

The merit system has been devised and developed to secure this end and it has been incontestably demonstrated that it succeeds. It is upon the firm foundations of this success that it must stand and be judged.

It is hard to imagine anything more important in government than that its machinery should be manned by the most efficient service and yet the accomplishment of that end has not been the most important achievement of the merit system. It should never be forgotten that the vital function of civil service reform has been and is to eliminate politics from the public service. It recognizes the fact that unless specific and systematic measures are adopted to prevent it, positions in the public service are bound to be used as political capital by designing politicians and office holders. Thus the army of government employees is made to serve the private political purposes of party manipulators, which purposes are directly opposed to the public wel-

fare. The general of this army, which is paid by the public for pretending to transact its business but really for working against its interest, is frequently some one entirely outside of the public service and also frequently the paid agent of some public service corporation. We do not need to go far afield in this state for an example. As The California Weekly stated in a previous issue the Southern Pacific Railroad has controlled the state and county governments and even the cities through its ability to dictate appointments.

Does it not seem that sane men must recognize the probability, nay, the certainty, of a recurrence of this condition unless definite steps are taken to prevent it? There is but one effective remedy—the merit system. However men may differ upon minor details of that system, all honest men will acknowledge that it is the only system which promises genuine assurance that the appointments shall be made with an eye single to the public welfare. The merit system is the guardian of the public treasury since it guarantees that the public money shall be spent for services, not to the appointing officer but to the public, and that those services shall be the best obtainable. It has been the experience of the men who have been fighting for emancipation from the Southern Pacific machine in the recent election to find arrayed against them in their fight the state and county office holders who had received their positions at the dictation of the railroad. This state of things is absolutely done away with by the merit system. In the first place the employee is under no obligation either to the head of the office or to the machine for his appointment or retention. Hence there are no political debts to be paid. In the second place a provision of the merit system makes it a misdemeanor for an appointee to engage in active political work. This provision contemplates, as it has been expressed by a civil service advocate, "that the appointee becomes the servant of the whole public and is hence in honor bound to abstain from active discrimination in favor of any division of that public."

One of the leaders of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League stated in the hearing of the writer that in the city of Los Angeles in the recent election the state and county employees were everywhere in evidence and working to a man for the machine, whereas, the city employees who are under civil service were conspicuous by their absence.

The merit system is the best friend of the honest public official who goes into office with the purpose and intention of doing his full duty to the public. In the first place with the merit system established it is easier to persuade desirable men to become candidates. Such a man naturally hesitates to run against an opposition which does not scruple to do a brokerage business in office futures. He is placed at an unfair advantage unless he resorts to the same tactics, which he declines to do. The possibility of a man getting elected by promising his subordinate appointments is a thoroughly demoralizing one. It is an outrage first upon the public, which he is elected to serve, as it demoralizes the service; it is unfair to those who are turned out, for no good cause, after becoming qualified by experience and it is not a square deal toward an opponent who refuses to do likewise. But the merit system not only protects the public and everybody concerned from this injustice, it protects the elected official from the appeals and distractions of seekers after positions. It is a bulwark behind which he can take refuge from the army of office seekers in their assault through him upon the public treasury. The time for which he is himself paid from that treasury can be devoted to the duties for which he was elected. The temptation which is well nigh irresistible, to use subordinate appointments to buttress his own position or to cancel an obligation, is removed once for all.

The personnel of the forces which man our prisons, reformatories and charitable institutions is a matter of the gravest concern. At present it is a safe assumption that it is recruited from the army of hangers on and crumb gleaners which make up the camp followers of a successful political party.

Merit System Essentially Democratic

Under the patronage system government itself becomes a "special interest" thriving upon special privileges appropriated from the rights of the public. The public service which belongs to the whole people is exploited for the benefit of the favored few and the whole scheme is financed from the public treasury. The merit system on the other hand is absolutely democratic. It opens the public service to all on equal terms. It only demands that the applicant shall be qualified, and as between applicants be the best qualified. As a means of determining which are best qualified it subjects them all to competitive examinations and tests of fitness under identical conditions. If there is any more equitable, fair or effective method of determining fitness it has not yet been discovered and it is certain that it will not be, for the simple reason that in this method all ulterior and unworthy motives are eliminated and the character and efficiency of the candidate are alone considered. It has been long enough on trial so that the mistakes inevitable to a new system have been for the most part corrected.

There has been one mistake, however, in the opinion of the writer, which has been quite generally perpetuated, viz: surrounding removals with too great difficulty. In attempting to protect the service from those who would use it for selfish ends and insure the carrying out of the civil service principle of retention in office during good behavior, most civil service provisions require that a discharge shall only be effected by the filing of charges and a trial before the civil service commission. In making this provision the very pertinent fact has apparently been overlooked that improper motives for removals are forestalled, since the removing officer has no discretion in the appointment of the successor. Experience in connection with this provision has shown that the head of a department will put up with inefficient service rather than take the position of prosecuting attorney with the possibility of losing his case and having to put up with his subordinate under a still greater strain than before. The subordinate in such a trial frequently enlists the sympathy of his fellow subordinates, who take his part, and with the result that the department head finds that he himself is the real defendant on an implied charge of partiality or injustice toward the accused.

Departmental discipline would be better conserved by lodging power of removal with the department head and the rights of the subordinate would be amply protected by allowing an appeal to the commission with the burden of proof on the appellant to show that his discharge had been unwarranted, rather than upon the department head to prove inefficiency.

The Merit System in State Government

The same reasons which have led to the adoption of the merit system in the national government and cities of the country are reasons why it should be installed in state and county government. To quote again from President Eliot's address at the last annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, "The great reason for the extensive gains made during the last thirty years for the merit system over against the spoils or patronage system is that the merit system is the only business-like and democratic method of selecting the servants of government, municipal, state or national." And again, "Civil service reform is the fundamental governmental reform on the triumph of which all other reforms in American governmental administration necessarily depend."

Comprehensive civil service laws applying to both state and municipal governments have been adopted in New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey. In Wisconsin a civil service law applies to the entire state service while in Colorado and Illinois there are civil service laws affecting state institutions. The secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, Mr. Elliot Goodwin, during his recent visit to California, made the statement that in New York state the application of the merit system to county offices had presented no difficulties and was easily handled by the

(Concluded on Page 63)

In reply to many letters inquiring whether I shall publish a review of the session of the California Legislature of 1911, along the same lines as those followed in "The Story of the California Legislature of 1909," I will state that I shall do so, if subscriptions for 1,200 volumes are received before the Legislature of 1911 adjourns. If you wish to be one of the subscribers, fill out and forward this card.

FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

_____ 191__

Franklin Hichborn,
Santa Clara, California.

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CALEB FILKINS' CHRISTMAS

BY

TOBIAS BLACK

SAMUEL LOVELACE has been our police magistrate ever since the momentous issue of "Incorporation, Yes," or "Incorporation, No" was decided affirmatively, and plain Buena became Buena City. It seemed to be for this function that Samuel came into the world; for not until he was installed as magistrate did he find an altogether satisfactory niche.

As long as Sam Lovelace lives, he will be re-elected police judge of Buena City, if he covets the honor; and he will covet the honor as long as he lives.

Our judge of police is an austere man, though kindly, and he maintains his court with a quiet dignity that higher tribunals might imitate with profit. The flippant "you-do-solemnly-chee-chee-chee" manner of swearing witnesses is intolerable to him; and, whatever may be the haste of attorneys, each oath is administered as reverently and impressively as though the deponent had come to final judgment.

His penalties, too, are meted out with nicest regard to the mental and moral characteristics of each culprit, and are remedial rather than retributive in their character.

Thus it has come about that many permanent reformations have taken their date from the day upon which Judge Lovelace took official cognizance of their cases.

But it would be too much to claim for the judge that he is profoundly versed in the law, inasmuch as it does sometimes happen that a superior court overrules his decisions; yet his mortification at having strayed far from the law is often mitigated by the consciousness of having come much nearer to justice than the more erudite but technical tribunal.

It chanced upon a Christmas day that my wife and I ate roast turkey and plum pudding at the judge's pleasant home; and having done justice to our hostess's cookery, and being left by the ladies to our pipes, the judge extended his legs, tapped the toes of his boots lightly together, and remarked, "Yes, sir, my one extravagance is footwear. Poor as I am," he continued, drawing his pantaloons above his boots and tilting up and down upon his toes, "no man in California wears better-made or better-fitting boots than I wear. Just like gloves, I assure you."

Noticing that my attention was particularly attracted to some ornamentation upon the front tops of the boots, "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "that furnishes the key to the mystery."

When he had drawn nearer, I found, daintily embroidered across the top of each boot, the legend, "This is **this**, not **next** Christmas, remember," the words **this** and **next** being distinctly underscored. This brings us to our story.

Caleb Filkins was by inheritance, as well as by inclination, cobbler to a quiet New England village. In addition to his cobbling proclivities, there came to him, also by inheritance, the ancestral homestead of the Filkins family—a hummocky little farm of forty or fifty acres just outside the village confines, and bordering upon Bradbury Pond. Upon this farm grew apples; and these apples were Caleb's undoing.

During the earlier years of Caleb's domestic life with Martha, his wife, little was thought of his visits to the cider in his cellar. But when the crabbed stuff began to tell upon his temper, making that crabbed also, Martha called his attention to his growing infirmity, not too seldom, perhaps, nor yet too gently.

By dint of insistence upon her part, and the mustering of all possible resolution upon his, cider was forsworn for the better part of a year; but, alas! temptations continued to beset Caleb, and each recurring Christmas found him a little more estranged from those about him, each New Year's day a little less hopeful of a happy year to come.

Of all those who should have been near to him in the later years of the old home life, but one, the youngest child and only daughter, Valentine, remained leal and true. Whatever his treatment of others, to little Val Caleb was always kind; and nothing could shake the child's confidence in her father. When, as too often happened, he came home with nerves all unstrung, he could bear to come in contact with no one but Valentine. But to have her clamber upon his knee and stroke his fevered brow with her soft hands, or rest her curly head against his flushed and burning cheeks, was like balm to him, restful as a mother's lullaby.

At last the fateful day came when Caleb and Martha his wife separated. The dissolution came without legal process. Caleb retired, and Martha and the boys continued the business at the old stand.

Caleb had pondered long upon the matter, and it seemed to him to be better so, if not for him, at least for them. So he packed his kit, shook hands with Martha and the boys, wept a bit over little Val, and at the close of an autumn day, hopeless and alone, trudged off up the hill toward the village railway station. The sun was setting behind dismembered bars of rain cloud, and the light streaming through made the windows of the old house blaze, and the autumn-dyed foliage of orchard and wood, shower-sprinkled, to take hold on glory. Out in the road, shading her eyes with her tiny hand, was little Val, gazing lovingly after her besotted father, who would never come back to her again.

Thrusting his luggage under the stile, Caleb entered the old cemetery, and from the seclusion of a clump of stunted pines, watched the daylight fade and night come on among the time-stained tombs and black, faintly lettered headstones of dismal slate. There his father, Caleb, slept, and there Grandfather Caleb, and there his father's grandfather, and he had been a Caleb, too. For nearly two hundred years—till now!—an inquirer would have found a Caleb Filkins living at the old place and respected; and yet must he, unworthiest of all that line of Calebs, wander away to end somewhere, somehow, in a homeless drunkard's nameless grave.

Five whole years Caleb passed of aimless wandering up and down the Pacific coast, working here a week and there a month, rounding off each period of labor with a drunken spree. These years had told upon him terribly. At the beginning his hair and beard were only grizzled; now they were long, unkempt and white. He seldom spoke to any one. He came and went—always more or less under the influence of liquor. It was at such a time that an officer found him, a trespasser, and brought him before his honor the police magistrate of Buena City.

Caleb sat in the prisoner's pen, uncombed, unwashed and ill, though he gave no sign of illness other than labored breathing.

"What is the charge against this old man?" asked the judge, when Caleb's turn had come.

"Plain drunk, your honor," the arresting officer replied.

"What is your name, my friend?" queried the judge.

"My name is John—John—"

"Come, come, my man," broke in the judge, "do not try to trump up some stupid alias. You are old, and evidently in need of a friend. So give me your own true name. What is it? Speak up."

"My name is—is—Sir, I have been a weak and sinful man, but never have I been brought before a bar of justice until now. I had hoped to meet my death without first suffering that shame, but death comes late to them who want it. I suppose one more shame waits for me yet—the chain-gang. Fasten a chain and ball to my withered ankle, and put into my hands a rake to gather garbage with in the street that men may state at me, jeer and scorn pay me! Then only will I have paid for what has led to add to misery that I My name, sir, is Caleb Filkins."

"Caleb Filkins," repeated the judge. "Caleb Filkins." He leaned far back in his chair, stretched his legs, and, putting his hands behind his head, repeated the name again and again, half to himself and half aloud. "Caleb Filkins. Caleb Filkins—"

Rising from his seat, the judge left the bench, and, coming down to the prisoner, laid his hands upon Caleb's shoulders. Peering into his eyes, he asked:

"Are you Caleb Filkins of Academy East Village, who used to live just over Cemetery Hill and across the road from Jonathan Lovelace's farm? Are you that Caleb Filkins?"

"I am, sir; indeed, I am!" Caleb replied. "I was born upon that farm, and never left it until five years ago. Then, sir, I had become the town toper, and I came away to save further disgrace coming upon Martha and the children. But who are you, sir? Did I ever know you?"

"Who am I? Why, man alive! I have eaten with you, slept with you, wrestled with you—yes, and fought with you, made bows and arrows and played Indians with you, dove with you to the bottom of Bradbury Pond to fish up lily bulbs with our toes, and yet you don't remember me? Who am I? Why, I am Sam Lovelace! Don't you remember Sam?"

Yes; Caleb remembered. While the judge was talking, recollection had been struggling up through the mists and fogs of a beclouded intellect, and Caleb remembered. Sam and he had been boon companions in their youth; but Sam went west in '49, and Caleb had lost and well-nigh forgotten him.

Caleb was indeed ill, and but for tenderest nursing would have fallen an easy prey to pneumonia. As it was, weeks ran into months before he was able to resume his bench; but as soon as able, he fell to work again to repay the judge for expense incurred in caring for him in sickness. So long as this incentive lasted, he behaved well enough.

The judge was hopeful that the renovation Caleb's system had undergone in sickness and convalescence would cure his moral infirmity, and Caleb, too, resolved upon a life of severe sobriety.

Alas for the judge's hopes! Alas for Caleb's resolution! Within the ensuing year he was five times arraigned in court upon the charge of drunkenness.

He became enfeebled and downcast, and looked upon death as his only escape from thraldom, and service upon the chain-gang as the one humiliation that would be greater than he could bear. The judge, too, was sorely tried and not a little out of patience. Convinced that moral suasion and clemency were profitless in Caleb's case, he resolved upon a heroic remedy. The very next time the ancient offender was brought to bar, the judge had the treatment ready for him.

"Caleb Filkins, stand up!" he thundered, when the shamefaced culprit had entered the usual plea of "guilty." "You are an old and constant offender against the peace and dignity of our city. I have been moved to clemency heretofore because of your gray hairs, and I have reposed confidence in your oft-repeated promises of reformation, all to no purpose.

"When I reflect that you have found it easier to yield to than resist temptation, that you have all your life been false to every obligation, false as husband to the wife you promised to cherish, false as father to the children God has given you, false to your country, becoming a vagabond when you should be a useful citizen—when I reflect upon these things, I am persuaded that yours is not a case which calls for mercy from the court.

"It is, therefore ordered that in case Caleb Filkins shall be found intoxicated within the corporate limits of this city at any time before next Christmas, he shall serve upon the chain-gang for thirty days. Meantime, judgment is suspended. Go."

Caleb stood bewildered, staring vacantly, but when free to go he grasped his hat and knotted staff, and fled out of court and down the street like one pursued.

On he sped, passing the mill and hospital,

taking a by-way and rushing on with but the single thought—to get outside the corporate limits of the town. On, his knees smiting each other as he hastened; on, swaying from side to side, stumbling sometimes, nearly falling, but on and on, gasping, with temples throbbing; but on until, staggering, clutching, he fell prostrate in the stifling dust by the roadside.

Hour after hour he lay there, panting for breath, unable to rise or even to drag himself out of the burning sun. "Easier to yield than resist temptation"—"false to every obligation"—"false as husband, false as father, false to native land"—"not a case which calls for mercy from the court." A thousand times those winged denunciations chased each other through the old man's brain. A thousand times their frightful import made him shudder and groan aloud.

The sun rose higher and higher, and beat upon him hotter and hotter. His tongue became swollen; the pulses upon his temples hammered and rang, clashed and pounded, like a hundred anvils ringing. The firm earth seemed yielding beneath him, and he was sinking, sinking into its all-engulfing arms. Death could not be far off, that he knew. He was so very, very tired, and longed so much for sleep.

But what is that? Clank! clank! clank! It is the chain-gang passing along the street under guard. Clank! clank! clank! Why do people stop and stare? Is a chain-gang, then, so strange a sight? Women, with moistened, pitying eyes, are gazing upon the poor fellows as they pass. Ah, Caleb, you are not one of the gang! Death, sweet death, kind, good death has come to you by the lone oak, and saved you that indignity.

No! there goes an old man, the last in the procession. Who is he? His steps are slow and feeble, and his hair and beard, long and white, are fluttering in the wind. It is at him that all are looking. Caleb cannot see his face, for his eyes are cast down. But that must be he. That must be Caleb Filkins!

Some school children passed that way, and one, a brown-eyed girl of ten or twelve, brought water and bathed Caleb's temples, cooled his wrists and gave him drink. Then, taking his head upon her lap, she shaded his face with her parasol while her brother ran to fetch his father, Farmer Aiken.

When Caleb opened his eyes again in consciousness, it was to find himself in a clean, sweet bed, and the little girl with brown hair and eyes sitting by his bedside fanning him. Then he closed his eyes and thought of home; saw the windows of the old house blaze in the glare of a setting sun, and, out in the road, shading her eyes with her tiny hand, he saw little Val gazing up the hill whence her papa had gone so many years before.

Poor little Val! Was she alive, or was she dead? Six long years, and not one word! "False, Caleb, false to little Val!" Almost before Caleb knew it, he was weeping softly, and the little girl with eyes so like Val's was wiping away his tears and weeping, too.

He had been delirious for many days; had talked of home, of Martha, of blazing windows, and of Cemetery Hill; had heard the chain-gang clanking, and had cried aloud, pleading with death to come to him by the lone oak and save him from that gaping, curious crowd.

Now that he was better, he never wearied of following Mary Aiken with his eyes. So like Valentine, he thought, only so much taller. No! if Val were alive, she must be as tall as Mary Aiken. Almost a woman, and unprovided for! What had he done for her that it should be otherwise?

False, Caleb! false to Valentine!

A great resolution came into his heart just then and buoyed him up, making him eager to return to his bench. He would toil and scrimp and save, and by-and-by, dying, would leave all he had to Valentine. God willing, her heritage should be worth the having, too.

It was a hard battle which Caleb fought the next half-year, till Christmas came. Friends were not wanting to whisper words of cheer, and, beside, was he not working for Valentine? But the inward fire was not quenched.

He was a skilful workman, and his earnings were considerable. Early in the autumn he made a payment upon a plot of ground in a newly laid-out suburb of the city, and later built a tiny cottage fronting a public road, with a shop in front and a living-room in rear. Thus he worked and strove, and Christmas came.

Sleep hung heavily upon Caleb's eyelids Christmas morning and it was already day when he was startled into consciousness by the tooting of wheezy tin horns and the thump of baby drums under his window.

For an instant, he was at a loss to understand what it all meant; and then, "Caleb, Caleb, Christmas has come, and you are free; **don't you understand?"** It was the evil one whispering over the headboard, Caleb says.

A burning thirst seized him, and his breath came thick and hard. All thought of resistance fled in a flash, and he bounded from his bed with but a single thought—to quench the burning.

As his bare feet touched the floor, they rested upon a thick, soft rug made by the deft fingers of Mary Aiken. It was warm and friendly to the touch, and served to recall his scattered senses.

"When you were drinking, Caleb," he said to himself, sinking back upon his bed, "you did not have any nice warm rug to rest your feet on, chilly mornings."

Again the inward craving, and again Caleb rose to go in quest of drink. "You did not sleep between warm blankets, either, Caleb Filkins; you know you didn't, but in your shabby, every-day clothes, dirty and damp. Will you go back to those again?"

Caleb snuggled down into bed for answer, resolved upon a fierce resistance.

"Going to lie in bed all day, old dotard? Going to lie in bed all day, I say? Come, bestir yourself. Go down to Mack's and have a little toddy; only just a little one to stop the burning. You've earned it, Caleb—I say, you've earned it."

Presto! There he was, in thought, in the midst of the crowded bar-room! How the decanters glistened where fell the straggling sunlight that made shift to enter the closely curtained windows! How real it all was to him! The little bedroom in which he was seemed filled with the smell of liquor. His nostrils dilated, and his bosom heaved. Yes, earned it he had, and have it he would!

What, what? Little Val looking down from the wall? Was that a look of pain which stole over your baby face just then, or is Caleb dreaming? Who now will write the letter that is to tell of the never-dying love of poor banished papa? Where now is your dowry coming from? False Caleb! False to Val! No, no, he would not go down to Mack's!

A score of times Caleb rose to go in quest of drink, but as often his eyes fell upon a token of some one's kind regard, and back he had gone to his bed again, only to be driven forth a moment later by his old-time enemy.

After all, what mattered it whether he lived or died, were drunk or sober? Who cared for him? Martha? Her love for him had gone out twenty years before. The boys? They had not cared for him since they were merest lads, and hardly concealed their satisfaction at his going. Valentine? Pretty baby that she was, she had no doubt forgotten him long ago; or if she remembered, it was, but dimly, as in a dream. Mary Aiken? Yes, Mary had been kind, but her solicitude for him was but the zealous whim of a half-grown girl, to be supplanted any moment by another passing fancy.

Drawing aside the curtain, Caleb peeped out into the garden. Would anything there care how it fared with him? The roses, would they care? The geraniums and chrysanthemums, would they? If only they could think and feel they might care, for Caleb had cared for them most tenderly since Mary had taught him how.

He allowed his eyes to wander away to the great Sierras, standing grave and solemn against the morning sky. Caleb never wearied of looking at the mountains. They seemed the personification of conscious strength and changeless resolution. Up there where the whitened summits glistened, 'twas like old New England at Christmas time.

"Oh, Caleb, if you could only keep sober, might not Valentine come to you some time from out that wintry land, and, in a little cottage all your own, love and care for you, now that your old age has come?

"Bah! Caleb Filkins, you are dreaming. A spree or two, and you'll be dead, and the business over with. To-morrow you'll be brought before your old schoolmate, charged with drunkenness. How he will lecture you! Perhaps he will threaten you with the chain gang as before.

"What was it he said? 'It is ordered that in case Caleb Filkins shall be found intoxicated within the corporate limits of the town at any time before next Christmas—' What's that? Before **next** Christmas, did he say? Why, this is not **next** Christmas; this is **this** Christmas! Next Christmas is yet a whole year off. Caleb, the chain-gang! the chain-gang!"

The old man cowered beneath the bedclothes in abject terror

"Uncle Caleb! Uncle Caleb! are you in there? Are you ill? You are to take dinner with us to-day, you know, and now it is almost noon."

It was Mary Aiken who had come for him.

"Wait for me, Mary," Caleb cried. "Do not go until I come." He hurriedly dressed, and joined her at the door. "Take me by the hand, Mary, and whatever happens, do not let me go! We must go directly to the judge's. Oh, I am so glad you came for me, Mary! This is **this** Christmas, isn't it, Mary. The judge said **next** Christmas. I am sure he said **next** Christmas, and this isn't next Christmas, at all, is it?"

They hurried on to Judge Lovelace's home, Caleb grasping the girl's hand so tightly that she almost cried out with pain.

Arriving presently, for it was not far, and seeing the judge in his easy-chair by the window, Caleb entered.

Hardly waiting to catch his breath, he burst forth:

"This is **this** Christmas, isn't it, Judge? and **not** next Christmas, at all, is it? You said **next** Christmas, didn't you? You know you did, Judge. Ain't I right? Be careful now; ain't I right?"

At first the judge thought Caleb had gone quite out of his senses; but the anguish upon his face and his evident desire for an affirmative answer enabled Lovelace to understand. Assuming a firm, judicial tone, he placed his hand upon Caleb's shoulder and said: "You are quite right, Mr. Filkins. I said **next** Christmas, most assuredly."

"And you would put me on the chain-gang if I were found intoxicated before **next** Christmas?"

"Such was my judgment, as you know, and the decree was suspended only till the fact of intoxication should be shown. Nothing could cause me greater pain, but my duty would be plain."

So spoke the judge; and now that Caleb was fully assured, he broke down completely. Sinking upon a sofa he buried his face in his hands and wept. "Oh, Mary, if you had not come for me!" he cried. "Oh, Judge, if you had not remembered! How have I fought with my enemy these many hours! But for you I should have gone the old way. I shall be stronger now. Come, Mary, your mother will be concerned for you."

Caleb trudged away with Mary Aiken, almost buoyant in his newly found security.

By the time another Christmas eve had come, Caleb had completed for the judge a pair of boots, ripest product of the cobbler's art; and across the ornamental top of each were worked the words, "This is **this,** not **next,** Christmas, remember." By way of recompense, the judge, early Christmas morning, appeared at Caleb's cottage. Calling him to the door, he gravely warned him that "This is **this,** not **next,** Christmas," and to beware lest he be brought into court charged with drunkenness before **next** Christmas.

Feeling safer now, Caleb began to long to hear from home. At his request, the judge addressed a letter of inquiry to Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Filkins, Academy East Village, as though unmindful of Caleb's absence; and by-and-by an answer came, telling of Caleb's disappearance, and that they thought him dead; that young Caleb managed the farm, Silas the ship, and Valentine, their only daughter, attended the old academy. Better still, within the letter came a photograph of Valentine.

Nor was that all. Another enclosure was there; a letter in a fair but girlish hand, which

aleb read with delighted surprise, as fol
ows:

"Dear Mr. Lovelace: Won't you please keep
good lookout for my papa? He went away
rom us seven long years ago, because he was
shamed, and never came back any more. He
id not know how much his little Valentine
oved him, or he would not have done so, I
now. Many a time I have lain awake at
ight thinking of him, wishing that I had eyes
hat could see all over the world just for a
ew minutes so that I could find him; but not
aving eyes that could see anywhere at all in
he dark, I cried myself to sleep and dreamed
f him.

"Sometimes in my dreams I have seen him,
oor and feeble and old, leaning heavily upon
is staff, wandering along lone and dusty
oads, stopping now to ask for food and now
or drink, with no home to shelter him or any
ne to be kind or care whether he were good
r not; and when I awoke to find it all a
ream, I just cried and cried until I went to
leep again.

"He never was unkind to me, and if you see
im anywhere, tell him that his Valentine
vants him to come home again, and there
hall not anybody scold him at all. You
von't forget, will you, Mr. Lovelace?

"VALENTINE."

From the day that letter came, a new light
eamed from Caleb's eyes. His manner soft-
ned, and his voice took on strange intona-
ions, as the voice of one who has newly
earned to love. Caleb wrote, and with his
etter went one from the judge and one from
Mark Aiken to Valentine.

What a day that was for Valentine—the day
pon which those letters came! Out to the
arn to tell brother Caleb, who was not in
when Silas brought the news; clutching to her
osom the photograph with its kindly face
nd long white hair and beard; laughing and
crying, talking and singing, hugging and kiss-
ng every one, "acting like one possessed,"
Martha said.

Silas and Caleb were first amazed, then con-
tent that the mystery of their father's disap-
pearance had been cleared up; and even stern,
long-suffering Martha was mollified by the
judge's account of Caleb's struggles, and shed
a tear or two.

I chanced Caleb's way the other day. The
city has grown out far beyond his humble
acre. He has sold a part of his land, and
with the proceeds a row of pretty cottages
was built, yielding an income quite sufficient
for his small needs.

As I passed, I saw him delving with his
spade among the shrubbery. By his side a
woman stood with form erect and arms
akimbo, lips firmly closed, eyes that look
straight at you, hair neither white nor brown,
but both in equal share. I took her to be
Martha.

Both were looking up the walk whither my
steps were tending, and I soon saw why.
From out the shade of an avenue of almond
trees, with arms about each other's waists and
sun hats dangling at their sides, came two
young women with measured pace. Which
was the more beautiful, I hardly knew; one
would have taken them to be sisters. They
were Mary Aiken and Valentine.

("MERIT SYSTEM"—Concluded)

state commission. Moreover the results of its application had been entirely satisfactory. It is well known that it is easier to secure the adoption of progressive measures in a young state such as this than in the old conservative states of the east. The one under consideration is not an experiment. It has been tried out and the steady progress of its extension is ample proof of its efficiency. It is not only a good thing in government: it is an essential thing. We need it and now is the time to get it. Patriotic men with painful regularity have introduced a civil service law at every session of the legislature for the past twelve years and with equal regularity it has been killed by the minions of the machine. At last the people have come into their own and a legislature is elected which will recognize the people and the people only as master. This legislature will pass a state civil service law and California will have taken one more long step toward political freedom and efficient administration.

PERSONALIA

On November 22, Justin McCarthy reached his eightieth birthday, and a great circle of friends in politics and literature congratulated him on this happy event. "A little while ago," writes a correspondent, "I had the pleasure of chatting with the venerable historian and novelist. He told me how keen was his interest in politics still. 'If only my health had allowed me to live in London I should not have given up parliamentary life fourteen years ago,' said Mr. McCarthy. Since then he has lived, quietly watching events, by the seaside and adding to the long history of his literary achievements. Mr. McCarthy will be remembered by hosts of readers of his brilliant 'History of Our Own Times,' and the vivid light he threw on current events was largely due to his experience as a busy journalist and active politician."

William Gillette is to appear in a revival of the farcical comedy, "The Private Secretary" at the Empire Theatre, New York, the play that brought him his first celebrity as a farceur when it was brought out in 1884. The piece was such an instant success from the night that Mr. Gillette first appeared in it that not until he had acted it 2,000 nights did it satisfy its popularity.

William A. Brady makes the announcement that Aristophanes's farce "The Birds," is to be revived in the spring by the Chicago company presenting Margaret Mayo's modern farce, "Baby Mine." Mr. Brady is declared to be actuated by a desire to indicate a phase of Greek literature which has been neglected in the many revivals of the Greek tragedies. This desire is "to eradicate the impression that only the lugubrious was the theme of the Attic playwright that the proposed revival is undertaken."

Signora Duse has arranged what she calls her pied a terre, a small apartment in a building perched on the Tarpeian Rock next the Capitol, in Rome. The rooms in the apartment chosen by Signora Duse are so small that she has had special furniture made to decorate them, and she calls it "The Doll's House." The building is very old, and was constructed for the necessities of another age, when people seemed not to have had the requirements of our day, so the actress had it practically rebuilt, spending a small fortune to render it what she considers habitable. It is now transformed into a real jewel, full of souvenirs and mementos of her career in all parts of the world, and many priceless objects she has taken the trouble to ferret out in different foreign towns.

Mr. Barrie is at his new game of writing one-act plays as presents or compliments. Mr. Frohman has announced that Mr. Barrie had sent to Maude Adams, who is appearing in Toronto in "What Every Woman Knows," the manuscript of a new one-act play written out entirely in longhand, with the cast of characters, stage directions and diagrams of its scene carefully designed by the playwright himself, with attention to the minutest details. Before the end of her present season, so the notice runs, Miss Maude Adams intends to recognize Mr. Barrie's gift to her by appearing in "Youth" upon some special occasion. The royalties of the performance will be devoted to the Actors' fund of America.

Mrs. Brit Trevathan is said to be the first nominee, man or woman, to defeat the Democratic ticket in Angelina county, Texas. Mrs. Trevathan ran for county clerk on an independent ticket and won.

When Chauncey M. Depew retires from the senate on March 3 its champion surviving story-teller will be genial "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee. But there will be a newcomer with whom Senator Taylor will have to contend for honors. The friends of John W. Kern of Indiana expect him to succeed Depew as the best story-teller of the senate, although he will be pushed for first honors by Senator Taylor. Men who campaigned with Kern say he has a string of good stories of infinite length, and they expect him to become a favorite in the cloakrooms.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

[illegible]

come a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1, 1911. [illegible] will earn interest from January 1st.

[illegible]

DIVIDEND NOTICE
THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

[illegible]
(Member of the [illegible])
526 California Street
[illegible]

For the half year ending December 31, 1910 a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit amount and earn dividends from January 1, 1911.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Department No. 3.

ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff,
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.
Action No. 23805

ERNEST J. MOTT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Brannan Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Zoe Street; running thence southwesterly along said line of Brannan Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Brannan Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, Cal.

The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Now [illegible]

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Superior Courts

By authority of the state constitution each county in the state has a superior court. Even little Alpine, with only 309 inhabitants, has its superior court with as great powers as have the superior courts of San Francisco or Los Angeles. Per contra, Los Angeles county, with its half million inhabitants, and San Francisco city and county, with its 417,000, each have but one superior court, as Alpine has. The difference lies in this: Los Angeles and San Francisco counties each have twelve superior court judges for their one superior court, whereas a part of one judge would be abundant for Alpine. Were the twelve judges of the superior court of either San Francisco or Los Angeles to sit together for the trial of a case they would have no more authority or power than each one of them would have sitting and trying that case alone.

It is to be doubted if our constitution makers did the wisest thing when they constituted each county a judicial district. It would have been more economical and, very likely, would have attracted higher judicial talent to the bench had the counties been combined into judicial districts of such size as would make sure that all the time of each court, except proper vacation periods, were fully occupied. Of course such counties as have legal business enough to constitute a district should have one, but there are a number of counties in the state that do not. The judicial district system obtains in many states in the union and works advantageously.

A judge from one county may hold court for the judge of another county, upon his invitation, and upon request from the governor he must do so, for, be it remembered, the salary of a superior court judge is paid, one-half by the county and one-half by the state; but until now, even if a judge from another county were called in, he could only hold court in place of the resident judge and not with him. However, by the adoption at the late general election of Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 36, if one judge gets behind with his calendar and a neighboring judge has not enough business on his hands to keep him occupied, the judge called in may open a second department of the superior court of that county and help to clean up the docket.

This promises to be advantageous to the dispatch of justice over the state, although some equalization in salaries should take place if the judges from the poorly paid counties are forced to spend all their spare time in the counties whose judges are well paid helping such judges out. The foregoing amendment also broadened and made more useful the previously existing power of litigants to agree, in writing, to the selection of a judge pro tempore to try some one cause where, for any reason, the superior judge of that county cannot try it, giving the person selected, who must have been admitted to the bar, all the powers that the judge would have, but solely with reference to that one case alone.

The jurisdiction of the superior courts is about as broad as are the causes of disagreement among men and the ways that men have of committing offenses against the social order. As explained a week ago, ordinarily superior courts cannot take cognizance of cases involving less than $300, although, no matter how small the sum involved, appeal may be taken from a justice's court to a superior court. The superior court holds the power of life and death, within the law, over persons placed on trial in such courts, with the limitation that courts of appeal may overrule the decisions of superior judges.

That justice, in our American, and likewise in our Californian, courts often miscarries, much too often, no one will have the hardihood to deny. In fact the President of the United States, himself a great judge, has declared the failure of American justice to be a disgrace to our American civilization, and no civilization that tolerates judicial failure has much claim to being called civilized, inasmuch as that is what civilization is—the establishment of justice, equally, impartially, promptly and inexpensively. By that test above all others are civilizations to be measured.

The consensus of appellate judicial opinion is that failure to establish justice rests mainly upon the shoulders of trial judges and, under our system, the superior court judges are our trial judges; but the consensus of public opinion is that judicial failure usually lies at the feet of appellate judges who, in their sequestered positions, withdrawn from contact with real life, come to exalt the form or the theory of the law above the substance of it, the fault that The Christ found with the administration of justice in his day, a fault from which it has not been free from his day to our own, being written into the pattern from which our social fabric is woven.

Whatever view one may take of this controversy between the trial courts and courts of appeal, at least this much is true: the trial courts are face to face with the verities of life. The trial judge sees the accused, watches his bearing, hears the evidence and looks into the faces of the witnesses while they are giving their testimony; hears the arguments of counsel and watches their attitudes toward the issues, toward the goal of justice toward which all should conspire to make progress and, better than any appellate court that will ever pass judgment upon his work, the trial judge will be able to know what constitutes justice in the case at bar. If somehow the superior judge were freed from terror of reversal, except he prove a malignant man, he would come much nearer establishing justice than he can now that appeal is taken from the man who knows what constitutes justice in any given case to a bench of men who only know what would constitute hypothetical justice in hypothetical cases. The superior court is a superior court to any appellate so far as the meting out of justice is concerned.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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This Week: "The Woman Suffrage Amendment"

By Lillian Harris Coffin

THE CALIFORNIA WEEKLY: DECEMBER 30: '10 FIVE CENTS: THE COPY

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We Quit

WITH THIS ISSUE The California Weekly ceases publication. After two and a quarter years of effort to build up a self sustaining patronage in San Francisco failure is admitted. Having been given full power to use the corporation's capital as he deemed best, and to choose his own associates in conducting the enterprise, the undersigned concedes that the fault, is fault there be, is his own and not another's. For reasons which it were dreary to recapitulate, The California Weekly has, in respect to developing an advertising patronage, without which no paper can live unless steadily subsidized, been up against a stone wall, and the paper that cannot in process of time earn its own way as an organ of publicity scarcely deserves to survive. That wall of indifference or opposition could, in time, be broken down, but the few thousands generously placed at our disposal for continuing the paper would not suffice to that end and it were an injustice to our friends to use the fund only to find ourselves some months later where we now are, with neither assets nor liabilities to speak of, but still far from a self-sustaining goal. A paper must go forward or it will go backward and the journalistic "hoodoo" once on is well nigh irremediable. In the light of experience I now know that to establish a weekly paper that will be to this coast what Collier's or the New York Outlook is to the nation would require no small expenditure. For the paper itself no apologies are offered. The Staff has done its best and is not ashamed of the result. Nor do we regard the venture as having been wholly unsuccessful. The purpose in seeking to establish The California Weekly was to help in the redemption of California from corporation domination. In so far as that end has been partially attained The California Weekly has helped and in that service its shareholders must find what compensation they may for losses sustained. Howbeit, none of them had over $500 invested, only a few more than $100, and care was taken in the capitalization to approach none to whom the loss, in the event of failure to land on a self-sustaining basis, would be a serious deprivation. There are some odds and ends of business, pro and con, to be closed up, after which a full statement will be sent to each of the shareholders. Arrangements are in process of making for having the unexpired subscriptions filled out by another paper and, if successful, each subscriber will be notified of the fact personally by mail. If no such arrangements can be made the subscriber will have to join with the shareholder in regretting the failure of the paper to stick. With gratitude to all who have given us their aid and encouragement and with bitterness toward none, feeling certain that the members of The Staff will all somewhere find a chance to lend a hand toward making things better than they are, I am sincerely, for a free commonwealth governed through just laws equally and efficiently enforced,

A. J. PILLSBURY,
Editor-Manager.

222 Pala Avenue, Piedmont Station, Oakland, California.

One Thing More

THE BLOW LATELY STRUCK to break the shackles which the Catholic church had long since riveted upon the wrists of Spain augurs well for both the church and for Spain, for the church because special privilege corrupts it, and for Spain because special privilege impoverishes it. The American way is best, but America had to humble Spain before Spain could be brought to see it. One thing more, the establishment in Spain of a free public school system, strong on the side of manual training and scientific agriculture. Time will do all the redemptive work needed to be done to give a proud and capable people a chance to be again glorious. Success to the progressive abroad as well as at home!

Cleaning Up Adams County

ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO, is probably no worse than other counties in that and other states. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been the custom in close elections for pious old party leaders, not a few of them deacons in good standing, to acquire the riff-raff vote by purchase, each side thanking God that conscience did not stand in the way to prevent their doing what they knew the other fellows were doing. The shame of the show-down will probably enable those people to see the matter in a new light. By the way, isn't business being hurt in Adams county? And how comes it that the best citizens ever allowed the scandal to come to light? There must be some of God's anointed in Adams county. May the crusade spread to other counties and other states that they also may be cleaned up. A corrupt electorate is the negation of democracy.

One of Pinchot's Dreams

A FEW MONTHS AGO it was declared from Washington that the idea of a great power trust, covering the west, was one of those Pinchot dreams born of the brain of a faddist and fanatic. Last week it was announced, also from Washington, that Attorney-General Wickersham is instituting proceedings for the dissolution of that trust which threatens to become one of the biggest agencies for spoliation the world has known. Not even Joseph of old dreamed things more true than Gifford Pinchot.

Free Lectures In Schools

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that a free lecture system in the schools of San Francisco is soon to be inaugurated gives buoyancy to the hope that this city may come to be educationally contemporaneous by and by, may have physical examinations of pupils preparatory to entrance into schools, and visiting nurses to look out for them thereafter, all of which modern conveniences such backward cities as New York and Chicago have had for a decade. Educationally San Francisco is old fogy.

Concern For the Third Party

ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS that has taken place lately was the acquiescence of the locomotive engineers of the Middle Western roads in the best terms they could make with the railroad companies, although far from satisfactory, rather than precipitate a strike that must inflict so much hardship upon that innocent third party known as The Public. Very fine and greatly calculated to endear the locomotive engineers to the people! But is it not about time for that innocent third party, The Public, to do a little something for its own protection rather than be so absolutely dependent upon the forbearance and self-abnegation of powerful labor organizations or combinations of railroad companies? What would be the matter with The Public saying: "Here, what's the matter with you fellows? Come into court and let's see who is right and who is wrong. Remember, no affray?" The Public is too innocent and inefficient by half.

Nineteen-Eleven

ALTHOUGH, WITH THIS ISSUE, The California Weekly goes where the candle goes when it goes out, that melancholy fact affords no reason for not wishing its friends a happy and fruitful year. After all, it is perhaps not so much what we do as what we try to do that counts. Nor is it what we shall get out of the coming year that will make us rich so much as what we shall put into it. It is good to be alive, but to live abundantly and intensively is great. Nineteen-Ten treated California and the country kindly. Here is hoping that Nineteen-Eleven may do better.

Excuses That Do Not Excuse

Coroners' juries are overly tender of chauffeurs who kill people and where, as in the case of the Henshaw chauffeur in Oakland, more than one person has been killed there is ground for fearing that running over children may become a habit with one, the more especially if a large measure of public sympathy is bestowed upon the killer instead of upon the life crushed out. The slowing up or stopping of any street car should be taken as notice to every chauffeur driving his vehicle along such street that some one is about to alight from such car, either at one end or the other. The responsibility must be upon him and not upon the person alighting, the more especially if that person chances to be a child. There should be no such thing as contributory negligence upon the part of a child to mitigate the offense of running over a child. Grown persons are in such terror of automobiles that they are accustomed to look to the right of them and to the left of them before daring to take a step from a car from which they have alighted. To be heedless is a prerogative of childhood, but not of any chauffeur. It is a matter of every day experience in riding upon street cars that automobiles whirl by them at stopping places without deviating a hair's breadth from the straight line, so close as to fan the faces of outside passengers with the rush of their machines. Some months of imprisonment for manslaughter would mitigate this form of recklessness. To the driver of every automobile the law should say: "Thou shalt not kill." The responsibility must be put upon him and upon no other. That degree of care which a reasonably careful person would employ is insufficient to excuse any killing. It must be such a degree of care as cannot be exceeded by any person in full possession of all his faculties. It were better to err on the side of stringency than leniency in dealing with chauffeurs who kill. Such a policy on the part of coroners' juries and courts will put a stop to four-fifths of such killing of foot passengers, adult or under age.

What About the Valley People?

Much displeasure has been expressed with reference to the majority decision of the state railroad commission in relation to San Joaquin valley rates north and south and the railroad people are said to be urging jobbers of San Francisco, Stockton and Los Angeles to get together and adjust their differences amicably, parceling out the territory as they may mutually agree.

But what about the producers who live in the upper San Joaquin valley? And what about the consumers who live south of Tehachapi? Are they not parties in interest? That portion of the San Joaquin valley lying south of Kings river is the granary of Southern California. It is to that broad and fertile, irrigated domain that Los Angeles is looking for its daily bread and butter, milk and eggs, beef and mutton, deciduous fruits and for hay for its horses. Southern California does not produce enough to feed its own horses let alone enough of every day staples to feed its own people, and it cannot. It produces oranges and lemons, walnuts, climate and picturesque situations, to spare for shipment abroad, but were it not for the upper San Joaquin valley it would go hungry. Why not give those southern consumers some consideration in fixing rates? Are the jobbers the only parties in interest?

Moreover, this upper San Joaquin valley, from where Kings river crosses the valley to Tehachapi mountain, is being settled and developed from Southern California and is coming to have the Southern California spirit. It does not look upon the saloon as the palladium of our liberties, the institution in whose prosperity all is prosperous. Some of the towns have shut them up and kicked them out as mischievous and unclean and, more and more, that portion of California is transferring its sympathies and its trade to Southern California, from whence it draws its most lucrative business.

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Readers of The California Weekly will, in due time, find in its columns every important public issue explained by some person whose special knowledge gives him a right to be heard.

We may surmise, also, that the railroad people have no notion of going into the subject of cost of service throughout the San Joaquin valley. No doubt it is the lowest in the world and, how low, the railroad people will not disclose unless they have to. Tehachapi mountain is also there. It is hard pulling over it. If rates were fixed mainly with regard to cost of service Los Angeles would have to secure its San Joaquin valley products by sea from Port Costa and freight rates from San Francisco to the foot of Tehachapi mountain would hardly enter into the cost of living, but how would San Francisco jobbers ever reach Nevada and Utah with their commodities? The rule that applies in one direction must apply in all directions.

Commissioner Loveland will take the San Francisco jobber's view of all questions coming before the new commission and the San Francisco jobber is not looking for a fair field with no favor. That is not characteristic of the San Francisco type of mind. He is looking for a cinch, for an underhold, a special favor. It will be up to the other members of the board to view these perplexing issues from the standpoint of a broader prosperity for the whole state, giving to the claims of San Francisco a due and proper consideration, but no more. San Francisco is entitled to, and cannot be kept from enjoying, the full advantage of its position on one of the great harbors of the world—when its commercial interests develop the possibilities of that harbor and not before.

Had San Francisco merchants been less of hucksters and more like merchant princes its deep sea commerce would long since have been less on paper and more on water. The prevailing furor for a great blowout in 1915, with an intermediate prosperity based on the expenditure of borrowed money, instead of devoting all energies to a building up of a permanent manufacturing industry and commerce, is characteristic of the San Franciscan type of business mind. A great splurge, a copious raking of shekels off the top of the heap to serve temporarily, leaving the future to the future, is the San Francisco way. Great, rich, sober-minded New York carefully considered the matter of holding the Panama-Pacific exposition there and unanimously decided that it was not wanted at any price. The misdirection of energy and the after effects rendered the whole undertaking undesirable in the practical, sober eyes of Gothamites.

Something Archaic

If the sentiment expressed by John Llewellyn, of the Llewellyn Iron Works of Los Angeles, correctly voices the sentiments of Los Angeles employers in general, then must we conclude that, progressive as our southern city is in most respects, industrially it is archaic, farther in the long ago than the longest memory of its oldest inhabitant. In substance Mr. Llewellyn's declaration was: "We are fighting for a principle, the right to run our own business in our own way." That right, if it exist at all, applies only to him who is his own employer and his own, sole, employe. The moment an employer adds to his working force the services of a single employe he forfeits the right to run his own business in his own way. The absolute rights of the employer are at once modified by the right of his employe to a living wage, healthful surroundings, decent hours, the right not to be discharged for trivial reasons but to retain his place so long as such services are needed and he renders a loyal, helpful service to his employer.

When this relation of employer to employe is multiplied, on the one hand, by a hundred shareholders constituting an artificial personality created by the law and existing by sufference of the law, and, on the other hand, by a thousand employes, no one not an industrial fossil should be found contending for the "principle" of conducting an "own business" in an "own way." There seems to be that about industrial Los Angeles that is archaic.

Autocracy is to be resisted, whoever attempts it, and when resisted by the imbecile and brutal, it is as likely to be with dynamite in Los Angeles as with the bomb in Russia. Despicable men will employ despicable methods to gain their ends and the only sure defense against such men and such methods is to assume so fair an attitude toward the issues involved as to disarm hatred. Such an attitude Mr. Llewellyn has not assumed.

If we reflect upon the helplessness of the social order, when confronted by even one man in a thousand made criminally minded by a rankling sense of wrong, we can begin to realize the importance of squaring our industrial policies with the moral and social standards of our time. This Los Angeles employers apparently have not done. Whatever principles may have characterized industrial life in past centuries the spirit of twentieth century industrialism is co-operative and participating, founded upon giving and taking, arbitrating and agreeing, and no longer upon authority. Never again will any employer, who takes into his service one person beside himself, be perfectly free to "run his own business in his own way." We are "members one of another," industrially as well as spiritually and we cannot be so spiritually without being so industrially.

That "industrial freedom" for which Los Angeles is clamoring contemplates nothing of the kind, except for the employer. He is to run his "own business" in his "own way," with the result that labor will be bought as mules are bought, in the lowest market and at the cheapest price. When the supply of one-lungers gives out access will be had to the same sources of cheap labor to which Pittsburg has had access.

No, no, no, a thousand times no. The denial of the right of collective bargaining to labor means that industry is to be autocratic and not free, and autocracy in industry, whether the associated employers or the labor unions be the autocrats, is un-American, archaic and of the spirit of the sixteenth century rather than of the twentieth. The trend of our time is toward democratization of industry and if Los Angeles fails of squaring itself with the spirit of the age it will suffer the sorrows of the condemned.

The seed of injustice and hate cannot be sowed for thirty years without sooner or later harvesting in kind. There is in the thousandth or ten thousandth man a fanaticism of criminality that transforms, in his diseased mind, the most unspeakable atrocities into

doing service for God and man. A hundred such men in a nation, if they be cunning and careful, and work together, can make that nation tremble for its life.

Once again, the only safety to life or property that can give us peace and calm and security lies in there being no one who has it in his heart to take our life or destroy our property. It is love and not hate that can afford that security.

Some Interesting Figures

A statement of the financial operations of the Southern Pacific Company for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, published in the San Francisco Chronicle of Wednesday, should be read with great interest, the more especially by the people and business men in San Francisco. Only a few items of great significance will be here considered.

The surplus for the year, over fixed and operating expenses, that is, over the cost of running the system and paying interest on its aggregate debts, amounted to $37,240,927.54; out of this dividends amounting to $17,238,346.93 were paid to the shareholders, leaving a balance of profit to be otherwise disposed of amounting to $20,002,580.61. It is particularly interesting to note what became of this vast sum of undivided profits.

"In order to reimburse the Southern Pacific Company for expenditures incurred in the construction of the Bay Shore line, and for the cost of future additions and betterments thereto," the report goes on to say, "as well as for additional terminal facilities, the board of directors authorized an issue of not exceeding $50,000,000 of San Francisco terminal first mortgage bonds of which $25,000,000 have been issued bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent."

Now comes the interesting admission: "These bonds of the value of $15,000,000 have been taken up in this year's account." That is to say, of the earnings of the company over and above dividends on the capital stock, earnings that owe their origin to excess charges, earnings that therefore belong to the patrons of the road and not to the shareholders, $15,000,000 are converted into bonds of the San Francisco terminal company upon which the patrons of the road must pay 4 per cent interest for anyhow fifty years.

Under a proper system of stock supervision of such corporations such robberies as this would not be permitted. The patrons of the Southern Pacific Company gave that $15,000,000 to the company to be used for the public benefit. It was perfectly proper for that company to accept that gift and to devote it to terminal betterments, or to any other use that would subserve the general public, but to accept that gift and then capitalize it, charge interest on it and by and by make the public make the gift over again, after having paid $30,000,000 in interest on the gift, well, that is indeed high finance, and high finance generally implies high toned, adroit and successful grand larceny.

In other words, the greater the profits of the Southern Pacific Company the heavier the mortgage placed upon San Francisco's future commerce and upon a generation not yet born. Every dollar beyond a reasonable rate of dividends upon the capital stock of a railroad corporation should be expended in betterments, but not a bond or a share of stock should be permitted to be issued against the betterments so made. Without efficient public supervision of stock and bonding enterprises this is exactly what will be done to the end of time. Is it not about time to move on the enemy's works?

Home Rule In Sight

All those in whose veins the milk of human kindness runs will rejoice in Home Rule being at last in sight for Ireland. It now seems as though it must soon come and an end be put to the age-long struggle. But what sort of home rule will it be? The American mind at once assumes that it will be that measure of home rule enjoyed by a state in the American union, but will that satisfy the men of Ireland? Are they at heart struggling for anything less than an independent national life for Ireland? It were unreasonable to expect that, but the Irish agitator has not always been reasonable. It would never do for England to allow Ireland to set up an independent national life. If home rule be limited to home affairs, regulated by the British common law and constitution, all will be well with Ireland and England. Just there the uttermost bounds of Irish ambition should, by common consent, be set.

Humans As Assets

The secretary of the state board of health recently created some popular interest in rearing humans as a gainful pursuit, and many and varied have been the comments thereon. That the thought should be at all novel is due to the fact that we, in America, have been unmindful of what the rest of the world is doing. In Europe generally, but particularly in Germany, every child is looked upon as being an asset of the fatherland, every workingman is as certainly regarded as having a property value as every horse, ox or ass, inasmuch as the privileged classes know better than here by the sweat of whose brow come all their luxurious living and freedom from toil and care.

As an aside it may be observed that any family going into the business of rearing children for profit will find it expedient to rear girls rather than boys. They are marketed earlier, are not averse to devoting their earnings to the common good of the family, whereas the sons are later in being fitted for life and commonly want help from the old folks in establishing themselves in life until they are somewhere about thirty years old.

But there is a phase of this subject that we have not seen treated and that is the value of a human as an asset as a basis for commercial or industrial enterprise. In other words, for the capitalization of labor.

Dr. Snow places the cost of rearing an adult person at $4,000 to $5,000 by the time he has attained his majority. It is commonly expected that capital invested in industrial or commercial enterprises will yield 12 to 15 per cent. per annum. So rated, by the time a worker can earn $1,200 a year he should be valued as an investment at $10,000. If he can earn $1,500 a year his investment valuation would be $12,500.

Now suppose that a corporation is formed for any industrial or commercial enterprise. Some of the incorporators invest their cash in the stock while those who are to do the work invest themselves at their respective valuations as human assets, and stock in the corporation is issued to them proportionately. Their value as an asset can be as easily ascertained as their value as wage earners.

Thereafter the business is conducted, and the earnings are divided, in proportion to the several investments. The person who invests $10,000 or $12,000 in cash receives on his capital exactly what the laborer receives who invests himself at a similar valuation. How such a scheme would work out in practice is not here considered. That there might be some difficulties in the worker drawing down his dividends to live on as he goes along, and in making up losses if no profits are gained, is evident, but the illustration makes more clearly evident than the wages system the essentially co operative nature of the employment of labor and capital in productive industry. If the man who puts in cash must assume all the risks of failure that risk must somehow be equalized in sharing the profits

The Deeper Significance : : : : of Living : : : :

[Note. It was the opinion of [illegible] that Wagner's music is [illegible] sounds. Per contra, the following verses are really very [illegible] as the [illegible] mind to say he has ignored the protests of his associates on [illegible]

WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?

By Arthur J. Pillsbury

What will it be like to be [illegible]
What will it be like to [illegible]
Like a low, swaying cloud black with thunder
Is it something [illegible]

When on my bed I am helplessly lying,
Sorrowing friends standing tearfully by,
With regret on [illegible]
What will it be like to let go and to die?

Will it be like the birth of a baby,
With a sputtering, mewling wail,
That we enter the door of eternity
Our lost loved and the Lord to hail?

Or will it be more like the landing
From a ship on a far distant shore,
On the quay friends expectantly standing
Crying, "There he is, heaven bless him, coming o'er?

A gasp and a gurgle, a final convulsion,
A spasm, a tremor, the [illegible]
Oh, what at the instant succeeding transition,
God of the Universe, will it be like to be dead?

Will the transition be simple and easy?
Will we laugh when at last we've passed [illegible]
To find that what we so dreaded
Was ever and ever so easy to do?

Will the scenes be all strange, terrifying?
Will the shapes that take form in the gloom
Be such as we saw in our childhood
When the dawn struggled into our room?

Will it be as with one who's been dreaming
And awakes at a touch with a start,
To find some loved one radiantly beaming
A sweet message of love from the [illegible]

Shall the soul sleep on through the ages
Like a fossil embedded in clay
'Till the world has grown old and lifeless
Awaiting the dawn of the Judgment Day?

Will death in the [illegible]
A soul to set free as Ariel from the pine?
Shall the universe be the [illegible]
And the stars stepping stones to the Empyrean?

Shall we be brought to the throne of Jehovah,
To stand naked, transparent, exposed [illegible]
While the Angel of Record the pages turns over
And the eyes of the Lord search our souls, through and through?

It is not through fear this secret I'd know,
For ever in this have I placed my trust:
If for weal or for woe, whate'er [illegible]
I can stand what my neighbors must.

Gehenna or Hades! Tartarus, Hell!
What are these to the [illegible]
When the Sisyphus stone of [illegible]
And I fear 'twill be nothing at all to be dead?

I would rather be sent to a lake of red fire,
To a literal hell be consumed [illegible]
That be cast to one side [illegible]
To be nothing whatever at all [illegible]

All helpless came I into this world,
Yet sweet was the [illegible]
Shall my weary wingèd [illegible]
On pillow less downy be less tenderly laid?

And sweet was the [illegible]
When he told of the Father's wide house on high,
A niche to [illegible]
[illegible]

Alack and alas! [illegible]
In the mercy of God do I place my trust.
[illegible]
And for the best of all reasons—because I must.

What will it be like to [illegible]
Unknowing, [illegible]
Shall it be into the glories of morning up yonder,
Or out into the night? O my [illegible]

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

Organizing Leagues of Politeness

Largely owing to the efforts of one Fraulein Cecilie Meyer, the city of Berlin now has a League of Politeness, as it is termed. The name of the league indicates its character. It is formed for the purpose of practicing and disseminating the practice of politeness. Each member is vowed to be polite at all times and in all places, and an emblem worn in his (or her) buttonhole indicates to those with whom he comes in contact that this is his purpose. For example, a masculine member would give his seat in a street car to a woman, and a feminine member would thank him for doing so, either of which proceedings sometimes produces a nervous shock in the land of the free and home of the brave. It is intended that the league shall attain a worldwide scope in its operations. Rome had such an organization even before Berlin, and it is expected that England, France, Austria, America—in brief, the civilized world—will follow in due season. The reason why it is to be confined to the civilized world perhaps is because it is felt that that part of the world needs it most. At any rate, this part of the world is not so far from knowing such a need that a League of Politeness should not be welcomed here.

"There Is No National Humor"

The caption of this paragraph is a quotation from an address delivered by Prentiss C. Hoyt, professor of English in Clark college. Continuing, he says concerning humor: "It is not American, nor English, nor French, but individual and personal. It is not a real classification, any more than American literature proves to be American only on closer analysis. . . . We in America are too conglomerate a people to claim a characteristic development. We cannot expect from the Swede, the Englishman, the Irish, etc., a reincarnation into one distinct form of humor. . . . Unless the vegetable poetess who haunts the homes of our city shall be ranked with Longfellow and Emerson, Bill Nye must be lopped as a dead branch from our American tree of humor. His quaint spelling makes him a humorist in part, you may say. If so, five out of every fifty college men are unconscious humorists." The last sentence makes its point well, and has in it that which most essayists who deal with humor display not, that is, humor. Moreover, with much of the foregoing one may agree, but the professor blithely hastens to his downfall. Listen to him: "The late Samuel Clemens did not always reach the truest heights of humorous expression." Doubtless this is so, but, then, neither did any other humorist who ever wrote, nor will any humorist who ever will write. Beyond the utmost height, whether of humor or somewhat else, are higher heights to be attained. If Mark Twain did not reach the "truest heights," he reached such heights as to set that major fraction of mankind who are not up to professorial standards anent humor a-gurgle with laughter at his quaint mixture of humorous philosophy and philosophical humor; and outside of a lecture room probably that will suffice. Even if there were such a thing as distinctively American humor, Samuel L. Clemens was too big to be confined within its limits.

A Whipping-Machine Invented

A Frenchman, who evidently is a believer in corporeal punishment, has invented a machine for whipping convicted criminals. He claims in its behalf that not only will it do away with the brutal exhibition involved in the whipping of one man by another, but it will do the job more neatly and artistically than any man could do it, which is a point to be considered by people possessing artistic souls. The machine works in the following manner: The victim first is tied in the warm place; then an index needle is set at figures indicating the number of strokes to be given; after that a button is pressed, and then the manipulator may go away and split the kindling for his wife or do any little job about the house, for the machine will do the rest. A particularly pleasant feature, too, is found in the fact that the automaton distributes the strokes widely over the victim's body, so that it is difficult for him to decide which place hurts most. Fortunately little use would be made of such a machine in America, but a few particularly husky ones ought to be imported for wife-beaters.

"Inventors for the Common Good"

Now and then in the history of mankind an inventor has been found with so large a regard for public welfare that he has donated his invention to all men, refusing to receive financial benefit from it. Not strangely, perhaps, the number of such men is few, but these few deserve to be remembered with gratitude. Of course no list of them could be given here, but here are the names of a few, with brief descriptions of their inventions: Logan Waller Page invented an oil-concrete which is impervious to moisture, does not chip, endures the wear and tear of automobiles, and is not unlikely to revolutionize the concrete industry. He gave it absolutely to the public. Dr. Marion Dorset discovered a remedy for the dreaded hog cholera, patented it, and turned the patent over for public use. General William Crozier invented the disappearing gun used in coast defense, and gave all rights pertaining to it to the United States government, and his patents on a wire-wound gun also were given to the public. Major O. M. Lissack invented the cartridge machines used at federal arsenals, and gave the patents to the government. Harold H. Clark patented and dedicated to the public an invention that gives warning of impending explosions in mines. Warren E. Hinds gave to the public his invention of a cotton cultivator to help eradicate the boll weevil. These are but a few names on a not over-long list, but they are names that deserve inscription on America's roll of honor.

A Deadly Gas Well

A strange story, which may or may not be true, and accordingly is given for what it may be worth, comes from Tampico, Mexico. According to its original narrator, an American company has been boring for oil in that vicinity. It bored six wells with entire success, but after going down some hundred feet in the eighth well it struck, not oil or an ordinary gas, but a black vapor which, as several deaths have demonstrated, causes the death of all persons who inhale it. Its first victims were a man, his wife and daughter, who, in fleeing from the vicinity, were overtaken by the vapor and fell dead in their tracks. Since then, according to the story, there have been several other victims. It is asserted that scientists cannot satisfactorily explain the nature of the gas, it being a phenomenon heretofore not encountered in boring oil wells; but whatever its nature, it does its deadly work. So runs the story, and it is told with some appearance of veracity, but before fully believing it, it may be as well to await such confirmation as doubtless will come if it is true.

Boys' Club of Corn-Raisers

The boys' club of corn-raisers, an organization fostered by the federal agricultural department which heretofore was mentioned in this department, now numbers more than 46,000 members, all, or nearly all, from the southern states. Recently the eleven prize-winners for 1910, none of them more than sixteen years old, were declared. One boy from South Carolina raised 228¾ bushels on an acre of ground, but as the agricultural department had made the cost of production a condition, the first place went to an Arkansas boy who raised but 119 bushels on his acre, but did it at a cost of eight cents a bushel, whereas the South Carolina boy's corn cost him 43 cents a bushel. The record of the winners ran as follows: Hughey A. Harden, Banks, Ala., 120 bushels at 32 cents a bushel; Ira Smith, Silver, Ark., 119 bushels at 8 cents; Joseph Stone, Center, Ga., 102⅝ at 29 cents; Stephen G. Henry, Melrose, La., 139 4-5 bushels at 13.6 cents; W. Williams, Decatur, Miss., 146 4-7 at 18 cents; W. Ernest Starnes, Hickory, N. C., 146 2-7 at 38 cents; Floyd Gayer, Tishomingo, Okla., 95½ at 8 cents; Jerry H. Moore, Winona, S. C., 228¾ at 43 cents; Norman Smith, Covington, Tenn., 125½ at 37 cents; W. Rodger Smith, Karnes City, Tex., 83⅛ at 13 2-3 cents; Maurice Olgers, Sutherland, Va., 168 at 40 cents. In addition to these first prizes, second prizes were given to Archie Odom, of Bennettsville, S. C., who raised 177¾ bushels at 23 cents, and John Williams, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who raised 83¾ bushels at 49 cents. All of these urchins were given a free trip to the nation's capital, and if you imagine that they were not a happy lot there is no doubt that you are mistaken.

MARK TWAIN'S GIRLS

The Ladies' World for December contains a very interesting article on "Mark Twain and the children," by Albert Bigelow Paine, who was for some years intimately connected with Mr. Clemens, who, like Lewis Carroll, never lost his interest in children, particularly little girls, and formed lasting friendships with them. It was Mr. Clemens's delight to devise new plays and games and join in them, to direct and take part in charades and plays. He also had a passion for forming clubs, all the by-laws of which were of his devising. It is now nearly 20 years ago, when in Europe, that he created a club which was to be made up of one girl for each country in the world, each member pledging herself to write occasionally to himself (the chief officer), he, on his part, promising and faithfully living up to his engagement to reply to all such communications, and though most of these little girls as they grew up forgot to write, at least the one who represented "France" kept her promise.

Another club of his forming began in Bermuda years ago and was named by him "Angel Fish club," after a particularly beautifully colored fish found off the island. This was composed of 12 members. When at home, members with their parents visited him, and the billiard-room named the "Aquarium," as a proper recognition of the members, was their great resort, where they played under the instruction of their chief. Among the amusing letters that grew out of the Angel Fish club was one he sent to a little member—one of whom he seems to have been especially fond. And here again he reminds one of Lewis Carroll, one of whose chiefest joys it was to write whimsical letters to little girl friends. Mr. Clemens wrote:

"I am already making mistakes. When I was in New York six weeks ago, I was on a corner of Fifth avenue, and saw a small girl—not a big one—start across from the opposite corner, and I exclaimed to myself joyfully, 'That is certainly my Margaret,' so I rushed to meet her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt, and said to myself, 'It's a Margaret—that is plain enough—but I'm half afraid it is somebody else's.' So when I passed her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it and passed on. I wondered if she could have overlooked it. It seemed best to find out; so I turned and followed and caught up with her, and said, deferentially, 'Dear Miss, I already know your first name by the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?' She was vexed, and said, pretty sharply: 'It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know. I know your name by your looks, and I'd advise you to shut yourself up with pen and ink and write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby carriage any time. Run along, now, and don't let the cows bite you.' What an idea! There aren't any cows on Fifth avenue. But I didn't smile; I didn't let on to perceive how uncultured she was. She was from the country, of course, and didn't know what a comical blunder she was making."

WITH BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOSSIP OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND REPRINTS OF OLD FAVORITES

LOOKING BACKWARD

Looking over the field of contemporaneous literature, the most significant fact that strikes the writer's eye is the renascence of the romantic ideal. This renascence is visible in many parts of the world and in divers ways. In three aspects it has especially attracted this writer's attention.

First, in the decline in public interest of the strictly realistic school of writers, in the field both of fiction and of drama. The novelty of Ibsen's plays has worn off, and they are being less often presented. They will, probably, long be acted for the satisfaction of a cult and for the pleasure of the technically skilled. They have performed a tremendous service to the craft of dramatists, by showing the power of a more direct, repressed method of producing dramatic effects. But as literature or as artistic reproductions of life they are as villainously, as abominably, bad as they are brilliantly successful pieces of specialized craftsmanship. Humanity, we have faith to believe, will eventually cast them out as destructive poisons. They show only the morbid and discouraging aspects of life, so out of perspective with life because so unrelieved in their gloom, that they tend toward death rather than life.

Tolstoy is dead. Another pitiless realist he, who used the utmost power of speech to paint pictures of life so desolate and so desolating that the spirit of man can hardly endure to read them through. Life itself is never, to any one, so utterly void of compensations as this. Humanity has at least its intervals of nightly oblivion. Such writers as Tolstoy would have us believe that misery is even sleepless.

The world of booklovers is beginning to perceive that the Ibsens and Tolstoys placed themselves in an equivocal position. They were not constructive artists, they were moral pamphleteers, and they used literary art merely as a club to beat into the heads of humanity their idea of humanity's diseases. Readers have come to realize this; to see that, to the extent that Ibsen and Tolstoy were prophets of evil, they were properly outside the domain of imaginative literature, with no claims upon the serious consideration of those who love literature for its own sake—which is the same thing as saying for the sake of its sweetening and ennobling influence upon the human soul. But Ibsen and Tolstoy used literary forms, thus bidding for literary consideration. Where they did this, they played with lightning, for the bald truth is—and the book world is coming to realize it—that neither Ibsen nor Tolstoy is true enough to life to stand as a constructive literary genius of the first rank. They are false in their perspective and destructive in their method.

So our first reason for believing in a renascence of the romantic spirit is the decline in authority of the realistic school.

Our second reason for belief in this renascence is the birth of a great novel in France, entitled "Jean Christophe," and written by a hitherto obscure author by the name of Romaine Rolland. We have not seen this book but the first critics of Europe compare it with "Les Miserables" and "Wilhelm Meister" in its power and profundity. And the descriptions of its contents class it as of the romantic school, a tremendous novel of ideas and the higher passions, written on a great scale.

But our third, and chief reason for believing in the renascence of the romantic ideal in literature is our observation, in hundreds of casual references to book and plays and writers, showing a trend of public mind away from the cold and rigid formula of realism toward the warm and growing sun of romanticism. One of the most brilliant examples of this tendency is the tendency to accept a theory advanced by Gilbert Chesterton, the English essayist, whose writings more and more challenge the admiration of the world. He is fantastical in many ways, but he has at least formulated one philosophical proposition which applies to literature as well as to the political movements and institutions of the day where he particularly applies it. This proposition is, that our theory of Progress is an hallucination and must be thrown overboard by intellectual men: that any real advance is to be made by looking backward upon the history of the past and drawing upon its rich stores of experience and example, rather than frantically trying every new invention that we can devise. He even advocates, in political science, our trying out to the full of a fair experiment, such seeming failures of the past as the Greek republic, the Holy Roman Empire, and the Jacobite monarchy of England. He points out that these things were not necessarily wrong in principle merely because their trial in practice was interrupted by barbarous force.

Now the application of this seemingly fantastical idea to our literary discussion is this: it is by just this method that the great literary achievements of the past have been won, and it is the method of the romanticist rather than the realist. It may be worth while to prove this theory by somewhat extended observation of the great names in literature.

Homer, for example, gave no thought to the observation of customs and manners of his own day. He collected the folk songs and the folk lore of the Greeks, those ancient traditions that had grown up out of the very life of the people, adorned by their most intimate speech and colored, from generation to generation, by the thought of the people. These things, truly a symposium of Greek national thought and emotion, he wove into a homogeneous and harmonious fabric of song, making a masterpiece of literature.

The Greek dramatists, also, took for their subjects the gods and national heroes of Greece, characters that had grown up in the minds of the people by long usage and conventionalization of ideas, and on these they based their plays and exhausted the riches of their poetry.

The Roman literature, insofar as it is literature, is a reflection of this Greek body of tradition, colored only by the change of racial characteristics suffered in the transfusion of ideas from the originating race to a race that gladly received that bulk of ideas as a whole for its own.

Shakespeare, also, tried no invention in his plots nor in his ideas. He went for his plots to older dramatists and novelists, who, in turn, had gone back to older dramatists and novelists, who, in their turn, had utilized the folk lore of a people as the basis of their work. Thus Shakespeare is original only in his selection of ideas, in his arrangement of words, in the power of his verse. His substance was national and racial, of the people and of the soil. This is no abatement of his glory: rather the reverse, for through him a people gave voice to their profoundest thoughts and most moving emotions in a master cry. Shakespeare looked to the past, with its rich and varied and colorful life, its proven experiences, its great characters, its method of speech revealed by generations of usage. He did not look to an undetermined future, nor brood upon the prodigious possibilities of change. He used no new language, tried no new ideas, invented no new forms. These would have been to waste time in experiments upon the doubtful hazard of a race or a series of events which might grow into accord with the theory of those experiments, but which might more probably miss it by a million leagues of thought and experience.

Goethe, likewise, went back to the life of his race for his masterpiece. Himself an heir to the new science of material things, alive to its possibilities and eager to sound its depths, he turned back for a literary basis to the medieval legends of his race, the most profound disturbance of its spirit, its reaching after the truth concerning its soul. He chose a subject that many great poets had gilded ere he touched it, that many great minds had pondered on. He adorned it with the riches of the experiences of his race, resurrected the thoughts and emotions of dead generations, and built at last [illegible] of the Germanic race and [illegible] an empire [illegible] universal [illegible] who [illegible]

Now here is [illegible] that [illegible] the present generation suffices to exhibit the racial life and thought and emotion and speech and [illegible] these things which at present appear before the eye of the individual writer. This is a fallacy. To catch the spirit of these things it is not enough that the writer see what now is: he must know whence what now is came, what is the racial background, how the present grew out of the past, how the institutions of today depend for their life and color upon the dead generations of custom and trial. The realist sees the huge bulk of evil and he sees the destruction that it wreaks, and he cries, "All, all is vanity." But the romanticist, who has seen good triumph generations after a particular evil seemed to threaten it with certain death; who has seen institutions not merely survive but grow; who has a long perspective on the uncertainties of fate, looks at life with a larger vision, a more composed mind, a buoyed and hopeful spirit. He is not afraid to paint an ideal portrait of a man after he has beheld the triumphant life of the most awesome failure of history, Jesus Christ. The realist, who should have watched that august death and written in his own day thereof, would have said, "Such a life; the good always so perish, evil always so triumphs." Not so the romanticists John and Paul. They saw a vision of Life triumphant over Death. And they were right and the realists were wrong. Judas Iscariot was the original realist. He said, "What is the use? This is a failure. I, at least, will make something by it, save something from the wreck," and he sold his Savior for a few pieces of silver.

This is what we earnestly cry for in modern literature, for a view of life that sees life whole. Ibsen and Tolstoy and the realists see it in little sections—nearly all sad—and their method leads straight to despair. Romanticism sees on a larger scale. It sees that even in the most tragic human experience Nature supplies an anaesthetic to pain, provides recompenses for sorrow, fortifies the spirit even to meet inescapable doom. It sees that love breeds peace and reconcilation, even where love itself falls a martyr in the midst of strife. It sees that there are friends of the friendless, helpers of the poor, sympathy in the universal human heart. And over all it sees a divinity that shapes our ends better than we could shape them.

Now, our ground for encouragement lies in this, that in our miscellaneous reading we see every day evidences that this wholesome view of life is behind the criticisms of books, that men everywhere are looking eagerly for a writer with a soul expansive enough, a vision [illegible] enough to send his imagination beyond the obvious and sordid details of everyday life, out into the realm of faith and spiritual insight and back into the racial springs of experience, who then will write a book full of thought, full of rich emotions, full of hope and idealism, a book that will lift up its readers' hearts in [illegible] a lofty and inspiring example rather than the low and discouraging facts of a narrow and petty view of the world.

When such a book is written—and we have no more doubt of its imminence than we have of our physical being—it will be hailed with the enthusiasm of the race. The corporeal Shakespeare is dead, his artistic manner is not for us, but the Shakespearean spirit and the Shakespearean ideal live strongly in the human heart, and someday again it will flower in a glorious literary expression. The time is ripe for it, and the poet to express it is, perhaps, already born. We shall listen for the sound of his approach with ears and hearts expectant of noble things

OUR INVALUABLE SUPERSTITIONS

By E. FRENCH STROTHER

We may say at once that a potato carried in the hip pocket will ward off the only sort of rheumatism most people are likely to get. Thus, at the very start, we take issue with the popular fallacy that all superstitions are, per se, pernicious.

Of course, we do not prescribe hip-pocket potatoes as a specific cure for rheumatism. That would be somewhat too rash; but for those people who believe that a hip-pocket potato will ward off rheumatism, we will say that, in their application of a really useful idea, they antedated the psychologists and the Christian Scientists by some appreciable intervals of history.

And if we may digress here a moment, isn't it rather odd, after all, that our inquisitive and irreverent Nineteenth Century so heedlessly, nay recklessly, toppled over so many heirloom traditions handed down from immemorial ages without anything like a good hour's study of these beliefs in anything like a catholic scientific spirit? "Away," the scientists said, "away with this bosh: it is obviously false; our eyes and intellects condemn it; it's useless, idle, pernicious—mere superstition."

And away these beliefs were thrown, from faith in the hip-pocket potato up to faith in a living God. What happened? Gradually people began to say to the scientists, "Look here, you've taken away our God and our other beliefs, but you give us nothing to take their place. It's all very well to accept what you've learned about this material earth—you have set it in order, catalogued it, put it all down in a card index. This is excellent: it satisfies our heads completely. But, gentle sirs, you forget that we have hearts as well as heads: pray, now, with what shall we feed our hearts?"

And the scientists replied, "Bother your hearts. Take them to a specialist."

But the people found that what the heart specialists knew did not answer their present needs, so they began to fall back again upon their old faiths, and many of them find these faiths wondrously healing to the broken hearts and spirits.

Well, here we come back to our superstitions. May it not be, after all, that these old foolish beliefs are necessities, that they existed because man needed them, that they served a useful purpose that paid for their keep? Maybe the exact nature of this usefulness is obscure, but may it not be almost vital in spite of that? The third finger of Caruso's left hand is probably not at all necessary to Caruso's ability to take care of himself, but that finger undoubtedly is very necessary to Caruso's peace of mind. You may say, if he should lose it, that he would lose nothing of value, but you would with difficulty reconcile Caruso to your way of thinking. My appendix, the doctors assure me, is worse than useless, but I know I shall cling to it as long as they will allow me, and I know, too, that should they compel me to part with it, I should always feel that I had been cheated of something I was entitled to keep—no, more, something that really was part of the necessary equipment of my happiness.

So with our superstitions. I admit the obscurity of their origin and the equal obscurity of their function, but function surely they have, else why has mankind so long held on to them? We may see no logical connection between a man's faith in a pet rabbit's foot and the fortune that actually comes to that man, but I, for one, do not doubt that the rabbit's foot serves that man a useful purpose, none the less. I imagine that numberless times, when his courage was shaken, he has patted that foot and felt new courage flow into his veins, sometimes the courage that actually made the difference between success and failure for him.

"Bah!" you say, "think of the weakness of a man to whom such stuff could mean so much."

Well, what would you? We are all frail, the strongest of us; even our scientists clutch at their science as holding, for them, the fortifying power of faith. They put their faith in knowledge; the Christian puts his in his God; the superstitious man puts his in his fetish. And, to our mind, the vastly important thing is the faith, not the object of the faith. This is not saying that the question of the right object of faith is not important, for it is; but the faith itself is first in importance, at least in the order of time.

I know what you will at once object. You will say, "A man should build up within himself the resources of fortitude, not look outside for something to lean upon." And I can hear you quoting, with prideful unction, Henley's

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

Now nobody admires these splendid lines more than I do, but I think I know that Henley did not tell the truth when he wrote them. If he **had** been the captain of his soul he would never have said so; only the doubt that he was made him deny that doubt in ringing tones. As a matter of fact, Henley was busily whistling to keep his courage up. And in reply to your other objection, that man should be self-sufficient to his needs of courage, I can only reply that, with all due respect to your theory, men simply aren't built that way. Your self-sufficient egoist, if he has imagination enough to do it, ends in the lunatic asylum and, if he has not imagination enough, gets himself run over by a railroad train which has several shades the better of him in self-sufficiency. No, you will find your Stonewall Jacksons leaning pretty heavily for their brilliant courage upon sources outside themselves.

These superstitions react upon their believers in ways that would surprise the scientist. We call to mind a woodsman of heroic build and heroic mettle, too, who would no more dare to launch a new undertaking on a Friday than he would put his horse to a precipice. But Friday is the **only** day he fears. Every other day he is indomitable, irresistible, brave beyond the border line of recklessness. Now see what has happened in his case. He has a certain quantity of fear in his composition, just as everybody else has. What does the ordinary man do? Why, he spreads that fear out thin over the whole week, putting a touch of fatal irresolution on every act of his life. What does this woodsman do? He lumps all his fear into one day of the week: takes it all at a dose and has done with it, leaving him six-sevenths of his life to be lived in the inspiring freedom of an extraordinary and unpolluted courage. Maybe his reasoning is wrong, perhaps he is very foolish to give any room to baseless superstition, but when I judge him by the practical results I see certain compensatory advantages in his method. Certainly one will rarely find a man more brilliantly successful when one considers the other handicaps, unnecessary to mention here, under which he has achieved success.

This same man shudders with the fear of death when he hears a dog baying the moon. But I have, with my own eyes, seen him leap lightly aside from imminent destruction and laugh away the sudden fear of it with a jest.

Now may it not be that we have judged superstitions too hastily, that we have too abruptly snapped those invisible but powerful cords that bind us to the past? Remember, it was only in the nineteenth century that the effort was made upon any great scale to measure exactly and record permanently any of even the obvious, material facts of life. So great was the success of this method when applied to obvious and material things that the bulk of the brains of the world was employed on the task of measuring and recording them. Out of this novel and fascinating occupation and absorption arose a wholly unjustifiable, though at the time natural, assumption that there was nothing else in the world than the obvious and the material. And the natural result of this assumption was to kick unceremoniously out of consideration everything subtle or obscure or purely spiritual.

But it does not follow, merely because these things temporarily got no consideration, that they are non-existent. Neither does it follow that they are pernicious. All that does follow, logically and actually, is that mankind continued to be ignorant about them. But now that material science has advanced to a point where the overwhelming novelty of it has worn off, now that research in material science has been highly specialized and fewer minds are needed to carry on that research, we venture to predict that more minds of the first rank are going to attack the obscure problems of intangible things and seek to render them explicable, even if not tangible.

And why not? What could be more absurd, seemingly, than to postulate that a wheel revolved by falling water should generate an unseen power which, cast forth again to the viewless air, should project man's thoughts across the Pacific Ocean in an instant, without error in the receiving record? Yet that is done, daily, and we have ceased to wonder at it. Then why should we say, off hand, that it is absurd to postulate that those obscure beliefs to which mankind has clung blindly down the ages may not have a corresponding basis in truth, even though the mysterious source of their power remain a mystery?

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not plead for a return to indiscriminate faith in superstitions. I imagine that for those who do not believe in them they have lost their power for usefulness. Perhaps they have no power for usefulness for anybody. But I would like to see them respectfully and patiently examined, as carefully as the facts of material science are examined, just because I am loth to believe that mankind was ever so foolish as to hold indefinitely to anything that served it no good purpose. Nothing, I think, more confounded the material scientists of the latter nineteenth century than to find that there was, after all, a scientific basis of truth for most of the medical theories of the unlearned masses. A great deal of the work of medical research has been simply to find out this scientific basis for accepted practices. It is interesting, in this connection, to find that the most distinguished successor of Pasteur, Metchnikoff, has gone direct to the people who live longest and has taken their characteristic diet of sour milk as a basis for researches into the methods of inducing longevity. The earlier scientists—of say fifty years ago—would have dismissed sour milk with a scoff as a "superstition."

Perhaps there are other superstitions that may yield good results in ascertained truth when sifted properly.

If brevity is the soul of wit, one of the wittiest speeches on record was made by a woman. Mrs. Briggs lived in the northern part of Indiana, a long distance from any village, says the Youth's Companion. Hearing that the Rev. Mr. Goodwin was to preach in a township some twenty miles distant, she resolved to be present, and as no other way offered, she walked the twenty miles. The pastor heard of this, and was so pleased at the appreciation which it showed that at the close of the sermon he mentioned the fact to the congregation, and called upon Mrs. Briggs to tell them how she came. Rising slowly, she looked over the audience with great solemnity, and said: "I hoofed it." Then she sat down.

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AS THE WORLD WAGS

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

At End of the Way

It is well to lay down or mattock or pen
With the thought, "I have striven as best I could;
The thing I have done I would do again,
For e'en in its failure were written the good."
It is well to feel, as the sun sinks low
Down the crimson west ere the day lies dead,
That the height's beyond, and the path we go
Through the vale, to that height has the nearer led.

I hold that at last, in the long, long scale,
There is never a failure on right attends.
We strive, and we sink, to murmur, "I fail,"
But our deed to his purpose the wise God bends;
And there's ne'er a success, though it wear a crown,
That holdeth life's tinsel supreme and dear,
But shall sink to its grave 'neath the might of His frown,
While His angel shall write, "A Failure lies here."

Then if this be adieu, speak the word with a smile;
There is naught for a tear where there's naught to regret.
The stone that the builders rejected the while,
The angels of God may find use for it yet.
So here's to the right, and here is all hail
To him who is next in the race to be run
In the cause of the right which shall surely prevail,
For the white God of Justice, his will shall be done.

* * *

Concerning Philosophy

Philosophy, my dear Elnathan, is a garment we make and fit for the other fellow. Also, we guarantee that it is perfectly adjustable to all states and conditions of men, shrinkable or enlargeable to meet the individual need. It is evident, we assert, that it is just the garment for anybody and everybody, and if once in a while some son of a gun will not wear it without squirming, it is evident that he deserves scornful condemnation.

This is the way we invariably feel about the matter until, one day, there comes along a trouble or a grief and reaches its skeleton hand into our individual life. Now is the time for your cloak of philosophy to deaden the clutch of those chilling fingers. In your anguish you attempt to put it on, and, behold, it does not fit! There is your guarantee nicely stitched into its collar, but—it doesn't fit.

You go out into the night, and the burden of your sorrow is upon you. Your cloak of philosophy is at hand, its neat, smooth stitches of platitudes glistening in the moonlight, and you are surprised to note in yourself an inclination to dump it over a fence and have done with it. Occasionally you attempt to draw it over your shoulders, and after you have done so you understand why the other fellow complained, for it fits nowhere; where it should touch it is absent, and where it should not touch it nearly chokes the life out of you. It is a beautiful garment for all times and places, except when and where it is most needed.

Such is man's philosophy, Elnathan, and if you do not believe me ask someone who has supped with sorrow and joined right hands with grief. It is a beautiful garment to look upon; make the most of that fact, for it is a terrible misfit on any rainy day of woe.

* * *

A Suspicious New Year Wish

"You appear to be worried. What's the matter?"

"Old Squeezem wished me a happy New Year."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, he holds the mortgage on my house and lot."

The Opinions of Rufus

I've heered that in the big book Up-stairs the wust failure is debited to him that succeeds in doin' what oughtn't to be did.

If some of us had followed the advice we've given free to others we'd be consider'ble better off than we are.

Josh Bings says he's allers found the Scripchers satisfyin', but not es much so es they would be if they told who fed Noah's menagerie.

Some men figger that nothin' pays much better than a little garden—speshully if their wives are fond of gardenin'.

Speakin' of the religious hist'ry of Rockefeller, Morgan an' Carnegie, course I'm delighted to know they feel assured they're goin' to heaven, but I hope the pavement up there is nailed down middlin' solid.

Food an' creeds is some alike—useful, but if you swaller too much of 'em you're li'ble to git dyspepsy.

Ever notice a feller so unctuously good that you couldn't tell whether what ailed him wus grace or grease?

The club that wan't founded on the you-tickle-me-an'-I'll-tickle-you theery had a short an' inglorious career.

There's a good deal of truth in the old sayin' that the race ain't always to the swift. I reckon it's full es apt to depend on how the jockeys have fixed it.

* * *

Happy New Year!

On New Year's Day we folk all say, "A happy New Year, friend! May all good fortune bless your way and peace on you attend!" But when the cheery words are said we've business of our own; so if our friend should ask for bread his hand-out is a stone. So blithely ring the words who'd flunk to pay their utmost price? And yet perchance were each a plunk we'd think about it twice. "A happy New Year!"—Then embark each on his separate way, and to some friend in need remark, "This is my busy day." "A happy New Year!" Words of weal, and yet too oft we vow, when some friend's vessel breaks its wheel, "He'll have to steer his scow." And, thinking of these divers things of human weakness blended, my Muse shall flutter once her wings, and then her song is ended; her wings shall flutter but this once, and ne'er another flutter, for though she's bred to many stunts she has but this to utter: The happy New Year! wish may do, but better worth our praising to help the chap we wish it to if he's in need of raising, for words are more than brittle things, to little they've amounted compared with deeds, for they have wings to reach the goal that's counted.

* * *

A "Good Cheer Dinner"

Thursday evening of last week James H. Barry gave a "good cheer dinner" to his associates of the Star press. It deserved its name. I have attended a goodly number of banquets in my time, but none whereat the spirit of brotherly good will was so unequivocally in evidence as at these annual functions given by Mr. Barry, the "Jim" of our affectionate regard. As we sit about that board frills are superceded by fraternal love, and shallow pretence by good, red-blooded reality. The shoddy of life may be left to other and shallower occasions; it would be out of place in such a presence.

I might formally report the proceedings at that "good cheer dinner," but I will not do it, for what really counted there was the kindly feeling reaching from one to another throughout the assemblage, and formal reports have no art to transmit that sort of thing. About that table genuine good will bubbled over and so manifested itself that none could doubt its presence there, and this it is, and this alone that makes any feast splendidly worth while.

Our Methodist brethren used to say, "I feel that it is good to be here," and as they felt, so felt we all about that richly laden board; and at that we will let it go.

In Life's Moving Picture Show

[illegible] fancied that I was about to make them out. [illegible] tal; it was as if the power of sight suddenly and completely ceased at that magic line, and I knew by the actions of the multitude of people who stood about me that it was even so with them.

While I mused on a situation so surprising, the draped figure spoke, and I listened to him.

"Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen, old men and women or prattling babes," he said, "for the vast hall is for you; and therein shall you look upon such moving pictures as never yet were displayed in any cinematograph devised by man."

"What will we see?" someone inquired, thus giving voice to the question I had not ventured to utter.

"You shall see—[illegible] things," the veiled figure responded. "Some you shall see drenched by the black rain of tears, and others you shall see bathed in the sunshine of glad laughter. You shall see the useless, glittering gems of wealth, and the grim, fluttering rags of poverty. You shall see men gambling for millions, and skeleton forms of neglected children toiling to help accumulate these plaything millions. You shall see Dives affronting God by his prayers, while the multifold Lazarus engendered of his greed scarcely may secure the crumbs that fall from his table. Churches and saloons, temples and dives, virtue that draws its skirts aside from vice and vice that scoffs at virtue. Bibles and rum, man-made heavens and man-made hells, religion italicized by warships and brotherly love emphasized by cannon-balls—all these things, ladies and gentlemen, you shall see or hear, and over each and all of them shall be displayed the significant banner with its proud proclamation, 'This Is a Christian Nation.' Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen; walk right in."

The multitudinous crowd began to move toward the door, but I desired further information before I entered, and at last, after some hesitation, I ventured to speak.

"What is the name of the mighty hall?" I inquired.

"It is the Hall of Life," the figure replied.

"And your name?"

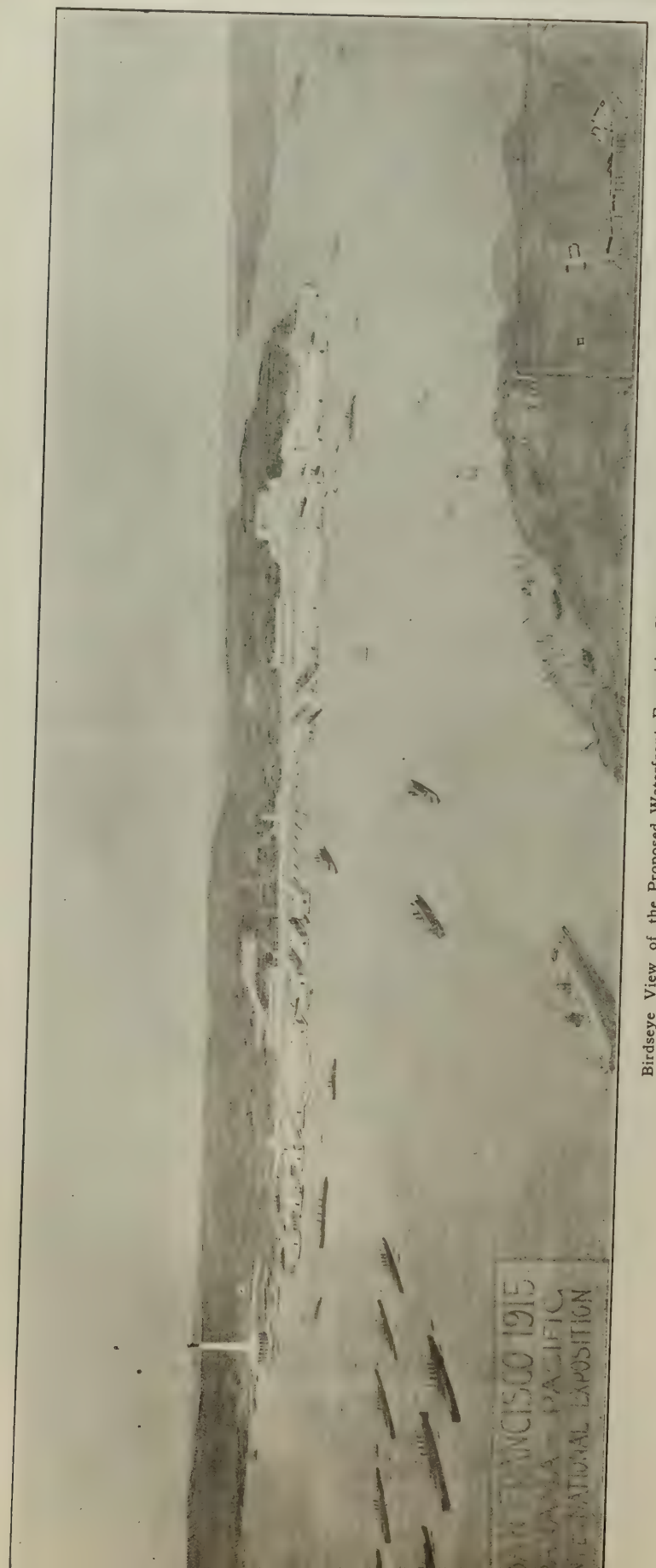
"I am the New Year."

Then, as the mighty crowd still surged inward, I went with it, yet with some vague knowledge of the quality of the pictures upon which I should look.

"He That Overcometh"

When all the birds are singing,
And all the days are fair;
When [illegible]
Breathe fragrance on the air;
When every [illegible]
With all the joy of life,
And e'en the ones who weary
Look upward from the strife.
[illegible]
When days are summer-breezy
And all the skies are blue

But when the birds are hidden,
[illegible]
When [illegible]
When every day bears sorrow,
And every night is drear;
When, looking to the morrow,
We see no ray of cheer,
'Tis then that nature summeth
[illegible]
But "he that overcometh"
Shall ruler be of all



Birdseye View of the Proposed Waterfront Exposition Site

THE WATERFRONT EXPOSITION IDEA

The California Weekly is indebted to the courtesy of The Architect and Engineer for the use of the engraving shown herewith, illustrating the plan for a waterfront exposition in 1915.

This plan should not be abandoned until it has been proven not feasible after a searching study by engineers and architects who are familiar with the conditions in San Francisco. For a genuine danger confronts the exposition builders: in most of the discussion of the idea it seems to have been taken for granted that Golden Gate park would be the site chosen, and that the exposition itself would be a reproduction of the conventional expositions of the past. Now it is certain that this latter idea will not do at all; it is certain that no great body of people from the United States, not to speak of Europe and Asia, will make the long trip to see another Chicago or St Louis fair. The world is sated with this bewildering and wearying form of entertainment, and it may safely be assumed that such a reproduction would be a failure.

What is needed is an original conception in exposition building, something striking to the eye, novel and appealing to the imagination. At least so far as one may judge from an untechnical investigation, the waterfront exposition idea has these merits. The plan to display the actual commerce of a great port as the leading motif of an exposition appeals strongly.

And the permanent quality of the investment is worth pondering. If the exposition could leave behind it enduring wharves and an improved water approach, it would contribute not only to the permanent attractiveness of the city but also to its facilities for handling a growing commerce.

Another advantage to be remembered is that the proximity of such an exposition to the permanent business centre of the city would assure to the permanent hotels and the established merchants the patronage of the multitudes who attend the exposition. The experience of those cities—notably St. Louis—where expositions have been held in outlying districts is, that ephemeral buildings were erected near the grounds for the accommodation of visitors and fly-by-night merchants caught the bulk of the trading done by the visitors, leaving little for the regular merchants or the regular hotel-keepers.

And it should just as well be frankly understood that the purpose of this exposition is to provide a temporary and extraordinary current of business for the mercantile houses of San Francisco, in the hope that such a windfall will help these houses over the hard times incident to the present reaction caused by the lull following the expenditure of most of the ready capital of the city in the work of rehabilitation. If the exposition fails to produce this unwonted current of business it will prove a failure in the eyes of San Francisco. It should, therefore, be thought out from the point of view of the greatest and most permanent advantage to the greatest number of permanent residents of the city.

PEOPLE

Liebler & Co. have decided to produce "Judith Zaraine," by C. M. S. McLellan, in Christmas week. Some time ago Miss Lena Ashwell, the English actress, was put under contract by Liebler & Co. to play the part of Judith. The management has now decided to make the production with Wilton Lackaye and Miss Ashwell in the principal parts. "Judith Zaraine" is a play written upon the labor situation in a Pennsylvania town.

Arthur Hammerstein's latest discovery is Samuel S. Schneier, a Jewish actor. He has been engaged to play one of the leading roles in his new music drama, "The Maestro's Masterpiece." It is said that he was really "discovered" by the late Yiddish author, Jacob Gordin. Mr. Schneier is a native of Russia and made his first appearance at the age of 12 years in an amateur production in that country. Mr. Gordin chanced to be present at the performance and was so impressed with the boy's work that he sought him out and encouraged him to adopt the stage as a profession.

POLITICAL TABLE TALK

By THE WATCHMAN

The Dawn of The New Era On Monday next the thirty-ninth regular session of the California legislature will convene at Sacramento. It were well if some means could be found for conveying to the mind of that legislature with what hope and fear the common people of this state are looking to it to do the right thing by the state and all of its interests. To what can we liken the feeling of the public mind and heart toward this new administration, executive and legislative, if not to witnessing the launching of a great transatlantic airship freighted with our nearest and dearest friends? Not since the advent of the Big Five who conquered the Sierras and subjected the people of a free state has so much been expected of any administration as of this. Well, we shall see what we shall see. No one should prejudge. Not even the men themselves, from governor down to the assemblyman from the remotest district, can absolutely foreknow how he will acquit himself. There is no telling except by trying, and trying times we shall have for the next few weeks.

On Monday the old officers of senate and assembly will call those two houses together, fortunately for no purpose more important than to turn those two bodies over to the new membership for purposes of organization, a process that will take two or three days, at the conclusion of which the legislature will canvass the returns of the late election and declare Hiram W. Johnson and A. J. Wallace duly elected governor and lieutenant-governor respectively, whereupon they will be sworn in and will assume the duties of their high offices.

To Governor Johnson A Heartfelt Greeting Almost with its expiring breath The California Weekly sends you greeting, godspeed and good cheer, Hiram W. Johnson. In the heydey of your manhood, with a courage equal to any demands, a clear brain and a true heart, you enter upon the duties of your high office with high hopes in the hearts of a great majority of the people of California, and yet with subtile, sullen schemers studying how they can trick you into error or, by marshalling all the forces of evil about you, thwart you of your purposes. Such men do not believe in free government, do not want equality before the law or laws that are just, or a square deal for all. They want special privileges and immunities, places for unfit men. Only one really good thing do they want: order, peace, the apprehension and imprisonment of those criminals who do violence without the excuse which only gentlemen may urge, "dementia Americana." They will help you to police the state, to strengthen its military arm, to prevent picketing when there are strikes and to suppress disorder, but they will not help you to so amend the criminal laws that men of their own class may be punished for crimes committed against all the people. It will not be one month before the virus of their poison will be detected permeating the press of the state to your injury and to the injury of your administration. In that hour you will need friends. Make friends. Invite the conferences and confidences of those that you know you can trust and then do as to you seems best answerable to your God and the commonwealth that has honored you. No man can live to himself alone, and certainly no governor with a great reform work to do and a great state to redeem from corporation domination. Consider well, not procrastinate, before you act, but when you act let the act stand unless there be overwhelming reasons why it should not.

And do not hesitate to do your part as part of the legislative branch of government. You are a part of it. The state will hold you to no small degree responsible for what this legislature does, just as the nation is now holding President Taft responsible for what the American congress has done and is to do. It may not be written into the scheme of government that this added burden should be placed on your shoulders, but there it is: One of the tests of a successful executive is to influence a legislature for good, to hold it to definite purposes and get good work out of it. Do not be afraid of assuming responsibility. It is side-stepping it that hurts; and do not delegate to any body of men those duties that belong to you to perform. Hear as much from all sides as is germane to the issue, make up your mind what needs to be done and do it. California wants things done, not a fine assortment of reasons why they can't be done. These things are not said through fear that these will be your faults, but because they have been the faults of other governors, faults that left their administrations sorely marred if not emptied of honor. God bless you and bear you up lest you dash your foot against a stone placed in your path from evil and cunning design. The influences you defeated in the election have not stopped fighting. They have merely taken their bolos and gone to the bushes.

Greeting To Wallace The office of Lieutenant-Governor is not as important as it should be, but its importance is not to be overlooked. Your influence upon legislation in the more important chamber of the two can be made very real. The Watchman knows that you will do no thing that your good conscience tells you is not right. On that side the most implicit confidence will be placed in you. But will you dare always to beard the lion in his den, the tiger in his lair? Will you never once stand as a spectator while you might usefully lend a hand? "To dare, to dare, always to dare," that is the way to meet the public enemy, those special interests that will beset this administration from start to finish. Not that you are by nature timid, but only that through that innate modesty that characterizes you you may miss a few good fights that you could have a hand in as well as not. This administration must be belligerent for the right or fail of measuring up to popular requirements, and you are a part of that administration. Success to you, and the hope of The Watchman is that you will be able to make yourself of so much service to the administration, outside the letter of the law, that the legislature and people will be disposed to invest your office with larger duties than now appertain to it. Good luck.

Hewitt For Speaker At this writing it seems likely enough that A. H. Hewitt of Yuba and Sutter will be elected speaker of the assembly. The candidacy of Schmidt of San Francisco is a joke, but that of W. D. L. Held of Mendocino may not be. Held is a bright fellow and a good man, but it is no injustice to him to say of him that just where he has lined up heretofore has been to a fraction of a degree uncertain. He has rather hovered in that twilight zone that has neither justified a suspicion nor made assurance very sure. We shall be surprised if the reactionary element in the legislature does not stand for Held. The position of Hewitt is more clear. Everybody knows where he stands and that is the sort of man to be elected speaker. The outlook is for the nomination and election of Hewitt, a fit selection from all points viewed

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The Best One Yet The thirty-eighth legislature was, all things considered, the best one the state had seen for many decades, but the state will be disappointed if this one does not prove the best ever, and mainly for the reason that, this time, the momentum and the confidence and the expectation of the public are all united on the good side. The weak brethren will not have to go over to the corporation side in order to find something to lean on to hold them up. The Watchman looks for a militant, confident, aggressive legislature. The greatest danger lies in falling into holes that the Herrinites dig in legislative paths when honest folk are not looking. Look out for bugs and bolomen

The Work of Hercules [illegible] many will get themselves done? The Commonwealth Club sent up a fine lot of bills two years ago, but confided them to incompetent hands and nothing came of the effort. Furthermore, a good, big percentage of the Commonwealth Club is itself opposed to any such reform of our criminal procedures as would put higher-ups in stripes. The good men in that club will help, the bad ones will not, and not too much is to be expected of it.

Nor must the issues be left alone to the bar associations, no matter how good resolutions they may endorse. Physicians will, as a body, vote and act on behalf of those preventive and sanitary measures that will cut every member of the association off from fees, but there runs no such tradition through the legal fraternity. Rather are the members thereof inclined to provoke litigation than to prevent it. The low estate to which our jurisprudence has fallen is directly to be laid at the door of attorneys who have found it profitable to save from prison persons who ought to be in prison and, to that end, they have stripped the trial courts of power, promoted appeal on every conceivable pretext and "queered" the whole judicial system at every possible point. It is the undoing of what these unworthies have done that constitutes the "Work of Hercules" imposed upon the thirty-ninth legislature of California.

Program of Conference The conference of committees to present recommendations to the legislature, for the purpose of carrying out the Republican platform pledges, convenes just as The California Weekly goes to press, so it is impossible in this issue to give an account of just what happened. But a fair idea of the certainties of that conference is accessible in the program arranged for the two-day session. This program is as follows:

Thursday

Afternoon Session

"Conservation" . . . Dr George C Pardee
"Railroad Legislation". Senator J. W. Stetson
"State Public Service Commission". . . . . Percy V. Long

Evening Session

"Election Laws". . . . Senator A. E. Boynton
"City and County Government and Amendment No. 1. . . . State Controller A. B. Nye

Friday

Morning Session

"Civil Service and Merit System". . . . . Senator L. H. Roseberry
"Direct Legislation". . Senator Lee C. Gates

Afternoon Session

"Revision of Criminal Procedure". . . . . Hon. W. J. Hunsaker
"Reform for First Offenders". . . . . Judge Curtis D. Lindley
"Employers' Liability and Injunction in Labor Disputes. . . . Mr. Harris Weinstock

Evening Session

"Woman Suffrage". . Senator Chas. W. Bell
"Reapportionment" . . . . . Senator N. W. Thompson

These addresses, and their informal discussion, offer a rich field for bringing out the ideas of the leaders of the reform movement upon the practical details of embodying the general principles into statutes.

Unprofitable Disputation The Watchman has seldom found it profitable to hold disputation with a hired wrist. It is too much like kicking at a shadow in that it exhausts the kicker and makes no impression upon the shadow. Nevertheless, for the edification of the Candid "Fiend" of The Call The Watchman will venture to observe that, in the event that the advisory vote for United States senator proves not to be mandatory it may reasonably be held to be what

the law itself says it is, "advisory," Eddie, "advisory," nothing more and nothing less, the advice to be treated exactly as other advice is treated by legislators who belong to themselves, being neither owned by corporations nor bluffed by newspapers, but having a decent regard for what their constituents think, as well as for public opinion in general. Had there been, at the August primary, such a popular expression of opinion for United States senator as there was for governor, had either Judge Works, A. R. Spalding or Mr. Meserve received a popular vote bearing such a ratio to the vote received by other candidates as Hiram W. Johnson received as compared with what other candidates for the Republican nomination for governor received, there would not now be the smallest question as to the "mandatory" character of the advisory vote. The People of California would have spoken and every legislator would know his duty as representative of the people. As the vote was, it evinced no marked preference of the people for any of the candidates named. The race was a "dead heat."

Break loose, Brother Cahill. You are by your inconsequential jabbering discrediting the only department of The Call that has not been a just object of suspicion ever since the ownership of The Call intervened on behalf of Bill Crocker's ill-starred candidacy for making P. H. McCarthy mayor of San Francisco. That "queered" The Call for once and all.

When the Law Is Law And When It Is Not The Sacramento Bee, in the plenitude of its desire to be square, advises the legislature to accept the advisory feature of the primary law as it is written, notwithstanding the conceded truth that it was so written as the result of a corrupt and cunning job, elect Spalding to the United States senate and then so change the law that the same thing cannot happen again, declaring that "law is law" and to be respected no matter how it came to be law. The point is conceded that "law is law no matter how it is made," but statute is not law unless it is constitutional and within the power of a legislature to legislate. As we have many times set forth in these columns the district provisions of the direct primary law are null, void and of no effect, in that they are unconstitutional and ultra vires, the legislature having no power to prescribe how any member of that body shall be advised. The fate of Spalding should rest on the pledges which members may or may not have made to their constituents and not at all upon the district provisions in the primary law. That law should be read as though those provisions were not in it.

What Is The Presumption? Such of the properties of railroads, and other public service corporations, as are not used in the operations of those corporations are to be, and heretofore have been, assessed by county assessors. Inasmuch as the county assessors have, in recent years, been more "reasonable" in assessing than has the state board of equalization, these corporations have been solicitous to segregate as much of their property as possible into the non-operative class. Under the new system of taxation, provided for in amendment number one, whatever can be classified as operative property will be covered by the gross-receipts tax and whatever cannot be so classed, but must remain as non-operative, must be assessed by local assessors and pay a tax in addition to the gross-receipts tax. Now what is the presumption in the minds of all knowing persons as to what these corporations will do? Why, the presumption is that scoundrelism will characterize their conduct and that they will proceed with great diligence to transfer, by hook and by crook, into the class of operative properties what they have for several years been equally diligent in transferring into the class of non-operative properties. And yet people wonder why the public is suspicious of corporations and regret that they have not souls to be damned as well as bodies to be kicked! This presumption may, in the testing, prove unjust to the corporations. Heaven give them grace with one accord to take the public by surprise and do the level thing. It would be a solar-plexus stroke of policy as well as refreshing to the spirit, but the presumption runs to the other thing.

PERSONALIA

The New theatre announces that, following its policy of occasionally presenting plays in which "stars" may appear as "guest artists," with the regular company, the directors have invited Miss Marie Tempest to play the role of Becky Sharp in a revival of "Vanity Fair." This version of "Vanity Fair" was written by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and Robert Hichens and was presented in London ten years ago, with Miss Tempest in the same part. It has never been seen in this country.

Shakespeare's plays are to be translated into Italian by Diego Angeli and presented in Rome. The task has been under way for some time. The translation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has already been accomplished, and the work is said to be highly regarded by critics.

It is announced that Oscar Strauss, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream," has finished a new opera entitled "The Little Friend," and this will receive an American presentation next year.

Miss Delia Sharp, for the past twelve years deputy circuit clerk in Jasper county, Mo., has been declared elected circuit clerk, after a strongly contested campaign. Miss Sharp's opponent on the Democratic ticket was one of the most popular farmers in the county, and the man whom she defeated for the nomination at the Republican primaries was against her, with his family connection of some 150 members. She gained the largest vote in the mining districts, where she visited the principal mines and where she went down in the cage and talked with the men at work. Miss Sharp is described as an attractive girl who has made her own way. She is keen in business matters, and was admitted to the Jasper county bar in 1901 with the highest grades ever given an applicant.

Rose Stahl, who has convulsed the continent in "The Chorus Lady," will appear in a new play by Charles Klein, the title being "Maggie Popper."

SHEAR WIT

When Baron Rothschild died, a poor Jew was found standing outside the Rothschild's residence, weeping bitterly. One of the porters tried to console him: "Don't carry on so, old man: it isn't as if you're one of the family." "Ach," answered the poor man, "that's why I cry."

It was at a concert, says the Washington Star. Several musical numbers had already been given, and the announcer had just risen to give the next selection. He was noticeably nervous, but so far had succeeded in filling the requirements of his position. "The next number on the program, ladies and gentlemen, is by Mr. Walter Jones." He paused and considered a second. "And is entitled 'When I Swallow Homesick Flies.' Needless to remark, there was a titter among the audience, but after the song had been rendered those familiar with music managed to recognize it as "When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

Colonel "Abe" Gruber, at a luncheon at Saratoga, paused in an eloquent address to tell a story, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. "Yes," he said, "those two factions are as ineradicably opposed as Brown and Black. "Brown and Black were always arguing. They could never see any question in the same light. "'Brown,' said Black one day, 'I wonder what would happen if you ever agreed with me on anything?' 'I'd be wrong; I'd be wrong,' Black answered hurriedly."

"How is the new filing system? Success?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before. "Great!" said the merchant. "Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?" "Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."—San Francisco Star.

Dubley—Of course, every young man thinks he'd be perfectly happy if he could only have his own way. Wise—Yes, and the older he grows the happier he is to think that he didn't have it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT

ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT PROSPECTS

By LILLIAN HARRIS COFFIN

Fourteen years ago a promised constitutional suffrage amendment passed the legislature and came before the people. Years of effort had been devoted to securing that success. After its passage the state was immediately organized and districted, and an energetic campaign was carried on among the voters, with the result that when the votes were counted the majority to carry was lacking, but the size of the favorable vote was sufficient encouragement for further efforts. The southern districts gave a large majority; the northern districts did likewise, as did the interior portion of the state. The failure of the amendment to carry was due to the large opposition vote which came from San Francisco and vicinity, thoroughly organized districts controlled by great commercial interests.

Time for Resubmission

In desiring a suffrage amendment to our state constitution we begin with the premise that the voters of this state should be permitted, at this time, to express their sentiments as to whether the women of the state shall have the ballot. We hold that legislators should never be obstructionists. Constitutions should never be iron-bound or padlocked, but should be flexible instruments, framed for the regulation of government, and should be amended to meet the progressive requirements of a progressive people.

The word "male" was written into the article of our state constitution referring to the requirements for citizen enfranchisement when the state became a self-governing body, some sixty years ago—at a time when an ox team was a familiar sight, when vessels came up to Montgomery street, when the people exchanged gold dust for commodities. Now all of these primitive conditions have changed. We have become modernized. We have built a great metropolis, wonderful harbors, extensive railroad systems. To conform to all of our growing physical needs we have amended our constitution, and the voters have expressed themselves upon each change as the time seemed ripe for it to be made.

Women No Longer Primitive

Fifty years ago the women in this state were also as primitive in their industrial and property interests, and lacked knowledge and experience in civic affairs. This is not true today, yet when an attempt was made to meet the altered financial and industrial status of woman by an amendment to the state constitution, we encountered a stone wall—an antagonistic legislature. Year after year, session after session, the fight was waged with always the same result. It was not until 1896 that a suffrage amendment eliminating the word "male" was forced through the legislature, with the result stated.

Fully alive to the character of the forces which had united to defeat the adoption of the amendment by the people, and in no wise discouraged, the women renewed their efforts at the following session of the legislature. The fight was continued, and it became so persistent that one up-country senator, referring to the periodical appearance of the suffrage amendment, was led to remark: "The suffrage amendment is like the poor: it is with us always."

And like the poor, the amendment received scant charity, but great courtesy of a spectacular character, which was sufficient to cloud the issue. Yet it kept hope alive, and the weary fight was continued.

The Santa Cruz Convention

This was the unsatisfactory prospect after the close of the legislature of 1905, where we had received the customary close vote. But it was not until the memorable Ruef convention that the startling truth was driven home that the state government and our political parties were under the control of the most effective and powerful political machine, and that the people of this state, represented by the male voters, were as powerless to effect reforms as are the peasants of Russia today.

The women came to this convention with the hope and expectation of having a suffrage plank written in the platform of the Republican party. On the second day of the convention we were invited to present our case before the resolutions committee. At half past ten o'clock at night we finally appeared before the committee. They listened to our statement of the case, and without comment, with absolutely no assurance even that our plea would be considered, we were permitted to take our departure.

A feeling of suspicion and unrest pervaded the convention. There seemed to be considerable difficulty in arranging a program. The convention met and adjourned, met and adjourned again and again, while the leaders endeavored to frame up a satisfactory slate. A climax was reached when the endorsement of the report of the judiciary committee was called for. The chairman called for the ayes, brought down his gavel without calling for the noes, recognized a motion to adjourn, and in the midst of a storm of protests from the floor left the platform. Pandemonium reigned. Delegates sprang to their feet clamoring for recognition, but there was no one to whom they could appeal. The convention had adjourned. Gradually the excitement subsided and the delegates left the hall, thus closing one more incident in a reign of tyranny. With their usual philosophy when accepting the inevitable, the delegates took their medicine, an attitude of mind that women find it so difficult to understand and acquire. But we were now enlightened as to the real situation, and although we had been assured of the support of the leaders it was no surprise to us when the platform was read to find that it lacked the suffrage plank. From that moment we were not only suffragists but insurgents. This high-handed proceeding sowed the seed of revolt and rebellion in the hearts of all lovers of fair play, sentiments which were destined in the near future of our political history to play such an important part.

Legislative Defeat in 1907

The legislature of 1907 did not differ from its predecessors so far as methods were concerned. During nine weeks of strenuous lobbying we received the usual courteous hearings. We were studying the political system at close range and learning all of its devious ways. The proposed amendment was introduced simultaneously in both houses in the first week of the session. It passed the lower house on a reconsideration vote as a great surprise to everyone. In the upper house a constant effort was made to bring it to a vote and dispose of it, but we knew that we could not muster the necessary support, and through the vigilance of the senator introducing the amendment, the question was never forced to a vote, and did not come up for final passage until the second week in the extra session, where it was given every courtesy but went down to defeat with a vote of 25 to 16.

Our education in matters political was continued at the Republican convention in Oakland in 1908, when we marched 300 strong behind a suffrage banner to reserved seats in the front of the gallery of the Macdonough theatre. Here for the first time we began to see that we were becoming a political factor. We observed a difference in the treatment accorded us. We were invited by the chairman to appear before the committee at an hour which should suit our pleasure, and to take as much time to present our case as should seem to us necessary. We did so, realizing that it was the very best educational propaganda that we could put forth, and with the full realization that that would be the entire result of it—that under no circumstances would our plea receive favorable consideration. The following day we gathered and filled the boxes and galleries which had been reserved for us, to hear the reading of the platform. In lieu of a suffrage plank, the chairman stepped forth, and in a [illegible] manner thanked the women for their attendance, assuring them that by their grace and beauty they had contributed materially to the success of the convention. It did seem that he overreached himself in his estimate of a woman in the audience who had lately come to California from Colorado, thereby losing her vote for President Taft, arose and replied to the chairman that the women were not there for bouquets but for justice. The situation was saved by the ready wit of the chairman who answered, much to the relief of the assembled delegates, that it had always been man's pleasure to give and woman's privilege to refuse.

Democratic Support

At Sacramento in 1906 the Democratic convention, under the splendid leadership of men who had consistently favored our cause, adopted a woman suffrage plank in its platform, and at the following session of the legislature we received the most loyal support from the Democratic members, and whenever a Democratic legislator seemed disposed to forget his pledge, the leaders of his party took occasion to refresh his memory, reminding him that he must live up to his platform if he expected further support from the party. The Stockton Democratic convention of 1908 also inserted a suffrage plank, and the resolutions committee passed it with but one dissenting vote.

At the opening of the next session of the legislature it was expected that something might be accomplished, the reformers being in the majority. But the reformers were stampeded for lack of organization, and we failed again.

But we were now an element to be reckoned with. It was no longer safe to give us the customary courteous rigamarole, and the liquor interest, which had heretofore been held in check, was let loose and permitted to give us as severe a blow as it could administer. They accomplished this result by putting the screws on the legislators, using every weapon at their command.

Interference of Liquor Interests

We have always recognized the fight which the liquor interests have made against us. We realize the fight they are making against us now. We protest against such a united effort of any commercial interest to prevent the government from enfranchising a class of its citizens. Why should any commercial interest be permitted to interfere in matters of this kind? There is no relationship whatever between the liquor interests and the woman question. The control of the liquor traffic is not an ethical subject, and has no relationship to the enfranchisement of the women of California, and it will never be settled by the women, as voters or otherwise. Our only menace today, the only thing we have to fear, is the united opposition of the liquor interests, and we make an appeal to every fair minded man to rise in revolt against this unfair interference. The issue is perfectly plain at this time.

Although the reform element in the legislature failed, through lack of organization, to carry through many of the measures they had introduced early in the session, they did enact a direct primary law, which, though distorted and mutilated by [illegible] was [illegible] to be an instrument capable of bringing about a condition of affairs favorable to our success. Through the operation of this direct primary law the people of California were enabled for the first time in the history of the state, to speak for themselves. As a result, a man was nominated for the office of governor who has sufficient courage to carry out a reform program. In the nomination of Hiram W. Johnson the women played an active part, contributing to the success in not a few counties.

Stimulated and encouraged by the result of

the primary election, the Republican state convention of 1910 met at San Francisco. The seed of revolution so effectively sown by the machine at the Ruef convention at Santa Cruz, stimulated by the direct primary law, now sprang into life, and the result was the immediate domination of the convention by the reform element.

The convention adopted a platform upon which could be erected a truer democracy for California. It outlined a system of state government through which the people can express themselves—a system which will give the government back into the hands of the voters. The people will now be the real actors in the drama instead of puppets and mannikins through which the special interests have been accustomed to express themselves. It also recognized women as "people," a most unusual procedure in politics, which has never considered "people" other than men. But these leaders believed in democracy. As one remarked, when asked to explain the incorporation of the suffrage plank, "I believe in democratic government, in a true democracy, and that means all the people, including women."

This altruistic platform was a challenge to the new sense of freedom which, they felt, was born in the minds of the voters of California; and its adoption was a justification of this confidence.

The good government forces had been successful in Los Angeles and had unanimously adopted a suffrage plank in their county convention. Santa Clara county had done likewise. It took considerable argument, and some little persuasion, to bring the San Francisco leaders around to a realization of the importance of the suffrage amendment. They had some fear of an overabundance of reform, and it neded the moral suasion of that solid front of 83 votes from south of the Tehachapi, and the militant arguments of the sturdy Santa Clara delegation, to bring them to time. But never did men yield more gracefully when once convinced of the wisdom of such a course, and thus awakened they became ardent supporters.

The amendment plank was taken up by the resolutions committee and given the same careful consideration accorded every other proposed plank. We had the new experience of not being required to make any arguments or appeals. We were not even asked to appear before the committee. But we were assured that if success should at any time appear to be in jeopardy we would be called in consultation. The amendment passed the resolutions committee unanimously, was incorporated in the platform, and was adopted as a part of the platform by the convention with three cheers for woman suffrage, given by one of the young political enthusiasts. It had thus become a man's measure, and a policy of the Republican party. The burden of carrying this amendment to a successful termination now rests upon the men, and it has been graciously and willingly accepted by them. One new convert, a successful candidate for membership of the board of equalization, who had been most energetic in his effort to secure votes on the floor for our amendment, remarked:

"This is as it should be. It is the work of the men to give you women the ballot. You have no right to be compelled to go about begging for this thing. I am glad that I shall never have to see you women of California going through the streets carrying a banner." It was evident that he had not seen us on that memorable day in Oakland in 1908, following our banners to the Republican convention.

Immediately after the close of the campaign, while the cheers of the victors were still ringing throughout the state, the chairman of the Republican state central committee called a meeting of the members of that committee and the members of the legislature of 1911, at San Francisco, and appointed a series of committees on proposed legislation, for the purpose of assisting the legislators in carrying out the promises of the Republican platform. The public gasped in amazement at this unique procedure, but we must commend the action of the Napoleonic mind that conceived and planned so honorable a course. It speaks volumes for the intentions of the leaders of the Republican party.

Example of New Zealand

A tremendous task lies before those men who are willing to undertake the remodeling and revising of our present obsolete political machinery and to make it into a practical and efficient system, through which we can work out our progressive ideas. At the present time our system is unwieldy and complicated, very expensive, and makes for misgovernment. We have much to learn from New Zealand, where women have voted for many years. This little island colony has succeeded in making for itself a government which might well be a model for many older nations. In regard to its direct primary law, the general election occurs two days after the primaries, thus removing that dangerous interval which is so productive of corruption. No candidate is permitted to accept any favors which will obligate him to any person or interest, so that he might forget his duty to the people. The wasteful expenditure of time and money and energy to carry on a campaign has been very forcibly brought to our minds during the past eight months of exciting political experience, with all its demoralizing influences. This is one of the many changes that must be put into effect before we can have a safe and sane government.

A perfected direct primary law, the initiative and referendum, and the direct election of United States senators are the other constructive measures now necessary effectively to put the government of the state into the hands of all the people.

The members of the legislature elected under the direct primary law are a representative body. If we have any criticism to make, let it be against the system of government which makes office seeking and office holding so difficult, and not against the men who have consented to fill these positions. When we have by law elected men to office let us establish their integrity. They are a part of the government. The offices of senator and assemblyman should be offices of honor, and the men who fill them should be honorable men. If we fail to maintain the honor of office, and fail to keep the men honorable to us, we ourselves have failed in our duty to the state. Men who have assumed the obligation of office are public servants. They are agents of the people who elected them. This relation has always existed between legislator and elector, but it has not always been recognized by the legislator. The people are now beginning to demand their own, and legislators are coming to the realization that the people, instead of the special interests, have now become the court of last resort. The power rests with them; the holders of office must look to them alone for approval or disapproval. I believe that the members of the legislature expect to live up to the platform on which they were elected, that they are convinced that a pledge is meant to be kept, and that they intend to carry through every plank in the platform not excepting the suffrage amendment.

We have said that there is no further argument worthy the name against woman suffrage, and this being true, the failure of our government to recognize its women is the great blot on the scutcheon of the nation.

Spread of the Suffrage

Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland (England and Canada municipally) have enfranchised their women, have gained them the privilege and honor of self-government. It has remained for America, the great republic, the land of freedom, the domain of equal opportunities, to ignore her women: the land where every man, high or low, rich or poor, native or alien, may be the sovereign ruler of his destiny.

But a woman, any woman, be she president of a bank or a ship's captain, the head of great manufacturing interests, or the highest in medical lore, or an authority in matters educational, or the mother of men, is not recnized by this government as the political equal of the lowest male wretch who rolls in the gutter, whose intellect is not equal to the spelling of his own name, or whose pocket does not contain sufficient to purchase a crust of bread. His only virtue is that he was born a man, her only fault that she was a woman. Let every man consider this intelligently. Let him lay sentiment and prejudice aside and with cool, calm judgment think of what government is and what it is for, and how his forefathers fought and died that the ballot should be put in his hand. Let him forget that women are women, and remember only that they are human beings, citizens of these United States, with all the duties and obligations to support and sustain this country and to obey its laws. No man can stand between them and the government in their obligations to this country. They are individuals before the law.

The foregoing is not an attempt to put forward an argument for woman suffrage. To argue the subject in this day and generation when women have proven themselves so valuable in all things commercial, civic and ethical to the country, seems an insult to women and to the intelligence of enlightened people. This is a plain statement of the fact.

We will make no attempt to convert our legislators to woman suffrage. The people are the court of last appeal in this. We will try only to prove to them the justice of permitting a vote on a measure which has not been before the people for fourteen years, which then lost by a small majority, and toward which there is a constantly growing favorable sentiment.

I do not anticipate that it will be a difficult matter to convince our legislators. So many of the old arguments have lost their force. I remember an assemblyman, an estimable physician from up-country, who felt very strongly on the suffrage question. He insisted that he would never drag woman down off her "pedacle" by giving her the ballot, which completely destroyed the power of the "pedestal" line of talk. The numerous stock arguments of the anti-suffragists are so obsolete, outworn and childish that no man of intelligence has the hardihood to advance them today.

As I look over the personnel of the senate I find much to encourage the belief that the fight is won there. The ranks are full of splendid men who stand for a square deal. And such a senate, with an independent and brave presiding officer, promises great things for California.

(Concluded on Page 79)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF JED

MELANCHOLY CLAIMS JED FOR ITS OWN

BY

A. JUDSON

WHEN Jed had attained his three score years, he rated as one of the greatest misfortunes of his life his participation in an entertainment given by a strolling magician. Hank Woodley and he had scattered handbills all over town announcing the event and so had secured "free" admission to the entertainment.

During the performance a boy was needed on the stage, and Hank Woodley, never backward, promptly strode to the fore only to be laughed at heartily, for the magician "made a perfect ninny of him," as Jed tauntingly declared when Hank returned to his seat. He had taken eggs from Hank's nose, drawn a glass of wine from his elbow, had taken live rabbits from his pockets and had caught Hank in the act of trying to make off with a gold watch borrowed from a gentleman in the audience, much to Hank's confusion.

"What did ye let him fool ye fur?" Jed demanded. "Why didn't ye watch him instead of looking off somewhere every time he tried to attract your attention to something else? Ye might have known he was doing it for a blind."

"Well, you go up next time yourself if you think you are so much smarter than I be," was Hank's retort. "I'll bet you'll come back with half your teeth pulled out and not know the difference."

Presently the magician called for another boy and Hank fairly pushed Jed off his seat and into the aisle, so determined was he that Jed should answer the call, and up Jed went to the stage.

"Now," declared the magician as he grasped Jed by the arm and led him to the center of the stage, "we'll do a little telegraphing, but first we must make an instrument. You take this little tin pill box and go down into the audience and borrow seven copper cents. I'll go your security for their return, else they may not wish to trust you with them. I am afraid the boys of York are a bad lot. The other one tried to make off with a gold watch, you know. Hurry up now. I have an important message to send."

Jed gathered up the small coins and, at the order of the magician, himself counted them, one by one into the little box and closed the lid.

"Now," declared the magician, taking the box from Jed's hand, throwing a handkerchief over it, winding one end of a long cord around it outside the handkerchief and handing it back to Jed, "that is the instrument, this cord is the wire, I am the operator and you are the telegraph post. When I count seven I want the post to rattle the instrument so that the gentlemen who gave you their coins will know that they are in there all right and that you haven't made off with them. Then when I count six you are to rattle the coins six times and so on until you are counted down and out. See?"

Jed saw, for he had refused to take his eyes off the magician's hands for so much as a second during the whole performance.

"Are the coins in that box?" the magician demanded to know.

"Yes sir?" was the confident reply of Jed.

"Who put them in?"

"I did."

"Who took them out?"

"Nobody didn't take them out," Jed affirmed and he rattled the box to prove it. With that the magician turned to the audience and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it will be impossible for me to complete this experiment with this boy. I hope you'll excuse me, but he is too smart for me. I had hoped to abstract those coins from that box while he wasn't looking, but he has eyed me so constantly that he hasn't given me any chance at all. Of course all I do is the merest deception. I do not in fact do any of the things I seem to do. I fool people, but once in a great while I get hold of a boy so smart that I can't fool him. It is so this time. Young man, you may take your seat, and I'll call up another boy. No doubt you will be president of the United States some day."

Jed started for his seat, his face fairly beaming with pride, clinging to the box, however. He had taken only a step or two when the magician called after him, "Where are you going with those coins?"

"Going to take them back to the gentlemen who gave them to me."

"Have you got them still in the box?"

"Yes sir."

"Rattle the box and let's see."

The coins rattled in the box all right.

"Well, on second thought," declared the magician ruefully, "there is just a chance that you are not as smart as you think you are and that the experiment might possibly succeed after all. My task is to call those coins out of that box one by one along this string and into my hand. As I count you rattle the box and watch that none of the coins get away from you. Hang on tight."

Jed did as required. The magician counted seven and Jed rattled the coins in the little pill box seven times; the magician counted six and Jed rattled the box six times, and so on. With each rattling there seemed to be less in the box to rattle. Jed gripped the handkerchief until his finger nails dug into his palm, the cold sweat started from his brow. When the magician counted one and there was only the faintest rattling in the box Jed's heart sank to zero. The next instant he was sternly bidden to rattle the box, but there was nothing in it to rattle. Jed undid the handkerchief, took out the box, opened it and peered in. There was nothing there. He turned it bottom up, but nothing fell out. His confusion was complete and when the magician stepped to his side and extracted the pennies from the back of Jed's own neck, Jed was so confounded that he stampeded. The audience cheered the magician and jeered at Jed. The room was in a whirl. Hank Woodley stood up on his seat and danced and howled with delight at Jed's discomfiture. Jed grabbed his hat and rushed from the hall, so chagrined that he dared not look anyone in the face.

For days he kept out of sight all he could. All his waking hours were devoted to brooding over his humiliation and trying to conjecture how it could have happened, and to his dying day he never knew. One thing, at any rate, was clearly evident to Jed. One who could be so fooled before his own face and eyes just naturally was not smart. Hank Woodley was right. That magician could have extracted half of Jed's teeth, eye teeth with the rest, and he would not have missed one of them until it was all over.

The blight of this experience was not to be measured by days, rather by years of shaken self confidence and loss of courage to measure wits with all comers. It handicapped Jed like a palsy.

Jed's second hardest jolt came from Hank Woodley himself. The boys were now nearly grown and for some years had not been chummy. Old Captain Woodley had taken a government hay contract out on the frontier and he took Hank along to a run a horse-rake. When not raking hay Hank was playing cards in some of the tents with the men. Some of these men were gamblers, and in Hank they found an apt pupil. Those long, tapering, supple fingers of his, too evidently the appurtenances of an artist or a thief, had found their use, and that stolid, immobile, butcher face of his betrayed no more of what went on within than did the steel gray eyes that habitually looked out, but never in, and always contemptuously.

At first Hank played cards only for fun, but gradually he began to play for small stakes, much to the consternation of the old Captain, [illegible] exceeded his losses, after which the enormity [illegible] always ending with Hank having the hatful [illegible] of poker they fell back on euchre or seven-up, with the result in the latter game that Hank turned jack every time he dealt the cards and, watch as he might, Jed could not catch Hank in the fraud. If anything more were needed to convince Jed that he really was not smart it was his inability to catch Hank Woodley in the act of turning jack from the bottom of the pack, a conclusion re-enforced by Hank's contemptuous assumption of superiority.

As stated in a previous chapter, there came a time when Jed had to push himself out of the family nest to make his own fledgling way in the world, in which emprise he was much aided by Helen's approaching marriage. He had not downrightly asked Helen to some day be his wife, lacking the courage, but he knew that she knew what was in his mind and he had long felt that if ever he were to do anything worth while in the world it would be for the sake of Helen. He knew little of what the world would be like to him without her, but of one fact he was sure enough: York would be intolerable with her living there as the wife of another man, so Jed took himself off before the fateful day of her wedding.

He had a few dollars in his pocket, was a fair compositor, had in his pocket a county certificate to teach a district school, had done some surveying, made about half to two-thirds of a hand at manual labor, and he bought a railroad ticket and went out into the dark. Seldom did any youngster set forth with less of buoyancy or self confidence. There was in the mind of Jed but one fixed purpose—to get out of York before Helen's marriage to Tobias Norwood.

The next three years of Jed's life are unnecessary to this story and may be dismissed with a few sentences. He taught school, worked at the printer's case, clerked on a Mississippi river steamboat, worked in a law office, read medicine with a young cub in a doctor's office across the hall, saw most of the states in the union and cities in the land and, wherever his steps led him, he went groping, groping, groping to see if perchance he might somehow find—himself. He even envied Hank Woodley in finding what his immobile face and supple digits were adapted to. Nothing that Jed had done had counted. He hung over the rail of the steamer, gazed into the greenish depths of the sea and watched the beckoning arms of the waving kelp inviting him, as it seemed, to make his bed there to sleep, in depths profound, till the Day of Judgment. Dreading the sin of self-murder he, with difficulty, resisted the temptation to leap overboard [illegible] bosom of the Mississippi, in a [illegible] waves of a passing steamer baffle him. Him, he sat unmoved, not caring, so little had life to offer him, although the negro rowers were fairly beside themselves with fright.

Over and over again he reviewed his life from infancy. He sought out and visited all his kin folks that he might size them up and learn of their past and present, what, if anything, heredity had to promise him. He argued with [illegible] all the problems of life, the ways of God and of men. He reviewed his own religious experiences incident by incident, finding in them nothing sure. [illegible] largest hesitation and least of certainty, while only [illegible]

One thing he would do. He would see the best within reach that civilization had done for itself. [illegible] the great actors and plays, haunted the libraries, attended lectures, heard the great preachers and orators, made it the [illegible] lust to the limits of his [illegible]

again and again as how he might, by teaching or typesetting, pushing a pencil or wielding an ax.

On the table of a relative he found Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Intellectual Life," and devoured it. Then he walked miles through the snow digesting it. Yes, one thing he would do: He would live an intellectual life. It might be fruitful, or happy or long or short as heaven willed, but it should be intellectual. From that day forth Jed lived and moved and had his being with books.

Slowly the idea found lodgment in his mind that he also would some day write a book, a great book, a book that would tell other gropers like himself the things they needed to know to guide them into the light, so that they might walk joyously and confidently; but such a book must be written out of a profound experience, an ample store of the world's ripest knowledge and with a full heart. If it were needful, in order to fit him for this task, to quaff the cup of bitterness to its dregs, Jed would joyously drink damnation dry and, like some Dives, send his warning message back from a lost world that the feet of others might not walk that way.

Evidently the writing of Jed's "Guide for Gropers" was a long way off, for, although the son of an editor, Jed had written little and had acquired little facility for written expression. Of the science of composition he knew nothing, penned an illegible hand, spelled execrably and, the moment he sat down to write, the agony of self delivery of ideas suggested nothing else so much as the pains of parturition.

But Jed wrote, wrote to the home paper, to any paper that would publish what he wrote and to many more that would not. He essayed poetry and story, "tear-jerkers" all of them, if we may employ the uncouth but expressive idiom of the "print-ship." He wrote essays and editorials, but what took best of all he wrote were poor little news items for the daily press, efforts that Jed despised because so hopelessly inconsequential, but by one means or another Jed got to see more or less of his written stuff in cold print so that he could read it in some degree apart from the personal element in its authorship and so judge of it with something akin to an impartial mind. Slowly he attuned his ear to detect the awkward statement, the false note, the discordant key, and so, as it were, learned to judge of himself from outside himself as well as to make his written thoughts revelations of himself.

It was about this time that Jed received a letter from his father. "Jed, son," it ran, "could you come home and help with The Ajax and, if anything should happen to me, help to keep our little family together? I think I must be about all tired out. By the way, perhaps you haven't heard that Tobias Norwood has been closed out by his Chicago and St. Louis creditors and that he and Helen, having scraped together what they could out of the wreck, have gone to the Pacific Coast somewhere, with their baby, to begin life anew. They say that it was whisky drinking that did it, although, being a secret drinker, few knew that he drank at all. When he was in his cups he could not refuse credit to anyone and the first he knew everybody owed him and he owed everybody. He was such a promising young man, too, only three short years ago and appeared to be doing quite the best business in town."

Poor old father! Little joy had he ever had in Jed, only anxiety, perplexity and grief. Would Jed heed the call?

A week later Jed was hunting local items for The Ajax; a year later father slept in the silent, wind-swept little city on the brow of the hill back of town. The cudgel for things decent, and against the things that were not, that father had laid down Jed had taken up. Men were saying that the young man who slunk back and forth from home to office and office to home through the alleys, in order to avoid controversy, would fight at the drop of the hat and that he pushed a pen that fairly stripped the hides off those who needed stripping. The family was kept together until each member of it went to a home of her own, leaving a wide house for Jed alone, and then the young woman who had made herself so invaluable in the office force was installed in the old home and made herself invaluable there, too, the more so as sons and daughters came to her and Jed with the years.

Nevertheless Jed, though prosperous, was not happy, that is not aggressively, positively, consciously happy. The concept of the great book, "The Guide for Gropers," dwelt in his mind, the book that should be a beacon light to groping, melancholy youth who found it hard to take hold on life, but how could such a book be written except it be out of the light of a rich experience, an ample knowledge and a full heart, and the life of Jed had been so narrow, his experience so mean, his knowledge so meagre. The heart of Jed was sore.

All day and every day he had to run down the local item for his country paper, chase delinquent subscribers and advertisers with unwelcome bills that he might hold his own family together, accumulate something for approaching age and, in fine, do as other folks do in a work-day world—toil early and late, save and get on, in order to make provision for an old age that may never come and to hold together a family that won't stay together anyway one can fix it, a day after they have grown up. As often as Jed could find time to indulge in melancholy he kicked against conditions that harnessed him down to a treadmill life, to part of an endless repetition of endless generations of bondmen striving to get a living, living it, and dying out of life leaving the world little the wiser or richer or happier for all their fuss and struggle.

So went a round quarter of a century and more, when the family physician prescribed half a year of rest and a winter in California for Jed himself, or else the lowly lintel and narrow house might come to him as it came to father, almost any slushy, blizzardy March when the white plague is out seeking somebody to devour.

"You must go to see Helen, indeed you must," declared Ruth. "You know she asks about you nearly every letter she writes, and there is nobody in the world, no, not even me, that she will be so glad to see." Jed promised and in the course of knocking about over our golden state, went to see Helen. That is how the writer of this came to know Jed and to work these "Recollections" out of him, for the writer also has a friend in Helen.

"What, no! It can't be! You don't mean it! You, Jed? Is it possible that a little matter of thirty years or so can make all that difference?" demanded the fair, little, white-haired lady, half laughing, half crying, as she dragged Jed into the prim little parlor. "And won't you let me kiss you? I can remember when I would not have been the one to ask such a favor." Somehow they found each other in each other's arms for one blissful instant, then she was holding Jed off at arms' length gazing into his drawn and deeply lined face. "Oh! I shall get you out of the dumps in no time," Helen rattled on, "you know I am a famous nurse. Ruth has told you, I know. Ruth says that you have asked her about me every time you have met her, even if the times weren't more than two days apart, so I know and you know and what's the use of either of us playing that we don't know?"

They did not play that they did not know, and all that winter their walks and talks, car rides and carriage drives, their visits to the sick and the poor, the joyous and the rich, were taken in a frank abandon of pretense that they had not known since early childhood. As for the soul of Jed, Helen ran at will the gamut of its range, but, womanlike, she drew out rather than poured out and it seemed to Jed, as the time drew near for his return to his own and to The Ajax, to the local item and the delinquent subscriber, that he would go back leaving Helen as inexplicable at fifty as she had been at fifteen. And then, the day before the parting, she overturned the consecrated cup and poured all its contents out.

"Now, Jed," Helen said, as the latter ascended the steps to the little cottage home, "you sit here in the sun a little while and read The Ajax. It has just come and I am sure you haven't seen it. It was so good of you to send it to me all these years when you knew that we were too poor to pay for it. I have read every line of every number and have watched you grow so high, so high, and so high," measuring imaginary heights with her hand, "but my hero must measure away up there," standing on tip-toe and reaching as high as ever she could, "nobody higher except The Christ. Do you understand? Well, just wait here until I run down the street and help that poor little mother dress her baby. She doesn't know the first thing. How can mothers be so careless with their daughters? And why will they treat having babies in wedlock almost as they would having babies out of wedlock, a thing taboo, when it is the naturalest and blessedest thing in all the world. Let's see, how many have I helped into life, yes, this is the thousand and sixty-oneth and, bless them! I love them all, every one."

Presently, when Helen had returned from her errand of mercy, "Now, Jed," she said, "I want you to tell sister Ruth, and make her understand it if you can, that I am supremely, ecstatically, blissfully happy. She thinks that I have lived a wrecked, miserable life and that the reason I have is the influence she and mamma brought to bear to induce me to marry Tobias Norwood. Mamma went to her grave grieving, and Ruth has not ceased to lament. They thought he was such a catch, by all odds the best in town, and that I would be so fortunate, that you never would amount to shucks. It was not their doing. It was Almighty God's and every night of my life I thank him for what he has done for me.

"I always cared a great deal more for you, Jed, than I ever did for anyone else I ever knew. Perhaps as a Christian woman I ought not to say it, but it is said. My judgment told me I ought not, but I did. I knew what drove you away from York and I cried night after night, but I married Toby just the same and would have done so if you had stayed. He **was** such a good catch, exemplary, so far as we knew, the most ardent lover that ever was, and is yet, for that matter, and loves me to distraction. He was doing the best business in town, had a nice home to take me to and was perfectly lovely every way, besides doing the biggest dry goods business in town. All this while he was kissing me good night at our gate at 10 o'clock every night, going home, locking himself in his room and drinking himself dead drunk before going to bed. Jed, it was not a week after we were married until he was doing the same thing—because he could not help it, and he has been doing it ever since for the same reason.

"But he loves me, Jed; there is only one thing in the world that he loves better, and that is whisky. He cries over me, kisses my hands, grovels at my feet, hugs me about the ankles, pats my feet and, if I will let him, kisses them, too, imploring my forgiveness for the wrong he fancies that he has done me; but when I think of what manner of woman I might have become if he had gone on as we all thought he would, becoming richer and more prosperous, making me the leader of fashion and the smart set in York, as he promised to do—Jed, when I think of these things I almost fall on my knees to thank him for being the poor, driveling sot he is, for, Jed, but for that, I might have lost my immortal soul. I have seen other women lose theirs under no greater temptation than came to me. I have seen their faces grow hard and cruel, their flesh grow gross and their souls die out of their bodies in unloving, bitter selfishness and pride, their last gasp a whine or a snarl.

"Oh! yes, I suppose that I have had what the world calls a hard life," continued Helen as she looked down at her bony, sinewy hands. Jed reached over and took one of them in his. "Not much as they were, Helen," he said. "Not much as I have seen them in my memory ten thousand times since, fingers like wax candles, tapering to the pinkest little nails, for all the world like the hands of a baby. But for those hands I might have proposed, Helen," he continued. "I had sense enough to know that those hands were never meant for other than a lady with servants to come at beck and nod, and when I thought of their toiling for me as more than likely a wife of mine would have to toil, my heart grew sick and I took myself off for a miserable tramp along the river bank, only lacking the courage to throw myself in."

"Yes, I remember how you used to look at them and often wondered what was going through your silly head. Toby, too, pets them, if I will let him, and sheds scalding tears over them, but, Jed, they have been put

to better use than to be fondled, kissed, looked at and grieved over. They do say that my simple changing of the pillow under the head of a fever stricken patient will sometimes induce sleep when opiates fail.

"Well, Jed, when I found out the truth about Toby and knew that there was a ship upon the sea that would bring to him and me a baby I had but a single thought—the fear that our babe would inherit the ungovernable appetite of the father. I reasoned that there was never yet a sin that was not somehow, somewhere, expiated, and I read again and again of the sins of fathers being visited upon the children. Throwing myself before my God as a Hindu before his juggernaut I prayed that the sin of the father be visited upon me instead of upon my babe. Spare me not, oh! Lord I cried. Show me no mercy for I am a sinful woman and have given my heart to one and my body to another for riches. Put the cup to my lips and I will not push it aside. I will drink, drink to the lees. Lay the lash upon my back and I will not quail. Show me what thou wouldst have me to do and I will not falter.

"Jed, God answered my prayer. When our baby came he was a bouncer, hearty and well, never cried and grew like a pig. I was not afraid then to have others, notwithstanding the condition of their father, for there was no hereditary taint of drunkenness in his family any more than there was in ours. He picked up the habit while away at school hardly half grown. Our four sons are athletes and one could no more get liquor by their lips than arsenic or strychnine.

"No, Jed, we were never meant for each other, you and I. I thought it all out years ago. How, for instance, could it possibly be that my four stalwart sons, born of Toby and me for all eternity, should not have been at all, no such beings looking at me out of their big, honest eyes? How could it possibly be that your sons and daughters should not have been, but, in the places of our two families, born to you and me, there should be children that never were and never can be? No, no, my imagination balks at the insurmountable obstacle and refuses to take the leap. No, no, from the foundation of the world it was ordained otherwise, anyhow for this world. As for the next, sometimes I think on that, Jed, but there again my imagination balks, for it is not given to the mind of man to conceive what our heavenly father has there in store for those that love him.

"But, Jed, that need not prevent your being my hero all the days of this life, that is, if you reach your full stature and measure up so high," standing again on her tiptoes and measuring as high as she could reach. "You have been carrying a brick or something else heavy around in your hat all your days and it has stunted you. I know what it is. It is s-e-l-f. You haven't wholly forgotten self, your ambitions, your unattained yearnings. You have not said, 'Lord, here am I. Use me where Thou wilt for what Thou wilt.' You haven't lost your life that you might find it. Go home and lose it. Lose it in that family of yours and that community. Lose it in The Ajax, the last vestige of it. There isn't so much of it left. Turn the urn upside down and lose the rest. Then you'll be joyously, ecstatically, blissfully happy and you'll measure up so high (suiting the act of tiptoe measurement to the word) and be my hero, Jed, you freckled-faced, sunburnt, mischief-brewing imp of five-and-forty-years ago!

"And as for your 'Guide for Gropers,' here it is, a keepsake from me. It was written nearly eighteen hundred years before you were born. See? I have marked all the sayings attributed to Jesus himself. He, and none other, is our guide. Peter and Paul and the rest—they were all preachers, qualifying what The Christ thought by what they thought. Go straight to him and to him only. I do not mean to pray to Him, but he is the only true guide to God. It is to God the Father that we must pray. And see, I have marked in red ink the sayings that especially fit the gropers. Keep it by you. Read it in dark moments. Lose what's left of you. My prayers shall help you every day and many times during the day. Believe me, Jed, I shall be with you in love and sympathy 'till the end of our world.

"And I want your prayers, too, Jed, and them every day, for there is one cold, clammy, dead hand that still touches my heart. Pray that it may be taken away. It is this: I can't feel glad when Toby comes home. You know how immaculate his store always looked. Well, they keep him around just to keep the stock up, dress the windows and all that, although he is never allowed to wait on customers. He is still the best judge of goods in town and the proprietors take him to the city with them when they go to buy goods. When I hear his staggering step on the stair I fly to meet him. I throw my arms about his drooping, hang-dog neck and I kiss his parched lips with all the affection I can muster, but down in the bottom of my heart I can't feel glad. And, Jed, when he comes to die—it can't be long, it must come soon—I am afraid I shan't feel sorry.

"There, now, goodbye, Jed. Tell Ruth all but that. Pray God to help me to feel glad when Toby comes home and to feel sorry when he dies. This has been the blessedest winter! And you are going home so well! To lose your life so soon! All you ever needed, Jed, to bring you out, all that anybody ever needs, if they will but answer it, is the call to love and duty. When your father wrote to know if you could come home to help on The Ajax, and help to keep the family together, and you went, the crisis in your life was safely passed. Your redemption was only a question of time."

And so Jed went back to his own, to The Ajax and to York, to the local news item, the item that proves that people are interested in other people and that there is hope for the world, back to the delinquent subscriber and the reluctant advertiser. The York folk said: "What a wonderful country that California must be! It has made a new man of Jed in half a year. Why, the old grump is actually the happiest man in town!"

("SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT"—Concluded)

In the assembly good men are largely in the majority. Here and there, all through the assembly, I find staunch friends who are aggressive supporters. Districts all over the state are sending men who will support the amendments. Although it will be a Republican measure we have good, loyal friends among the Democrats—men who have consistently supported us. Taking it all together, the outlook is most favorable, and it will be what Governor-elect Johnson would call "a bully fight." Heretofore it has always been a sham battle.

There is a growing sentiment all over California for woman suffrage. Santa Clara has always been particularly strong. San Diego invariably sends a solid delegation. Riverside is now in line. And whereas heretofore the southland delegation has been our strongest opponent, at present almost the entire delegation south of the Tehachapi is to be counted on. Good government and insurgency are the friends of woman suffrage. When men are making their fight for freedom they appreciate the injustice of the woman's position. Washington has just given her women the ballot with a two-to-one majority. California will do better. Many states will enfranchise their women when we elect our next president. Woman suffrage is going to sweep over the country like a tidal wave. It will force a plank in the national constitution at the constitutional convention which is expected to be called in the near future. Woman suffrage is coming in the wake of insurgency, and it will come through the efforts of the men, as it will come to us in this state. The men realize that the country needs its women most woefully—needs their hope, their counsel, their courage. And it is because the men are seeing the light and are giving themselves as a sacrifice to the service of their country that America is to be saved from the spoilers and permitted to fulfil her destiny.

We men and women are making our fight together. The day is passing when our interests can be separately handled and considered independently. Human problems have no sex, and in the last analysis they all go back to government. The public conscience is awakening, and although we have suffered we see the sun of a brighter day breaking on the horizon.

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 3.
ERNEST H. CLARK CARY, Plaintiff.
vs.
All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof. Defendants.
No. 23805
ERNEST J. MOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Ernest H. Clark Cary, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above entitled court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Bryant Street, distant thereon eighty-four (84) feet and nine and seven-eighths (9⅞) inches southeasterly from the southeasterly line of Zoe Street, running thence southeasterly along said line of Bryant Street sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches, thence at a right angle northeasterly eighty (80) feet, thence at a right angle northeasterly sixty (60) feet and two and one-eighth (2⅛) inches, thence at a 78° angle southeasterly eighty (80) feet to the northwesterly line of Bryant Street and the point of commencement; being a part of One Hundred Vara Lot Number 162.

Together with the appurtenances of each and every part thereof.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By M. Kragen, Deputy Clerk

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in The California Weekly newspaper on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:
City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, whose address is San Francisco, California.
The German Savings and Loan Society, a corporation, whose address is Number 526 California Street, San Francisco, California.

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OUR SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

By Way of Taking Leave

The writer of this does not know of any other paper in the United States that has undertaken to set before its youthful readers, from week to week, in orderly form, those facts in relation to government that every citizen must become familiar with in order to be fit for citizenship. The reason why this service has not more generally been attempted may be because it is not an easy thing to do in a way to make interesting reading. The commonly received opinion among journalists is that sober consideration of sober questions is dead matter; that only those subjects that can be treated with a touch of sensation, or humor, or with fact converted into fiction, can be treated at all.

The writer of the School For Citizenship is sensible of the limitations of his work. There has been little of the spectacular in it. The criticism of it has been that it has been lacking in that vital interest that should make the science of government read as entertainingly as the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." Do the best he could he has not been able to strike that vein.

But the writer has felt it worth while to keep up the department during the entire life of The California Weekly for some such reason, perhaps, as inspired Paul the Apostle to be "all things to all men that he might by all means save some," and if even a few have, through these lessons, come to feel a keen interest in the affairs of their own government, neither the effort nor the space in the columns of The California Weekly can be looked upon as wholly wasted.

Our schools are doing much in the way of instruction in the science of government, but the tendency is to instruct with reference chiefly to the structural side of government, whereas the soul of government is almost altogether outside the structure and has no more relation to government as it is than the skeleton of a horse has to an intelligent, swift footed roadster or saddle animal. In these lessons the writer has striven, with what success others must judge, to afford the reader an insight into the spirit of government rather than into the mere skeleton formation. The shadow of the reproach of partisanship in teaching civil government in the schools well nigh prevents teaching anything more than the skeleton and, besides, there are many teachers who are not unlike those scientists who think that they have learned all about a bird or a plant when they have dissected and classified it, whereas it is the life of the bird and the utility or beauty of the plant that is important.

We are, here on this American continent, undertaking the most stupendous experiment, save one, that the world has ever witnessed. The effort of The Christ to unionize the human race by means of a religion founded on purity of heart and human fraternity is the only other undertaking in all human history comparable with this experiment in free government, and ours is not working out as satisfactorily as many could wish. We seem to be evolving a form of government making for inequality rather than for equality, a government of and by the few rather than of and by and for the many. We have given up neither the fight nor the hope of winning the fight, but few observing citizens doubt that there is less of freedom of government now than there was fifty years ago; few can deny that society is stratifying into classes or that purely material interests have made headway against those ideals for which the founders of this republic fought and bled.

There is no Providence to stand between the citizenry of America and the consequences of their own acts or failures to act. As we sow so shall we reap. If that citizenry neglects to inform itself, to think hard and to strive to know what were best to be done, and do it, those who are not neglectful will have their way, and the way of those who seek their own rather than the common good is the way which leads to special privilege, oligarchy, autocracy, the degradation and final servitude of the many and the ultimate destruction also of those who are esteemed to have been successful in their designs, which means that all are involved in a common ruin and another civilization resolves itself into chaos and failure.

The remedy for these evils, or, rather, the preventive measures which may may be taken against them, are Schools of Citizenship, schools so good and so numerous that the entire citizenry of the country shall become an informed citizenry valiant to defend the interests of the common good, both knowing what should be done and having the will to do it. In no other way can this experiment in free government work out successfully. The writer of this betrays no secret when he affirms that so-called successful men in industrial and commercial life have no deep seated faith in either the power of the people to govern wisely or their willingness to govern justly. Scarcely one successful business man in the hundred, except he avail himself of the arts of the demagogue for a selfish purpose, has, away down low, anything more than a pitying contempt for the ordinary work-day citizen or any faith in his abilities as part of a governing mechanism.

Per contra, the writer believes in the power of the people to govern wisely and well and that if we can have "Schools of Citizenship" enough, the twentieth century will witness as great strides toward a perfected popular government as the nineteenth century witnessed in invention and the centralization of industrial and commercial power. With regrets for the shortcomings of this department in The California Weekly the writer of it bids it adieu, feeling that, anyhow, he did what he could.

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE

A full line of Theosophical Literature from Point Loma, California, the headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley, is now on sale at A. M. Robertson's, 222 Stockton St., S. F., and at Smith Bros., 462 13th St., Oakland, California.

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